

The Link



June, 1930

THE LINK

JUNE
1930



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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. X

JUNE, 1930

NO. 5

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To Miss Fine

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





FRANCES BOICE

"Play up, play up, and play the game!"

Even Graham McNamee's golden voice would break should he attempt to announce all Frannie's spectacular feats on the athletic field. Her duties as our Class President, an active member of the Student Council and the LINK board, and manager of practically every school activity claim countless hours of her time. But would she be content were she not continually startling the world anew? A sense of the dramatic pervades the air when she is due to make her appearance. We scarcely know whether to expect her in the rôle of an ardent frequenter of the slum districts, bent on the trail of a social problem, or a portrayal of the latest in striped shorts. And whatever she does is done to the *nth* degree well, whether it is winning a game, suffusing her protégées with school spirit, or consuming pounds of life-savers. Our one regret is that her fame has not yet reached the world without, and with Gray we bemoan it:

"Full many a star of purest ray serene
Is hidden from the spotlight's blinding glare;
Full many a genius born to run unseen
And waste her sweetness on the high school air."

LOUISE BARGER

'Who gives back sunshine with an added glow.'

When Louise became ill during the Christmas vacation and was absent for four months we all felt it a severe loss. We have missed her sympathy, her common sense, and her gentle competence, and have known ourselves the poorer. Now, although she cannot actually receive her diploma with us, we rejoice to welcome her back and to have her with us these last few days to share and complete our Commencement joys.



BETTY BISSELL

'A young colt will canter, be it up hill or down.'



Betty has the habit of plunging into everything headfirst and up to the neck—to reappear breathlessly, sit back with gusty sighs, and tell you all about it. Believing in spending as little time as possible in the mere matter of speech, she dispatches this duty in such short order that we languid souls are left a few swift paragraphs behind. This fair young maiden of the Grecian profile has a truly adventurous spirit. She believes in trying everything once, and her experiments in walking down up-escalators in the Newark five-and-ten-cent store were a source of much interest on the sidelines. This is not the only form of athletics in which she is interested; she is an excellent horseback rider and jumper and the determined goal keeper of both the Senior and the Varsity hockey teams. And now can anybody tell us what Betty is thinking of when she gazes so meditatively into space?



ESTHER BRITTAIN

"Let come what will."

Philosophical and noncommittal is Miss Brittain, and rarely is she known to lose her stoic calm—though to be sure there is a legend of a mouse that one day sought retreat under Mrs. Wade's desk, and of a heartrending wail of terror. Despite her nonchalant attitude she contrives, if roused, to know more about her lessons than the rest of us who have pegged away for hours, and once enthusiastic proves adept. But that's all during the week. On Friday at one-fifteen she powders her nose, fixes her sideburns neatly in place, and is off to another of those thrilling week-ends—probably in New Brunswick.

CATHLEEN CARNOCHAN

"The milk of human kindness."

Could she make a cherry pie, just for instance? Yes, we are sure she could. We feel that she would proceed with preparations for that pie as confidently and competently as she would attack a page of Vergil. She is easy-going, cheerful, and obliging, and can be depended upon to help us all out.

Rumor has it that she first arrived at school in a perambulator. Anyway, she has been here a long time and has always been a prominent member of the class. There is no school activity in which she has not taken part, and the climax of her career has been nothing less than the Presidency of the Student Council.

She bubbles over with choice morsels of gossip and gleanings of news. She herself provided one of the sensations of the year when she bobbed her hair and in so doing bobbed herself down to the age of twelve. We took her for a Fourth Intermediate until she giggled. Nothing could bob her giggle!



M. COWENHOVEN

*"Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a
ragged line."*

To Margaretta all things in life must be chased, and half the fun is in the chasing. So much pleasure may be derived en route, even though one does omit an occasional French accent or a question mark in rapid transit. She blows into school each morning with a pile of books rivaling the leaning Tower of Pisa; we always rather hesitate to inquire if she has studied them all, because we have witnessed her courageous career as a physicist. As might be expected, on the athletic field her love of action paves the way to fame, though she must hurry immediately afterwards to a Student Council meeting or a rendezvous with the LINK. Amply supplied with wit and originality, Margaretta is quite capable of meeting these responsibilities—once she catches up with them.



THERESA DE LONG

*"Then to her tower she climbed and
took the shield,
There kept it, and so lived in fantasy."*

Tessie should have lived in the Age of Chivalry, there is little doubt about it. We can just see her as she sits in her tower, occupied with her day-dreams, or gazing out of her window to watch the valiant knights beneath do battle for her favor. But to counterbalance a slight leaning towards the sentimental, Tessie has a firm little will of her own which, with gentle tact, she uses to great advantage. Who but Tessie could force us to go to a movie we have already seen, or to walk weary miles to call on her when the very elements cry out against it?

Yes indeed, we are glad to have Tessie with us, for her streak of mischief and sense of humor might have been slightly out of place in King Arthur's Court after all.





ESTELLE FRELINGHUYSEN

*"A mammoth large splatter of vital
grey matter,
And a mighty deposit of brain."*

Each morning Estelle, tardy, trots up the front steps clutching a patriotically bright red-white-and-blue school bag. Soon a hearty "ha, ha, ha!" resounds within: something has already struck her sense of humor. Nothing ever really flusters this august damsel; whichever lesson she attempts she does thoughtfully and unhurriedly, finally producing results sound, thorough, and excellent. She does not care for our usual modes of exercise, preferring to gain her muscle at the piano. She also taps the typewriter far, far into the night, to hand in a wonderfully thought-out, phrased, and typed paper and uphold her reputation as our leading literary light.

We must mention two special devotions—the opera, and Paul, a small grey parrot with a nice disposition and a red tail, whom we are to believe the most remarkable bird that ever squawked. And now, as the days grow hotter and hotter, we no longer care that Estelle has the nice warm seat by the radiator!

MARIAN JOHNSON

*"God permits industrious angels
Afternoons to play."*

Heaven protects the working girl! Who could doubt it, knowing Marian? Few trials come to mar a naturally pleasant disposition, and the enormous velocity with which her mind absorbs knowledge is a puzzle to which the senior class would dearly love to have the key. For three long years, with jealous eyes, we watched her make her bookless exit each day, sunnily conscious that for her tomorrow's lessons would be faultless. Now at last we are afforded malicious delight as we see her stagger home under a suitable load of paper-bristling books; but still it is Marian who can face with an unquaking heart Miss Fine's bombardment of learning, and Marian who can track the obscure French idiom to its lair. All hail to the class oracle, seated at her Delphian desk dispensing knowledge, one hand clutching those three persistent locks overshadowing one eye—the sole annoying trial heaven apparently forgot.



BARBARA REEVES

"Sesquipedalia verba."

She should have been another Puritan Priscilla—a school-mistress of the Colony instructing Puritan children—a Priscilla with her dark hair hidden beneath an immaculate white bonnet and a prim white apron over her simple grey gown as she demurely spins and greets her bashful suitor with a mischievous twinkle and a "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Instead she is Babs—conscientious, thorough, and painstaking, with an overwhelming vocabulary at her tongue's tip. She is sensible, efficient, capable. She is on every athletic team, on the LINK Board, in the Elective Singing Class. She is full of fun; she is ever loquacious, with decided opinions. She has a good sense of humor and a Texas accent straight from the borders of the Lone Star State. She is as staunch a friend as one could have, and the kind of person to have around on a rainy day.



JANE SAYEN

"A frank and free young Yankee maiden."

Hardly would you suspect Jane of being our class baby but for a certain wide-blue-eyed tendency to swallow tall tales and an enchanting habit of reciting her answers audibly while taking a history test. The answers are correct, too, and a great comfort to us. For Jane is a born worker, gallantly and good-naturedly surmounting obstacles. (And who would not lend a hand to help her from a Vergilian pitfall?) Conscientiously as she takes her work, so vigorously does she play. She swings a hefty bat, wields a mighty hockey stick, rides vigorously, clogs energetically, and dodges motor cops with zest. She contrives to be socially gay, too. Jane will make her mark.





CHLOE SHEAR

"Diversilé, c'est ma devise."

Clocks? Bother clocks! A fig for clocks! They were never meant for Chloe. For Chloe—invariably somewhat tardy—must dash about on vastly important missions. And then she must chase clouds—and then be absorbed in her Greek text. With many accomplishments is she endowed. She knows poetic inspiration, and writes sonnets; she has never yet missed her numerals for prowess on the athletic field. And she is a student; her customary light-hearted and frivolous attitude has not concealed the fact.

She is sentimental, we declare. And we suspect (yes indeed we do) that when the Launcelot of her dreams comes riding up, he prods his steed with football cleats for spurs.

CONSTANCE TITUS

"Whether it is worth while going through so much, as the charity boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, 'is a matter of taste'."

Poor Connie—with what a sigh she regards the pile of books in her arms! "What is the French girls? I just didn't have time to open a book last night." School may be a burden to Connie so far as classic studies are concerned—oh, those heavy sessions in the "little room"!—but just watch her in Mrs. Albion's room discussing a new "social problem". She attends lectures on social science and visits homes and orphan asylums—he community is going to be grateful for Connie one of these days. And we, too, owe her something—to that, our art exhibits, our athletics, and two marvelous dances can testify.



OLGA TOMEC

"A generous ardor boils within my breast."

We go into French class on Monday afternoon and see a dainty white package on Mrs. Wade's desk; investigation reveals that it contains some delicious little Czechoslovakian cakes. There is no card, but we need none to tell us they came from that sophisticated (?) young lady whose picture has reposed in Mr. Turner's window since Christmas. For Ollie is always giving somebody something, whether it is a piece of cake or a piece of her mind. She contributes her ardor also to our hockey, basketball, baseball, and tennis teams. Then she dashes all over the school for her regular cargo of Trenton-bound passengers. Collecting them after furious endeavors, she departs, arms overflowing with books, slamming the door behind her.



BETTY WHERRY

*"Twee of her longe, and of her two handes,
And doth the werkes therewith, and
willeth no man ill."*



We seem to remember a little girl with blond braids who stepped unobtrusively into our class as a Sophomore. Where oh, where is that girl today? Replaced by the most obliging and competent Senior taxi driver we know. Daily she fills her little green car and traverses the well-known road from Trenton to Princeton. Most people think Betty a shy, demure little person, but, if we may presume to say it, most people are wrong. For Betty is one of the funniest, liveliest persons on the face of the earth. (Have you ever been in study hall the last period on Friday?) She also has an unending supply of school spirit—witness her steady attendance at games, when, unable to take part herself, she roots loyally for the glory of the dear old Senior class.

Class History

IT WAS in 1918, when the War was still raging overseas, that two tiny figures entered the portals of our great institution of learning, wondering what it was all about. Could Frannie, as she rocked the see-saw back and forth, have but dreamed that one day she would become the strongest influence in that same awe-inspiring school, and the greatest athlete! Could Cay Cay, in her long curls and the childish innocence with which she used to admire the "big" girls, have known that the time would come when she herself would rule all the big girls with an iron hand as President of the Student Council!

Four years later Chloe, crowned with the growing hair that never grows, appeared, demurely leading her dog into the classroom the first day of school and wondering why there was anything wrong in that. Even back in Seventh Grade we were not a little mystified by Estelle, with her flowing auburn locks, her constant necessity for crutches, and her passion for Gloria Swanson. The following year Tessie and Margaretta joined our assembling throng. It was whispered that Tessie had originated in the dim West, and we were disappointed not to find her tearing schoolward every morning on a broncho. Of Margaretta little was said until one day she beat Frannie in a skipping race or some such inspiring event, and her fame was established. As "reputation lost comes not again," so reputation once gained is hard to lose, and Margaretta's still remains.

It took the class the whole of the Freshman year to decide whether or not Barbara was a native of Mexico. We heard rumors of the Texas border and of the Rio Grande, and what with the long dark braids and the insatiable thirst for knowledge we weren't sure. In that year also we were first invaded by Trenten—Connie, Marian, and Ollie came. Even then Connie had a touch of the ballroom about her, and her desk was invariably strewn with Kent School Dailies. For the first time Championship crews and handsome wrestlers startled the sacred precincts of syntax and synopses. Marian and Ollie were as ever inseparables—the one our only claim to

academic glory, also, able to play the divinest dance music if sufficiently urged; the other bringing a foreign temperament, an Olympian height, and two eyes just made to say "I tried *so* hard, but I just couldn't finish my lesson last night."

The two Betties came in Sophomore year—the one a shy, quiet inhabiter of the front row whom we all wanted to know better, though we didn't know how to go about it, the other an infant prodigy who continually conversed concerning stables and stable-boys, whether there was anyone to listen or not.

Esther joined us as a Junior. Her many trips to Rutgers intrigued us, and we often wondered what lay behind that abstracted glance fixed on the monument out of the window. Jane came last year too, fighting the world's innumerable intricacies—the greatest at that particular time being Latin class. And to complete the list came Louise, with all her competence and her sympathy, in time to see us through the drastic trials of Junior year.

Thus have we reached our Senior year, arriving in one way or another, undistinguished and unfamed. Of one thing only can we be sure: whatever we achieve that may be worth the recording in a later history will have had its foundations laid here, through the years at Miss Fine's School.

AN EASTER RABBIT

I was a little baby rabbit once.

Yes I was. Yes I was.

"Bowwow!" "Oh! oh!" said me.

He did not hurt me.

Hoppity hoppity hop—

Away hopped me.

BARBARA YOUNG, *Primary I*

Class Prophecy



A kindergarten of
delight
Is managed by
Louise;
She teaches to the
little tots
Their happy
ABC's.

Betty Bissell's on a
ranch;
Excitement to
arouse
She works off surplus
energy
On unsuspecting
cows.



Frannie's now an athlete famed;
 She's known from pole to pole,
 And everyday the sporting page
 Her prowess does extol.



Esther is a district nurse;
 She goes from house to house
 And sees that every married man
 Supports his worthy spouse.



Doctor Cay Cay,
specialist,
Has doctored up the
town;
Her "Home for
Wounded
Heroes" is
A project of renown.

Margaretta's finally
joined
The diplomatic
corps,
Inspired, the lady
says herself,
By training had of
yore.



A leader of the Fourth
Estate
We see this thoughtful
muse,
As Tessie settled
down to write
Her "sob stuff" for
the news.



A famous artist is
Estelle:
Her pictures she
has shown
In every great
museum of art
That we have ever
known.



Marian has now be-
come
A famed couturière;
Creations from that
model mind
Are positively *rare*.

A learned scholar Bar-
bara is,
And to her you
may go
Whenever there's some
little fact
That you would
like to know.



Jane has Phi Beta
 Kappa's key,
 Full shy she is to
 show it,
 For though she has
 surpassing brains
 She wants no one
 to know it.



Lovers seek poetic
 aid
 Of Chloe, when in
 fear;
 Her songs may be
 "To Juliet",
 Or "Romeo, My
 Dear."



A model orphans'
home is this
With Connie at its
head;
Her greatest social
problem is
To get six in a bed.

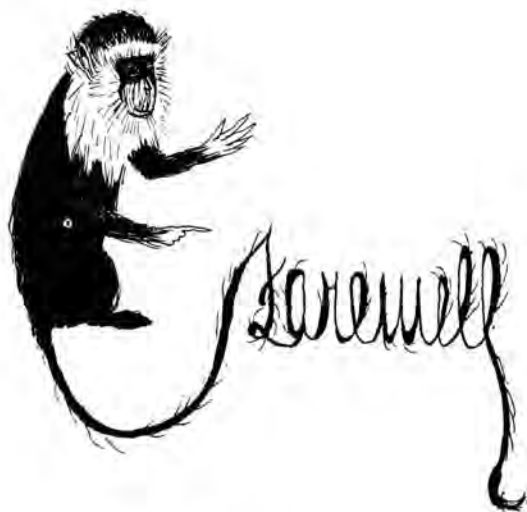
Ollie, whom the
opera's claimed
With praises loudly
sung,
Is husky prima donna
now
In *Gotterdammer-
ung*.



Uncle Sam has a
 champion fair
 In lawyer Betty
 Wherry;
 She pleads with ut-
 most skill before
 The court judi-
 ary.



And now our prophecy is done,
 Our seerss draws her veil;
 But destinies ordained by Fate
 Will surely never fail.



Class Statistics

Most Attractive	CONSTANCE TITUS
Brightest	MARIAN JOHNSON
Most Popular	FRANCES BOICE
Class Baby	JANE SAYEN
Most Athletic	FRANCES BOICE
Peppiest	FRANCES BOICE
Noisiest	OLGA TOMEK
Quietest	BETTY WHERRY
Most Poise	LOUISE BARGER
Most Unaffected	MARGARETTA COWENHOVEN
Most Tactful	CHLOE SHEAR
Most Sympathetic	LOUISE BARGER
Frankest	ESTELLE FRELINGHUYSEN
Cutest	JANE SAYEN
Prettiest	LOUISE BARGER
Best Disposition	MARIAN JOHNSON
Most Original	MARGARETTA COWENHOVEN
Most Inquisitive	BETTY BISSELL
Best Sense of Humor	MARGARETTA COWENHOVEN
Funniest	MARGARETTA COWENHOVEN
Most Sentimental	THERESA DE LONG
Biggest Bluffer	MARGARETTA COWENHOVEN
Teachers' Pet	OLGA TOMEK
Most Ambitious	BARBARA REEVES
Most Indifferent	ESTHER BRITTAIN
Most Respected	CATHLEEN CARNOCHAN
Social Light	CONSTANCE TITUS
First Married	CONSTANCE TITUS
Most Thoughtful	LOUISE BARGER
Most Conscientious	BARBARA REEVES
Most Dependable	FRANCES BOICE
Most Common Sense	FRANCES BOICE
Best School Spirit	FRANCES BOICE
Best All 'Round	FRANCES BOICE



STUDENT COUNCIL

NAMES	SONG	STAR ROLE	PHILOSOPHY	BOOK OF THE MONTH 1945
LOUISE BARGER.....	<i>Sweeter Than Sweet</i>	Meg (<i>Little Women</i>)	"See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."	<i>A Few Remarks on Child Psychology</i>
BETTY BISSELL.....	<i>O Come All Ye Faithful</i>	Pandora	"Better slip with foot than tongue."	<i>On the Shortcomings of the Younger Generation</i>
FRANCES BOICE.....	<i>After the Ball is Over</i>	Robin Hood	"Play the game!"	<i>Advancement of Civilization from Historic, Social and Economic Standpoints</i>
ESTHER BRITTAIN.....	<i>What Do I Care?</i>	Queen Elizabeth	"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."	<i>Etiquette of This Day and Age</i>
CATHLEEN CARNOCHAN.....	<i>Honey</i>	Little Red-Riding-Hood	"The noblest motive is the public good."	<i>Romances Famous in History and Fiction</i>
MARGARETTA COWENHOVEN...	<i>Hallelujah I'm a Bum!</i>	Disraeli	"Variety is the spice of life."	<i>Simplified Spelling and Punctuation</i>
THERESA DE LONG.....	<i>I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All</i>	Sleeping Beauty	"If any man flatters me I'll flatter him again."	<i>Advanced Theories in Physics</i>
ESTELLE FRELINGHUYSEN.....	<i>Walking With Susie</i>	Portia	"Eat to please yourself; dress to please others."	<i>My Parrot and Other Fairy Tales for Little Tots</i>
MARIAN JOHNSON.....	<i>Sunny Side Up</i>	Puck	"If you'd be loved, make yourself amiable."	<i>How to Make an Honor Group in Fifteen Minutes a Day</i>
BARBARA REEVES.....	<i>Have a Little Faith in Me</i>	Rebecca	"If you have time, don't wait for time."	<i>A Plea for the Betterment of the English Language</i>
JANE SAYEN.....	<i>Coquette</i>	Little Bo-Peep	"With sweet novelty your taste I'll please."	<i>The Aeneid, Simplified</i>
CHLOE SHEAR.....	<i>Parade of the Wooden Soldiers</i>	The Little Corporal	"Why do it today?"	<i>Astronomical Discoveries</i>
CONSTANCE TITUS.....	<i>Dance Away the Night</i>	Pavlowa	"He that can take leisure is better than he that can take cities."	<i>Social Problems</i>
OLGA TOMEC.....	<i>I'll Get By</i>	Don Quixote	"I can't be annoyed."	<i>Experto Credite or Bluff and Pass</i>
BETTY WHERRY.....	<i>Where the Shy Little Violets Grow</i>	Little Miss Muffet	"Speak little; do much."	<i>Golf in Six Easy Steps</i>



Seniors' Lament

We are the Seniors of Fine's School. Hapless and heavy-laden,

Weary we are, and of serious mien, while our discouraged teachers

Stand like Druids of eld with voices sad and prophetic,

Stand in utter despair, and predict ignominious failure.

Loud from secure positions, the girls already in college

Speak, and in accents encouraging answer the wail of us sufferers.

We are the Senior Class, but where are the brains that within us
Shone with resplendent glow and brought acclamation un-
bounded?

Where is our former brilliance, the pride and joy of Miss
Fine's heart,

Brilliance that soared to the heights and scaled all the proud
Groups of Honor,

Brilliance that conquered all things, and glorious entrance to
college?

Waste are those mighty minds, and the brains forever
departed!

Scattered like so much chaff, when the blasts of interests
outside

Seized us, and whirled us aloft, and left us brainless and
witless.

Nought but tradition remains of the palm-bearing class that
we once were.

Ye who have taught us with courage that hoped and endured
and was patient,

Ye who have lectured us, guided us, given us helpful attention,
Hope for the Senior class with a hope that is long and inces-
sant,—

We will not utterly fail you, believe us, dear suffering teachers!



Athletic Notes

A GAIN the Seniors have captured a championship—this time for baseball. Second and third places are still being contested.

One of the outstanding events of the year was the horse show given on Friday, May 16, at Stony Brook Stables by the riding classes of the school. In the boys' class for riding and jumping a blue ribbon and riding crop were awarded to Andrew Imbrie and a red ribbon to James Sloane. In the children's class for riding and jumping, the first place was taken by Frances Imbrie, winner of a blue ribbon and cup; second place was given to Peggy Bigelow, and third to Barbara Young and Christian Chapman. The blue ribbon and cup for riding and jumping in the Intermediate class were taken by Marion Este, a red ribbon by Mary Henriques, and a yellow by Barbara Wangler. For the boys' advanced class in riding and jumping the blue ribbon and cup were awarded to Donald Young, the red ribbon to Bunky Baker, and the yellow to Henry Young. The first place and cup in the Beginners' class were awarded to Betty Ann Wolff, the second place was taken by Polly Baker, and the third by Martha Dinsmore. For advanced riding and jumping, the cup and blue ribbon were awarded to Frances Boice, the red ribbon to Betty Bissell, and the yellow to Peggy Amey.

We are all anticipating our annual "May Day", to be held the first balmy day after the 20th. New features are to be introduced this year: clowns, farmers, fairies, Robin Hood's men, the children from Andersen's Fairy Tales, trick bicycle riders—all will pay their fitting respect to the Queen of the May. There will be a Robin Hood play, a bicycle polo game, and a baseball game for the concluding feature.



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM—SENIOR



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM

Rodeo

Dust and heat,
Hoots and cheers,
Hammer of hooves and bawls of steers,
The swish of a rope as it drops well-aimed
Over the head of a frightened calf.

Flashy green neckerchiefs,
Gay red shirts,
Angora chaps and well-oiled quirts
That flicker and ripple like checkered brown snakes
Coiling and tensing to strike their prey.

Thuds and thumps,
Bays and roans,
Smack of quirts and flinging of stones,
Red-eyed ponies with ears laid back
Sun-fish and grapevine, plunge and squeal.

Snorts and bellows,
Splinters and crash:
A coal-black bull and a bulldogger smash;
Slashing black hooves and a limp form sprawled—
One-leg Ike is the next man called.

PATSY JONES, '31



Elephants

EARLY morning in the jungle. A gray monkey swings lightly down a long trailing liana to the surface of a sluggish stream, half smothered under the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. From among the bamboo branches overhead comes a perfect bedlam of squawks, cacklings, and unearthly screams as his fellow monkeys and the parrots welcome the new day. The silver sheen of dew still lies over the heavy foliage like a veil of gauze; frail orchids droop their wet petals. With a brilliant display of scarlet and blue wing a macaw flaps down from above. Shoulder deep in the feathery green of tall tree-ferns and tender young bamboo, a great bull elephant stands drinking at the stream. His curved ivory tusks gleam through the bushes. A faint hallooing comes from a native town, miles off. He lifts his head, huge ears flapping, gray trunk swishing softly among the leaves, then, turning moves majestically off among the trees.

* * *

From his lofty seat in the gorgeous ivory-and-gold howdah of the royal elephant, the Maharajah regards his long rows of Indian cavalry, resplendent in scarlet uniforms, lined up for his inspection. There is the jingle of harness, the flutter of silken pennons, the glint of white turbans and the glitter of jeweled scabbards. Satin-coated horses prance and snort in impatience as the old elephant lumbers slowly by. He is resplendent in rich fringed trappings of cloth-of-gold and crimson, embroidered with silver and blue and stiff with jewels. All the uncovered parts of his body are painted with elaborate designs. On his head the little half-naked brown driver sits cross-legged, sharp iron goad poised ready for use. The Maharajah's servant mutters a command to the driver and at a prick from the goad the whole procession moves on through the marble gate of the palace.

* * *

"Peanuts! Peanuts! fi' cents a bag!" the cry of the small peanut vender shrills above the throb and hubbub of the

crowd. Over the sea of humanity great blobs of color mark the place where the balloon man stands. From the further end of the street the thrum and jangle of cheap music sends an excited murmur over the multitude. "It's a-comin'—it's a-comin'!" shriek the small boys as the first riders appear. Painted women in silks and velvets on stiff white horses, cowboys with broad sombreros and lassos, clowns, and red-and-gold circus wagons filled with bored animals file past amid wild cheers. At last the long drab train of tired elephants shuffles by, long trunks swinging wearily, great muscles rolling beneath rough grey skin. One of them extends a mutely pleading trunk toward a dirty urchin with a bag of peanuts. Receiving his prize, he tucks it into his mouth and resumes his monotonous plodding.

JANET WICKS, '31

THE STORY OF THE CATERPILLARS

Once upon a time there was a caterpillar. He was green, but he was not happy. He ate juicy cabbage leaves.

One day he said, "I am tired!" so he made himself a little bed and then he went to sleep. He slept a long, long time.

After he woke he felt something queer on his back. Then he said, "I will flap these wings and see what happens. Oh, I did not know that they could pull me up in the air!"

His wings were gold, purple, and green.

He said, "I must lay some eggs," so he laid two hundred eggs. The eggs were green.

He said, "I will see how high I can go," so he flew very, very high—so high that he looked like a speck.

One day the eggs broke and two hundred little green caterpillars began to creep to and fro on the cabbage leaf.

BILLY FLEMER, *Primary II*

the poles with drying herring nets, Sandy said to Angus, "'Tis a queet idea these Englishmen have aboot drinkin' milk oot of a tin. The milk from a good coo would be what I'd be askin' for.

BETTY MENZIES, '33

FROM THE DIARY OF WILL HAWTHORNE

JUST before dawn when the night is inky and the stars are pale pinpoints, when far away a cock is crowing, I have gone through the solitude, and wondered.

After dawn when mist covers the earth and robins and white-throats are singing, when the apple-trees, clusters of clear pink and white, shiver and shimmer, and the farm is quite peaceful, I have ridden through the fields, and wondered.

On mountain tops when the air is like wine and the clouds' shadows pass over the forest, when the lakes, down below, catch the sun and flame for an instant, then fade and merely exist in the endless rhythm, I have lain in the high grass and wondered.

During April showers when the grass is sheer green and the slender trunks of the maple trees sway; when the young leaves, tattered shreds of golden-green, flick against the dark sky, I have walked in the splendor, and wondered.

In the late spring when the water is yellow and surges deliriously through the caverns, when the thick moss is a multitude of tiny diamonds, I have stood on the bank, and wondered.

At night when the shadows are thick and rich clumps of stars glisten, when the black trees rustle and chuckle on the smooth green lawn, I have gone out into the coolness, and wondered.

* * *

But now the wind is screaming, wild and powerful, and I no longer wonder. For though I love the mild earth, the lilt and the danger of the desert-lands—the dark allure of the jungle—the unending glitter of the North—the crashing roar of the ocean—these have called me, and I follow.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

WELLESLEY COLLEGE PRESIDENT CONFERS HONORS ON MISS LINK

(From *The Princeton Herald*, Friday, May 16, 1930)

One of the highest honors available to the Junior at Wellesley College, that of Village Junior, was conferred on Miss Jane Link, daughter of Mrs. Margharett H. Link of Murray Place, a prominent member of this year's Sophomore Class. This appointment, which is a recognition of dependability and trust, was made by the President. Miss Link's duties will consist of assisting the Freshmen in becoming accustomed to college life and advising them in all problems.



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