

April, 1930



The Link



# THE LINK

APRIL

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### **In Memoriam**

Dudley C. Wilson Jr., a member of our First Primary Grade, died April 9. His classmates will miss a dear comrade, his teachers a child of rare charm and beauty. The Primary Department and the entire school send their most earnest sympathy to his sorrowing family.

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# Editorial

## The Five Georges

*"George the First most vile was reckoned;  
Viler still was George the Second.  
Has any mortal ever heard  
Any good of George the Third?  
When George the Fourth to hell descended,  
Praised be God, their reigns were ended."*

SO RECITES the octogenarian curator of the library of Christ's Church, Oxford, as he points to the statues of the Georges about him. To Thackeray's *Four Georges* we owe famous details.

George the First might well be reckoned vile. He was an atrocious fat old monarch who came reluctantly over from Hanover trailing a string of German friends and attendants behind him. He knew little about England and cared less. His main interest lay in his beloved Hanover, which he took every occasion to visit, spending so much time going back and forth that when he finally died in a carriage on one of these trips he must have felt very much at home.

His death brought to the throne his "still viler" son, George the Second, who spent a life so deeply immersed in minute personal details that the government was left in the hands of whoever interested the monarch sufficiently. He, meantime, regularly and methodically attended to his petty affairs and economized down to the last penny of his income.

The next member of this distinguished family, George the Third, came to the throne with one idea planted in his stubborn and obstinate head: to rule, not merely to reign. "George, be a king," was the refrain of his nagging and formidable mother. He gloried in overseeing the complexities and minute details of government, and hoisted prime minister after prime minister from office until he finally found one to whom he could dictate. It may be remembered that his methods

resulted in the loss of thirteen American colonies, considered impertinent and grasping in their demands for rights.

George the Fourth, the final subject of the curator's rhyme, considered himself "the First Gentleman of Europe". He rendered his greatest service to humanity when he invented a shoe-buckle an inch long and inches broad which drooped artistically to the ground on either side of the foot. Little else is remembered of one who gave promise in his youth of being the most gifted and talented of the Hanovers.

We might now add another couplet to our rhyme—one which would neither closely follow those before it nor present a quiet and modest gentleman too strikingly. For George, the Fifth is king at a time when kings are allowed to reign, but not to rule. He has influence, not power; but this he has used to advantage—never to better purpose than now, when it furthers the dream of his great prime minister, Ramsay MacDonald. He was among the first to advocate naval disarmament last fall, and he himself opened the disarmament conference in January with a speech which was both sincere and earnest. Her navy is England's pride and George the Fifth is her sailor king; yet he thinks neither of himself nor of the particular interests of England, but of the peace of the whole world.

*Yet George the Fifth, "King but in name,"  
In peace has brought himself to fame.*

---

For this issue the LINK has a new business manager, Frances Boice taking the place of Louise Barger. Louise's absence because of illness has been felt not only by her own class but by all the school.

## DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS sat upon a bag of flour in front of the country store, watching the three small boys. They stood before him commanding the situation with volleys of high-pitched words in which he at times seemed profoundly interested. Then quickly his glance would shift to some distant object and he would appear unaware of their presence.

"On cold nights is when she gits liveliest!" squeaked the littlest one excitedly.

"Yeh," chimed in the black member of the trio, "and my how she do rock!" With this the other two nudged each other, and a flicker of mirth passed over their faces.

"I guess she'll be goin' strong t'night."

"Why?" asked Douglas quietly.

"Why?" they echoed his question impertinently. "Because it's gonna be cold."

Douglas got up and buttoned his brown khaki army jacket. It was old and worn and patched in places, retaining none of its former martial glamour excepting three bars for service over-seas. He looked vacantly at the gravel path then, bending over, picked up a stone, round and flat as a watch.

"Five o'clock," he said, glancing at it casually: "got to be gittin' home." He slipped the stone into his pocket and fastened the flap with one remaining brass button.

"Good-night, Douglas," they chorused. Mid stifled bursts of laughter they watched him disappear down the road.

The sun was sinking, and an autumn chill was creeping into the late summer twilight. The road Douglas took homeward was sandy and wound through the trees. Moss and thin wood grass stretched away on either side beneath patches of pine and scrub-oak.

On coming to a clearing by the side of the road, he stopped and gazed. There was a small, high house, hemmed in on every side by a picket fence. Tangled masses of weeds and briars grew at random, filling the inside space which had once been the lawn. A great walnut tree rose up close to the little building. It too had lived through the war, but its knotted branches, hovering over the roof, were now stark

and dead as all the growing things within the enclosure. The dusk deepened, leaving the whiteness of the house and fence standing out like ghosts against the blackness of the trees beyond. He stood by the half-swung gate staring through the dim light at the open door.

He could remember the day, so many years ago, when he had been tempted by childish fancy to enter. After that he had gone regularly to chop her wood. He also remembered the bright spring morning five years before when he had come there for the last time. He had gone to war when she was ninety-eight years old. Douglas had cautioned others to look after her in his absence. Two years later she had frozen to death.

No one could tell why she had settled there. Often the inquisitive eyes of a native passer-by had sought a glimpse of the thin brown face, but they were seldom satisfied. She was an Indian, with the charm of an alien race. For seventeen years after she had come she had lived with no one venturing beyond her picket gate; the fear of evil powers was always there to check prying inclinations.

Douglas, standing there so motionless, seemed part of the colorless rustic surroundings. No sound broke the stillness except the high chant of a multitude of insects; nothing stirred except the darting flash of an occasional firefly which, pricking the blackness here and there, left it deeper and darker than before. Suddenly he flung aside the gate and stalked across the briar-entwined path. Inside the doorway the shadows had become denser until now the broken staircase with its patches of straw matting could just be discerned—all that remained of a pleasant memory, his first entrance. At once he had loved its green and white checks and its sweet, grassy smell.

Holding his hat reverently in both hands over his chest, he stepped in. The place was damp and smelt faintly of kerosene and apples. Stripped of all its furnishings, it seemed to Douglas like a ghost of the old woman. A lone curtain hung in rotten shreds, blowing spasmodically with the breeze which wafted through the shattered panes. The wall-paper flapped quietly, discontentedly, and all was covered with a creeping black mould—a natural shroud.



Douglas approached the stairs. As he mounted and the last one shrieked its warning beneath his plodding step, he stopped. Up there the air, hot and dry, smelt of the woods. Almost stifled by the darkness of the little hall, he could see the grey light of the outdoors playing on the floor of the next room. Flinging his hat back upon his head, he hurriedly crept halfway down the stairs. Once more he stopped and listened, then started back, this time with terror in his eyes, his hair sweat-matted to his forehead. Frantically he darted to the door and stared into the room.

The lonely light flooded in through a great gap, for half of the gable was rotted out. Outside, a twisted branch of the walnut tree writhed across the whiteness of the evening sky. Swallows swept their last courses before nightfall, and bats swirled madly about. All this Douglas saw as he gazed at the form in the room. Her back was toward him as she sat in the rocker where he had left her so long ago. Head tilted upwards, she serenely contemplated the sky, the tree, and the birds; her shawl, hanging down, touched the floor on either side. She did not turn to stare at him; nor did he go nearer her, but remained clasping the door and gazing with tremendous eyes from a face as pallid as death.

\* \* \*

The low-hanging branches brushed him as slowly he went through the dusk. His feet sank deep in the sandy way, but he seemed not to care, and pushed on. The great red moon of Indian summer was still floating low in the east when he glanced up from the path and saw it.

"I wonder how they knew," he muttered.

Presently there came a hump in the level wood which the scrub-oak struggled half-way up; dwindling off, it left brush to cover the bleak summit as best it could. In the house perched upon the crest a dim yellow light was burning. Wearily but persistently he trudged through the underbrush.

"Yer late, son. Where've ya been?" a quiet low monotone drifted out from the dense shadows of the porch. Douglas started: he had come up nearer than he had realized.

"What's ailin' ya, Douglas, ain't ya feelin' good?"

"Yeh, I'm all right . . . I just ben down picket-fence way . . . Aw, you'd laugh at me if I told ya."

"I ain't never laughed at ya yet, have I, son?" she asked calmly.

"No, I guess ya ain't . . . Well, I seen her—jest as plain as I kin see you settin' thar now—plainer, I guess. 'cause it wasn't so dark then. He shouted the last words, as if to make their meaning more clearly realized, then gave a short, soft giggle.

At first his mother did not speak, but slowly shook her head.

"Come, Douglas, I'll give ya yer supper," she said quietly. Her little crossed eyes were tragic as she hung back in the darkness regarding her son. He stood beneath the starless sky where still there hung a trace of day mingling with the night, gazing out across the wood. His ashen face and deep-set eyes were still as marble, except for his lips, which worked and twitched continuously.

"Naw, thanks . . . I guess I don't want no supper, thanks."

\* \* \*

Next morning Douglas was out before the sun had risen, while the earth was still drowsy and damp. The sky, hanging low, seemed too thick for even the sun's rays to penetrate. Douglas stamped about the sodden grey loam impatiently, throwing long, searching glances out across the foggy countryside. The trees and shrubs stayed listlessly calm; no bird, no wisp of breeze, stirred their heavy foliage; only now and then a snapping twig intensified the stillness as he constantly trudged the circuit of the hill-top.

"More hot weather," he murmured, looking up.

Later on, when the sun had broken through the massive barrier of clouds and teemed its vaporous rays down to earth, Douglas donned his jacket and started off across the wood.

The little square at the cross-roads was a-buzz. Farmers and their wives, vegetable and grain-laden wagons, scratching chickens and inquisitive dogs, gathered before the country store. As Douglas approached, his eyes shot about, seeking out someone in the crowd. The one whom he sought evidently was not there, for presently he leaned himself against a hitching-post and was content with watching the hurly-burly beneath the shop's red and white awning. He con-

templated the scene as one in charge rather than as an outsider. All who were there knew him, but none spoke until now and then one brushed him in passing, when a "Mornin', Douglas", was answered only by a jerky nod. His passive stare was broken when the clamor of familiar strident voices reached him above all the rest. Turning, he recognized the trio of the previous afternoon coming across the square. They did not notice him standing there.

"Hey, you kids!" he hailed them. They did not hear him. He called again "Hey", then started after them. As he walked his pace quickened until it was necessary to jog. They had recrossed the square and were now on the road which led past the picket fence.

"Hey, you kids!" again he called, and for the first time they stopped and looked around. Amusement and feigned surprise were on their faces and in their voices as they chorused:

"Oh, it's Douglas!"

"Yeh; I'd like t'see you kids fer a minute," said Douglas, pushing back his hat and scratching his head. "How did you kids know 'bout that there thing, up picket-fence way?" he blurted at them, nodding his head backwards and pointing his thumb up the road.

"'Bout what?" they asked, peering up through squinted eyes.

"'Bout that thar thing . . . that thar . . . ghost . . ."

"Ghost!" they yelled. "What ya talkin' about? . . . Ghost! We ain't seen no ghost . . . Whar is ther a ghost?"

"Sure," said Douglas, grinning suspiciously. "You told me 'bout it last night . . . up thar." Again he pointed.

"No sir . . . We ain't never seen no ghost. But we'd like t'see one, wouldn't we?" the oldest turned and winked at his companions.

"Yeh, you bet we'd like t'see a ghost," they shouted back shrilly; and to two more friends who lurked by the market, "C'mon! Douglas is gonna show us his ghost!"

"No sir; not me!" Douglas yelled emphatically, drawing away.

"C'mon! Douglas is gonna show us his ghost!" The five boys gathered around him, tugging at his sleeves and pushing from behind. He drew backwards; each stride was fought for; now and then a violent push sent him stumbling through the sand. The boisterous crowd laughed and shouted:

"Sure Douglas is gonna show us his ghost . . . ain't cha, Douglas?"

Douglas was silent and tense. His naturally white and placid face was strained and bursting with blood.

"Doggone it, let me go!" he roared.

Suddenly he twisted his arms free and drove his foot into the stomach of the leader. The boy reeled backward across the road and pitched headlong into the ditch.

All nagging had ceased, and Douglas, though still surrounded, was free. He watched the prostrate form with wondering eyes.

"I told ya t'let me go, didn't I?" he gasped threateningly.

In an instant the road was filled with marketers, who came in little hustling groups.

"What's a'matter?" they called anxiously as they neared the silent gathering. "What's happened?" The boy was struggling to his feet. His mother was one of the first to come. When she saw how he gagged and gasped for breath she took to pounding his back and excitedly firing questions into his ear. A hush held the crowd awaiting his answer. Feebly he pointed at Douglas.

"Yeh, Douglas kicked him in the stomach," the other boys fortified his frightened accusation, as an understanding murmur waved through the gathering. Gradually it grew into a wild conversation; sharp, angry glances shot at Douglas, who stood away from the rest. They were bombarding one another with their various views, but their words were jumbled and Douglas caught only a sentence now and then. "Ain't accountable fer what he does" he heard one say . . . "ought t'be watched."

A high scolding voice soared over the others; the boy's mother had come to the edge of the crowd. She shrieked forth a furious series of threats.

"You're a wicked, wicked boy, Douglas Emlin!" she cried, wagging her finger at him. "You ain't fit t'be hob-nobbin'

with decent folks. Your kind hadn't ought t'be free nohow!" She turned sharply and hustled away down the road, pulling her son with her.

The little gathering presently scattered and dwindled away. Douglas was left standing in the middle of the road. The dust settled, the last voice faded away; there came only the occasional crow of a rooster across the fields. Douglas was trembling as he looked up.

"Gosh, ain't that awful!" he whispered, nodding . . .  
"Ain't that awful."

\* \* \*

Fall had come, and winter had blown its icy gusts about the house on the hill. Gradually they had warmed and lulled themselves to silence. Spring found Douglas once more roaming the country, but he was tired of it. With the first signs of warm weather came the sharp beat of the carpenters' hammering in the hamlet across the wood. He had tried there to get himself some work, but they had put him off. "Didn't need help now," they had said.

There came a day when, returning to his home, a glitter through the trees attracted his eye. He stopped and stared in wonderment. A great black automobile stood before the door, its brilliant sheen intensifying the greyness and dilapidation of the house behind it.

"Ain't that somethin'," he grinned, coming up to the porch where his mother stood earnestly talking with a man whom Douglas had never seen.

"Here he is now," she said quietly, nodding toward her son.

"Well, good-morning, Douglas," the man addressed him.

"Mornin'," he answered coolly. "Ain't that some auto?" he turned to his mother enthusiastically.

"Yeh, it's an awful pretty car . . . an' you're a-gonna have t' take a long ride into it too, son," she said sadly, shaking her head.

"No sir; not me," he blurted emphatically. "I ain't gonna ride in none o' them things no more. I had enough o' that, thanks," he laughed.

"Now listen to me, son," she said kindly. "Them people down ther in the village have ben talkin' . . . They say

ya ought t'go to a hospital till yer nerves git better" . . .  
She saw Douglas becoming uneasy . . . "Y'see y've ben  
so nervous lately, Douglas, that they thought they ought  
t'do somethin' fer ya."

"I ain't nervous no more," broke in Douglas, addressing  
his remark to the man.

"Well, son, he says maybe you'll be home real soon an'  
maybe you'll be much better."

The man picked up the suitcase and flung it into the car.

"Come, Douglas, say good-bye to your mother," he said.

"I'll say good-bye to *you*," cried Douglas, drawing away.

"Good-bye, Douglas, son," said his mother, quietly dis-  
regarding his attempted escape, "an' don't you never fear—  
you'll be back soon—just as soon as yer nerves is helped."

He was hurried into the automobile. It lumbered away  
down the little winding road.

"The war's treated him awful cruel," she whispered. As  
she watched it disappear, her drawn lips quivered. "Awful  
cruel," she repeated slowly.

ESTELLE C. FRELINGHUYSEN, '30

## RAIN IN APRIL

Slender spears of crystal  
Shattered into fragments  
At the first touch  
Of wet green earth.

CAROLYN MORSE, '32

## Sonny

SONNY was stumping solemnly down the path hunting for the kitten. He had found it first in the barn lapping milk out of the cat's saucer, but when he had tried to catch it it had whisked out of sight. The sun was hot, and Sonny's soft hair curled damply about his round little face. His short legs were tired. Just ahead, a fussy mother hen was marshalling her foster family of ducklings. The fat balls of down waddled hastily to her side, penny-sized wings outspread, lemon-colored bills open in faint baby quackings. Sonny's china-blue eyes widened with delight. He made a dive at one of the fuzzy ducklings. But it did not want to be caught and fled, followed by the flustered and indignant hen with the rest of the brood.

Wearily he turned his steps toward the garden, but even as he reached it all thoughts of weariness were driven from his mind. Down the center of the sunny garden path, between rows of pink hollyhocks standing tall and straight high above Sonny's curly head, strolled a kitten, a pudgy fluff of a kitten, its small tail pointed upward in lofty disdain of all the world.

With outstretched hands Sonny charged upon his kitten, when a miniature avalanche struck him from behind—a smothering avalanche of tumultuous floppy caresses, stumbling over its own large paws and sprawling legs. Sonny sat up and contemplated the awkward offender with grave disapproval. The setter pup flopped loosely to his feet and gazed expectantly at Sonny, long ears cocked, pink tongue lolling, eyes like spots of warm brown fire. At last, unable to bear the suspense longer, he gathered his unmanageable limbs together and was off at a clumsy gallop, filling the air with a clamor of excited yelps.

Sonny staggered to his feet and resumed his progress up through the garden. At the end of the path a frowsy black-and-white calf, its wobbly legs planted far apart, stared wild-eyed in his direction. It gave a loud "Baa-aa" and charged jerkily toward him, then, stopping, continued to stare. It blatted again, and Sonny extended a chubby hand. Then the calf kicked up its heels and butted its hard little head straight into the center of his pink rompers. Sonny sat down



hard: his howls of wrath brought John the gardener on a run. In a moment his tears had vanished and he was borne off in state in John's wheel-barrow while the setter pup circled about, barking tremendously at the squeaks the wheel made as it joggled down the path.

\* \* \*

## Sister

THE small person perched on the large beam just over the haymow in the barn was exceedingly dusty and cobwebby as the result of her climb to that precarious perch, but blissful. One bare brown leg dangled over the edge of the beam, the other was stretched out, small toes wiggling in the soft dust accumulated by generations of fallen spiderwebs and hayseed. In one chubby fist she held a large apple which she munched frequently, and her round cheeks were sticky with apple juice and generously smeared with cobwebs. The barn was dim, and sweet with the fragrance of hay. Through the chinks and cracks of the walls the sun crept in slanting bars of gold. One beam of sunlight touched the child's foot. It was filled with tiny dust-motes which she tried to catch with her hand, only to make them dance wildly in their shining pathway. Barn swallows skimmed through the wide barn door from the bright world outside and filled the corners of the loft with gay twitterings. Sometimes they came so close to her that she could see their tiny eyes shining like black beads and their wee half-opened bills. They were dainty sprites, those slim creatures with their sickle wings gleaming like blue steel as they flickered in and out. High overhead among the rafters the pigeons cooed to themselves, and others came to join them with the clack-clack of strong wings. The little girl leaned back to watch them. There were white ones with pouting chests, iridescent blue ones, and tan clowns with upturned ruffs.

A step sounded on the floor below. The little girl sat up quickly, her curls tumbling over her wide blue eyes. She peered down and burst into happy laughter, displaying large vacancies where front teeth should have been.

"Look, Mummy!" And standing up she jumped from the beam into the hay, with a flutter of her little blue dress.

JANET WICKS, '31



## My Mountains

HOW can anyone imagine my trip that winter? It is difficult to tell about, but the first thing I think of when it is mentioned is a mountain with a long and winding trail along its base. I see drifts of glistening snow and a hard-packed frozen river. I see the sun sinking slowly in the west and a change of color on the mountain. The snowy peaks are clearly outlined against a swift-darkening sky, and below, spreading over the long, low hills at its base, lies a deep blue shadow.

I think that was the greatest joy I ever experienced—going up into northern New Hampshire and living for two whole weeks among those wonderful mountains.

I traveled on the train slowly up through the Notch, climbing steadily, and looked out across a seemingly bottomless depth to another, higher mountain. Far down in that notch there was a river, once flowing over wide, flat rocks and whirling around in dangerous pools, now frozen and still, reflecting the rays of the afternoon sun with a dazzling brilliance.

The river was fed by small brooks which slid down the mountainside. I could follow with my eyes their frozen paths, winding from the top of the mountain down to its base.

The train curved suddenly downwards and dropped into a sheltered little town, under the shadow of the mountain, spreading out around a low hill in quiet contentment. Occasionally, I knew, a train passes through and stops by mistake; the one regular train, due at two o'clock, arrives without fail at four. The station horse and sleigh were, as always, standing patiently on the platform. The driver is never there, though, so I walked to my destination. As I climbed the hill I felt, in that near and sheltering presence, not that I was away on a visit, but that I was coming home.

PEGGY AMEY, '33



### LITTLE RED FOX

Little red impudent  
Rascal of rascals,  
Screened by a tangle  
Of bramble and brush,  
Heard the sweet whimper  
Of hounds in the distance,  
Saw the great pack coming  
Up in a rush.

Red-coated sinner  
Looked up from a dinner  
Of careless fat gosling  
And winked a bright eye:  
"They think they can catch me  
This morning so early,"  
Said he with a grin,  
"So I'll give them a try!"

Out of the sheltering  
Gorse-bush he darted,  
Under the hedges still  
Heavy with dew  
He ran through the heather,  
He looked and he listened,  
He saw them distinctly,  
And heard them halloa.



He slipped through the hedge-rows,  
He splashed through the ditches,  
And came to a wood  
Right on top of a hill;  
Yet closer, and closer, and closer  
They followed him,  
Racing and chasing straight  
On for a kill.

Littlest, wickedest,  
Reddest of rascals  
Laughed to himself  
As he winked a bright eye:  
"My but it's comfortable  
Up in a tree like this:  
Didn't I tell you I'd  
Give them a try?"

PATRICIA HERRING, '32



wanted to spend in telegraphing his parents. Strange, but he could hardly walk straight. Approaching a house, he saw a man and went towards him nervously.

"Good morning," the boy said doubtfully.

"Morning," grunted the man, staring at him in turn.

"Could I earn a——"

"Say! Aren't you John Bright's boy? Come here, you scalawag! They're nearly crazy over you." The man dashed out at him; but he, all his strength returned, sped down the road.

Terrified, his head a throbbing ball, the boy kept in the woods skirting the road. It took him all the morning to walk a distance ordinarily accomplished in three hours. But just about noon he lifted his head to see the mountains. Their gleaming pinnacles, a fine grey border against the sky's blueness, cut into his heart. Suddenly he lay down on the forest bed, buried his hot face in the sweet brown turf. He was terribly afraid he might cry, so he just lay there, smelling the pungent evergreens, the hot evergreens. It seemed that a great peace had come to him. Like a thin cloak it clung to him, enveloping him. The boy was home; he knew now that he could never leave. So he just lay there.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

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## Dartmoor

A FLAT table-land over which a strong, bracing wind blows continuously. Scrubby, rusty ponies with long knotted manes, grazing on the sparse, coarse grass. Fields walled in by hedges of dirt thrown up a thousand years ago, grown over with heather and grass and even stunted trees. A field divided up into pens by whitewashed fences. Groups of sheep in the pens—some lambs, some big shaggy grey sheep, some covered with an orange wash. Further on, a lonely land rising, aflame with purple heather, patched with yellow gorse. Small fleecy sheep munching the heather. A high field of rocks and bracken. A springing, dancing stream, stopping in a hollow, forming a dark blue lake before it rushes on. A little whiskery cairn, bouncing ahead of his master briskly across the moor to the lonely white house in the distance.

MARY EMMA HOWELL, '32

## Do-Donnay

**D**O-DONNY'S unexpected announcement that he was going to the coast caused considerable excitement in Middletown.

"A young fellow like you can't go a-traipsing off like that, without any grown person. What'll you do if you get one of those spells of lightheadedness when you lose all your common sense?" asked Mrs. Sprigg, Do-donny's guardian.

Big black Cassy rolled her big black eyes. "Theah ah turrible critters in that ocean, tha's whut Ailanthus told me!"

The minister was kinder. He talked to Do-donny confidentially and finally succeeded in getting the boy to tell him the reason for his sudden restlessness.

"I read a poem the other day," said Do-donny. "It was called 'To Dieudonné'—that is my real name, you know. It was all about the ocean, deep and dark blue, and huge rolling waves. I'm tired of these lazy muddy streams. I have to go to the ocean, Dr. Brown. I have to see the silver seagulls—skimming, dipping into the white-caps. I can't paint here."

The minister was silent for awhile, then he nodded. He had wanted to see the mountains when he was young. When he saw them, he had been overwhelmed, speechless. He had soon longed for the prairies again—the mountains had stifled him. But he understood. He patted Do-donny on the back and wished him luck.

An invigorating, briny atmosphere enveloped the puffing train. It transformed Do-donny. It blotted out Middletown and everything that Middletown meant—the stuffy school, the callouses on his hands from chopping stubborn logs, and especially the lazy, muddy streams and the sparrows—everything small and grimy. He was no longer Do-donny, Mrs. Sprigg's erratic ward, but Dieudonné, gift of God, entering into God's land.

The train stopped with one last relieved puff. Dieudonné stepped into the road, entranced. A gentle, salty wind pushed him on.

Two sandy children in bathing suits giggled amusedly.

"Look at the silly boy!" cried one, "Tee-hee; he's got on a heavy sweater in all this heat!"

"Oh," said the other one, with awe, "I bet he's a tramp."

Dieudonné heard them and was vaguely interested in them, but their remarks meant nothing to him. He was insensible to heat and cold: all he could feel was salt—stirring, brisk salt.

He stood on a high dune. Before him spread the ocean, deep blue. The waves were monstrous gray and green puppies, tumbling around on their fluffy white paws. A sandpiper minced pertly on the glittering sand. A starfish flashed brilliantly. A silver bird skimmed over the water and flew upward into a waiting cloud.

All night Dieudonné sat in a chair at the inn and watched the orange moon ripple on the dark water. He and the ocean became friends.

For the next three days he painted incessantly. Children gathered in the sand around him. He never talked to them; he never even noticed them. At last the picture was completed; he covered it with canvas and lay down on the warm sand. When he awoke it was very dark, and he hurried back to the inn. For the first time since his arrival he turned on the light in his room and pulled down the shades. He didn't have to look out the window for his ocean: he had it under his arm.

He placed the picture on a quaint washstand, uncovered it, and stepped to the other end of the room. Then he looked at it. He gasped. That wasn't the ocean—it was blue and gray and green, but it didn't move. The puppies stood stiffly on their hind legs, unnatural. The sandpiper stared awkwardly, stupidly at him. The starfish was dead.

Dieudonné took off his shoe; he threw it, and everything in sight, at the repulsive object. Having almost satisfied his disappointment, he threw himself on his bed and wept convulsively. When the innkeeper looked in, he found Dieudonné sound asleep. From under a knotted shoelace a sandpiper stared stupidly at him.

The next morning the children saw him wandering down the road. His eyes shone strangely. He was hurrying impatiently towards the shrieking train, dreaming of himself—Do-donny—painting beside a greenish stream. Wistaria entwined a willow tree, and a sparrow fluttered exultantly in the dust.

EDITH BECK REED, '31

## SILJORD

On a clear, deep lake with mountains above,  
Mountains with cold bright snow on their crests,  
Lies an aged village huddled near the water;  
Tiny at the foot of the crags  
It nestles.

Down its narrow, rough road goat herds parade  
With lively clatter and scuffle of hooves.  
They fling the dust in tawny clouds, bleating  
And rambling through the mellow old road,  
By its little wooden huts made of gnarled beams,  
With crazy-quilt roofs of grass and flowers.

Sleepy in the bright sun the little village blinks,  
Golden brown against the deep shadowed-cliffs.  
Unknown, unprofaned, steeped in contentment,  
You nestle, little village and jewel-shot lake,  
In my heart.

PATSY JONES, '31



## Intermediate Notes

MARGARET HARPER wished to know something of the Intermediate department of Miss Fine's School before entering, so she came for a visit. When she arrived one of the girls was appointed to be her guide.

"I will take you to the Fourth Intermediate room first of all," said the guide. "Will you please tell me what you are doing this term, May Freehold?" she asked of a girl sitting near the door. "This is a new girl I am showing around."

"Of course I will!" May replied. "Right now we are each making a newspaper. Each girl has chosen one or two countries about which she collects all the news she can. Each newspaper has a different name: there are the *International News*, *Daily News Review*, *The Luminary* and others. We are making these for history class.

"In science, with Miss Mayall, we are taking up building and building materials. We are having a display of the materials in the science room, and it is growing rapidly. For English class we are making notebooks of pictures and stories about the Middle Ages. We have been studying Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and besides the notebooks have made some very good soap models of characters and scenes from the book—a castle, a proud knight and his lady, Rebecca about to throw herself from the battlements, a laughing jester, and many others, some of which have been tinted lightly with color. One of the girls made a model of the tournament grounds at Ashby, with its tents, knights in battle, and eager spectators. It is very well done and seems quite real. We have also been dramatizing parts of *Ivanhoe*; the girls in each of the two divisions are rehearsing a scene written by two girls from their own division.

"I really think that is all I can tell you," finished May.

"Thank you so much!" cried Margaret and her guide both in one breath.

"June," said Margaret's guide as they went into the Third Intermediate room, "will you please tell us what your class is doing this term?"

"For history class we are making marionettes; we have completed four so far. It is lots of fun to make them, and



when they are all done we are going to put on a Robin Hood play. In English class we are getting on very well with grammar. We are making pictures of trees with curiously shaped trunks and branches in Art Class. Our science lessons have been covering many general topics. We do experiments every day and then write them up for our note-books, with drawings. We like science very much. Now I hope I have told you the things that you wished to know about our class."

"Thank you, June; that was a great help."

"Frances, will you please tell us what your class is doing this term?" asked the guide as they entered the Second Intermediate room.

"Yes," said a fair-haired girl, "I will tell you gladly. In English we are making notebooks in which we keep our poems and stories. In history we are studying about Romans and Roman heroes. We have made some marionettes too. In geography we are studying about Europe and are going to make maps of different European countries. In science we are studying fishes and are making soap and clay models of them. We have made some very good ones.

"We have only to visit the First Intermediate room and then our tour is over," remarked the guide as they left.

As they entered the room a dark-haired girl came up to them.

"I am very glad to be able to tell you what we are doing. For history class we have been making tiny marionettes representing an Indian, a girl of old Plymouth, Sir Walter Raleigh, and some others. We also made scenes from American history in wood. One of them is of a pioneer log cabin with all of the animals grazing around in the front yard. For geography each one of us made a map of the United States. Here they are. In general science we are studying stars. Then we are studying fractions, English grammar, and French grammar."

"Thank you very much," said Margaret, "for the splendid account you have given me!"

As you can guess, she had a most enthusiastic report to make to her parents when she returned home.

## MIDSUMMER NIGHT

Whist! It's still—there's not a sound!  
Only the moon lights things around.  
The dew-laden grasses bend their heads,  
The silent owl glides overhead.

Hark! The silence is broken at last:  
From a distance coming fast  
A stream of music now draws near,  
Filling the heart with hope and fear.

Look! The fairies are coming on,  
Over the dew-laden shimmering lawn:  
Their hair is like gold, their eyes are blue,  
Their wings are shining with drops of dew.

Listen! The music grows weird and soft,  
The sound is gently borne aloft,  
The fairies dance in a circular ring,  
Around their fairy queen and king.

But at last the dawn breaks in the East—  
The fairies leave the Midsummer feast,  
Gently they float toward the rising sun,  
And the day begins its regular run.

MARGARET DELAFIELD, *Intermediate III*



# Primary Poetry

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## LITTLE SNOW-FLAKES

Little snow-flakes fly and fly and then you fall asleep.  
Little snow-flakes fly and fly and then you fall asleep.  
Then the green grass comes again.

BARBARA YOUNG, *Primary I*

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## SONG OF THE INDIAN CHILDREN

I am a little Indian boy going to get water.  
I am a little Indian boy running home again.

I am a little Indian girl going to get food.  
I am a little Indian girl running home again.

I have to go down a big hill.  
I have to go back again.

I have to go along the road.  
I have to go back again.

I bring nice water home again.  
I bring good food home again.

JOYCE TATTERSALL, *Primary II*

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## A VIKING SONG

Yo-ho, yo-ho, the Vikings bold,  
That sailed upon the sea!  
They were mighty, mighty warriors  
And brave as brave could be;  
They stormed the coasts of foreign lands  
And carried the treasures away,  
And gaily sailed the sea again  
And back to old Norway.

PEGGY BIGELOW, *Primary III*

### THE NORTH

Up in the North,  
There I would be—  
Where foxes roam,  
Where sea-gulls fly  
About the foam,  
Where seals dive  
And play about,  
And all at once  
A whale doth spout—  
Up in the North,  
There I would be!

NICHOLAS KATZENBACH, *Primary III*

### BEAUTIFUL ITHACA

O wooded shores of Ithaca,  
Odysseus' sunny home,  
Thy rugged rocks are beautiful  
With dash of white sea foam.  
Brave heroes wander there at peace  
When from their journeys free;  
They live with happy memories  
Watching the Aegean Sea.

JOAN TAYLOR, *Intermediate IV*

### ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood was a merry young man  
Who never fled from danger;  
He dearly loved his jolly men  
And did not trust a stranger.  
One fine day he met a giant  
And they began to fight;  
The giant pushed Robin in the brook—  
I think that was not right.  
Robin tried to help himself  
By pulling on the grass:  
Out he came all wet and cold,  
And blew his horn of brass.

PATTY LEWIS, *Primary IV*

## ROBIN HOOD

Blow thy horn, O Robin Hood,  
And coming from thy peaceful wood  
Will be thy band of merry men—  
Thy merry men two score and ten.

Blow thy horn, O Robin Hood,  
And coming from thy peaceful wood  
Will be the lady for whom thou dost care—  
Thy Lady Marian sweet and fair.

Blow thy horn, O Robin Hood,  
And coming from thy peaceful wood  
Thou shalt hear birds' merry cry—  
The joyous song of birds on high.

Blow thy horn, O Robin Hood,  
And coming from thy peaceful wood  
Will be thy band of merry men—  
Thy merry men two score and ten.

MARJORIE MUNN, *Primary IV*

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## ROBIN HOOD

Deep in the greenwood forest,  
Where cares are never seen,  
Lived Robin with his merry men,  
All dressed in Lincoln green.

He roamed the forest night and day  
In search of food to eat;  
And when at nightfall he returned  
He always had some meat.

Many a joust the brave man won  
At festiyals in the town  
With long yew-bow and quarter staves,  
And carried off the crown.

ROBERTA STOCKTON, *Primary IV*

## ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood was a gay young fellow,  
He dressed all in green and yellow;  
He made a bower for his bride  
And kept her always by his side.

He took much money from the rich  
And gave it to the poor and such;  
He lived in England's fairest wood,  
And was as gay as he was good.

MARION ESTE, *Primary IV*



## School Notes

Because there is a smaller Upper School this year, we were afraid the Christmas Chest fund would not be so large as formerly, but with the aid of a very efficient committee \$300 was collected. This was divided among the *New York Times* Neediest Cases, the Social Service Bureau of Princeton, Mrs. Booth for the Volunteers of America, the Charity Organization of New York, the servants, and Nellie Frances. With the assistance of Mrs. Brown and Miss Dinsmore, boxes of clothing and toys were sent to the Maine Seacoast Mission, the Volunteers, and the Princeton Social Service. Special boxes for separate families recommended by the Charity Organization of New York were packed by the Intermediates and the Freshmen, while the Intermediate and Primary children filled twenty-eight bulging red stockings.

Early in March we were given an interesting lecture on India by Mrs. Goheen, who has done missionary work there. Two Indian ladies, with whom we felt fairly familiar, assisted Mrs. Goheen.

March seventh finally arrived: for weeks Juniors, Seniors, and first year alumnae had been looking forward to it, and the Dance Committee, with Constance Titus as chairman and Estelle Frelinghuysen, Cathleen Carnochan, Frances Boice, Margaret Brooks, Jane Mitchell, and Sarah Johnston assisting, had been busy with meetings and mysterious lists of names. When there was found to be a shortage of girls an emergency call for older alumnae was sent out and was answered by many attractive volunteers. Before the dance a dinner was given for the Committee by Mrs. Henry Young. The study hall was charmingly decorated with graceful draperies of pink and green, sofas, lamps, rugs, and palms changed the primary porch to a perfect place for intermissions, and once again the Equinox orchestra played—we hardly need to speak of the success of the dance.

When the news spread that Mrs. Fiske was coming to act in *The Rivals* at the McCarter Theater, we were not only permitted but "required" to go. Mrs. Fiske was supported by an all-star cast including James Powers as Bob Acres. This was an enjoyable English assignment!

This year the Juniors have a new class symbol—a charm in blue and silver—instead of the customary ring.



## Athletic Notes

THE basketball season has been carried on with great enthusiasm during these past months, the Upper School classes competing for championship honors. The Freshmen played the Sophomores and won two consecutive games, but were then defeated by the Juniors with the scores 34-14 and 39-26 against them. In the meantime the Seniors played the Sophomores and won two successive games, 77-6 and 40-18. The first battle for the championship waged between the Juniors and Seniors resulted in honors for the Seniors, score 32-16. On March 25 the deciding game was played: we take off our hats to the Seniors, who won 45-18.

M. F. S. recently played Kent Place at Summit. The results were 33-12 in favor of Kent, but Miss Fine's varsity deserves a blue ribbon and honorable mention for spirit. Here's for the varsity: F. Boice (captain), M. Cowenhoven (manager), B. Bissell, O. Tomec, S. Johnston, J. Mitchell, C. Raymond, P. Herring, C. Morse.

An enthusiastic audience rallied round to see the annual varsity-faculty basketball game. The members of the varsity were forewarned to be gentle with their opponents: Miss



Cumming, Miss Dorwart, Miss Margaret Fine, Miss Liddle, Miss Roberts, Miss Sherow, and Mrs. Titus. After gallant and discreet exertion the varsity succeeded in winning 37-13.

Addio to basketball—the baseball season is now getting under way.

The Stony Brook stables have been holding a number of classes in an indoor ring, including amateurs and experts of M. F. S. The results have been so encouraging that a horse show is in contemplation for the spring.

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## Alumnae Notes

A round dozen of our 1925 girls were graduated from college last June. Although most of them are already launched upon interesting careers, a number are continuing their studies.

Florence Clayton, Wellesley, is preparing at Teachers College, Columbia, to do Kindergarten work, and expects to take her Master's degree.

Gertrude Prior, who was graduated from Sweet Briar, is also at Columbia in pursuit of a Master's degree.

Helen Tomec, graduated from Wellesley, continues insatiable as of old in her quest for knowledge. She is now working for her Master's degree at Columbia and intends to continue her studies in Europe next year.

Dorothy Auten, Wellesley, is an assistant in the laboratory of the State Hospital in Trenton.

Helen Foster, Vassar, has gone with her family to Pasadena. We hear she had a glorious trip by way of the West Indies and the Panama Canal. She has been studying with her father.

Dorothy Funkhouser, Smith, is connected with the Telephone Company in New York.

Word has been received that Margaret Gaskill, Vassar, on her trip around the world recently visited Mrs. Roberts (Miss Markley) in China. At present Margaret is in Munich.

Teaching has claimed Frances Klemann, Goucher, who holds a position in Trenton.

After four years at the University of Pennsylvania, Janet Lewis continues to reside in Philadelphia, having secured a secretarial position there.

Winifred Link, Connecticut, president of her class here and always one of our best loved graduates, is now doing volunteer work with the Charity Organization in New York.

Janet MacInnes, Smith, who distinguished herself at school by her work in mathematics, is here assisting Professor Compton in the Physics department of the University.

Mary Reddan, another Wellesley graduate, is working for the Social Service department at the State House in Trenton.

It was with deep concern that we heard of the serious accident to Florence Phillips, who was thrown from her horse and suffered a severe concussion. We are thankful that from the latest word she is so well on her way to recovery that she is soon to be brought home from Montreal, while we sympathize with her in the hardship of having her first year at McGill so seriously broken into.

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## Exchanges

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

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

*The Blue and the Gray*—Gilman Country Day School, Baltimore, Md.

*The Blue Print*—Katherine Branson School, Ross, Cal.

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

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

*The Gilman News*—Gilman Country Day School, Baltimore, Md.

*The Green Leaf*—Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.

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

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

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

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

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

*The Thingimitite*—Holmquist School, Newhope, Pa.

*Tit Bits*—St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.

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

*The Triangle*—Misses Hebb's School, Wilmington, Del.

*The Turret*—Tower School, Salem, Mass.

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