

# The Link



June, 1928







# THE LINK

JUNE

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# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. VIII

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No. 3

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TO MISS FINE

IN GRATITUDE FOR LOVE  
AND PERSONAL INTEREST  
WHICH WILL CONTINUE TO BE  
OUR INSPIRATION





JANE LINK

*"Friendship, love, and brotherhood  
Of themselves are understood."*

French class comes directly after recess. Five minutes before the bell rings, when everyone is walking and talking and eating all around Study Hall, Jane sits hunched over her "theme" writing rapidly, every now and then looking up at one of the several people standing around her desk. "How do you say 'has been there for five days?'" Oh, yes, I remember now"—and down goes the head and on flies the pencil. When the papers are handed back, we look eagerly at our marks. "Jane, what did you get?" Jane makes a small face and reluctantly replies "ninety"—and the rest of us had been defensively proud of our sixties and seventies! All so typical of our President! She never seems to work really hard; she always has time to hear a tale of woe; she never misses athletics (or a basket or goal either), and the amount of charitable and Christian work she performs outside is appalling. Though she does so much good by stealth that were it all known her fame would not only make her blush but quite overwhelm her, we don't even know that she's done it, but are only aware of her comforting aura of stability, good-fellowship, and fun.



## ADELAIDE BANKS

*"A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."*

No matter how much excitement, amusement or frivolity is going on about her in Study Hall, Adelaide, sitting on one foot, calmly raises her head from her book and smilingly glances around for a moment, then pursues her studies again, never disturbed and seldom joining in the fun. We marvel at her power of concentration; how she can get all her work done in study periods and run home at three-thirty in her Chrysler with no more than a book or two is beyond our comprehension.

Calm, impersonal, mildly interested, almost always the same, with occasional spurts of energy—that's Adelaide.

## YVONNE CAMERON

*"Let me not burst in ignorance!"*

"What's the morning always have to begin wrong for!" Our Viking maiden, tall, strong, her fair head borne high on shoulders proudly erect, blue eyes snapping with indignation, throws herself roughly into her seat and stares fiercely at nothing, chin on hand. Someone, smiling, catches her eye, and she herself breaks into an amused, half-defensive grin. "Well, you'd be grouchy, too, if you had to do all that—well—Physics!"

Our priceless classmate! What should we do without her in basketball, or on the Student Council, voicing her opinions with sturdy righteousness? What fun would classes be without that hard, bony hand shooting up with "But *my* book says right here—"What high-minded seriousness she adds to our frivolity, with her vaulting ambition to be a professor of French at Bryn Mawr. How deprecating is she of her first honors—how staunchly loyal to her friends—what an addition to the class appearance—how integral a part of our class, of the school, and of our hearts!





## BETTY DINSMORE

*"Out of the abundance of the heart  
the mouth speaketh."*

Betty is the most sympathetic person we know, in every way possible. Tell her a joke, and she will laugh harder and longer than anyone; tell her of any worry or trouble, and she will understand and sympathize to the utmost; tell her of your happiness, and she will rejoice. Except for Miss Fine, she talks faster and says more in a minute than anyone in school. (She writes faster, too; and *The Link* takes just pride in its Literary Editor.) Then she is always merry and jolly and ready to laugh. Besides all this, she has "a head to contrive, a hand to execute," whether to decide the decorations for the school dance or to suggest something sure to better our student government. As President of

the Student Council her judgment, her even fairness and her unflagging spirit have crowned her work with honor.

## CAROLINE DIXON

*"Endurance is the crowning  
quality."*

We all love, honor and cherish, etc., this good old school of ours, more than now, perhaps, we may realize; but there are times that come to the best of us when the bit of routine jerks and pulls us the way we want to go least. One would expect Caroline, quite naturally, to fret the most at this, since she has worn the bit longest, but what wouldn't the crew of us give for the courageous and good-natured patience which this our classmate exhibits in the face of the most trying experiences—wandering through Hades with pious Aeneas and the disillusioned Sibyl, for instance? Philemon and Baucis, too, worthy souls, for all their hospitality do try our nerves sometimes; but our rock of cheerful good sense only smiles as she chews her nails. We salute a steady, loyal student and classmate, and our good friend.



## JEAN HAVENS

*"—Somewhat of the infantine,  
But of the childish not a touch or  
taint."*

Jean has an indomitable will: once she has made up her mind, all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot change it. (Though she is willing to admit the few-and-far-between times when she is wrong.) Although she is a good student, she has many a time sent the whole class off with some exceedingly naive question. She seems to appreciate the deeper things of life and to take everything more seriously than the rest of us, even though she has an odd vein of humor in her make-up. She has proved herself a good athlete, especially at hockey; who can forget her as goal guard, and her lusty "Seniors! Seniors!" as our opponents prevented us from making a goal at the other end of the field? Besides all her other proficiency, we fear that she is Miss Howes' sole reward in the Friday singing class.



## BETTY MacLAREN

*"A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all  
night  
Singeth a quiet tune."*



Betty is the quietest person in school: she moves quietly, speaks quietly, even laughs quietly; under the deep stress of an unusually difficult passage of Vergil or *Les Sauterelles* she collects herself slowly and deliberately and quietly says the right right thing. She seems to cast a tranquil spell over the most excitable teachers, and they always await her answer, even if it is a few seconds coming. This doesn't mean that Betty is slow in thinking! She is merely deliberate, and that is a term many of us have often wished could be applied to us. No, Betty is anything but slow. When something amusing has occurred, isn't that soft little chuckle always heard first? Betty's dignity and reserve have kept the majority of us from feeling that we know her. But those of us who have been fortunate enough to peep behind this screen (which really makes Betty "Betty Mac") have formed a strong affection for her.



## MARGARET MAIER

*"Such a neat little, sweet little craft—  
Such a bright little,  
Tight little,  
Slight little,  
Light little,  
Trim little, slim little craft."*

Midge, of the many nicknames, is most appropriately called "Kitten," for her perfect immaculateness, her daintiness, her petiteness, and her gentleness remind one of nothing so much as a soft little cat—by no means using that word in the slang sense. As a true test, she has kept her charming neatness even through the ghastly ordeal most of us have by this time undergone—that of growing long hair. As for her clothes—we actually remember seeing her in the same dress as many as three times! She has an inexhaustible supply of

jewelry, also, and for a few months even wore it on her teeth. No one has ever seen her the least bit irritated, and her smile is ready for everyone; so is it any wonder that her numerous friends range from our Third Intermediate to the Sophomore class of Princeton?

## KATHERINE MANNING

*"We learn from History that men never learn anything from History."*

"Oh, how vile!" reaches our ears, and we turn around to find Kitty expressing her disgust at some of "Good Aeneas's fortunes." The next minute, "Isn't it screaming!"—and we know that Kitty has resumed her usual joking, laughing, and story-telling. But Kitty is one of those who, despite an overpowering sense of humor, are fortunate enough to possess a sufficient seriousness also. We all know her as editor of the *Link* and as writer of its editorials as well as of entertaining class essays. But perhaps we know best the ever-present fulness and enjoyment of life that pervade her every action—even pervade her history class!

And one thing we certainly know—that if Kitty has her hat on in the normal fashion instead of on the back of her head, and her side-burns are neatly peeping out, the Coffee House is to lose a patron that midday.



## LUCY MAXWELL

*"The outward form of inward harmony."*

We all envy Lucy her perfect poise—has any one ever seen her the last bit perturbed? We may well envy her for other characteristics too, though her modesty forbids our enumerating many of them. Her popularity is due to a happy combination: of humor, sweet temper, never visibly tried although she has exceedingly definite opinions of her own, interest in others, and generosity. (Witness the use made of her car!) She is never raucous like the rest of us, and even when in hysterics over some ill-chanced remark of Vergil's—or some ill-chanced translation—gives the impression of being quietly reserved. She is continually surprising us with new accomplishments: hockey and basketball—Physics—clogging interpretations—singing alto. What would surprise us most, however, would be to hear that she has missed so much as one prom since we first took interest in such worldly affairs!



## ELIZABETH MIFFLIN

*"And that ye study to be quiet,  
and to do your own business."*

Such unruffability! Someone faints; old Vergil puts one over on the class; basketball becomes so exciting that the whistle blows several times without a hearing; everyone is fussing and fidgeting, or dashing about as though totally headless: "Miff" strides calmly and efficiently for first aid; puts on a Buddha-like expression and goes on translating the woes of Ae-ne-as, or runs about the basketball court waving her arms and quietly accomplishing her end, i. e., grabbing the b. b. A surprising person indeed!—the sincerity and simplicity of one younger and less experienced and the tact and efficiency of worldly wisdom and age. "The best advertising manager, in every way," that Miss Miller has ever known. Such is "Mifflin" of New Brunswick.

## Class Statistics

Best All 'Round.....	Jane Link
Most Attractive.....	Lucy Maxwell
Cleverest.....	Katherine Manning
Biggest Baby.....	Yvonne Cameron
Cutest.....	Margaret Maier
Most Athletic.....	Jane Link
Most Graceful.....	Lucy Maxwell
Most Unaffected.....	Betty MacLaren
Most Sympathetic.....	Jane Link
Prettiest.....	Lucy Maxwell
Daintiest.....	Margaret Maier
Peppiest.....	Katherine Manning
Noisiest.....	Yvonne Cameron
Greatest Talker.....	Betty Dinsmore
Most Poise.....	Lucy Maxwell
Most Indifferent.....	Adelaide Banks
Frankest.....	Elizabeth Mifflin
Most Conscientious.....	Jean Havens
Biggest Flirts.....	Adelaide Banks
	Katherine Manning
Most Respected.....	Jane Link
Biggest Bluffer.....	Elizabeth Mifflin
Most Sentimental.....	Jean Havens
Teachers' Pet.....	Betty Dinsmore
Most Original.....	Katherine Manning
Brightest.....	Yvonne Cameron
Best Figure.....	Adelaide Banks
Best Dressed.....	Lucy Maxwell
Biggest Tease.....	Yvonne Cameron
Best Fun.....	Betty Dinsmore
Best Disposition.....	Jane Link
Most Patient.....	Caroline Dixon
Most Ambitious.....	Yvonne Cameron
Most Tactful.....	Jane Link
Laziest.....	Katherine Manning
Most Sensible.....	Jane Link
Most Popular.....	Betty Dinsmore
Biggest Heart-breaker.....	Margaret Maier
Best School-spirit.....	Jane Link



## Seniors' Farewell

STRANGE thought! They will go on without us, these things that we have loved, just as we have seen our own private Mount Olympus (that glorious apple tree!) where Jupiter and Juno ruled Apollo, Diana, Neptune and the lesser gods for ten triumphant minutes a day, continue to bud and blossom, and to shelter its gods, for other children.

For others, now, the friendly silence, the soothing quiet of the Library; the study with Miss Fine; this last year's deeper, closer association with the spirit of the school.

For others the becoming comfort of short blue tunics and tights; the snappy clogging—our lean Maxwell quite outshining us all; the banging of bones in hockey practice; the breathlessness, the fighting eagerness, of a raw day on the hockey field (slimy with snow and mud) with a pesky opponent; the excitement, all unexpected, of a closely contested basket-ball game with the University League.

For others—and we dare recall them now with fondness—our History charts. And we bequeath our prowess in Physics!

For those others, the chatter and gossip at recess; the eager interest in Honor Groups, read in Chapel; the watching the younger children grow up.

Lunches at the Coffee House—*Links* to edit—are they really things of the past? Are there to be no more foolish people who drive up in ignorant pomposity and ask if they can have luncheon here? No more study on the porch, finally warm with the rays of the genial old sun? Must we give up our rockers?—the railings which groan at our ridiculous small jokes? No more talk of Commencement?

Is Commencement really here? Must we put on our white dresses and be given our diplomas: those awe-inspiring bits of parchment we have coveted so foolishly for so many long years?

Oh, as we scatter, we're assured, there will be new ties, new friendships. But not another—never another—Miss Fine!



## The Aeneid of '28

As presented at an institution of learning in Princeton, New Jersey  
(some miles from the north coast of Africa)

*The action takes place on a Monday morning—before the Monday assignment becomes "sight"—in a small class-room. The audience looks through a door into a narrowish room. Directly opposite is a large window. Facing a class of girls is an imposing, stately Lady, her beautiful white hair piled high above a rather anxious brow.*

*Lady:* Well now, Katherine, suppose you begin. I hope you know your lesson better this morning than you did Friday. Well now, begin. "But good Aeneas——"

*A pert, cute girl with golden hair, sitting slightly sidewise in her seat and with her blue shoes twisted about the legs of her chair, takes up the translation.*

*Katherine:* But good Aeneas, carrying his ancient father upon his back, leaves the walls—of—of now, wait-a-minute—oh!—leaves the walls of Troy burning——

*Lady:* Now wait—wait a minute. Wait a minute, Katherine. That sounds as though Troy—you see, it wasn't *Troy* that was burning, my dear child—what is the position of the words? Now do that again, taking the words in order—taking them as they come now, Katherine. (*She translates, K. M. trying to do it again, but badly pressed to keep up. Two or three others now chime in.*)

*Dark, brown-eyed, slightly worldly-looking girl:* Leaves the bur——

*Calm, efficient-looking girl (overwhelmingly):* The burning walls o——

*Girl with olive skin, yellowish hair soft about her face, and a miraculously keen pair of eyes:* Of Troy behind him!

*They all beam in triumph and look proudly toward the Lady.*

*Lady:* Now, Lucy. This is a bit confused here. "However, the gods——"

*Sweet-faced, black-haired girl of dignity and some beauty (quietly and competently):* However, the gods aid him by the power of their divine will. Juno, fearing—lest he should reach—oh, what is that word—I knew it a minute ago—lest he reach——

*Blonde girl with sparkling blue eyes:* Carthage. (*With great fluency*) She came to the kingdom of Aeolus, whom then Juno as suppliant addressed in these words—*She finishes the passage breathlessly. The class heaves a sigh of astonishment and looks toward the reader in despairing amazement. The Lady laughs.*

*Lady:* Well, yes, that's very good, Yvonne, very-good-indeed. Now, Jean, you take it.

*The girl addressed proceeds. She has a very difficult part. She hesitates, frowns, and with desperate concern struggles on.*

*Jean:* Suddenly—the night—uh—dark night—seizes—oh dear—snatches the light from our si-sight.

*So the translation proceeds around the class. A girl who has been gazing, chin on hand, at the out-of-doors in general, does her bit and ends with an outburst.*

*Betty:* Oh, I think Aeneas was a weak-brained sap! I never heard of anyone so conceited!

*Y. C.:* Heavens, yes. He couldn't even make up his own mind. Had to wait for "the gods" to do it for him! Humph!

*J. L.:* I know, Yvonne, but that's just part of the plot. He wasn't *supposed* to know what to do. His fate was meant to be directed by the gods, don't you see?

*L. M.:* Why, of course. If Aeneas had done just as he wished, and if the gods hadn't told him just what to do, there wouldn't have been any *Aeneid* written. There wouldn't have been any point to Vergil's writing the story, at all.

*Lady (smilingly and rapidly):* Well, since we're discussing Aeneas' personal character, suppose you take this statement from one of the College Boards for part of your tomorrow's assignment, and think it over: "Aeneas' character throughout the story of the *Aeneid* is weak and asinine."

*A low chuckle from the back row.*

*Shrieking as of wind outside. Gurgling noise in water-pipes.*

*Lady:* Well, Let's leave Aeneas alone for awhile. Caroline, you may go on. *Caroline begins. She goes slowly, in evident dread lest what she knows to be right may be wrong. A loud screeching noise, succeeded by a whistling sigh, drowns her out.*

*Lady:* Oh, that awful wind! And the moaning of those trees! It just whistles through these heating pipes.

*(The bell rings, and the class files out.)*

*Lady:* Dear me, how stuffy this place is! *She opens the window at the top, and brushing her hair off her worried brow, hurries out.*

*(A slight mist appearing over the heating pipes in the corner of the room becomes more distinct—takes the form of a woman in classic robes. Another figure clammers in over the top of the open window. Its resplendent draperies, slightly wind-tossed, are to be recognized by any devotee of the movies as those of a well-to-do, not-very-busy general who might have fought at Troy, or some such place.)*

*First Figure:* At last that's over!

*Second Figure:* "The wind in the pipes" and "the moaning of those trees," indeed!

*First Figure, heatedly:* Well, aren't we going to do anything? I suppose you like to be called "weak" and "asinine" and to have these wretched children ridicule your wanderings and sorrows! Yes, you do!

*Aeneas:* Well, what can I do about it? They'll regret it some day, when they've gone a little way with their own peregrinations. I know what we'll do! In return for their maligning our past, we'll invite them to witness their future. What do you say to a play, most gracious queen?

*Dido falls in with the scheme, and they begin planning the setting and the parts.*

## PART II

*Dido and Aeneas pace up and down, manuscript in hand.*

*Aeneas:* Jane should gather the others together in 1938 for a class reunion—that's certain, since she is class president. Now, those eyes, and the way she argued my case—she's a great humanitarian, that one. Let's see—

*Dido:* I have it! She shall be president of the International Social Service Bureau, with headquarters in Chicago. At the time of the reunion, however, she is stationed at the Mission of Christian Friendship and Chinatown, San Francisco. Here the class will come to reunite at her invitation.

*Aeneas:* Perfect! Jane awaits her guests. First enters Caroline, who has been on tour throughout the entire country starring in a great revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*. Jane shows her about the Mission, explaining her work and relating some of the interesting incidents of her experience. Yes—that's all very good.

*Dido:* Now for the next guests. This will certainly do. That dignified, stunning-looking girl—Lucy was her name, wasn't it?—arrives from her home in South America on a stately Spanish galleon and moors her ship in the busy harbor. Docked just beside the galleon is a giant, amazingly resplendent ocean liner, *The Spirit of Paris*. As Lucy descends from her vessel, a dark, vivid girl comes down the gang-plank of the liner. They meet, and the crowd at the dock recognizes the tall girl from her pictures in the ultra-fashionable magazines; while a great party hastens forward to welcome the other, the premiere danseuse of the Folies Bergere. She is noted for her indifference to the pleas of titled heads, but they rush forward, nothing daunted. Of course her classmates will recognize Adelaide.

*Aeneas:* All right—all right so far. Did you hear the girl who was so earnest about her translation singing downstairs awhile ago?

*Dido:* Yes, Jean Havens.

*Aeneas:* Well, she is going to be the collaborating head of the Howes—Havens Music School—the Bird Method. She is very busy, but by taking her pupils on the trip with her can manage to get to

the reunion. She takes her little "birdies" to the dock to meet her old classmates. So, just as the throng rush to meet Adelaide and Lucy, a woman pushes forward, marshalls a host of children, and raising her arms, begins to lead them in song. The childish voices, very bird-like indeed, having finished the song of welcome, Jean affectionately greets her two classmates, and they all leave for Chinatown and the reunion.

*Dido*: Oh, by all means! But I don't just see how we are going to put all that on a stage.

*Aeneas* (masterfully). A mere nothing!—the gods will attend to that. We must get these characterizations first.

*Dido*: Now for Yvonne. Oh, of course! Just as Jean, Lucy and Adelaide (the birdies having been sent back to the conservatory) arrive at the door of Jane's Mission, a large, stunning-looking airplane glides noiselessly onto the roof landing-field, and a figure steps out and disappears downward through a trap-door in the field. As the helmeted, leather-coated figure enters the room, the others jump up joyously. "Yvonne, you old dear, you look a bit wan. Do come and sit down by the fire and have a cup of tea; that will set you up again in a jiffy." Thus Jane speaks. Yvonne smiles: "Well, you see, it's this way. When I got your invitation I had just arrived in Belgium for the summer." They know Yvonne is the Countess de la Ham-burgh, Head of the French Department of Bryn Mawr, so they look a bit puzzled. She explains: "I have a really darling place at Brussels, you know, so Cire and I spend all the college holidays and our summers over there. I made a non-stop flight from Brussels here, and brought nothing but a few dozen books along, so tea *will* taste good."

*Aeneas*: That dialogue is very good. You had it right at your tongue's end. I've an idea that will fit in here, too. Jean now offers a box of Lucky Strikes to everyone present. They are all a bit surprised. She tells Yvonne that she will find great relaxation in them, if she feels at all shaky after her trip. Jean lights her own cigarette: "I needed some relaxation from my work—it gets pretty strenuous at times—so I took to Luckies. They are the only true enjoyable smoke, and impair my voice in no way. On the contrary, they are very soothing to my throat, and I would not be without them."

*Dido*: If the gods approve your speech, and don't appear before you in a warning vision, that will do very nicely. I think we might have the Mifflin girl come in next. But while they are waiting someone can pick up a copy of the International Missing Link, with *Miss Elizabeth Mifflin, Advertising Manager*, in large print at the top of the Index page. Caroline, who is looking through it, suddenly exclaims, and holds up the magazine. A colored portrait of an attractive young woman greets the eye. All crowd together to read the print below the picture.

"Mrs. Stanley Fairfax, the foremost beauty of the fashionable American colony at Buenos Aires, heartily endorses the daily use of

Pond's Creams. Mrs. Fairfax was formerly Miss Lucy Maxwell of Princeton, New Jersey, where she was one of the most popular members of the younger contingent of smart society."

*Aeneas*: And just then in walks Mifflin with a large bundle of color-printed posters under her arm. She informs the multitude that they advertise the Missing Link, that she is going to paste them all over San Francisco, and that all offers for assistance will be thoughtfully considered.

*Dido*: Yes, and just behind her will come Betty MacLaren—the chuckle, you remember (they seemed to be always near each other). On being greeted and requested to supply entertainment she begins to tell one of her best Chuckle Bed-time Stories, with which she regales radio audiences every night.

*Aeneas (eagerly)*: And just as they are in hysterics, in will walk a dainty, fairy-like creature, dressed in the height of fashion. That will be Midget Maier, of course, who has just motored over from Hollywood. She rushes up to Jane and asks her please to send away those boys outside—that she just simply couldn't get rid of them.

*Dido*: Katherine Manning and Betty Dinsmore will be late, of course. The rest will begin discussing Kitty. A few have lost touch with her in the last few years, and want to know what she is doing. The Mifflin person will supply the information: "She has a very popular course at Columbia for history instructors. After having attended several of her salons, they take up the study of the Delights of Being Dumb, adopting as their slogan, "The less you work, the more you know, and great intellects are never appreciated anyway, except by a few saps."

*Aeneas*: And now let me arrange for that Dinsmore girl! I'll have revenge for the things she said about me! She shall come in looking worn and poorly dressed, and no one will recognize her at first. She doesn't smile or say a word to anyone. The Countess starts telling jokes to cheer her up, but at last she interrupts—"Oh, don't try to make me laugh, ever! By my laughing and talking I have driven three husbands to the crazy asylum, and I have to support all of them. It takes every cent I can earn, and I had to bum rides all the way out here!"

*Dido*: Don't have that. One husband might do, but not three! Besides, the girl is not so bad as all that. In fact, I sometimes think there is truth in what she said about you.

*Aeneas (furiously)*: Now I know why the gods wanted me to leave you, O treacherous woman!

*Dido*: That's right, blame it all on the gods! You insipid bargain-breaker, I wish they'd give you the same advice this very minute!

*(The play is forgotten. As their anger grows hotter, their faces, white with wrath, blur and become indistinct, then their forms. Slowly they disappear. Steam escapes from the radiator and there is a slight mist on the window-pane.)*

## FLOWER MARKET

Lilacs—lilacs—lilacs blue—  
Sweet-a-pink apple bloom—  
White cherry blossoms, and  
Pear flowers, too.

Baskets of blue-bells,  
Sweet, ringing blue-bells,  
Spilling o'er irises  
Fresh from the hollows.

*Tucked in a corner,  
Mary-Sue's offering—  
Cracked pottery cups  
Full of quaint wood-anemone.*

Great sprays of dogwood  
In deep wooden buckets—  
Bent sprigs of plum trees  
With scented white hoods.

*Tucked in a corner,  
Mary-Sue's offering—  
Starry spring-beauties  
In tumblers of water.*

BETTY DINSMORE, '28

## A Night Beneath the Stars

THE great desert swept before us in high mounds and curved dips. We had taken no rest all day, and now that evening had come were ready to turn in.

I don't think I have ever in my life been so impressed by a sunset. The great red ball, flanked on either side by twisting, gold-edged clouds, cast a rose glow over the entire desert, except in the millions of little furrows and enormous pits made there by the plowing strength of the unconquerable desert winds. These basins sank into unmitigated blackness on the varying surface. In another hour, twilight had come and we had arrived at an oasis. Here we planned to eat our evening meal and spend the night. The sun had set, but still pink-tinted clouds, changing to lavender, swept across the ever-darkening sky.

After we had dined we made haste in retiring, as both of us were weary from the constant back-and-forth movement of camel riding and from the hot sun and the glare on our eyes which we had borne for the past three days.

The flap of my tent was caught back. After I had been settled on my rugs for several minutes, my eyes were attracted by the exquisite picture it framed. This was so alluring to me that it was not long before I had moved my rugs and covers out. How much more pleasant it was than lying enveloped by canvas sides! I found that my weariness seemed to vanish, and I lay there for an interminable length of time before I closed my eyes.

Heavy foliage surrounded me, and tall trunks of palm trees shot up like sky-rockets and burst forth on the top with a superb array of leaves and fruit. I lay there and gazed up through the network of pointed, sword-like fronds to the dark blue sky above, studded with an infinity of tiny pin-point stars. A strange silence consumed the place, and for a time I wondered why, in the midst of all this flourishing vegetation, with its deep, shimmering pool and beautiful long grass, there were no sounds of nocturnal animals. And then it occurred to me that we were the only living beings on the oasis, and that our being surrounded by hun-

dreds of miles of sand was reason enough for the complete absence of animal life. The breeze was cool and wafted pleasantly through the trees. It soothed me, and my last thought before I fell asleep was that never again would I find such a heavenly spot on which to lay my weary head.

Next morning, when the skies were coral-tinted and before the sun had gained its greatest strength, we reluctantly turned our backs upon that delicious harbor which had lent coolness to our heated brains and rest to our fatigued bodies.

Once more we faced that appalling vastness of sand.

ESTELLE FRELINGHUYSEN, '30

### INSOMNIA

The endless moments all night long go by,  
Marching in strong file on, they know not where.  
And moves the wandering moon across the sky,  
Mutely insane with grief she cannot bear.  
The sea is restless: sobbing flings her waves,  
Only to draw them back and fling again.  
Year after changeless year we live, and die  
Unsatisfied; seeking the truth in vain.  
Another day will come, another night—  
Empty, monotonous futility!  
And even after death I still must hear  
The weary ticking of Eternity.

MARION LINEWEAVER, '29



PENCE

#### OLIVE TREES IN AUGUST

Are they ever young, these trees? Grey and old they look: old as the sun-baked earth from which they spring. Their limbs are old and bent; one can never think of them straight and young. All silvery are their leaves, and they tremble like palsied men. Are they ever young, these trees?

BETSY GRISWOLD, '29

#### THE MOUNTAIN PINE

Above him, toward the misty sky, the mountains thrust mighty shoulders shining with fields of undimmed snow. Below him spread the wild panorama of an unsettled country. Green valleys, bald promontories, wind-ruffled mountain lakes, and rows of jagged mountains stretched on and on into the blue dimness of distance. Delicate white mountain flowers climbed among the rocks at his feet. The wind blew a fury of stinging snow among his branches. His

rugged old back was bent with years of struggle against wind and cold. His gnarled old branches held tufts of disreputable needles, stunted by the thin air. He held his old head proudly—the Mountain Pine, king of the Rockies.

FLORENCE PHILLIPS, '29

### THE DRIVEWAY

Our driveway is an archway made of trees:  
A long, straight road, two rows of towering elms  
That stretch their arms above smooth, slender trunks  
To meet their neighbors' leafy grasp of friendship.  
Beside the elms grow spruce trees clothed in shades  
Of bluish-green, reflected from the blend  
Of sky and leaves; beneath whose spreading boughs  
The grass and weeds, a mass of tangled brush,  
Grow like a sheltering cover o'er the ground.

GRACE COOK, '30

### OCEAN MOODS

Aphrodite . . . .  
Silver spray  
And blue-green water  
Laughs . . . .

Aphrodite . . . .  
Seaweed  
In her windblown hair  
Holding  
A white-winged gull  
Against her breast  
Frowns . . . .

Aphrodite . . . .  
Curling foam  
And blue-green water  
Smiles . . . .

CAROLYN MORSE, Intermediate IV

## NIGHT

Cool, white-armed Night, in robes of black,  
With fingertips slipping over the great city's insomnia,  
descends.

Through misted eyes she looks unseeing  
Upon the clouds flying rapidly to ocean,  
While the moon, blowing silver fringes upon her shoulders,  
Brightly outshines the river lights  
That cling to mastheads.

O little swinging lights,  
Where will you dance when Night has vanished?

JANE OLDS, '29

## ROADS

Lonely, lovely pathways,  
Roads of bare concrete,  
Roads that lead to cities  
Sweltering in heat;  
Country roads through woodlands,  
Edged by flowers and trees;  
Hot, dirty dust-roads,  
Winding to the seas.  
Grimy, oily-smelling winds  
Sweep across the highways;  
Charming quiet breezes  
Blow across the byways;  
Whether hot with dustiness,  
Or cool with water falling,  
There's the imp of vagrancy  
That tauntingly is calling.

SARAH JOHNSTON, '31



STUDENT COUNCIL

## THE WILLOW THAT WEPT

'Twas a saucy young brook that with dimples defied  
The edict for mourning the Crown Prince's bride;  
Through the gardens he'd pushed to the innermost parts  
And seen how creation without limitation affected to nurse  
    broken hearts.

All the flowers lamented, the blossoms they grieved,  
The shrubbery shook with the sighs that it heaved,  
While the trees moaned aloud—and as for the Prince,  
He bore his affliction with proper contrition: with tears  
    he her mem'ry did rinse!

As each moon sped the passing of pretense of grief,  
The brook marked the hypocrite garden's relief;  
As the plants and the trees rose and stretched out their  
    arms,  
They seemed all but voicing their secret rejoicing—none  
    now could surpass them in charms.

The young Crown Prince paid court to a bevy of belles,  
All heiresses they—the poor demoiselles!  
'Twas the willow, who'd loved her, still wept for the bride:  
But his tears as they streamed turned to dimples it seemed,  
    as they fell in the brook's shallow tide.

MARGARET HOLT LOWRY, '29

## THE SONG OF A PESSIMIST

A pessimist I—essence of gloom,  
Compound of fog and air of the tomb;  
A hanger of crepe and prophet of sorrow,  
Ever quite sure of its raining tomorrow.

This is my motto: "Ever say die:  
Be warned against raising your hopes very high."  
So hear me and heed me and come be my friend,  
And we'll both go together to a very bad end.

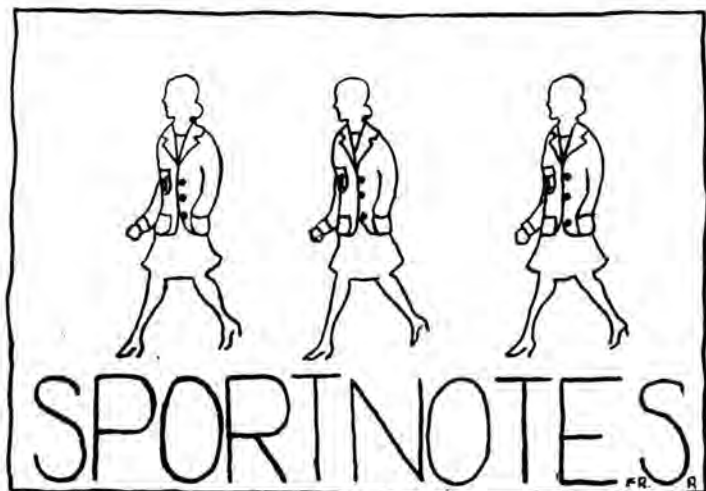
PHOEBE KENT, '31



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM—JUNIOR



After an arduous meeting of the Athletic Committee, the following were chosen to receive the award of the school insignia, to be embroidered on their blazers: Yvonne Cameron, Jane Link, Betsy Griswold, Kathryn Hull, Cornelia Murray, Sarah Stockton, Frances Boice, Margaretta Cowen-hoeven, and Olga Tomec.

The baseball season has begun and the championship is being played off between the Freshman and Junior classes. The Freshmen already have one game to their credit. The baseball captains are: B. MacLaren, '28, C. Murray, '29, H. Duffield, '30, and J. Mitchell, '31.

SARAH STOCKTON, '29

The annual May Fete and Field Day on May 22, was an unusual success. A play, *Proserpine*, presented by the Fourth Grade children, was found delightful by the school and by our many friends, of all ages, who were present. Sarah Stockton, the newly-elected president of the 1929 Student Council, was crowned May Queen, and there were old-fashioned May-pole dances by the younger children and the Intermediate classes. The races which followed were won by the Sophomores, with the IVth Intermediates a close second. Last, but far from least, was the championship baseball game, won by the valiant Freshmen from the ambitious Juniors.

CORNELIA MURRAY, '29



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM—SOPHOMORE



Mrs. George Young (Eleanor Cook) has been elected a trustee of the school in place of Mr. Wheaton, who has resigned.

News comes from Wellesley that Florence Clayton is captain of the volley ball team; from Goucher, that Frances Klemann is making a record as a swimmer, having won in a recent meet two dash events, a free style and a side-stroke fifty-yard race.

Pierre Cameron, who will graduate from Yale this June, will teach next winter at the South Kent School.

On April thirtieth, at Trenton, Anne Long was married to Thomas Lincoln Kerney. Katherine Blackwell and Ulric Dahlgren Jr. will be married on the fourteenth of June.

LUCY MAXWELL, '28



## EXCHANGE

*The Link* acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

*Academe*—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.

*Aster*—Prospect Hill Country Day School, Newark, N. J.

*Babbler*—Brown School, Schenectady, N. Y.

*Bleatings*—St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.

*Blue Pencil*—Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

*Budget*—Vail Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.

*Dwightonia*—Dwight School, Englewood, N. J.

*Hotchkiss Literary Monthly*—Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

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

*Institute Tatler*—WilkesBarre Institute, Forty Fort, Penn.

*Irwinian*—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Junior Journal*—Princeton Junior School, Princeton, N. J.

*Lit*—Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.

*Mary Institute Chronicle*—Mary Institute, St. Louis,  
Mo.

*Milestone*—Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

*Question Mark*—Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn.

*Triangle*—Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

*Turret*—Tower School, Salem, Mass.

## THOUGHT

The sun  
is a ball  
of burnished copper  
fit for the gods  
to play with.

CAROLYN MORSE, Intermediate IV

## APRIL AND MAY

April is a pretty thing:  
Comes when it is warm in spring  
Spreads a carpet on the ground,  
Then she turns three times around.

April, April, come to me,  
April, April, sing with glee.

May brings something else, you see:  
She spreads a carpet on the tree,  
Then she turns three times around  
And there's a flower on the ground.

May, May, bring flowers sweet,  
We will smile your face to greet.

LORNA STUART, Intermediate II

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*View from South Porch of Inn*

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