

THE LINK



June, 1951

THE LINK

June, 1951

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



Portrait by Ipsen (1932)

MAY MARGARET FINE

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



SHIRLEY DAVIS

Headmistress



THE CLASS OF 1951
dedicates this Link to

ANNE BARLOW SHEPHERD

in appreciation of
her great understanding, her unceasing enthusiasm,
her generosity in giving time and help,
and her genuine friendliness to all.



THE LINK BOARD

Front row, left to right: Gordon McAllen, Peggy Pease, Nellie May Oliphant, Beverly Stewart. Back row: Barbara Johnston, Joan Freedman, Dorothy Duckworth, Judy Seidler. Missing from this picture: Margot Williamson, Cynthia Smith.

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XXXI

JUNE 1951

No. 1

BOARD OF EDITORS

PEGGY PEASE '51	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
BARBARA JOHNSTON '51	}	<i>Literary Editors</i>
MARGOT WILLIAMSON '51		
GORDON McALLEN '51	<i>Business Manager</i>
DOROTHY ANN DUCKWORTH '51	<i>Advertising Manager</i>
BARBARA JOHNSTON '51	<i>Photography</i>
MRS. SHEPHERD	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
JOAN FREEDMAN '51	}	<i>Staff</i>
NELLIE MAY OLIPHANT '51		
JUDY SEIDLER '51		
CYNTHIA SMITH '52		
BEVERLY STEWART '52		

TABLE OF CONTENTS

In Retrospect	11
Class of 1951	12
Class Prophecy	20
Class Will	21
Senior Chart	22
Senior Pictures	23
Faculty	28
Class Notes	30
School Notes	31
Literary Contributions	38-63
Lower School Verse	63

In Retrospect

FRESHMAN

We descend to Study Hall after years of home rooms—Our dancing class where boys and girls passed their time in separate groups—The games of “Sorry” and “Backgammon” played on the milk porch—The unusual privilege of going to the Senior Dance (only one went)—Henry V when we sat in the bus coming home for five hours, waiting for the traffic to clear—Biology and the lovely animals we met under unusual circumstances.

SOPHOMORE

“Our Hearts Were Young and Gay” with Petie as Cornelia—Our famed rendition of the Lone Ranger—Iolanthe, given by the D’Oyly Carte Company—The concert in McCarter with the Princeton Freshman Glee Club and Band—Visiting the Metropolitan on the hottest day of the year—Our Side Show at May Day—Several of our friends going to boarding school.

JUNIOR

Barbara enters—Our Fiftieth Anniversary: to celebrate it: a Student Council forum, a lecture by Mrs. McIntosh, the pageant at May Day—Our Hallowe’en ghost house with Margot as the screaming mummy—The trip to the U.N. with “The Wayward Bus” driver—The performance of “Our Town”—The Valentine Dance (the first we gave)—“As You Like It” in New York—The start of the new gym.

SENIOR

Our responsibilities as heads of organizations—The privilege of the S.S.R. which we didn’t use often—The color and sparkle Miss May has added to the school—The Hallowe’en Party at Peggy’s—“The Admirable Crichton”—The Buck Hill Conference—“The Lady’s Not For Burning” in Philadelphia (after this one we arrived home on time)—The mad mess at Mrs. Shepherd’s as the Link went to press—Our interesting theses—And finally Graduation.



DOROTHY ANN DUCKWORTH

*"Her voice was ever soft,
gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."*—SHAKESPEARE

When Dorothy joined us in the ninth grade she was immediately elected as class scribe and has held this position throughout her four years at M.F.S. Dorothy's meticulous penmanship and skillful drawing have eliminated many problems in our lives of correspondence and poster making.

Although a connoisseur of food Dorothy, unlike many less fortunate than she, maintains a perfect complexion and figure.

This year Dorothy, as chairman of the Dance Committee, helped make Senior dances a success. In her sophomore year Dorothy was an active member of the Cafeteria Committee and mastered the involved difficulties of dietetics.

Class meetings in the S.S.R. would indeed have been less enjoyable had not Dorothy offered us her rendition of an otherwise prosaic jokebook.

We are certain that wherever Dorothy goes she will inspire any contemporaries in a Classics course, and all acquainted with her will enjoy her.



JOAN FREEDMAN

*"Those about her
from her shall learn the perfect ways of honor."*—SHAKESPEARE

As we sit quietly reading Wordsworth, there comes a knock on the door and Joan enters. The Pennsylvania Railroad late again! Immediately there is an emphatic statement from Joan on the undependability of her train. This is a well-known subject because Joan has been travelling back and forth from Freehold ever since eighth grade. Recently she has had a companion for these daily trips, her sister.

Joan has always wanted to be a doctor, and we feel that so far her preparation for this has been excellent. In ninth grade she devoted her second term in Biology to dissecting a cat.

Joan has contributed generously of her time, energy, enthusiasm and ability to any project she has undertaken. She has been a conscientious member of Student Council for the past two years, and was editor of the *Inkling* last year. This year she is president of Social Service, and has been a leader of unusual vitality and force. It was Joan who started our interest in Brisbane, because of her own work there last summer, and she re-instituted the custom of sending baskets to families in Princeton.

Have you ever watched Joan play hockey or basketball?



BARBARA JOHNSTON

*"If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article."* —SHAKESPEARE

The first thing we learned about Barbie when she joined us last year, was that she has two brothers. Richard shot us dead at least ten times the first time we met him! Happily, Robert, the other brother, is more civilized!

Barbie's troubles have always been a source of great amusement to us all. For instance, the time when she unknowingly found herself in a private men's Yacht Club in Italy. Barbie has a tiny green Studebaker which is too small. However, after its quota of three is filled, she can always manage to fit at least three more in the trunk. Remember the socks she was knitting a half a year after they had been supposedly given?

This year, Barbie holds the position of President of the Glee Club, and by her conscientious effort we have had two excellent concerts with the Princeton Freshmen and Peddie. In anything she undertakes Barbie impresses us with her responsibility and the fact that nothing fazes her.

Many an afternoon class has been temporarily disrupted by Barbara's laughing spells, and we think that her motto must be "laugh and the world laughs with you."



GORDON McALLEN

*"It were not best that we should all think alike;
it is difference of opinion that makes horse races."*

—MARK TWAIN

"Did you know I had a step-sister?" If you hear this question you will know that Gordon is off on another flight of imagination. Not only does she mention a step-sister, but she has a most fascinating great aunt who wakes up in the morning with snow on her. We are amused and amazed as her imagination reaches its cloudy heights. Because Gordon is the only one who has been here since kindergarten we ask her for any facts or legends about the school. She mentions, too, her summer home at Keene Valley, the mad escapades with her cousin, and the Hun School, known in most circles as "The School."

Gordon has a serious and capable side. Last year she was Assistant Editor of *The Inkling*. This year as Dramatic Club President she expertly handled the excellent production of "The Admirable Crichton."

At any time Gordon will gladly argue a point. She can be heard, during occasional free study periods, analyzing each and everyone in the class. A frantic rush of Seniors through the halls may mean Gordon in mad pursuit of her shoe, shouting, "Oh, I hate you!"



NELLIE MAY OLIPHANT

*"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."*—MILTON

Nellie May, also known as "Petie," entered our class in the eighth grade. Since then she has figured many times in the school plays, always taking prominent roles. During the summers she has worked in Murray Theatre as a member of the University Players. In addition to her acting on the stage, she also uses her talents for the delights of the class and never ceases to amuse us. Witness: George.

In her Junior year Nellie May was our class president. Under her excellent leadership we nearly tripled our pledge for Social Service. She was also Secretary-Treasurer of the Dramatic Club, and won Honorable Mention in the *Link* for a short story.

The faculty and students alike admire her understanding and constructive leadership of school government this year, and everybody marvels at her ability to concentrate on a multiplicity of school matters, not to mention her studies, when she is so close to her wedding and a honeymoon abroad.



PEGGY PEASE

"A kind of ingenious nonsense."

—ISAAC BARROW

Mathematical genius, plenty of good sense, and humor ad infinitum best describe Peggy—our class wit. Her ability to invent puns and jokes is endless and her caricatures, which are liable to appear at any time, cause mild hysteria. Can we ever forget the numerous poems, songs, and limericks that have been passed in History class?

Another side of Peggy comes to light, and that is her capability for handling all sorts of jobs. This year she has not only been our exuberant class President, and Social Service representative, but also our calm, cool and collected *Link* Editor. Besides all this she's been Council Representative in her Freshman year and her Senior year and the Senior Social Service representative.

Whenever we enter the Peases' house, we are immediately besieged by two over-friendly Springers, a cat and the inevitable younger brother—Clement.

In the S.S.R. we find Peg sitting in the middle of the couch which is always reserved for her, arguing that Vermont is far superior to New Jersey.

The class will never forget or regret her numerous hen parties that have high-lighted many occasions—especially Hallowe'en this year when we all got drenched, bobbing for apples.



JUDY SEIDLER

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."—TENNYSON*

Since Judy entered M.F.S. in the eighth grade, many organizations in the school have benefited from her interest and willingness to participate.

Judy served on the Council her Freshman year. Her Junior year found her serving as a member of the Social Service Committee and also Secretary of the Athletic Association. Judy's school spirit and her athletic prowess have always been much admired throughout her M.F.S. career. This year the school has been more than fortunate in having Judy as President of the Athletic Association. The Dramatic Club, too, is greatly indebted to her capable management of the Costume Committee and many long hours spent sewing something out of nothing.

Not only was Judy the first member of her class granted "the privilege of the highways," but when a shiny, blue Chevrolet flashed in the drive one morning she rapidly assumed god-like proportions in many green eyes.

We are positive that Judy's good nature and friendliness will always make her as successful everywhere as they have during her five years at Miss Fine's.



MARGOT WILLIAMSON

*"My sword is Strength, my spear is Song:
With thee upon a stubborn field
I challenge Falsehood, Fear and Wrong:
But Laughter is my shield.—ARTHUR GUITERMAN*

Ever since her arrival at M.F.S. in the ninth grade, Margot has constantly intrigued us with numerous adventures, each one more fascinating than the last. Margot's trip to Europe two summers ago is still food for conversation. Although last summer is still somewhat shrouded in mystery, she offers a hint occasionally of extraordinary occurrences in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Margot's unbounded generosity has saved her class from many embarrassing predicaments and we shall be eternally grateful to her for her hospitality and willingness.

In her Junior year Margot was head of the Lost and Found, Secretary of the Federalist Chapter at M.F.S. This year finds her President of the M.F.S. Chapter and an active member of the Princeton Federalists. Her interest in dramatics has led her to being a reliable back-stage hand.

Margot's accounts of the latest doings in the lives of Pretzel and the late "Oscar Williamson" are among the chief S.S.R. attractions. Wherever Margot goes her exuberance and friendliness are certain to win her many friends.

Prophecy

It is the year?? From the puffs of smoke below (it is rumored that Gordon taught the devil to smoke), emerge Joan, Gordon, Peggy and Margot who arrive in Everyman's Land to meet Dorothy Ann, Barbara, Petie and Judy who have descended from four fluffy white clouds. There, to settle all arguments is the angel Gabriel (looking strangely like Mrs. Shepherd). Without delay, Gordon, the former famous debater, starts arguing the advantages of Hell with Petie.

"Yes, we really whoop it up where I come from," Gordon states. "Don't you find it awfully dull up there?"

"Well, I just can't seem to get anyone interested in acting up," Petie replies. "I had thought of applying for a transfer to the far side of Paradise, but after raising a Princeton basketball squad, I decided I could use a little heavenly restitution."

Meanwhile Joan, Peggy, and Margot have grabbed Gordon's asbestos-soled loafers (an act which makes Dorothy, Barbara and Judy hang their halos in shame for their former classmates) and a great chase ensues. Dorothy, driven by her instincts of a nursery teacher to stop fights, bursts in, "Golly girls, you're awfully argumentative today." They stop and in the pause Margot, who was an Opera star and famed for her renditions in low night clubs, starts singing "O where, O where has my little dog gone." Peggy turns to her and remarks "The damned don't sing." *Dead* silence.

Joan advances to the front and tells them that, continuing her earthly life, in Hell, she has set up a clinic with an eternal supply of Unguentine "because so many down there have burns." Judy then begins to tell of her adventures as a heavenly basketball coach. "It's terrible! Each team forfeits the game to the other, howing politely. Haven't run a good game since I left purgatory."

The bell rings. "Meeting adjourned," cries Peggy, former chief census taker as she runs Down. "I have to count the new-comers. The population increases so fast." Only Barbara, the secretary, is left.

"Oh Dear," she says. "How can we ever meet again if we haven't enough cars for the people?"

The Will

We, the Class of 1951 being (oddly enough) of sound mind and body do heretoeafter declare the following to be our first will and testament:

Peggy leaves her microscopic handwriting to Joan, so that she will have to buy an electronic microscope for the Faculty.

Barbara leaves her crowded wonder, the green car, to Muffin, so that she may ride to school in company.

Margot leaves her box to Barbara, so that she may keep a record of her men-of-the-moment. We suggest that she consult the I.B.M. Company for an accurate filing system.

Joan leaves her embalmed cat to Marcia, in hopes that she will appreciate the odor.

Margot leaves the middle-aged men she finds on the golf links to Daisy, so that she may further her conquests in broader fields.

Gordon leaves the Hun School to Janet, who lives in front of it and can't avoid it anyway.

Judy leaves Virginia(!) to Jean so that, besides her conquests in the North, the South may also be open to her.

Peggy leaves her ambidexterity to Cynthia who seems destined to need it.

Dorothy Ann leaves her roller skates to Beverly, so that she may travel to Princeton on eight wheels instead of four.

Barbara leaves her talent for swiping pictures from the Clubs to Leslie, in hopes that she will decorate the S.S.R.

Nellie May leaves her "more bounce to the ounce" to Marina; and heaven help Mrs. Shepherd.

Class '51 leaves the overheated thermometer in the English room to Class '52 to give them exercise opening and closing the windows.

Witnessed by:

WILLIE WHALE

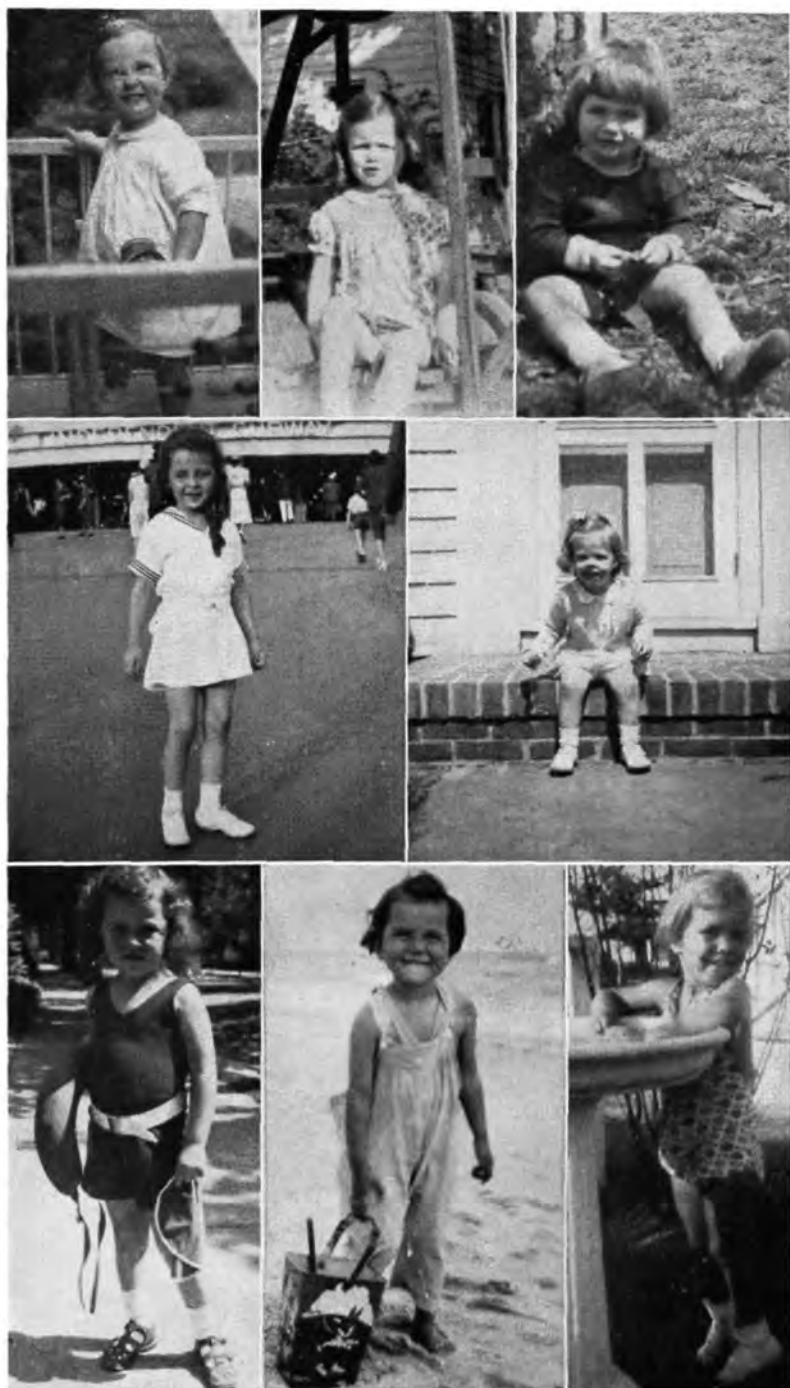
"GEORGE"

DICK SHEPHERD

In the year 1951 A.D.

Senior Chart

NAME	SONG	SAYING	HAUNT	MAKES MENTION OF	BESETTING SIN	AMBITION	PET PEEVE	SAVING GRACE
Dorothy	"Mairzy Doats"	"O Gad"	In front of the icebox	P. Univ.	Posture	Hoba	Drunk Men	Complexion
Joan	"I've Been Working on the Railroad"	"Don't be Squeamish"	Biology Room	Her sisters	Lunch table morbidity	Butcher	Ask Mrs. Burrill	Friendliness
Barbara	"Music, Music, Music"	"Do you think so?"	Princeton and Yale	The summer	Slowness	Olympic Skier	Parking Meters	Beauty
Gordon	"Teasing"	"You're wrong"	Behind a cloud of smoke	Hun School	Argumentative- ness	Chorus Girl	People with no sense of time	Legs
Petie	"Tea for Two"	!	Washington, Conn.	George	Milking Mice	A woman	People who cut study	Savoir Vivre
Peggy	"Readin', 'Ritin' 'Rithmetic"	"Mush"	McAllen's kitchen	Toby and Timmy	Frankness	Opera singer	Class XII	'esprit
Judy	"That's What I Like About the South"	"It's the greatest"	Delaware	University of Virginia	Stubbornness	To own El Grecos	Men under 6 feet	Hair
Margot	"Hail, hail the Gang's All Here"	"I'm going on a diet"	Firestone Library	Oscar	Talkativeness	A lady wrestler	Hunger	Laughter



BABY PICTURES (In Our Childhood)

Top row, left to right: J.S., J.F., G.McA. Middle row: M.W., P.P. Bottom row: N.M.O., D.D., B.J.











THE FACULTY

Front row, left to right: Mrs. Burrill, Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Wade, Miss Davis, Mrs. Busselle, Mrs. Howe, Miss Campbell. Second row: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Carver, Miss Weigel, Mrs. Gulick, Miss Kleeman, Madame Holenkoff. Third row: Miss Trull, Miss Manning, Mrs. de Graff, Miss May, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Dennison. Last row: Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Forbes, Miss Stratton, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Kane, Miss Wright, Mrs. Kelly. Missing from picture: Mrs. Shepherd, Mr. Jamison, Mrs. Cherniss, Mrs. Agar, Miss Elderkin, Mrs. Donoho, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. McAneny, Mrs. Bell, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Tidey, Mrs. Snedeker.



CLASS OF 1952

Front row, left to right: Goetze, B. Gartner, Lawall, von Neumann, Harper. Back row: Fenn, Van Zandt, Joan Barton, Samuels. Missing: Smith, Stewart.



CLASS OF 1953

Front row, left to right: Roberts, Yeatman, Kerney, Butler, D. Bogan. Second row: Polhemus, Hilary Thompson, Carples, Hope Thompson, Savage. Back row: Stoddard, S. McAllen, W. Gartner, Meyers, Jane Gihon. Missing: Wolcott, Rosenblum. Twenty-nine



CLASS OF 1954

Front row, left to right: Hurd, Belford, Keegin, Creasey, Donoho, Claflin. Second row: Barton, Wright, McAneny, Kennan, Robinson, Mason. Last row: Malone, Prior, Starks, Webster, Gihon, Shannon. Missing: Fulper, Hart, Kramer, Rosenblad.

Class Notes

1952—Under the leadership of Janet Lawall, class president, the juniors have had a very busy year. For social service they gave two food sales and a big raffle drawing. In February they gave a Valentine Dance. In a Thursday morning assembly, with the help of the faculty, they gave the Haydn Toy Symphony. This year there were three of the class on the hockey varsity, four on the basketball team, some in the Madrigal group, and everyone worked on the school play.

1953—Under their president, Ellen Kerney, with Anne Carples as Vice President, Class X made a total of \$70.25 for Social Service. They gave two food sales, a white elephant sale and a dance. In October, they gave a picnic for the freshmen. They have put out two issues of the *Finest*. Four of their class are on the varsity hockey, three on the junior varsity, four in the Madrigal group, three on the *Inkling*, and the whole class worked on the school play.

1954—This year the first big event given by the ninth grade was their "Lucky Number Show, A Combination of Truth of Consequences and Stop the Music." A baseball game was held between the faculty and the class. As a finale they gave a square dance in the new gym. Numerous food sales were held. The class has been under the leadership of Helen Keegin, president, Julia Hurd, Social Service representative; and Miss Campbell, as faculty adviser.



Front row, left to right: Van Zandt, Fease, Oliphant, Freedman, Von Neumann. Back row: Shannon, Hart, Yeatman, Polhemus. Missing: Smith.

The Student Council

This year the Student Council has tried to place more emphasis on the responsibility of the individual student under the Honor System, and has tried to show how such a system should aid in personal development.

The Council made the following amendments to the Constitution: the rule concerning immediate suspension for smoking was abolished, and the rules concerning smoking on school projects outside of school were clarified; provision was made for absentee balloting during election of school officers.

In the fall the Council circulated a questionnaire on student government throughout the Upper School, and the suggestions thus acquired were discussed in several open meetings. In January the group honored the Faculty at a tea which followed a Faculty-Council conference on the subject of Student Government problems and responsibilities.

Other achievements this year include the completion of a point system for all school offices, which provides an equitable division of major responsibilities; Council meetings with several non-Council girls at a time; meetings with the Middle School Council; and a system of raising hands for quiet in the lunch room.

The president was Nellie May Oliphant; Secretary, Cynthia Smith; Class Representatives: Joan Freedman and Peggy Pease, Class XII; Marina Von Neumann and Leslie Van Zandt, Class XI; Elaine Polhemus and Barbara Yeatman, Class X; Saki Hart and Nancy Shannon, Class IX.



Front row, left to right: Ducey, Miss Manning, Fenn, J. Freedman, S. McAllen, R. Webster. Last row: Hurd, Stewart, Pease, Goodridge, Pacsu. Missing: Hope Thompson.

The Social Service

This year the Social Service Committee has tried to change the emphasis from mere *money* donations to actual personal service.

Besides continuing our former projects; the World Student Fund, boxes of clothing for our Polish school, the Community Chest, the Navajo School, the Red Cross, the March of Dimes, and the Hundred Neediest Cases (an interest of Miss Fine), the school this year contributed to several new causes: the seventh grade sent many boxes for various holidays, to the Brisbane Child Treatment Center; the eighth grade adopted a needy Princeton family at Thanksgiving, and a box of food was sent to them, besides our annual Thanksgiving contribution to the Dorothea House.

The committee is most grateful for the fine cooperation of the whole school in helping to promote a successful experiment last fall, the Dog Show.

The Social Service Committee would like to express its sincere appreciation to Miss Davis, Miss Campbell, Miss Manning, and Mrs. Dennison, who were generous and untiring in advising the committee, and also to the parents' committee, headed by Mrs. Tomlinson.

Officers for the year were: Chairman, Joan Freedman; Treasurer, Mary Frances Fenn; Secretary, Susan McAllen. The class representatives were: Peggy Pease, XII; Beverly Stewart, XI; Hope Thompson, X; Julia Hurd, IX; Mary Tyson Goodridge, VIII; Margy Pacsu, VII; Rosalind Webster, VI; Katie Ducey, V.



The Dramatic Club

This year the Dramatic Club chose a play which made unusual demands on the production crews, *The Admirable Crichton* by Sir James Barrie. The problems of setting both a Victorian drawing-room and a desert island were solved by the generous and expert assistance of Mrs. Irving Van Zandt.

An unusually large cast was coached under the brilliant direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny, and included a majority of the Upper School, and some extremely competent University students. The leads were as follows: Nellie May Oliphant as Lady Mary Lasenby; Leslie Van Zandt as Lady Agatha Lasenby; Mary Vernon Butler as Lady Catherine Lasenby; Marcia Goetze as Tweeny; Jean Samuels as the Countess of Brocklehurst.

The men were: Crichton, John deBritto; The Honorable Ernest Wooley, William Nicoson; Reverend John Treherne, Hildreth Greeley; Lord Brocklehurst, Joel Fine; The Earl of Loam, Kenneth Ackerman; Fleury, Peter Van Zandt; Rolleston, David Jones; Tompsett, Joseph Weber; John, James Dwyer; Naval Officer, Rob Noel.

Others in the cast were: Caroline Rosenblum, Barbara Johnston, Mary Roberts, Elaine Polhemus, Gordon McAllen, Janet Lawall, Beverly Stewart, Jane Gihon, Caroline Savage, and Susan McAllen. The Committee heads were: Scenery: Barbara Johnston; Costumes: Judith Seidler, assisted by Mary Roberts; Properties: Margot Williamson, assisted by Mary Frances Fenn; Make-up: Dorothy Ann Duckworth; Lighting: Beresford Smith and George Sherred; Publicity: Joan Freedman; Tickets: Peggy Pease; Posters: Beverly Stewart; Ushers: Joan Barton.



THE HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL VARSITIES

Front row, left to right: Marcia Goetze, Janet Lawall, Judy Seidler, Joan Freedman, Mary Frances Fenn. *Back row:* Barbara Gartner, Mary Roberts, Hilary Thompson, Gordon McAllen, Barbara Johnston, Hope Thompson, Wendy Gartner, Susan McAllen.

The Athletic Association

There was a marked increase in interest and enthusiasm throughout the school in all sports this year. Although the varsity hockey team was not highly successful from the point of view of scoring, since they were an inexperienced team, the improvement in skill and team play was most gratifying. The Junior Varsity was more active this year, in that they acted as substitutes for the varsity, and played and won a game with the Princeton High School J.V's. In our matches with Solebury we won the first game and lost the second. We were also defeated by St. Mary's Hall and Princeton High School, but we offered good competition.

The basketball season started off with a new exciting feature: the varsity and faculty clashed on the Seminary court, before a wildly exuberant audience and the varsity defeated the faculty by a score of 18-15! The second game had to be cancelled because of a 'flu epidemic at Highland Manor. In the last two games Miss Fine's suffered defeat at the hand of Solebury and Princeton High School, respectively.

The spirit and cooperation of all the girls has been the best in many years. The whole school feels that this can be attributed entirely to the ability, interest and enthusiasm of Miss Nancy Lee Trull, whom the Association wishes to thank, and whom they hate to see leave.



THE MADRIGAL GROUP

Front row, left to right: McAneny, Goetze, S. McAllen, Oliphant, Starks, Lawall. Second row: Rosenblum, Stoddard, Jenneke Barton, Bogan, Creasey. Last row: Joan Barton, Pease, Freedman, Duckworth, Samuels. Missing: Smith, Hart, Johnston.

The Glee Club

The Glee Club started its musical season with an interesting experiment. We met with the Princeton Freshman Glee Club, and sang together informally, reading some new music, and then we each sang one round.

Our other concert was with the Peddie School on May 19, at Hightstown. There we sang, among other numbers, "Father William" by Irving Fine, "Climbing over Rocky Mountains" by Gilbert and Sullivan; "You'll Never Walk Alone" by Rogers and Hammerstein, arranged for the club by Mrs. Gilbert; "Song from Ossian's Fingal" by Brahms; and "My Soul There is a Country" by Bach.

The Madrigal group together with our Chamber Music Ensemble also gave a concert on April 25 at the Peddie Women's Club. The Madrigal group sang "Adoramus Te" by Lassus; "O Sleep Fond Fancy," by Morley; "As Fair as Morn" by Wilbye, and "La Petite Fille Sage" by Poulenc. Besides these concerts the Glee Club sang in the Thanksgiving Assembly, at the traditional Christmas Candlelight service, and at a school assembly in April.

The Glee Club wishes to express its appreciation to Miss Kleeman for her expert direction, and to Mrs. Pacsu for her fine accompaniment.

The officers of the club this year were as follows: President, Barbara Johnston; Secretary, Jean Samuels; Librarians, Susan McAllen and Ellen Kerney.

The Miss Fine's Chamber Music Group

The Miss Fine's Chamber Music Group was organized last fall. Its members are: Daisy Harper, violin; Saki Hart, flute; Janet Lawall, piano; and Joan Barton, cello. Miss Kleeman is the director. The group made its debut at the candlelight Christmas service, accompanying the Middle School chorus in *O Sanctissima*. They presented an interesting program with the Madrigal group at a Wednesday assembly in April, repeating it at Hightstown for the Peddie Women's Club. The ensemble played one movement from a Telemann trio sonata, three movements from a Loeillet trio, and a Beethoven song, the *Massacre of Glencoe*, sung by Jean Samuels.

The Debating Society

A new organization came into existence last fall, suggested and sponsored by Mrs. Shepherd—an upper school debating club. Beverly Stewart of Class XI was elected secretary. The first debate on the Re-Armament of Western Germany was held in a school assembly on Wednesday, November 29. The affirmative team was Marina Von Neumann, Captain; Leslie Van Zandt and Leslie McAneny, with Joan Freedman as Alternate; Negative: Beverly Stewart, Captain; Caroline Rosenblum, Margot Williamson and Deborah Bogan, Alternate. The judges, Mr. Henry Ross, Mr. William Fenn and Mrs. Donald Roberts rendered a decision in favor of the Affirmative.

We also participated with Peddie School in a forum on *Conservation*, with Mr. P. Alston Waring of New Hope as speaker and two panels of students.

The Finest

This year "The Finest" put out two interesting issues. The editors were: Caroline Rosenblum, Mary Roberts, Elaine Polhemus, Mary Vernon Butler, and Barbara Yeatman.

The Inkling

The school newspaper this year had the largest staff in its brief history, with 22 girls writing for it, headed by Marina Von Neumann and Leslie Van Zandt, as editor and assistant editor, respectively, and with Mrs. Shepherd as adviser. Through the kindness of Mr. Donald Stuart of Town Topics, who found us a press we could afford, the *Inkling* was able to appear without interruption, despite the death of its former printer, Mr. Everline. The paper has tried to give a wider and more varied news coverage, and to that end has included regular Middle School class reports, articles on the Lower School, as well as a "Column" of comment and random news topics by the assistant editor.



THE INKLING

Front: Polhemus, Von Neumann, Van Zandt. *Back:* A. Freedman, Yeatman, W. Gartner. *Missing:* Mrs. Shepherd, Rosenblum.



THE MIDDLE SCHOOL COUNCIL

Front: Harrison, Pres., L. Busselle, Benson, M. Kerney. *Back:* Turnbull, Friend, Stafford, Miss Campbell.

Thirty-seven

Literary Awards

This year, *The Link* prize for Prose in the Middle School goes to Mary Kerney, V, and Honorable Mentions to Betsey Thomas, VII, for *At Break of Day*; Marina Turkevich, VII, for *The Flu*; and Lucy Busselle, VIII, for *Thoughts While Sailing*. The poetry award goes to Linda Claflin, VI, for *Spring*, and Honorable Mention to Mary Kerney, V, for *Camping Trip*.

In the Upper School the award for Prose goes to Nellie May Oliphant, XII, for *Some Other Day* and Honorable Mention to Gordon McAllen, XII, for *The Crisis*. While there is no Poetry prize for the Upper School, there are three Honorable Mentions. To Leslie Van Zandt, XI, for *Christmas*; Saki Hart, IX, for *State of Maine*; and Joan Barton, XI, for *The Tragic History of Tulliver Smith*.

The *Link* Board wants to express its gratitude to Mr. Irving Howe, Mrs. Donald Roberts, and Mr. George A. Carver, for their kindness in judging the entries.

**Some Other Day*

She rolled over, hugging the blanket tightly around her chin as she felt a small draft of air slither down her back. She opened her eyes. "Oh, I hope it's nice," was the silent prayer she thought before she took in full stock of the day outside. "Oh, good!" she muttered to herself as she saw the red and orange sky between the two houses across the street.

This was the sort of ritual she went through every Saturday morning; she hated Saturdays to be anything but bright and sunny. Saturday was the one day she could do what she wanted—through the week she had to go to school and she hated that because she didn't like the girls and Sunday her mother made her stay dressed in her best clothes after Sunday School, and she hated that, too. "But Saturday," she thought, "is a part of nothing and yet everything day." She pulled her knees up to her chin and thought about it once more. "Why it's—it's an F.F.W. Day—Freedom From Worry Day." She giggled. "That's funny," she thought. "I must tell Timmie—he'll die 'cause it's so funny." She and Timmie had the best times together and Saturday was their best time of all.

With a sudden rush she was out of bed and into the bathroom. She wasn't going to take time to take a shower because it was late and she and Timmie were going to play baseball in their lot with some of Timmie's friends. She threw some cold water on her face and shivered as some of it ran down her arms. Rubbing her face dry with the towel, she paused a moment to look in the mirror. "The face there," she

thought, "is not as pretty as the face is Mommie's mirror, but maybe someday—oh, well." She stood a minute more peering in at her reflection, then in a gesture of disgust she rubbed her mouth very hard when she remembered how the girls in her class teased because she didn't wear lipstick. "They are always gooey with it," she thought, "gooey with their lipstick and gooey with their boys."

She could hear Timmie calling to her just as she had put on her old grey sweater over her blue jeans. Scuffing into her loafers, she ran to the open window, took a great breath of fresh air and then closed it.

Downstairs in the kitchen she saw Timmie stuffing his pockets with the things her mother made him empty out at night. He always placed them on the kitchen window sill just as a punishment to his mother for making him part with them—this was a grand joke between the two of them—they had lots of jokes just between them. Her mother was there and she was always bright and sunny, "but then" she thought, "she doesn't have to go to school."

Timmie had finished stuffing his pockets and she giggled when she saw the bulges, remembering that Jim had said Timmie always looked "like he was carrying a loose papoose." She suddenly remembered that this was the day Jim was coming home from college to spend a few days. "Oh, how could I forget," she thought, "now it's an extra special everything day." She loved Jim so; they weren't pals like her and Timmie; but there was something very special between them.

"Hey, yer late," Timmie was saying.

"What?" she said.

"I said yer late!"

"I'll be with you in a sec."

"Well, I'm going over. Yu'd better hurry."

"O.K."

Her mother was now saying all the usual things, but she wasn't listening. Jim would be home soon. She had hardly seen him since he had gone to college—he was always going to his friends' homes and during Christmas vacation he had gone to Mexico. She had missed him so much and now she would see him for a whole week-end.

"Excited about Jim's coming home?" her mother questioned.

"Uh?"

"Dear, I said are you excited—"

"Oh, goodness, yes!"

Then they both heard it—the familiar and very wonderful honks of the old Ford. Jim was home!

"Now take it easy," her mother cautioned, but she was already out of the kitchen and running down the hall to the front door. Throwing it open she was surprised to see a strange boy with Jim, then realizing that this stranger was nothing more than a friend of Jim's, she ran down the walk to him. Usually he put down whatever he was carrying and hugged her, but this time he held onto his suitcase, and not thinking anything about it she hugged suitcase and all. It wasn't until she realized he had said nothing that she felt something was wrong.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Jim?" she questioned.

"Oh, hi there."

He said this absently and walked into the house. She stood there for a moment. She couldn't understand it. "What have I done?" she thought. "What could I have done?" Then she went into the house. She could hear her mother and Jim talking in the kitchen. She guessed the friend had been shown upstairs. She walked around the spot in the floor that creaked and stood listening.

"Jim, dear, I don't think you were very nice to your sister when she rushed out to greet you," she could hear her mother saying. There was a pause and she hoped they had not heard her. "I know, Mom, I didn't mean to be unkind, but don't you think she could use a little growing up? Gee, I don't mind Timmie crawling all over me, but she's almost fourteen and she's still a tom-boy—well-gosh, she embarrasses me, Mom!"

That was all she stayed for—that was all she needed to know. "Why had Jim turned against her?" she thought. "Why he had always been the one to stick up for her. How could he? How could he?" She walked up the stairs and was about to slam the door of her room when she thought better of it. She wouldn't cry. She simply would not, but the tears came anyway and kicking off her loafers she threw herself on the unmade bed. Her mother always called her "my tom-boy," but with Jim it was different. Putting her head under the covers she cried. When there were no more tears to come, she rolled over on her back and gazed at the ceiling. "It's a nothing day," she said to the ceiling.

Then she heard Timmie's voice calling to her. She listened a moment and then realized he was under her front window. She got up and walked slowly to it. She opened it, but stood back a little so he could not see her puffy eyes.

"What'd ya' want?" she heard herself say.

"Hey, yer late and we need ya' for third base!" Timmie screamed up at her. "I—I don't think I'll play today," she said. "Maybe some other day!" And with that she closed the window leaving Timmie there with his hands and his junk in his pockets. She looked down and noticed the hole in the left knee of her blue jeans and the grease spot on the front of her sweater. "Maybe some other day."

NELLIE MAY OLIPHANT, XII

* First Prize
Upper School Prose

**The Tragic History of Tulliver Smith*

Tulliver Smith, a quiet man,
Wore suits of grey and ties of tan,
Lived alone in a three-room flat,
And worked at a job he didn't dislike
His tastes were all quite bachelor-like.

At night in his chair reading he sat
Few friends had he to come and chat
Nor did he miss their talk at all.
Tulliver Smith was quite content
When with himself his time he spent.

Long years passed thus: his world, if small,
Was still not narrow enough to pall
And Tulliver could with himself agree
That his life was good, and he had in store
(Thought he) many happy and full years more.

But he was stricken suddenly
With a rare and dangerous malady.
His doctor's advice; to take a rest
In a hospital near, and treatments too,
Which Tulliver promptly started to do.

Lying flat on the back is dull at best
And Tulliver began to protest
Until one day he saw on the ceiling
A crack both wandering and long
Which encouraged him his rest to prolong.

A most versatile crack, many shapes assuming
Which Tulliver watched from morn to evening.
It was a house, a flower strange,
A car, a tree, a girl who skated
Or anything his mind created.

Then one day his room was changed.
When in a new room he was arranged
He looked around a crack to find.
Horrors! Not a crack he saw.
The walls were blank without a flaw.

With nothing to divert his mind
Tulliver thought about mankind.
His thoughts grew black, then blacker still.
Until at last he hope denied
And, overcome with thoughts, he died.

JOAN BARTON, XI

* Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

**State o' Maine*

It may seem cold to you at first—
Cold, hard, unbending;
The rocks may seem bleak and jagged,
Proud against the waters' pounding,
Standing 'round in haughty dignity
The pines may seem to laugh at you:
Their tall heads high above roof tops
Stiff and grand as they look down on you.
The people—gnarled old fishermen spitting tobacco—
Dirty, unshaven workmen in the boathouses—
The gruff, hoarse-voiced skippers of the fishing-boats,
And coldly reticent women mending mending stained trousers;
The people may seem crude, unfriendly,
But they're all part of the living portrait of Maine.

Yes, it may seem cold to you at first—
Cold, hard, unbending;
But in those rocks so bleak, you can find
A faith, a symbol of stability.
In the tall pines, grand beyond perfection
You can find a ray of hope—a feeling of protection.
And in the people, so rough—uncouth
So hard—so reserved and silent
You can find a peaceful friend:
Not flowery, not fancy—
Just a simple, natural, quiet folk.
Underneath their crude, abrupt ways
You can find a glowing warmth, a loyal heart;
You have to search, but you can find it in a State o' Mainer!

SAKI HART, IX

*Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

**The Crisis*

She was sitting underneath an apple tree as she thought, "I don't want to go back, I just can't." It was late afternoon, and the warm sunshine floated down through the pink and white blossoms, to engulf her in a cloud. She was young, perhaps thirteen—possibly less, but certainly no more than that. Her hair hung limply in two dark plaits. You couldn't, conceivably, call her pretty. However, her many aunts, and all her mother's over-gracious friends had always said that her face was "interesting." Her dress was just what all little rich girls of her age wear—you must have seen them. Always very dainty and terribly pretty, but not at all the type for a thirteen-year-old tomboy!

Sarah was facing perhaps the greatest crisis of her life. Tonight she would be going to a dance—her first. Actually it was only a dancing class, but that didn't make the prospect anymore cheerful. All she had to do was just think about the new long dress and the fact there would be boys, and she would turn green. Of course she had played with boys before, although her mother had always selected the proper friends for her, and the only boys she had known were inclined to be rather stuffy. Actually, she knew she would have to go back, she was only prolonging her agony. And even though she had been, before, to a little girls' dancing class, she had always detested it.

"I know I'll make a mess of it, and everyone will stare at me and laugh," she thought as she twisted her plaits nervously.

She had always felt rather sorry for her mother, because she (her mother) thought that little girls ought to be dainty, clean things, and Sarah knew, deep in her heart that this wasn't true. Naturally, under these circumstances, she couldn't lead a happy, normal life. Slowly, very slowly, she raised herself from the ground and started walking aimlessly toward her quite large house.

"By this time," she thought, "everyone will probably be out looking for me." She recalled the other day when some crisis had arisen, and she had disappeared.

"Everyone was awfully worried about me—they must love me, but it doesn't seem like what love should be."

She saw her mother standing on the porch, looking lovely in a tailor made white dress. Everyone said her mother did look well in white!

"Where have you been, dear?"

"Nowhere in particular." Sarah tried in vain to compose herself, but she managed only a very weak smile.

"We've all been looking for you"—she thought her mother looked puzzled—well, she guessed she probably did look sort of strange.

"I know—I mean I'm sorry," she said absently. "I guess I'd better get ready for the dance." Without waiting for any other questions, she walked slowly into the house and up the broad white stairway.

She closed the door behind herself, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I wonder if all mothers are like mine," she questioned, "do they all worry about you that much? I feel almost like a crown jewel or something." She felt very warm, and got up to open the window. Her mother didn't believe in open windows—even when it was this warm. And she did so, she noticed her evening dress, laid out on the other bed. This bed was so that her friends could spend the night, but that had never happened. The dress was yellow, with lace all over it.

"I hate it," she thought suddenly. "I hate the color and the lace and everything about it." She turned and looked out of the window. She got undressed and got ready to take her bath. Once in, it felt good. Yet it was not quite so nice a feeling as swimming in the cold water of the river at the other end of town.

"If mother knew I swam there, she'd have ten fits," and she laughed gleefully. When she was at last dressed, she went downstairs. Her mother greeted her rapturously and helped her with her coat.

"Now be sure not to eat too much, or the boys won't like you, dear."

"Who cares," Sarah thought sadly, "they probably won't anyhow." James, the chauffeur, was waiting with the car. She got in and kissed her mother good-bye.

"Now remember, dear, James will be there promptly at ten o'clock."

"Yes, mother. Good-bye." Mrs. Parker stood in the doorway and smiled.

Much later, Sarah opened the door to her mother's room quietly.

"Are you asleep?"

"No. Come in, dear. How was it? Did you have fun?"

"Yes, I guess, but I think I'll go right to bed. I'm sort of tired. Goodnight."

As the door closed, her mother smiled and turned out the light: "She'll learn," she thought as she drifted off to sleep.

GORDON McALLEN, XII

*Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

**Christmas*

the night is very still
the night is listening
the night holds its breath
listening for the cry of a child

the ass is motionless
the cow snuffles peacefully
they and the quiet sheep
listen for the cry of a child

the shepherds watch a star
a star that shines wondrously
in the clear still night
as the world sleeps
listening in that sleep
for the cry of a child

at last the child cries
softly and but once
and the night is still again
and the world goes back to sleep

LESLIE VAN ZANDT, XI

*Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

**Alexander the Great*

Mrs. Thomas Cat was having a tea party. The whole Lady Cats Sewing Circle was coming.

Now in the wall and under the floor was a town of mice. Mrs. Thomas Cat had lately made mice stew for her party. For her ingredients she had used seven mice from this town. Alexander had found this out at daily inspection when he found them missing. Two official spies had been sent out and had found Mrs. Cat dipping the helpless creatures in melted butter. When the officials, Caesar and Nebuchadnezzar, came back and reported, Alexander was very mad.

"Organize an army. Drill the soldiers, sharpen swords, and oil the guns."

Taking off his Royal Red Underwear, he put on a suit of Royal armor. It had been given to him by one of his late descendants, Thutmose the third.

The appointed time for the party was three o'clock, and it was five of, as Alexander and his invading party approached through a hole in the floor, and were surprised to find themselves under the familiar blue carpet of Mrs. Cat's living room.

After a quiet period of long silence, a few knocks were heard and the guests approached.

Leading the procession was Mrs. Digger Platypuss, jabbering, (as most women do), about the bargain sale yesterday.

When almost every lady had a cup of tea in her hand, and Mrs. Cat was bringing in the stew, Alexander screamed at the top of his lungs,

"Charge!"

The defenseless cats, outnumbered by hundreds of armed mice, ran for the door, or the nearest shelter.

When the army had driven them out of the house, Alexander sent two commanders in chief for lines, and two for hooks, while he picked out seven men, one to fish each of the mice out of the stew.

Three special investigators investigated the ice-box, and in it they found a big plate of cheese and crackers.

The children today, mostly fifth graders, in the mice schools, still read in their history books, the story of:

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

MARY KERNEY, V

*First Prize
Middle School Prose

**Spring*

Spring is like a nightingale
Singing through the trees,
Birds are flying back up north.
Busy as the bees.

The winter cold has turned away,
The buds are seeking showers,
And when the breeze comes sweeping through,
The buds will then be flowers.

*First Prize
Middle School Poetry

LINDA CLAFLIN, VI

**Camping Trip*

Lying by the gurgling brook,
Is a tent, a box, and a fishing hook.
The water trickling down the stream,
Attracts the sunset's orange gleam.
The campers catch a foamy spray,
As a school of fish go on their way.
The dark green moss is cool on feet,
It takes away the musty heat.
Two sleeping bags upon the ground,
The rabbits running without a sound.
The singing of the happy larks,
Just like at home in the city parks.
This whole scene comes to my mind,
As I think of the camping trip not far behind.

*Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

MARY KERNEY, V

**The Flu*

Last month I was in bed with the 'flu. It's dull business having the flu. You do nothing, food tastes flat and ice cream tastes obnoxious. Alas—you have no interest for the radio with its gory soap operas.

Gradually you begin to take interest in what's around you, for your temperature drops. You become aware of the pretty sunshine and the fragrance of the air that comes in through the window. You focus on the chirping of the birds in the tree outside your window. The dogs seem to have more energy in their bark. Above all of this you notice the mischievous calling of the children. Mary, Barbara, and Ann are busy jumping rope and singing jingles, such as 'Mabel, Mabel, set the table.' Also Towhead, Bobby, Pete, and Paul are practicing their baseball swing. Yes—my case of the 'flu has turned into a deep spring fever.

MARINA TURKEVICH, VII

*Honorable Mention
Middle School Prose

Every Family Tree Has Its Sap

To speculate upon my ancestors has never interested me greatly. My opinions of them are inconsequential, since none of them have been among my intimate companions, and I am sure that they think nothing at all of me. However, it intrigues and amuses me to observe the fascination some people find in climbing their family trees in search of unusual fruit.

Nowadays, ancestors are an honored group, and no family should be without at least one. In contemporary society, it is considered a near blasphemy to say: "No, I am *not* related to Martha Custis." The brash individuals who thus expose themselves to public scorn and ridicule usually seek haven from their ignominy in a distant affiliation with Paul Revere, Napoleon, or some such lesser personage, but nothing can quite compensate in the eyes of the world for the aforementioned faux pas.

However I have been happy for many years, despite my lack of distinctive ancestors, secure in the knowledge that my great-grandmother was not related-by-marriage to anyone except my great-grandfather. The fact that I am not a direct descendant of Cleopatra has not marred my existence to date, and I expect it will continue to make no great difference in my life, but there are those to whom even the scrawniest of family trees means more than bread and butter.

There is one family of my acquaintance, for instance, who were healthy, happy, and normal, until they received as a Christmas gift a book on genealogy. It was an impressive volume, bound in leather, which the head of the household had intended to put on the living-room table, for, as he said, it looked "terribly academic, you know." Then, one day, out of curiosity if nothing else, he opened it, and rued the day thereafter!

It was a pleasant surprise to find that his great, great, etc., uncle had been an English Earl, but his pride wenteth before a fall. He discovered that said Earl was illegitimate to begin with, and earned his living by marking cards. He was a master card-marker, but this is no consolation to a hopeful descendant.

From then on, the research my friends did, and paid to have done, revealed in the family history, a ceaseless succession of thieves, murderers, and roués.

They were a broken family after that. It seemed to me that they expected any day to be thrown into debtors' prison because one of their cousins had been hanged for theft in 1173.

The professional genealogist they hired, a lumpy man with bristles on his nose, told me, after he had triumphantly surveyed the scene of destruction, that he had no living relatives, and had never bothered to see if he had any dead ones. I could not help but approve of his sluggishness.

On reflection, I am glad that I know as little as I do about my family history, for what I discovered might depress or embarrass me. I am content to whisper vague rumors about Great-Aunt Eunice, whose bosom companion is an invisible two-headed monkey, and Second Cousin Albert, who cuts out paper dolls to while away the time.

But I am certainly in no position to make snide remarks about my relatives, because—goodness!!—someday I'll be somebody's ancestor!

CAROLINE ROSENBLUM, X

Decay

The house,
A thing forgot,
Of days that are no more,
Lies still.

The wind sighs

Its walls,
That once were bright
And clean, now crumble slowly
In the dust.

The wind sighs and moans

It stands,
But not for long;
Its beauty undefaced
Yet dead and still.

The wind sighs and moans and the rain comes

Too soon
The walls will fall;
And be again a part
Of mother earth.

The wind sighs and moans as the rain comes and night falls

GORDON McALLEN, XII

* *Thoughts While Sailing*

Being on the water smooths out the raw edges of people, making them wholly mellow and gracious. The sea is a different world. This world is spacious, and away from the cramped situations ashore. Because of the open carefree life on the ocean, people are companionable and genial. On dry land only those with whom you are acquainted receive a cordial wave or a cheery "Hi!" However, on the vasty deep, everyone is your friend and associate, whether in a dinghy or a floating hotel.

To go on a minor cruise is the ideal way to detach yourself from habitual monotony and exhaustion. You just can't lift up a receiver and be connected with anything lugubrious, yet you are in harmony with everything around you—the wind shoves you along, no matter which way it is going, and everyone within range is your ally.

When I sail around the harbor, my first instinct is not to leave a symbol of my visit on any of the boats moored there. Usually, on one of these brief inspections, I am invited aboard a beautiful schooner lying at anchor. I am made to feel completely at home—"Have some coke?" "Come on down into the cabin." The varnished mahogany and spotless hull are the images of the vessel I dream of owning someday.

LUCY BUSSELLE, VIII

* Honorable Mention
Middle School Prose

Music

Life is made of music:

Th' allegro of birds calling to the rising sun,
And fading to piano as the day is done.
The slow crescendo of the green in coming spring,
In bursts of white and red and yellow climaxing.
The lullaby of waves soft lapping on the shore,
Soon joined by faintly humming bees who lazy soar.
The brilliant tone of autumn leaves from trees just down,
That changes to a mass of wet and trodden brown.
The calm legato of a lake unmoved by breeze,
Disturbed by slight rustles in the nearby trees.
The tarantellas of a hard and windblown snow,
Quieting, ending in a lento soft and slow.

Life is made of music.

PEGGY PEASE, XII

The Rebels

Ginny sat gazing out the window. It was a beautiful day on the other side of the pane. October weather was the best in the year. The leaves were turning and a sharp breeze put life in the horses. At home the hounds would be running. If she were home she could go hunting on weekends and ride every day after school and work around the stable. If she were home. . . . A sharp voice reminded her she wasn't home.

"Virginia, read what you have for the tenth, please." She read it and it was wrong, and she saw the mark go in Miss Mitchell's book. She looked at her watch. Nearly three. Then it was three and the bell rang and classes were over for the day.

"Virginia!" Miss Mitchell's voice caught her as she was nearly out of the hated classroom. "Virginia, you are not doing very well in algebra."

"No, Miss Mitchell."

"If you will come in for study hall half an hour early, I will be glad to help you with your difficulty."

"But— All right, Miss Mitchell. Thank you."

A half hour out of her afternoon. Little enough freedom in this school without taking study time out of the afternoon. She scowled at the thought of it and anger almost covered her homesickness. A group of girls in the hall gave her a queer look as she passed and then went back to their chatter.

Once in her room, she quickly changed into her riding clothes. The familiar touch of rough breeches and polished boots made her feel a little less at odds with the world as she headed for the stable.

That was the one good thing about this school: these afternoons spent with her horse. She had been allowed to bring her own horse from home, her own mare that she had trained herself. Timberview, out of Mountain View by Timber Boy. It was good blood and the mare showed it. She'd been hunted a season and next year she'd probably be good enough to show. Ginny had cleaned out her stall and brushed her and fed her herself since she was a filly. At home, of course. Here they didn't let you even go into the horses' stalls. A stableman brought out your horse for you to mount and ride round and round the ring. They hadn't even let her do any jumping yet. She, who'd taken her first jump on a Shetland pony before she'd ever been inside a classroom. Still, she was allowed to ride, and that was something.

At the stable she looked around for the stableman to ask him to bring out her horse. There was no one in sight. The day was too beautiful to waste a minute that she could be riding. She slipped down the row of stalls. At the last one, a chestnut mare with a white blaze greeted her over the partition and bunted her playfully. The bridle and saddle hung by the door.

"Do I dare?" she thought. "If the riding teacher catches me" She dared. Quickly she slipped the bridle and saddle on and led her out. She walked her around in front of the stable. A cool breeze caught the mare's mane, and she took a few dancing steps.

"Poor girl, you don't like being cooped up any more than I do, do you?" She patted the shining neck. "We'll just walk around here until someone comes and lets us into the ring."

The small October sun shone brightly, and the leaves on the maple were red against the brown of the fields which lay beyond the trim white fence that marked the boundary of the school. Beyond the bare hayfield was a weathered post and rail fence, and on the other side of that a dirt road ran into the woods. The horse pawed the ground and tossed her head, annoyed with the bit that for days had held her in the ring at a slow canter. Beyond the fence lay the open field.

"Girl, do you see that fence? We've jumped higher than that. Remember how?"

Around once at a canter to get in stride. Then the gathered muscles stretched into a leap, and the horse and girl were off across the field at a good hunting pace.

When the riding teacher and stableman came down from the main building, where they had been delayed by some small stable matter, they saw, across the field, a flying chestnut spot rise over the fence and disappear into the woods.

BEVERLY STEWART, XI

**At Break of Day*

The sun's first glimmers of light show over the low blue hills as the day begins to wake up. Little leaves roll out from their curled-up cases, as the first note of a sleepy bird penetrates the misty air. The grass shakes off its burden of dew, and stands up like a tiny green soldier to meet the sun. A robin chirps, shakes his downy red head, remembers he has work to do, and hops off to find a worm for breakfast. The rolling hills change from a dark blue to lighter gray, slightly tinged with yellow and rose where the sun's first rays have touched the earth. Darkness begins to take on shape as the meadows begin to lighten; the blob of darkness surrounding the scene becomes woods; the tiny pond in the center of the field begins to shimmer and ripple as a light breeze plays over the top.

Things are waking up in the woods, too. A squirrel wakes from a long night's sleep and runs down the tree to find an early breakfast of seeds and nuts. The birds wake up in the nests, as young birdlings' throats cry for breakfast. The fox leaves his lair, and steals out to a near-by stream for a drink. In the deep woods a doe wakes her fawn and together they move to the forest stream. The breeze ruffles the wind in the leaves, as tiny mice come out from under a snug, dry, leaf where they had spent the night.

Back in the pasture again, the family of rabbits that live beside the road has awakened and is out searching for food. The sun has partly risen and spreads a thin layer of light over the tips of the surrounding hills.

Morning has come to the farm family, too. The farmer rolls over for another short snooze after turning off the four-thirty alarm. Down in the kitchen his wife has gotten up and is stirring a huge batch of flap-jacks for the men after the chores are done. In the barn, the cows have begun to wake and moo loudly for their breakfast. The chickens start cut-a-cut cutting after the rooster has waked them with his resounding "cock-a-doodle-doo!"

By the time it is five-thirty, the sun has nearly risen, and is sending its golden beams out on a dewy, wide-awake world. The birds in the hedgerow have set up a clamor, proclaiming, "Get up, get up, you sleepy-head, it's six o'clock and time to be up!"

BETSEY THOMAS, VII

*Honorable Mention
Middle School Prose

Night

I. Night is the time when the winds grow cooler
And wreaths of silver vapor fall from the wind blown clouds which
As they frame the glittering myriads of stars
Are torn in shreds of white. Casting their
Glances from the dome above they light the sky,
And their light speeds to Earth unaware of time.
The darkness makes the known unknown,
And mystery adorns each tree and path.
Night is soft; and hidden from the mortal eye
The spirits of the day slip past. Dewy with pools of silver
Leaves drop spray upon a midnight reveler, who seeks
Peace that is also part of night.

II. Dreams encircle many minds, whirling the sleeping
World far from the truths of life and death—
Far from immense beliefs, they seem to be encircled
By eternity and infinity. . . . Dulling the senses of
Unknown fears mankind appears, expressing
Desires for love, truth and qualities which daringly,
Expressed before the noonday sun seem bluntly wrong.
Only in the spaces and planes of the velvet black
May we go forward, casting our emotions
To the great beyond.

MARGOT WILLIAMSON, XII

"Give Us This Day - - -"

"Thanks Mister."

The car door slammed, the gears ground, then came the shish-h-h-h-h of tires on wet pavement. He stood for a moment watching the car disappear into the misty rain, then turned to look around him with tired eyes.

The mist seemed like a curtain shutting him in solitary, lonely confinement from the brooding buildings around him. The few people passing hardly bothered to notice the man with the nondescript jacket and black woolly cap pulled down over his ears.

In habit more than hope he put his hand in his grimy pocket. He sadly fingered a nickel and a dime, then dropped them back in quiet resignation. The dampness had invaded his threadbare clothes, and hunching his narrow shoulders forward he began walking away from the center of the small city. His thoughts as he plodded on took no definite shape; rather they were unconscious, and of a numb, dream-like quality.

A clock in a drug-store window read four-thirty, so he realized that it was too late to begin a search for work. Tomorrow would be soon enough anyway; he knew he would never get a steady job because he had never had one, and, with a pang of fierceness, resented the circle in which he was caught. Damn the world, damn the snobs who run it, damn the whole rotten mess of life—damn everything.

He had reached a residential section of sorts, and raised his eyes from the ground at which he had been staring as he walked and scanned the houses across from him. He was hungry, and hard as it was, he would have to ask for food. With slow, discouraged steps he approached the back door of the nearest home and rang the bell. He could hear a radio playing in competition with the whirr of an egg-beater, then the egg-beater stopped and after a moment of silence the door opened on a woman of definite proportions. When she saw who it was, the door was partly re-closed and the forced expression of friendliness was allowed to die.

"What do you want?"

"I've just come to town looking for a job. I'm hungry and I don't have any money to buy food. All I want is a cup of coffee. I don't want no money—just something to eat."

The ghost did not appear to like this, and repeatedly shook his fist at Bones and me. At last the horror (ghost) threw the cheese away, and Sir W. de Ratte stopped his frenzied running up and down the corridors. The ghost began to look worried, then frantic, then insane, and finally with an awful glare at Bones, he threw himself into the fire, exploding with a sulphurous blue flame. Bones watched with a twinkle in his eye.

When afterwards I asked him how he knew that ghost would destroy himself, he replied.

"Elementary, my dear Fatsome. You should have been able to figure that out. Nobody likes to be beaten at his own game. I knew my pipe would be the only smell that could overcome the smell of the cheese!"

"You amaze me, Bones!" I said.

THEODORA STILLWELL, VIII

A Nuisance

There lies our cat asleep upon the rug,
One soft paw stretched out in stately grace:
Now he wakes and turns his head to me—
An air of proud hauteur upon his face.

Now watch him rise, and stretch his every limb,
And yawn and blink (to raise himself from nap).
He creeps across the carpet toward my chair:
His all-consuming quest—to gain my lap.

He jumps upon me with a graceful spring,
Oh, feel his weight—a ton or more, I'm sure!
I'm very nearly crushed but cannot move
As down he lies, and licks his glossy fur.

I find I cannot stretch, nor read, nor write:
I can only think of the fun it'll be
To go to sleep with my head against his coat,
And catch him unawares, as he caught me.

JENNEKE BARTON, IX

Too Bad, It Wasn't the Real Game

"Careful, you fool, want to be ploughed under six feet by that tank? There are better ways to get six feet under even though I can't remember them now. First on my right side, then on my left side, won't this night ever end? Ouch, cracked a bone then for sure. Swell company you are, so scared ya can't take my mind off this game. You were awful good at conversation too. Too good really, took tons of food to keep you quiet but then you'd wash it down with wine and start up again.

Always did love to play games. Played war all the time I was a kid, swell game. Everybody captured each other and then we started all over. Swell game, I was the last caught most o' the time. Had 'em fooled by my battle tactics. *Wish I could remember them.* Used to play on clear Saturdays, clear and beautiful days like today will be. Only today is Thursday. I'd have been in school then wishing for a clear, beautiful Saturday so we could play war. "Kill and Capture" we called it. Don't know why kill came before capture; it didn't much matter then. I remember how we got scolded when someone's bayonet tore our clothes. *Wish someone would scold me now,* but then this isn't the real game. This is a play game. We don't stick to the rules. Too bad once you finish this game you can't start over again and play some more. We wouldn't have liked that. We always begged to play until the six o'clock whistle. Then we'd tally up the number of killings and proudly relate them at the dinner table that night. We'd be tired and be sent to bed early, exhausted and wishing that every day could be a clear, beautiful Saturday. That was the real game though, this one hasn't the right rules. We had rip-roarin' firing squads too. We cleared a field in back of my barn and lined up stakes for all of us. It was a small field and each one of us, as we stood bound to our stake, was in good range for our captors. I was the last then too for obviously the last one captured got shot last. This is beginning to seem like the game we are playing now except then we were shot and then played all over again. Hey, you over there on the left, raise your gun, you're forgetting the rules. Guess he didn't hear me. No one knows the real rules nowadays."

JOAN FREEDMAN, XII

Cats

When I lived in the city,
It seemed a great pity,
That no pets for me were allowed,
But when I moved to a farm
It could do me no harm
To have cats, that's what I vowed!

To my joy and delight,
By the very first night,
Two cats appeared at the door,
I cried "What a treat,
The neighbors are sweet
Now I won't search any more."

For a while it was fun,
'Cause wherever I'd run
My cats would follow me gaily,
But—oh groans and oh hisses,
They became Mr. and Mrs.
And kittens appeared almost daily.

It was really terrific,
My cats—so prolific
Multiplied like rabbits,
My friends wouldn't take 'em
Tho' I tries to make 'em
They claimed my cats had bad habits.

So now I'm confessin'
I've learned a great lesson
About cats—and also myself,
I've exchanged my cats-amorous
For "fake" ones—less glamorous
Who stay motionless on the shelf.

ANN BELFORD, VIII

The Fog

The whole town of San Francisco was shrouded with a thick heavy fog. A slight drizzle had been falling persistently all night. The night was very still, cold, and empty.

Then the stillness was broken. A figure appeared out of the fog, walking down the empty street, alone. It was a man, walking quickly, his footsteps echoing on the pavement.

Then he stopped in front of a diner. Pausing for a moment, he entered.

"'Evenin', Mac. What'll it be. Kinda rotten night out, eh?"

The man's coat collar was drawn up close about his neck, with an old felt hat pulled down, so that most of his face was in shadow.

"A ham sandwich, and can you hurry it up? I'm in a hurry."

"Sure, Mac, but this ain't the kind of night to be hurrying someplace. Can't see a thing an inch in front of ya. Heard there's been five accidents in town already tonight. This fog sure wakes a lot of enemies, showing people up, and preventing 'em from getting places. But ya know, I kinda like the fog. It seems like a thick blanket, kind of protective, ya know what I mean."

"Sure, sure, but what about the sandwich?"

"Oh, sorry, Mac. Be right up." He disappeared into the kitchen.

Left alone, the man drummed nervously with his fingers on the counter. He glanced at the clock, and looked around the diner. Then the door opened. A girl entered quickly, and went to a booth in the very back. Her long dark hair fell partly over her face. She looked at the man at the counter. Then she stood up and moved over to the counter cautiously.

"Mister, if a man with red hair comes in here, stall him—don't let him come near me. Please, I can't explain everything, but he's my father, and he beat me, and so I ran out. He'll kill me if he finds me. Please don't let him see me."

She edged back to her dark corner. The waiter came back.

"Here y'are, Mac. 'Evenin', Miss. Somethin' ya want?"

"No, thank-you. I—I'm just resting a while."

"Sure, go ahead. Wonder if there's been any more accidents. I'll hear on the radio."

The stranger straightened up quickly. He was very alert. His sandwich was left untouched. The waiter noticed this sudden awakening, hesitated a moment, then turned it on.

"—For the man is a killer. We repeat: be on the lookout for a man about six feet tall, wearing a raincoat, felt hat, and has a nervous habit of moving his fingers. He is a killer, so please call your local police station if this man is seen. Thank you."

The man at the counter looked down at his hands. His fingers had been strumming on the counter. He quickly looked up at the waiter, and their eyes met. He knew. The door opened, the stranger turned, and the waiter disappeared in the back to a phone. He dialed.

"This is Mike Monetti, of Mike's Diner, on East 46th Street . . ."

A red-headed man burst in. He walked up to the counter. He looked around, then *caught sight of the girl*. He started toward her, but the man at the counter caught him, turned him around, and knocked him down. The girl burst into hysterical sobbing. The man picked her father up, and made the girl sit down. He poured her a cup of coffee, and pulled out some money.

"Take this, and get out of town. Don't worry about your old man. Just take it easy—never mind the thanks."

Again the door opened, and three policemen burst in. Two of them grabbed the man, and they left.

"Say, what's this? What's the trouble, Miss? Who is the man on the floor?"

The girl told the story to the policeman and the waiter.

The waiter was silent for a moment. Then he shook his head.

"Can ya beat that? He could've gotten away before you got here if he hadn't stopped to help this girl. Ya know, I'm kinda sorry I called you . . . The fog's nearly lifted."

MARCIA GOETZE, XI

Water

Water:

Green leaves floating upon the pond,
Gold fish swim, weaving, and water-grass beyond.

Blue, fringed with soft melting foam falling
On white sand, and sea-gulls calling.

Grey and stormy, dashing over schooner decks,
And whirls of spray leaving diamond specks.

Brown, swirling around tall green cat-tails,
And loons casting over the marshland mournful wails.

Aquamarine, tinkling on the broken shells,
Pervading the quiet of tropical dells.

Black, with a great stream of moonlight
Peaceful under the silver stars, velvety-bright.

MARGOT WILLIAMSON, XII

The Tiny House

When I first met Milly I saw nothing unusual about her. She seemed just another once attractive, somewhat faded secretary, with a good position in a large firm. She spoke quickly, jerkily, with a dry humor which was often far above me. Her great, immediate affection for me, a twelve-year-old girl, seemed strange, but I was deeply flattered by her treatment of me as an equal, not as a child. She invited me to visit her, and I spent many afternoons in her little house, listening spellbound as she talked on and on, nervously chain-smoking all the while. Her praise of me was constant and effusive; I basked in it. Often she would tell me of her own childhood, then, suddenly, break off into a stream of strange philosophizing which I yearned to, but could not, understand. Then again, with a faraway look in her eyes she would speak of her husband in halting, senseless half-sentences which she never finished. Besides listening to her, I loved to putter around her tiny house, admiring its compact neatness, and to cook meals in her microscopic kitchen. These we would eat together, laughing over my mistakes, relaxed in our complete understanding of each other.

The evening of the party Milly was one of the first guests to arrive. Dressed in smart black, she seemed very gay and sophisticated, and I admired her more than ever. As the evening went on she got gayer and gayer, until finally her gaiety turned into a kind of madness, and I became a little frightened. At the end she lost all control over herself, talking and laughing wildly, until she was led out, her clothes mussed, her makeup smeared, and her hair in a wild disorder about her face. I heard mutters around me: "a drunken woman, really, how disgusting," or, "what a pity, she's so nice otherwise." That night in bed I cried bitterly till I fell asleep, exhausted.

The next day I heard her story. She had been married to a brilliant young man and they had spent two or three blissful years together. Suddenly he had committed suicide, no one knew why, leaving her childless and desolate. She had lived with her mother till the old lady began to get senile, even insane, and had to be committed to an institution. After this she had returned to being a secretary and had become rather successful, but slowly loneliness got the better of her and she turned to drink as a solace.

"How horrible," I thought, "poor Milly." But despite my pity, I felt the woman who had been so close to me become strange, almost evil. I visited her once again, but I was uneasy, recoiling from her confidence almost unconsciously. And the tiny house which I had loved so much now seemed a lonely place, its silence broken only by the desperate chatter of an empty, bitter woman.

MARINA VON NEUMANN, XI

A Christmas Vision

A little boy stands on a cold, gray night
Trying to sell his candles so bright,
Ragged and tattered there he stands,
Blowing and rubbing his frozen hands.
All of a sudden what should appear?
A vision, bright lights, and Santa's reindeer.
He stepped from his sled and to the little boy said:
"Come with me and spread good cheer.
Wish everybody Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."
So the little boy vanished from mortal sight,
With the good St. Nick on that Christmas night.

SANDRA STRACHAN, VI

Christmas

When Christ was born, the world regardless lay,
Men went about their work just as before.
To those in city walls there came no sound,
No voice that said, "Tonight our Lord is born
To save the world and claim us for his own."
For those whose minds and hearts were pure, who saw
More clearly than the rest, there was a star.
Those very few followed that gleaming star
Until it reached the manger. There they stopped,
And those who came, who had the faith to come,
Felt dimly what had come into the world
And fell upon their knees, and worshipped him
Who came that night; and knew not really why.
They only knew this was unearthly power
More great and good than any felt before,
A love of man so strong to last fore'er,
Although man's wars and efforts to destroy
Go on and on until Eternity.

PEGGY PEASE, XII

Ode to Spring

The early spring
Brings birds that sing,
And with their sweet songs mix
The cries so clear
Of children near
That wake me up at six.

The green buds show
Of pussy-willow
Sweet spring's first harbinger,
And next of all
Are flowers small
The cause of my hay-fever.

The sky so blue
The gentle hue
Of emerald on the lawn;
The soft spring rain
Brings mud again
Exciting to walk on.

How sweet to me
The spring to see!
As poets all have said,
What crystal air!
What flowers fair!
I WISH I WERE IN BED!!

JOAN BARTON, XI

Lower School Verse

In a wood
A soldier stood
A'shouldering his gun
For he was going to war
And leave his true loved one.

He loved her so
He loved her so
She would be hard to leave
Poor soldier he had to go to war
Before the very next eve.

ELSIE BRUML, II

The snow is falling on the ground.
The snow is falling all around.
The snow will fall all day today.
And when it stops I'll go out and play.
 HOLLY BENNET, II

SPRING

Spring has come, cold days are past
The snow has left the ground at last
The buds on trees, are growing leaves
Spring has come at last.

The smell of summer's in the air
The early flowers are so fair
Bees are buzzing all around
The birds are making a lovely sound.

 MARTHA STRUNSKY, IV

SUMMER EVENING

In Summertime the bees buzz round,
And spiders! Webs have all been wound,
And in the night when all is still,
The crickets chirp upon a hill,
A lonesome car comes driving by,
And there's a sunset in the sky,
And children cozy all the while,
Dream as the moon begins to smile.

 CINDY PHELPS, IV

THE SWIMMING POOL

At the clear blue swimming pool,
Early in the summer, on a lovely
Bright day,
You will see all the children,
The little children that come in the
Day to play.

In the morning they come by the ones,
And the twos, Before lunch by the threes
And the fours.
They go in the bathhouse,
The small brown bathhouse, and slam about
All the doors.

 RUTH LYNN PESSEL, IV

The Peacock Inn

"Famous for real tasty home cooking"

BAYARD LANE

PRINCETON

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

<p>M. E. LA VAKE</p>	<p>PRINCETON PET SHOP</p>
<p><i>JEWELER</i></p>	<p><i>formerly</i> "THE HYDRANT INC."</p>
<p>54 Nassau St.</p>	<p>6 Chambers St. Princeton, N. J.</p>
<p>Est. 1877</p>	<p><i>One Stop for All Your Pet's Needs</i></p>
	<p>PET BIRDS, ANIMALS & REPTILES</p>

<p>MORRIS MAPLE AND SON</p> <p>WALLPAPER</p> <p>PAINTS BRUSHES</p> <p>ARTISTS' SUPPLIES</p> <p>200 Nassau Street Phone 53</p>	<p>HEEREMANS</p> <p>THE PRINCETON FLOWER SHOP</p> <p>Cut Flowers Floral Designs</p> <p>Decorative Plants</p> <p>Nassau Street Princeton, N. J.</p>
---	--

Princeton Inn

OVERLOOKING THE GOLF COURSE

<p>Princeton Savings & Loan Association</p> <p>21 Chambers Street</p> <p>Princeton, New Jersey</p> <p><i>Savings insured up to \$10,000</i></p>	<p>BEST WISHES</p> <p>FROM</p> <p>'52</p>
---	---

COMPLIMENTS

OF

'54

Interiors

MODERN TRADITIONAL

We Offer Every

Decorative Service

For Your Convenience

PRINCETON DECORATING
SHOP, INC.

32 Nassau St.

Tel: 1670

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

ROSEDALE NURSERY

262 Alexander St.

Tel. 3201

The Store Where Packing's a Pleasure

Compliments of

John C. Diehlenn Studios

MARSH & COMPANY

Pharmacists

30 NASSAU STREET

*Prescriptions Compounded
from Purest Drugs and
Chemicals Available*

FULL LINE TOILET ARTICLES
AND SICK-ROOM SUPPLIES

HELEN VAN CLEVE

Real Estate

9 MERCER STREET

Princeton, N. J.

Town and Country Properties

Grover Lumber Company

194 ALEXANDER STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

Bert-Ann, Inc.

Lingeries & Accessories

188 NASSAU STREET

COMPLIMENTS

OF

'53

The
First National Bank
of
Princeton

MEETS EVERY BANKING NEED

Checking Accounts — Savings

Loans — Mortgages

Trusts — Safekeeping

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.
FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM



Johnston Cadillac Inc.

DISTRIBUTOR

1655 NORTH OLDEN AVENUE

TRENTON 8, NEW JERSEY

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

<p>WINE & GAME SHOP</p> <p>6 Nassau St.</p> <p>Phones 2468 3748 Princeton, N. J.</p>	<p>LAHIERE'S</p> <p>HOTEL AND RESTAURANT</p> <p>5 & 7 Witherspoon St., Princeton, N. J.</p>
<p><i>GIFTS</i></p> <p>THE CUMMINS SHOP</p> <p>Princeton, N. J.</p> <p><i>CHINA</i></p>	<p>Vogel Brothers</p> <p>Nassau St. Princeton, N. J.</p>
<p>The Clothes Line</p> <p>ON THE SQUARE</p>	<p>Phone 47 Taxi Service</p> <p>EGGERT'S SERVICE STATION</p> <p>TEXACO PRODUCTS</p> <p>2673 Main Street, Lawrenceville, N. J.</p>

BETTER OIL

Princeton Fuel Oil is better than regular fuel oil for the same reason that premium-grade gasoline is a better fuel—*special ingredients are included in its formula*. Because of its special composition, Princeton Fuel Oil in several ways assures better and more economical heating:

1. Provides better combustion in all makes of oil burners.
2. Reduces soot formation in furnace and heating passages.
3. Eliminates sludge formation in oil tanks, fuel lines and strainer screens.
4. Prevents corrosion of tanks, lines and pumps.

RESULT—Substantial yearly economy in the amount of oil used. Also substantial long-term savings because equipment lasts longer.

PRINCETON FUEL OIL CO.

216-220 ALEXANDER STREET

Princeton, New Jersey

THE LITTLE GALLERY

Prints Old and New
Special Framing

39 Palmer Sq. W.

FRANK'S SPORT SHOP

170 Nassau St.

WILSON SPORTING GOODS

Phone 3713

Hinkson's

for

School Supplies
Kodaks and Supplies

Children's Books
Fountain Pens

74 NASSAU STREET

PHONE 112

COMPLETE BANKING AND TRUST SERVICES

Princeton Bank and Trust Co.

Chartered 1843

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Rosedale, Inc.

LOCKERS

Buy in Season and Bank with us

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Phone 135

262 Alexander Street

<p>BROPHY'S</p> <p><i>Fine Sportswear for Girls</i></p> <p>78 NASSAU STREET</p>	<p><i>Lingerie — Sweaters</i> <i>Gloves — Jewelry</i></p> <p>H. P. CLAYTON</p> <p>DRY GOODS NOTIONS</p> <p>Phone 86</p>
---	--

G. R. Murray, Inc.

INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

<p>APPLEGATE'S FLORAL SHOP</p> <p>47 Palmer Square West</p> <p>Phone 121—224-R</p> <p><i>Flowers for All Occasions</i> <i>Weddings — Corsages</i> <i>Funerals</i></p> <p>Flowers Telegraphed Anywhere</p> <p>FTD Member</p>	<p>ROGERS PEET CLOTHES</p> <p>Douglas MacDaid</p> <p>Princeton & New Haven</p>
---	---

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE DISCRIMINATING TASTE

Orren Jack Turner

PHOTOGRAPHERS

<p>THE FLOWER BASKET</p> <p>136 Nassau St.</p> <p>Princeton 2620</p> <p><i>Flowers, Gifts, Pet Supplies</i></p>	<p>O. H. HUBBARD AGENCY</p> <p>REAL ESTATE - MORTGAGES INSURANCE</p> <p>Established 1887</p> <p>142 Nassau Street</p> <p>Princeton New Jersey</p>
---	--

PHONE 149

South's Garage

CADILLAC — OLDSMOBILE

2-4 NASSAU STREET

<p>NASSAU APPLIANCE CO.</p> <p>252 Nassau Street</p> <p>PRINCETON</p> <p>Westinghouse Appliances</p>	<p>HULIT'S SHOE</p> <p>STORE</p> <p>140 Nassau Street</p>
--	---

Matthews Construction Co.

BUILDERS

Specialists in Country Estate and
Collegiate Work

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

THE VERY BEST IN MUSIC

POPULAR AND CLASSICAL RECORDS

RECORD PLAYERS

WIRE AND TAPE RECORDERS

COMPLETE RADIO AND TV SALES AND REPAIR

SHEET MUSIC

THE MUSIC SHOP

Phone 30

16 Nassau Street

COMPLIMENTS TO THE CLASS OF 1951

TRACY MANUFACTURING CO.

A Division of

EDGEWATER STEEL CO.

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

"The World's Largest Manufacturers of Stainless Steel Sinks"

COMPLIMENTS

Nassau Tavern Hotel

PALMER SQUARE

F. A. Bamman, Inc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS

At the Head of the Town

Anything and Everything in Groceries

10 Nassau Street

Phone 1232

Seventy-eight

<p>CHRISTINE'S BEAUTY SALON AND COSMETIC LABORATORY</p> <p>4-12 Spring St.</p> <p>Phone 378</p>	<p>THE TOWN SHOP</p> <p>12 Nassau Street</p> <p>GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS</p> <p><i>"A Shop of Choice Things"</i></p>
---	---

Milholland & Olson, Inc.

Interiors — Antiques

8 STOCKTON STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

<p>JOAN'S DRESS SHOP</p> <p>63 Palmer Square West</p> <p>PRINCETON, N. J.</p>	<p>RENWICK'S COFFEE SHOP</p> <p><i>"A Princeton Landmark"</i></p> <p>Breakfast — Luncheon Tea — Dinner — Supper Soda Bar</p> <p>50 NASSAU ST.</p>
---	---

COMPLIMENTS OF

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA LABORATORIES DIVISION

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

