

The Link



December, 1927

THE LINK

DECEMBER

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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. VIII

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 1

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EDITORIAL

THE AFTERNOON SESSION

"Doing anything this afternoon?"

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"How 'bout going to the movies?"

"Sure—love to."

With this intelligent bit of conversation many an afternoon last year was "dated up" and spent at the all-engrossing movies. That was last year, however. This year, when the afternoon sun comes shining through the study-hall windows, instead of rows of empty desks it sees rows of busy heads bent in study.

The afternoon session is considered by practically everyone, teachers and pupils alike, a very helpful institution. The only objection that has been voiced is that one's time is tied up and not one's own, but certainly time could not be better spent. The hour of study is a much more concentrated one than it would be at home, where there is always likely to be some distractingly good dance music on the radio, or a very important family argument that one *must* settle. Moreover, this afternoon period makes it possible for the school to have art classes and for the intermediate department to have dramatics and hockey practice. There is much better attendance also, at upper school athletics, and consequently greater interest. These activities, practically impossible in a morning session alone, not only result in closer student contacts, but also bring about a better understanding of the principles for which the school stands, and so are doubly influential in creating a greater school unity.

Despite the dismay which was felt last June when Miss Fine announced her plan, there is scarcely a girl who has not felt the advantages of its working out. Now, when one has a well-earned free afternoon, it is such an occasion that one plans it carefully instead, as of old, of letting it slip away.

OUR NEW LIBRARY

We are exceedingly grateful to Mrs. Lambert for her wonderful gift of a new library. The school has long needed a library with a studious atmosphere, and although this one would certainly not be called strict or stern, the most careless girl could hardly fail to be impressed and quieted by its beauty. It is lovely indeed, with its soft green walls, its ecru curtains and lamps, its brown mahogany furniture, and its wide shelves reaching to the ceiling. There are many empty shelves still; it remains for us to take up their challenge.

PENCE

PENCE makes its first public appearance in this issue of *The Link*. It is to be a department compiled from short paragraphs and poems, principally but not exclusively word-pictures. The plan is to encourage variety and the expression of any interesting idea. It is hoped that the school will contribute generously and that the public will enjoy our humble offering of small coins.

TO MISS BEARD

WE have all felt very sorry indeed for Miss Beard's unfortunate accident, and wish to take this opportunity to express our sympathy. We are happy to hear that she is better, and are awaiting the time when she will be with us once more. Meanwhile, we want her to know how much we miss her, and to send her our warm love.

UPROOTED

THE storm was tired and grumbled half-heartedly at the sun, who was breaking his fierce black clouds into gold-pierced phantoms. Houses along the main and only street dared to open their eyes. People ventured forth, timidly at first, not quite sure that the violence was past. Small untidy branches littered the walks, and leaves torn down unwillingly and before their time covered the ground. But that was not all. A great elm lay on his side, arms stretched over the street and roots cruelly torn up, leaving a tremendous hole in the sidewalk.

A door opened in a tiny house nearby. An old, stooped figure appeared and looked about. Then a cry: "Mary Jane! Mary Jane!" and another bent woman stood beside the first. "Can you believe it! Look! Blown over! That tree which has shaded us all for years and years! Now the sun will come in and fade my parlor carpet. What shall I do? Buy green window-shades, I suppose. And not a cent to spare as it is!" The door banged vehemently, as if trying to shut out so great a tragedy.

The tree sighed, and as he sighed, measured steps sounded on the pavement. It was the village rector, eyes cast devoutly downward, on his way to supper. He stopped short—a great hole in the ground. "Too bad," he murmured, "Such a magnificent elm" — and made a mental note. He must not forget, the following Sunday, to say a prayer thanking the Almighty for not permitting any more serious damage than the uprooting of a mere tree. And he walked on, preoccupied partly by the contemplation of his next sermon and partly by the thought of the roast and brown gravy which awaited him.

Two workmen, tin pails hanging listlessly on tired arms, feet dragging, moved slowly. The broken tree rose before them. "I thought that storm was for doing something mean. I ain't seen such wind and lightning for many a day." The other only grunted and mumbled, "More work!"

A delivery-wagon clattered down the street and suddenly came to a halt. The driver gave one look. "Well, I'll be durned!" and snapping his whip, he turned his wagon into a lane, loosing no small amount of his unique and endless vocabulary on the detour he was forced to make.

The noise of hoofs died away only to be followed by the racing feet of three small boys: a distracted male pursued by robbers. A pit! The very place! Shouts, and the bang of imaginary guns. Saved! The scene ended, and the pursued one scrambled from his hiding-place triumphant, then, dirty and covered with mud, ran homeward to a scolding.

Then came an old man out for his evening stroll. What! Broken! Uprooted! His tree! That great elm which he loved so dearly! He stopped, sighed, and muttered some low words. The tree rustled, comforted. Sympathy at last! For a few minutes the old man stood, then moved on, more slowly than before. "Life's like that. The things you love best and the ones which seem most firmly rooted, snatched suddenly and cruelly away."

It grew dark. A boy and a girl strolled aimlessly, with low words. The hole loomed in the blackness, but they were oblivious. The pit opened her arms benevolently and embraced them in their first downfall. They scrambled out a bit sheepishly and continued on their way, somewhat saner and wiser because of their contact with cold reality.

For three days he lay there, the poor elm. Then the street resounded with the steady chop of an axe. Somebody had at last been stirred by ambition. The next morning South Street was tidy once more, and boasted a bright, shining patch of new cement.

ELIZABETH MITCHELL, '29

SKETCHES OF COUNTY ANTRIM

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

I think that this line from an old Irish air, *The Meeting of the Waters*, just suits County Antrim, in old Erin. It is a county of beautiful valleys, rivers, loughs, and pretty little bays, lying snugly in their concealment.

"The Glens of Antrim" are a series of ravines and gorges. Through them runs a beautiful river, which leaps onward toward the sea by way of rushing torrents, then lies in dark, sombre pools, then sparkles over singing falls. Little rustic bridges span the river above these falls; from them one can watch the water gurgling gaily over the stones and scintillating in the sunshine. A pathway runs along the banks, and the vegetation grows close to the water's edge, clothed in a hundred different tints of green. When the sun comes out after a rain shower, the leaves on the trees and bushes sparkle and glisten, and birds sing to proclaim the beauty of the scene in a joyous song. Round the pools water-lilies blossom, adding their colours to the loveliness of the Glens. Rabbits leap over the wooded slopes, salmon leap the falls in ecstatic delight, and birds hop from branch to branch in the green foliage of the trees. The Glens give one a feeling of peace and happiness and a great joy in life.

Near where we live, there is a little river called the Six Mile. Its source is in a tiny lake at the foot of a hill which in the springtime is covered with golden gorse, and it wends its way around curves edged with overhanging blackthorn bushes and wild fuchsia shrubs. It flows through sleepy villages, with their white-washed walls and thatched roofs, and through fields. Tall bullrushes edge its banks, and waterlilies love its still, translucent pools. Cows wade through its shallow places, where the water, sparkling, gurgles around the stones. It finally joins Larne Lough, singing and tumbling joyfully to meet its sister water after a torrential rush over a fall.

There are three large loughs in Ireland, Larne Lough, Belfast Lough, and Lough Neagh. The first two open out into the sea, but large shipbuilding centres mar their beauty. However, Lough Neagh has kept itself secluded from the modern horrors of invention. It borders County Antrim and is in the centre, almost, of Ulster, and it is the largest lough in the British Isles. Although it has none of the exquisitely wooded islands usual to a lough, it is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Great sloping pastures come down to its shores, wooded promontories stretch their fingers out into its waters, and little brown rivulets join it from their hillside haunts. There are old fishing boats out on the horizon, their brown sails showing against the green shores, and some old castle's towers appear above the tree tops. Storms often arise on Lough Neagh, and then one sees it in all its furious beauty, cruel and overpowering, but magnificent.

Of all the bays in Ireland, Murlough Bay is the most fascinating. The approach to it is by an old stony by-road which ends in a gate. After passing the gate, there is about a mile of moorland on top of the cliffs to cross, then a rocky path begins to wend its crooked way down the cliff-face to the beach. The slope of the cliff is covered by beautiful soft green pastures, rolling undulatingly down to the water's edge. Little ravines are filled with trees of a darker green than the grassy slopes surrounding them, their tops level with the open pastures. Little streams fall musically down these ravines to the sea, and at the foot of this patchwork of green there is a stretch of golden sand. The water in the bay is almost tropical blue. While beyond is the Atlantic, storming, all is quiet within this place of peace and beauty.

Further along the coast is a long stretch of sand—beautiful, white, silvery, fine sand. The ocean dashes up the shore, but the silver strand retains its beauty; no rocks mar its surface. Behind it great sand-hills roll inland to meet the heathy moors and green pastures.

A place of interest because of its terrestrial phenomena is the Giants' Causeway, where huge natural columns range, grimly and austere, in silence side by side. Smaller columns form the Wishing Well, the Wishing Chair, and the Giants' Honeycomb. There is the same formation on one of Scotland's isles, Staffa, on which Fingal's Cave is situated. An old legend says that a causeway made of these huge columns once joined Ireland to Scotland; but the two national giants, Gog and Magog, had a fight in the middle of it, and it broke. The giants were drowned, and all that is left of the causeway is the Giant's Causeway in Ireland and Fingal's Cave, on Staffa, in Scotland.

The whole north coast of Antrim is rugged and wild, but the east coast is beautiful and peaceful. It has a beauty all of its own, like some soft, sweet old lullaby that a mother would sing to her sleepy child.

NORA BIRREL, SENIOR SPECIAL

TOWERS

The Tower of London stands in grim estate,
Recalling memories of historic days:
Here great Sir Walter wrote in England's praise;
And here the piteous Princes met their fate.
The graceful Pisa, with its leaning weight,
The beauty of its shaft to heaven doth raise.
By Woolworth's base, hosts wend their busy ways
And, heedless, pause not for its splendor great.

Oh, greater beauty is there none at all
Than Nature's towers that scorn the wear of Time:
The great Sequoias, noble, vast, and tall,
Through storied ages breathing peace sublime.
Here heavenly hosts might pause in wondering line
To gaze on Nature and a work divine.

YVONNE GUYOT CAMERON, '28

A Mer-Fancy

HE was a nice Giant, reflected the Mermaid as, idly combing her hair, she gazed sadly across a waste of deep and restless waters towards the last violet rays of a scarlet sun.

He was a nice Giant: she remembered his touching patience with the silly little fish, for which all day he had cast his nets in vain expectation of bringing a few pail-fuls home for dinner. Ah, the silly little fish! They had all lived to rue the hour when, instead of ending their miserable existences in triumphant splendour, crowned with a wreath of wild parsley, anointed with a rich, intoxicating sauce, and riding in state on a huge silver platter to grace the table of a Giant, they had followed her deceitful promises—which had but led them to an inglorious end between the jaws of a plebeian shark. What thoughtless, selfish caprice had led her to such a trick? She remembered most keenly the look of reproach the Giant had cast upon her as he made ready to row away. How it hurt, and burned, and tore at her heart, that memory!

The little pearl-studded comb slipped from her fingers; she covered her face with her hands; her whole mer-frame tingled with remorse . . .

She turned at last, as the night breeze brushed her shoulder. All seemed dark and calm now: the only light came from the silver of a moon swinging gently in the heavens, the shining reflection of her own silvery scales—and what else? Leaning over, she picked up the little object which asserted itself also a part of the contrite serenity. It was her pearl-studded comb, gift of the King of the Seas. But a moment did she hesitate; then, tearing a mussel from the rock, she hastily scratched a message on the handle: "A peace-offering for the Giant from the sincerely penitent Mermaid." She laid it on the rock where he would be sure to find it; and as she glided down into the softly-lapping waters, the sadness in her eyes was soothed.

MARGARET LOWRY, '29

Old Bob

S EVEN years ago I first saw him, weaving down the hill with a paper bundle under a ragged arm—each step wide and firm, calculated to have a good balancing effect if the substance under the feet were none too steady.

Not knowing much about the sea, ships, or sailors at the time, the ragged figure held no picturesque interest for me, only a strange fascination, well salted with healthy childish fear. A dark, patched coat; trousers frayed beyond all hope of redemption, from which boldly protruded bare feet, hardened and brown; a dirty, crumpled piece of brown felt, the remains of what was once a cheap hat, crowning a tangled growth of grizzled hair, and a shirt brown with accumulated dirt—these were not my idea of what a good man should wear.

So it was that my mother learned, through my incoherent gaspings, of the "awful, dirty drunken-man, coming down the hill. I think he's a beach-comber!" That last word stood, to my ten years of wisdom, for the most terrifying object in the world.

This last summer I returned to the island on the Maine coast where as a child I had encountered my "beach-comber." One of the first persons I saw was a man in dark, frayed clothes, a broken basket of tinned food on one shoulder, weaving along the pebbly beach. It was the same "Old Bob" who had set the needles to pricking my ten-year-old spinal column.

One glorious windy day I met him on the beach. His big deep-sea fishing motor-boat was drawn up high and dry on the shore. A scant few yards away was the tiny black, poorly-shingled shack where Bob has passed the successive seasons for the past thirty years. Just now his calloused brown hands were busy cleaning fish—a boat-load of them. His reddened eyes peered keenly from beneath the same ragged hat, and the shirt and whiskers seemed undaunted by seven years' service. Curious

about rumors I'd heard, I sat by, gossiped, and watched the process of fish-cleaning.

It was true. "Old Bob" has a wife and daughter who divide their time between a New York apartment and Paris. Never having had a true domestic emotion in his life, he matter-of-factly said he had never worn a collar nor a white shirt since the day he was married, and that two pairs of shoes, having shared thirty years' service, are still "as good as new." Just when Bob's wife discovered their mutual mistake I don't know—suffice it to say that she departed with their small daughter (now middle-aged, very talented as an artist, and living on a fortune left her by a maternal uncle).

Thirteen years ago the fishing-smack on which Bob was sailing exploded during the night. Out of a crew of twenty, he and two others escaped and spent two months in a hospital agonizing back to life—to finish it with permanently scarred skins and blood-shot eyes. Now, at seventy-five, Old Bob has ceased to age. Through the winter sheltered in his mean shack, through the summer catching, cleaning, and salting-down fish against the long cold—through all this he lives in untidy, "comfortably-dirty" bachelorhood, enjoying what he terms "every man's rightful peace of mind".

BETTY DINSMORE, '28

The Strange Harper

THE firelight flickered and danced across the faces of two score men, who gathered about its friendly glow. The cool evening breeze rustled softly through the treetops, bringing to their ears the stamp of horses and clang of armor. In their midst sat Guthram, commander of the Danish forces, a thoughtful smile flitting across his stern face. He was thinking of his victories over the proud Saxon king, now a wandering outlaw forced to flee for his life.

Suddenly the green foliage about them parted, and a man skipped into the circle. He was wrapped in a long

brown cloak, and over his shoulder hung a harp. A harp! Guthram smiled to himself. Here was music for his soldiers. They were weary of the noise of battle, the dust, slaughter, and never-ending strife. The minstrel would put new zest into them.

"How now, good stranger!" he said, "would'st play some tunes for us?"

The harper eagerly placed his fingers to the slender strings. Then the lilting strain of a simple ballad filled the air, and with it sang a rich golden voice. Song after song the harper played as he strolled around the camp, and among his eager listeners there were many who did not think to hush their voices.

"Dost thou not think the minstrel plays prettily?" said a brown-bearded fellow clad in a leathern jerkin.

"Yea, verily he do so," answered his companion, "Guthram will reward him richly."

"If that proud, paltry Alfred himself were here, I warrant he could do no better than this merry fellow!" spoke up a third.

"Of a certainty," agreed the first, "but yon chief will not reward us well if we do not lay our plans for the morrow."

The tall stranger chuckled silently to himself as he disappeared into the night, loaded with handsome presents.

- - - - -

Again the firelight flickered and danced across the little glade. But around its life-giving warmth lay two score or more shapeless figures rolled up into blankets. The fire sank lower and lower; a hoot owl screamed menacingly; and Guthram, in the throes of sleep, dreamed that King Alfred, clad in the garb of a minstrel, was playing sweet music to him.

Meanwhile, deep in the heart of the forest, a very kingly stranger, strengthened by the careless talk of three admiring Danish soldiers, strode toward the dawning of a day of new hope.

CAROLYN MORSE, INTERMEDIATE IV.

Shoes

“SURE, an’ the Lor’ love me, it’s weary some o’ thim’ll be this night, walkin’ on an’ on, not gettin’ nowheres at that, it seems like.”

Aggie O’Toole, the jolly, slightly sentimental, deep-sighted Irish cook of “Cafe Parisien”, stands wiping her capable red hands on her gingham apron. Not much passes Aggie. While she stands in her basement kitchen all day, cooking rich “French” viands for the patrons of “Cafe Parisien”, many opportunities for philosophizing come to her. Above her head is a grilled window, such as one often finds in the basements of old city houses; by it passes the never-ending march of feet.

“An if there ain’t Mrs. Ritzy herself, all dolled-up fit to kill. Pity she ain’t more to do than walk around that-a-way.”

This side remark is directed toward a pair of dainty feminine feet, shod in the neat brown suede pumps of a woman of ease.

Next comes a pair of run-down-at-the-heels, scuffed black oxfords. One look at them, and Aggie knows:

“Sure, an’ a poor ol’ washerwoman she be.”

Next in the procession is another pair of oxfords, shiny black ones, topped by spotless grey spats.

“Humph! A dude!”

Then a pair of well-worn but once well-cut, sensible women’s shoes drag wearily, listlessly by.

“Poor gurrl! It’s out o’ work she be, an’ nary a job in sight. The dear Lord protect her from harm.”

Next, mechanical, ordered footsteps in heavy brogues.

“It’s a cop, sure, that’s a-makin’ all that there noise. M’boy Danny ain’t been a copper nigh onto five years an’ me not learnin’ somethin’.”

“Sure now, an’ look at that young’un. If she was mine it’s spanked an’ put to bed she’d be, a-wearin’ thim high heels, three inches or sich, an’ pinchin’ her feet to kill. Thim young hussies ain’t got no more sinse than what they was born with.”

Heavy, conservative oxfords, those of a hurried business man, followed by the worn-at-the-toes, passed-down, over-sized shoes of a wee newsboy. ("Poor lad! I'll be guessin' some good victuals wouldn't hurt him none.") Expensive, dainty blue slippers, mincing by with the self-consciousness of the beautiful butterfly. The shoddy, ambling, second-hand shoes of a tramp; the well-cut, brightly shining brown sport shoes of a young man, under full-cut trousers and a flopping fur coat. Then the very ordinary slippers of a girl, followed by the just-as-ordinary shoes of a young man, pleadingly close, but not so determined.

"It's a fight thim two has been havin', her mad as a hornet an' him that worried it won't be made up again. 'True love niver runs smooth' though, as the sayin' goes."

Then the wandering, hesitating, small black slippers of a child, carried along by the emphatic white shoes of a nursemaid.

"Sure, she's sayin' to him, 'Come along wi' ye, or ye'll not soon fergit it.'"

Black shoes, brown shoes, grey, tan, white, spotted, two-toned; ambling, brisk, hesitating, determined, weary, gay, scornful—tramp, tramp, the hundreds of feet pass Aggie by.

"What wi' me thinkin' I knows all about thim feet, 'twould be a joke on me if 'twas Lady Morganfeller's cook a-steppin' out in her mistress's shoes. But I'm thinkin' I might make a good guess even thin. Shoes is surely revealin'", says Aggie.

ADELAIDE BANKS, '28

The Fairy Tree

THERE are many trees in our garden, oak trees, pine trees, and poplars. I love to sit under the apple tree. Its branches fall down to the ground, for it is quite an old tree; but there is a lot of green just there, and a lot of leaves under the tree.

When I sit under there, I see all kinds of little creatures all around me, dressed in beautiful clothes, and they come and talk to me and show me all their jewels, their sapphire rings, and their emerald bracelets, and beautiful things. Each time I sit under that tree the same thing happens.

Once a great wind blew and the next day there was just one leaf left, and the leaf said, "I am the last fairy. The others have already left for the South, and I will pretty soon leave too." A few minutes after, she had vanished.

Then the wind blew harder than ever, and there were no more little creatures to talk to me. They were all gone, and I felt so lonely without them.

Once when I was telling my uncle what I saw, he told me that I was dreaming. He said that the sapphires were only little pieces of blue sky that I saw through the branches, and that the emeralds were only the green grass beneath my feet, and that the little fairies were only dead leaves. How disappointed I was when I heard all that, because I was so glad to know little fairies.

INGRID SHELLABARGER, INTERMEDIATE I.

THE ROSE BUSH

There's an overhanging rosebush in the garden
Where the fairies go,
For the roses are much brighter there
Than in any place I know.

Under the rosebush they play and sing
And dance around in a fairy ring.

When they are tired of dancing,
Into the roses they creep,
And the gentle breezes passing
Rock them fast asleep.

MARTHA VAN HOESSEN, INTERMEDIATE I.

What A Maid!

MARY was abrupt in her manners. Also, she wore carpet slippers and a gingham apron, for work, for answering the doorbell, and for waiting on the table, until Mrs. Munger rebelled. One thing that sometimes amused and sometimes annoyed young Mr. and Mrs. Munger very much was Mary's habit of talking to herself wherever she happened to be. And on occasions she would sing, too, in her untuneful, monotonous voice. Those were occasions to dread in the Munger household. When unoccupied, she would sit in a chair and stare straight in front of her, not moving, not thinking, until it was time for her to resume her duties and her soliloquies—or her song. The Mungers overlooked all these peculiarities in their maid, for was she not a splendid cook? What more could you ask than that? So the Mungers and Mary lived together for a year.

One night the young couple were awakened by a steady tread in Mary's room. They hurried there and opened the door. Mary was pacing up and down the floor. She evinced no surprise on seeing her employers, but continued to pace up and down.

"Mary, what is wrong?" asked young Mrs. Munger. "Why don't you go to sleep?"

'I'm walking up and down waiting for sleep to come to me,' answered Mary, curtly.

The Mungers stole softly away.

The climax came when one night the Mungers were again awakened, this time by the sound of someone singing downstairs in a loud, untuneful voice. They rushed furiously down. Mary, arrayed in a bright pink flannel nightgown, was marching up and down the front hall, brandishing an umbrella aloft in her hand, and singing the German national song with all her might. She was having a patriotic nightmare.

The next day Mary was discharged. Good cook or not, she had proved too much for the Mungers.

THERESA DELONG. '30

Charon

FIVE o'clock in the morning was the hour at which Charon arose to do his hard day's work. At this hour exactly he went down the hill from his hut to the bank of the river, where his old barge was tied. As he gazed on its battered bulk and the big, heavy pole, he dreamed of the time when he could have a motor installed. He had suggested this to Pluto, but Pluto had said that he would not have his peace disturbed by the incessant roaring of a motor. Charon hoped that sometime within the next few hundred years Pluto would relent, but deep in his heart he felt that it was a vain hope. Wearily he climbed into the barge and, heading it towards the opposite shore, began to pole to the rhythm of a ballad he had picked up. It was a dreary ballad, with an interminable number of stanzas, but it seemed to help him with his poling.

When he reached the bank, he found a passenger waiting for him.

"Have you heard the latest news?" the passenger inquired as he got into the barge.

"No; I didn't hear anything very interesting yesterday. What has happened?"

"A young American crossed the Atlantic in an airplane in about twenty-eight hours. He flew all alone, and in spite of terrible storms landed safely in France."

Charon was much astonished.

"It seems only yesterday," he said, "that one of my passengers told me about a new continent's being discovered. The continent was called America; it took a quarter of a year or more to get to it from Europe. Of course I've heard those modern steamers can cross in about a week, but to be able to do it in a few hours——" He sighed, thinking of the months of hard poling it would take.

"Yes, times do change", went on his companion, "but it is a still greater change to live in the modern world

of invention and then to come to this strange place. You are all very old-fashioned down here. It seems to me you are very far behind the times."

Charon wistfully agreed. After a few more pushes, he landed his passenger on the bleak shore, with its rocky cliffs and its tall, dark cypresses moaning in the wind. Then he turned back: there were other passengers waiting to cross the Styx.

All day long he poled back and forth, and on each trip heard more about the wonderful flight across the ocean. When the five o'clock whistle blew, he wearily tied up his barge. Another day of monotonous labor was ended.

As he climbed up the hill to his hut, he muttered to himself: "It doesn't seem right, when I haven't even a motor. I certainly must go to see Pluto again."

BETTY MACLAREN, '28

"All the Money I Own"

DURING the World War, Mother had a house between Saint Nazaire and Savanay. It was along the road used by the soldiers in their trucks. At night Mother would stop them. She fed them, and often she let them sleep in some cots put up in the barn. The soldiers came to know that an American mother lived along that road. One of the soldiers, a sign painter before he enlisted, made her a sign with the words "The Little Gray Home in the West," after one of their songs.

One day one of the soldiers she knew came along with another strange soldier. It happened to be pouring that night, so they sat before the fire with the food and hot coffee Mother gave them. When they were quite dry, they said they had better go. They had just gone out when the stranger came back into the room. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and when he withdrew them he had a penny in one of them.

"Mrs. Gibbons," he said, "this penny is all I have in the world, and I'm giving it to you because you have a chin like Mother's."

HOPE GIBBONS, INTERMEDIATE III.

Pence

THE FIRST MONTHS OF SPRING

I made myself a king. The tall, stately poplars on my right were knights guarding my palace. They stood this side of the moat which softly lapped against the bank. My castle was a group of maples bursting into bud. About this were some shrubs and strong white oaks, which represented an enemy near at hand. The dead leaves of last fall were damp from the cool earth and gave an odor of the coming spring. This I called incense. The birds chirping were my slaves playing to me upon their lyres.

I turned toward my knights and gave orders, first to one commander, then to another. They would not speak, but merely whispered a whimsical message in my ear. I stamped my foot, and still they would not speak. In a rage of fury I stalked out of my castle, crossed a little bridge over my moat, and climbed up the steep and rugged hill on the other side.

ANNE MITCHELL, '29

SEEDS

Seeds! They make me think of autumn, of a windy day in October, with bright and sunny skies and many-colored leaves sailing down from the trees and scurrying along the ground. The seeds are many: the milkweed is sending out fairy parachutes on long journeys of adventure; the sumac decks her seed-clusters in bright red to attract the birds, their friends, to the feast; the bitter-sweet stands out in all its golden beauty against the dull drab of a field of dead goldenrod and wild carrot, or against some old, forgotten fence, long since gone to wrack and ruin.

In the garden, too, it is seed-time. There the elm trees with their great boughs are swaying in the breeze

and sending showers of little winged seeds down to the earth below. The roses are blooming anew in the glory of their scarlet seeds, and the irises raise tall brown scepters above their masses of old withered leaves. The evergreens, with their shapely brown cones, also contribute to the multitude.

In the woods the hickory trees let fall their queer-shaped nuts for frisky squirrels and happy little children to gather. In the hedgerows the mock-orange drops its juicy, tempting fruit to the school-boy for Hallowe'en, and the persimmon waves its luscious-looking but deceiving fruit in the wind. Many bushes are laden with seeds and berries spread invitingly to hungry birds winging their long way south. Seeds are everywhere: it is the harvest-time of the year.

LUCY RUSSELL, '29

A PICTURE

She, the picture of life and beauty
All in one,
Stood in the pathway of a crescent moon,
Which touched with silver every wave while moving on
To brush the sandy beach
With foamy tide.
One foot upon the sand,
The other bent and touching on her knee,
She gave a vivid portrait
Of a graceful child to me.
Her back was bent a little to one side,
Her hands were stretched seaward appealingly.
Perhaps she dreaded stilted life again
And wanted some kind friend
To enter from the sea.
The fresh salt breeze of night
Came in with every tide
To blow her hair;
And on her foot, so graceful in its poise,
The gentle tide rolled in
To kiss it there.

ANNE MITCHELL, '29

SMOKE

Entranced, I watched. Great masses of black smoke moved majestically across the sky, moved steadily and rhythmically like the march of men to drums. Gradually the advance grew weaker. The clouds broke and floated off into the opaque greyness, forming pictures in the sky—pictures of the imagination, things of soft beauty and flowing lines: maidens in trailing gowns, ocean waves topped with foam, rolling, rolling. They lasted only a minute, then dissolved in the vapid air. I looked for the source of this fantastic loveliness. It had come from the stack of a factory, standing ugly and obtrusive in the midst of grime and noise.

ELIZABETH MITCHELL, '29

COLOR IMPRESSIONS

Grey: The Jersey coast in March.

Grey sky, from which fall snowflakes like bits of paper floating downward from a gigantic waste-basket overturned in the heavens. Grey waves, rising and writhing, whipped into fury by the wind which lashes them onward—greyhounds in a race never to be won. Grey houses, peering desolately from boarded windows, facing the blast disconsolately because they cannot run and hide. Grey—grey—grey—the monotone of winter by the sea.

Tan: The desert near Santa Fe.

Tan earth, stretching for miles like a long, light carpet covering the ground. Tan bushes, rising like imploring hands from the sand, praying aid from the sky. Far in the distance, a cotton-wood blowing its bloom in the breeze—a goddess distributing alms to a needy world. Over all, the aura of tan, the color of the desert, fostered by the sunlight and the invisible dust—the blinding, mirage-creating tan.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29

The Primary Link

THE Third and Fourth grades are going to put something in the "Link" every time. We are going to make a page in the book and we hope you will like what we say in our page.

GEORGE C. YOUNG, PRIMARY IV.

BOOK WEEK

Book Week is a week when you bring your favorite book to school. The books are placed on shelves around the room and each child writes on paper why it is the chosen book. Then the paper is hung on a line over the books.

This (November 13-27) has been our Book Week in school, and every child in our class has remembered to bring a book.

CLARISSA HAGER, PRIMARY III.

THE DRAGON'S CASTLE

Part I. At the Castle

I am at a very big Castle! Dragons are guarding the Giant gates! Footmen are walking in the great halls. They are dressed in black suits with white stripes on their trousers. The Dragons curl and uncurl their tails around my feet as I pass. I pass a hundred winding staircases it seems. The Castle itself, taking in towers and all, is at least a hundred and fifty million feet high. But now I am going to the woods.

Part II. The Dragon

What is that? It is a Dragon. Oh, it is running after me! I'll hide and see what he looks like. He is going past me now. Ugh, how ugly! He has ugly green scales on his body and legs. The tips of his ears are orange and blue, and his eyes are red as fire, and his head is green. I am going to sneak away now.

JOAN FIELD, PRIMARY IV.

ACHILLES

Waging in the war of Troy——
Achilles brave and bold,
His chariot with immortal steeds,
And armor made of gold,
Plunging through the Trojan ranks,
Committed slaughter there,
While on the wide blue ocean banks
Agamemnon sat in his silver chair.
Achilles and he had a quarrel,
And in the end came sadness,
But when they beat the Trojans off,
Into their hearts came gladness.

WOLCOTT BAKER, PRIMARY IV.



W.N. 8

IMPROVEMENTS

When we came back to school this fall we found that some changes had been made in our part of the building. Last year's Junior Primary room had been made into two rooms and had been all freshly painted. Now, also, there is a little cloakroom for the Junior Primary children right beside the doors to their rooms. There is a new entrance for us at the back of the school, and a little

glass porch where we can wait when it is raining. The steps have been widened, and it is much lighter than it was before.

We now have an indoor gym downstairs on the same floor as the Junior Primary rooms. It is very nice for rainy days and gives us something to do in our recess when we can't go outdoors. There is also a new stairway from the sun-porch down to the basement floor. It is much nicer than the old one was because it is much nearer our rooms and playground. Now we do not have to go through the front hall when we go to music class. The older girls say it is much quieter for them in Study Hall. We like the changes very much, and we think everybody else does too.

LUCY RUSSELL, '29

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

After the grain was gathered
And the trees stood bleak and bare,
As a mystic haze, like incense,
Filled the sweet November air,

After the fruit had long been plucked,
And the summer tasks were done,
And the towering stacks of seasoned hay
Gleamed gold beneath the sun,

After months of strife and hunger,
New perils day by day
Which filled e'en those God-fearing hearts
With thoughts of a long-past day,

After the rich autumnal fields
Had rendered their precious hoard,
White man and savage, side by side,
Gave thanks unto the Lord.

BARBARA REEVES, '36



MISS Zaepfel is now the head of the whole Intermediate department and is helping the girls a great deal. The First Intermediates still have Miss Margaret Fine as their class teacher, while the Second Intermediates are under Miss Hays' supervision. As new teachers there are Miss Gibson, who has the Third Intermediates, and Miss Fenn, who has charge of the Fourth Intermediate room. Mrs. Van Hoesen, also a new teacher, is teaching Latin to the Intermediates and to some of the upper classes.

The First and Second Intermediates are having organized games twice a week with Miss Margaret Fine. The Third Intermediates have started hockey this year, and are liking it very much. They play with the Fourth Intermediates, who also have just taken up the game.

The Second Intermediates have begun something else new, that is the making of booklets on the geography of Africa. In this connection Miss Stratton, the new art teacher, is helping them make colored maps showing the different characteristics of the countries of that continent. They are finding it very interesting and amusing.

BETSY GRISWOLD, '29



On the third of October we came back to school again,
Eager for learning, and working, and living;
We got just as much as we wanted, but then
We *couldn't* help counting the days till Thanksgiving.

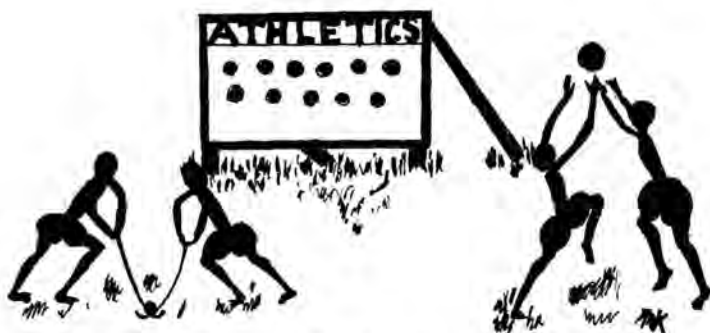
Our wonderful new library,
To literature memorial,
I cannot praise enough, so see
The current Editorial.

"Afternoon study hall, good night!"
"I hate these study sessions!"
In spite of this we like the plan
And also do our lessons!

The windows open at the top,
The vanished porte-cochere,
The widened road, the careful cop—
Oh, School beyond compare!

What about our teachers new?
Do they find it snappy?
As we like them, we hope they do,
And we will all be happy.

MARION LINEAWEAVER, '29



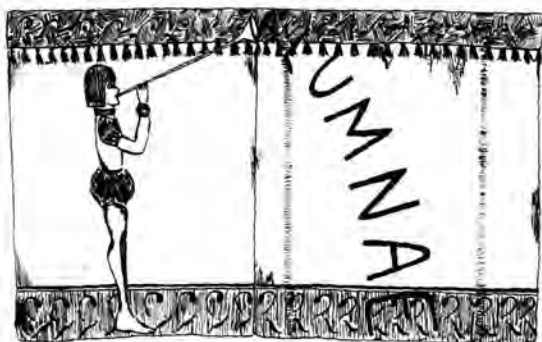
ON the fourth of October the school held a mass meeting at which the new officers of the Athletic Association were elected. Sarah Stockton was elected president; Yvonne Cameron, treasurer; and Frances Boice, secretary. The following class captains and managers were chosen: Captains—Jane Link, '28; Mary Weeks, '29; Frances Boice, '30; Emily Cowenhoeven, '31; Charlotte Stockton, '32; Cornelia Duffield, '33. Managers—Katherine Manning, '28; Kathryn Hull, '29; Henrietta Duffield, '30; Sarah Johnston, '31; Carolyn Morse, '32, and Lily Lambert, '33.

Interclass hockey games have been played again with great success. The championship has been won by the Juniors after three hard games with the Sophomores. The teams have been trained by Miss Cumming and Miss Margaret Fine. Varsity practice has been taken up with enthusiasm, and we are looking forward with eagerness to the Holmquist game on the third of December.

It has been possible this year, because of the afternoon study hall, for the Third and Fourth Intermediates to take up hockey and for the First and Second Intermediates to play games under the supervision of Miss Margaret Fine.

SARAH STOCKTON, '29

Late Note: The varsity hockey team won the Holmquist game by a score of 8 to 5.



WE are all especially interested to know what has become of last year's Senior class, where they are and what they are doing. We have been able to learn something of their accomplishments, but are anxious to hear more, and hope they will keep us informed.

Kathryn Backes is at Goucher College, Baltimore, and Elizabeth Blackwell is at the Marot Junior School, Thomson, Connecticut. Lib is president of the dramatic club at Marot.

Isabelle Hawke, Betsey Hun, and Lady Love are at Smith. They all seem very enthusiastic about college life, and especially about cheer-leading.

The Wellesley Freshmen from Miss Fine's are Jean March, Elizabeth Noyes, and Margaret Stevens. We have heard that Elizabeth Noyes is on her class squad of the crew. Also in the town of Wellesley is Marjorie Smith, who is at the Pine Manor School.

In the Freshman class at Sweet Briar is Wallace Hubball; it is reported that she loves it there.

Doris Johnson is at Syracuse University studying art. She has recently been elected to the Alpha Xi Delta Sorority.

Helen Scammell has returned from Europe and is at

the Poughkeepsie Preparatory School preparing for Vassar.

Roberta Webb is at Miss Fontaine's School, Cannes, France.

Alice Goheen has joined Nancy at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Nancy is a Sophomore and Alice is a Freshman. It is quite natural, after her athletic record at Miss Fine's, that Alice should be captain of the Freshman hockey team.

Virgina Reynolds is at Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia, and from all reports is having a very good time.

At home in Princeton this winter are Peggy Cook, Dorothea Matthews, Katharine Mitchell, and Mary Stockton. Peggy is planning to study law, Dorothea is tutoring for Oxford, and Mary is studying German with Mrs. Blau. Katharine plans to study music and take a secretarial course in New York. Betty Maddock is at home also, in Trenton.

The engagement of Anne Long to James Pierce of Trenton was announced in October, and Katherine Blackwell's to Ulric Dahlgren, Jr., of Princeton, in November.

Alice More is soon to be married to Gilbert Diamond, an instructor in Cambridge University, England. They will make their home in Cambridge.

Two old pupils of Miss Fine's, Darrah More and Harry Fine, were married in September.

Katrina Van Dyke was married in October to Murray Peabody Brush, Jr.

In Washington, on November the tenth, Alice Eno was married to Henry L. D'A Hopkinson, third secretary of the British Embassy.

Mary Reddan, who is a Junior at Wellesley, has been elected to the Alpha Kappa Chi Sorority.

Spending the winter in New York are Peggy Matthews, Mary Anne Matthews, and Ellie Pierce, who have taken an apartment together. Christine Gibbons and Lawrie Norris also have an apartment together while they are studying in New York.

LUCY MAXWELL, '28



WE are very happy to exchange with the following publications:

Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.
Tit Bits—St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.
Chestnut Burr—Springside, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Budget—Vail Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Bleatings—St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.
Serendipity—Marlborough High School, Los Angeles,

Cal.

Milestone—Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Academe—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.
The Lit—Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.
Mary Institute Chronicle—Mary Institute, St. Louis,

Mo.

Grotonian—Groton School, Groton, Mass.

Choate Literary Magazine—Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

Hotchkiss Literary Monthly—Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

Hathaway-Brown Review—Hathaway-Brown School, Cleveland, O.

Irwinian—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Blue Print—Katherine Branson School, Ross, Cal.

Knox Ghost—Knox School, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Holt School Magazine—Holt Secondary School, Liverpool, England.

The following exchanges, already received, are gratefully acknowledged:

Milestone—We find your magazine interesting, but we should like more stories and poems in the Literary Department. "A Sunday Excursion" especially appealed to us.

Bleatings—We admired the headings of your departments, and also the Primary Efforts. "Napoleon" was much liked.

Mary Institute Chronicle—Your book reviews are well written, and you are to be congratulated upon the results of your prize contests. The *Chronicle* is one of our best exchanges.

Choate Literary Magazine—Both the poetry and the prose in your magazine are of high quality, especially "The Ghost of Yesterday". We congratulate you upon your dignity.

The Lawrenceville Lit—The fine literary quality of much of your material, especially of "The Boy Who Thought Too Much", in your October issue, has been praised, as have your book reviews.

YVONNE G. CAMERON, '28



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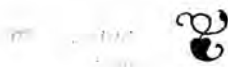
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