

# The Link



June, 1926







# THE LINK

JUNE

1926



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# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1926

No. 5

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SUBSCRIPTIONS, PER YEAR, \$1.00. PER NUMBER, 50 CENTS.

If any subscriber fails to receive copy, please notify the Business Manager.

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TO MISS SMITH

IN GRATITUDE FOR THE INSPIRATION  
AND SUPPORT WHICH SHE HAS  
EVER GIVEN TO THE LINK



## Editorial

### WHAT DO WE GET IN SCHOOL ?

WALKING through the hall one day, I overheard a group of girls discussing a recent paper just handed back to them. They were rabid on the subject of their marks. "What did you get?" was the general topic hurtled through the air on all sides. This question brought to me with a vivid thrust the terrible mark I had just received myself. I must have seemed quite asleep or altogether bored that next period, for sometimes a mark is as depressing as I suppose it should be all the time, and at that moment it was to me.

Suddenly an optimistic view struck me. What had I gotten from that test? A low mark to be sure, but what else? I hadn't studied for the test, but afterwards I had made up for that lack. Probably that was due to the teacher driving the facts into me with great force as she saw the great need; but at any rate I was sure I knew it now and perhaps better than some who had had high marks. After all what are marks? They may be a goal to be striven for, or they may be a wet blanket descending on our spirits at frequent intervals. Their value lies in showing us where we stand or in encouraging us on or, persuading us that we might do better without becoming brilliant or anywhere near brilliant.

To a mere observer those marks might stand for what we got in school; but is this all we get? Though it may not seem so to us at present, practically all of what we now learn will be of use in later years. Hence the more we really learn the farther we will get in life. What we now learn in school lies as a foundation to any knowledge we may wish to have later on. For instance, when our incomes grow so large as to be a burden to us we can recall our early mathematics and summon it to our rescue.

Besides the knowledge poured into us we get companionship and friends—the greatest gift of life. Growing up with a group of girls and seeing them every day for eight months of the year, seeing them probably in their worst moods and mo-

ments, we gain a host of friends. Some of these and the memory of most of them will last us through life.

By this daily association we not only gain friendships but a point of view of our own to stand as a background through the rest of our life. Can one value these by marks? Time only can show, as marks never can, what we really are.

LOIS DAVIS, '26.

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The Editors wish to express their thanks to the committee of seniors who gave such indispensable help in producing this number of the LINK: Lawrence Norris, Anne Long, and Joan Prentice.

CHRISTINE GIBBONS,  
LOIS DAVIS, '26.

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## June

Round the clock of the year has swung—  
Here is June, with her honeyed tongue;  
Life that stirs with a happy sigh,  
Stars that sing in a throbbing sky;  
Swinging wind that fans and blows  
The leaping flame of a crimson rose;  
Languid, laughing, lyrical June  
Has set the world to her golden tune.

Phyllis sleeps on her velvet hill;  
Breathing deep, the day lies still;  
The river-reed bends a quivering head  
Over a drowsy naiad's bed;  
A cricket sings, intense and high,  
And a little wind goes faltering by;  
June's gold cup with her fullness brims,  
And the goddess stretches her slothful limbs.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27.

# The Modern Inventions.

## The Telephone

*Suggested by the cover of the January Woman's Home Companion.*

MARCIA SCHUYLER CRAFT opened her eyes to the sunlight of a new day. It was Friday the thirteenth, which meant a great deal to certain superstition-ridden people, but was to Marcia just one of many Fridays in her second year as a debutante. She lazily contemplated her surroundings—namely an adorable bedroom decorated in lilac shades. A door opened noiselessly and Marcia's personal maid Graham, appeared with a breakfast tray. As Marcia was toying listlessly with a grapefruit her attention was distracted by the ringing of the telephone beside her bed.

"First call today, Graham?"

"Yes, Miss Marcia."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Julie, I believe."

"I'll take it. Hello Julie. How are you after last night?"

"Better than ever Marcia—and you?"

"Perfect. Did you want me for anything important, Julie dear? You see I have a luncheon engagement and must hurry."

"Well, yes, rather. As my best friend I thought you ought to know first. I'm engaged to Jimmy."

"Really? I'm so glad. He is a dear. I wish you all the luck in the world of course."

"I'm feeling rather good about it. You'll be bridesmaid for me, won't you?"

"I'd adore to. Thanks. You know, Julie, everyone is engaged it seems. I feel quite out."

"You needn't Marcia. It's just that you can't decide on any particular man so you consistently send them out to make a fortune or something equally silly. You discarded Stockton, Jerry, Bill Wintsinger and the actor person in just that way last fall. By the way, have you heard from them at all?"

"I used to hear from them all except Bill, but not any more."

I did like Bill, Julie. Was quite in love with him in fact, but I simply couldn't make the fatal leap. I hope I never shall hear from them, except Bill perhaps, because I promised to marry Stockton the minute he made good—likewise Jerry, Eliot (the actor, you know) and Bill."

"It would serve you right to have them all appear at once and remind you of your promises."

"I hardly need worry."

"Well, I shan't keep you any longer. Will you be at the Shelburne's dinner tonight?"

"Yes dear. I'll see you then. Good-bye."

Marcia thought awhile and then rising went to her desk. From the drawer she drew a picture. It revealed to her a very good-looking blonde young man who smiled carelessly up into her eyes. It was William Wintsinger III. Marcia wondered what had become of him. Marcia wished she knew. The telephone rang. Graham entered.

Would Miss Craft talk to a radio audience on "The Fickleness of the Modern Debutante"?

"Graham can you tell me any good reason why that person should call me to talk on that subject? Of course I won't. Excuse me gently but firmly."

Marcia took a cold shower and dressed for her luncheon engagement. The telephone rang.

"Who, Graham?"

"Miss Claire this time, I believe."

"All right Graham. I'll take it. Hello Claire. I can just spare you a moment."

"Oh, Marcia. I am getting together a theatre party to see that wonderful new show, *The Round Square*, that is making such a hit on Broadway. What say?"

"I'd love it. When Claire?"

"Thursday a week. Is that all right?"

"Perfect. Thank you. Good-bye."

Marcia left for town not to return until after the matinée. The telephone rang. Graham answered.

A telegram from Santa Barbara, California, for Miss Marcia Craft. Will you take it?"

"Yes, read it please."

"Marcia Dear stop Have made good stop am coming for you tonight signed Jerry."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

Graham settled herself to read *The Thrilling Adventures of Diamond Diana*. The telephone rang breaking rudely into literary researches.

"Hello."

"Radiogram for Miss Craft from the *Albertina* on passage from Africa. Will you take it?"

"Yes."

"Have made millions in bamboo stop Will hold you to your promise stop You are as good as mine this minute Signed Stockton."

"Thank you, no answer."

Graham resumed her reading. The telephone rang.

"Yes."

"Telegram for Miss Craft. Will you take it?"

"Yes."

"Have made good on Broadway in *The Round Square* stop Do you remember what you said stop I am coming to remind you Signed Eliot."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

Graham sighed and sat down by the telephone. Her mute prophecy was realized.

"Hello."

"Cablegram from St. Moritz, Switzerland, for Miss Craft. Will you take it?"

"Yes."

"Marcia Craft I haven't made good or anything like that stop In fact I haven't tried stop But I have realized how crazy I was to take you at your word stop Please have the wedding invitations engraved in Old English stop Ring coming by air stop I will be with you November 30th at 9:00 P. M. which is docking date of next boat stop We will be married same day Signed your fiancé, William Wintsinger III."

"Good-bye."

Marcia returned late, bored with nothing in particular and life in general.

"Miss Marcia, I have four messages for you."



"What are they, Graham? Nothing important of course."

"They are from Mr. Gerald Bridges, Stockton Constant, Eliot McAlister and William Wintsinger III, respectively, and are all to the effect that they are ready to announce their respective engagements to you."

"Oh, Graham, what can I do? What can I do? Oh I know. The only fair thing to do is to let you hold them all and I shall draw one. It shall seal my fate. By the way, Graham, I presume that you know which one is from Mr. Wintsinger."

"Yes Miss Marcia."

Graham held the messages—three in her left hand and one in her right one which was by *chance* signed "Your fiancé William Wintsinger III." Just then the telephone rang.

DOROTHY RUSH WEAVER, '26.

---

## A Toad

A little toad  
Sat in the road  
To rest from many hops,  
But to his pain  
The cold, wet rain  
Came down in dribbling drops.

At last he spied  
A toad-stool wide  
And quickly hopped in under.  
"Hurrah," said he,  
"From rain I'm free,  
And also safe from thunder."

MARGARET MEYERS, Grade IV.

# Cycles

HE WAS a poet and the lion of the evening—and he was quite aware of the fact—that is, that he was the lion, also that he was Pliny Jones. It often bothered him that his name was Jones—"So bourgeois"—but then there was Pliny—that was a name of distinction, and he took care that it was never omitted.

"My dear Mr. Pliny Jones!" gushed Mrs. Staunton, "I was so enchanted with your latest poem about Clio—'Made of wood thou art, though in spirit marble!' By the way, what do you think about this transmigration of souls that this Hindu speaks of? Disturbing isn't it?"

"Ah, you mean this idea that after you die your soul goes into another body, and you live again? It *is* disturbing—so shockingly un-Presbyterian."

Pliny Jones was distinctly bored, also he felt very tired—he thought maybe it was because gushing ladies (some of them) wearied him.

A week later he died.

Years passed—one entire generation. Clio was now really of marble—the old structure with its wooden columns had long since disappeared.

One, John Caton, critic and would-be author, was spending his time in his aunt's library. He had just escaped being dragged into a bridge-party, and felt rather pleased with himself, for he detested bridge—in fact he almost always was pleased with himself.

He looked over the library—"Works of Pliny Jones—hello who's he?" He took the book down and opened it at random—"Made of wood thou art, though in spirit marble" "how un-Presbyterian for that age" he said—then stopped—now what had made him say that? A queer prickly feeling passed over him—he dimly remembered a scene and a voice saying, "What do you think of this transmigration of souls?"—it was gone though he tried vainly to recall it. Then between him and the sunlight a filmy shadow passed; was it that of a Hindu? It flickered and vanished.

"My eyes are playing me tricks. I'll have to go to the oculist." But way deep in him he knew that he did not have to go to the oculist. Then he threw the book down on the floor and labeled it with one explosive word—"Bosh!"

Whereat it may be seen that John Caton, erstwhile Pliny Jones, was criticising his own work; though he knew it not.

BARBARA MAYOR, '29.

---

## My Ship

Did you know that a ship could sail  
On a rose-colored cloud for a sea?  
I know it, for out of the sunset  
My ship came home to me.

Its sails were filled to their fullest  
With happiness from above;  
The cargo it bore from the sunset,  
The most precious of cargoes—Love.

And upon its prow were written—  
It seemed as though they grew—  
The dearest of all the letters,  
The ones that mean—You!

ANNA W. HALE, '26.

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## Class Prophecy

IT WAS a cold, dreary day in November and I was feeling extremely low in my mind as I sat in my apartment before the great fire that was slowly dying on the hearth. I was thinking of my schoolmates of twenty years ago and wondering what had become of them all and how life had treated them. I had heard snatches about them occasionally. But for the most part I had seen none of them since that June

commencement far back in 1926 when our congenial, happy-go-lucky class had parted half-way between laughter and tears, to step out into the world? Ah well, no more of this.

Having nothing better to do I picked up an *American Magazine* that was near at hand. As I glanced through it, by mere chance I happened to see a photograph which caused me to scramble excitedly through the pages until I caught sight of it again. How could I mistake that familiar face? Yes, undoubtedly it was Ann Long. She looked just the same, except that now her hair was cut so short it appeared to be shaved. I glanced at the title of the article. It read: "What would I do without my wife? She is my best pal and severest critic." The name beneath it I forbear to mention, but it was that of one of the most popular authors of the day. So this was our Annie. Just then the doorbell rang, and much to my joy Lady Love appeared smiling in the doorway. Here if anywhere I knew that I could get all the dope on my former classmates. After the usual exchange of greetings, we settled ourselves for a good long chat.

"Just a few minutes snatched between scoops, Dot. You know this business of being a star reporter is not at all trivial. Dot, my dear, can you imagine"—began Lady. I drew a long breath, although I knew I wouldn't need it. "You remember Alice Black," she continued, "well she is a most attractive widow now. Her husband committed suicide, so they say. Anyway I accompanied her up to Mercersburg for a visit with her son (he's sweet; his name is Clinton, I believe), and while being conducted through the school we happened upon a clogging class. Who do you suppose is clogging instructor at Mercersburg; none other than Joan Prentice. She was doing the most intricate steps with the greatest ease; we could do nothing but gasp with admiration." Duly impressed with these startling facts I asked Lady if she knew anything more concerning the various occupations of our former classmates.

"Oh, lawdy, I haven't even begun," replied Lady.

She suddenly jumped up and began searching frantically among the magazines on the table. She finally pulled out the new *Ladies' Home Journal*, and dramatically presented it

to me open at a beautifully illustrated Coles Phillips advertisement. I gazed and my jaw dropped.

"Katrane Blake," I managed to gasp. I couldn't have been sure if I hadn't caught sight of that familiar pin, we became so used to seeing in our senior year, fastened to the dainty lingerie being displayed. I was struck momentarily dumb; not so Lady. She seated herself and resumed.

"Of course you know that the former Eileen Lafferty is in New York this week. She stopped in to see me this morning. She married millions in butter and eggs from the West, I believe. But wait till I tell you what happened just the other day. A card was brought to my office. The engraved name was scratched out and 'just Lawrie' written across it. I shrieked with joy and dashed out to meet no other than our Lawrence Norris, who while rapturously greeting me kept poking a well-worn sheepskin at me. I finally took the hint and opened it—a signed and sealed diploma from Rider College, Trenton, N. J. I gave one look and offered her an important position. But no, she was already occupied and quite content."

Lady paused for breath and as usual, desiring to get in my little say so, I showed her a clipping I had cut from the paper. It was a photograph of Josephine Webb titled "Well-known former Olympic star to sail for Europe today." "I do wish we could see her," I said. So Lady, who thinks and acts simultaneously, dashed to the telephone and called Josephine. After a one-sided conversation which taxed my patience to the utmost she returned.

"Nancy Goheen, you remember Nancy, Dot. Well she is now wife of the Viceroy of India. My dear, isn't that too divine? And Lois Davis married a stunning Navy officer about two years after she graduated. They've travelled all over the world and are now settled in some heavenly spot or other. Oh, she said that Grace Griswold was in Monte Carlo working out a system. That's all she said, but, Dot, here's something I know will interest you. I was walking out the drive one day last week, and I thought I recognized a familiar face. I glanced at the car and noticed that it carried an Ohio license. Then I knew—Virginia Barrows, of course. I went

over and explained to her that I was no other than Mary Adams Love, Miss Fine's 26. After many surprised explanations she introduced me to Dorothy Ann and Junior. They're adorable children, blonde as can be. Virginia asked about you. She said she would have loved to have seen you but was returning West that evening."

Again Lady paused, and I sat gazing sadly into the fire. I felt so old and ambitionless.

"Anna Hale and Christine—what of them?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know?" said Lady rising to go. "Anna is a professor now and has at least ten degrees after her name. And Christine, surely you've heard of her Paris salon. She is known as the most charming hostess in all Europe. She spends all her time over there, you know. Well Dot, I really must go. Do let's lunch together soon."

And Lady was gone. I was once more alone with my thoughts. The fire had finally burnt itself away. I arose and built it again. My spirits rose with the flames. I knew something of the life of most of my schoolmates of the past. I found it no effort to reach back twenty years and grasp happy memories again.

At loss for entertainment now that Lady had deserted me I wandered over and switched on the radio just in time to hear—"Miss Isabel Boughton will recite choice selections from Ovid and Vergil." As much as I would have loved to hear Isabel's melodious voice again, I felt that really this was a bit too reminiscent. Much to my joy the telephone rang.

"Dinner and theater? Delightful!"

DOROTHY WEAVER, '26.





FACULTY



LOIS DAVIS

*"To know how to hide one's ability is great skill."*

Lois is a person of surprises, and those who know her best are always finding qualities and ability altogether unsuspected. To the outside world she is a calm, pleasant person, a wee bit shy and retiring. Without seeming to in any obvious way, Lois gets things done. While the rest of us talk Lois is on the job. Few of us realize that she is the modest president of the class and chief editor of the *LINK*, for everything that she does is done without the usual talk and flourish. Her cleverness lies in accomplishing her ends without any apparent bossing. One is amazed and delighted on knowing Lois at finding such a whimsical and charming sense of humour. Many a time in those serious eyes of hers there is a twinkle which tells you that though Lois outside may be taking life very seriously inside she is having a good laugh at us and the world.



## MARY ADAMS LOVE

*"Gallantry of mind consists in saying flattering things in an agreeable manner."*

A pair of nimble feet performing some intricate step whose origin one cannot exactly specify, a low and contagious laugh, eager and inquisitive eyes, and we know Lady is in our midst. Her store of enthusiasm, lively and almost childish curiosity seems at times inexhaustible. A southern drawl added to a smooth tongue and an instinctive knowledge of the most pleasing thing to say and the most propitious time, is an art many of us who cannot boast a southern Mammy or "knockout" antique jewelry would like to have. Oh those "knock-out" week-ends in places unknown with the added thrill of a new dress, "bouffant and falling off the shoulders," and true old fashioned reserve as to length. Then one cannot forget the relics of childhood which are still dear to our Lady's heart, her cherished jumping rope and roller skates.



## VIRGINIA BARROWS

*"What, fair and young, and faithful too?  
A miracle if this be true!"*

When Virginia looks you in the eyes and says, "please, I'll do something for you someday," how can you say, "no"! Moreover, she is always perfectly willing to grant any request of yours. Once in a while in those envied eyes there appears a look of disdain—withering to say the least. Though Virginia has been in our midst for some time, very few of us are sure that we belong to her inner circle of friends. She steps forth with unusually good marks in her characteristically casual way; going so far as quietly to win the medal for the best essay on Lincoln





## ALICE BLACK

*"O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?"*

"Oh, dear, dear, dear," and with meticulous care a ragged tie is rescued from the somewhat dusty floor of the gym. With what matronly concern the unfortunate tie which has assuredly seen better days is surveyed! A brisk little walk, eyes blinking with pretended indignation, coy gestures of exasperation, and we can be sure that Alice is not far off. When it comes to explanations few can rival her either as to length or quality. To the freshmen she is a Godsend, always a willing emissary to the Coffee House, and her obliging nature is apt to necessitate a heavy load of something decidedly soft and sticky. And who has not heard of the marvel designed to make a figure already thin, thinner? Besides there are always those ear-rings whose absence is only noticeable at school.

## KATRYNE BLAKE

*"As merry as the day is long."*

Who is that swaggering down Nassau Street—that girl with the good figure? None other than our Katryne! And were we to meet her we would be greeted with a smile, for Katryne is always cheerful. Her swagger lends the air of a flapper, but knowing her we learn that this is merely an artificial exterior. She has a certain sophistication backed by good sense. She is certainly one of the most cheerful girls in our class, and surely she needs patience and cheerfulness in the pursuit of woman's crowning glory.



## ISABEL BOUGHTON

*"Away with her, away with her! she speaks Latin."*

Isabel is one of our greatest talkers, for if she is in the right mood we hear the most amazing line of chatter from her; and when she reels off excellent translations of Vergil and tells us of forms derived from the Greek, we listen with awe and wonder. We also find her the greatest help in the world when any work is to be done, for she goes at it with a willingness and efficiency that accomplishes its purpose in no time. Perhaps this is why she surprised us so this year by playing guard in basketball with so much effect that her shortness was no hindrance. Polly is sincere in all she says and does, and with her great enthusiasm she finds interest in all about her.



## CHRISTINE GIBBONS

*"Drink to me only with thine eyes."*

If absent-mindedness were the only faculty required of a professor, Christine could be a professor on any faculty; but she is so kind hearted and sympathetic she would never be able to make her students do their own translating. Coated and caped in the latest from Paris she floats through life on a dreamy cloud of good-natured unconcern for popular opinion, and almost disguises the fact that she has a keen literary mind and a great deal of ability for managing—the ability, for instance, to attend all the proms and still maintain a good scholastic standing.



## NANCY GOHEEN

*"A true friend is forever a friend."*

Those curls are the envy of us all! Anyone with hair that curls just as it should without the least bit of coaxing seems blessed by the gods. Although Nancy was new to us at the beginning of senior year, we soon found her a vital part of our class. Occasionally she is unwilling to join with us in all our activities but she makes friends so quickly that we hardly notice that. Also she has such a cheerful disposition and keeps her troubles to herself in such an amazing fashion that she is the happiest of companions.

## GRACE GRISWOLD

*"Quiet waters flow deep"*

Anna! Aaaaaaaaa!! Are you coming to baseball this afternoon? . . . Yes, 2:10, be prompt . . . and we look up to see Grace, who can claim the distinction of having been one of the three new and, permit us to state, helpful additions to our class at the other end of last winter. Now when we go to Grace's house we are obliged to mount two flights and a stoop, breathless though we be, to summon our remaining strength and taking her by surprise by approaching from behind, sometimes we are able to pry her loose from her Geometry and what-not. We are then obliged, for the first three minutes, to clamp her mouth shut, otherwise there pours forth a flood of interrogations. "Did you get the 16th example? Have you written your composition? What did you get for the 29th?" Alas Would that we could,—as she can!

Epilogue:—

There is a gym with a dusty floor and on the floor a dusty mat and on the mat a head and two hands and that is all on the floor.

Q. What is it?

A. Grace Griswold standing on her head again.



## ANNA HALE

*"Studios to please, yet not ashamed to fail."*

When the teachers malign our class and tell us for the fiftieth time that we are the worst in school, we look to Anna for support. She has such a store of ambition that we find her ever striving for a higher goal in scholarship, and thus she saves us from utter downfall. We feel certain that she will attain her goal and rise high in college for her conscientious and hard working nature drive her onward. Sometimes we find her prim, but as soon as she gets a hockey stick or a basketball in her hands she changes instantly into an enthusiastic athlete. Here again she rises high, for was she not captain of both the senior hockey and senior basketball teams? Also we seem to remember a gaudy wreath which was set upon her head in true Roman style after our gym meet.



## EILEEN LAFFERTY

*"Still to be neat, still to be dressed, As you were going to a feast."*

A pile of books hastily cast pell mell upon a desk a little uncertain in its balance, the sigh of one who has come a long way, a vivid touch of scarlet and we know Eileen has arrived. A little aloof from us all, we feel that none of us know her really well and we are anxious to know the person which she has never revealed to us. Her good sense is a marvel to us, and what quality is more profitable than good old-fashioned sense? Methinks our lady is not a little partial to the Middle West whence she came to us, and most likely the city which produced Marion Tally is not far from her thoughts, and from her conversation one is led to believe that Kansas City is one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The envy of all eyes is Eileen's remarkable immaculacy, hair always in place, buttons always sewed, and most remarkable of all the total lack of those pesky little things known as runs. When all is said and done, what is more rare than a run-proof girl?





## ANNE LONG

*"Let those love now who never loved before;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more."*

Anne creates about herself such an atmosphere of comradely goodwill and friendliness that she is liked by everybody. We must admit that she has a loyal Trentonian accent, but she has such an appealingly confidential way of talking to people that everyone is completely captivated. There has been a great deal of speculation in school as to how she keeps such perfect control over that boyish bob of hers; we would hate to suggest anything so crude as a stocking or "oleaqua," but she always arrives without a single hair out of place after riding all the way from Trenton in her famous two-seated roadster. This requires some explanation. To place Anne definitely we can safely say that she is one of those enviable girls who is genuinely popular with everyone.

## LAWRENCE NORRIS

*"Laugh and the world laughs with you."*

A still hush comes over the room; our honorable president rises to voice her opinion concerning the excellent behavior in Study Hall. What an awe-inspiring figure, the president of Student Government! What a farce, indeed, Lawrie petite and blende, trying to assume the severity necessary for law enforcement! The more familiar Lawrie is sprawled in an armchair, her feet with true feminine delicacy reposing upon the table, and her boyish bob characteristically hooked behind the ear, engaged in a lively "bull-session." Her part in these discussions is indispensable, so is her unmistakable chuckle; and still there is Lawrie the artist, busily dabbling in oils and creating those masterpieces which greet our eyes periodically in the LINK. As many facets reflect light and color from a diamond, so the qualities and ways of Lawrie show the versatility which is her charm.



## JOAN PRENTICE

*"I am a fool, I know it; and yet heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit."*

Sensation! Everyone looks around! What is Joan doing now? You may be sure it's worth watching or listening to. Silence reigns again; then clang goes the study hall bell, and Joan is off in a bustle. You just know by the way she walks that there is a committee meeting where Joan is going to lay down the law; and if you follow her you will soon hear her famous "yas-s-s" or "no-oo" indicating that they have come to the point. We may tease Joan about her methods, but everybody envies her remarkable efficiency and savoir-faire, and we would all give almost anything to have her figure and style.



## DOROTHY WEAVER

*"She is a book to be with care perused."*



Yesterday it was green; today it is orange, red and white, blending artistically, of course. What is green? What is orange, red and white? Simply Dot's various scarfs. Now that scarfs are in vogue, our Dorothy has a different one for every day in the week. However I have found the secret of her inexhaustible supply. She uses bright discarded clothes.

It's Dot's nature to be too easily wounded by chance flippancies. We all know that Dot is ever ready to help smilingly. As for her French conversation—after clearing her throat for at least three minutes she can tell any story in French with a remarkable English accent. So do we all of us!

School is over. We hear a voice calling, "Virginia, hurry, we must get started; you know we have to be in Trenton early." And off go Tweedledum and Tweedledee.



## JOSEPHINE WEBB

*"Reading maketh a full man"*

Oh! Ahhh! Ouch!! The basketball is halted in mid-air, a whistle blows and there is a silence. However the pause is momentary but on the faces of players and audience alike is no trace of surprise or false alarm; beyond a doubt the class center has been bucking again. Josephine is very quiet and sane, shy as are most all of us yet and perhaps even because of it we like her and though this was her first year here she has made us all wish that we had known her longer.







45 57 12

## Class Characteristics

NAME	GOSSIP	VIRTUE	FAULT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEAL MAN
VIRGINIA BARROWS.....	Browns.	Modesty.	Alloofness.	No, really?	Big butter and egg man from the West.
ALICE BLACK.....	The boys	Helpfulness	Explaining	Oh, dear, dear, dear!	Typical Easterner, fair and tall, attractive, not necessarily handsome.
KATRYNE BLAKE.....	Lingerie	Cheerfulness.	Flapperishness.	Honestly!	An utter impossibility.
ISABEL BOUGHTON.....	The cavalier.	Enthusiasm.	Chatter.	Yes, indeed!	Morally, mentally and physically straight.
LOIS DAVIS.....	Class Baby.	Sincerity.	Shyness.	How ghastly!	A polo player in Hawaii.
CHRISTINE GIBBONS.....	Coats and Capes.	Fairness.	Absent-mindedness	My dear!	Congenial enough for harmony, different enough to be interesting.
NANCY GOHEEN.....	India.	Interest.	Retiring.	Fishes and cream!	Inexpressibly attractive.
GRACE GRISWOLD.....	Man hating.	Unselfishness.	Quietness.	Oh, lawdy, lawdy!	Extinct.
ANNA HALE.....	Athletics.	Earnestness.	Too earnest.	Oh, rats!	No derby or spats. (All's well that ends well.)
EILEEN LAFFERTY.....	Hair nets.	Neatness.	Preciseness.	Joe says—	One from Missouri.
ANNE LONG.....	Hair.	Tact.	Easily worked.	I swear!	Just like dear old Dad.
LADY LOVE.....	Antique jewelry.	Amiability.	Flattery.	Knock-out!	That indescribable something called charm.
LAWRENCE NORRIS.....	Laugh.	Cooperation.	Lateness.	Oy-oy-muscle-tough!	A good pal.
JOAN PRENTICE.....	Committees.	Poise.	Superficiality.	Kind of—	Observant and discerning.
DOROTHY WEAVER.....	Scarfs.	Generosity.	Inferiority Complex	Ye gods!	A hot shot from Texas.
JOSEPHINE WEBB.....	Reading.	Sympathetic.	Sensitiveness.	Oh gee	Sea-green eyes, tall, dark overcoat, white scarf, and derby.



STUDENT COUNCIL

# Class Statistics

First Married	ALICE BLACK
Prettiest	VIRGINIA BARROWS
Wittiest	DOROTHY WEAVER
Thinks She Is	JOAN PRENTICE
Cleverest	LOIS DAVIS
Most Original	{CHRISTINE GIBBONS DOROTHEA WEAVER
Most Gifted	LAWRENCE NORRIS
Most Athletic	ANNA HALE
Most Curious	LADY LOVE
Shyest	LOIS DAVIS
Best Listeners	{LADY LOVE GRACE GRISWOLD
Biggest Talker	LADY LOVE
Most Innocent Eyes	CHRISTINE GIBBONS
Teacher's Pet	LOIS DAVIS
Thinks She Is	JOAN PRENTICE
Most Savoir-faire	JOAN PRENTICE
Prettiest Hair	NANCY GOHEEN
Best Figure	EILEEN LAFFERTY
Best Dressed	{KATRYNE BLAKE JOAN PRENTICE LADY LOVE
Biggest Bluffer	JOAN PRENTICE
Most Sentimental	LADY LOVE
Most Conscientious	ANNA HALE
Most Efficient	JOAN PRENTICE
Best Natured	{GRACE GRISWOLD KATRYNE BLAKE LOIS DAVIS
Most All-Around	LAWRENCE NORRIS
Nuttiest	JOAN PRENTICE
Most Popular With Boys	{KATRYNE BLAKE ALICE BLACK ANNE LONG
Most Popular With Girls	LAWRENCE NORRIS
Most Popular With Both	LAWRENCE NORRIS

## The Seniors' Farewell

GUIDED through our years at Miss Fine's by Athena we have at last reached the heights of Parnassus, and wish to bestow some of our wealth of knowledge on those unfortunate ones who still remain in the abyss below us. With this thought in mind we shall try to warn our followers of the dangers about to be encountered.

To you, oh youthful freshmen, upon whose shoulders falls for the first time the mantle of responsibility in entering the Elysian Fields, more commonly known as the study hall, we give our first thought. May you be imbued with the spirit of Pathagoras in your struggle out of the dark fields of No Man's Land. And above all, "the pupil is warned."

To the blasé sophomore our advice is much needed. Follow that Golden Age of Pericles in all its beauty of form and look not to the wiles of Cleopatra. Oh, Herodotus, lead them in their battles with the Greeks.

Oh, juniors, heed this our only advice to you. In your year of increasing maturity, be not led astray by the morbid thoughts of Macbeth but take heed to the words of the blind poet, "Hence loathed melancholy."

You who aspire to take our places in the ranks of Vergil's followers, we earnestly bid you appreciate the worth of the "pius Aeneas." Note and follow the example of filial devotion to "pater Anchises" and resort not too oft to "lacrimis abortis." We trust that no "pius Aeneas", however "divine", will compel you to follow the example of Dido.

As rosy-fingered Dawn beckons us onto the sea of life, we trust that it will be less than "fourscore and seven years" before we again stand on the threshold of the familiar "atrium." Whether we are called by "amber waves of grain" or "alabaster cities," our alma mater and her guiding hand will ever remain with us.

CHRISTINE GIBBONS, 26.

LOIS DAVIS, 26.



On Monday morning, March 22nd, the school was much surprised to learn that Miss Smith was sailing for Greece the next day. We surely miss her, but we hope that she is having a most pleasant trip. Miss Hays, an old friend of the school, took Miss Smith's classes until the spring vacation. Following this we were fortunate in securing Mr. Agar for the sophomore, junior, and senior classes.

Owing to the illness of several of the important characters and shortage of time in which to practice, the Dramatic Club decided to give up the play, "The Charm School," which was to have been given in March.

The Juniors are planning to take the Seniors to the shore some time in the latter part of May. We are all anticipating a delightful time and dreaming of an exhilarating dip in the surf.

Dr. Erdman has been with us several Monday mornings in Assembly, bringing his usual cheery and beautiful message of right living.

Our commencement exercises will be held on Friday morning, June the 11th. We are very fortunate in having secured Dr. Bowman of Princeton University as the speaker on this happy occasion.

MARJORIE SMITH, 27.



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP SOPHOMORE HOCKEY TEAM





The Junior class finally won the basketball championship. The line-up was as follows: center, Elizabeth Blackwell; side center, Doris Johnson; forwards, Ruth Kemmerer and Betsey Hun; guards, Marjorie Smith (capt.) and Helen Scammel. The substitutes were: Jean March, Isabelle Hawke, and Elizabeth Noyes.

On Tuesday, March 30th, the school played the alumnae in basketball. The score was 42-22 in our favor. The team were as follows: center, Elizabeth Blackwell; side center, Grace Griswold, Florence Duffield; forwards, Jane Link, Lois Davis (capt.), Ruth Kemmerer; guards, Anna Hale, Marjorie Smith. The alumnae team was: center, Susan Duffield Steele; side center, Winifred Link; forwards, Margaret Fine, Dorothea Spaeth; guards, Helen Loetscher, Allison Frantz.

On the 31st of March an indoor track meet was held. The senior class won the greatest number of points. A large wreath for the best all-around athlete was awarded to Anna Hale; Grace Griswold received honourable mention. Jane Link won a beautiful silver (?) cup, for running the meet so successfully.

There was a meeting of the Athletic Association held recently at which it was decided to play baseball this spring. Also class captains and managers were elected. They were as follows: captains, Grace Griswold, Betsey Hun, Betty MacLaren, Sarah Stockton, and Hetty Duffield; managers, Nancy Goheen, Elizabeth Blackwell, Katharine Manning, Virginia Meyers, and Carolyn Cosgrave.

BETSEY HUN, 27.



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



Mrs. Thomas Stanley Matthews (née Cuyler) has a son born in April and Mrs. Francis Cleveland (Alice Erdman) a daughter, Frances.

The engagement of Katherine Blackwell to William Christopher Hayes has been announced, of Hazel Myers to William Malone, and Alice Olden to Marcus Stults Wright.

Of the Vassar Alumnae three assisted in the Founder's Day Performance, "Patience", in which Elizabeth Pierce was a love-sick maiden and Peggy Matthews a dragon, and Helen Foster was on the scenery committee.

Frances Klemann has been made Manager of the Swimming Team at Goucher.

Leslie Hun, after being home for some time, is now minus one appendix.



# PRIMARY NOTES



## PRIMARY NOTES

There has been so much going on in the Primary department that we hear nothing about, that the children have told us about their doings themselves.

ROBERTA WEBB, '27.

## FIRST GRADE

The kindergarten and the first grade are getting ready for a May Day party next Monday. They are going to invite their little brothers and sisters that do not go to school to come. They also are making May Day baskets. They are writing invitations for the May Day party. They are writing stories for a magazine. In March, the first grade gave a play called "Taper Tom."

## THE SECOND GRADE

The second grade have been doing many interesting things. They have been making a King Arthur book, and a castle out of cardboard. They have finished making a fur-bearing animal book. While Miss Winans read to them out of a book called, "King Arthur" they drew pictures of what she read. One picture was of the king knighting a knight. They have been reading about Eugene Field. Some of them have started third grade spelling and arithmetic.

They had a very good play in Assembly called, "Hansel and Gretel."

## THE THIRD GRADE

The third grade has done several interesting things this term. In history we have studied about Egypt. We wrote books about Egypt with illustrations, and we made a sand table map showing the delta, pyramids and sphinx. We made clay bowls and jars as the Egyptians used to make them and painted on them Egyptian designs.

We have worked hard on the multiplication table, too. We had a chart which had a mark for each table as we learned it; and we had a race to see who could learn them all first.

We have also published a newspaper each month, telling news of our grade as well as other news.

## THE FOURTH GRADE

Among the interesting things the fourth grade did, was to have a play called "The Enchanted Gate." They had it in the afternoon so that the older brothers and sisters who were in school in the morning could see it. Also the mothers and fathers could see it too. There were beautiful fresh flowers about the stage which made it look just like a garden. It was very attractive. We also made things in the work shop. That was so much fun! We came back on Mondays at 2:30 and went home at 3:30. During the first term we studied about the Greek gods and goddesses and now we are studying

about true Greek men, heroes such as Miltiades, Themistocles, and great battles. It is very interesting. In March we had about the trees. We went outside and made notes of them. First we made notes on the hemlock tree. Then on the apple tree. We are going to make a nature book. Also we made a book of Original Poems. George Beggs made a calendar with a picture of a ship on it. The ship is very pretty. Miss Barger made a flower chart in the assembly of the first flowers that bloomed in the spring. Each day the children bring flowers that they find. The bulbs we planted last fall have come up. All of them are very pretty. When the weather is warmer we will have our lessons outside. I think it will be fun!

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## Exchange Notes

The LINK acknowledges the following exchanges with pleasure.

*Dwightonia*—Dwight School.

*Tatler*—Miss Madeira's School.

*Serendipity*—Marlborough School.

*The Minute*—Mount Union High School.

*Mary Institute Chronicle*—Mary Institute.

*Chestnut Burr*—Springside School.

*Tit Bits*—St. Timothy's School.

*The Academe*—Albany Academy.

*The Blue Print*—The Katharine Branson School.

*Torch*—West Philadelphia High School.

*Question Mark*—Rosemary Hall.

ELIZABETH NOYES, 27.

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JOHN G. HUN

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