

# THE LINK

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER



JUNE, 1950







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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

The first part of this LINK is dedicated to the memory of Miss Fine,  
and contains a tribute to her and a  
brief history of the school.



*Portrait by Ipsen (1932)*

MAY MARGARET FINE

Founder of Miss Fine's School and Its Headmistress, 1899-1933





## *"Into Her Spirit's Likeness"*

In 1899 when May Margaret Fine opened, as the announcement termed it, "The Princeton School for girls and young boys," Princeton and its neighboring countryside had a population of less than 5,000. But the college village was feeling the stirrings of growth. The telephone exchange had sixty subscribers and tracks were being laid for the trolley line to Trenton. Princeton University, invigorated by its sesqui-centennial celebration, was beginning to flourish as never before. And the intellectual atmosphere and peaceful life of Princeton were already attracting attention to it as a place to reside. (Most distinguished of the recent newcomers who had felt its charm were Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland whose children were to join Miss Fine's classes.) Considering the development of the community and the character of its inhabitants, it was inevitable that a demand should arise for a school where children might receive the benefit of individualized instruction and obtain a sound scholastic background for their college work and for life itself.

The group of parents who were spokesmen for this demand did not have to look far for its fulfillment—and the manner of that fulfillment proved to be all that they, or any other parents, could have asked. May Margaret Fine had taught in Germantown and, for the last two years, had been engaged in the private preparation for college of a small group of girls in Princeton. Thus a teacher for the school was at hand. The success of the teacher and the school probably seemed, at that time, more in the realm of hope than of certainty. But looking back, it is easy to see that it was foreordained.

For Miss Fine had grown up in a family to whom education was more important than creature comforts. Although the resources of her mother, the widow of a minister, were meagre, Miss Fine went to Wellesley, her two brothers to Princeton, and the later careers of all three were to be significant in the history of American education. Her older brother, Henry Burchard Fine, was to help raise American mathematics from a low estate to a parity with that of Europe and was to be responsible, as President Wilson's dean of the faculty and President Hibben's dean of the departments of science, for Princeton University's eminence in scientific instruction and research. Under the guidance of her second brother, John B. Fine, the reputation of Princeton Preparatory School, as an institution which had a hidden genius for developing responsibility in its students, was to become countrywide.

Miss Fine, herself, though engaged in a smaller sphere than either of her brothers, was to add new lustre to the private school tradition of intimate teaching, which is bounded neither by the page of the textbook nor the door of the classroom, but carries learning into life and life into learning. "We were all daughters whom she loved," a former pupil once said, "and in whose interest she spent every day in the year."

And so, in the fall of 1899, Miss Fine, for the purpose of conducting the school, took the house at 42 Mercer Street on the corner of the street which had been newly renamed Alexander, although inhabitants still referred to it as Canal. Miss Fine carried on the instruction of the older pupils almost single-handedly, teaching mathematics and the classics and, at the necessary intervals, as one of her pupils has

recalled, "tending the furnace herself." For assistance, particularly in the teaching of French and German, she had the services of the governess of the daughters of the Woodrow Wilsons, who, needless to say, sent their children to Miss Fine's School.

From this simple, but by no means ineffectual, beginning, Miss Fine's School grew, keeping pace with the community. During the process a larger building became necessary and it was moved in 1909 to a house on land which has since been acquired by Trinity Church.

Still growing, Miss Fine's School in 1918 purchased its present home, the former Princeton Inn, erected in 1893 and described in its early advertising as "a charming resort situated in a wooded park of seven acres, in the midst of the beautiful university town, heated throughout with steam and open wood fires."

By this time the School had grown to be a large business enterprise. Finding that her teaching was being distracted by financial cares and having no desire to make money, Miss Fine incorporated the School on a non-profit basis and asked a group of her friends to serve as trustees; they assumed the financial management, paying her a modest annual salary, most of which she surreptitiously put back into the School. Thus, save in its corporate structure, the School remained Miss Fine's and, though it now had a corps of excellent teachers, to a large degree Miss Fine remained the School. "In every one of us," a pupil said, "there was the firm conviction, and rightly so, that our particular problem and future careers were Miss Fine's chief concern."

"Her eager interest," a member of the staff recalls, "followed her girls into all the ways of their lives, not only while they were with her, but always. She knew and cared about what happened to them and to their families. She remembered every joy and every grief, and all the little facts that go to make a family history."

May Margaret Fine died in 1933 at the age of 64. While, at her quite typical behest, the School was closed for only one day—the day of her funeral—her death was deeply felt throughout Princeton. She was, Princeton University's own beloved Dean Andrew Fleming West said, "one of the very few who have done most to make Princeton a better and happier place to live in. Her wise methods, persevering efforts, competent scholarship, skillful teaching, unselfish devotion and deep spirituality combined to give her a quiet, persuasive and elevating influence over the minds and hearts of all. By her death Princeton is much poorer as by her example it is much richer in the better things of human life."

And John H. Finley, editor of the New York Times, penned a little verse which ended:

*" . . . So was the School  
Under her wise and gentle rule  
A place where happy children grew  
Into her spirit's likeness, too."*

From "To May Margaret Fine In Appreciation,"  
published by the Fiftieth Anniversary Committee, 1947.



MISS FINE AND A GROUP OF HER OLDER GIRLS. SPRING OF 1900

*Front row, left to right: Louise Willson, Marie Baker, Mildred Purves (deceased), Elizabeth Johnston. Second row: Katharine Stockton, Maud Morrison, Miss Fine, Elinor Purves, Elsie Libbey, Charlotte Baker. Third row: Isabel Johnston, Lucy Macdonald, Rebekah Purves, Edith Johnston (deceased).*

*Events in Celebration of the  
Fiftieth Anniversary Year*

Inter-School Student Council Forum, at Miss Fine's School,  
on Saturday afternoon, December third, 1949

"Does Student Government Prepare for Democracy?"

Moderator: Miss Eileen Martinson of the New  
York Times Youth Forum, Station WQXR

Lecture by Millicent C. McIntosh, Dean of Barnard College

Thursday evening, May fourth, 1950 at  
50 McCosh Hall, Princeton University

"The Independent Day School as a Preparation  
for Living"

An Historical Pageant in Celebration of May Day  
on the school grounds on  
Wednesday, May seventeenth, 1950

Fiftieth Anniversary Exercises  
at the school on Thursday, June eighth, 1950  
(Memorial Service to May Margaret Fine)



SHIRLEY DAVIS  
*Headmistress*

“. . . beareth all things, believeth all things,  
hopeth all things, endureth all things.”

I CORINTHIANS, XIII







The Class of 1950  
gratefully dedicates this LINK to  
FRANCES ALICE KLEEMAN  
in appreciation of  
her gifted musicianship, her inspiring  
teaching, and her personal interest in  
all of her students.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her  
paths are peace."

PROVERBS, 3, 17



#### THE LINK BOARD

*Front row, left to right: Wood, Petrone. Second row: E. Rosenblad, Fleming, W. McAneny, Mrs. Shepherd, Fenn, J. Butler, Elgin. Third row: Jamieson, Maull, Mountford, G. McAllen, Potter.*

# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XXX

JUNE, 1950

No. 1

## BOARD OF EDITORS

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## *Senior Farewell*

We are the class of 1950. As such our Senior year has been a focal point in the school's history, a point from which we not only look back on the past, but also look toward the future.

In evaluating the past fifty years of the school, it is evident that in this time of growth and progress, the ideals and standards with which the school was founded have been assiduously maintained. The feeling of individual honor and integrity which is created by student government, the wisdom and understanding of Miss Davis, and the personal interest shown in each student by the faculty are things for which we will always have the utmost respect and gratitude.

In the future, we hope that these qualities will not only continue in the school, but will also be emulated in our own lives.



JANET BUTLER

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."*—GOLDSMITH

"Got to pick something up at Proctor!" With this famous war-cry Jan, our strawberry blonde, heads with determined gait for her favorite haunt. We can count on one finger the number of Princeton week-ends she has missed—not to mention those in Northern territories.

Jan's ability to organize has been a great source of amazement and admiration. Often have we watched guiltily as she hands in a term paper which we have barely begun. Although she was a capable Mrs. Gibbs in "Our Town," her domesticity has often been questioned. But we will never give up hope; her brownies are excellent!

As Social Service chairman, Janet has done a wonderful job towards making the 50th Anniversary year a success. And you can always find her on her way to a Student Council or a Federalist meeting.

We will ever be grateful to Jan who, in the midst of our madness, brings us gently but firmly down to earth. There is no question that her sense of humor, her understanding of people and her straightforwardness will be valuable assets in her later work.

Does she like music? Singing, symphonies, Sibelius. And, of course, bands!



### ALICE ELGIN

*"She is steadfast as a star,  
And yet the maddest maiden;  
She can wage a gallant war,  
And give the peace of Eden."*—MEREDITH

Alice, our redhead, has led us through our Senior year as class president. We have always envied her friendliness and adaptability to all situations; we will never forget our class picnic when, with admirable aplomb, she officiated over the changing of three flat tires.

Each morning we are greeted with Alice's cheery, "Guess who I saw this morning, girls?" Per usual, she has managed to see every undergraduate except The One. Consequently, Alice now personally supports Princeton's Athletic Association by her attendance at all sports events.

Because of her Southern leanings, we are amazed to discover that she will condescend to go as far north as Taft. "But you never *asked* me," was her reply when we finally learned of a recent escapade, to Exeter, of which we were previously ignorant. However, we are sure that Alice, with her dancing ability, trig clothes and love of fun, is perfectly at home in any social gathering.

We'd say the word for Alice was "savoir vivre." We won't be surprised someday when she does Something Great. But she'd be the last person to tell us.



SARAH FENN

*"Life is like music: it must be composed by ear,  
feeling, and instinct, not by rule."*—SAMUEL BUTLER

"Oh, people, listen to this!" and we know for certain that we are about to hear a deluge of A. A. Milne and *Winnie the Pooh*. Sarah's gentle, quiet sensitivity is what stands out foremost in our minds, and we find that stray dogs often receive the benefits of her kindness.

"But I *like* looking at the lights in their windows," is her constant protest as we try to walk unpretentiously through the campus. With martial tread and a gallant attempt to whistle "Onward, Christian Soldiers," we prod her to keep pace with us, but from her anguished cries of "Oh, people!" we realize that Sarah never will be a long-distance runner.

A new spark of enthusiasm has been kindled for Federalism since she has taken over the duties of chairman, and the hockey team and LINK board have also benefited from her participation. We will always enjoy a piece of music carefully explained by her knowledge of counterpoint and harmony, and as we read her beautiful poetry we feel sure that it will someday reach the halls of fame.

We never *did* learn just why Sarah left for China!



ANGELINE FLEMING

*"Poetry is vocal painting, as painting is silent poetry."*—SIMONIDES OF CEOS

"Look, everyone, I've got a whole carrot for lunch today," says Angie, our model, whose everlasting diets are our constant source of amazement. As a matter of fact, Angie has never ceased to amaze us in all her thirteen years at Miss Fine's, for her activities and achievements are numerous. She is our poet laureate (she won the LINK poetry prize in fifth grade) and turns out masterpieces with frustrating ease, even on English exams. She has painted since she could wield a brush, as her art pictures and beautiful "Our Town" posters indicate, and if we could only convince her to join the Glee Club, she would be priceless.

Her creative bent is often practical too: she makes clothes that Mme. Schiaparelli would envy, and her three-layer cakes are presented at the least emergency or class famine.

Angie has her executive side, which she has exhibited as head of dance committees or as co-literary editor of the LINK. She has been on the Council for three years, and on the Varsity hockey team since ninth grade. We know that Angie, with her streamlined side (i.e. her cars) and her gentle one (dogs, take note) will succeed everywhere as she has at school and we have no doubt that she will very soon win a Pulitzer Prize.





### POLLY JAMIESON

*"Life is not life at all without delight."*—COVENTRY PATMORE

Polly leans precariously back in her chair, supported by nothing but two legs, with an open window behind her; we again wonder if Polly will *ever* come down to earth, but by some miraculous manoeuvring the chair lands on four legs with a bang, and out comes, "Let's take a ride in the convertible." "It's a grand idea, Polly, but it's the middle of history class, the convertible is in Trenton, and you have no license." That makes no difference to Polly. Her solution is, "Let's revolt!" and we're still waiting for the revolution.

Polly's famous smile has often brightened up the S.S.R., to which she donated the huge Princeton banner, with its historic moth holes. Yet these are not all the talents Polly has shown since joining our class as a sophomore. She was our council member last year, and she is our Social Service representative this year, as she was two years ago. She is also president of the Glee Club—and continually surrounded by screaming freshmen worried about the "men" they will be paired off with at a coming concert. If Polly is missing from the Princeton campus, you can probably find her at some other eastern college, or waiting patiently outside a gas station. And if not there, she is in the audience of some Broadway musical.

Twenty years from now, if any of us should hear a rousing cry of "Let's revolt!" we would know without looking around that it was blue-eyed Polly.



### WENDY McANENY

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all she knew."*—GOLDSMITH

Monday morning arrives amid groans caused by staggering amounts of homework, yet whether Wendy has taken in a play, two movies, or four novels the night before, she is thoroughly prepared with English or French manuscripts—fit for *New Yorker* publication.

Since kindergarten, Wendy has led the class by her many strokes of genius, too numerous to mention. She served efficiently for two years as head of the Inkling, and this year as editor-in-chief of the LINK. She has led the school through a successful year as Student Council president, and somehow the Gray Team just wouldn't be complete without its captain dashing down the field for a goal.

But we aren't finished! She was our junior representative to Buck Hill, and besides being the Madrigal Group's ardent second soprano, she also has her artistic side. Do you remember her exquisite Van McAneny portrait?

Not only did Wendy go abroad with the Experiment and acquire a cosmopolitan air, but her love of children has led her to hold down three at a time in the summer. We don't know which of these many fields Wendy will choose, but rest assured that she will excel in one.

And do you remember the unusual weekend she spent with Sue at the Martha Washington—much to her dismay, exclusively for *women*?

*Twenty-two*



### SALLY MOUNTFORD

*"Nothing great is ever achieved without enthusiasm."*—EMERSON

"I'll be petrified to wear it," says Sally as she knits furiously away on the latest risqué Vogue creation, an off-the-shoulder evening sweater. In fact, we can't imagine Sally without her knitting needles.

Sally came to Miss Fine's as a sophomore and became immediately famous for her cheerfulness, friendliness and enthusiasm. These qualities, plus Sally's fine sense of responsibility provided M.F.S. with an excellent Secretary of the Student Council last year, and an equally excellent Head of the A.A. this year. Her best trait is her ability (much to the bewilderment of her classmates) to get along with any age group. She is constantly surrounded by hordes of lower classmen, whose envy of Sally's snappy Charleston almost matches our own; often she has been found trying patiently to get this dance through our thick heads (and feet).

When a book-burdened figure dashes down the driveway shortly after four on any school-day, everybody holds her breath and hopes that Sal will make that infernal 4:10 for Trenton. But whatever her abilities, the one with which she may surprise us in the future is her dramatic prowess! We will never forget her delivery of that famous line of Thornton Wilder's: "Is there any *culture* or love of *beauty* in Grover's Corners?"



### SUE PETRONE

*"Variety is the spice of life."*—COWPER

"They Always Pick On Me," sang Sue in the talent assembly, and she couldn't have been more correct. We do always pick on Sue, whenever we feel blue and need a rousing story of mad escapades to cheer us, or for any other reason. For Sue is our story-teller unique, and it is her fabulous tales, which she not only relates but relives, that keep us in gales of laughter. Besides being the featured attraction of the S.S.R. Sue has earned, through her comic ability, several roles in community and school productions; not only was she Tessie in "Dreamboat" and Rebecca in "Our Town" but she has often played Ophelia and Al Jolson for us, with appropriate gestures.

Although Sue is the most unpredictable of our unpredictable class, as her weekly shift of college preference shows, she has often been our reliable leader. She was Chairman of the Christmas dance committee, head of the program committee for the play, and is on the payroll of the New York Times as an agent! This seriousness emerges also in discussions, when Sue amazes us with the firmness of her convictions which range from outspoken disgust with Shelley to ardent defense of Lautrec. But wherever she may be, whether enthusiastically taking gym or parking her Oldsmobile at a precarious angle, and whatever she may do later on, Sue's sense of humor will always make her a warm and steadfast friend.

*Twenty-four*



### SALLY POTTER

*"This is the actor's gift, to share  
All moods, all passions."*

On some Monday morning you can always be sure to see an exuberant figure blowing into Study Hall, a long scarf trailing behind her, and from this scarf's all-enveloping bulk comes the cry of "Happy Days!" We listen eagerly as Sally modestly describes a weekend, but inevitably there is an excited, "Boy, it was just the bee's knees!"

From her constant groans of "Guess what? I owe Mrs. Wade two weeks' worth of French papers!" we realize that Sally's interests do not lie along the drudgery of verbs or algebra, but in the arts. Her painting is unique: she was Secretary of the Glee Club and Council representative last year; and our Dramatic Club President this year. From her sensitive renditions of Emily in "Our Town" and of Eliot's poetry, we all expect someday to see Sally and Maurice Evans sharing the first-night applause together.

We feel that Sally's happiness will be nearly complete some Spring day when she is curled up beneath a tree with her collie puppy Reilly, a daffodil, and total absorption in T. S. Eliot. Or she might even be watching the rain and listening to French or Italian madrigals.

Have you ever heard Sally play Bach?



EBBA ROSENBLAD

*"Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride  
Might hide her fault if she had faults to hide."—POPE*

Although Ebba has been with us only for the last quarter of the year, her presence during that time has made us wish many times that we had known her longer. With her pleasant smile and affability she has made a definite place for herself not only in our class but in the school.

We will always remember our senior assembly, which was made a success by Ebba's beautiful ballet dancing that she learned in her native Sweden. This dance astounded us all the more because she did it impromptu on microscopic floor space. The Community Players also benefited from her dancing, this time ballroom, in their production "Dreamboat"; and our admiration knows no bounds when we watch her mastering the intricate steps of the Charleston.

Along the same lines, i.e. the arts, she has great talent for painting. Yet her abilities extend ever further; we, nervous on her first day in English class, were utterly spellbound by the beautiful manner in which Ebba read Hamlet's first soliloquy.

Next year, as Ebba goes off to college, we wish her the best of luck and we know that someday she will be a great success in the theatre.



ELLEN WOOD

*"I have no other but a woman's reason."*—SHAKESPEARE

Somehow we weren't surprised when Ellen told us the stupendous news that she was accepted at Middlebury. A confirmed advocate of co-education, Ellen is determined to have an impressive knowledge of psychology before she graduates. From experience, we are sure that more than one professor is going to appreciate her witty remarks.

As our junior class president and advertising manager for the LINK, Ellen impresses us with her administrative ability. But there is also her social side, which includes such accomplishments as bridge and week-ends at Exeter. With her vivid coloring and naturally curly hair (which all of us envy) we know that Ellen's social life at Middlebury will be tres gai.

We have often wondered whether Ellen's interest in philosophy is purely academic, or if it is due to the advantageous position of her father's office. Her daily shortcut leads her bicycling through the campus, and is usually followed by some amusing anecdote. Her friendliness manifests itself in her love of the Middle West, and also crops out in her enthusiastic rendition of "The Tavern in the Town."

Besides all this, did you know that Ellen is going to be our first woman Democratic president?

# SENIOR CHART

NAME	SONG	SAYING	MAKES MENTION OF	NOTED FOR	HAUNT	PET PEEVE	IDEAL MAN	SAVING GRACE
JANET	"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"	"whoop-tee- doo!"	Mort and Gort	"props"	University Place	Princeton University vacations	certain "je ne sais quoi"	love of chimpanzees
ALICE	"I Can Dream Can't I?"	"what's your problem?"	George	amiability	Princeton athletic events	damnyankee-	J. S.	artist's hands
SARAH	"Slow Boat to China"	"people"	Tigger	poker face fibs	"Buggy"	promptness	dark eyes and haggard look	hippity hoppitiness
ANGIE	"California Here I Come"	"I ate too much"	Blizzard of '88	dogs	Dial	conceited people	the typical American boy	creativity
POLLY	"Lady Be Good!"	"it's divine!"	yellow convertibles	various campuses	Wooden Wheel	restrictions	cute with grey flannels	impulsiveness
WENDY	"Say It With Music"	"Could I borrow a Kleenex?"	Belgium	giggle	nursery school	pizza pies	Laurence Olivier	versatility
SALLY M.	"Candy and Cake"	"That's a howl."	modern grandmother	fidgeting in Art	Penguin Club	dirty gym suits	brains, brawn, and bank account	enthusiasm
SUE	"Full of Fun and Fancy Free"	"That's rather fine."	week-ends	animated stories	gym	women's clubs	dark with beard and pipe	sense of humor
SALLY P.	"Spring Fever"	"hollow mockery"	daffodils	acting	222 Foulke	this winter	owner of a private Alp	party sparkle peaches and cream
EBBA	"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue"	"Yes?"	Sweden	dancing	Avalon	carrots	dark with dimples	complexion
ELLEN	"Dark Eyes"	"I can't face it."	The Democratic Party	<i>Princeton Tiger</i>	inside the <i>Herald</i>	hard boiled eggs	tall, bronze, and brawny	naturally curly hair
CLASS	"Wanna Get Married"	"Guess who I saw?"	"This time next year..."	overdue homework	Prospect Street	Parents' Association	rough and ready!	variety in talents



TEACHERS' CHART  
(Teachers we have had)

NAME	MAKES MENTION OF	PET PEEVE	SAYING	THEME SONG	SAVING GRACE
MRS. BURRILL	Astronomy	Fire drills in the middle of class.	"That's lovely! — but it isn't right!"	<i>Accentuate the Positive, Eliminate the Negative</i>	Friendliness
MISS DAVIS	"Your first free period."	Us	"It's so exciting!"	<i>The Last Time I Saw Paris</i>	Great understanding
MRS. HOWE	Irving	Our psychological blocks	"No one in this school ever reads."	<i>The Man I Love</i>	Wit
MR. JAMISON	His family	Predestination	"Please, Miss——"	<i>Body and Soul</i>	Joviality
MRS. JOHNSON	Taking pictures	Her children's colds	"minny, minny fossils."	<i>Dixie</i>	Smile
MISS KLEEMAN	The Experiment	Our "singing in the cracks"	"It's Oh!, not woe!"	<i>Give Me Five Minutes More</i>	Patience
MISS PENDERGAST	The "little mags"	Kipling's <i>If</i>	"You have me just rolling in the aisles."	<i>Off We Go, Into the Wide Blue Yonder</i>	Creative writing
MRS. SHEPHERD	Dickie	Senator McCarthy	"Let's get back to the subject."	<i>Brush Up Your Shakespeare</i>	Scope of knowledge
MISS SMITH	Elm Club	Gym excuses	"It's regulation."	<i>Take Me Out To The Ball Game</i>	Vim, vigor, and vitality
MISS STRATTON	Past Students	Distractions at art exhibits	"Get me a higher chair."	<i>The Old Master Painter</i>	Adaptability
MRS. WADE	Lisette	Women's chit-chat	"ca m'a beaucoup intrigué."	<i>Dites-Moi</i>	"Savoir vivre"

## Class Prophecy

Time: 3rd Atomic Millennium

"Egads, they've done it!" cried the Scientist Royale, Sallyanna Mountfordoski, dropping her knitting, as she watched through her supersonic telescope. Beside her stood her friend and colleague, Sally Potter, owner of the private Alp on which the telescope was situated. They were speaking thus excitedly of nine of their fellow classmates, whom they had known five light years ago at Miss Fine's. These illustrious creatures had such terrific personalities that they had been jet-propelled to the moon, and there they hoped to produce a new and greater race of men.—Men only.

Through the telescope they could see Wendy on a soapbox atop a crater, expounding on the new moon government which just *had* to be United Solar Federalism. But just at that moment the cellar and pit of the crater opened up, and from out of its depths popped Polly. "Hey kiddies," she cried, "I've found it! The Shangrila Land of Perpetual Parties!"

"Mon Dieu, where?" screamed Sue, and not even stopping to ask specific directions, jumped into her new complete-overdrive-brakeless spaceship. "Hurry up, kids. Party, party!"

"No thanks," said Alice, "I'd rather stop off at the Jupiter-Saturn football game. Besides, my fiance, Josef Sellski, is playing."

"Ye gods, you might get picked up if you go alone," exclaimed Janet, carrying her new 10,000 book receptacle. "Let's try looking studious, and I'll go with you."

"O.K. then," smiled Sue, and with full force on the accelerator, they jetted off. Ellen's head came out for a minute from behind the *Tiger*, of which she was publisher, editor, manager, and sole subscriber.

"Let's turn on your radio-TV set," she suggested. "I think it's about time for Ebba's ballet program to come on."

For a while the car's occupants watched eagerly, but the dancing motion was so dizzying that the car began to swerve, and suddenly hitting a rut, bounced off the moon and into Space.

The power of the wind was so great, however, that their clothes began to rip. "Hold on a sec!" cried Angie, and with her trusty atomic needle she concocted nine new wardrobes in no time.

Their rapid descent brought them nearer and nearer to Earth, when suddenly a voice called out. "Hey, wait for me, people!"

The group halted patiently in Space to wait for this latecomer, Sarah, who had stopped off on Venus to buy a bag of brownies.

Landing at last on the Alp, the happy eleven were re-united. "In a reckless mood?" asked Sally Potter. With a unanimous YES, the Golden Girls clambered into the Ford—making sure that someone held the door on. And so, with undaunted cries of "Party, party!" our happy little band melted off into the dusky Unknown.

This *was* only a rumor, but legend has it that they were seen a little while later in some dark corner of Firestone Library—soberly reading "Frustrations and Fermentations of the Modern Age."

## *Our Last Will and Testament*

We, the class of nineteen hundred fifty at Miss Fine's School, in the borough of Princeton, Mercer County, New Jersey, being of dubious and decomposing mind and memory, do publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

Janet bequeathes her green thumb to the kindergarten, hoping that under their tender care Mort and Gort will thrive.

Alice leaves the South to Judy Seidler, so that she may make further conquests there.

Sarah leaves to Dorothy Duckworth her leaky fountain pen, thereby enabling her to add to her rare collection.

Angie wills one raised eyebrow to Gordon McAllen, for whatever purpose she wishes. Angie needs the other one.

Polly leaves the S.S.R. for the first time since September.

Wendy bequeathes to Petie Oliphant, with delight, her broken Study Hall bell, so that she can fix it.

Sally Mountford wills to Margot Williamson her uncanny genius for passing a pack of Lifesavers all the way around the art room table and back without being caught.

Sue leaves the sum total of 87 yellow convertibles seen to Barbara Johnston, who may continue counting them up to 120.

Sally Potter gives to Diana Maull at long last the scarf she wants, apologizing on behalf of the class for its delay in reaching her.

Ebba leaves the subway door in which she got stuck on an Art trip to Joan Freedman, who may have better luck in evading it.

Ellen bequeathes a pocket full of cookies to Peggy Pease, for nourishment whenever it is needed.

The class leaves, with much sorrow, on June 12, 1950.

In witness whereof we do herewith affix our seal to this document, in absolute defiance of all the statutes of these United States, on this twelfth day of June, the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testatrixes to be their last will and testament in our presence, and in the presence of each of us, we being present at the same time, and we, at their request and in their presence and in the presence of each other, do hereunto sign our names as attesting witnesses.

.....  
(They wouldn't sign!)





## *Rogues' Gallery*

*Top, left to right: A.E., J.B., E.W.,  
A.F.*

*Middle: S.F., E.R., S.K.P., S.P.*

*Bottom: P.J., W.M., S.M.*







#### CLASS OF 1951

*Front row, left to right: Maull, Oliphant, Williamson, J. Freedman. Back row: G. McAllen, Johnston, Seidler. Missing from this picture: Duckworth, Pease.*



#### CLASS OF 1952

*Front row, left to right: Von Neumann, Goetze, B. Gartner, Samuels. Back row: Joan Barton, J. Lawall. Missing from this picture: Smith, Van Zandt.*





#### CLASS OF 1953

*Front row, left to right:* W. Hall, Rosenblum, Vollbrecht, Meyers, Savage. *Second row:* K. Cooper, S. McAllen, Hilary Thompson, Polhemus, M. Butler, Cuyler. *Third row:* Wolcott, Hope Thompson, W. Gartner, Ackerman. *Fourth row:* Kerney, Kleinhans, Yeatman, Jane Gihon, A. Lockwood, Frothingham.

### *Class Notes*

1951—The Juniors promised last fall to surpass their financial pledge to Social Service, and with Nellie May Oliphant as President, they have completed five projects and tripled their goal. Among these projects were a ghost house at Hallowe'en, an assembly program, and a Valentine dance. Everyone in the class engages in some school activity: the hockey team, the Madrigal group, the Inkling, Social Service and World Federalists. Their career as Juniors certainly promises an excellent Senior year.

1952—Class X, led by Cynthia Smith as President, has contributed much to school life this year. They have had several food sales, and raffled off a beautiful sweater, handmade by one of the class mothers. Also, the class presented a variety show in assembly, unearthing surprising hidden talent among the contestants. The Sophomores have contributed several members to the Varsity Basketball team, the Inkling, and the Madrigal group.

1953—This year's Freshman class has been the largest in school history. The President was Susan Kleinhans. In March the class launched a new literary magazine, *The Finest*, whose chief editors were Mary Butler, Elaine Polhemus, and Caroline Rosenblum. For Social Service, two food sales were given and a contest was held, the lucky winner having received five movie tickets. Besides this, the Freshmen gave an informative Biology assembly, participated in the school's production of "Our Town," and have shown great interest in all sports.



*Front row, left to right: J. Butler, W. McAneny, J. Freedman, Fleming. Back row: W. Hall, Polhemus, Oliphant, Maull, Samuels. Missing from this picture: Smith.*

## *The Student Council*

The Student Council this year has tried to place greater emphasis on constructive activities and leadership, and not solely on discipline. As evidence of this it has sponsored many new projects: it started rotation systems of cleaning the Upper School classrooms and of keeping the Middle School bulletin board posted with articles of new interest. In December it held an inter-scholastic Student Council Forum, at which were present representatives of twenty boys', girls' and coeducational public and private schools in this area; the moderator of the forum, which was part of the Fiftieth Anniversary program, was from the New York Times Youth Forum of Station WQXR.

Other achievements of the Council have been a new reporting system, council meetings with several non-council girls at a time, a meeting in February between the Faculty and the Council to discuss the whole field of student government, open meetings with the entire school, an assembly quiz program, a proctor system for the halls at lunch hour, amendments to the Constitution abolishing the Council nomination in election of Council officers, and a point system for school offices, providing an equitable division of major responsibilities.

The President of the Council was Wendy McAneny, and the Secretary, Joan Freedman. The representatives were: Janet Butler, Angie Fleming, XII; Diana Maull, Nellie May Oliphant, XI; Jean Samuels, Cynthia Smith, X; Wendy Hall, Elaine Polhemus, IX.



*Front row, left to right: Campbell, S. Strachan, Hilts, Turkevich, Stafford. Back row: Seidler, Jamieson, Von Neumann, J. Butler, Maull, Rosenblum. Missing from this picture: Van Zandt, Eschauzier.*

## *The Social Service*

The chief concern of the Social Service Committee has been the Fiftieth Anniversary Fund. As shown by our slogan poster, "Raise the Curtain!" the students' special drive was for the amount needed for stage curtains in the new gym. As we go to press, we expect to have raised over \$300 for this.

Besides this project, we have given to our usual charities. The proceeds from class vaudeville and talent shows, dances, chance-selling and the ever-popular food sales, have gone to the following organizations: \$100 to the Hundred Neediest Cases in memory of Miss Fine, \$50 to the Community Chest, and our annual pledge of \$72 for the support of a one-room school for Navajo children. The Seniors' annual block dance was for the benefit of the World Student Service Fund. From students' contributions, \$30 was raised for the Junior Red Cross, and \$105 for the March of Dimes.

We have kept close touch with our school in Poland; from two successful drives we sent them several impressive boxes of clothing. We also hope to establish correspondence with a school in France. In many ways, we consider this to have been a most successful year; in its fiftieth year, the school has raised one of the largest funds in our history.

Officers for the year were: Chairman, Janet Butler; Secretary, Diana Maull; Treasurer, Marina Von Neumann. The representatives were: Polly Jamieson, XII; Judy Seidler, XI; Leslie Van Zandt, X; Caroline Rosenblum, IX; Carol Eschauzier, VIII; Harriet Hilts, VII; Lockie Stafford, Marina Turkevich, VI; Bonny Campbell, Sandra Strachan, V. Miss Davis was the Faculty Adviser.



Breakfast at the Gibbs' and Webbs' houses, from "Our Town"

## *The Dramatic Club*

"Occasionally a group of young amateur actors presents a drama with such simplicity and honesty that it is hard to say exactly where and how they passed over their lack of training, but the fact remains that the audience has had a touching and thought-provoking experience." This was the gist of the review which the school play "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder, received in the Princeton Herald after performances in Murray Theatre on December 14 and 15, 1949. The play, under the direction of Mrs. McAneny, assisted by Miss Kleeman for the incidental music, had a large cast of Upper School girls and, as usual, Princeton University students. The leads were Sally Potter as Emily, Janet Butler as Mrs. Gibbs, and Nellie May Oliphant as Mrs. Webb. Others in the cast were: Polly Jamieson, Peggy Pease, Jean Ackerman, Sue Petrone, Jane Gihon, Leslie Van Zandt, Ellen Wood, Angie Fleming, Sally Mountford, Caroline Rosenblum, Juliana Cuyler, Susan Kleinhaus, Elaine Polhemus, Angie Lockwood, Jane Vollbrecht, Alice Elgin, Susan McAllen, Wendy McAneny, Janet Lawall, Marcia Goetze, and Barbara Johnston. Committee heads were: Properties, Polly Jamieson and Wendy McAneny; Costumes, Angie Fleming; Sound Effects, Sarah Fenn; Make-up, Gordon McAllen; Lighting, Leslie Van Zandt; Tickets, Alice Elgin; Programs, Sue Petrone; Publicity, Polly Jamieson; Posters and Ushers, Sally Mountford. The production was thought to be one of the best in Dramatic Club history.



#### THE VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM

*Front row, left to right:* Maull, Fenn, Mountford, W. McAneny, K. Cooper. *Back row:* Fleming, G. McAllen, J. Lawall, J. Freedman, Seidler, Johnston, Goetze.

### *The Athletic Association*

This year has been a comparatively unsuccessful one for the Athletic Association. Our Hockey team, tirelessly coached by Miss Helen Smith and captained by Sally Mountford, suffered a defeat at the hands of Princeton High School early in the season. Before we could play any other schools, the polio epidemic caused the cancellation of our scheduled games. However, we did play out our color games on the hockey field with the Blue team defeating the Gray team in two out of three games.

Our basketball schedule was equally unsuccessful, although the interest was great. The first team was beaten on our court by Solebury, in a well-matched game that ended in a score of 11-10. We were unable to play any other inter-scholastic games, although we did play one very interesting one with Elm Club. In the basketball color games, the Blues were also victorious in two out of three games, thus capturing the banner.

The team captains were Sally Mountford, for the Blues, and Wendy McAneny, for the Grays. The officers of the Athletic Association were Sally Mountford, President and Judy Seidler, Secretary.



#### THE MADRIGAL GROUP

*Front row, left to right:* Oliphant, G. McAllen, W. McAneny, Jamieson, Mountford, Samuels, Goetze, Rosenblum. *Back row:* Fenn, Joan Barton, Kleinhans, J. Lawall, Cuyler, Potter, J. Butler, J. Freedman. *Missing from this picture:* Smith, Pease, Duckworth.

### *The Glee Club*

The 1950 Glee Club has had a very successful year, under the direction of Miss Kleeman, and, as in the past, we have been fortunate to have Mrs. Pacsu accompanying us at the piano. The Club officers included Polly Jamieson as President, Gordon McAllen as Secretary, and Joan Barton and Marina Von Neumann as Librarians.

The first of our concerts we gave at school with the Hill School Glee Club on March 3rd. We entertained them beforehand at a tea dance and supper which turned out very well in spite of initial confusion at getting couples "paired off." Our main numbers at this concert were a chorus by J. A. Hase and a "Nachtelle" by Franz Schubert. Our other concert, with the Princeton Freshman Glee Club, was given in Alexander Hall on May 5th. At this concert we offered among other numbers choruses from Offenbach's "La Belle Helene" and a "Song from Ossian's Fingal" by Brahms.

Besides these concerts, the Glee Club sang in the Thanksgiving Assembly, and in the traditional Christmas Candlelight Service, said to be the best in school history. The Madrigal Group deserves special recognition for its concert on April 11th, when it sang for the Friends of Music. The entire school sang an anthem in the Fiftieth Anniversary Exercises on June 8th; this anthem was specially composed for the occasion by Mathilde McKinney. Although all the members of the Glee Club receive and deserve much credit, we realize that the cause of our success has been Miss Kleeman's gifted direction and enthusiasm, which have given us a very interesting year.



*Front row, left to right: Maull, G. McAllen, Miss Pendergast, J. Freedman, Jenneke Barton. Back row: Von Neumann, Van Zandt, S. McAllen.*

### *The Inkling*

This year the Inkling Staff numbered twenty-two girls under the leadership of Joan Freedman and Gordon McAllen as Editor and Assistant Editor respectively. The members of the Board were Diana Maull, Leslie Van Zandt, Marina Von Neumann, Susan McAllen, Jenneke Barton, and Miss Pendergast, the Faculty Adviser.



### THE MIDDLE SCHOOL COUNCIL

*Front row, left to right: Sally Donoho, VIII; Ann Freedman, Vice-President; Saki Hart, President; Miss Campbell, Faculty Adviser; Ann Belford, Secretary. Back row: Lucy Busselle, VII; Abbie Rickert, V; Beth MacNeil, VI. Missing from this picture: Anne Harrison and Mary Strunsky, representatives from VI and V for half the year.*





*Front row, left to right: Wood, Elgin, Mountford, W. McAneny, Seidler. Back row: J. Butler, Von Neumann, Fenn, Williamson, Maull. Missing from this picture: Van Zandt.*

### *The Federalists*

This year the Federalists became a chapter with a charter and active membership. The officers were Janet Butler and Sarah Fenn, Presidents for the first and second semesters respectively, and Margot Williamson and Marina Von Neumann.



SENIORS AT THE CHRISTMAS DANCE



## The Scroll

While THE LINK is making no award for prose in the Middle School, it takes pleasure in giving two for poetry—to Pat Robinson, VIII, for "Gossip" and to Elisa Strachan, VI, for "Silver Lace." In the Upper School, the award for poetry goes to Margot Williamson, '51, for "Van Gogh" and Honorable Mention to Angeline Fleming, '50, for "Time," and "Echoes of the Night." The prose award goes to Janet Butler, '50, for "The Grass," and Honorable Mention to Nellie May Oliphant, '51, for "Business is Business." The editors wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Irving Howe for his kindness in judging the entries.

### *\*Van Gogh*

Through all the long years of genius  
and of work,  
Through all the days, filled with frustration  
and with strife  
You were able to create those things  
that last till  
Time can claim the canvas, but Beauty  
will be left.  
In France you captured the vineyards  
and the hills  
Covered with many furrows from the  
farmer's plow.  
You seemed insane, but though your mind  
was dead  
To the physician, your hand was filled  
with masterpieces.  
With ideas that now are loved but then  
were scorned.  
Your simple art with simple line  
which dominated  
Then was lost to that which frenzy  
struck and  
Held, until by death you were  
released.  
The garden and the halls which you  
placed in  
Your mind, utmost in your thoughts  
and dreams,  
Were those that closed about you after  
Christmas eve—  
That dreadful eve, that time you proved  
to friends  
Around you that what was vital to  
those outside  
Had snapped.

MARGOT WILLIAMSON, XI

\* First Place  
Upper School Poetry Contest

## \* *The Grass*

The grass was beautiful. She could feel that in her, and she watched it every day with almost feverish loving. It was so green, so green and fresh and alive—that was it, alive. Nothing else in the whole world was so beautiful and growing as the grass. Nothing.

The hot July air was motionless; if an animal had cried suddenly, the sound would only have been stifled into the dense humidity. The heat and the day were all in all, and the sun was powerful.

She stretched back into the sunchair and felt herself go limp, impassive. It was all so confusing, and there seemed to be no sure ground, no feeling of something to cling to. Really, there was nothing. All that was real was the sun and the grass—and herself.

Herself? Was *she* real? She laughed a little at her philosophizing; really, she should have taken Philosophy 101 a bit more seriously ten years ago. . . .

Philosophy 101. . . .

Tweedledee and Tweedledum

And Philosophy 101

The sun scorched hotter and brighter. Such a pretty sun, she sang to herself. She threw back her head and gazed hypnotically at the white brilliance in the sky. White—white—everything was white. The walls of the institution were white, the beds were white, the attendant's uniforms were white, the glare of the lights was white. White, the filthiest color. She laughed—God, that was funny. Someday she would tell all the scientists and poets in her book that green, not white, was the purest, loveliest color. Green was fresh and growing; green was grass.

. . . . Tweedledee and Tweedledum

And Philosophy 101. . . .

Philosophy. They had studied so much in Philosophy 101, and yet so little. Someday she would write a philosophical book titled, *How to React When You See Your Husband and Two Children Burned in a Fire*. Oh, what a book that would be—it would revolutionize the whole world of philosophic thought; Plato and Kant would be obsolete. Fire, yes fire. Fire was red, but grass was green—and beautiful—and growing.

Upper School Prose Contest

\* First Place

*Forty-six*

"Lovely little grass," she almost murmured. "You will grow and thrive. You shall grow freely—*your* life will not be cut off. Oh grass, I love you—you're all I love. You're not red like fire, nor white like the asylum. You're alive."

The sun burned hotter and the locust sang louder. Sometime, when the sun would be lower and the locust not so persistent, they would come to take her inside again. Such odd people—they must think she couldn't understand adult language. They always said gently, "We're ready to go in now, aren't we? Are we all ready to eat our supper?" Then she would go to bed and wake up the next morning and go out into the beautiful sunshine and see the beautiful wet green grass and the growing green green green green grass.

The locust hummed. Time hung suspended in the humidity. She dozed.

. . . . . The dream was all vague and blurred, but they were manning the pumps to put out the fire in the burning house. And the pumps made a *whir whir* sound, and the harder they pumped, the less you could hear the children's screams. And the pumps went *whir whir—whir whir*. And she laughed, it was so funny, and they threw water in her face, and someone mumbled "breakdown" and the pumps went *whir whir—whir whir*—oh dear God, the pumps never stopped going *whir whir*. . . . .

*Whir whir* went the blades of the lawnmower. Snip snip. And the grass yielded and fell beneath the oncoming, relentless blades. *Whir whir—Slash slash*

The grass! Dear god, they were cutting the grass! While she had slept, they had cut the grass around her, and now the lawnmower was starting a new section over to her left. "No!" she screamed, and the locust stopped. "No, no!" she cried, "let it grow!"

But the gardener only stared at her pitifully. "Oh," she cried to herself, "they don't understand. My lovely, lovely green grass. My growing, *alive* grass. Oh dear God."

The sobs racked her body, and they came out of her as if each were a long labor. The world was still. And slowly, after a long, long time, they came more rapidly, and the burden was slipping, slipping, slipping, till there was nothing—oh nothing. . . . .

Tweedledee and Tweedledum. . . . .

And Philosophy 101 . . . .

Funny. She began to laugh, softly and quietly at first, then harder and harder. God, *harder*. And she laughed and laughed and laughed, and when she saw the grass at her feet, she laughed even harder.

And the world was very still.

JANET BUTLER, XII

\* *Silver Lace*

Oh! how I like to see  
The ice glisten on a tree  
Each tiny twig and bough encased  
In nature's shiny silver lace;  
Each branch bent earthward  
With its load  
Sent down from heaven,  
God's abode.  
Then comes the sun with  
Rays so bright,  
And melts the silver from  
My sight.

ELISA STRACHAN, VI

\* *Gossip*

The waves told the gull,  
    and the gray gull listened,  
The gull told the sand,  
    and the wet sand glistened,  
The sand told a sandpiper,  
    and he said peep!  
What a splendid secret;  
    too good to keep.

So he told a rock,  
    and the rock said, "never!"  
The rock told a shell,  
    and the shell said, "clever!"  
A fat little crab answered,  
    "Good for him!!!"  
Did you hear the secret?  
    John learned to swim!

PAT ROBINSON, VIII

Middle School Poetry Contest

° First Place

\* *Time*

They would not let us pass beyond the gates of time.  
They'd say  
You may  
Only if you are timeless;  
And we belonged to time,  
You and I.

The busy streets are blurred  
With faces;  
A million creeds, a thousand races  
That are pacing to the chime  
Of the endless droning rhyme  
Of clocks that toll  
The time.

And you and I,  
The spectors of the night,  
Watch the blinking on of light  
And passing home of men.  
When shall we be not as these?  
To break the ritual and run,  
To laugh and chase and grasp the sun.  
And not be ordinary folk—  
Not walk the streets, nor poke  
Along in rhythm to the rhyme  
Of the chime  
Of clocks that toll  
The time.

My watch is whirling on to eight:  
Be quick and run, I may be late.  
To dash along  
Because the song of master time  
Is calling.

And we spectors are just lovers  
Who hover for a moment  
In our dream,  
And scheme amid the din  
Of clocks all rhymeless,  
That we, to pass beyond,  
Might be timeless.

Yet we cannot race the chime,  
Because we are of time.

ANGELINE FLEMING, XII

\* *Echoes of the Night*

The hurried click of heels on empty stone,  
The echo sounds against the alley's walls,  
The shadow's walking yards ahead of her,  
The heels still beat incessantly and loud.  
Down unknown streets where lamplights point the way  
With yellow fingers, now she turns her steps.  
An unseen magnet must be drawing her  
To make her venture ways as darks as these;  
Or maybe just the warmth of glowing coals,  
Or tender arms to draw her body near,  
Or anxious cries are tugging at her heart  
To make her add a step to every beat.  
Click—click, click—click, the sound becomes the drone  
Of millions who have pounded streets at night:  
Particular, now universal sound.

A door is reached and swallows up the girl,  
A light goes on; then shadows intervene,  
And I walk on alone till daylight comes  
And with it brings the human mass, the herd.  
Alone I walk, the tattoo gone upstairs.  
The street is still with echoes of the night.

ANGELINE FLEMING, XII

Upper School Poetry Contest

\* Honorable Mention

\* *Business Is Business*

Joe was just a soft-hearted guy. Ya never would a' knowed it, though, by lookin' at him. He was big and strong—like an ox, but he hadda soft heart. Like the time when I dropped the end of a stove on his foot. It left an ugly scar. But, Joe, he never said nothin' about it. It would a' spoiled our safety record, and we were mighty proud a' that. Ya see, Joe and me worked for a gas company, puttin' in stoves for customers on our route. We carried them stoves up a good many stairs. But, Joe, he didn't mind, he kinda' liked it. He was sure strong—like an ox. But one day Joe just disappeared, and I ain't seen him since.

Well, ya see, it was like this. I got called into the boss's office one day. He told me he was gonna have me and Joe do different work. The boss told me we'd be "compensated accordingly." He never wasted time with little guys like us and told me to see our foreman. Well, I went out to tell Joe the news and find the foreman. When I told him what "compensated accordingly" meant, he was real pleased like. He usta' say it a lot to himself and smile and look real happy about the whole thing. We sure could use more pay.

*Fifty*

We found the foreman and he told us we'd be turnin' on gas for the new customers and turnin' it off for them who weren't up to payin' their bills. Joe didn't mind turnin' the gas on, but turnin' the gas off—he just couldn't see it. He was right soft-hearted and couldn't stand the sight of a woman cryin', when we told her we hadda turn off her gas. I even tried explainin' to him that if the customers didn't pay their bills the gas company couldn't pay our salary. But it was like talkin' to a brick wall. Joe just couldn't see it. "Business is business," I says, but it wasn't any good. He really could lift them stoves, but he wasn't worth a darn turnin' the gas off. Not that he couldn't turn it off; it was just the idea, ya see.

Well, things finally got so bad that I'd just send Joe right down to the cellar to wait while I argued with the Mrs. Then I'd yell to him ta' turn it off when she saw things my way. He'd turn it off and then trot right out to the truck to wait while I finished explainin'.

This worked fine for about two weeks. Then one day Joe stalled on me. We could a' made one more call 'fore we knocked off for lunch. It was only ten minutes ta' twelve. But he just stalled and said, "Let's eat lunch first. We can make it after lunch."

Well, we finished lunch and went to make our next call. It was an apartment building. I sent Joe down to the cellar and knocked on the door. Nobody home. I was just about ta' holler down ta' Joe to turn the gas off, when some busybody sticks her nose outa' her door and says, "She's home all right. Knock again." Well, just about then I smell gas. So's I tell Joe to go getta' cop while I get the janitor. Joe gets a cop and I get a janitor to unlock the door. In the kitchen we found a woman layin' on the floor. The gas stove jets are goin' full blast and the windows are all closed. The cop rushes over and opens the windows and turns off the gas jets. He tried ta' bring her around, but it just weren't no use. She was too far gone.

The cop gets her name from the janitor. She's a widow, ya' see; lost her job and owed a lot a' back rent and bills. The cop calls the coroner and he comes to examine the body. "What time is it?" he says.

"Ten after two," I says.

"Dead at one fifteen," he says and goes to make arrangements to have her body taken away.

By this time all the neighbors have left, and I holler for Joe to come along. But, no Joe, and I couldn't find him anywhere. Just disappeared.

Joe was strong—like an ox; but he was awful soft-hearted.

NELLIE MAY OLIPHANT, XI

Upper School Prose Contest  
\* Honorable Mention

## *The Seasons*

### *Winter*

The snow,  
Swirling gently from the skies above,  
Tickles my windowpane  
And then,  
Coyly,  
Whirls away.

### *Spring*

A flower,  
Peeking cautiously from its bud,  
Tests the warm, damp air  
Then suddenly,  
Proudly,  
Unfolds.

### *Summer*

A bee,  
Humming lazily to himself,  
Circles a drooping daisy  
Then at last,  
Decisively,  
Alights.

### *Autumn*

The trees,  
Robed in multi-colored gowns,  
Try vainly to retain their leaves  
But finally,  
Inevitably,  
Are bared.

MARY BUTLER, IX



## *On Cultivating A Sense Of Humor*

I have been using the time every night between my prayers and when I fall asleep to cultivate a sense of humor. It was my own idea, though I must confess that I was inspired by my friend. During one of our conversations he had mentioned something about a sense of humor being the "saving grace." I had always wanted to be saved, and this struck me as being by far the pleasantest method.

Well, as I said, I have been practicing every night. My equipment is simple. From the ceiling I have hung a mirror directly over my pillow, so that I can look myself straight in the eyes while I am speaking. I also have a little blue book of jokes about animals (I chose animals because I have always considered that my best friends have been animals) which I kept on the bed table. The first seven and one half minutes I spend on the jokes themselves. As soon as I am tucked in bed I look at myself in the mirror and clear my throat a couple of times. When I am sure that I am listening, I start off:

"Did you ever hear the joke about the . . ."

"No," I lie, just to be polite, and then to be especially nice I add, "Do tell it to me!" I usually get through the joke without peeking at the book more than two or three times. The ending gets extremely boring, because I have to be polite again and laugh, even though I have heard the same joke every night for the last two weeks.

The most important part of the "sense of humor," the laugh, takes up the rest of my practice. These are very difficult and complicated, so I have made a little reference list on a card which can be conveniently hidden in the palm of my hand. I have a special laugh for each kind of joke, because I feel very strongly that the laugh must match the joke. For my horse jokes I have been perfecting a horse laugh, and the pig squeal is really beautiful for pig jokes. (I use the grunt with the men, but when I am in the presence of ladies the squeal is much more appropriate.) One laugh had me quite upset though. I have a perfectly exquisite joke about a kangaroo, and when I went to the zoo (I do most of my research there) I found that the kangaroo does not, or at least this one would not, laugh at all. I tried telling him all my best jokes but he never even made a sound. Finally I had to tell him the one about the kangaroo (I was very much afraid he would not appreciate it), but

I think I caught him on that one because I saw him smile. Since he had condescended, I had to compromise and just smile after this joke.

It wasn't until just the other day that I thought myself accomplished enough in wit and humor to present my talents to the world. My friend was giving a party, and since he had a dog I decided on one of my best dog jokes. I did not quite know what to do about looking everyone straight in the eye, so I started by rapidly revolving my head and rolling my eyes back and forth around the table. Everything went just fine until I got so dizzy that I forgot the ending. I must admit that I was a little embarrassed, but I remembered my motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try and try again!" Across the room from me there was a picture of a very friendly-looking horse, so I chose from my repertoire a very complimentary joke about a horse for my next performance. After clearing my throat a couple of times, I gazed into his (the horse's) eye (he was turned sideways so I could see only one) and started. I had barely gotten through the first three and three quarters minutes of what I thought was an unusually good horse laugh, when I opened my eyes to find that everybody was looking at me with dreadfully stupid expressions on their faces. I still cannot figure out whether my jokes were too intellectual for them, or whether they were embarrassed because they could not horse-laugh as well as I could.

SARAH FENN, XII

## *Sestina*

Then were we happy, when men were once noble;  
Then did the gods in the heavens create  
People that lived with a proud sense of honour,  
Untaught in our customs of ravage and murder.  
They never then felt our dark pallor of mourning  
Nor ever our fear, nor our deep-rooted shame.

Yet now though I seek to shake off my deep shame  
And search for the life that is splendid and noble,  
There is only the ominous questioning mourning  
Of mothers and lovers the world used to honour  
For men that some almighty thing did create  
To die on far shores in a stark pointless murder.

Perhaps the almighty foresaw in this murder  
A far greater good, expiation for shame,  
So that ages unborn may in freedom create  
A world that is new, with no knowledge of mourning.  
Perhaps from this slaughter will rise people noble  
To restore once again to the earth her lost honour.

It's a long and discouraging struggle towards honour,  
Beset by the minds that maliciously murder  
Whatever is good, whatever is noble;  
Or by vile loathsome bodies that shameless create  
With their nauseous lust for a woman her shame  
That bequeathes to her only a life of low mourning.

And shall we then let countless thousands be mourning  
Because we shall never be worthy of honour?  
And shall we forget in our sorrowing shame  
Our forebears of old who were stately and noble,  
Who did not, like us, stoop and pander to murder  
But rather with courage did courage create?

No, we will not forget: we ourselves will create  
A dawn to be ever untroubled by mourning;  
A new way of peace, that is life and not murder.  
Then shall we be happy, unburdened by shame  
And our sons shall then say, with pride and with honour,  
That they sprang from a race that was splendid and noble.

WENDY McANENY, XII

## *An Interview*

THE SCENE: A rather large room. A girl is sitting on a chair, her hands folded primly on her lap. A woman approaches her and introduces herself.

(RISING) Oh, hello!—that is, I mean—how-do-you-do?—yes, my name is Polly Parker.

(WALKING) Oh yes, I've been shown around the campus—it's beautiful—Oh, of course it's *more* than beautiful—The Dining Hall—Yes, the Dining Hall! I noticed that particularly—Why, it impressed me because—ah—because it's so—so *spacious*! I never like to eat my meals in a crowded atmosphere—(HASTILY) Of course I don't always think of eating—it's just that—

(SITTING DOWN) Why this college? Well, let's see—that's a difficult question—Of course all the girls in the Social Column who married Blackberry Tech men came here—and well, I just—thought of it.

Yes, Miss Copenhagen's Female Academy in South Purley—Maxine Blow—Why—of course I knew Maxine. It was funny—she was a lot older but we had so much in common that—WHAT? She flunked out?—Oh—well, as a matter of fact, I never really liked her—terribly shallow.

Interests—interests—hmmmm, let me see—Oh, yes, reading—Reading! I love to read—Lately—Well there was that novel by Eugene—what was her last name? It was really very good—that man with the hooked nose who kept looking for snakes—I liked that—

Extra-curricular? Oh, well, I baby sit for the people next door quite a bit. It makes me mad—they leave those squealing brats for me to throw cold water at and I—What? Oh, Extra-curricular—I see—Oh, dear—I'm in the glee club, but I really don't like to sing.

Well, there was the time the maid broke her thumb and I had charge of emptying the waste-baskets—and then—Oh yes! I always take roll in Gym on rainy days.

Scholastic standing? Well, of course you see our class is so small you really can't judge.

I beg your pardon? Oh, someone is waiting—Of course I'm applying at more than one college. I might change my mind. Well.

Goodbye.

SALLY POTTER, XII

## *Some of My Life in Sweden*

I remember vividly the years I spent in Sweden between the ages of six and thirteen. Memories of my school, the mysterious, sougling "blueberry-forest," the swampy moss with its big juicy yellow and red cloudberryes, and the lake outside Stockholm with its dangerous holes in the ice are as clear as my memories of yesterday.

I had had my sixth birthday, and my mother thought I could start school, even though it was one year too early, because in Sweden you are supposed to start when you have reached the age of seven. I wore a little pink dress, with a brown jacket and cap, and white gloves. I remember vividly how nice I thought I was while looking at myself in the mirror. The schoolhouse seemed tremendous to me. It was a French private school, and nearly all the teachers spoke French only. I will never forget the time when I had been talking while standing in a line waiting to enter a classroom. I was in first grade, and my teacher told me to go into second grade and feel ashamed of myself. I went crying into the second grade, and the second grade teacher looked surprised and said, "You must have made a mistake. This is second grade." I told her then, with my tears falling down my cheeks, that my teacher had told me to go in there and feel ashamed of myself because I had been talking in line. The second grade teacher put me on her lap and tried to console me. But that was the last time I talked in line.

I spent the following summer on my grandmother's farm about sixty miles south of Stockholm, together with my cousins. We all went out in the mysterious, sougling "blueberry-forest" to pick the enormously large blueberryes, to have as jam during the winter. We brought our food along and went out in the sunny morning very happy and gay, each of us carrying a little basket which we were intending to have filled up before going home. I went on and on, further into the woods, picking berryes, but suddenly I realized that I couldn't hear the others' voices. I got a little scared, and I called out into the dark forest, "Mommy, Mommy! where are you? I am somewhere I've never been before, and I haven't the faintest idea about the way home!" I listened for a moment to see if I could hear my mother's voice, but I couldn't.

I got terribly scared and ran right through the forest as fast as my legs could carry me. When I had been running for about five minutes, I saw a car on a road nearby. Then I recognized the road, and knew I would be home in a minute. My mother was very happy to see me back home, because she had been so worried, and I was happy even though I had eaten all my blueberries.

When I was eight, I had forgotten all my adventures two years earlier. One day in August, the season for the big juicy cloudberry, I went out with my sister and my oldest brother on the moss to pick cloudberry. First we had to go through a very dangerous mud area where you can easily sink down with your head under the bottomless mud and water. When you have, with your heart in your throat, gone through that area, you come out on the real moss, where the cloudberry are. There are little tiny pine trees here and there, and the moss is the most beautiful place in the world, when the sun is going down in back of some fluffy, thin pinkish clouds. We hadn't gotten permission to go out on the dangerous moss, but we weren't any better than other children, maybe worse. We found lots of cloudberry, and they looked fresh and juicy in the hot summer evening. As you know, it does not get dark until very late in the evenings. (Sometimes you can read the whole night through without putting on the light.) I climbed up in a pine tree, but it was so tiny that it broke and I fell down, and that right on the very back of a dead cow! I stumbled away frightened to the others. When we came home we had to go to bed without supper, because we had gone out on the moss without permission.

The year after, when I was nine years old, I went out skating with my brother on a lake right outside Stockholm. It was a beautiful day, the shores gleamed white with new-fallen snow. We had borrowed my father's skating sail and as it was a little windy we got a good speed. The ice was as clear as crystal, and you could see air bubbles and your own shape mirrored in the ice. Here and there were Christmas trees in little circles on the ice, to point out the iceholes. My brother and I kept going faster and faster, and on the horizon I could see a circle of Christmas trees, but I thought they were far away, so didn't warn my brother. Finally, as we got nearer, I thought I ought to tell my brother about them, but it was already too late. We went with a breakneck speed right through the trees, and came safely out on the other side at the same speed. My brother said, "I went through it on purpose, just to

scare you a little. I knew it would hold us." I am positive he didn't know it, though!

And so I close my account of these years, remembering them with the deepest pleasure, and looking forward to going back to Sweden some time by a certain ship named the Stockholm, after the capital of Sweden.

ANNA ROSENBLAD, VIII

## *The Sad Saga of Fantasia Frog*

- I. Fanny was a little frog  
As you can see above,  
Fanny had severe heart-ache,  
For Fanny was in love.
- II. She loved a dashing, ruthless toad  
Whose name was Launcelot.  
To him she gave her honest love  
But none from him she got.
- III. Her love for him did guide her life;  
To Launcelot all she gave.  
He took the money she offered him,  
But even more did crave.
- IV. So things progressed from bad to worse;  
Her bank account, it dwindled.  
And soon poor Fan began to see  
That she was being swindled!
- V. At first her poor misguided heart  
Could not believe it true;  
So she arranged with Launcelot  
A secret rendez-vous.
- VI. They met, and to him Fanny told  
These things that she suspected.  
Naught he denied, and then she knew  
To what she'd been subjected.
- VII. With anguish she was overcome;  
Herself in the river she flung.  
Her dying words were "Woe is me!"  
Then the waters o'er her swerled.
- VIII. In a graveyard cool and green  
She sleeps beneath a stone.  
"Here lies Fantasia Frog," it says,  
"A girl who died alone."
- IX. Now hear this moral, ladies all:  
Make sure your love's not rash.  
For a handsome man with words so sweet  
May only want your cash.

CAROLINE ROSENBLUM, IX



## *Ida*

She was the typical "you keep outa' my clean kitchen" cook. She looked just like all the movie and story-book Mammies; jolly, fat, and very starchy, with a wide smile and a huge laugh. She was as much a part of my childhood as anything I can remember, and I can only recall small, scattered things about her.

Very distinctly I remember how, on nights when Mother and Daddy went out and Ida "slept in," I would think up ridiculous excuses to go creeping up to the third floor long after I had been put to bed. Once up, I'd sit on the edge of her big bed while she talked to me. It was never, "tell me a story please," as it would have been to Mother or Daddy, because Ida could talk about big things in a small way that I understood.

One night, on such an occasion, after she had untangled a comb from my hair, which I couldn't possibly have done by myself, she told me about her own son and daughter and how hard things were for them sometimes because they were colored. Somehow I had never thought of her as a mother, too. Up to that point, something had made me think of her as belonging to my family, particularly to me.

We had a very fine friendship; more of a mutual understanding than anything very deep. For instance, she was wonderful at keeping secrets from Mother for me, and I certainly appreciated her apple pies more than anyone else.

Suddenly she didn't come any more. I hardly knew then what cancer was, except that it was the unknown thing that kept Ida from coming to our house.

The last time I saw her, I remember as if it were yesterday. Mother and I climbed a long, rickety stairway and the room was the first one at the top. It was dark and shabby, with an offensive odor. But there in the bed was Ida and she asked me how her "big girl" was and I said fine, and then it was just like those nights in her third floor room. She talked to me and remembered all the secrets and everything was fine. The last thing I ever heard her say she said to mother. It was, "Well, ma'm. I guess you got somebody big enuff to bake them apple pies now."

POLLY JAMIESON. XII

## *Contrast*

Two lovers meet beneath the clock.  
The city's horns scream out their cry.  
Down alleys men are stalking girls  
With lust deep-set in shady eye.  
Rich cars glide past on silken tires,  
And haughty people dare not meet  
The sunken faces of the poor  
That make their home a city street.  
A young girl pauses, awed with wonder,  
While by her side an old man dies;  
A child to be born, a taxi rushes,  
Sped on by childbirth's anxious cries.  
Two blocks down, a long one over,  
A tenement is licked by flames;  
In dim cafes the drunks are dozing,  
And at each snore there slinks a "dame."  
The Mall is gaped at by a stranger,  
"How can green grow out of stone?"  
Far up above a child is screaming;  
A wife sits waiting by a phone.

The lovers, met, dissolve in millions.  
The horns still sound, the pitch the same.  
The alleys have not lost their danger,  
Still there's man and with him "dame."  
The tenement now is piles of embers.  
The young girl's awe begins to clear.  
The man—he's dead; the child—it's born;  
The sloppy drunks wake up for beer.  
The stranger finds there's soot on flowers;  
The child's screams are dying down.  
The nervous wife can wait no longer,  
Descends the stairs to hunt the town.

High overlooking all these streets,  
And the dramas acted there,  
The mighty monsters of steel girders  
Seem to say, "We do not care."

ANGELINE FLEMING, XII

## *Solomon*

Solomon has a small build and rather irregular features. His name was at one time thought very appropriate, but lately it has been discovered that "Solomon" was quite the wrong name. Perhaps it was that he developed an inferiority complex under it, but no one thinks Solomon capable of developing anything, so it must be that he was born plain stupid.

Solomon's eyes are large and when not closed have a very fixed stare. He has a pug-nose; in fact, it practically points to the sky. His mouth is shaped like an upside-down V. He hardly ever uses it, which is extraordinary for the amount of exercising he does. He has remarkably large feet and rather bony hands; his complexion is olive, of the green type.

Solomon has a seemingly calm disposition, but nevertheless appears rather dissatisfied with life in general. He seems always to be trying to get away from something. To be perfectly frank, he has hardly any character, but I don't suppose that's very surprising, for—he is just a turtle.

ELAINE POLHEMUS, IX

## *Revelation*

She bent over the hot fire, her round ruddy cheeks were red from the heat, and little wayward ends of hair were sticking to the nape of her neck and the sweat glistened as it trickled down the sides of her face. Her eyes were heavy with fatigue and the lines in her face were prominent in the fire-light.

The bells were chiming in the distance and their sound seemed to bring a look of hopelessness in her face. It meant at any time Simon would be returning from the pastures, ready for a hot meal after a long cold day's work. She had tried to have everything prepared, but so many things had gone wrong. The walk into the village had taken longer than usual because of the heavy snow fall, and now it would be a full half hour before all was done.

She could hear his loud voice bellowing at her for her failure. It was always that way, he was so bitter and cruel if everything wasn't ready. Even when she succeeded in having it prepared on time, he still managed to find something which displeased him. He was constantly swearing and upbraiding her for her little defects. No matter how hard she tried to reach perfection for his benefit, he continually found fault and scowled for the entire evening.

Simon entered; his large bulky body made the room appear small and crowded. He took off his thick woolen coat and sat down to remove

his boots. His wife watched him and as his eyes rose to look at her, she saw there a brightness, a gentleness, an expression so warm and kind that she started with surprise. She had not seen him so in many years. He smiled and asked how her day had been. He had seen that his supper was not ready, and still he smiled. She could not understand and she continued to watch her husband as he warmed himself near the fire. He sat motionless, staring at the red flames twitching over the burning logs. Surely something of the strangest nature had happened. Dumbly she went about her preparations. When everything was in order, she called her husband. He took his place and as she looked at him, she seemed like a little boy, who had beheld something wonderful and was still in a numb excitement about it. His eyes, sparkling and lucid, were not those of a man, but of a young child who had never been disillusioned. She was baffled and amazed by it all. He was kind and gentle towards her and even affectionate as they conversed through the meal.

When they had finished their dinner and were sitting before the fire, Simon spoke, "Tonight I saw a strange sight. A star was so bright it lit the entire sky and seemed to move. My flock wandered in the same direction, then it stopped, and so did the sheep. Nearby there was a stable around which the light was most radiant. I approached it and when I entered I found there a new-born child with its parents. They were poor people who were making a voyage and found no room elsewhere. It was cruel that there was no place better for them to go, and yet there was a beautiful and solemn air about it, as though it were a majestic palace humbled before this babe. A lovely sight, mamma, I wish you could have seen it. Indeed, 'twas a miracle."

She did not have to see it; she had realized this miraculous occurrence through her husband. It had become a part of their lives.

SUE PETRONE, XII

### *The Sorrowful Stegosaurus and How He Found a Maté*

On a warm spring morning about one hundred million years ago, five eggs split almost simultaneously and spilled their contents on the sand at the edge of the primeval swamp. The baby Stegosauruses—for such they were—blinked wonderingly at the tall trees surrounding them. Now and then a huge diplodocus would lumber through the forest, or a blood-thirsty allosaurus would appear. After lying on the sand almost a day the babies sluggishly got to their feet and started in search of food. Four of them reached the grass safely, but the fifth was not so lucky. Taking a different path from the others he fell into the slimy, oozy, drippy mud of the swamp and was sucked down.

On returning, three years later, we find only two of our small band alive. One of the missing was eaten by an allosaurus, the other stepped on by a triceratops. The remaining two are full grown now and have long since parted.

The one in whom we are interested is an enormous animal with huge back-plates and spines. He is searching for a female stegosaurus, so he can settle down and have a happy married life.

Wandering through the woods one day to his feeding ground, he was excited to see a female stegosaurus gracefully browsing upon the leaves of a tree. Panting with joy, he rushed forward, only to be stopped by a male stegosaurus. Without a moment's hesitation they charged. Our friend, being the heavier, threw his opponent on his haunches and started trampling him. Frightened and bewildered, the loser managed to drag himself away, while our hero walked off with his mate into the forest.

THEODORA STILLWELL, VII

### *Winter*

Beneath  
my window . . . my pool,  
green jade, nestled in miles of  
white peace.

The willow  
loosed from her silvery  
laquered hair, her jewelled clasp,  
the moon.

Faintly,  
the spicy fragrance  
of roasted chestnuts flavors  
the night.

The smooth  
warm velvet of my  
robe purrs under my restless  
fingers.

Shocked, the  
silence is shattered  
by the shrill song of the blind  
beggar.

SARAH FENN, XII

### *Spring*

I think of spring as a maiden,  
Smiling, with wondrous hair;  
Her magic touch of beauty  
Helps make this sad world fair.

She's dressed in a shining gown  
Of green with a rosy trim.  
As she goes her way she leaves us  
A feeling of foolish whim.

She touches the tip of each branch,  
And there a bud appears;  
She makes the flowers blossom  
And the stormy skies she clears.

BETSEY THOMAS, VI

### *Song*

Calm was the beginning  
Beginning of eternity, singing forever  
Forever curling calm.

Moon, careless on you lingering  
Lingering you sat and sang soft madrigals  
*Madrigals clear and full as the moon.*

Song, curving silver through peace  
Peace of wreathed ringing waters  
Waters lilting low in song.

Arms willing and strong enough to bear  
To bear the dreamless days, you bend . . .  
Bend and shade me with your arms.

Dusk you are with lamplight eyes  
Eyes that sing long lullabies of laughter  
Laughter licking the wrinkled dusk.

Lost . . . the bounteous beauty  
Beauty of wondering eyes and still look.  
Look now, is loveliness all lost?

End . . . can eternity have beginning?  
*Beginning of cool bells and answered prayer . . .*  
Prayer that calm may be the end.

SARAH FENN, XII

## *History (VI) in Limericks*

There once was a queen Isabella,  
Who thought Chris a pretty good "fella,"  
She gave him some ships,  
And a kiss with her lips,  
Because she knew he wasn't "yella."

—MOLLY WADE

Columbus was looking for spice,  
But instead he found rats and some mice  
"Dear me," said the crew,  
"This is very bad brew,  
We'd better start looking for lice."

—ANNE HARRISON

Leonardo da Vinci was great,  
And honor was heaped on his pate,  
For his skill with the paint  
Never brought forth an "ain't,"  
His paintings, they say, were first rate.

—BETSY THOMAS

There once was a friar called St. Francis,  
Who preached to the birds by his chants,  
He warbled and sang,  
Until the hills rang,  
And the birds went to live with the ants.

—LOCKIE STAFFORD

Magellan is known as the first,  
(Though his fate was one of the worst)  
To sail through a strait,  
Though long did he wait—  
He went through America first!

—CHARLOTTE COOK

A king of great fame was old Harry,  
A great many wives did he marry:  
Two Annes and three Kates,  
One Jane—with no waits!  
The last Kate outlived bad old Harry.

—BETH McNEIL

Columbus had sailed o'er the seas,  
To find spice that might make him sneeze,  
But there all he found,  
Was an Indian Mound,  
And that he considered a tease.

—BETH McNEIL

## *Lower School Verse*

### A LITTLE BIRD

A little bird sat in a tree  
And he was happy as could be.  
And just because it's spring,  
I'm so happy I will sing.

ANNE WALDRON, I

### THE BLACK STALLION

Galloping, galloping o'er the countryside,  
Galloping, galloping o'er the plains wide,  
There goes the Black Stallion towards the mountains rocky,  
Wow! Wouldn't he make a fine horse for a jockey!

LINDA CROSS, II

I thought it was winter,  
But it is spring.  
My O my!

WILLIAM SMITH, II

### A POEM TO A SICK BOY

The spring is here, the grass is green,  
'Tis the prettiest day you ever have seen.  
The flowers are gay with red, green and yellow,  
'Tis a very pretty day, my poor little fellow.

LOUISE SCHEIDE, II

Once a little bat had a hat  
Which fell upon the mat  
Just where the bat sat.  
He said, "Oh my! Look at my hat."

MARY LEE SKINNER, II

### THE ELVES

The small little elves so tiny and fleet,  
Go skurring around on their small little feet,  
Dancing and singing most of the ways,  
Jumping and shouting all of the days.  
Oh wouldn't you like to go round with those few  
And drink in the morning the drops of the dew?

NANCY McMORRIS, III



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<p><i>GIFTS</i></p> <p>THE CUMMINS SHOP</p> <p>Princeton, N. J.</p> <p><i>CHINA</i></p>	<p>BEST LUCK</p> <p>TO</p> <p>1950</p> <p>FROM</p> <p>1951</p>

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