

The Link



June, 1929

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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. IX

JUNE, 1929

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To Miss Fine

*What do the other schoolgirls do?
And what were schooldays, wanting you?*





SARAH STOCKTON

"Vera, integra, aperta, nil habuit ficti, nil simulati"

President of the Student Council, President of our class, Captain of the Hockey and Basketball teams—one cannot mention Sime without thinking of all she is and has been to the class and the school. Faithfully has she filled these offices, and staunchly has she borne her responsibilities. We turn to her in troublous times.

And yet she's not only human, she's Sime: never could anyone else be like her. Picture her, smiling all over her face, her hat precariously perched on the back of her head, entering the study hall and pausing with a dismayed groan to survey her desk, overflowing with books and month-old papers and pushed into the middle of the aisle. She gives the drawer a despairing kick and walks off, to rehearse her Latin lesson for the fifth time. A good sport and good fun, never a mere goody-goody, but "steel-true and blade-straight"—what would this class have been without Sime?

MARY BLACKWELL

*"She heard it, but she heeded not—
her eyes
Were with her heart, and that was
far away."*

An air of indifference hides our Mary. We meet her in the corridor, in the cloak-room, in the gymnasium; we brush by her reaching for crackers and milk at recess; but we of the great majority do not know her, for all this contact. Reserved, introspective perhaps, certainly dreamy—in school, we are assured that after hours she is "anything but quiet". We look at her, questioning. A smile breaks momentarily the almost stoical detachment. As we let fall our eyes, they are caught by a little pin fastened to Mary's dress. Ah, we wonder—is this the key to the mystery?



JEAN BUNN

"All men naturally desire to know."

"Next came the lambs with their *dames?*" mumbles Jean into the well-thumbed pages of her Vergil. Miss Fine, with a gusty sigh, sinks back in her chair.

"Jean, if you can't bring yourself to say 'dam', say 'mother'!"

And thus, another Latin class. Poor Jean is famous for her varied translations, but when it comes to scanning, we all take a very distant back seat.

Jean is quiet, one of the quietest in the class, but somehow her bright eyes take in everything. She is the first to know all the news, and if we can pry it out of her, it is well worth our while. She is one of the class stand-bys, having been with us since the fifth grade. However, few of us really know her, for it is hard indeed to penetrate her shy reserve (much as we should like to) and discover all the lovable qualities there.





BETSY GRISWOLD

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Betsy is renowned for (1) good humor; (2) athletics; (3) geometric drawings of unsurpassable neatness; (4) a cunning little yellow pigtail. Any of those cold days a few months ago you might have seen her seated near the wintry blast with her mouth screwed to the concentration point and her pigtail held firmly in place by a large elastic band. And in Algebra, when logs threatened to sink us 'neath an overwhelming tide, Miss Collins would complete our humiliation by producing—from the *Geometry class*—sheets and sheets of impeccable drawings and descriptions *in ink*, almost too good to be true—Betsy's. Now, over the earthy baseball plate in the attitude of an Amazon about to lead a charge, Betsy wields a huge, hefty, and extremely successful bat. As for her other characteristics, they include the good-nature already mentioned, a shy sensitiveness, and a dry humor that laughs at exactly the right place.

BERNICE HARKINS

"Full steadfast, stable, and demure."

Bernice's sight translation may be the despair of Miss Fine, her posture, the despair of Miss Cumming, but she herself is the delight and joy of her classmates. A sleek black head, a gaily colored dress (with matching accessories in the way of jewelry *etc.*), a cheerful smile, and a giggle—in spite of all "added attractions", Bernice is one of our quietest and most unobtrusive members. Some people are heard before seen, some seen and heard, and some are felt rather than either—she is one of these latter. We are gladly aware of her presence, though we do not hear her announced with "a blare of bugles and a ruffle of drums". Besides a heavy schedule, she is continually making up work missed through absence. We can but admire her for her manner of getting it quietly done.



KATHRYN HULL

*"We love to gaze upon this child,
A young bud bursting into blossom."*

She of the varying locks has sheared them again! The class, which had encouraged her with remarks on the beauty of three wisps of hair fastened by a "bobbie" pin, this year saw Peanut with a gloriously neat, softly waved coil-fure. And now we have to go through most of it again—permanent waves, switches, nets notwithstanding—for Kay's hair is "on the grow". "*O tempora! O mores!*" Which quotation aptly brings us to Latin class and struggles with Pius Aeneas. Why the ghastly man should be at his worst on days when Geometry and wind-whistling water pipes combine to give our Class Baby an awful headache, she simply cannot see. But that reminds us of a grudge against her: has any Class Baby the right to bat such a wicked ball, wield so firm a hockey stick, shoot so graceful a goal? Shouldn't she be shy and retiring, looking at the world from frightened eyes? Perhaps that's the standard type, but we like things our own way, and there's nothing we like better than Peanut.



ISABELLE JOHNSTON

"'I'll do de talkin',' sez Brer Rabbit, seeee, 'en you kin set back and say yea,' seeee."

Years ago, Jib sedately entered the Class of '29. Demure, shy, and reticent, she trudged sturdily along, her brunette curls the envy of most and a great temptation to Jean Herring. Then she heard that famous voice of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young girl, go West"; and much to the horror of all respectable Princeton Easterners, she went. Finally, back she came, What a disaster! She could talk faster and louder than either Marty or Miggie, and her scholastic brilliance completely overshadowed the most conscientious efforts of the rest of the class. Again the intervening years have sufficed to change Miss Johnston. Competent and capable, she is the pride of the LINK Board. Since her Sophomore year she has justly argued for and against those poor unfortunates who have come before the Student Council. Quite aside from school activities, Jib entertains the university extensively. Monday mornings always find her loquaciously comparing week-ends and quieted only by Miss Fine's impressive "Hymn Number 261".





MARGARET LOWRY

*"She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep."*

A moon, big and glowing, shines softly through the lilac-scented air on a figure, crinoline-clad, leaning over a gate. Her full skirts billow softly around her pantaletted ankles, and her hair shines above white shoulders framed in old lace. She smiles shyly at a debonair young man with a high beaver hat held to his heart. Oh dear!—what are we doing now? We want to rhapsodize and sentimentalize, and think of the days "befo' de wah", and all that goes with a sweetly appealing smile, hair parted in the middle, and a manner full of restrained charm. But Megs deceives us, for she's secretary of the class, member of the Dance Committee, a perfectly modern Literary Editor of the *LINK*. Our dreams of soft ineffectuality are continually being shattered.

ANNE MITCHELL

*"... Sits in a mystery calm and intense;
Looks 'round her with humor and sharp common sense."*

Anne's smile, irrepressible, irresistible! Anne's eyes, elfish with fun! Anne herself, laughing over a tight-packed box of Christmas cheer!

"My dear! The grizzly bear is taking up so much space there isn't room for the extra heavy suit!"

It is Anne who will repack the crate, this time with the suit at the bottom and place made too, somehow, for the blinking, lumbering Bruno.

Is this the girl who will afterwards straighten out accounts, decide on the distribution of funds, and stay herself on the job till the last package is sent and the last check signed? And is this she whose pen reveals soft glimpses of the dryad? Yes, dependable, adaptable, at once balanced and whimsical, Anne and her sense of humor are equal to any emergency.



CORNELIA MURRAY

"Lift up your heart, lift up your voice!"

A long, low toot from the Chandler's very newest horn, much general racket, an enthusiastic greeting, an odor of Doublemint, a breath of fresh air—and Mullins has arrived to announce her latest acquisition: Boom, a beautiful new horn, or a shiny spotlight, or any of the other numerous adornments of the roadster. This precious possession Mullins will share with anybody, and will be overjoyed to take you home via University Place. Out of school tremendously enthusiastic, smilingly vivacious, in school Connie puts on her glasses and becomes the exact image of a student. For after all, there's something substantial behind that gaiety.



VIRGINIA MYERS

"Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

"Aw, go fry your ears!" greets us hurrying into the study hall, and there is V. S. M. reciting the glories of her newest costume with much flurry and gesticulation. Such energy! What does she use it for besides being cute—attractive—all the long list of peppy adjectives? Well, to tell you the truth, Diddy has executive ability, the type that, while running everything and everybody in fine fettle, also gets the best efforts from us all. As she once so aptly misquoted herself, Diddy can "put everyone under the kitchen stove"—and make them like it. Yes, we've all liked whatever she made us do, for Diddy, with her laughing eyes, has that indefinable something known as personality.





JANE OLDS

*"O sing unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me."*

"Say. . . 'I'll get by as long as I'. . . Oh, my dear, do you know my beautiful Peter has to go to the hospital . . . his leg . . . Oh, hum di dum, etc."

Thus Jane greets the school each morning bright and new. She imparts freely her great knowledge of the latest thing and in return collects, before school and during recess, sympathy, history, and French verbs. "Say, how do you say 'The day before yesterday I was picking violets'?" Jane tries anything from tap-dancing to taxi-driving with verve and wholeheartedness, and rouses wholehearted regard for herself.

FLORENCE PHILLIPS

"Brute force shall not rule Florence!"

"But, Mrs. Wade, why shouldn't it be the conditional?"

Follows a long explanation, while the class sighs relievedly and watches the Primaries sporting on the swings. Florence remains unconvinced. Hail to thee, Champion Arguer of the class! May you have many crowns for the times you have saved us, trembling at the approach of a doubtful subjunctive!

Besides, you are our most talented member—you draw, paint, sculpt, jigsaw, write—in fact, anything one wants. And in the summer you stage-design and have exciting times on ranches. Such a girl we have never met, so clever and so quiet about it. Miss Fine's seems to specialize in the quiet type (with a few notable exceptions), but Florence, as we have shown, is not the quiet do-nothing sort: she's the quietest get-everything-done person we know.



DORIS REDDAN

"In elegant sufficiency."

Have you ever noticed Doris' feet? They're the tiniest, cutest objects we have ever seen. And Doris matches them—she's tiny, she's cute, she has big blue eyes fringed with long lashes, she has curly hair. You know that song: "Five foot two, eyes of blue, and oh what those five foot can do!" At present our "five foot" is our deck tennis star. She valiantly hops around the court hurling those elusive rubber rings with such spirit and zest that we are truly overwhelmed. She can play even that game without those exclamations thought to net Miss Miller's "gosh box" a goodly fortune. Quiet, hard to know, yet one of our best, is Doris.



MARGARET RIGHTER

"The scholar and the world! The endless strife!"

Miggy is certainly clever—there can be no doubt of that. Anybody who can carry her heavy schedule and have such a good time out of school has to be. We were all relieved when she decided not to go to college till year after next, for the thought of Miggy buried in Geometry originals, Physics problems, etc., etc., etc., not to mention the hours of History tutoring, was almost too much for us. How we wish that we too had gone abroad, as we regard that air of subtle sophistication, those Paris clothes, the silver wig, the Lanvin gown, the endless and inexhaustible wardrobe. But Miggy is also an athlete (witness the teams she's made this year), and a dancer (e. g. her clogging), and Miss Howes' prize alto, and she has charm, personality, and—oh well, finish it for yourself.





LUCY RUSSELL

"I love to lose myself . . ."

The English class heaves a sigh of relief. Across the green churchyard a tan figure is hurrying, clutching madly a dark brown dispatch case. Three minutes later Lucy dashes in, flops exhaustedly onto the nearest chair, smiles charmingly and flusteredly at Miss Miller, and, becoming raptly attentive, sits looking like a saint in a stained glass window, with her upturned blue eyes and her smooth shining hair. Most of us, especially her fellow-sufferers in Algebra, wonder if ever a saint was so helpful as our Lucy. We hound her at recess, telephone her in the wee small hours of the night—and always Lucy seems to adore giving the necessary aid. Lovely to see, a little shy, sometimes a little lost in our hurrying world, Lucy has a rare quaintness, an unforgettable charm. And she is one of our most beloved.

RUTH STIMSON

*"There's naught so worth the wear of
winning
As laughter and the love of friends."*

A well-known giggle, the tinkling sound of falling hair-pins, a tangled mass of floating hairnet, the most adorable dimples in the world, eyes that are almost too laughing and good-natured to be true—and you have Stimpie—that is, in outward appearance. Inwardly (by that we don't mean tonsils, etc.) we have one of the best-natured girls in the school, and one whose ability to give the necessary last-minute aid in History is really phenomenal. But, poor girl, she's haunted! If we don't see her tearing toward the English room with thoughts of commas, semi-colons, and the spelling of "psychological" running wildly through her mind, it is towards Miss Mayall and the horrible apparatus of the Physics lab. Don't think that as the result of this Stimpie is pale and wan. She is one of our athletes, on the contrary, and wields a wicked mit as shortstop of the ball team.



MARTHA STOCKTON

"A heart that daily bursts a button."

Shoulders hunched over her worn book, huge horn-rimmed glasses astride that famous nose, hair straggling around the middle of her neck—who is the studious creature? Someone enters. Brown hair smoothed straight back from a high forehead, large dark-brown eyes, straight brows, a little rosebud mouth—and who is this? They're both Marty.

"Variety is the spice of life"—Marty seems to live by that motto. She is the earnest student full of "the higher purposes of life", this year's most charming sub-deb, the born athlete, hail-fellow-well-met, the world's greatest tease, and (don't let her hear me say it!) one of the greatest sentimentalists we know.

How anyone can be so attractive and have so much vitality, vim, vigor and wit to the square inch, we do not see, but it is our opinion that Marty has subscribed to a personality - plus - in - thirty - days course and is keeping it a dark secret.



MARY WEEKS

*"He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need."*

"Who made that goal?" "Mary Weeks."

So it has been ever since Mary came to Miss Fine's School. It was with Mary as our captain that our class won the Junior Championship in hockey, and this year she is our baseball captain. Although she is essential to our athletics, we feel her presence even more in Physics class. It is always Mary who puts up the apparatus and volunteers to straighten things after a tiring hour, while we gratefully escape the chore. Of her many good qualities, we most admire her for her frankness and her sympathy. We hail her as one of our staunchest, and we wish her all success in life.





DOROTHY WRIGHT

"The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye."

Sparkling eyes, curly hair, a dimple set either side true Cupid's-bow lips and a third peeping out of her chin when she smiles—which is often—who else but Dot? Dot is one of the daily commuters from Trenton to Princeton, and we appreciate her spirit in taking the long ride twice a day. At about nine-fifteen, the door of the Physics room opens and in she bursts, hardly able to wait until recess to divulge the latest train-news. The bell rings finally, and the groups gather. When not contributing her latest bit to the discussion "just between us girls," Dot is always a willing listener. Unfortunately, owing to prolonged illness she has had to miss a great deal of school; she certainly deserves credit for sticking to the job and making up lost work and time, and we were all glad to welcome her into this year's Senior class.

HOKKU

A blue shell fell in
the long green grass. Exulting
a robin's song soared.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

Seniors' Farewell

TWELVE years ago, five scrawny-legged, toothless urchins, then the entire membership of the class, walked, bearing prized pencilboxes as marks of distinction, timidly yet ambitiously through the portals of the old Orange Inn. Our first days were a blurred impression of brown desks which shouldn't be written on but were, and of a tall, white-haired personage who made our hearts jump a bit fearfully, but who made us feel that we belonged.

What changes, as from the peak of Commencement Day we look back on the years that have passed! We have gone through the various stages and ages, of hair-ribbons, short and long skirts, socks and silk stockings, of no teeth at all or teeth plus gorgeous gold braces, of bicycles, tricycles, scooters, and automobiles. We, as all other classes, have been at one time or another the worst class in school, almost the best class in school, or simply a heterogeneous mixture of temperaments and dispositions. We have striven for Honor Groups and slaved for athletic awards. In short, all that has been done before has been achieved or attempted by us.

Now we go, again timidly though ambitiously, away from school, and again into newness and strangeness that we cannot fathom. And though we shall need her as never before, there will be no Miss Fine. But we take with us something, at least, of the ideals and standards she has taught us, which are the bedrock of our school. As we go our greatest regret is in leaving her, our highest ambition, to be worthy of the school she has made.

History



'16

With a ribbon big and blue,
Lucy looks too good for true.



Crinkled eyes and stubby nose
Virginia keeps us on our toes.



Her face's beauty freckles mar;
Whoever thought she'd drive a car?



A pugilistic child is this,
Destined to be a Council miss.



Here's some mother's darling daughter
Who even talks while under water.



'19

In the third grade comes dear Marty,
Buxom child, quite hale and hearty.



'21

Miggy here is too demure—
She's very different now, I'm sure.

A big girl always was a meany
If she tried to tease our Jeany.



'22

Great big curls for Dotty Dimple
Make our straight hairs seem quite simple.



'24

With wholesome grin and sparkling eye,
Whoever'd thought she'd be quite shy?



From Metuchen far away
Came this fatty, know as Kay.



Such a small one, quite petite,
Quiet too, and very sweet.



'25

Mary came from Trenton too,
Of Amherst then we scarcely knew.



The accent here you cannot see,
But still it was from gay Paree.





New Brunswick is a quiet place,
As you can tell by Harkins' face.



Anne has such a sober face
Her laughter here you couldn't trace.



'27

Stimpie's sporting quite a grin,
Which shows us that her cheek's aren't thin.



Megs has such very neat bobbed hair
It gives her quite a primmish air.



Much at home with mits and sneaks
Is the athlete surnamed Weeks.



We can't recall, but wish we knew
If Jazzy Jane is ever blue.

Now you've got us all in line:
We're the Class of Twenty-nine.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29

What the Year Brought

IT DOESN'T seem long since I came in, hoary and haggard like you," said 1928 cheerfully, as he advanced to welcome home the next-younger brother.

The newcomer fetched a world-weary sigh, and he bent even farther down to let the great pack he was carrying sink the more gently to the courtyard floor.

"Oh, my back!" he said, wincing as he raised up again. "Those last parties, right at the end, were—well, I guess you know what they were."

"I know," said 1928.

He came down and put his arm around his brother while he kicked the pack menacingly with a sharp-winged heel.

"Please don't do that! Please!" protested the old man in his high, cracked voice. "You might mutilate something, or throw it out of proportion—and think of having to straighten it all out afterwards!"

"Nonsense!" said the older brother, firmly. "Believe me, you'll find everything in a jam anyway, as soon as you loose the cord! But come on now and forget the time. Here, lean on me going up this flight."

And so came about 1929's return—there where the years go.

They came again to the courtyard at last, alone together for the first time since the youngest's return.

"Why did you bring me here?" asked 1928, looking at something still alive and kicking under the folds of the sack. "I thought you had finished."

"I have," '29 rejoined. "At least, all I could do myself. Just look at it: did you ever see such order?"

He proudly slung open a stable-door marked with his own name, and revealed inside rows and rows of cubbyholes, all neatly filled and labeled.

"Yes, it certainly looks very nice," the other granted; "but what are you going to do with that?" pointing to the spirited bag.

"That's just what I wanted to ask you about," said 1929. "Mrs. Gann's reception in Washington didn't give me so much trouble! I never saw such a prodigious problem. It's perfectly impossible!"

"Let *me* see," said 1928, with secret superiority. And he reached deep into the pack.

"Ouch!" he cried, "it bites!" and quickly withdrew a bleeding finger. "What is it, anyway?"

"That's the graduating class of Miss Fine's School," explained 1929, "but I'm not sure whom the teeth belong to. If you'll just sort them out so I can cubbyhole them, I'll hold them for you. My hands are padded today."

"Oh, I'll sort them for you," said '28 airily, withdrawing a few steps as the other reached out a safe gloveful. "I had no trouble at all with *my* Seniors."

"Neither did Miss Fine!" burst the voice of Jib, freed at last. "But our class has always been the disunited one, ever since fourth grade; although this year—"

"Gag it, can't you?" cried '28, adding, "No disrespect intended towards all those diplomas *cum laude* she's carrying under her arm."

"However did she get so many?" wondered '29.

"Goodness only knows—she looks honest," said '28. "Let's stick her in the Time-Relation Problem Box."

"Here's a queer-looking graduate," remarked '28, after Jib had been popped into the box and the lid closed. He dangled in front of '29's nose a tiny figure with wiry black sideburns.

"Is this—can you be Jean Bunn?" gulped '29.

"What! Do you recognize me?" cried Jeanie, and transferring the little disguises to either side of her upper lip, she scrutinized '28 and '29 minutely.

"Don't be afraid: she's a detective," explained Lucy. "She has her own private firm and methods."

"Well, don't get her started on me!" exclaimed '28; and, flooded with a brainstorm, "Let's let her trail Jib!"

He next seized a twirling, swirling figure and attempted to hold it by the feet. It straightened, swayed, and inclined



fluttering to one side.

"What do you mean by such behavior?" gasped '29.

"Can't you see?" returned Jane; "I'm expressing myself." And assuming a more heroic pose: "I'm recognized; I draw a big salary from the Company—I wish you'd let me go back to my work!"



She fell into a strange, fanciful rhythm, and was last seen doing a graceful flop into the Box.

"There are entirely too many Problems," said '28 conclusively: "What we want are some Possibilities." And they both stared hard at the scrambled handful.

"Quick! There's one!" cried the older brother again, pointing to one of the heads. "See, the amiable, fair-haired one? No, *this* . . . Ouch! Oh, my fingers! Was that the teeth person?"



"No, I guess it was one of my watch-dogs," said Stimpie, and she tightened her hold on the leash. "It's only a pup, but I've trained its ancestors for several generations, and I suppose it's got an hereditary complex."

"I didn't know you had so many dogs,—or any at all, for that matter," said '29.

"Indeed I have!" Stimpie told them. "I've even got my own kennels. If you don't believe me, I'll let Rumpus convince you!"

The dog hearing his name, growled juicily.

"They're the worst problem so far, even for a velvet glove," '29 complained to his brother; and he deposited dog and mistress in the Box.

"Let me see your finger, '28," crooned a gentle, solicitous voice—and there, clad in a white uniform, carrying a roll of bandages and salves, stood Kay Hull.



Hesitating, '28 lent his finger, and soon, contentedly, his whole thumb.

"This graduate is all right," said he to '29; and to Kay: "Don't you want to help me some more, Nurse?"

"Certainly," she said, "but I'm not a nurse, you know. I got my doctor's diploma some time ago, and have been practicing independently since."

"What!" cried '29: "That's impossible! I just brought you from College."

"Nothing of the kind," Kay maintained stoutly. "You don't think I'd lie about it, do you?"

"Of course not," '28 hastened to agree and "Here now, don't! Don't put her in the Box! . . . Oh, why *did* you? She wasn't so much off—and I've lots more fingers!"

"Maybe Mary could help you with them," suggested Lucy. "You remember Mary Blackwell, don't you?"

"I'm not a doctor myself," said Mary pleasantly: "I run a rest-home out in the country.



My husband's a doctor. If your fingers really are troubling you—"

"No, not at all, not at all, really," said '28. "What troubles me is . . ." He broke off. "Tell me, how long have you had this rest-home?"

"Well over five years now," Mary answered.

"*That's* what bothers me," said '29 and pushed her into the Box: "the Time-Relation: it's all off."

He snatched despairingly at two smart-looking figures in close tête-à-tête.

"If Marty and Miggy fail me . . ." he muttered, and questioned them.

"Yes, I'm still in Baltimore," said Marty, somewhat amused at the evident relief this brought the little man.

"She's still leading society down there, too," volunteered Miggy; and '29 mopping his brow, turned to her, beaming.

"And you—do you live there near her?"

"Oh, I visit her as much as I can," Miggy said airily, "but it's sometimes a little hard when you're under contract. You



see, I have to be out in Hollywood most of the time."

" 'Hollywood' — 'under contract' " repeated '29. "You mean . . . ?"

Marty enlightened him

"Yes! Miggy went out there one time just to see them take talking pictures—and the directors were so impressed they induced her to try out herself. Now she accepts only the leading rôles in all-star casts."

"That's only part of my work," laughed Miggy, disregarding '29's contracting features. "My greater responsibilities lie in helping Marty bring up her family. It's thanks to me the little dickenses aren't completely spoiled!"

"You! You're worse than I am!" scoffed Marty.

'29 crumpled up.

"They might be bluffing," '28 soothed him—"but I'll put them in the Box anyway."

He moved to do so, and the two bent down in hurried search for the babies.

"Here's Six," panted Miggy. "Have you got Five?"

"Yes, just," called back Marty, suspended in mid-air with her precious charges.

"I can't understand it," '29 was saying as he looked on, dazed.

"Why, they're twins, you see," began Miggy; but further explanation was lost inside the Box.

"I'll do the interviewing for a change," said '28. "My old favorites of the athletics field will stay by me, I'm sure. Here's Mary Weeks," and he held her up by a hockey-stick. "Still beating the game, Mary?"

"My disciples are," she returned genially. "Since I've been coaching the All-American Championship Hockey Team, we've never lost a game."



"That's a fine record to keep up," '28 encouraged her.
"Yes, and we've kept it pretty long," Mary let him know.
"We've won the Prize Cup for five years straight now, and—"



A smothered sound, the slam of a lid, and silence completed the sentence. Then—

"What about Betsy?" suggested '29.

"Well, what about me?" asked Betsy, surveying the three through her lorgnette.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered '28. "I thought you might be continuing your athletic career."

"That's all right," said Betsy. "Why no; I've been conducting girls' tours to Europe and the Holy Land."

"Thank you," said '28, "but just now may I ask you to chaperone some children and dogs in the Problem Box?" And with a deep bow he plunged her firmly therein.

"Sime was another athlete," grinned '29. "Let's hear her story."

But Sime pointed generously to her chum. "Mullins kept on with her athletics more than I. She leads a Pep-Class for Tired Faculty



Members in her new gymnasium."

"What tired faculty members?" '28 wondered.

"Why, Sime's, of course," said Mullins. She's just too modest to tell you. Didn't you know she's President of Princess-ton?"

"Here!" said Diddie at last, during the heated discussion that followed the disposal of Mullins and Sime. "We might as well ine ourselves up so they can take us right away without any fuss. You go next, Florence."





Just tell them your life history since you left school—that's what they seem to want."

"Well," drawled Florence, "I went up North to college, and then I went out West to run a cattle-ranch, and then—"

"Dot, you're next," said Diddy, unfazed by Florence's disappearance and equal to the situation.

"Maybe you haven't heard about my Beauty Parlor," Dot con-

fided. "It really didn't become famous until I perfected my dimple-puncher, some time after you'd gone."

"About ten years later, I suppose?" said '28 scathingly.

"Oh, less than that, a good deal!" cried Dot. "Why, it's been beautifying billions almost that long!"

"Next!" called Diddy, and Doris stepped up.



"No, I'm not a partner in Dot's Beauty Parlor," she laughed, "I have enough to do in Trenton, where I'm president of the Junior League. We're in the midst of our sixth annual bazaar just now—won't you buy something? I'm sorry I can offer you only remnants . . ."

"Now, Anne," prompted Diddy.

"All this publicity, my dear!" Anne chuckled. "I feel quite at home. It's almost like Carnegie Hall!"

"You certainly arrived there quickly," commented '29.

"Oh, I don't know," said Anne modestly. "It was luck, I guess, though it did seem ages long working up. And I studied quite a while first. . ."

"Bernice comes next," said Diddy, and pushed her forward. *Bang!* went off a rifle, and everyone jumped.



"I don't think that will happen again," Bernice reassured them. "I used up the rest of the shot hunting big game in Africa. Here's my latest kill—I brought it home to stuff myself. I've at last learned the art, after years of practice."

"Undoubtedly, then, the Box is the place for you," said '28, and put her into it with her kill.

"What about yourself, Diddy?" asked Lucy. "You go now—I'll wait."

"All right, Lucy, just as you like," and Diddy presented herself for judgment.

"You've been a splendid manager so far," '28 praised her; and meaningly: "I hope you've managed the time well, too."



"I do my best," Diddy assured them. "I've caught on to the surest way of avoiding bullets out there in Chicago: stay home. I'd 'most have to anyway. Ted has so much dodging about to do that I have my hands full just keeping him in socks!"

"She's as impossible as the rest of them," wailed '28. "But there's no help for it. We'll just finish with Lucy, and then . . . Where is she?" he broke off.

"Here I am!" said Lucy, hurrying back with a load of packing-boxes. "I'm sorry if I'm late, but I remembered I'd left some things that . . . Oh dear! How clumsy of me!"

For she tripped over one of the boxes, and the whole pile fell with her, along with a good winter's supply of clothing for her converted heathen.



"And your dress, too," said '29. "Look! It's torn up the side."

"Oh, how exasperating," said Lucy. "Now I can't send it out to China."

"At last!" sighed '28, as the lid closed over Lucy. "We *have* sorted them, after all. They're Time-Relation Problems every last one."

"Let's just shake the bag to make sure no one else has forgotten anything," '29 suggested. He tipped it upside down accordingly, and out fell Megs.

"You nearly broke my crystal," she reproached them; but they only returned black stares.

"You! a clairvoyant!" '29 gasped finally.

"Yes," said Megs, "I left Miss Fine's convinced that my true calling lay in the realms of prophecy . . ."

"Then you knew all this was going to happen this way?" asked '28.

"Of course," said Megs, "but that's not remarkable. I should think *you'd* have known it, too."

"Why—what do you mean?" '28 faltered.

"Mistreating us as you did when we first came in the bag! I'll have you know that the blow you dealt it in the courtyard landed exclusively on our class! How would you like to be kicked into the middle of the next ten years?"

"This is certainly the worst Problem of all," said '28 quickly, and rushed her into the Box.

"I don't pretend to credit a thing she said, but do you know where I think would be a good place to put this Problem Box—where we won't have to worry about it again? Right on the top shelf of 1939's closet!"

He suited action to word; and with '29 following close after, scampered into the garden to cool his crimson ears.



MARGARET HOLT LOWRY, '29

Class Statistics

Most Attractive.....	MARGARET RIGHTER
Brightest.....	ISABELLE JOHNSTON
Most Popular.....	MARTHA STOCKTON
Class Baby.....	KATHRYN HULL
Most Athletic.....	SARAH STOCKTON
Peppiest.....	VIRGINIA MYERS, MARTHA STOCKTON
Greatest Talker.....	ISABELLE JOHNSTON
Noisiest.....	CORNELIA MURRAY
Quietest.....	BERNICE HARKINS
Most Poise.....	MARGARET RIGHTER
Most Unaffected.....	FLORENCE PHILLIPS, RUTH STIMSON
Most Tactful.....	ANNE MITCHELL
Most Sympathetic.....	MARY WEEKS
Frankest.....	MARY WEEKS, VIRGINIA MYERS
Cutest.....	DORIS REDDAN
Prettiest.....	LUCY RUSSELL
Prettiest Eyes.....	DOROTHY WRIGHT
Prettiest Smile.....	MARGARET LOWRY
Best Figure.....	MARGARET RIGHTER
Best Dressed.....	MARGARET RIGHTER
Most Graceful.....	JANE OLDS
Best Disposition.....	SARAH STOCKTON
Most Original.....	JANE OLDS
Most Inquisitive.....	JEAN BUNN
Best Sense of Humor.....	RUTH STIMSON
Biggest Bluffer.....	MARGARET RIGHTER
Teachers' Pet.....	ANNE MITCHELL
Most Sentimental.....	VIRGINIA MYERS
Most Ambitious.....	ISABELLE JOHNSTON
Most Indifferent.....	MARY BLACKWELL
First Married.....	MARY BLACKWELL, VIRGINIA MYERS
Biggest Flirt.....	BERNICE HARKINS
Biggest Heart-Breaker.....	"NOT MURRAY"
Most Respected.....	SARAH STOCKTON
Most Conscientious.....	BETSY GRISWOLD, FLORENCE PHILLIPS
Best School Spirit.....	SARAH STOCKTON
Best All 'Round.....	SARAH STOCKTON



STUDENT COUNCIL

The Primary Link

DANDELION BEGINNINGS

Every night the stars' mother, the moon,
Calls her children.
She calls them to shine their little lights.
Once the stars were naughty children—
They did not shine.
Then what do you think happened?
They started to drop.
When the stars felt themselves dropping
And going faster and faster until they touched the ground,
They cried and cried until they cried themselves to sleep.
Then when the morning came and the sun shone brightly,
The sun said to them,
"Stars, shine in the morning."
So they did.

JOYCE TATTERSALL, *First Grade*

JIMMIE AND THE PIG

Once there was a little boy. His name was Jimmie. He was a naughty little boy, and was always getting into mischief. Once he caught his father's little pig by the tail and carried it that way to the butcher. He said to the butcher, "How much will you give me for this nice tender little pig?" "Five cents," said the butcher. "Ho," said Jimmie, "I must have a dollar, for it is an extra fat and juicy little pig." So the butcher gave Jimmie the dollar, and what do you think Jimmie did? He went and bought a whole lot of candy and ate it all up, and so he was just like a little pig, too.

JOSEPH BROWN, *Second Grade*

THE MOUSE

The mouse crept through the house,
Because he was a mouse,
And gnawed the long, long night
And never came in sight.

JACK SINCLAIR, *Second Grade*

MARCH

When do the robins
Enter their nest?
When are the cats
Always a pest?
March, March, March!

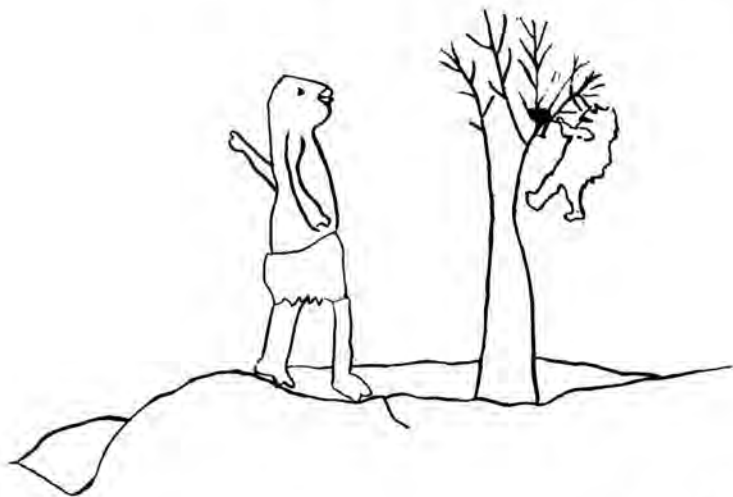
When does the wind blow
All day long?
When does the bluebird
Sing his song?
March March, March!

TOMMY WERTENBAKER, *Third Grade*

BARNEGAT BAY

In summer I love this beautiful bay,—
There's something to do by it every day.
There's fishing and swimming and plenty to see,
But I like it best when my friends are with me.
We catch little perches, and sunfish so fat—
But to run a swift speedboat, I'd rather do that.

HENRY PROUT TOMLINSON, *Fourth Grade*



B-444 HUNTER

Athletic Notes

The following were elected captains of their class baseball teams: Mary Weeks, '29; Frances Boice, '30; Clare Raymond, '31; Mary Compton, '32.

Miss Cumming has added Deck Tennis to our list of sports. It has become very popular, and indoors or outdoors, the courts are always crowded. We have also been having Tennis matches. Managers for their classes—Margaret Righter, '29; Olga Tomec, '30; Sarah Johnston, '31; Patty Herring, '32—have been chosen, and have arranged tournaments. The two winners from each class will make up their team and compete for the class championship.

The Athletic Association has decided to give an award in the form of a little gold F to those girls who have won forty points in Athletics, have played on two varsity teams in one year, and who are approved by the entire Association. It will be a hard honor to attain; those who succeed in it will have won a distinction worthy of them.

The sun shone brightly for the annual May festival, on the twenty-second of May, while the May Queen, Cathleen Carnochan, was crowned and the school from Intermediates to Seniors brought armfuls of flowers to her feet. After the ceremony came the Maypole dances. The older girls were dressed in quaint dresses appropriate to the spirit of the day and gaily tripped around the May-poles with their trains over their arms. The younger children were variously arrayed in colorful costumes as clowns, harlequins, Pierrots, rabbits, monkeys, and Winnie-the-Poohs. The Primary III's gave two plays, "Winnie-the-Pooh" and "The Weather Clerk" and for the rest of the afternoon the school took part in games and contests, in which the Sophomores took first place and the Fourth Intermediates, second. During the afternoon hundreds of ice-cream cones were sold, the profits on which are to go to the Fresh Air Fund.

KATHRYN HULL, '29



Varsity Hockey Team



CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM—JUNIOR



VARSIY BASKETBALL TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM—SOPHOMORE



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM—SOPHOMORE

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

"And the man sprang from the cave and was just about to leap upon Theseus when—"

"Well! There, sitting upon the next word, was a small green insect about a quarter of an inch long, eyeing me with unconcealed suspicion. Had I not come out into the meadows to compose my soul in company with a book and on purpose to escape the condemning tongues of others? Just at the most exciting part of my story, to be intruded upon and put to a considerable degree of embarrassment by a small insect seemed unfair to me.

"Well?" I said cordially, extending my finger to him; but he disdainfully leapt about three feet into the air and landed in the same spot again.

"You're a very wicked girl," he seemed to say, waving his antennae at me in an accusing way. He climbed onto my leg and as a final rebuke nipped it thoroughly. Then he leapt into the air again, leaving me, with no more peace, to ruminate on my various wicked transgressions.

ELIZABETH DERBY, *Intermediate II*

Fancy

I saw a mermaid
Laughing in the water
And with delight bent closer
Clearly to see her.
But her hair turned to water-lilies,
Her eyes to gleaming fishes
Which swam away,
And her lips to twigs of coral
That sank at once.
Tiny crystal bubbles
Rose, and burst upon the surface—
She laughed at me, deep down

ANNE FROELICK, '31.

Exchange

Although some late numbers have not yet been received, THE LINK wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges for the year:

- Academe*—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.
Babbler—Brown School, Schenectady, N. Y.
Bleating—St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.
Blue Print—Kathrine Branson School, Ross, Calif.
Budget—Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Choate Literary Magazine—Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
Green Leaf—Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.
Holt School Magazine—Holt School, Liverpool, England.
Irwinian—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Penna.
Junior Journal—Princeton Junior School for Boys, Princeton, N. J.
Lit—Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.
Mary Institute Chronicle—Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.
Til Bils—St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.
Triangle—Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.
Triangle—Miss Hebb's School, Wilmington, Del.
Turret—Tower School, Salem, Mass.



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

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