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December, 1929

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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. X

DECEMBER, 1929

No. 1

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Editorial

New Opportunities

THIS year two new items have appeared on our report cards, Department for the Intermediate Classes and Current Events for the Upper School—two new marks to help or hinder anyone trying for an honor group.

The reason for Department is perhaps obvious, considering that the entire ceiling in the front hall collapsed this summer as a result of what was politely referred to as "vibration". We have just the vaguest suspicion that "riotous romping" might not have been too fanciful an expression.

Then there is Current Events, an old friend of ours which has assumed new importance this year. Our general knowledge of current affairs, it seems, is so meagre that it is a handicap in Scholastic Aptitude Tests as well as a source of dismay to our teachers. But now—this has been remedied. Though we are aware that first glances are still directed unfailingly to the weekly joke on the back page, everyone carefully reads the Current Events paper from cover to cover, and we are sure that our marks will be a worthy addition to the best report card.

Although attended only by a very select group of Seniors, Mrs. Albion's class in Social Problems excites interest. We who take college preparatory work don't know so very much about it, but are impressed by the large books with imposing titles such as "Richmond's Social Diagnosis" and "Devine's Principles of Relief" which these Seniors carry about. It is no wonder that the class has acquired a learned look that is very becoming.

With these opportunities, some entirely new A's are expected to appear on every report card. Be sure to look for yours next month!

The Escape

I SAT half-dozing, half-wakeful, over the wheel of the little vessel. I had seen the day break four times since we had put off from Africa, and was so utterly done and weary now that I hardly noticed the bafflingly beautiful changes that the sky was undergoing with the setting of the sun. The usual blueness of the Mediterranean was gone, for a thin grey mist was settling over the water, and seemed to subdue even the slightest undulations. Everything seemed dead—the water, the air, and most certainly the breeze, for the sails hung desolately in wrinkles. My mind lay quite as dormant as my surroundings. It had ceased to function except at times when it would flash back to the amazing happenings of the past four days—to my secret boarding of the vessel; to the typhoon in whose devastating clutches we had tossed about so horribly; to my consequent attack of seasickness which forced me to abandon my miserable airless cell in the hold; and last of all to my unspeakable astonishment when, upon sneaking out on the wave-swept deck, I found it as vacant and silent as the desert from whence I had come, except for the wind which howled continuously. Looking aft, I had found the wheel spinning spasmodically back and forth and the chains shrieking in their guides. I took the wheel and for hours stayed there watching the lights on either side of the prow, first rising so they shone far above me like stars and then dropping miles below where I stood. I thought of no one all night long except myself; but next day, when all was calm and clear again and I stood gazing down into the bluest water that ever I had seen, I bethought me that the disappearance of the two Italian mates was a mighty strange thing. I had heard them yelling back and forth from the pit where I lay for two days and nights, but finally the pounding of the waves had grown so deafening that I heard them no more. Then suddenly it dawned upon me that they had been swept off, and I shuddered. A ghastly death indeed; and yet luck was with me in leaving me thus—the captain of the ship.

And so it was that I came to be skimming along so silently, with nothing but the soft lapping of the water playing in

my ears. For the first time in months—nay, years—was my mind at ease, for the Legion and the desert had got on my nerves in such an appalling way that I knew I should go mad if the door of escape were closed to me. While sitting there absorbed in the wonders of my good fortune, gazing out over the length of the craft, I was overwhelmed with surprise and joy at the sight of a silver sea-gull circling above. As I watched him, he would every now and again glide down into the mist, where my eyes would lose him, only to recapture him as he soared upward like a shadow out of the haze. He was indeed welcome, for when I first took the helm I knew but vaguely in what direction I was sailing. There were no maps or charts to be found, all of these, I suppose, having accompanied the Italians to their unhappy end. I fared well enough with the compass, and with the appearance of the bird I knew I had neared some shore, though I was not sure which. At this same time there sprang up a warm land breeze which, puffing out the sails, glided us along at a good clip. Fastening the wheel, I rushed into the tiny cabin and there found a pair of binoculars. When out upon the deck once more, I peered about me and beheld, a little to the starboard and not so very far away, a range of mountains, rugged, bleak, and wrapped in clouds, jutting up out of the sea. From the compass and from some small knowledge of the map, I gathered that this was Spain. I turned my course a little landward and within an hour saw the shore close by.

Only one other craft did I meet, and that was a sinister-looking submarine. Squat and long, it slunk along the lonely coast like a phantom in a deserted world.

And so the light vanished and left me plunging along an unknown coast with nothing to guide me, in a ship which was strange but which I had grown fond of in a very few days. Several hours after night had set in, my drowsiness was jolted by the sight of two lights flashing on and off in the distance. How far they were, I do not know, but it was not long before I heard the soft rhythmic tolling of bells, one high-pitched, the other low, playing alternately with the motion of the waves. These and the constant lapping of water warned me that I had run dangerously near the rocks, so, furling the sails, I coasted between the buoys, peering into the blackness before me. There rose up a gigantic peak whose sheer outline

I could just discern against the moon-lighted sky. I pulled around to where I was almost sheltered beneath the cliff and there dropped anchor, deciding to stay there until day-break. I slept a little that night—fitfully, to be sure, and right beside the wheel, for I dared not go below, and yet in the earliest hours of the morning my slumber became quite deep. I was wakened by an incessant clamor which seemed to grow louder and louder until I could bear it no longer, and opened my eyes upon a most amazing sight. I had entered by chance a cove which lay sparkling in the first rays of the hot Mediterranean sun. Jumping up, I stood rubbing my eyes in an attempt to determine whether I was still dreaming or in reality had been guided, all unknowing, into such a remarkable haven. Bounded on two sides by rolling, sunbaked country, on the third by the peak which I had already seen by moonlight and which I now observed to be hewn of one solid mass of rock at whose base a town started to climb halfway up the side, the water ran out for miles on the fourth side until the rugged mountains of Africa rose up and shone pink in the morning light.

It was evident that this was a port which unlike most had had its natural beauties left undisturbed. In the middle of the water a tremendous ocean liner lay at anchor, with the black smoke pouring from her huge tunnels and little flag-bedecked tenders huddling her on either side. Hundreds of gulls swept around her, flashing in the sun; others sat on the surface, complacently bobbing up and down. Like determined swarms of ants, scores of rowboats crawled across the glistening stretch toward the mammoth liner. Hoots and shouts accompanied their arrival, and I naturally took them to be vendors. Drawing near, I could see them plainly. Some cargoes only colored shawls and beads, others dealt solely in figs and peaches, temptingly basketed; some sold straw hats, and others only fish. Swarming around the ship, they pulleyed up their wares to eager voyagers. One fellow I noticed in particular, for his cries were above all the rest. He skirted the outside of the crowd, his bare feet braced on the cross-bar, rowing with the longest, easiest strokes that ever an oarsman employed, his eyes always fixed upon the upper deck. As he glided by I could see the slimy grey tentacles of octopi lining the sides of his boat, while three

great bodies lay dismembered in the bottom. How he ever hoped to sell that unappetizing stuff I wondered, but did not care enough to ask. And as I had rounded the gigantic prow, I was once more confronted with the problem of what I had best do. It was Gibraltar—of that I was practically sure, for there was the Rock, and flying in its midst the British flag, and there all about were the sun-baked hills which looked for all the world like Spain.

I coasted along between anchored freighters, barges, and trawlers which had not yet taken up the day's work. Then after a time I came around the other side of the rock. Across an inlet was the mainland, with a little town stretching along the edge. Here I dropped anchor, and saying good-bye to my splendid craft, let the life-boat down and rowed to shore. It was well I had timed the distance so perfectly, for the boat, so seldom used, had filled half-way with water as I pulled to the most forsaken-looking dock I could find.

An hour later I was striding up a parched slope with the sun burning on my back and the brown grass springing like wire as I trod. When I got to the crest I stopped and looked about. The earth was still rising and falling beneath me as I gazed down upon the little palmed town, the gleaming bay, and the austere, shadowed rock whose summit reached about to my level. The liner was slowly turning—a great pool of foam and waves churning beneath her giant propellers. She sounded a most overpowering blast, and I could see the crowds of travellers waving handkerchiefs. Unconsciously I raised my hands; then, quickly drawing them back, I plunged them deep into my pockets and turning made off down the slope.

ESTELLE FRELINGHUYSEN, '30

Norge

Here at the brink of these sparkling fjords,
Toy-like villages, old and rustic,
Each odd dwelling so plain and homely,
Rough, sturdy timbers in them all hand-hewn;
Dirt-sodded roofs sprinkled, dotted with wild-flowers—
**Dette er Norge, det vakre!*

Here in the ruggedness of this wild land,
Thunder of cataracts ceaselessly roaring,
Quaint saeters clinging to green slopes above,
Constant glaciers and cliffs weather-beaten,
Rapids and waterfalls plunging in cascades—
†Dette er Norge, det storartet!

Here on the mountainsides herds of goats grazing,
Fawn-colored chamois seen running nimbly
Above the black timberline, through gorse and heather.
Scattered on slopes of wild lavender pansies
Nestle the huts where goats' cheese is moulded—
Dette er Norge, det vakre!

Here on the mountain-tops gleaming lakes twinkle,
Here along highest peaks wisped in cloud
Age-old the trail winds, cairn-marked and trodden
Deep by the feet of ancient Norwegians,
Way of old kings or trail of the rovers—
Dette er Norge, det storartet!

* This is Norway, the beautiful.

† The same, in the sense of more extended beauty.

PATSY JONES, '31



THE FOX HUNT

Far away! Far away!
'Tis the huntsman's cry
As the horn's merry challenge
Rings true and clear
Over hill and valley and meadow and brook,
And horse-hoofs beat on the frosty ground,
This early autumn morning.



He's broken cover—
He's off and away—
Over the fields he goes;
Hounds have found, have seen, are after him:
Over the fields, cantering easily,
Leaping the fences and ditches we follow them.
Only to find we have
Run him to ground.





There is the horn again—
Someone halloaing:
Hounds have found again,
Hearken to them!
Someone has fallen;
Now he is up again;
There he goes dashing and crashing and splashing
On through the underbrush
Into the stream.



What could be merrier,
On such a day,
Than to follow the hounds
And gallop away
To the sound of the horn
And the bay of the pack,
After the cunning old red-coated fox?

P. A. HERRING, '32



Wild Grape

IT IS spring. From his perch on a spray of wild grape the catbird bubbles joyously, his grey throat nearly bursting as he pours forth the liquid melody of his love song. The rough brown grapevines climbing the swamp maple are misted with baby pink where the tiny leaves are bursting open. Wee tendrils of green reach out searching fingers to climb higher and higher toward the smiling sky.

Summertime. Broad leaves make a canopy of green over the pathway, through which the sunbeams creep and dapple the ground with light and shadow. In the air one can detect the perfume of fuzzy grape blossoms, faintly sweet. The catbird sings again from somewhere in the green tangle. Now his song is one of triumph, for he knows that down in the midst of the grapevine his mate is hoarding her four precious blue jewels in their rustic casket.

Fall days. There is the tang of wild grapes in the air. They hang in dusky purple clusters high overhead in the vines. Withered grape leaves rustle in the path. The catbird still lurks in the underbrush, but he sings no more, and the nest is empty and almost hidden by fallen scarlet maple leaves.

Winter is here. The trees are soft white lace against the pearly sky. The grapevines, gnarled and twisted as the arm of an old dwarf, reach up knotted brown fingers to catch the fluffy feathers of snow drifting downward. The catbird has gone, but in his old nest among the vines a tiny white-footed mouse has made her home of bark and padded thistle-down and sleeps warm and cozy beneath her peaked roof of snow.

Visitants

TALL blue delphinium spikes stood guard over clumps of pink and white phlox; calendulas and marigolds drifted up into banks of yellow and orange; the faint, exotic perfume of mignonette lingered delicately in the warm air. Suddenly a tiny hummingbird whizzed from nowhere and poised, whirring, in front of a coral-red trumpet-blossom. He probed with his long bill in the honeyed depths of the flower, his wings making a hazy aura about his slender, jeweled

body. A quick dart and he was humming about the delphiniums; another dart, and he was gone.

A little later he came again with his mate, and the two sprites played about the garden all day long. Once I surprised them bathing in a tiny rain-pool caught in the hollow of a rock. Squeaking rapturously, they fluttered into it, flashing miniature rainbows through the scattered crystal drops and spinning about until thoroughly soaked. Then, flying to the clothes line to dry out, they cuddled together, fluffing up their wee emerald feathers and preening and dozing in the sun.

JANET WICKS, '31

Far Mountain

THERE is a silver mist sparkling over my world. The field is frozen hoary and hard. The tiny apple tree's twigs chatter to the breeze. Far across the field is the border of the forest. Black trees, interspersed with birches' slimness and the sudden gleam of a late oak, stand clear and fine in the crisp air.

The mist is rising, leaving my world in a transparent brightness. Suddenly, down from the sky three pigeons, glittering like raindrops, dart, and wheel away beyond the horizon.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

THE UNSUSPECTING WILLOW

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook."

She gazes with a far and dreaming look

Into the small stream at her feet.

She sees a figure clad in shimmering green

From lovely head, in flowing leafy sheen.

To where the roots and streambank meet:

She sees no hint of sorrow or despair,

No lonely fair Ophelia weeping there.

SARAH JOHNSTON, '31

New Teachers

MISS GRANT

A new teacher, Miss Grant, has come out of the West;
Of all the Math teachers, her type is the best;
She frowns not at theorems,
She sighs not at D's,
But with patience explains,—
Puts us all at our ease.

MRS. BROWN, MRS. ROBERTSON, MRS. TITUS

And three more teachers now are here
Who did not grace these halls last year;
They wish to drop some gentle hints
On learning, to our eager Ints.

S. J., '31

Intermediate Notes

THE Fourth Intermediate Girls have been busy this fall. One of the things that they have been interested in is Hockey. On Monday and Wednesday they play games with the Third Intermediates from three until four. On Wednesday morning the girls practice shooting goals, dribbling, and passing balls. They are now looking forward to basketball with great hopes.

They celebrated the National Book Week, as did the Intermediate Twos and Threes, by bringing their favorite books to school and painting posters to go with them. These they put in a fine exhibit. Mrs. Titus, the English teacher, helped them with it.

They are having a very interesting course in Social Science. They also have each chosen a hobby upon which to work all the year. Some of the subjects chosen are: oil, diamonds, pottery, and the history of Princeton. They have had a debate on hand-work versus machine-work.

The Third Intermediates have a literary club in their English class, in which they give a play or read stories or poems. Club meetings take place every other Friday. The President is Mary Cowenhoven and the Secretary Florence Dell. The girls are very much interested in the club.

In Geography they have had a display of Chinese articles under the direction of Mrs. Robertson. Chinese paintings, silks, and prints were hung all around the room. The girls have been making product maps of coal which show how many things come from it. These girls have just started Hockey, in which they are progressing rapidly.

The Second Intermediate girls also are making product maps of the natural resources of Europe. They have been studying Babylon.

The First Intermediates are making various kinds of maps. They are studying about how wood and coal and iron are made into different products. This takes in the different manufacturing plants of the United States. In History they are studying about Marco Polo and Columbus. Some of the girls wrote a play about Marco Polo.

On December the third some of the Intermediates attended a play given in New Brunswick by the Children's Theatre. This was "The Feast of the Lanterns". The girls had a wonderful time.

THE COLTS

Once there lived a little colt,
His color was bright bay;
He loved to eat, and ate carrots,
Apples, and oats, and hay.

He used to buck and run
On meadows green with grass,
He used to splash in pools
And watch the drinking ass.

He had a friend, a dark-brown colt,
And both were round and fat.
When their master came in their stalls
They bit right off his hat!

They used to buck and run,
They used to jump and rear;
They used to kick fast there,
They used to bite hard here.

JOSEPHINE HERRING, *Intermediate I*

The Water Lily

ONE lone water lily floated on the placid waters of a pool. It was a beautiful creamy yellow color with a slightly darker center. Its outer petals, which were a dark green, were hardly noticeable, the flower being opened so far. Around it were clustered seven lily leaves, all being of the same color as the outer leaves of the flower. They were almost round, and their edges were slightly turned up. There was a slit in each one running from the edge to the center, where the stem was attached. Slowly, for the sun was sinking, the water lily closed its petals. A water lily does not like the night.

The Last of the Little Green Fly

A LITTLE green frog sat upon a stone at the edge of a small scummy pool, blinking his eyes in the sunlight. He did not seem to be doing anything in particular, but trying his best to keep awake. The little green fly, in spite of his hundred eyes, did not know he was being watched. He crawled nearer and nearer to the little green frog. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a hungry gaping mouth. That was the last thing he knew. The little green frog and the little green fly jumped together into the little scummy pool.

BETSY FUNKHOUSER, *Intermediate IV*

Two Hokkus

SNOWDRIFTS

Big white polar bears
Tumble over the ground in
Playful furry heaps.

CAT

Sleek and supple bit
Of feline grace, stretches forth
A curious paw.

C. M., '32

The Runaway Ship

ONCE there was a ship. It was an old ship. It was tired. One day it said, "I am going to run away!" So the next day he said to a hatchet, "Chop my rope, I want to run away." So the hatchet chopped the rope and the ship ran away. It ran and ran until it came to a little stream. Then it said to a log that was in its way, "Get out of my way!"

The log moved and the ship went on, but no sooner had he gone a little way than he got stuck in the sand. He was stuck for a year. He was getting very old!

One day he saw his grandfather. He was a very, very old ship. He said to the runaway ship, "I will help you if you promise never to run away again." So the little ship promised, and his grandfather pulled him out, and he sailed a good straight course.

BOBBY HUNTER, *Primary II*

THE STREAM

O little stream, why do you keep running?
You never stop!
Why, water comes out of the mountains
And I must keep going down hill.
Good-bye—I shall see you again!

So the stream ran away
And the little boy ran away,
And the boy and the stream were parted again.

MARY STEVENSON, *Primary II*

LEAVES

Autumn leaves are dancing down,
Each in red or yellow gown.
Soon our gardener carefully will rake them in a pile,
Then he will set them all afire,
While I watch the smoke rise to the sky
And smell the nicest smell of all—
When leaves are burning in the fall.

JOYCE TATTERSALL, *Primary II*

Athletics

THE hockey captains of the upper classes were elected as follows: N. Duffield, Freshman; P. Herring, Sophomore; C. Raymond, Junior; M. Cowenhoven, Senior. The honors for the 1929 hockey season seem to rest between the Seniors and Sophomores, who have as yet played but one game, in which the Seniors came in first. In two out of three of the Senior-Junior matches the Seniors have won, and the honors go to the Freshmen for the first Junior-Freshman game, with the score 8-1. The Sophs have beaten the Freshmen in two successive games.

A number of the Intermediate IV's have been substituting very efficiently in the upper-class games; with such promising material, we look for them to develop a fine team of their own another year.

The Holmquist game ended with the powerful score of 9-2 in favor of M. F. S. Honors for this victory go to the great work of the varsity line-up; B. Bissell, F. Boice, C. Carnochan, J. Sayen, C. Shear, O. Tomec, J. Mitchell, S. Johnston, P. Herring, and N. Duffield, with Clare Raymond, captain, and Margaretta Cowenhoven, Manager. We were obliged to cancel the game planned with Kent School because of the snow-storm.

Exchanges

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

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

Blue Print—Katherine Branson School, Ross, Cal.

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

Green Leaf—Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.

Hotchkiss Literary Monthly—Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

Irwinian—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Junior Journal—Princeton Junior School for Boys, Princeton, N. J.

Lit—Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.

Milestone—Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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

Turret—Tower School, Salem, Mass.

Academe—There is wide variety in your stories and your school and athletic notes are remarkably complete. The idea of a reading list is excellent.

Holchkiss Literary Monthly—Your editorials and stories are of high literary quality and content, and are exceptionally interesting.

Irwinian—Your literary department is particularly good. The prize serial, "Apartment 1005", is of great interest so far, and we are looking forward to its continuation. The French play, "La Mort D'Une Femme", is well-written.

Lit—We especially enjoy your stories and poems. They are excellent and diversified. The discussion of the question "Is the Laurentian a Snob" was interesting, and the subject well covered.

Milestone—Your poems are good and the story, "The Lap of Buddha", excellent. We suggest that you have more stories.

Jim The Fireman

AND is it the key ye want?" Jim asked innocently, standing on one leg—he never uses both at once. "Thin the chambermaid has it."

"She gave it to you," said I with determination.

"Did she now?" questioned Jim.

"Yes. You must have it."

Jim dropped two coal-scuttles and began searching in his pockets. He seemed to be all pockets. I certainly never saw anything human turn so many inside out, and in such mysterious places; but although there appeared to be a little of everything therein, my key was not among their contents.

"Now, who did I give it to?" demanded Jim, looking at me as if it were all my fault that he was put to so much trouble. Then a bright thought sent a smile over his crooked face.

"Sure, I left it in the door," said he.

"A pretty thing to do!" cried I wrathfully. "Don't you try that again! I don't choose to find half my things gone some fine day!"

"That's thrue, ye wouldn't," he agreed amiably. He picked up his coal-scuttles and walked off down the stairs, his head on one side, exactly like a wise jaybird.

FRANCES PARDOE, '31.

Alumnae Notes

Sarah Stockton and Cornelia Murray both made the Freshman hockey team at Sweet Briar, and Sarah has also made the varsity team. Both have joined the dramatic club, also.

Jib Johnston has been elected to the board of the *Vassar Miscellany and News*.

Lucy Russell is spending this year in travelling in Europe with her family. She has passed her entrance examinations for Smith and will enter there in the fall of 1930.

Kathryn Hull also was successful in passing College Boards and has been admitted to Wellesley for 1930, but is taking an extra year at Dana Hall.

Florence Phillips is standing up for her country at the Royal Victoria College, McGill University, Montreal.

Virginia Myers is at the National Cathedral School in Washington, working very hard.

Mary Blackwell is enjoying her first year at the Marot Junior College.

Margaret Lowry is at Sarah Lawrence College.

Ruth Stimson is a member of the Freshman class of the Connecticut College for Women.

We hear that Jean Bunn is at Wilson, Bernice Harkins at the New Jersey College for Women, and Doris Reddan at the Erskine Secretarial School, in Boston. We should be pleased to know more about them.

Anne and K. Mitchell are studying piano and singing, respectively, at the David Mannes School in New York, commuting from Princeton.

Margaret Righter is in Princeton at present. She is expecting to enter Bryn Mawr in 1930.

Martha Stockton was recently presented to society by her parents. She will be in Baltimore this winter.

Jane Olds returned this fall from a five months' sojourn in Europe and is studying dancing in New York.

Mary Weeks is reported to be doing Occupational Therapy work.

Dot Wright is in Trenton this winter, contemplating a dramatic course in New York.

Jane Link has been elected a substitute on the varsity hockey team at Wellesley. She has also made the dramatic association.

Betty McLaren is working in the Art Library of Princeton University, cataloguing Italian Paintings.

Kitty Manning, a Sophomore at Smith, still finds occasion to revisit Princeton.

The engagement of Betty Dinsmore to Mr. James Bathgate has been announced. Mr. Bathgate, a member of the Class of '22 at Princeton, is an instructor in the Germantown Friends' School. During Mrs. Elderkin's absence this fall, Betty has taken over her History of Art class at Miss Fine's.

Nancy Goheen is engaged to Mr. J. Kendell Wallis of the Class of '30 at Princeton. She is a Senior at Wilson College this year. Alice Goheen completed her Sophomore year at Wilson this year and transferred to Wellesley. She hopes to get her B.A. degree in 1931 and her diploma in Hygiene and Physical Education in 1931.

Lois Davis, who is in her last year at Bryn Mawr, is engaged to Donald Stevenson, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson is completing his last year at the Theological Seminary.



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