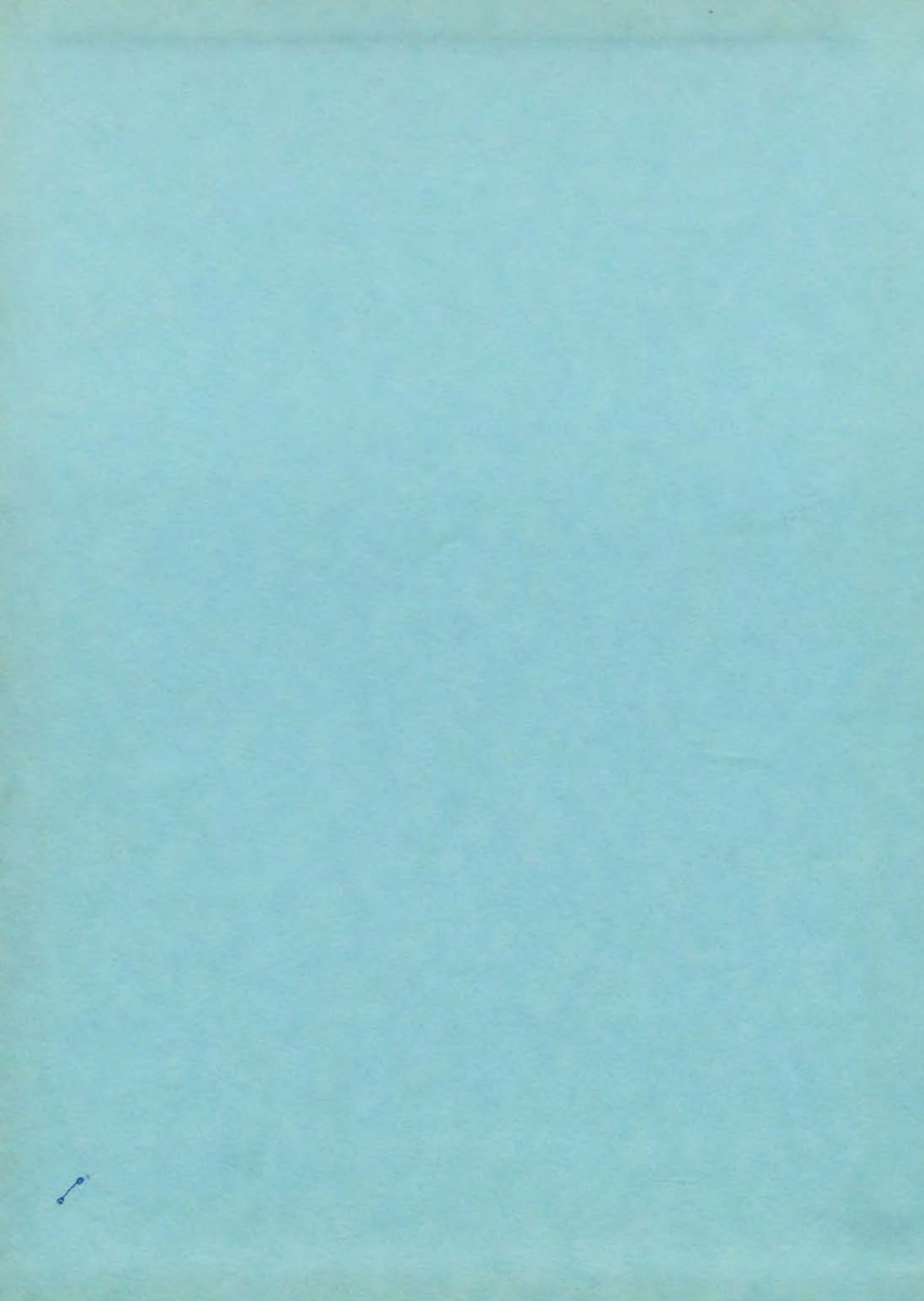


THE LINK

'54



THE LINK

Miss Fine's School

Princeton, N.J.

1954

Editor in Chief

Saki Hart

Assistant Editor

Jenneke Barton

Art Editor

Judy Gihon

Layout Editors

Audrey Kramer

Susan Creasey

Advertising Manager

Pat Robinson

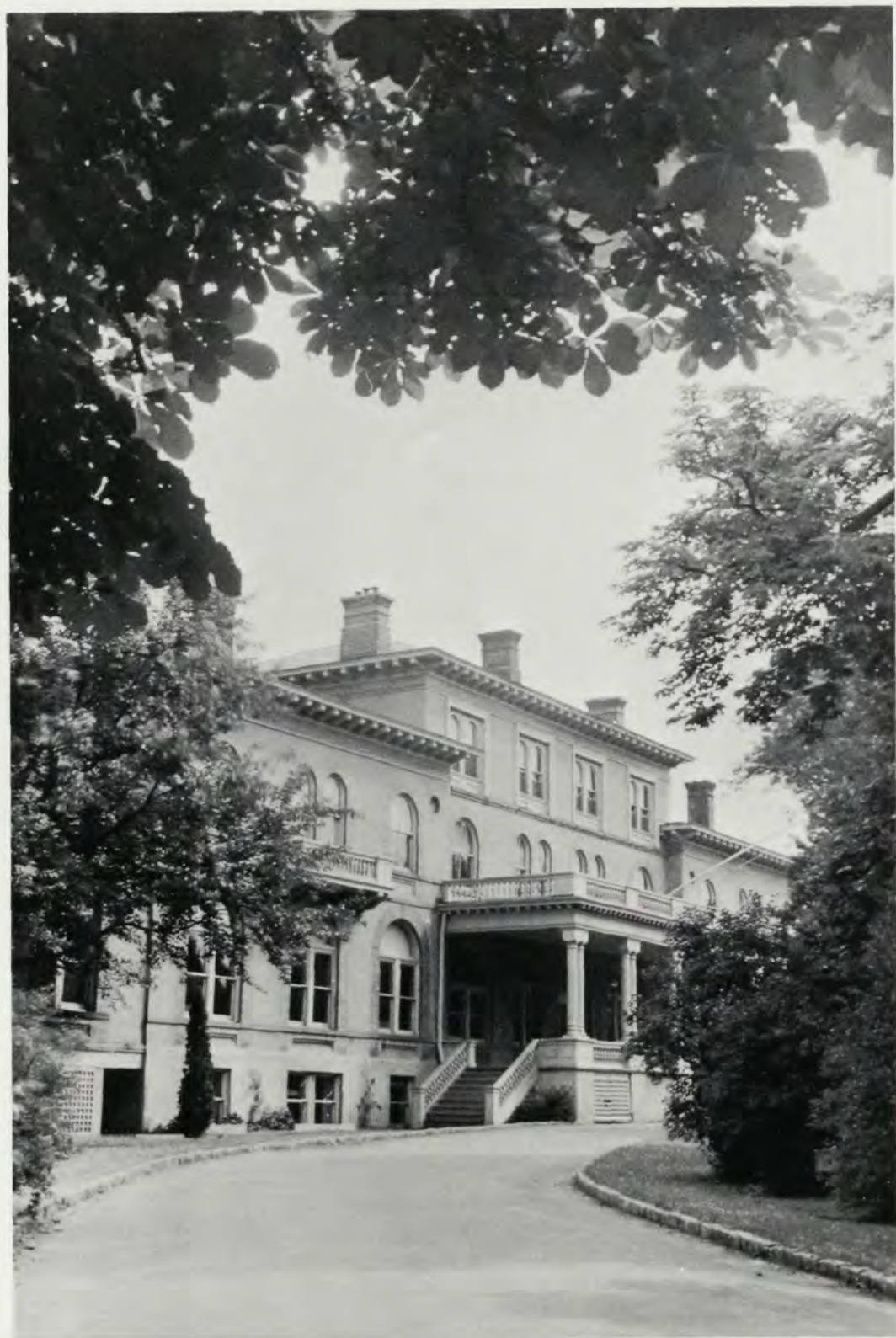
Business

Helen Ann Keegin

Advisers

Mrs Shepherd

Mrs Garson





Shirley Davis
Headmistress



à

Mabel Hamilton Wade

Un professeur sans pareil qui apporte à l'étude du français non seulement une connaissance profonde, mais aussi l'âme même de la France; qui nous a montré chaque jour, dans son enseignement et par ses conseils, sa largeur d'esprit, son sens de justice et d'humour, et qui a été surtout pour chacune d'entre nous une sincère amie, et qui le restera toujours, la classe de 1954 dédie ce livre avec respect et affection.

Dicta
Oratione
sequitur.

num. Ju uenes

SENIORS

p. Laudate dominũ de celis:

Laudate eum in excelsis.

Quo dicto repe-
tit. Ju uenes ut
sequitur.

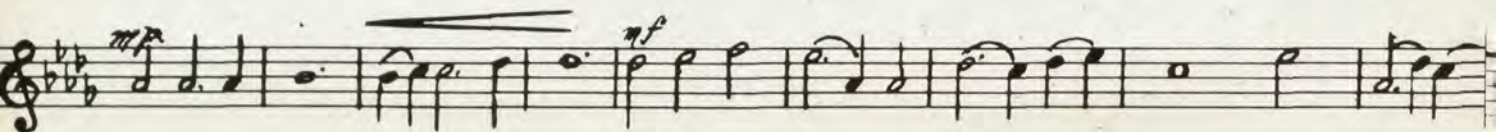
Ant. Ju uenes et vir



- IX Madrigal Group
Literary Board of THE FINEST
- X Madrigal Group
Literary Board of THE FINEST
- XI Madrigal Group
Ella in "Patience"
THE LINK Prose Prize
- XII President of Madrigal Group
Assistant Editor of THE LINK
Minuet in "The Rivals"
Senior Representative to Glee Club
Honorable Mention for THE LINK Poetry Prize

Jenneke Vreeland Barton

There once was a girl named Jenneke Barton
Who came to Miss Fine's in kindergarten;
For thirteen years this brainy lass
In matters scholastic has led the class.
Whether writing a poem or translating Molière,
She showed in her studies a talent rare
For getting an A in manner agile,
Including her triumphant battle with Vergil.
She had, in addition, a soprano stellar,
As adm'rably suited to Sullivan's Ella
As to Schubert and Poulenc and other such songs,
She handled them all with ease and aplomb.
Outside of school her interests ranged
From her various cats to the day's baseball game.
One moment she'd ponder on Verdi's "Otello",
The next on the merits of Kazmaier and Sella.
One moment reserved, the next filled with glee,
A wondrous phenomenon, our Jenneke B.!



IX Villa Victoria School, Trenton, N.J.

X Madrigal Group

XI Madrigal Group
Saphir in "Patience"

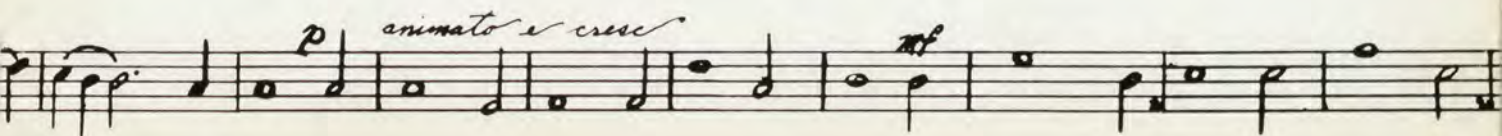


Alice Chappell Bedford

With a smile like sunlight and laughter like bells,
And hair like a Breck ad, she comes up and tells
Us all, "Guess what I did yesterday - was I red!"
- And down from the clouds comes her shiny blonde head!

Her speeches in history class always amaze us;
She remembers details that would certainly faze us.
Her voice - as Saphir and in Glee Club as well -
Rises clearly like that of the sweet philomel.

She plays the piano, - oh, Alice can boast
Many gifts - we don't know which to envy the most.
With her calm disposition, e'er cheerful and gay,
She'll win many friends as she goes on her way!



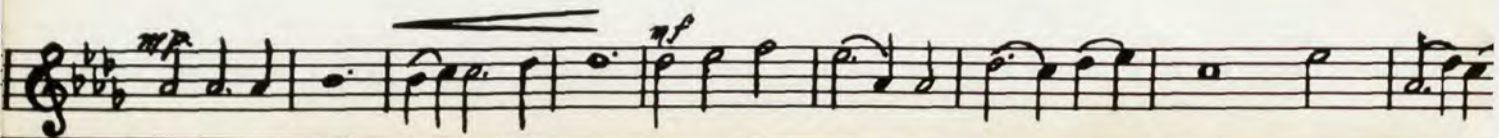


- IX Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Madrigal Group
THE INKLING Staff
- X Secretary of Social Service Committee
Maid in "Berkeley Square"
- XI Treasurer of Social Service Committee
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- XII Chairman of Social Service Committee
Junior Varsity Hockey Team

Ann Bradley Claflin

Ann is a girl whose deep concern
For all in need makes others turn
Their thoughts and acts toward her high aim
Thus making Service more than a name.

Yet she is always gay and bright,
With figure lithe, step quick and light.
Though burdened with a thousand cares,
A shining poise and grace she wears.



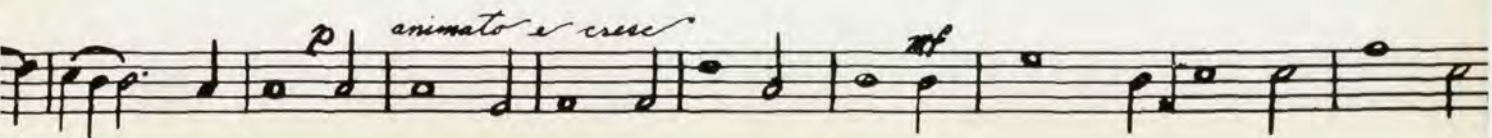
- IX Madrigal Group
 - Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 - THE INKLING Staff
 - Debating Club
 - Scenery Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
 - Properties Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
- X Madrigal Group
 - Varsity Hockey Team
 - Basketball Varsity Manager
 - Housekeeper in "Berkeley Square"
 - Scenery Committee for "Berkeley Square"
- XI Class President
 - Varsity Basketball Team
 - Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 - School Lacrosse Team
 - Chorus of "Patience"
 - Scenery Committee for "Patience"
 - Chairman of Spring Dance Committee
- XII President of Dramatic Club
 - Julia in "The Rivals"
 - Class Vice-President and Secretary
 - Madrigal Group
 - Varsity Hockey Team
 - Varsity Basketball Team
 - Scenery Committee for "The Rivals"
 - Chairman of Personnel Committee for Valentine Dance.



Susan Ann Creasey

For all she has, she seems to doubt our praise,
 And yet her hidden talents us amaze.
 In "Berkeley Square" she did surprise as maid
 All those who thought her shy, and with her aid
 "The Rivals" was produced; and she did take
 The part of Julia and it perfect make.
 Not only can she act, but sing, and play
 At hockey and at basketball. Each day
 In history, "Could we only go to sleep?"
 She says, From all her work we profit reap:
 When projects are in progress, Creasey's car
 Is always driven to seek wreaths afar,

Or carry myriad students on class trips
 Or hockey games. Her many captious quips
 Her victims fail to notice, yet the rest
 Amuse, and when our spirits fail, her zest
 Will often end our lethargy. Her skills
 So quick in math class those with envy fill
 Who are the leaden-eyed, and who eschew
 The cones and prisms and the lines askew
 That always seem to give delight to her;
 Yet at our wonder she would demur.
 Good humour, wit, and generosity
 Do crown red hair and equability.





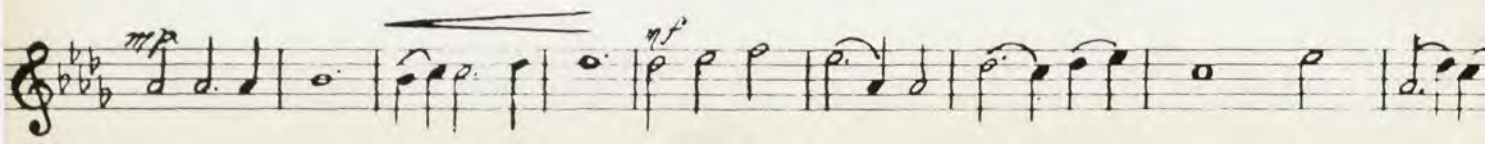
- IX Secretary of class
- X Social Service Representative
- XI Scenery Committee for "Patience"
Chorus in "Patience"
Head of Decorations Committee for Spring Dance
- XII Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Madame de la Grace in "The Rivals"
Chairman of Make-Up Committee for "The Rivals"

Agnes Shields Fulper

A maid with parasol and mobile face, and eyes
Of brightest blue did walk across the stage and sing.
The audience acclaimed her dancing and her guise
In skirts of blue. Her acting and her accents bring

Amusement; and enthusiasm spurs her to
Do many acts for talent shows. She seems to be
The nicest mixture of the gay and serious, too.
Her thoughts go deep. Her way is sweet and free.

Her talents, too, at shooting baskets and at bridge
Do all surprise, and none her spontaneity
Surpass; yet here we must her many gifts abridge,
And praise what she does give of her ability.



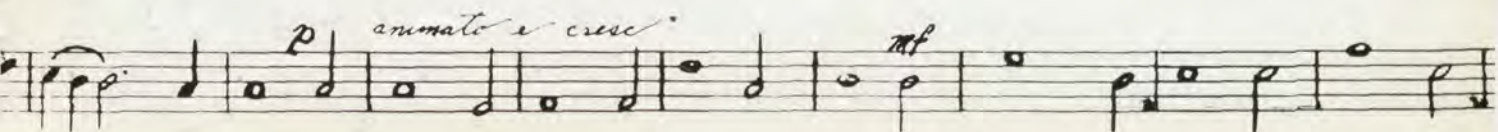
- IX Athletic Association Representative
 - Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 - Junior Varsity Basketball Team
 - Scenery Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
 - Poster Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
- X Varsity Hockey Team
 - Varsity Basketball Team
 - Art Editor of THE FINEST
 - Set design for "Berkeley Square"
 - Scenery Committee for "Berkeley Square"
 - Poster Committee for "Berkeley Square"
- XI Secretary of Athletic Association
 - Varsity Hockey Team
 - Varsity Basketball Team
 - School LaCrosse Team
 - Athletic Pocket Award
 - Chairman of Poster Committee for "Patience"
 - Scenery Committee for "Patience"
- XII President of Athletic Association
 - Captain of Varsity Hockey Team
 - Captain of Varsity Basketball Team
 - Art Editor of THE LINK
 - Set Design for "The Rivals"
 - Chairman of Scenery Committee for "The Rivals"
 - Senior Representative to Activities Committee



Judith Gihon

Through the halls of M. F. S. a quiet figure passes,
 Rushing to some far-off place or one of her art classes.
 Then, anon, she may be seen with fleeting foot, a-winging
 Down the hockey-field as shouts and cheers are ringing
 All for this sprightly lass.

All respect this unassuming girl for many reasons:
 Fine artistic talent, prowess in the sporting seasons,
 Integrity of every kind, imagination fleeting,
 Wit and humor, grace and sparkle, and her friendly greeting
 Endear her to the class.





IX Allentown High School

X Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Scenery Committee for "Patience"

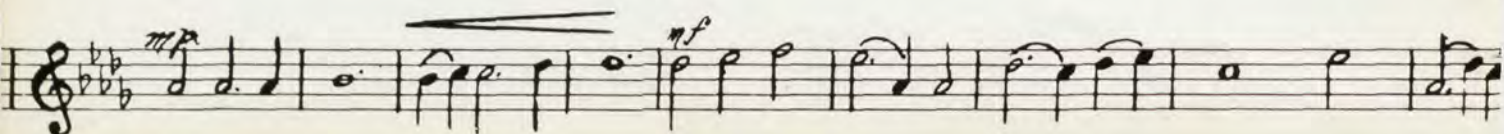
XII President of Glee Club
Madrigal Group
Chairman of Ticket Committee for "The Rivals"

Catherine Belle Hammell

She's short, she's blond, she's very neat
And welcomes all with smile sweet;
She loves a party and is always ready
To have a date with a boy from Peddie.

She paints her nails with "Certainly Red,"
And has a car to match, it's said.
She's quiet, never loud in voice—
For Glee Club head, she was our choice.

"See you, girls," you'll hear her say,
And off she'll go, the piano to play.
You'll always know you can depend
On Cathy, the truest, kindest friend.



- IX Student Council Representative
Literary Board of THE FINEST
Madrigal Group
Octet
Chamber Music Group
- X Student Council Representative
Editor-in-chief of THE FINEST
Madrigal Group
Chamber Music Group
Octet
- XI Secretary of Student Council
Madrigal Group
- XII Editor-in-chief of THE LINK
Madrigal Group
Music for "The Rivals"



Sarah Lewin Hart

Now Saki's talents for piano we know well;
With magic spell
She has entranced
Us all, whene'er her fingers o'er the keys have
danced.

A star of concert stage is she, and she
Deserves to be;
And she will play
Your favorite piece, no matter how work-filled
her day.

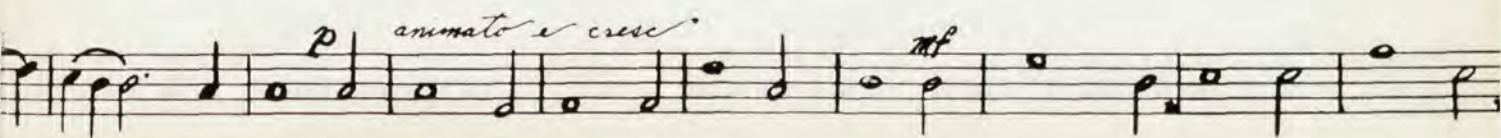
Yet how she does it, and work of such high
quality,

We cannot see!
To many things
Her help, enthusiasm, and fresh fun she brings:

To talent shows, Glee Club, and most of all,
the LINK;

And when we think
Of Saki's eyes
Of blue with lashes long and gold; how she defies

All praise and glory with a modesty extreme,
We do esteem
Her all the more,
And marvel at those gifts we are so grateful for.





- IX Class president
INKLING Staff
Scenery Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
- X Student Council Representative
Business Manager of THE INKLING
Scenery Committee for "Berkeley Square"
- XI Exchange Editor of THE INKLING
Social Service Representative
Member of chorus in "Patience"
Business Manager of Dramatic Club
Prop Committee for Middle School Plays
- XII Class President
Captain of Blue Team
Business Manager of THE LINK
Chairman of Hallowe'en and Christmas Dances
Social Service Representative
THE LINK Prose Prize

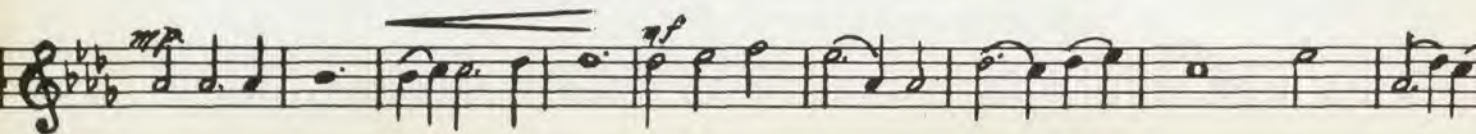
Helen Ann Keegin

Our Helen is a model of the utmost versatility,
She positively awes us with the range of her ability.
She never seems at all fazed by the many things she has
to do,

Although her leisure hours must be veritably very few.
She has duties multitudinous as President of '54,
From organizing projects to polishing the S. R. floor;
And where, indeed oh where, would the Blue Team be
Without its stalwart captain's crafty strategy?
As our Social Service Rep. there can be nought but praise
for her;

From making wreaths to baking cakes our Helen is super-
ior.

And yet another awesome feat—nay, miraculous, we think—
Is her tireless contribution to the welfare of this LINK.
Scholastically Miss Keegin is a very bright young lass,
Her stories and her notes are the envy of the class;
And still another feat which we enviously render
Is her notable success with the opposite in gender.
Add to this her friendliness, her humor and stability,
Our Helen is a model of the utmost versatility!



IX THE INKLING Staff

X Class President

Junior Varsity Hockey Team

Junior Varsity Basketball Team

XI International School, Geneva, Switzerland

XII Student Council Representative

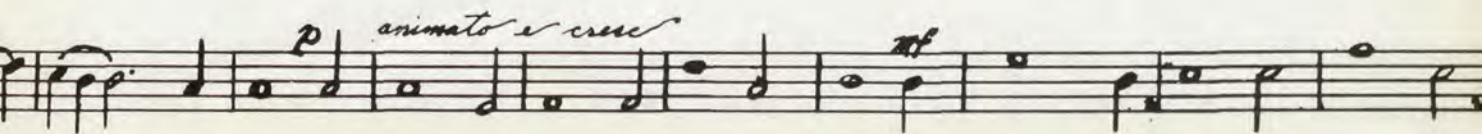
Lucy in "The Rivals"

Junior Varsity Hockey Team



Joan Elisabeth Kennan

Ah, fairest Joan, your eyes of blue betray
Nought but the sweetness of your gentle heart;
Your talents, shown us when you had the part
Of Lucy in "The Rivals", our school play,
Cease not with acting; lovely your ballet
Which you have learned from masters of the art.
Your mimicry hilarious our hearts
Does gladden in our moments of dismay.
Yet are you moody; sorrow or distress
Can plunge you into black and silent night,
From which no one of us would ever dare
To lift you. But most often happiness,
And gay abandon when your heart is light,
And your good soul win people everywhere.





IX THE INKLING Staff

X Class Vice-President

Scenery Committee for "Berkeley Square"
Art Board for THE FINEST

XI Student Council Representative

Athletic Association Representative
School Lacrosse Team
Scenery Committee for "Patience"
Honorable Mention for Upper School Poetry in LINK
Junior Varsity Hockey Team

XII Student Council Representative

Athletic Association Representative
Layout Editor for THE LINK
Co-chairman of Properties Committee for "The Rivals"
Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Chairman of Invitations Committee for Valentine Dance
THE LINK Poetry Prize

Audrey Bailey Kramer

Who is Audrey, what is she,
Whose gifts her class and friends amaze,
Whose beauty and whose modesty
Win all who on her, charmed, gaze?

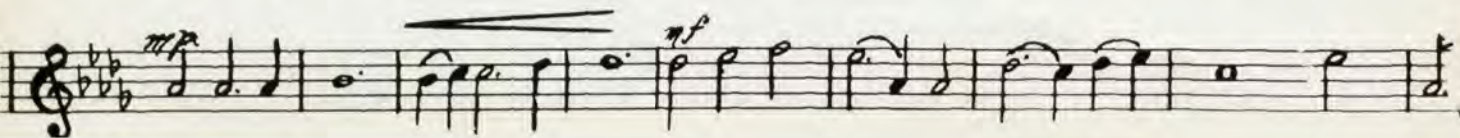
Shiny hair has she, and eyes
Of blue her pure complexion grace,
And wisdom deep beyond them lies,
Not boasted of, behind her face.

Prowess great in sports she shows,
As well as in her studies; and

As everybody fully knows,
To all tasks lends a helping hand.

Sweet sincerity she wears;
Her oaths, in contrast, us amuse,
As she her strong convictions airs,
And strives to make us see her views.

Blessed equanimity
Besides — these gifts and more amaze
All those that do with us agree
And with us on her, charmed, gaze.



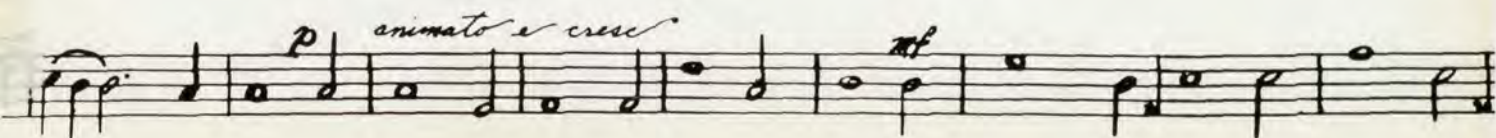
- IX Scenery Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
Ticket Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
THE INKLING Staff
- X Chairman of Invitation Committee for Spring Dance
Scenery Committee for "Berkeley Square"
Costumes Committee for "Berkeley Square"
- XI Vice-president and Secretary of Class
Chorus of "Patience"
Scenery Committee for "Patience"
- XII Chairman of Publicity Committee for "The Rivals"
Minuet in "The Rivals"
THE INKLING Staff
Chairman of Entertainment Committee for Christmas Dance



Louise Este Mason

There was a little girl who had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when it was blond, it was very, very blond,
But when we said so, she grew torrid.
With such color bright and fair for the dyeing
of the hair,
Louise had a talent, to be sure;
But now with great renown, it's returning to a
brown,
And a Princeton scarf enhances its allure.
And when you see her smile, you know it's right
in style

For a girl that's gay and cute like Louise.
But there's so much more than that,
(than her Princeton Charlie hat)
There's even quite a brain, if you please.
In math, she's quite a whiz, with an A on every
quiz,
And she made the Academic Honor Roll,
But the biggest contribution to our class's evolution
Is her friendliness, and striving toward her goal.

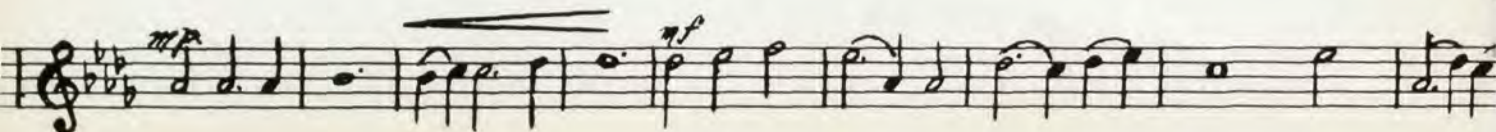




- IX Madrigal Group
 - Debating Team
 - Scenery Committee for "The Admirable Crichton"
 - THE INKLING Staff
 - Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 - TIME Current Affairs Test— school prize
- X Madrigal Group
 - Octet
 - Lady Anne Pettigrew in "Berkeley Square"
 - THE INKLING Staff
 - TIME Current Affairs Test— school prize
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club
 - Assistant Editor of THE INKLING
 - Lady Jane in "Patience"
 - Scenery Committee for "Patience"
 - Madrigal Group
 - Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest— Second Prize
 - TIME Current Affairs Test— school prize
 - Varsity Basketball Team
- XII President of Student Council
 - Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals"
 - Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 - Varsity Basketball Team
 - Madrigal Group
 - THE INKLING Staff
 - THE LINK literary staff
 - Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest
 - TIME Current Affairs Test— school prize

Leslie Corinna McAneny

When
 A strong
 Alto voice
 Resounds over
 All the first altos;
 When we hear, "Can we pull
 The weed?"; when we see someone's
 Hand waving wildly in French class —
 And think how without her great talent
 The Council would be quite forlorn, and the
 Dramatic Club, too!— and we who from her fine
 Leadership benefit; dullness itself
 Our class would oft be, without her to
 Liven it up with debate and
 Decided opinions; when
 We think, "Self-reliance,
 Enthusiasm,
 And a loud laugh"—
 We think of
 Leslie
 First.

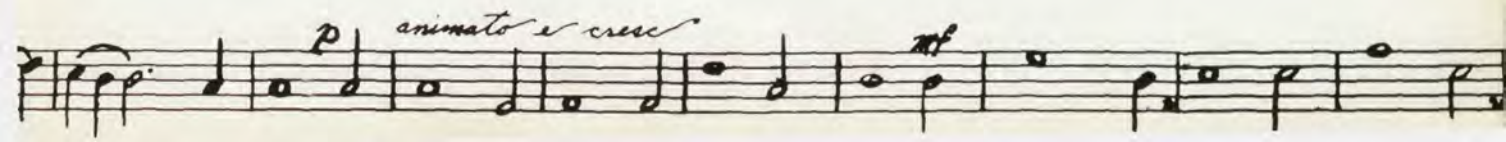


- IX Varsity Hockey Team
Scenery for Middle School Plays
- X Scenery for Middle School Plays
- XI Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Scenery Committee for "Patience"
Chairman of Invitation Committee for Senior Dance
- XII Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Captain of Gray Team
Advertising Manager of the LINK
Co-chairman of Properties Committee for "The Rivals"
Chairman of Invitation Committee for October Dance
Chairman of Decorations Committee for Valentine Dance



Patricia Joy Robinson

Pat's so sweet and Pat's so fair
But Pat wears curlers in her hair.
Especially when it's raining out,
With her blond curls she has a bout,
Since this has been her only vice
We really think she's awfully nice.
As captain of that noble team
(The Grays of course) she's won esteem
'Mongst all the girls who win or lose,
Whether they be Grays or Blues.
She's always helped on any day
With scenery for some school play;
She always wears that friendly smile
Along with clothes in perfect style.
While all her gifts are wide and choice,
And include her alto voice,
Her tact and patience, come what may,
Distinguish her in every way.





- X Art Editor of THE FINEST
Maid in "Berkeley Square"
Scenery Committee for "Berkeley Square"
- XI Chorus in "Patience"
Poster Committee for "Patience"
- XII Madame de la Grace in "The Rivals"
Head of Poster Committee for "The Rivals"
Scenery Committee for "The Rivals"
Head of Decorations Committee for the Christmas
Dance

Anna Lucie Rosenblad

Freshness and bounciness,
Slenderness, charm;
High kicks, demure glance,
That all disarm.

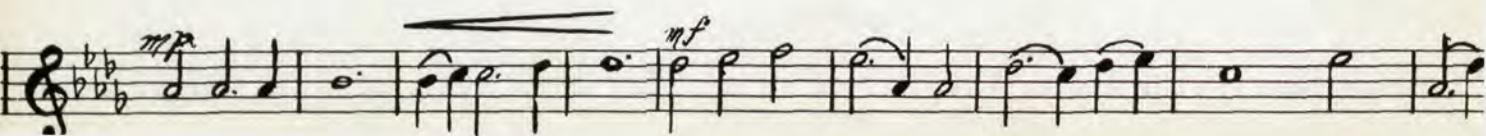
Fair hair and gracefulness
Her boyishness hide;
And gamin-like nature
Belies her grave side.

Her talents at painting;
Her dripping lakes,

And trees and sunsets;
All she undertakes:

Bach and Beethoven,
And roles in plays,
Do some enchant
And all amaze.

Though her non-conformity
Do all delight,
She still seems "grande dame"
In our sight.



- X Madrigal Group
Scenery Committee for "Berkeley Square"
- XI Student Council Representative
Chorus of "Patience"
Chairman of Invitation Committee for Valentine
Dance
- XII Photography Editor for THE LINK
Minuet in "The Rivals"



Katherine Marie Webster

Kathie came to M. F. S.
When but a tiny babe of six,
From Indiana land she came,
That level state out in the sticks.

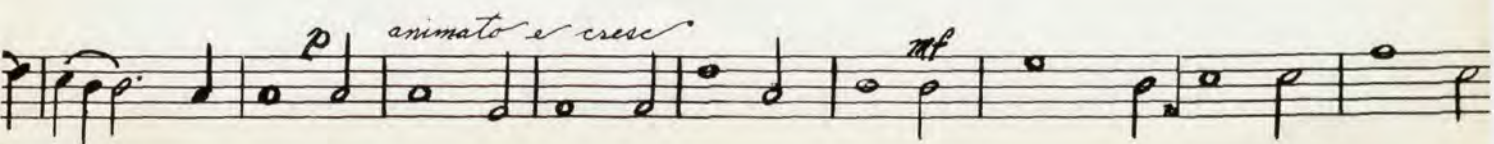
Since that day long years ago,
Our own midwestern rube
Has most delightfully become
A veritable Princeton dude.

For who but Kathie could succeed,
With such a lovely flair,

In wearing flashing coat of red
With orange scarf around her hair?

Her troubles with her naughty Olds,
Her talents musical,
Her skills upon a ballroom floor,
Are so well known to all.

One moment bubbling with good cheer,
Then annoyed at us no end,
Whatever Kathie's mood may be,
She's a warm and loyal friend.



	SAYINGS	HAUNT	MENTIONS	MOST
Barton	"Oh gad!"	The Met	Mittens	intellectual
Bedford	"Me?"	library	television programs	quiet
Clafin	"People,"	P.U. Dump	?	independent
Creasey	"theoretically-"	under a red hat	Peapack	dependable
Fulper	"I know what lets do"	the Websters'	sisters	vivacious
Gihon	"Sort'a neat"	polo grounds	nothing more than once	levelheaded
Hammell	"He's so sweet"	"Red Beetle"	"Joan"	friendly
Hart	"El-lo, Judy!"	train to her music lessons	Yale	musical
Keegin	"I've got an announcement"	class meeting	everything	organized
Kernan	"Mein Gott im Himmel"	German lesson	International School	innocent looking
Kramer	"..oh hell..."	Creasey's car	Italy	naïve
Mason	"WEB-DEB!"	Prospect Street	last weekend	changeable
McAneny	"But... but, Mrs. Shepherd-"	wherever smoking is allowed	ancestors	the hypochondriac
Robinson	"I'm sorry"	Turnpike	California	considerate
Rosenblad	"Oh, NO!"	"116"	diamond mines	scatterbrained
Webster	"oh my gosh"	The Alley	dances	lazy
Class	"We think we need a rest!!"	Bridge Parties	over-work	united

SAVING GRACE	PET PEEVE	AMBITION	RESETTING SIN	CHEF D'NEUVUE	MOST LIKELY TO
voice	getting stuck in Firestone elevator	sing National Anthem in Ebbet's Field	perfect pitch	homework	eat family out of house and home
calmness	hurrying	meet Jack Palance	vagueness	history recitations	not achieve her ambition
poise	inefficiency	to be Fred Astaire's dancing partner	stubbornness	last wreath	make the right decision
good humor	peevishness	to be a trained seal in a circus	sarcasm	hard math problems	succeed
dimples	necking	to dance with "Charlie's Aunt"	blushing	surprise baskets	star at The Palace
integrity	stupidity	jump off the Brooklyn Bridge	cynicism	doodles	idolize Maxwell Bodenheim
smile	unfriendliness	to have a fleet of beetle "Beetles"	age	conductor of "Toy Symphony"	make friends
eyes	when Madrigal group's off key	to be on the polo team	disheveled hair	Brooklyn accent	play honky-tonk at Carnegie Hall
earnestness	rudeness	to have 10 children	driving	class meetings	marry for love
grace	superficiality	to travel all over the world	moods	Lucy in <u>The Rivals</u>	be envoy to Liechtenstein
peaches and cream complexion	blasé people	to be sexy	always asking "why?"	sketches in classes	do something unexpected
spontaneity	grinds	to be a "LIFE" cover girl	rainbow hair	beer mug socks	be a "Parisienne"
wit	insincerity	to be Tsarina of Russia	irascibility	dramatics	knife the junior Senator of Wisconsin
congeniality	bridge players who don't pay attention	to be divorced 3 times before she's 21	curlers in hair	invitation committees for the dances	"ride the range"
originality	homework	to be a "femme fatale"	sloppiness	exercises	to blow away
kindness	clamp weather	to get drunk	giggle	ice skating	break the family record
good intentions	Joe McCarthy	to install an elevator to the S.S.R.	procrastination	lucky Number Shows	scramble the Universe



FACULTY

BACK ROW: Miss Phelps, Miss Brunswick, Miss Cohan, Miss Fox, Miss Williams, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Dennison. MIDDLE ROW: Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Garson, Mrs. McDonough, Mrs. Raubitschek, Mrs. Paterson, Mme. Holenkoff, Miss Dague, Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Conroy, Miss Hope. FRONT ROW: Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Meyerkort, Miss Weigel, Miss Davis, Mrs. Gulick, Mrs. Busselle, Mrs. Snedeker. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Burrill, Mr. Eddy, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. McAneny, Mrs. Godolphin.

XI

THIRD ROW:

Lucy Busselle
 Laura Travers
 Julia Gallup
 Viola Guinness
 Myrta Hammell
 Barbara Benson
 Theodora Stillwell
 Elsa Johnson

SECOND ROW:

Ann Freedman
 Ellen Jamieson
 Jean Crawford
 (President)
 Alice Marie Nelson
 Ute Sauter

FIRST ROW:

Jo Cornforth
 Chloe King
 Barbara Kohlsaatt
Missing:
 Merriol Baring-Gould
 Terry Beck



X

THIRD ROW:
Marina Turkevich
Margy Pacsu
Lockie Stafford
Ann Smith
Betsy Thomas
(President)
Beth MacNeil

SECOND ROW:
Pam Thompson
Hobey Alsop
Sally Sikes
Kinny Hubby
Hester Delafield
Grace Morton
Elisa Strachan
Kay Dunn

FIRST ROW:
Anne Harrison
Carol Harris
Cicely Tomlinson
Charlotte Cook

MISSING FROM
PICTURE:
Pat Andrews
Pat Henderson



IX

THIRD ROW:

Helen Wilmerding
Kinsa Turnbull
Susan Barclay
Nancy Miller
Eugénie Rudd
Alissa Kramer

SECOND ROW:

Susan Kohler
Sandy Strachan
Susie Smith
Rosalind Webster
(President)
Mary Strunsky

FIRST ROW:

Bonnie Campbell
Judy Vollbrecht
Bettina Burbidge
Abbie Rickert
Nancy Hagen

MISSING FROM

PICTURE:

Anne Gildar
Eleanor Smith





Upper School

Eugenie Rudd, Kinsa Turnbull, Joan Kennan, Lucy Busselle, Leslie McAneny, Audrey Kramer, Barbara Benson, Ann Freedman, Lockie Stafford, Cicely Tomlinson.

Upper and Middle School Councils



Middle School

Mary Liz Alexander, Deborah Smith, Frances Hitchcock, Suzy Scarff, Cindy Phelps, Trika Smith, Faith Wing.

This year the Student Council has concentrated on clarifying the rules and responsibilities of the Honor System, and strengthening its effectiveness. Although it has used its disciplinary powers to maintain order, the Council has tried to emphasize the principles of individual honor on which our system is built. It has done this through open meetings, assemblies and class meetings. It has also attempted to bring about closer co-operation among the various organizations. In this direction it sponsored and supervised the election of a committee to co-ordinate extra-curricular activities and has acted as general supervisor of the Valentine Dance, given by all the organizations. Other Council projects included the acquisition of a pay phone for the gym lobby, and, through its officers, the revision and revitalization of the school handbook.

STANDING:

Patsy Kerney
Carol Harris

SITTING:

Sandy Gartner
Anne Bacon
Margy Pacsu
Alice Marie Nelson
Ann Claflin
Ann Freedman
Helen Ann Keegin

Missing from
picture:

Lawrie Perry
Susan Barclay



Social Service Committee

The Social Service Committee has stressed the importance of the individual in social service work this year. We have urged participation in community activities, and have many girls working in the Princeton Hospital, the Princeton Nursery School, and at the Quaker Work camps. We also raised \$650 for the following funds: The World University Service, Save the Children Federation, Community Chest, The Hundred Neediest Cases, and the United Negro College Fund. We gave two concerts at the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, Skillman Village, New Jersey.

The wreath-making project at Christmas time was an enormous challenge, successfully met by the concerted efforts of the middle and upper school. This netted over \$200.

The toy drive at Christmas, the clothing drive for Greece, Junior Red Cross projects, the March of Dimes, and the book drive for the Pine Mountain Settlement School have also been important projects.

The special work of this committee has been to evaluate all the programs of past social service work at Miss Fine's, and to recommend future policy.

We have met our obligations and have undertaken to cover an extensive program. We hope we have maintained and contributed to a great tradition of social service work in our school. The members of the committee were: Ann Claflin, chairman; treasurer, Ann Freedman; secretary, Carol Harris; Class representatives: Helen Ann Keegin, Alice Marie Nelson, Margie Pacsu, Susan Barclay.

The entire committee is indebted to Mrs. Ira O. Wade, the faculty adviser, and to Mrs. Irving Harris, the parent adviser, for their invaluable help and guidance.

The Rivals

Fag, Captain Absolute's servant	James H. Goss
Thomas	Alan Ira Ross
Lydia Languish	Jo Cornforth
Lucy, her maid	Joan Kennan
Julia Melville	Susan Creasey
Mrs. Malaprop	Leslie McAneny
Sir Anthony Absolute	Kurth Sprague
Captain Absolute	(Friday) Herbert McAneny
	(Saturday) Mihailo Voukitchevitch
Faulkland	Peter Force de Baun
Squire Acres	Allen Martin Jr.
Boy	Grace Morton
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Ralph Pratt Hoagland
David, Squire Acres' servant	Michael Kenneth Absher
Bridget, Squire Acres' servant	Alice Marie Nelson
Kate, Miss Melville's maid	Hester Delafield
M. de la Grace, a dancing master	James W. Donnelly
Mme de la Grace	Anna Rosenblad (Friday)
	Agnes Fulper (Saturday)

Committee Chairmen: Scenery, Judy Gihon; Costumes, Elsa Johnson; Properties, Audrey Kramer and Patricia Robinson; Lighting, Lucy Busselle; Make-up, Agnes Fulper; Tickets, Catherine Hammell; Publicity, Louise Mason; Posters, Anna Rosenblad; Lobby and Ushers, Terry Beck; Refreshments, Helen Ann Keegin; Prompter, Hester Delafield.

Director: Mrs. Herbert McAneny

Technical Director: Mrs. Clarence Johnson

Music and Dance Director: Miss Rosamond Cohan

Officers of the Dramatic Club: President, Susan Creasey; Secretary-Treasurer, Elsa Johnson; Business Manager, Alice Marie Nelson.

Dramatic Club



Madrigal Group



Cathy Hammell, Beth MacNeil, Barbara Kohlsaas (Secretary-Treasurer), Margy Pacsu, Lockie Stafford, Alice Marie Nelson, Leslie McAneny, Laura Travers, Susan Creasy, Saki Hart, Ann Freedman, Lucy Busselle, Marina Turkevich, Jean Crawford, Jenneke Barton (President), Mary Strunsky, Miss Cohan, Chloe King, Betsy Thomas.

Glee Club

The Glee Club opened its fall season with a concert at Skillman Village on December 9th. On December 13th the club and Madrigal Group participated in the Hun School Christmas Vesper Service, and on December 18th we sang at our own Christmas Candlelight Service.

The highlight of the year was the joint concert with the Princeton Freshman Glee Club in Alexander Hall, on February 26th. We were honored by the sponsorship of the Friends of Music, who procured a harpsichord for us, which enhanced a distinguished program. Our final concert was with the Blair School on April 24th.

Officers for the year were: Cathy Hammell, President; Alice Marie Nelson, Secretary; class representatives: Abbie Rickert, Marina Turkevich, Barbara Kohlsaas, and Jenneke Barton.

We should like to applaud our new and wonderful director, Miss Rosamond Cohan, for all she has done to make such an enjoyable year, and also Mrs. Pacsu, our brilliant accompanist.



BACK ROW:
 Jean Crawford
 (Manager)
 Susan Creasey
 Audrey Kramer
 Aggie Fulper
 Barbara Benson
 (Manager)

MIDDLE ROW:
 Kinsa Turnbull
 Sandy Strachan
 Alice Marie Nelson
 Barbara Kohlsaat
 Nancy Miller

FRONT ROW:
 Anne Harrison
 Lucy Busselle
 Judy Gihon
 Chloe King
 Kinny Hubby

Athletic Association

This year the athletics program received much interest and support. Participation on varsity teams was limited to hockey, basketball, and lacrosse, but there was also keen interest in badminton, archery, volley ball and baseball.

The hockey season got off to a bad start, but we found ourselves doing better all the time, and could boast a fine record at the end of the season. We played five games and took part in the North Jersey Hockey Association Tournament, where we won a place on both the Honorary and Reserve teams.

We maintained our good record throughout the basketball and lacrosse seasons. In intra-mural sports we held class tournaments, and the whole school turned out for the exciting Blue-Gray games.

A new way of making points for the school teams was added this year. By gaining credits for good posture, everyone was given an opportunity to add to the total number of points for games won, and the banner will be awarded at Commencement to the captain of the winning team.

The sports year was closed by the annual team picnic, to which all members of Varsity and Junior Varsity teams were invited.

Our special thanks go to Mrs. Cobb for her enthusiastic coaching, fine leadership, and real interest throughout the year. The officers were: Judy Gihon, President; Chloe King, Secretary-Treasurer; Helen Ann Keegin and Pat Robinson, respectively Blue and Gray team captains.





BACK ROW:

Barbara Benson
(Manager)
Leslie McAneny
Lucy Busselle
Audrey Kramer
Barbara Kohlsaatt
Susan Creasey

FRONT ROW:

Anne Harrison
Chloe King
Judy Gihon
Kinny Hubby
Alice Marie Nelson

Missing from picture
Aggie Fulper
Sally Sikes
Sandy Strachan





The Inkling

BACK ROW: Lucy Busselle, Marina Turkeyvich, Wendy Fraker, Ann Smith, Hester Delafield, Lockie Stafford, Betsy Thomas, Viola Guinness, Ellen Jamieson. FRONT ROW: Pam Thompson, Chloe King, Jo Cornforth, Barbara Benson, Alice Marie Nelson, Deborah Smith, Myrta Hammell, Laura Travers. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Merriol Baring-Gould, Alissa Kramer, Louise Mason, Leslie McAneny, Mary Strunsky.

Publications

The Finest

STANDING:
Eileen Baker
Deborah Smith
Pam Thompson
Betsy Thomas

SITTING:
Theodora Stillwell
Ann Smith
Kay Dunn
Grace Morton



Friendship

It was a strange friendship. Why, there was a difference of ten years between them. Why is that so strange, you ask. Simply because she was twenty and he was ten. They should have had friends of their own age. There is a vast difference between ten and twenty. And yet, what is strange about a friendship based on mutual interest and admiration in the other, love of the other and enjoyment of each other's company?

He was wandering aimlessly down the beach in the late afternoon. It wasn't the kind of beach which had seen a day full of vacationers, lying in the sand under bright colored umbrellas, nor had it heard the cries and laughter, muffled by the powerful roar of waves. There were no scatterings of paper plates, popsicle sticks or soda bottles. Instead, it was a quiet stretch of tawny sand, encircled by high blue-green pines and formidable gray rocks on one side and misty blue-gray water on the other. The sun shone through the pines in splotches. It was not a hard, torrid sun of noon nor a cold, foggy sun of morning but a soft, warm sun of late afternoon, quiet and peaceful as it slipped behind the trees.

He walked along the edge of the water, intently kicking a stone in front of him. His blond-white hair carelessly flopped down to his eyes and his hands would methodically push it back as he walked.

He walked down to the edge of the stretch where the rocks sloped into the water. Unconsciously he turned back, walked a few yards and slowly turned his head around. Yes, there was someone there. No, there couldn't be. Nobody lived around here for miles. Slowly, stealthily, he turned his body around and looked to the rocks.

There was a girl there, sitting at the edge of the water, squinting out at the bay, the tip of a paint brush between her teeth. She continued to gaze into space, immune to any life around her, and, as he haltingly approached her, he could have believed she was a statue. He did not reach her, but stood a few feet back, squinting into space, trying to grasp the factor which held her rapt attention. The quietude and lifelessness of the surroundings only served to make him restless and he turned towards home, when suddenly, "Come here and stand about knee deep in the water, looking out towards the ocean. That might balance the whole picture!" He stopped dead in his tracks, glanced back and wanted to run furiously home, but at the same time, something magnet-like seemed to pull him toward her. Ever so slowly and timidly, he approached, so tense that had she touched him, he would have dashed away. He was completely unaware of what she was saying or doing until her sharp voice penetrated his numbness. "Well, are you going to come or not? You

don't have to. You don't have to do anything for me...."

Dazedly, he shook his head and went out to the water. The coldness and wetness instantly brought him to his senses and he furtively turned his head around to look at her, but instantly resumed his position, looking out at the graying water.

"No, no, no! This just isn't working. Come on back." That same magnet took possession of him and he slowly made his way back, all the time staring at her.

"Come on, now. Stop looking at me like that. I'm not going to eat you." "Well, ... well, you see ... well, I never knew anyone else came around here. I mean, I only thought it was only us living here." "So?" "Well, I'm sorry. Better go home. My mother, you know, she kinda doesn't like me staying out so late. Gotta go home. Supper ... Bye."

He stumbled down the sand. "She's real mean. She didn't even say thank you or come back or anything. Gosh, I hate 'er."

Nevertheless, the next day, he felt the same magic she had over him, and decided to take a picnic lunch down to the beach and wait for her. He jumped out of bed and ran downstairs, excitement surging throughout his body.

"No, dear. Not today. You can go down to the beach this afternoon. I'm going into town and I want you to come in for a haircut." A sharp pain of disappointment went through him and he had to bite his lip hard to keep from crying. "Do I really?" "Yes."

The afternoon found him running breathlessly down the sand. Was she going to be there? Was she really there yesterday or was it a dream? She was a dream. He knew it and his anticipation immediately died. But, he talked to her; he stood in the water and he remembered her sharpness. He continued to run, straining his eyes, and suddenly, he saw her. He stopped running and walked slowly, casually scuffing his feet along the sand, whistling a few notes of something.

"So you're back?"

"Oh, hello ... I didn't know you'd be here today."

"No, I guess not. I thought you had come back to see the painting."

"Well, I did ... well, that is I just thought I'd take a walk. I had to go into town with Mother all day. I hate to go to town, don't you? Everybody stares at us because we live out here all alone and they think we're kind of queer or something. I hate to have people all stare at me. It gets me embarrassed."

"Yes, I hate to have people stare. But if you just walk and look straight ahead, they'll stop. They'll

see you don't care for them and they'll stop."

"Oh, but I do care. I want to talk to them. I want them to talk to me and like me."

"No, you don't. You don't want to like them. They've been rude to you. You don't want to be nice to them. You should show them you don't care."

He sat down on the sand and dug into it with his toes. A silence fell over them; she painted and he drew pictures in the sand.

"I think you're wrong, though ... I mean, you're older than I am and you should know, I guess, but I think you should want people to like you. I really do ..."

He looked up at her and immediately switched his gaze when he saw she was looking at him.

"Do you like to paint?"

"I guess so. I've tried lots of other things. Swimming, tennis. I guess I was kind of good. At least, that's what some said. But now ... well, I just decided I'd try painting. It's just one of those things."

"I'd like to paint. I once drew a picture of Mummy, but I guess it didn't really look like her. She liked it though. She really did. She kept it. I drew a picture of my dog once, too. He was the best dog. He'd do anything I told him. He was my best friend."

Why didn't she ask him what happened to the dog? He wanted to talk about his dog. As though she had read his mind, she said, "Don't talk about him. It does no good to talk about something you used to have. It does something to you. It makes you sad."

"Well, I've got to go now. I'll see you tomorrow. Will you be here?"

"Yes."

The days flew by. Every afternoon he would sit in the sand, drawing pictures while she painted. They talked about anything: God, games, dogs, school ...

One night, while he was eating dinner, he mentioned his "friend." "She's awful nice at times. She paints. I go to see her every afternoon."

"That's strange. I haven't heard about anyone else living around here, have you, Martha?" "Why no. Of course I'm not in town much but I'm sure I would have heard something. I'll ask next time I'm in."

The next day, he told her about the dinner conversation. "Don't you know anyone around here? Why, gosh, if you did, everyone would have been talking about how someone else was crazy enough to come back here for a few months and didn't tell anyone."

"Why, yes. I know. I used to know people here, but I came back for a few months without telling anybody. There's something about the tranquility and isolation of this place which I have never known. To sit on a rock at sunset and look out on the water, still as glass, reflecting all the brilliant purples and pinks and oranges; it's like being in Paradise, all by yourself. All the racing around,

the stuffiness, all the hates and loves of the day have disappeared and it's all yours, to be in this Paradise, and you breathe in the air and it is fresh and clean and the sun and the water and the rocks; they're all yours. All your very own with no one to interfere."

"I know, but I don't like to be alone. I don't have any friends here and I want them. I don't care if they love me or hate me. I just want to have them there. That's why I like to come and talk to you. But you're kind of queer. You don't like people and stuff and I bet you don't like me to come and take away your 'Paradise.' Well, I'll go home now. You can keep your ole Paradise. And another thing, you said not to talk about things you haven't got. Well, if I didn't talk about them or think about them like that ... like, for instance, my dog, I'd be ... well, gosh, I'd just be so lonesome and stuff. I'm going home and leave you to yourself."

"All right, go on home, but remember this. Whatever happens you haven't broken into my Paradise. You've added to it."

With tears stinging in his swollen eyes, he ran blindly home.

The next day, he crept back, ready to make every apology and resume the wonderful relationship. So what if she did have strange ideas, she was nice to him. She hadn't done anything to hurt him, they'd talked a lot and laughed a lot. Isn't that what counts? Suddenly, he stopped ... She was gone! No trace, and he had sent her away. It was all because of what he had said the day before, he knew. Oh, but she would be back and he would wait for her. He sat down and looked out toward the ocean ...

Meanwhile, back at his home, his mother was saying, "You know, I did hear something about a girl who was supposed to have come back to this part of the beach. Apparently she and her family came here every summer, years back. Now they say, she's come down with some disease - cancer, or something, and isn't expected to live much longer. She used to be a marvelous swimmer and since her disease demands absolute quiet, she's gotten very bitter and has taken to the woods here. Won't see or speak to anyone. As Ida Jones was saying the other day, 'For all we know, she may be dead now'."

Helen Ann Keegin, XII
First Prize
Upper School Prose

Honorable Mention, Upper School Prose:
Terry Beck, XI - Thirteen
Margy Pacsu, X - The Golden Light

Jim's Decision

The black Tory slave, Jim, galloped speedily past Worth's Mill and turned sharply on to Quaker Road. Every now and then he looked back over his shoulder to see if he was being followed. His eyes were wide with fear, for he had seen the crushing battle at Trenton. All at once he realized that he couldn't go much farther. His horse was white with sweat and had slowed to a trot. He saw a road off to the left and turned in. A little farther on there was a farm house with the letter "R" written on the door in red chalk, for "Rebel." He was trying to get to a Tory house, but his horse was nearly ready to drop, so Jim reined in.

An old negro slave peeked out the front door. "Whig or Tory?" she demanded.

"Tory," Jim replied, "but ah cain't go no farther. Ma horse is jist 'bout t' drop, and ah'm wounded in the arm."

"Come in," she said sympathetically.

As Jim climbed down from his stolen horse, he realized how tired he actually was. It seemed that all he wanted was a hot meal and a comfortable bed. He tied his horse to the hitching post and walked in. He felt as if he hadn't been in a good sturdy house for weeks.

The room he entered was a combination of dining room, living room, and kitchen. There was a large fireplace at one end where a blazing fire looked most inviting. A bedroom and a storage room opened off this room. The staircase to the upstairs rooms was also there. Standing in front of the fireplace were two middle-aged women in somber clothes. Jim thought they were probably Quakers.

"Miss Sarah," said the negress, addressing the taller of the two women, "this here man's a Tory, but I didn't think you all'd mind. S'all right, isn't it, Miss Sarah? He's wounded 'n his hoss is too tired t' go farther."

"Of course it is, Liza. Just because our beliefs differ doesn't mean we're not willing to help a fellow American. We have an extra bed. Hannah and I will be glad to do anything we can for you."

"But first," said the other woman, "you must tell us your business and any news or messages you might have. Our brother, Thomas Clarke, requires that of all visitors."

"Well, ah don't have too much t'tell," said Jim, "but ah jest seed the most horr'ble thing ever. Gen'al Washington won Trenton from de British. Colonel Rall was wounded and that's when ah lef'. Someone shot after me, 'n got me in th' arm. Ah was aimin' to tell some Tory in Princeton that Washington and Mercer is comin' this way. Ma hoss had come s' hard 'n fas', he was all tired out. Ah couldn't go no farther."

"Oh, Sarah! Thomas will be so happy! Liza, tell Jeremy to ride quickly over to town and spread the news. Also, tell him to make sure Thomas comes back here, and doesn't stay with his militia. We need him here."

Jim could tell that Miss Sarah was happy by the light in her eyes, but she said nothing to indicate it. She took a bowl from the corner cupboard next to the fireplace and dished some steaming soup from the black kettle on the fireplace crane. Jim was really hungry and the soup disappeared fast.

Jim asked if there was anything he could do, and when Miss Sarah told him to go to bed he didn't hesitate a moment. He went into the little bedroom off the living room and lay down.

He had just begun to doze, however, when he heard a volley of shots. Suddenly he was no longer tired. He jumped out of bed and went to the window. He was joined by the Clarke sisters and their slaves. From this back bedroom they could see that their fields had become a battle-ground.

Behind this very farm house were ragged American troops, which had seemingly dropped from the cold gray sky. Facing them, across the snowy meadow marched well-organized, well-groomed British troops in handsome uniforms and respectable black boots.

The volley which Jim had heard had come from the Americans led by General Mercer. The British fired back and immediately charged. For a few disastrous moments, Mercer's poorly-armed men stood their ground, but the flashing British bayonets were too much for them. They fled in disorder, circling around the British toward the grove of trees on the northern slope of a far field. The British wheeled in pursuit. But at the rise of the slope suddenly appeared a troupe of American regulars and the Pennsylvania militia commanded by a tall, dignified man.

"It's Gen'l Washington!" said Jim in despair.

"Thank God!" said Miss Hannah.

As they watched the fierce fighting, Jim saw British cruelty everywhere. He was strongly against the rebels. But now he wondered. He was against them because his master and mistress had been. But as they watched the bravery of Mercer and Washington and their battered soldiers, he could not help feeling the rebel cause must be a worthy one. Surely such men as these and Sam Adams, Jefferson and Franklin, must have good reasons to defy the mother country.

Jim watched with horror as he saw the filthy rebels being bayoneted to death by the well-armed British. He tried to persuade himself that any method of killing was fair in war. The rebels were

baby-hearted not to be as murderous. Their methods of killing were even worse, he thought, remembering one of his master's friends. He had been tarred and feathered and ridden on a fence rail because he had said that America's differences with England might be settled peaceably. His death had been long drawn-out with suffering. The quick clean bayonet death was better, Jim thought, easing his conscience.

Jim was brought back to the present, by the stern calm voice of Miss Hannah. "We have watched too long," she said. "Our inactivity may be costing lives. Go, you, Jeremy, and you, Jim, and bring in as many wounded as you can move. Take a blanket."

As the boys left the house her voice was continuing, "Liza, bring old sheets for bandages. And we will need much hot water and —"

Jim and Jeremy had managed to bring in three wounded men and were returning again to the blood-soaked battlefield when they met three soldiers carrying the wounded body of General Mercer.

"Boys," cried one of the soldiers, "run fast into the house and prepare a place. It's our general who has fallen."

In the little back bedroom, on the very bed where Jim himself had rested, the body of the great general was carefully placed. Miss Sarah told the soldiers to warm themselves by the living room fire. But she kept Jim with her to attend to the general's wounds.

"Take these sheets, Jim," she said. "Hold them wadded tightly to stop the flow of blood here from his side. I must get more blankets."

Jim stood there leaning over the wounded commander. The face was kind. Mercer's eyes opened and he looked at him and smiled. "Thank you, my good lad," the general said feebly.

Suddenly Jim found himself saying, "Oh, suh, Ah watched you in the battle. You fought so adm'ably, suh. Ah'm beginning to think your cause is better than the Tory cause."

"You're a Tory, yourself?"

"Yes, suh. But Ah'm havin' trouble. Ah believe in the Tory beliefs, suh, but Ah'm beginning to see the Rebel cause."

"My boy, there's only one thing worse than a war. Do you know what this is?"

"No, suh."

"It's to turn coats. If you're a Tory to begin with, stay a Tory till the end. If you're a Whig at the beginning, don't change halfway. If a man won't defend his cause and die for it, then there is no purpose for that man to live. A war is the result of different opinions. When this foolish war is over, we will all greet each other as long-lost brothers."

Miss Sarah came into the room with her arms loaded with blankets. "My beloved general," she said, "you must not tire yourself with talking."

The general smiled at Jim and then closed his eyes in exhaustion. And in Jim was the realization Mercer was right. A new hope was born in him, aroused by the Rebel general's words. Jim would hunt out the Loyalist troops and fight and perhaps die for the Tory cause. But he would forever know that the man who had made his thinking clear was a great man on the enemy side.

Deborah Smith, VII
First Prize
Middle School Prose

Honorable Mention, Middle School Prose:
Cicely Tomlinson, VIII – The Coward

Expansion

The barriers of darkness have fallen at dawn;
The feudal walls have crumbled into dust,
And knights have crossed the drawbridge of the seas.
They have carried floating banners above the clouds
Through hidden jungles against enchanted drums.
The savage has fled to his forests beyond the frontier
And lies buried beneath the prancing, iron-shod horse.
The men in armor have flown across the earth,
And warriors of steel have seen the moon;
They look to the sun through the windows of the sky,
And turn to the stars and behold the frontiers of space.

Audrey Kramer, XII
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

The Hunt

Shadowed paths speckled with gold,
A silent tread, stealthily creeping
Flashing red, bronze, a snowy frill,
Ears pricked, tips touching.
A sound,
A wail on the breeze, louder, dying.
The tread stops, indecision.
Then, in a flash, becomes a streak of red,
Across the emerald field.
Around the bend, thundering,
Crimson coats, flashing mounts, sweated, eager, pounding.
The silver horn, its cry once more sounds.
The baying hounds, noses to earth, eager.
A fence, a break in stride, high, higher still, soaring.
Up and over.
Another field, a ditch, a wall, all the same to the pounding
hoofs.
More fences, woods, a stream, one down, a refusal.
The once eager hounds, tongues out, hot on the scent.
The splotch of crimson ever nearer, tiring, brush dragging.
One more try, gaining, trying.
A last fence, a mighty effort. Over!
Firing hooves, valiantly pounding.
Red nostrils snorting, dripping sweat.
The fox turns, winded. A lead hound snarls.
A lightning grab. A shriek.
The pack joins in. One last cry.
A lone rider pounds to a stop. Whip cracking.
The hounds cower.
The fox is lifted, a torn, mangled body.
A once proud free animal.
The rider mounts, his sweated mount impatient.
The silver horn sounds a final blast.

Brooke Stevens, VII
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

Mistletoe Woe

I stand beneath the mistletoe,
Unhappy as can be,
'Cause no one wants to stand beneath
The mistletoe with me.

I stand beneath the mistletoe,
And wait, and wait, and wait.
But no one seems to notice me,
Oh, what a sorry fate.

I stand beneath the mistletoe,
When happiness appears!
Daddy! You've never kissed me so,
In all my five whole years!

Suzy Scarff, VIII
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

By the Fire

By the fire I sit and ponder
Visions of things past and things to come,
My dreams go wild,
The flame goes higher.

Little things, small things come to mind,
My thoughts are lost in the fire.
Red, blue, green, and yellow,
The flame goes higher.

A voice calls and my thoughts are shattered,
I give the fire a wistful look.
Lower, lower, as I depart,
The flame goes lower.

Cindy Phelps, VII
Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

Lament for the First Christmas

Will you hear,
That holy eve, above the din
Of frantic shoppers, pseudo-Santas,
Jingle-bells and toy choo-choos,
The chimes resound?

Will you smell,
Above the feast that in your stove
Grows fragrant, and the smell of trees
And wreaths disguised with gaudy trimmings,
The incense sweet?

Will you see,
Above the tinsel, ribboned gifts
Around the hearth, and jeweled facades
Of crowded stores and weary salesgirls,
The guiding star?

Will you know,
On Christmas day when all are gathered,
Warm with love and festive cheer,
In paper and bright ribbons buried,
A Child is born?

Jenneke Barton
Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

ANNEX GRILL

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CLASS PROPHECY

The scene is the concert hall of the New World Symphony Orchestra; the year, 1974. Maestro McAneny has called the first rehearsal of Hart's revolutionary "Scarlet Symphony" in the new Radical Mode and Progressive Scale.

Kathie is the first of the players to enter, resplendent in a new red coat and orange scarf; she sits down and plays several liquid, sensuous notes on her clarinet. Susan soon follows, wearing her inevitable red cap; she mutters a few unintelligible remarks and stretches out across three chairs in the second violin section, making sure Leslie can't see her. Aggie provides quite a contrast as she plucks away jazzily on her double bass, arrayed in blue jeans and a gay shirt. Joan, recently returned from Russia and sporting a new haircut designed to please both those who like it long and those who like it short, is sawing away on her 'cello; suddenly she spies Anna, who has entered with her piccolo, and yells, "Hello, pip-squeak piccolo!"

At this Alice, who has been sitting quietly by her harp, wearing the dress she wore in "Patience" twenty-five years previously, lets out one of her unexpected howls of laughter, but is silenced by Maestro McAneny, who raps pompously on the music stand for order.

"First Ann will read us the itinerary for our forthcoming tour of the U.S.S.R.," says Leslie, and, sure enough, the manager is rushing up the aisle, running one hand through her hair. "Our tour will begin with concerts at Zurevozhantehursk, Veliky Vystug, Duepropetrovsk, Katchalinskaya—"

Suddenly the Maestro interrupts her, as Audrey sneaks in late, viola in hand. "I'm sorry, Audrey, but this time I'll have to give you a warning."

Audrey blushes and says in an aggrieved tone, "I'm sorry," but is hushed by the Maestro who declares, "Cathy, will you give us the pitch?" Cathy obligingly emits a squeak from her oboe, which somebody has stuffed with some of the salt-water taffy that Jenneke has brought with her. A general laugh results, and Aggie says, "Jenneke can give us the A," whereupon concertmaster Barton sings a high soprano A.

Leslie interrupts again, "You know perfectly

well that tuning from an A is old-fashioned and outdated! We're radical! We tune from a B! Saki, will you oblige us?" The composer bellows out a low B, drowning out Audrey's "Why?"; the orchestra tunes up and the rehearsal begins.

Helen, whose capacities have been taxed to the limit since she took over the whole percussion section, is observed by Louise to be beating her head with her hand. Upon closer inspection we see that, lacking the necessary number of hands, Helen has strapped one cymbal to her head. "C'est un vrai homme orchestre," observes Louise, just returned from Paris with a new red hairdo, as she pauses between trumpet blasts.

Meanwhile Pat has been laughing so hard at Cathy's stopped-up oboe that she produces some excruciating sounds on her trombone. Most of the orchestra think this is part of the symphony, but Saki screams, "What intonation!" dashes up to the piano, twirls the stool up several feet, and bangs out the right notes. Pat's hysterics are not calmed when Judy, sitting solemnly with legs crossed, flute in hand, yells out, "Ello Seki!"

The rehearsal has meanwhile attracted the attention of the concert hall janitor, who senses something terribly radical and non-conformist in what he hears; immediately his hound-dog instincts are aroused, and he hobbles into the hall and shouts, "I accuse you of being Scarlets!"

Amazement overcomes the orchestra as they recognize the ancient Junior Senator from Wisconsin and wonder what he is doing here; Leslie imperiously flicks a cigarette ash toward him and says, "Oh, drop dead, Joel" whereupon, worn out by his exhaustive career, he does. The ensuing silence is broken only by an explosion from the piccolo section; everyone turns around to see whether it is Anna's giggle or the piccolo. It is the former, which doesn't surprise anyone. Cathy announces, "Everybody come to my house for a party to celebrate!"

"Who's got a car?" asks Susan, waking up at the prospect. Kathie says airily, "Oh, Helen and I can take everybody," which causes shudders from some. The orchestra files out eagerly, leaving the inert body on the floor, while Leslie in final warning cries, "No messy music stands after 4:30!"





CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1954, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following to the class of 1955:

To Merriol Baring-Gould, Jenneke leaves her mother's Russian records, in the interest of spreading Bolshevik propaganda.

To Terry Beck, Leslie leaves Stevenson in hopes that she can get him into the White House.

To Barbara Benson, Susan, knowing the trials of team managership, leaves a year's supply of pre-cut Sunkist Oranges.

To Lucy Busselle, Saki leaves the Hospital, in hopes that "with one gone, they will be able to tell us apart."

To Jo Cornforth, Louise leaves her Princeton scarf, and Saki her Harvard one, so that she can add them to her collection.

To Jean Crawford, Cathy leaves the little red car, and Susan her red hat, so that Jean can get to Princeton occasions more easily and in perfect style.

To Ann Freedman, Alice leaves all internal control of next year's freshman class, in hopes that she can handle individual members better than Alice did.

To Julia Gallup, Ann leaves her silent secretary and memorandum book to help her remember things.

To Viola Guinness, Audrey leaves her endless supply of unanswerable questions.

To Myrtle Hammell, Helen leaves a carton of extra-long cigarettes.

To Ellen Jamieson, Judy leaves another week-

end guest for Susie, in case the Jamiesons run out of them.

To Elsa Johnson, Kathie leaves a pogo stick so that she can ascend to the top of Witherspoon Hall in one jump.

To Chloe King, Leslie leaves her ability to toss foul shots flat-footed.

To Barbie Kohlsaas, Pat leaves her procrastination in getting dates for MFS dances.

To Alice Marie Nelson, Anna leaves her clipping shears for those "natural" haircuts.

To Ute Sauter, Joan leaves her battered German textbooks so that Ute can brush up on her German before going home.

To Theodora Stillwell, Saki leaves her corny jokes, so that the other altos can turn around and look daggers at HER.

To Laura Travers, Louise leaves her subscriptions to all the Princeton publications so that Laura may leave her in peace.

To you we leave, O Juniors,
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