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1952

THE LINK

Miss Fine's School

Princeton, N.J.

1952

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Joan Barton

PRODUCTION

Leslie Van Zandt

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mary Frances Fenn

ADVERTISING

Jean Samuels

BUSINESS

Barbara Gartner

CONTEST

Marcia Goetze

ADVISER

Mrs. Shepherd



May Margaret Fine

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

Portrait by Ipsen (1932)



Shirley Davis

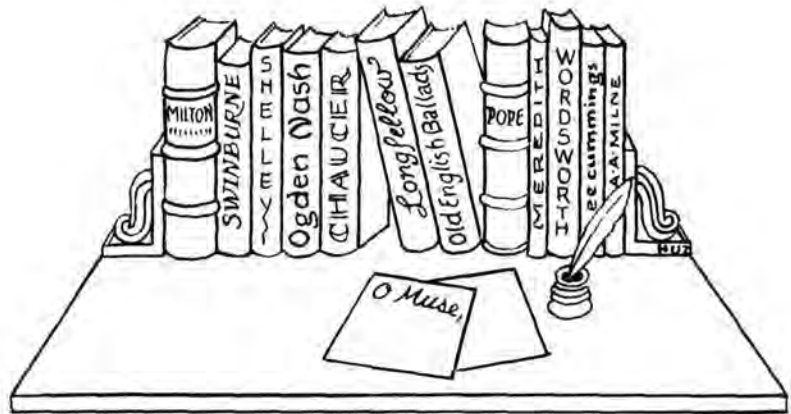
Headmistress

To MARTHA KNAPP BUSSELLE

To you who at your busy desk do sit
And, as we come, do raise your head and smile
And hear our woes with patience infinite,
And, drawling, "Well now," worries all beguile;
To you who, though too many things to do
In one day's time in that day must be done,
Yet promise give to do a favour, too,
For all who ask it, and fulfill each one;
To you who the impossible do make
Seem merely hard; who of your cheerfulness,
Humor, and friendship let us all partake,
And largely give to this school's happiness;
 To you, in gratitude for all we took
 Of these your gifts, we dedicate this book.

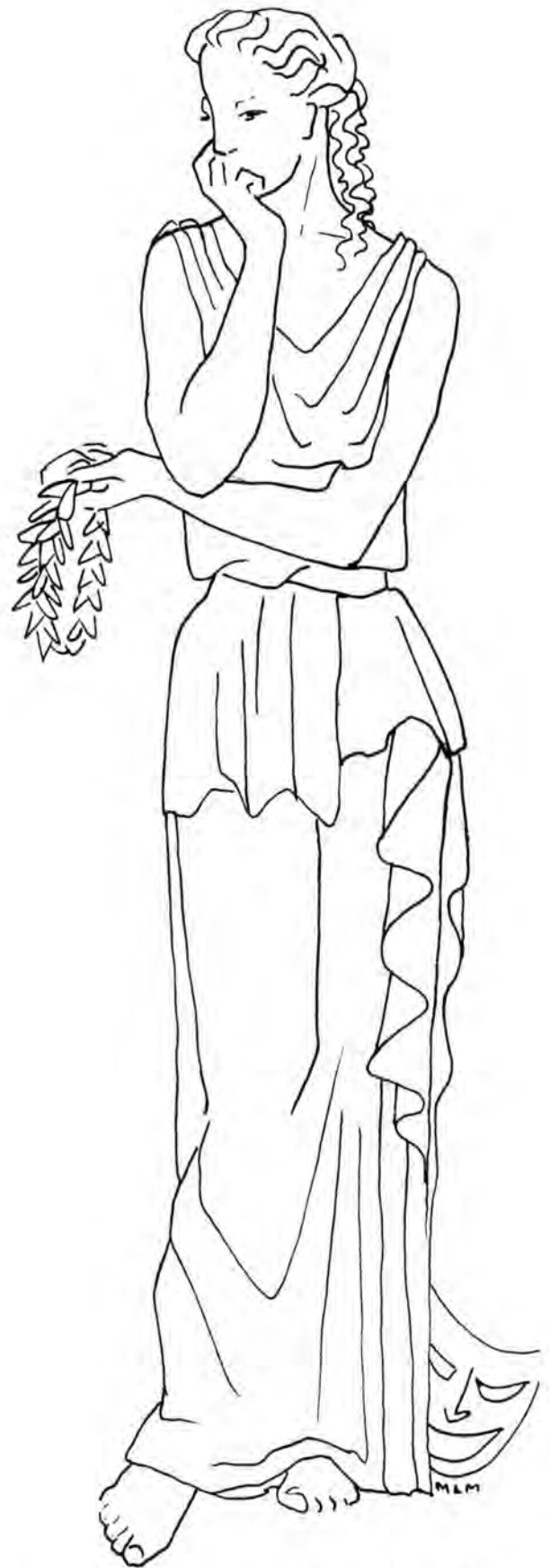


MARTHA KNAPP BUSELLE



The month of January 'twas when we
 About the yearbook all began to think,
And all agreed that this year it should be
 A bigger, better, and a different Link!
We pondered long how this could be achieved,
And this, our product, was at last conceived.

We spurned the use of mere inglorious prose,
 Invoked the Muse and Mrs. Shepherd's aid,
Searched Untermeyer, and our poets chose,
 And rewrote thrice each line that we essayed.
Our final efforts on to you we pass;
And thus we introduce the Senior Class.



Poets: Joan Barton, Beverly Stewart, Leslie Van Zandt



- IX School Song Prize
- X Madrigal Group
Sound Effects Committee for *Our Town*
- XI *Inkling* staff
Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Debating Club
- XII Editor of the *Link*
Inkling staff
Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Debating Club
Head of Costumes for *Berkeley Square*

Joan Barton

She dwelt among vacated homes
Around the neighborhood;
A maid whose "word studies" oft were poems
And almost always good.

A gentle voice by louder cries
Undaunted in its wit;
A costumer to whom the prize
Should go for swiftness and fit.

She writes in verse form well, we know,
And prose, when time she takes:
Now she's *Link* editor, and, oh,
The difference she makes!

(After Wordsworth, "She Dwelt Among
the Untrodden Ways")

- IX Hillcrest American School
Shanghai American School
Northfield School for Girls
- X Northfield School for Girls
- XI Treasurer of Social Service
Inklings Staff
Debating Club
Hockey Varsity Team
Basketball Varsity Team
Winner of XI–XII *Time* Test
Assistant head of Properties Committee
for *The Admirable Crichton*
Ticket Committee for *The Admirable Crichton*
- XII President of Student Council
Photography editor of *Link*
Hockey Varsity Team
Basketball Varsity Team
Athletic Pocket emblem
Head of Properties Committee for *Berkeley Square*



Mary Frances Fenn

"Rise up, rise up, Marina," she said,
"And several announcements make.
Sit down, sit down, Oh Upper School;
Mrs. Gulick the roll doth take."

With earnest face she cries aloud
"Whence a Queen Anne settee?
And the other props for *Berkeley Square*
Please hand them in to me."

Forth to her classes then went she,
And a Council meeting did hold.
In Bible, for missionary children she fought,
In words well based and bold.

She girded on her goalie guards,
Her stick in hand took she,
And brave she stood against the ball,
And played full valiantly.

Then home she went, and she did sort
Some magazines that e'en;
Betimes she worked on her radio,
And studied in between.

Though all this fail to make her name,
Yet one thing still will win her
Remembrance and her class's praise,
And 'tis: her Chinese dinner!

(after the old English ballad,
"The Douglas Tragedy")



- X Basketball Varsity
Hockey Junior Varsity Team
- XI *Inkling* staff
Basketball Varsity Team
Hockey Junior Varsity Team
- XII *Link* Business Manager
Hockey Varsity Team
Basketball Varsity Team
Athletic Association representative
Captain of Blue Team
Athletic pocket award
Marjorie in *Berkeley Square*

Barbara Ann Gartner

In the middle of the cushions
Of the couch of S. S. R.
Sits our knitting classmate Barbara,
With a worried look yet friendly,
Skillful fingers swiftly knitting
As she talks of child-upbringing,
Babies, love, and Hemingway.

See her prowess too in gym class,
Captain of the mighty Blue team,
Playing halfback but still cheering
All her teammates swiftly forward;
And in basketball protecting
Baskets from onrushing forwards.

See in her prodigious notebook
Detailed notes on every subject.
Oh, invaluable treasure
For reviewing absentees!
Remember too her sudden absence
On the day of *Berkeley Square*;
How we hunted for a Marjorie,
How she came back just in time.

See her courteous demeanour,
How neatly dressed she is and groomed;
And how she holds her own among us
In the Sitting Room discussion,
Maintaining still her calm opinions
'Gainst the radical opposition.

(After Longfellow's "Hiawatha")

IX Madrigal Group

X Madrigal Group

Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Mrs. Crowell in *Our Town*
Secretary of class

XI Madrigal Group

Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Athletic Representative of class
Athletic Pocket Emblem
Sports editor of *Inkling*
Tweenie in *The Admirable Crichton*
Secretary of Class

XII Octet

Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Gold F
Literary Editor of *Link*
Kate in *Berkeley Square*
Secretary of class



Marcia Goetze

Marcia brings to our class
In helpful and generous measure,
Prettiness none can surpass;
Gladness, and love of pleasure;
Gym shirts, and slips that show;
And faith, and friendship sincere;
Many talents, as all of us know;
A voice delightful to hear,
Acting, from Shakespeare to Barrie,
And writing, in poems and stories;
Skill in sports which often helps carry
All our teams to hard-earned glories;
Pearl necklace; Sunday School teaching;
Business, carefree and worried;
Knitting, instructions beseeching;
Vivacity; air somewhat hurried;
Constantly talking and singing,
We hear her approach, and heed
As she enters the sitting room, bringing
Amusement and comfort in need.

(after Swinburne's "Man"
from "Atlanta in Calydon")



- IX Madrigal Group
Inkling staff
Hockey Junior Varsity Team
- X St. Timothy's School, Maryland
- XI Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Hockey Junior Varsity Team
- XII Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Stage Manager of *Berkeley Square*

Daisy Patricia Harper

Hail to thee, blithe Daisy!
Still thou never wert,
Nor ever dull or lazy,
With thy spontaneous heart
That makes thy effervescing uncalculated art.

On a school-day morning
Thou dost yet appear,
Planned attire scorning,
But with a willing ear
Complaints and plans and raptures of others yet to hear.

Thy o'erloaded schedule
Incredible doth seem,
With orchestra rehearsals full
And dates in steady stream,
Yet homework and school tasks and sleeping in between.

Thy out-dated Chevvie
Thou canst coax to mind,
Perturbed not by the bevy
Of poodles there behind,
Begrudging traffic laws their rights on humankind.

Thy determination
And wide-eyed naive air,
Thy moods of inspiration,
Thy wildly flying hair,
Will make thee still outstanding when thou goest
anywhere.

(after Shelley, "To a Skylark")

- IX Pennington High School
- X Hockey Varsity Team
Basketball Varsity Team
Madrigal Group
Scenery Committee for *Our Town*
- XI Class president
Secretary of the Athletic Association
Hockey Varsity Team
Basketball Varsity Team
Athletic pocket emblem
Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Scenery Committee for *The Admirable Crichton*
- XII Student Council representative
President of the Athletic Association
Hockey Varsity Team
Gold F
Chamber Music Group
Madrigal Group
Octet
Chairman of Scenery Committee for *Berkeley Square*



Janet Lawall

Not with more mirth, on the Olympian hill
 The godly voices spaces vast did fill,
 Than Jani's laugh, o'erwhelming those around
 Doth crowd the listening schoolrooms with its sound.
 Nor of her gifts is this the only one;
 In many fields has she her laurels won.
 Do thou who witness her upon the field
 Or in the gym, attest that foes all yield
 When Jani wills; and thou who Berkeley Square
 Did see, do not deny the scenery there
 To be a masterpiece of that small band
 O'er whom she ruled with calmly guiding hand.
 Terpsichore she doth with honor serve
 For both her playing and her voice deserve
 Our praise. So fully occupied is she
 With such a multitude of things, we can but be
 Amazed and grateful for that she doth bring
 Good cheer, good sense, and skill to everything.

(after Pope, "The Rape of the Lock,"
 Canto II)



IX, X and XI at
Kuopion Tyttölyseo
Address:
Kirkkokatu 17,
Kuopio,
Finland

XII The costume committee of Berkeley Square
The lights committee of Berkeley Square

Aira Nederström

There is a young girl with a light in her eye
From Finland, she's staying with us 'till July,
And she eats so much ice cream we cannot see why
She hasn't turned into a freezer;
But we're so glad she hasn't because we would be
Very lost without Aira's remarks and esprit
And her help on most all that we do, because she
Is an excellent helper and teaser.

She helps to discover a rhyme that is right,
And sews Berkeley Square costumes with all of her might,
And waits during Bible exam for the light
And all about Finland she tells;
And charms us with humour and countless bons mots
And mischief and sanity; next year we know
We'll miss her so much that we'll all have to go
To Kuopio where Aira dwells.

(after A.A. Milne's "The Alchemist")

- IX Social Service representative
Madrigal Group
- X Student Council representative
Inkling staff
Madrigal Group
- XI Secretary of the Glee Club
Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Lady Brocklehurst in *The Admirable Crichton*
- XII Glee Club president
Inkling staff
Madrigal Group
Octet
Business Manager of the Dramatic Club
Link Advertising Editor
Chamber Music Group
Duchess of Devonshire in *Berkeley Square*



Jean Roper Samuels

When the high gods did bestow
 On poor mortals here below
 Such gifts as make a maiden fair,
 They gave to Jean a generous share –
 Shining hair of golden hue,
 Green eyes, and fair complexion too,
 Pleasant tone and sweetest voice,
 Gracious charm and tact and poise.
 Well pick'd clothes her figure grace
 To more become her form and face.
 Nor doth she lack in business skill
 And well her several posts doth fill,
 Collecting *Link* advertisements,
 And as the Glee Club president.
 Besides these talents unrehears'd
 She played the Lady Brocklehurst,
 And as the Duchess Georgiana
 She flirted in a charming manner.
 In short the virtues of this maid
 To us were oft and well displayed.

(after Milton, "L'Allegro")



IX Student Council representative
School Song Prize

X Student Council representative
Class president
Madrigal Group

XI Student Council secretary
Debating Club
Madrigal Group

XII Class president
Madrigal Group

Cynthia Ann Smith

A maid there was, and eke she was right fair;
Her eye of softest brown, and light her hair.
Her gaze was downecast, and her voice was low,
But yet her smile with charm and grace did glow.
Her movements and her maneres gentil were
As did make all she knew ful fond of her.
Her clothes she chose with eye most wondrous true
And was withal ful pleasaunt to the view.
Her horse was good, and also was he gay.
Well could she music make, and well could play,
And sweetly sing a madrigal. I gesse
That these her charms, and the kind helpfulnesse
Of her who is the Seniors' president
To all her works success and grace have lent,
And caused all who know her to declare
That Cynthia worthy is as she is fair.

(After Chaucer's "Canterbury
Tales," Prologue)

- IX and X Gunston School, Centreville, Maryland
- XI Social Service representative
Inkling staff
 Debating Club president
 Head of Poster Committee for *The Admirable Crichton*
 Maid in *The Admirable Crichton*
- XII Editor of *Inkling*
 Social Service representative
 Head of Make-up Committee for *Berkeley Square*
 Debating Club
Link writing staff



Beverly Stewart

Once there was a girl and she came into our class
 Junior year and her name was Beverly
 And everybody knows she does things cleverly.
 She lives in Morrisville and it takes a long time to
 get there and back again
 For an ardent swain.
 When she comes in looking anxious and in a hurry then
 we know that the *Inkling* must be late and she
 has to write an editorial
 Or rewrite the class notes or a column and she goes off
 looking conspiratorial
 And indispensable.
 How she can do so many things well and still have time
 to do so many other things to us is incomprehensible.
 She writes very well and also memorizes poems and
 quotes them all the time which is very nice
 but her fondness for Nash
 Has almost caused us with her to do something rash.
 It's forgivable, though, because she is so unboringly
 unpredictable,
 And comes up with surprising and nice talents at the
 right moments, and because her wit and abilities
 are so unrestrictable.

(after Ogden Nash)



- IX Student Council representative
Inkling staff
Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest
- X Social Service representative
Inkling staff
Professor Willard in *Our Town*
- XI Student Council representative
Assistant Editor of the *Inkling*
Secretary-Treasurer of the Dramatic Club
Debating Team
Lady Agatha in *The Admirable Crichton*
- XII President of the Dramatic Club
Literary and Layout Editor of the *Link*
Helen in *Berkeley Square*
Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest

people
are just the most wonderful
chartreuse and purple
 eeeyore
 el greco
 circular skirts
 mobiles
 are nice
 life
 is miserable
 acting
 in a play
 is beautiful
 i get so mad

people, some
of them don't understand
 because

they're

people
are shy,
scared
of people

 that don't understand
come joan come aira hurry hurry up don't be so slow come on

Leslie Van Zandt

(after e. e. cummings)

- IX *Inkling* staff
- X Social Service treasurer
 - Exchange editor of *Inkling*
 - Winner of IX and X *Time* Test
 - Basketball Junior Varsity Team
 - Winner on Junior Town Meeting, WAAT, Newark
- XI Student Council representative
 - Editor of *Inkling*
 - Debating Team
 - Publicity Committee for *The Admirable Crichton*
- XII Social Service president
 - Student Council representative
 - Winner of XI and XII *Time* Test
 - Head of publicity committee for *Berkeley Square*
 - Inkling* staff
 - Debating Club



Marina von Neumann

We saw Marina rushing down the hall,
 As if she had a thousand things to do,
 For Social Service, Council, *Inkling* too;
 The heaviest duties on her seem to fall.
 Besides the way in office she has shone,
 On other talents too her fame is based.
 Her humor, poise, sophisticated taste,
 Hurt puppy looks, long talking on the phone,
 Trips to New York, her always worn-out shoes,
 Her friendliness, her envied ease and skill
 In introducing speakers, frankness still
 Tempered by understanding, we will hate to lose.
 And, if she learns to knit without the aid
 Of Daisy every row, then we will be
 Even more admiring of the way that she
 Excels in everything she has essayed.

(after Meredith, "Modern Love")

	SAYINGS	HAUNT	MENTIONS	KNOWN AS	MOST LIKELY TO MOST	RESETTING SIN	AMBITION	BETE NOIR	SAVING GRACE	CHEF-D'OEUVRE	SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN	PORTRAIT TYPE
Barton	Know what, people?	Behind cello	Italy	displaced person	dis something else	Boredom	world's best garbage collector	American Tourists	Humor	word studies	In Florence	Da Vinci
Fenn	Well, girls?	cellar	China	Muffin	do what she intends to do	Back seat driving	to invent a rocket to Mars	Queen Anne settler	earnestness	radio	Victorian	Halbein
Gartner	Come on team, let's go!	13A Holder	Children	homebody	raise a family	tangling wool	to be a woman	sisters	smile	knitting	a French chateleine	Sargent
Goetze	Ye Gods!	Tennessee	Mrs. Wade	Sentimental	marry for love	forgetfulness	get married	cold people	friendliness	Twennie	In Antebellum South	Romney
Harper	This week I have 3 concerts, 8 rehearsals, 4 tests, and 5 parties.	Mr. Harsanyi's	her Carnegie Hall debut	Menace	invent perpetual motion	Painting Floors	Puritan-Bohemian	Practicality	joie de vivre	Viola	wandering gypsy	Renoir
Lawall	It's been real.	the Peak	"Chicago"	Jani	live gracefully	laughter	to go to Capri	narrow-minded people	good sense	cast party	frontier woman	Frans Hals
Nederstrom	In Finland, we....	ice-cream freezer	Finland	Sam	remain sane	eating	to be a teacher	"How do you like it here?"	winkle	lecture tours	Koala Bear	Vermeer
Samuels	something has got to go!	Maine	Ogunquit	Kitten	Make people happy	flirting eyes	Greek teacher	unfriendly people	poise	Link ads	Colonial South	Gainsborough
Smith	Oh! gad!	hospitals	brothers and sisters	Cindy	discover miracle cure	living out of Princeton	to have a Jaguar	cold bath water	eyes	dances	Tudor England	Raphael
Stewart	That was pretty bad, wasn't it?	En route Morrisville-Princeton	"Art for art's sake"	Baffrey	do something unexpected	bad puns	to win a "True Romance" Contest	platitudes	sensitivity	Xmas editorial	In the Reform-ation	Thurber
Van Zandt	Let's all be sorry for Leslie!	purple bedroom	Montana	artiste	join the Foreign Legion	moods	to be a barmaid	deadlines	euphoria	"Berkeley" Square	in a theatre trunk	Faulstich
Von Neumann	That always helps! long Island Railroad	long Island Railroad	Inverse	constant stream	succeed	stewing	lady ambassador	geometric solids	ability	dogshow	in the roaring twenties	Matisse
Class	Il faut accepter les petits maux de la vie.	P.U.....	Fridays	problems	get itself noticed	below average motorability	to be graduated	people who forget the food!	originality	SSA ceiling	Stone Age	Bosch



Jani

Marcia



Joan



Ceslie



Barbara





Jani

Marcia



Joan



Ceslie



Jean

Barbara





marina



cris



Daisy



Cynthia



Muffin



Beverly

Fourth Row:

Mrs. Howe
Miss Kleeman
Mrs. Paterson
Mrs. Dennison
Miss Harris

Third Row:

Mrs. Wade
Mrs. Black
Mrs. Tidey
Mrs. Meyerkort
Miss May
Mrs. Lockwood
Mme. Holenkoff

Second Row:

Mrs. Burrill
Mrs. Wallis
Mrs. DeGraff
Mrs. Shepherd
Miss Campbell
Mrs. Carver

First Row:

Miss Phelps
Mrs. Conroy
Mrs. Gulick
Miss Davis
Miss Rohr
Miss Brunswick
Mrs. Oates

Missing

Mrs. Busselle
Miss Stratton
Mrs. Martin
Miss Weigel
Mr. Jamieson
Mrs. Hamilton
Mrs. Forbes
Mrs. Ward
Mr. Nicholas



CLASS XI

Third Row:
Caroline Rosenblum
Wendy Gartner
Hilary Thompson
Ann Stoddard

Second Row:
Ann Carples
(president)
Hope Thompson
Deborah Bogan
Mary Butler
Barbara Yeatman
Caroline Savage

First Row:
Susan McAllen
Jane Gihon

Missing
Diane Baker
Elaine Polhemus
Virginia Meyers
(Secretary)



CLASS X

Fourth Row:

Julia Hurd
Leslie McAneny
Ann Claflin
Alix Belford

Third Row:

Pat Robinson
Alice Bedford
Jenneke Barton
Agnes Fulper
Louise Mason

Second Row:

Judy Gihon
Cathy Hammell
Kathie Webster
Anna Rosenblad
Susan Creasey
Lynn Prior

First Row:

Helen Keegin
Marcia Malone
(Secretary)
Joan Kennan
(President)
Audrey Kramer
Saki Hart



CLASS IX

Fourth Row:
 Julia Gallup
 Harriet Hilts
 Mary Tyson Goodridge

Third Row:
 Cynthia Knox
 Meriol Baring-Gould
 Barbara Kohlsaat
 Elsa Johnson
 Myrta Hammell
 Alice Marie Nelson

Second Row:
 Barbara Benson
 Ann Belford (Secretary)
 Penny Cooper (President)
 Chloe King
 Lucy Busselle

First Row:
 Theo Stillwell
 Ann Freedman
 Carol Stokes





Seated:
 Mary Frances Fenn
 Marina von Neumann
 Janet Lawall
 Hope Thompson
 standing:
 Helen Ann Keegin
 Saki Hart
 Wendy Gartner
 Barbara Benson
 Lucy Busselle
 Absent:
 Elaine Polhemus

This year the Student Council has tried to develop in the individual student a more complete sense of personal responsibility. By means of a questionnaire on student government and many discussion groups we tried to give each girl a better understanding of the honor system.

We also endeavored, after attending two inter-school conferences, to give our student body a realization of the unique privileges we enjoy, for we were the only school represented which has a true honor system.

The Council revised the handbook, met with the eighth grade to introduce them to their future responsibilities, and continued to hold open Council meetings. We also sponsored a college assembly.

The officers were: Mary Frances Fenn, president; Elaine Polemus, secretary. Representatives: Janet Lawall and Marina von Neumann, XII; Wendy Gartner and Hope Thompson, XI; Saki Hart and Helen Ann Keegin, X; Barbara Benson and Lucy Busselle, IX.

Upper and Middle School Councils



Front Row: Anne Harrison, Harriet Busselle, Betsy Hall, Cindy Phelps, Kinsa Turnbull. Back Row: Beverly Ward, Rosalind Webster.

Front Row:
Kaki Harrell
Deborah Bochner
Bettina Burbidge

Second Row:
Marina von Neumann
Ann Claflin
Ann Stoddard
Mrs. Black
Betsy Thomas
Aggie Fulper

Back Row:
Caroline Rosenblum
Beverly Stewart
Ann Freedman



Social Service Committee

The Social Service Committee's main objective this year has been to emphasize service rather than fund-raising, and it has therefore encouraged active student participation in a variety of projects. The Upper School gave two concerts at Skillman State Village for Epileptics; the fifth grade sent presents to and corresponded with the class we have "adopted" in the Navaho School at Chinle, Arizona. The Middle and Upper Schools have also worked for the following institutions: The Junior Red Cross, Brisbane Child Care Center, Trenton Orthopedic Hospital, Princeton Hospital and the Princeton Nursery School. The Committee has sponsored several assemblies with speakers in various fields of social work.

Three school-wide fund-raising projects this year were the Dog Show in October, the Faculty - Student Basketball game in February and May Day. Our financial contributions from these and other sources went to the following traditional school "causes": New York's Hundred Neediest Cases; the Princeton Community Chest; the Navaho School; the World Student Service Fund; the Junior Red Cross; and the March of Dimes. We also give clothing to our Polish school, food to the Florence Crittenton Home, and books to the Pine Mountain Settlement School in Kentucky.

The Committee extends its heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Black, our adviser, Miss Davis, Mrs. Dennison, Mrs. Lawall, the parent adviser, and Mrs. Harrison for their generous assistance and advice. The officers this year were: Chairman, Marina von Neumann; Treasurer, Ann Stoddard; Secretary, Ann Claflin.



DRAMATIC CLUB

The December presentation of "Berkeley Square" by John Balderston marked the first occasion a Dramatic Club play was given in the new gym. The play, an outstanding dramatic and financial success, was directed by Mrs. Gordon Knox.

Of invaluable assistance to the club this year was the Parents' Council's new policy of recruiting mothers to help with production. Among those who gave generously of their time and talents were Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Polhemus, Mrs. Samuels, Mrs. Van Zandt and Mrs. Webster. Teachers who gave aid to the club included Miss Brunswick, Miss Kleeman, Miss May, Mrs. Shepherd and Miss Stratton. Our special thanks are due also to Mrs. McAneny, for her work on scenery, and to Mr. Frothingham for his kind assistance with our lighting problems.

New also this year was the policy of continuing the various production committees for work on the middle school play, "The Lost Colony", in May. This was for the purpose not only of helping the middle school and their teachers, but also of training girls in the upper school, especially the Juniors, to head committees next year.

Officers for the year were: Leslie Van Zandt, president; Susan McAllen, Secretary-Treasurer.



CAST

(In order of appearance)

Maid Ann Claflin
Tom Pettigrew Tom Rimer
Kate Pettigrew Marcia Goetze
The Lady Ann Pettigrew Leslie McAneny
Mr. Throstle Bill Linden
Helen Pettigrew Leslie Van Zandt
The Ambassador Riggs Parker
Mrs. Barwick Susan Creasey
Peter Standish Frank Hatch
Marjorie Frant Barbara Gartner
Major Clinton Peter Van Zandt
Miss Barrymore Mary Butler
The Duchess of Devonshire Jean Samuels
II. R. H. The Duke of Cumberland . . Peter Eichelbert



Production Staff

Director Mrs. Gordon Knox
Production Manager Leslie Van Zandt
Business Manager Jean Samuels
Stage Manager Daisy Harper
Assistant to Director Diane Baker

Committee Chairmen

Publicity Marina von Neumann
Posters Jane Gihon
Scenery Janet Lawall
Make-up Beverly Stewart
Costumes Joan Barton
Properties Mary Frances Fenn
Sound Effects Anne Carples
Lights Mr. Samuel Frothingham
 Peter Van Zandt





Seated:

Barbara Yeatman
Exchange Editor
Locky Stafford
Middle School Editor
Mrs. Shepherd
Faculty Adviser
Beverly Stewart
Editor-in-chief

Standing:

Helen Ann Keegin
Business Editor
Caroline Rosenblum
Assistant Editor

MFS PUBLICATIONS

The Inkling and The Finest

Seated:

Alice Bedford
Judy Gihon
Audrey Kramer
Jenneke Barton
Saki Hart

Standing:

Anna Rosenblad
Theo Stillwell
Nicky Knox
Helen Ann Keegin

Editor-in-chief
Saki Hart X

Literary Board

Jenneke Barton X
Alice Bedford X
Theo Stillwell IX
Cynthia Knox IX

Art Board

Judy Gihon X
Audrey Kramer X
Anna Rosenblad X

Faculty Advisers

Mrs. Ward
Miss May



First Row:
 Jean Samuels
 Nicky Knox
 Caroline Rosenblum
 Susan Creasey
 Ann Freedman
 Kathy Webster
 Alice Bedford
 Myrta Hammell
 Jenneke Barton
 Cathy Hammell
 Joan Barton
 Debby Bogan

Second Row:
 Daisy Harper
 Alice Marie Nelson
 Ann Belford
 Susan McAllen
 Chloe King
 Lucy Busselle
 Mary Tyson Goodridge
 Janet Lawall
 Caroline Savage
 Leslie McAneny

Absent:
 Diane Baker



Glee Club

The Glee Club had its first concert of the year in October with the Princeton University Freshman Glee Club. They also sang at the Christmas Candlelight Service, at a music assembly, and at Commencement. Co-operating with Social Service, the club gave two concerts at Skillman. The Chamber Music ensemble, the Madrigal Group, and a few soloists from the club all made interesting contributions to these concerts. The Madrigal Group gave a special program for the Princeton Music Club.

The Sextet, a newly-formed student group, sang in a program of American music, over the University radio station WPRU, and at Skillman.

In anticipation of a Gilbert and Sullivan production next year, "Iolanthe," the Glee Club began rehearsing the music, and also made plans toward a choral festival with three other schools.

In the late spring the club sponsored a performance by the Haverford School "Double-Four," and also the Princeton High School Girls' Choir.

This year the Glee Club has been under the leadership of Jean Samuels, president and Debby Bogan, secretary. Serving as librarians were: Virginia Meyers, Ann Claflin, Wendy Gartner, and Audrey Kramer. The officers and members of the club thank Miss Kleeman for her inspiring direction.



HOCKEY

Back Row:

Alix Belford
Lynn Prior
Hope Thompson
Ann Belford
Wendy Gartner
Janet Lawall
Hilary Thompson
Chloe King
Alice Marie Nelson
Ann Stoddard
Helen Ann Keegin

Front Row:

Judy Gihon
Jane Gihon
Mary Frances Fenn
Barbara Gartner
Susan McAllen

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Athletics has gained in importance this this year, under the stimulating leadership of Miss Harris. Both the Hockey and Basketball teams have made outstanding gains under her coaching, and although they cannot claim to have been victorious always, a promising future is in sight.

The hockey season opened with a game against Solebury, which was followed by games with Hartridge and Princeton High School. A highlight of the year was a group hockey game at the high school, with four local schools participating. The Junior Varsity played a J. V. team at Princeton High, and also were invaluable substitutes on the Varsity. The season was brought to a close by a picnic at Carnegie Lake.





Basketball was launched, once again, with the annual Faculty-Student game, which proved to be exciting for everyone concerned. We then competed, in a more sober mood, with Sclebury, Hartridge, and St. Mary's. Our Junior Varsity showed unusual spirit and competence, playing junior teams of Hartridge and St. Mary's. Chloe King, IX, was captain.

In the school-wide color team contest, the Blues were victorious, with Barbara Gartner as captain. Janet Lawall was the Gray captain.

The season closed with a party at Mrs. Ralph Belford's house.

Officers were: Janet Lawall, president; Hilary Thompson, Secretary-Treasurer.

BASKETBALL

Back Row:
Susan Creasey
Judy Gihon
Lynn Prior

2nd Row:
Barbara Gartner
Mary Frances Fenn
ne Gihon

ont Row:
lary Thompson
ndy Gartner
pe Thompson
net Lawall



Last Day

A cold wind blew over the monotony of the rollingshills of Saskatchewan. The cold and the dreariness of the day made the isolated stone farmhouse seem bleaker, more isolated, as if nowhere in the world was there warmth or sunshine, nothing but the gray oppressive clouds, the brown hills, and the house with its few out-buildings.

Under a scraggly bush nearby the child lay, his ponderous weight pressed against the frozen earth. He watched with unblinking eyes, and waited.

The people in front of the farmhouse waited too, leaning in silence against the battered pick-up and the shiny Ford. At last the man and his wife came out. The man nodded to the stranger who opened the door of the little truck. The woman got in. "Well, let's be off, doctor," said the man.

"Everything all right now, Mr. Graham?" asked the doctor.

"I think so," said Mr. Graham and got in the driver's seat. The young doctor and the attendant went to their car, and the two Graham children clambered into the rear of the pick-up.

Suddenly the woman got out. "Wally," she called. "Wally, where are you, baby?"

"Myrtle, for God's sake, get in here. You have to sign the papers, too, and we can't take him with us, you know that. It won't hurt for him to be alone just this one last time, and Ben's in the upper pasture. Please, honey, it has to be this way."

"Yes," she said. "Yes I suppose so." She got back in.

The shiny car started up and the pick-up followed slowly after it. The child in the bushes had not moved. He was no longer watching. He was asleep. He woke after a few minutes, trembling with the cold.

"Ma," he called. "Ma-a-a."

When there was no answer to his wail he started to look for her.

"Ma-a-a-a-a."

He was cold and lonely and he knew Ma could make everything all right. So he shuffled towards the rough stone structure, naked in its bleakness.

There was something that kept him from the house, some reason for not entering. Something was wrong, there had been too many people there earlier, and now there were none. He went around the house again, all the way around, in a helpless search.

The big warm place behind the house drew him. She was rarely there, but other people were.

"Ma-a-a-a-a" he called.

There was an answer, a bawl from a calf inside the barn. The boy held his breath in joy.

"Ma-a-a-a-a," he called again, but there was silence and his face fell. Then came an answer, a whinny from one of the horses. Rapt with pleasure, his arms, outstretched, he lumbered to the fence. It took him some time to get through it, but finally he slid underneath it, and continued toward the rickety barn.

He sat down in the middle of the big room and felt the warmth and looked at all the creatures in neat rows. He had never been so happy. After a long time he began to walk up and down in front of the beautiful living things, all heavy and round and warm. They were soft to the touch, he

found, and made a nice low comforting noise. He thought he had been in this lovely place before, but someone, not Ma, had always come too, and kept him from touching these wonderful things. He touched them all, now, one by one.

At the end of one row there was a big separate place, with a little, little one like the others, and another big one. The little one came to him and immediately he fell in love with it. He lifted it in his arms over the low gate, and it was warm and alive and soft. The big one moaned, and the little one bawled, but the little one was in his arms and there was no one to take away the thing he loved. He carried it outside, and set it down. It started to run back to its mother, and he laughed and held it back. He ran with it around the yard, and then sat with it, patting and kissing it. The cold frightened calf began to bawl and struggle, and he held it to him, and the more it struggled the tighter he held it and the more he kissed it. It grew weaker and weaker and at last it was still. He set it down on the ground but it fell over. He picked it up and it fell over again. He grew angry and began to pull at it and slap it. It lay still. Enraged, he wanted to hurt it. He snatched up stones and hurled them down on the little body and the blood went on his clothes and the fence and the ground. Rows. He had never been so happy. After a long time he began to walk up and down in front of the beautiful living things, all heavy and round and warm. They were soft to the touch, he found, and made a nice low comforting noise. He thought he had been in this lovely place before, but someone, not Ma, had always come too, and kept him from touching

these wonderful things. He touched them all, now, one by one.

The blood frightened him, and he began to cry, with great wracking sobs of loneliness.

Then a car went by on the road. That noise meant people, people who took things from him, and he remembered his Ma, and the way she held him to her and cried. She would cry if she saw what he had done now, and maybe someone would hit him. In desperation, he tried to dig with his hands in the frozen earth. After pawing at it in vain, he took the dead and once beautiful thing in his arms to carry it away, but it was so still and nasty that he dropped it. He took a leg and pulled it out by that. As he dragged it by the house one of its legs swung in the cellar window leading to the coal bin. Eagerly he pushed the calf in the little dark window and slid in after it.

The black stuff gave under him, and he pawed at it, then began to dig with his hands. When he had a big enough hole he stuffed the little body into it, and patted the coal down around it. And when he had finished he put his arms around the lump in the coal and went to sleep.

He was still asleep when the pick-up truck came back. The woman was weeping, the two children were even quieter than before, and the man was grim. It was the children who discovered the blood, and the man followed them to the cellar window. There he sent them for the hired man to bury the body. Gently he pulled the boy from the coal pile, and with tears streaming down his face carried his son to his room.

Leslie Van Zandt XII

*First Prize Upper School
Prose*

How to Shop; Or, Bargain, Bargain, Who Has the Bargain?

I have heard that there are women who are not interested in clothes, but I can not believe that at least a teeny bit of vanity does not exist deep in the uncharted recesses of every woman's mind. It can be hidden under the spattered smock of a Bohemian Greenwich Villager, the dismal lab coat of a lady chemist, or some equally sexless garment, but it must exist. The only women who are completely disinterested in their outer adornments are nudists, and I won't go into that.¹

Being a woman, potentially, at any rate, I too am interested² in clothes. Unfortunately, few of us can refer, as Mrs. Wade does, to "Ma petite coutouriere," and hence purchasing clothes involves, for most teen-agers³, a trip to the big city.

Shopping is an art at which I am far from proficient, but there is a certain amount of information which I have accumulated through sad experience.

There are three prerequisites to a successful shopping expedition: (1) a definite idea of what you want, (2) the faith of your own convictions, (3) a charge account. The first will please the salesgirl, the second will please you, and the third will not please your parents.

As any adventure, shopping in a large city has its hazards⁴, and it is well to be forewarned. Two main obstacles are salesgirls and customers. Salesgirls are the most dangerous, for they are sly, and will generally lure the charge plate out of your pocket, but other customers are infinitely more annoying. Have you ever been attacked by a wheezing matron who proclaims in a not particularly appealing tone that you are just the same size as her brother's little girl, and won't you please try this dress on? It is not a pleasant experience, for the dress

is either so horrid you can't bear to put it on, or so nice that you want it for yourself, which is perhaps worse.⁵

These, then, are only minor problems. The biggest problem is just which clothes to buy.

Unmentionables being what they are⁶ will not be discussed.

As to dresses, it is well, if depressing, to remember that we are not all as slender as we might like to be.⁷ When the salesgirl says, "Yes, but maybe we'd better ease it in the seams," that tone is deceptive. She really means, "Way too small, dearie, but if we hack it up a little, it'll go round you." Take heed.

The eternal question in regard to evening dresses is "to strap or not to strap." Strapless dresses are now boned sufficiently to defy Isaac Newton, and any girl, regardless of — er — shape, may wear one with total safety. However, the strapless dress as a theory is definitely more plausible on some figures than on others. If nothing else, a strapless dress is sure to be a conversation piece. Someone is bound to ask, "How does that thing stay up?"⁸

Coats too are awfully nice. The only warning in this category is for goodness' sake, don't buy one of those so-called "Pyramid Coats." They are too much like the ancient objects for which they are named; you know something interesting is underneath, but you can't tell exactly what.

But it takes more than advice like this to insure success in shopping, and if at the end of a harrowing day you still find yourself with a pair of chartreuse lounging pajamas, remember — there's always one last degrading resort. Next time, take your mother.¹⁰

1. Psychologically, of course.

2. A sizable understatement.

3. I hate that word.

4. Besides taxi drivers and Russian delegates.

5. It gives rise to uncharitable thoughts.

6. Unmentionable.

7. We can't all be the stripe type.

8. Some call them "gowns." The only difference is in the price.

9. There's one in every crowd.

10. Obvious moral; mommy knows best.

Caroline Rosenblum XI
Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

Saturday Night Show

Outside it is dark, and the rain falls
But on the screen all is light,
Filled with happy talk and lovely gowns,
Down in front a woman, her work-red hands
Folded in her faded cotton lap, weeps softly
For Liz Taylor's joy, and is once again
A girl, beautiful in youth alone,
And all alive, not half, like now.
The spell is broken by the giggle
Of a popcorn-eating child,
And by the raucous shouts of a boy,
His long legs stretched on the balcony rail.
In the half-dark a pair of kids
Embrace in passionate oblivion,
Knowing that the long screen-kiss
Will hide from all their momentary thrill.
The lights go on and the people,
Rudely torn from the glamour-world before them,
Blink; the couple break apart,
The woman sniffles once in a Kleenex
And the wet world closes in again.

Marina Von Neumann XII

First Prize

Upper School Poetry

Après L'Amour

L'amour n'est rien qu'une belle heure,
On vit d'une sauvage ardeur,
On est divin; en même heure,
La monde sourit — et puis, on meurt.

Dans un tombeau mon coeur est mis,
Tombeau d'amour. Mon coeur périt
Pour la tendresse d'un baiser,
Pour les caresses de la nuit.

Plus de lumière dans les cieux
Plus de lumière dans mes yeux.
Mon âme s'éteint peu a peu,
Car tu, mon âme, as dit adieu.

Caroline Rosenblum XI

First Prize

Upper School Poetry

Summer Reverie

Half asleep on a mossy bank,
Cooled by summer's breeze,
Glimpsing golden songbirds
Hidden midst the leaves.
Below there flows a quiet brook
Ruddy with the sunset's beam;
Too soon there'll be a silver pool,
Lit by the faint moon's gleam.

Deborah Rochner VI

First Prize

Middle School Poetry

Mist

Shimmering softly in the moonlight,
Creeping slowly o'er the night,
Ghostly shadows white and silver,
Hiding moon and stars and sunlight,
Hiding daylight, covering darkness
Mist comes creeping on the wings of fairies,
Creeping on the wings of dew,
Coming softly to the meadows,
Closing down upon the town.

Betsey Fox V

First Prize

Middle School Poetry

The Defeat of Cupid

One day as Juno was walking along the terrace outside her bedroom, she heard a very strange noise. All of a sudden Jupiter came up the stairs.

"Oh, it's only you," said Juno.

"Juno, have you seen Cupid around anywhere?" asked Jupiter.

"Blast it, that little pest," said Jupiter. "I wish he would stop fooling with those dreadful bows and arrows of his. He makes more trouble than a bag full of monkeys. Just the other day Apollo was complaining because Diana ran away from him."

Jupiter did not know it, but Cupid himself was standing behind one of the pillars on the terrace. Ping, went a lead-tipped arrow. Ping, went a gold-tipped arrow. The gold arrow struck Jupiter and the lead one Juno. The King of the Gods had his arm around Juno and was about to lead her to breakfast when she suddenly turned and fled. Jupiter sorrowfully watched her go. Finally he summoned Mercury to him. There must be a way to punish that Cupid without letting Venus know about it. He said, "Mercury! Go get Minerva and bring her to me. I will be waiting at my throne."

Mercury made a low bow and was off. He found Minerva visiting Neptune because of his problem with the Guppies. Minerva said she could not think of anything, but that she would try and have the answer the next day.

That night when Jupiter was lying in bed a sudden idea came into his head. In the morning he rushed to Minerva's palace to tell her of his plan. "First you must have a serum that will overpower Cupid's arrows," said Jupiter to Minerva. "Then you must have a cloak of Chinese red. Meet me at the

Vineyard Forest with Pluto, Neptune, Apollo, and Bacchus. Be there at eleven a.m. sharp. Have on your Chinese red cloak. I will make an appointment with Prudence and she will make the other garments. Give everyone a jar of anti-Cupid serum.

Meanwhile Cupid was having a wonderful time with his bows and arrows. He'd made Hebe turn against Pluto, and the air was filled with her screams. He made Erato loathe Prudence and broke up their engagement. While all this was going on, Jupiter was sitting on his throne with his head in his hands. A dark cloud of sorrow hovered over him.

Juno was quite contented. She was picking berries in the Vineyard Forest. That evening was very different. Juno was sleeping in a cave on the outskirts of Jupiter's property, when she heard a slithering noise beyond. She crawled to the cave's mouth and looked out. There was the serpent she had heard so much about. He didn't even do so much as glance at her. Then he slithered on his way. Little beads of sweat appeared on her brow. As soon as he had gone, she bathed in the fresh water pool on the brim of the Vineyard Forest.

They soon saw Cupid doing target practice on a near-by tree.

"Now," whispered Jupiter.

They yelled and war-whooped, swarming around Cupid. He aimed and shot. The arrow struck Minerva at the base of the skull. Quickly they disappeared among the trees. Minerva ran after them. They pulled out the arrow and put some anti-Cupid serum on the wound, which brought Minerva back to her senses.

Jupiter led the band back and once again they crowded around Cupid.

Nobody was struck. The third time they came, Cupid was so dazed the he held his bow backwards and hit himself. Because of his mother, Venus, Cupid's body was made in a different way from the others. If an arrow struck him while he was playing, there would be no mental reaction. This time the spot where he

hit acted as a mortal wound. And from then on Cupid used his bows and arrows wisely.

Juno came back to Jupiter, and they lived happily to this day.

Ruth Lynn Pessel V
First Prize
Middle School Prose

The Dancer

The wings were dark as Leonard scuffed his shoes silently in the resin box. He was very tense; every nerve was keyed to the utmost, listening for his music. He shook his head nervously.

"Loosen up, relax, Leonard!" cried an inner voice. "Don't be so tense! You'll do all right! Don't fret so!"

Leonard sighed. He knew he'd be all right — not make any mistakes or miss a beat — but on this night he needed more than that. On this night he had to be superb.

Mere sufficiency was not enough. Tonight he needed to be flawless, to be graceful and supple, to possess an atom of that marvelous quality which was found in the beauty of the great dancers — that intangible touch that was given to Nijinsky, to Pavlova, and every other truly great dancer. Rosalie was getting it — a very slight touch. She had it tonight.

Rosalie, he must think about Rosalie, not himself. "Concentrate on Rosalie. Forget your own nervousness and watch her. Watch Rosalie."

The inner voice was at him again. Rosalie was doing well tonight — ex-

tremely well. This much he could see as he peered toward the brilliant stage. He was glad. This night was important to her, too. He was glad they were taking this all-important night together. Their American debut. Their debut with the New York City Ballet. The advance notices had read, "The new ballet features two foreigners, Leonard Masinolv and Rosalie Davilow."

He shook off the thought and concentrated on the music. The corps de ballet was leaving the stage now and passed silently by him, their heavily made-up faces standing out eerily in the semi-darkness of the wings. He did not notice them — his entrance was too near. Rosalie was taking the solo now. The music swelled, then softened as the lights dimmed. Leonard was poised for the leap that was to take him on the softly lighted stage. The music hesitated as the spotlight fell on the window, then rose as Leonard leaped, leaving the wings behind him. Leonard had begun his debut.

Betsy Thomas VIII
Honorable Mention
Middle School Prose





Class Prophecy

The scene is the Princeton Psychiatric Clinic in the year 1972. At a desk in the front hall Dr. Cynthia Smith is looking through a pile of clinical tests. She holds up a page of ink blots. "Shades of the Sitting Room!" she exclaims. "It's quite obvious to me, but then, of course, if you're sane..." She returns to her study of the tests as Dr. Mary Frances Fenn in a white lab coat comes running down the stairs. "Cynthia, is there a screwdriver in your desk? I can't get the cake out of the shock treatment machine." They rush off together.

The door from the outside opens and Barbara steps in, a bundle over her arm. She watches in amazement as a door on the other side opens and Jani walks in, her eyes glued on a small piece of paper she holds in her hand as she mutters, "3778.379.242, Copy 1. I AM on B floor. I MUST be on B floor." Barbara tries to approach her, but Jani only gazes past her and says, "F alcove. It was here yesterday, I'm sure."

Just then an explosion is heard. Cynthia comes back and remarks, "Well, she got it open. Oh, hello, Barbara." "How did Jani get here?" asks Barbara. "Well, you see, a few weeks ago she came back to Princeton with her husband for a reunion, and as she passed Firestone Library, she seemed to be compelled to go in and ride to B floor. No matter where she went after that, she kept trying to rush back. The only way to stop her now is to keep her confined; otherwise she's quite harmless." "How are the others?" asks Barbara. "I finished the strait jackets I was knitting for you." "Good," says Cynthia. "We may need a new one for Leslie. She didn't like the color of the last one, and right now Dr. Stewart has her on color therapy." Just then Leslie enters in a flowing gown with a play manuscript in her hand. "I want to look ahead because I love life so... Rosemary - that's for remembrance... Oh, God, is it Friday?" She looks around wildly, sees the room is occupied, and flees, muttering, "'And

find, What wind, Serves to advance an honest mind.' That shows... That shows... It's nearly three o'clock. Oh, Mrs. Shepherd!" Suddenly at the top of the stairs Joan appears. She jumps three times on the first step, then leaps down to the landing. Cynthia explains to Barbara, "Poor Joan! Ever since Wolcott Gibbs panned her latest play 'Mitters Meets the Satyr,' she's been under the delusion that she's Beethoven's Fifth." Suddenly Joan begins running madly up and down the stairs. "Oh, dear, now she's heard Daisy practicing her scales." Dr. Stewart enters. "I have just received the tenth volume of Aira's new work, 'A Study of the Neuroses of the North American Female as Contrasted with her Finnish Counterpart.'" It's very interesting; in fact I may have received a clue to Aira's own problem. Dr. Smith, will you remind Miss Harper that it's time for her to change from viola to the double bass, after that she may have 15 minutes of reading Plato and then half an hour of car washing. She must be allowed the full time at each or she's apt to go a bit wild." Cynthia leaves.

Dr. Stewart turns to Barbara. "How are you, Barbara? And how is your family doing?" "They are very well, thank you. I wonder, though, if I could see Marcia?" "Well, frankly, I don't think I'd better bring her in here. If her claustrophobia hits her again, she'll

start screaming that she's in the Art Room. It's too bad - she had such a charming husband and a beautiful home in the country. Would you like to see Marina? I can't stop her now because she is being timed, but you can look at her through the glass. I'm making a report on her to the Annual Congress of Psychiatry. She's the wonder of the century. At the moment she is answering the phone in her capacity as U. N. delegate, Bergdorf - Goodman director, and editor of the New York Times with her right hand, keeping up the Alumnae correspondence of Miss Fine's and Radcliffe with her left hand, knitting a cablestitched spring coat with her feet, and planning her wardrobe to keep up her reputation as one of the Ten Best Dressed Women in America. And she shows no real signs of cracking!" Suddenly Jean wanders in, dressed in an evening gown. "Is the tea ready? Is the table set? My dear, the roses are just beautiful. Have all the ads come in? Oh, yes, I agree with you entirely." Dr. Stewart explains to Barbara, "She was the most charming hostess in the city of Washington until she broke in the middle of the Presidential Ball and started mixing green and purple champagne. Now you must excuse me. I have to go water the teachers." Barbara stands dazedly in the middle of the floor, until Muffin comes in and gently leads her away.

Class Will

We, the Class of 1952, being fleetingly of sound mind and body, and mindful of the solemnity of this occasion, do hereby declare it to be our heartfelt wish that this, our last will and testament made in these sacred halls, be carried out in the spirit in which it was conceived.

To Diane Baker, Jani leaves her plaid shoes to cheer '53 as they cheered '52 through College Boards and the last term of Senior Year.

To Debby Bogan, Leslie leaves her large collection of hair-dos and her ability to withstand the comments of the Upper School on them.

To Mary Butler, Beverly leaves her bad jokes — the more she leaves the happier it will make '52.

To Ann Carples, Marina leaves the rose vase on her dashboard, with a warning to be careful what classes she cuts to pick roses.

To Wendy Gartner, Beverly leaves her half-interest in the Trenton Transit Co.

To Jane Gihon, Muffin leaves her basketball skills and prowess as an impassable wall.

To Susan McAllen, Marcia leaves the bus stop, and hopes she can find a use for it.

To Ginny Meyers, Aira leaves her book-bag to help her on her arduous hike to school.

To Elaine Polhemus, Cynthia leaves her talents as a baby-sitter.

To Caroline Rosenblum, Jean leaves her solo spot on Glee Club programs.

To Caroline Savage, Leslie and Jean leave their Prospect St. addresses with all their advantages and disadvantages.

To Ann Stoddard, Daisy leaves her poodle-clippers.

To Hilary Thompson, Barbara leaves her tray-washing, in hopes she won't have a 1:20 class.

To Hope Thompson, Jean leaves her empty champagne bottle.

To Barbara Yeatman, Joan leaves her unused Paris metro tickets.

To the entire unsuspecting Class of '53 we leave the month of March, Senior Year, with Garamond 10-point, 12 words to an inch, to bleed or not to bleed, and all the horrors of offset printing on the "cooperative plan."

In closing, we leave, vainly hoping you may profit by our experience, some few words of advice; eat nothing the week before Mrs. Wade's tea; clean the Sitting Room before the trustees arrive; don't lose the dance list before the proctors get there; take your empty paint cans out of the bathroom immediately or you never will; sharpen your pencil before going to Latin; have some experience in calisthenics before taking Senior Math; and above all, NEVER forget the food for the Sitting Room.

Witnessed by; El Greco
Lucretius
Mme. de Sévigné



Ave atque Vale

A. B. S. to the class of '52

When I consider how I spend my days,
In setting forth ideas before the young,
And think how rare it is for eye or tongue
To render any sign of genuine praise;
Then I recall your class, and all your ways
Of catching fire; and I can say, among
You all, somehow, no utterance ever hung
Heavy and dead in apathy's thick haze.
You caught allusions many fail to see,
You scorned illusions many long to hold,
You used no shabby means for flashy ends,
You made the humdrum task delight for me.
Would I could write in words of burning gold,
Hail and Farewell, my students and my friends.

*(Lines composed on the Ides of March,
during your College Boards...)*





DRY GOODS

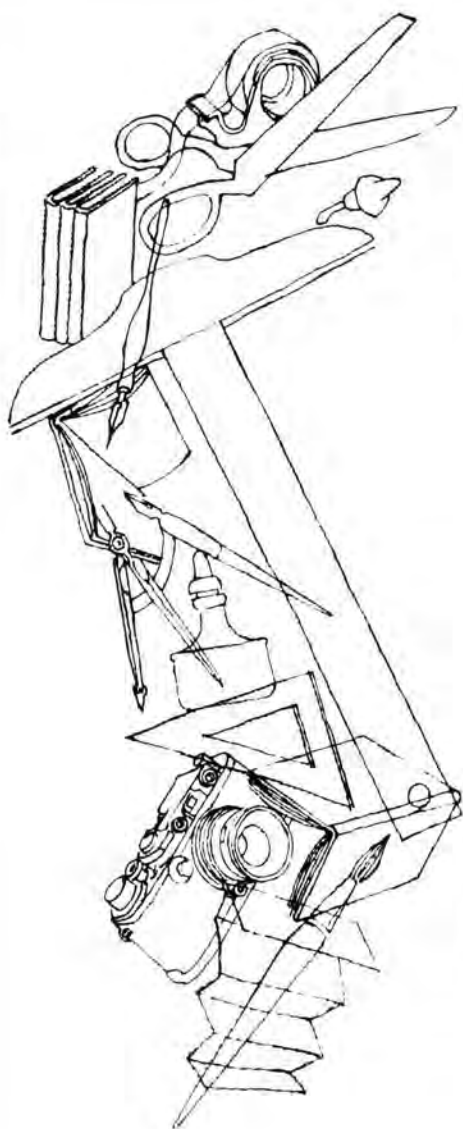
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