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December, 1926

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1926
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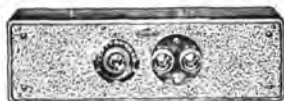
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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. VII

DECEMBER, 1926

No. 1

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorials	11
The Deer	Dorothea Matthews 12
Reincarnation	Betsy Hun 14
One Too Many	Barbara Mayor 15
Autumn and I	Anne Mitchell 17
Too Much Men	Doris Johnson 18
Night	Carolyn Morse 20
Pardon My Sarcasm	Martha Stockton 20
In This Day and Generation	Isabel Johnson 21
At Moonlight	Dorothea Perkins 23
A Comparison	Marionette DeLaurensburg 24
The Weeping Mulberry	Dorothea Matthews 25
The Hogart	Marion Lineaweaver 25
Kensington	Lily Lambert 27
The Crystal Lake	Anne Mitchell 27
School Notes	Katharine Mitchell 28
Primary Notes	Jean Havens 29
Athletic Notes	Jane Link 31
Alumnae Notes	Elizabeth Blackwell 32
Exchange Notes	Dorothy Wright 34

EDITORIALS

GROUND STICK! Ground stick! Ground stick! Clap! With our hearts beating like trip hammers, our eyes glued to the ball, we throw our whole soul into the spirit of the game. In and out, back and forth, our brains thinking quickly and clearly, we flash down the field. And when it is all over, we gather in a group to shout for the opposing team.

Little do we realize how like this game of hockey is the bigger, wider game of "School" and the still bigger, wider game of "Life", or how great a help these games are to us now in our school life, and will be in the years to come. Besides the vital importance of varying work with play for hygienic reasons, these games give us something which could not be gained from a hundred years in a schoolroom. They start a spirit of cooperation and a school spirit which nothing else can do. They encourage responsibility and instill into the players the courage to do and dare, the never-say-die attitude. They teach us the power of concentration, the ability and willingness to put every ounce of energy into whatever is to be done—to do one's best. The spirit which prompts one team to cheer another, which makes fair players and good losers, is the spirit that is needed as few other characteristics are needed, to make one's journey through life a happy and prosperous adventure.

So may we begin the new year and send the LINK on its way with this in our minds: that the fairer, the squarer we are, the more we put into these games, and into our school and social life, the more the world will give back to us in the years to come, of real happiness

* * * *

Two prizes will be given by the editors for the best compositions, one from the Upper, and one from the Lower School. The prize-winning compositions, together with any others

which the editors may wish to publish, will appear in the March number. All contributions must be handed to the Literary Editors on or before February 1. The sooner the better! And the more the merrier!

DORIS JOHNSON, '27.



The Deer

Silently poised, he stood
Like some old tapestry of far-off weaving,
Between the painted trees in the dim wood,
The crowned head lifted, staring quietly.
I think that it was Pan who challenged me
With great eyes proudly still;
Nothing but God could be so beautiful.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27.



Reincarnation

ROUND and round, faster, faster—gradually coming out of a deep fog—feeling nothing but this perpetual motion. Something white looming up ahead—moving swiftly—whither not knowing—following this dim white object—wanting to stop but finding it impossible. Gradually my brain became clearer and I saw, stretching out before me, an endless line of tiny white mice. The sound of their numerous tiny paws scampering, oh so horribly, nearly drove me crazy. Why, oh why? What could be their purpose in running around so madly?

Then suddenly the realization that I was one of them. I, the best known promoter of the theory of reincarnation, was a white mouse. Oh, the joy of having proved my theory! Then the horrible thought that no one would ever know, for how could a white mouse tell men what he knew?

Breaking in on my thoughts came a harsh and cruel laugh, and in reply "How can you laugh? Think how they must feel!" "Oh," I recognized the voice of one of my former friends, "I doubt that they can feel anything." Ah, if he only could know the agony I was in!

Thinking again of my curious predicament, I decided I must have died under the operation. I remembered the doctor's telling me it was nothing serious but he must have been mistaken. . . . Just a little white mouse, trained with two dozen others to run round and round a circle for the amusement of man. Oh, the humility of it! To think of my friends seeing me. Then the blessed relief in realizing that my friends could not recognize me. But even though it was not humiliating, it was decidedly uncomfortable.

I cast my eyes upward and saw a dirty, stubby finger pointing at me. In my astonishment at being thus distinguished from my fellows, I would have stopped had I been able to. Then a voice, "He's no good—have to drown him." Sure enough he picked me up and threw me in.

Struggling—burning hot—gasping for air—then blissful oblivion. Then once more gasping for air, and through the haze surrounding me came a voice, "Nasty pair of tonsils—pretty sick. All right soon." And gradually I came to, and realized that the ever circling white mice were merely the imaginings of my poor fevered brain.

BETSEY HUN, '27.



One Too Many

WILLIAM was one of the most unfortunate people who had ever been nicknamed "Billy." In the first place his father was a great sculptor. To add to his misfortunes, Billy was one, too, but minus the "great." On him had fallen the burden of showing women's clubs and Ladies' Aid Societies his father's studio in the afternoons. Hearing their insincere "gushings" about how they loved art, which is a sin of the first magnitude, made Billy slightly ill; but it had gone on, ever since people had begun visiting the studio.

The first six months had amused him, but that short period was far behind. He had grown used to the little gasp they gave when they stepped into the room, which was essentially a working studio, not a Hollywood edition. There was not a fish net in the place, and the alcove was filled with nothing more romantic than heaps of reserve armatures. Over all was the cold eye of a North Light, pitilessly showing the grey bareness of the room. It caught the splotches of hacked plaster left from former castings on the wooden turn-tables, and the thin drift of clay dust that becomes ingrained in the wood, and stays in spite of all cleanings.

That afternoon he was showing a party of four, and explaining for the nth time that artists have regular hours for work. When at last they left, he slung himself down and looked at the wreck of his idea. He had just started it, when he was interrupted, and now it was killed. He knew that he could

never do it now, as it should be done—and it had been a good idea. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer, and, getting up, he scribbled a note to his father, saying that he was going to spend the week-end with his aunt.

An hour later he caught the touring bus that went by the house. He glanced at the paper that his neighbor was holding. "Man suffering from amnesia found after twenty years." Probably fake, he thought idly, and turned to his own problems. He was so absorbed that he did not see it happen. There was an incredible shock, and, before he knew it, the big bus had turned turtle in the ditch. For a moment he lay stunned; then he crawled shakily out of a broken window. By the time he had got out, the car was already on fire, and in a few minutes it was too hot to go near. Half on the road stood what was left of the truck that had caused the accident. As there was nothing to be done, he broke away from the crowd that had already collected, and started to walk the remaining mile to town. He knew that somewhere in the wreck was his suitcase with his monogramed platinum cufflinks. The thought also came that platinum does not melt easily, and that no one had recognized him. Why should he have escaped?

While he walked he toyed with the idea of going West, and hiring a studio under another name. If he were caught, he could always plead amnesia, he reflected with a grin. There was nothing to hold him to his father; they had never been in sympathy. He knew that once rid of the burden of his celebrated father's name, he could make his way. Why not make the break? He looked up and saw that he had already arrived at the station. Suddenly his plans began to look weak. "Kid stuff." He went to the telephone booths. As he waited he thought dully that in a few minutes he would be talking to his father, telling him that he had escaped and would be home on Sunday night. He slid into a vacant booth and lifted the receiver. Just then he heard the voice of a girl saying:

"Oh, I just love art—" The rest of the sentence was

blotted out by the roar of an incoming train. Billy carefully dropped a coin in, and shut down the receiver with a crash. Then he walked slowly toward the ticket window.

"When is the next train to Vancouver?"

BARBARA S. MAYOR, '29.



Autumn and I

As a child in wooded fields I stand,
A petticoat around my ankles hangs
Of unfurled leaves, which lying on the ground,
Surrounds me with gorgeous lights of red and brown.

The mist of night is falling o'er the wood,
And bluish lights begin to glimmer through
The colored archways, hanging o'er my head;
And yet I stay.

ANNE MITCHELL, '29.



Too Much Men

GENTLEMEN with high-sounding titles and monocles waited at her beck and call, and college grads, with money but minus the title and monocle, humbled themselves at a flutter of her white fingers.

She was a Russian dancer, violently, darkly beautiful. With the lissom grace of a fawn she would flame across the stage, and, with each click of her jeweled heels, another male would be added to her string of broken hearts. And yet—she was only nineteen, was Katryn Villanova—a passionate slip of a girl, who had been smuggled away from Russia's cruelty by her faithful old nurse after a childhood filled with terrors and hardships. Now, her name blazed among the huge white lights of Broadway. She had danced her way to fame, and fortune—but to happiness?

"I hate them all—these men." Katryn stamped her tiny, famous feet, and her eyes blazed darkly. "I hate them! I hate them! I hate them! A thousand send me the letter, give me the 'phone call. Nanôan, I no want them. I no ask them. Why do they come to me? I want you, Katinka, you." She threw her arms around the old lady and sobbed hopelessly. Katinka patted the raven head knowingly, and murmured a few words in her native Russian.

Katryn raised her head quickly. "Oh, Katinka, do I dare? The contract, it iss almos' done. One more nite. Broadway—I luff it! But it iss not what I thought—too much men. I want the quiet—Mama's Italy an' the sun!" She flung herself away and stood in the middle of the floor.

The telephone rasped in the alcove and Katryn smiled mischievously. "That will be my Billee. He worse of all. He luff me too much. It will hurt w'en I go. No answer him, Katinka. I leaf him a note. It won' hurt so much."

That night Katryn said good-bye to Broadway, and to Billy. Her lips parted, her cheeks flushed with suppressed excitement, she abandoned herself completely to the haunting music and showed frivolous Broadway the soul of a daughter

of Russia. Just before the crimson curtain closed in front of her for the last time, Katryn raised one tiny white hand and blew a fluttery kiss to Billy in his box.

Five months later in a tiny, vine-covered villa beneath the sunny skies of Italy, a lovely Russian girl stood thinking sadly. She was standing at a window, through which came the soft scent of honeysuckles; she was thinking of a man named Billy. He was an awfully nice man, she was thinking, and his blonde hair did curl adorably. It was too bad she had had to hurt him so! He was a man who would never get over it. He would be morbid and sad for the rest of his life. His nice blue eyes would twinkle no more. He might get sick—with no one to take care of him! Katinka was getting panicky. She had even heard of men committing, committing—

"Oh, Billee!" she cried desperately, and covered her face with her hands.

"Right here, honey," said a deep masculine voice behind her.

Slowly Katryn turned around, trembling like a leaf. Slowly she raised her eyes to a pair of blue ones above her.

"Oh, Billee!" she cried again, this time ecstatically.

His arm went around her—tight. "It took me five months to find you, you little minx, but here I am. I'm here to stay and you can't get rid of me and—"

Katryn closed his lips with her white fingers, blushing adorably. "An' who's wantin' to get rid of you, American Billee? Me, I luff you."

DORIS JOHNSON, '27.



Night

She comes when the radiant evening sky
Has faded into gray,
When the glorious sun has gone to his rest
Down his golden way.

She comes with a flutter of shadowy wings
When stars are twinkling on high,
And spreading her tresses of ebony hue
She covers the misty sky.

There silent and still as a statue, she stands,
In place of Daylight's blue,
But at dawn, unseen, she flies swiftly away,
And the morning begins anew.

CAROLYN MORSE, INT. III.



Pardon My Sarcasm

THERE was once upon a time a linguist, who was trying to simplify the English Language into one-syllable words.

His work took him many years, and finally he needed only one more word; but this word had to mean five things:

excruciating
marvellous
remarkable
adorable
beautiful

He thought for many days in vain, and finally he decided to get some help. He went to all the famous linguists of the day, and they searched through every dictionary and book of

knowledge that is known, without success. In despair he put an ad in the paper. The very next day he got an answer. The overjoyed man had his language published without delay, and it was immediately adopted by the greater part of the English-speaking people.

You want to know what the word was? I should think you could easily guess; it was, "Cute"!!

MARTHA STOCKTON '29.



In This Day and Generation?

THE Penitentes is a religious sect, a disowned branch of the Catholic Church, which still exists among the more ignorant people of Spain and our Southwestern states. They believe in self-torture in this world to procure spiritual salvation in the next. Perhaps the most cruel of their customs is that of binding a man to a cross with linen strips, and leaving him hanging there all of Good Friday Night. The stopped circulation often causes his death, and, as it is against the law, this ceremony is performed in some forgotten arroyo deep in the hills. The family of the man spend the night in prayer; at daybreak they open the door of their house. If the man has survived his shoes are on the doorstep, if not—nothing.

* * *

Among the higher class of Penitentes was a young man named Juan Chavez who was engaged to Dolores Jaramillo; the date of their wedding had been set for Easter day. Of course, there was always the chance that Juan might be the one chosen to be crucified. Yet there were six hundred Penitentes living nearby, and the lovers determinedly shut the thought from their minds.

* * *

On the appointed day all the Penitentes assemble in their *kiva*, after many self-punishments, to watch the men draw for the honor of being crucified. This is perhaps one of the

weirdest scenes there is—rows upon rows of men, women, and children, streaming with blood, gathered before the altar, their eyes fixed on the crucifix, their lips moving in prayer, and their heads swaying in time to the low drone. The priest rises, leaving his acolytes, each with a strip of skin taken from his back and salt rubbed in the wound, to continue the service, and goes into an inner room. Soon he returns. By the shifting of bodies and eyes one can see that all are intensely interested, even though the chant still goes on. Finally the priest lifts his hands and in a hushed voice pronounces the words,

“Juan Chavez!”

Great were the rejoicings at the Chavez' house that night, for to have a man of the family chosen for the crucifixion means eternal salvation for himself and the others. But Dolores and Juan, although they tried to be brave, stole outside many times to kiss farewell, for after that night Juan was consecrated to God; and must live apart from his fellow-men during Holy Week.

* * *

Good Friday Night—a troop of men straggling through the hills, carrying flaming torches which send elongated shadows over the faces of the fanatical mob. In their midst walks a young man, naked, bearing a huge wooden cross under whose weight he stumbles now and then, but, without uttering a word, staggers on until they come to the place appointed for the ordeal. Among prayers and incantations Juan is bound to the cross. Leaving his two watchers to keep him company through his long hours of suffering, the rest turn towards home, perhaps never to see him again.

* * *

The firelight flickers on the altar encrusted with images, on the crucifix, on the group of black-shawled women kneeling before it, on Dolores, the tears streaming down her cheeks, in prayer for her loved one.

At last a ray, not that of the fire, shoots across the room. Dolores, numb from her long vigil, breathes one more prayer

and rises from her knees. She moves slowly towards the door but, as she reaches the middle of the room, her heart fails her and she stops. The kneeling figures turn reproachfully, for they too, are anxious about Juan. Dolores crosses herself and, at last, puts her shaking hands on the bolts. With a clink they are withdrawn and Dolores swings wide the portal to see—nothing.

* * *

One more sacrifice to man's superstition.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON '29.



At Moonlight

Slipping, slipping out of the dune
Slid the round of the full-blown moon;

Moonlight washed the star rich sky-mould,
Dimmed her lamps in the wrath of gold;

Cowered stars and ebony sky,
Held in awe till the moon swung by.—

Flowing, flowing over the dune
Fled the stream of the full-blown moon.

DOROTHEA PERKINS, '28.



A Comparison

LONG ago, in Russia, my mother told me about Agaspher, a Jew who lived in the time of Christ.

The story is told that as our Lord, bent under the weight of His heavy cross, was carrying it up to Calvary, He fell on the threshold of Agaspher's house. That unlucky man, inspired by evil, pushed the Lord away, saying: "Go on, go on, you shall not rest here."

Our Lord took up the cross and said: "I am going to my rest, but you must wander until I return."

So Agaspher was turned into the wandering Jew. He left Jerusalem and began his long, strange pilgrimage. On and on he went over mountains and across deserts, down all the long white roads of the world.

Sometimes I think that I am a kind of Agaspher. Of course that does not mean that I pushed someone off my threshold, Oh no, far from that. I was pushed away by my country, perhaps for something wrong I had done without knowing it, because I left Russia when I was only seven years old. Later on I was told that we left because the revolution had broken out; we had to run away or lose our lives. Since we lost our home, we have been travelling all around the world, searching for rest.

I especially feel it in my school life. You see, I love school, and as soon as I get to one, begin to like it, and make friends with the girls, my cruel fate comes and makes me wander to some other school, in some other country, where people speak a new language. As soon as I get used to that school, in that country, and learn its language, my fate knocks again at the door and drives me away. Wandering from school to school, and from land to land is very hard; it makes me think about life.

Now, I have come to America, and to Miss Fine's school. I hope that my wanderings will end here, in America, in this school. Perhaps America will become my second country. It is told in the legend, that, from time to time, Agaspher was allowed to rest. I trust this will be my rest, that I won't be pushed away again.—MARINETTE DELAURENBERG, *Int. IV*.

The Weeping Mulberry

A month ago this tree was hung with green,
Who now stands drooping in her ragged black.
The ghosts of last year's grass whine at her feet,
And fragments of the gold that crowned her hair
Lie in the heavy damp, tarnished and old.
Her high-plumed head is bowed with weariness,
And the wind whirls around her empty hands.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27.



The Hogart

THE Hogart is a large, rocky plateau, about three thousand feet high, in the center of the Sahara Desert. It has never been crossed by a white man and hardly anything is known about its inhabitants.

About nineteen-fourteen, a French army officer, Jean Levasseur, with another man went to explore the place. After a period of about two years the Frenchman returned, but refused to disclose any news of his companion; general suspicion had been that Levasseur had killed him.

However, as nothing could be proved, an expedition to the Hogart was got up during the war. Jean Levasseur was to lead it and, with nine thousand men, he started out.

After nine months of travel across the hot African desert, the expedition surrounded the Hogart and went in. All track of them was lost and they were given up for dead. But six months later some white men found Levasseur, almost lifeless, on the edge of an oasis with another man dead a few yards away. The Frenchman recovered and told his strange story:

The men had entered the Hogart and had found it to be rocky and barren, with hardly any vegetation around the

edges, although there may have been some in the middle. They had camped in different places, and for a long time had found nothing of interest to their exploration. However, from time to time, five or six of the sentries would disappear and Levasseur, puzzled and alarmed, sent some of his men to watch. They reported that the sentries were carried away by beautifully mounted men, closely resembling the Tharegs of the African desert. They had never been heard to speak!

Levasseur captured some of them, and, although he resorted to the most cruel methods of torture to make them speak, these Tharegs never uttered a sound! About half of the expedition had now disappeared, and Levasseur and his remaining followers started for home. But the Hogart is a big place and only the Frenchman and two others, who died almost immediately, had been able to escape. The rest of the nine thousand had been completely annihilated.

Levasseur's explanation is that this race of men have lost the power of speech, but have gained something far greater; that is, mental telepathy, or transmission of thoughts by the mind.

In ancient times some of the priests and kings were supposed to have been able to do this, and some of them doubtless lived on the Hogart. When that great deluge came, which we please to call "The Flood," the Hogart may have been left uncovered, and these people are the probable descendants of the ancient race. They are inconceivably cruel, and are very brave and strong.

As there is no water on the Hogart, the most reasonable explanation is that there must be an underground city, and that it is the source of the great Subterranean river, which some have thought to run under the Sahara desert.

If the Hogart is explored again, it will have to be reached by aeroplane or by automobile transportation. But it will be long before this is attempted, as Jean Levasseur says it is a weird, frightening place; and he is the only man to have been in, and to have come out alive!

MARION LINEAWEAVER, '30.

Kensington

HAVE you ever been to Kensington Gardens in London? Well! I was there this summer for the first time. Of course you know that is where Peter Pan spent all his time, before he went to the never-never land.

After you have come to Hyde Park Gate, you just have to keep going a little further to come to another big gate. You go through that until you come to a small path, leading to your left. If you take that path a little way, you come to a pond, which is called the Round Pond. In this, Peter Pan would sail his leaf boats. If you walk around the pond you will see a path, which takes you to Peter Pan's statue.

Peter Pan's statue is made of bronze, and is the loveliest statue I have ever seen. Around the base are rabbits, squirrels, mice, birds, and fairies, and Wendy is lifting up her hand to that lovely figure of Peter Pan with his pipes.

LILY LAMBERT, *Intermediate II.*



A Crystal Lake

A crystal lake entwined in mossy banks of green,
With stately poplars guarding tall and lean,
Arose before me, while alone,
Quite alone—it seemed to me.
And at the brink between those knights she sat,
Trailing her slender fingers in the quiet calm,
Revealing unearthly beauty, yet unknown,
As she sat naked there, in hazy dawn.

ANNE MITCHELL, '29.

SCHOOL NOTES



On the 4th of October, School began once more with much talk and excitement. Dr. Erdman led the service.

The Upper School has three new teachers: Mrs. Albion in History, Mrs. Elderkin in History of Art, and Miss Mayall in Physics. Mr. Agar, who filled Miss Smith's place last spring, is Englishing the Juniors and Seniors.

Each Monday morning Miss Fine reads us a long and interesting letter from Miss Markley, who is now at Shanghai, China.

Miss Howes, who has been abroad this summer, sailed November the 1st and will soon be in our midst once more.

Kingsley Kahler and Dorothy Weaver are back under the dignified titles of Special and Post-Graduate. We are overjoyed to have them and envy their two-subject schedule.

The Seniors are very proud of their latest acquirement—a private sitting-room, and feel exceedingly grateful towards their benefactress, Miss Fine. The all-important question now is—Should the hangings be chintz or theatrical gauze?

The IV Intermediates are now running an Honor System in a Study Hall of their own. This plan was instigated to prepare them for the Upper School Study Hall next year. Thus far the results of the experiment have been most satisfactory and the IV Intermediates are pleased with themselves.

KATHERINE MITCHELL, '27.



AT THE beginning of the school year the entire Primary Department of our school gave an exhibition of the many things which they had found or which they had made while on their summer vacation. There were such interesting things as odd shells, various sorts of sea weeds, pretty corals; and some one made a doll's dress.

The Junior Primary reports that they are pasting pictures, and making napkins. They have three pet fish in which they are very much interested. Their names are Jerry, Prince, and Bequette. "Bequette" means small fish.

The first grade reports that they are learning to read stories and to write. They are making ABC books, too. On the cover they paste the letters and inside they are putting pictures.

In the second grade too, they are making books, but they are about Indians. They are studying about five kinds of Indians. In Spelling they make their own Spelling covers. They study Arithmetic, Spelling, Reading and Miss Wheaton teaches them French.

They are very busy in the third grade for they have been making a sand table about the Vikings. There are Viking ships, fjords, which are small bays, and a large battlefield. This field is surrounded by a hedge of poles with a gate at each end. They are making pictures, too, about the Vikings, and they are going to have a Viking play.

There are twenty in the fourth grade and they are studying about Greece and the War of Troy. Instead of being divided into Grays and Blues, the school colors, they are divided into

Greeks and Trojans, which is great fun! Miss Frost is their teacher and she shows them how to draw Greek pillars. They are studying Geography for the first time and learning how to measure distances on maps. All their books are new this year, too—their Geography, their Greek reader, their Arithmetic book, and the book in which they write their spelling. Their grade has just chosen a secretary, a janitor and two counselors.

The second week in November was "Book Week" for the whole Primary Department. In their assembly room they displayed the books that they liked best. Over their especial choice they hung their paper telling why it was their favorite. One was "The Viking Tales." Viola Hitte liked this best and she said,

"My favorite book is 'The Viking Tales' because it has fights and is interesting. I like the King Harold chapters best."

Allen Shelton liked the "Swiss Family Robinson." He said, "Swiss Family Robinson" is my favorite book. I like it because it is interesting. I like about the tree home and about the cave home, when they were shipwrecked and when they made the little tub boat." I think we were all fond of the "Swiss Family Robinson" and their many adventures.

On their bulletin board in the assembly room they are going to place from time to time the three best papers of their four grades. "Primary" means "chief" or "first," and though in a sense they are not chief, they are first and they do not want to be forgotten. They would like very much to have you all come in and see these papers!

JEAN S. HAVENS, '28.





Interclass hockey games are again being played this year and are arousing much enthusiasm. Miss Cumming and Miss Margaret Fine have been giving the teams excellent coaching. The championship is yet to be won. In the games played so far, the results have been as follows

Sophomores 5—Freshmen 5

Sophomores 5—Freshmen 7

Sophomores 7—Freshmen 7

Sophomores 2—Freshmen 1

Seniors 9—Juniors 5

Seniors 7—Juniors 0

Shortly after school opened a meeting of the Athletic Association was held and officers were elected. Jane Link was elected president, and Betty Dinsmore secretary and treasurer. A committee from each class was formed as follows: the captains, Elizabeth Blackwell, '27; Jane Link, '28; Martha Stockton, '29; Hetty Duffield, '30, and Sarah Johnston, Intermediate IV; the representatives, Betsey Hun, '27; Jean Havens, '28; Sarah Stockton, '29; Frances Boice, '30; and Emily Cowenhoven, Intermediate IV.

JANE LINK, '28.



One of the most interesting engagements this fall is that of Annabel Dixon to George Arnett of Lambertville.

Another very recent engagement is that of Eleanor Applegate to George S. Morrison of Trenton.

We have learned with much surprise and pleasure that June Scheffler, now Mrs. Charles Arrott III, has a son. June is now living in Pittsburgh, and evidently she has been keeping something from us.

Among the most popular of the younger married set who have come to live in Princeton is Priscilla Bullitt, now Mrs. William Morse, accompanied by her charming daughter Priscilla junior.

As usual Europe's attraction has exerted its spell. Those who have sailed recently are Leslie Hun, Alice More, and Mary Clark, to be gone for several months.

Susanne Blackwell, scoring a second year at the Bennet School, is making her début this winter.

Those of the Class of '25 who are sophomores at Vassar are, Peggy Matthews, Elie Pierce, Natalie and Hildegarde Gauss, and Helen Foster. Helen, who has evidently been doing extremely well in music there, has received a scholarship in violin.

At Smith, Becky Armstrong and Nanny Wilson are high and mighty Seniors, while Janet Bullitt and Janet MacInnes are Sophomores.

More credit to Miss Fine! Marianne Vos has received a scholarship in Latin at Calvin College, Michigan. *Pax vobiscum*, Marianne.

Still in scholastic competition are Helen Tomec and Florence Clayton, who seem to be running a close race, each having made "Honors" at Wellesley last year.

And now we come to our last year's senior class. Isabelle Boughton continues to be popular, which is shown by the fact that she is Vice-President of her class at Wells College.

Also at Wells is one of the school's most famous athletes, Anna Hale, who is playing on the hockey team.

Lois Davis and Joan Prentice are freshmen at Bryn Mawr spreading Miss Fine's good name; and hurrah for Joan, she plays on the second hockey team.

Our ever popular and good natured Lawrence Norris is commuting to the Art League in New York City where she is reveling in drawing.

Two girls making themselves famous at Bradford Academy are Grace Griswold and Christine Gibbons.

And now we shout the praises of Christine Gibbons as a "Literary Genius." She has written a book called "Our Generation," which is being published by the Century Co. and will be on sale in the spring. Congratulations, Christine!

The Goheen family takes to hockey like a duck to water, and Nancy is shining on the varsity hockey team at Wilson College.

Katrine Blake has joined Gertie Prior and Frances Clemens at Sweet Briar. Watch our southern accents grow!

Ann Long has also turned into a New Yorker, and is attending the Sacred Heart College there.

At Gaucher College are Virginia Barrows and Josephine Webb, while Katherine Norris is now a senior.

Lady Love and Rosemary Street are confined by boarding school laws but seem to be enjoying themselves. Lady is at Miss Beard's in Orange, N. J., while Rosie is at Miss Walker's, Simsbury, Conn.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, '27.





THE LINK acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges, which will be reviewed in the next issue:

Tit Bits—St. Timothy's School.

Taller—Miss Madeira's School.

Question Mark—Rosemary Hall.

Serendipity—Marlborough School.

The Blue Print—Katharine Branson School.

Bleatings—St. Agnes School.

Chestnut Burr—Springside School.

Academe—The Albany Academy for Girls.

The Choate Literary Magazine—The Choate School.

DOROTHY FRANCES WRIGHT, '28.

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