

The Link



June, 1931

THE LINK

JUNE

1931



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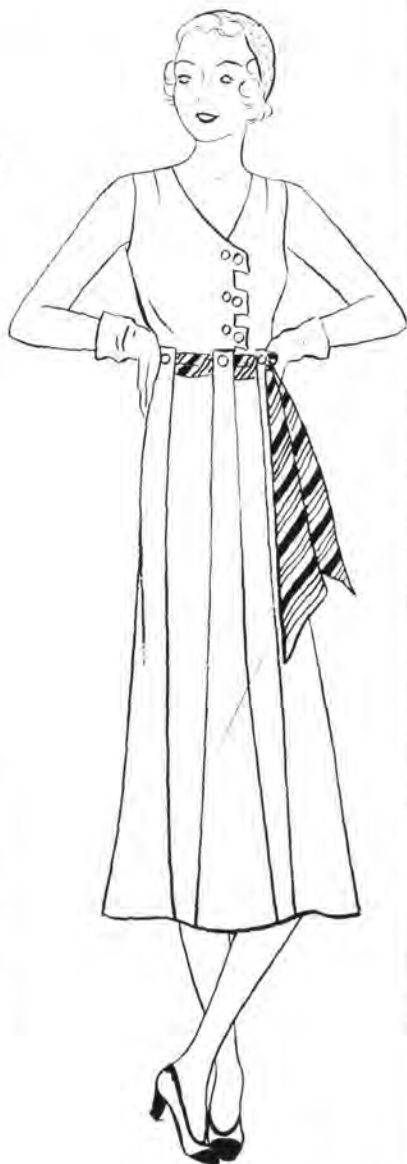
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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XI

JUNE, 1951

NO. 5

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The Class of 1931
to
Miss Fine

Te amamus





CLARE RAYMOND

*... The world is golden,
And the peaks are tipped with light.*

An armored knight on horseback upon a field of gold; Robin Hood in Lincoln green making the forest glades echo with his silver horn. In either of these rôles Clare would be at home. She has been seen glued grimly to a horse bent on murder, emerging dishevelled but beaming and perfectly calm. She covers the pages of her textbooks and thousands of large yellow notebooks with shields and heraldic designs marvelous to look upon. How many a goal-keeper has trembled before that swiftly advancing figure with a halo of flying hair and one shinguard, and has shuddered at the terrific smack of the ball against the back of the goal!

Our eminent president dashes from one thing to another with a most alarming rapidity. At the beginning of the afternoon we see her sporting upon the hockey field in tunic and black stockings. Before we realize it, she is in Student Council meeting; the next moment, conducting as Editor-in-Chief a LINK conference in Miss Miller's room or strutting as the Count in play practice. Her bass bursts forth with great volume from the bottom of Elective Singing class; at noon she can be seen wandering about with a sandwich in one hand and a history book in the other. At any hour of the day anyone strolling calmly downstairs is liable to be startled by Clare, taking the steps four at a time, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles pushed up above a mighty brow, a pyramid of paper-stuffed books reaching to her chin. With a breathless "Soup of the desert!" she speeds past and vanishes into the corridors above.

MARGARET BROOKS

*Old-fashioned dreams
With fresher modern traces.*

"Heyo, Honey!" Without turning our head—it is unnecessary—we feel raised from any state of depression. Brooksy really is unfathomable. How, every day of the year, she can enter school smiling, chuckle through the day with Jane, and leave with a mirthful swirl in the witch Ford—well, it's painful. Contrary to the impression possible to gain from the above, Brooksy has other accomplishments—from keeping a dance under control to knowing the pronunciation of every foreign word that pops up—except the Russian ones in history, beyond human endurance. And succeeding an outburst of baby gabble she can become the most sedate and poised young lady of us all. We mustn't forget Pilnitz,—Brooksy's loyal heart never will. Whenever a little cur with floppy ears looks at her wistfully, she coos, "He's sweet, but you ought to see my Pilly!"



FRANCES HALE

*She cast her eyes upon him, and he
looked so good and true
That she thought, "I could be happy
with a gentleman like you."*



Loaded with music books and German newspapers, Frannie walks into English class, there to discuss persistently *What Every Woman Knows*. The first of our class to decide that she knows it, Frannie often has more absorbing thoughts than school work to occupy her mind. But still she is with us—on the hockey field enveloped in the rigging of a goal guard or gliding swiftly with the forward line, in Elective Singing Class or Monday Assembly venturing to unrivalled heights or exploring unsounded depths. And though tall, slender glass tubes filled with mercury, or plates of copper and zinc dipped in acid may now be her greatest interest here, everywhere she is still Frannie—exact, fastidious, demanding the acutest details of fact, and achieving her aim.

SARAH JOHNSTON

*No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,
A lover of books but a reader of man.*



"I feel so-oo-o dumb!" Shades of Jabber—Jabber—a little Freshman hopping up and down in Council meeting—Jab on the Championship Sophomore basketball team—rising long and thin from a mist of maps—plowing treasurers' accounts in the Senior sitting room.

Sarah is Miss Mayall's joy—the phenomenal drawings of carburetors and such-like! She is Miss Miller's comfort when a breach occurs in THE LINK. How she has been her team's standby and thrill!

But alas for poor Jab—hers has been the unrivalled honor of being treasurer of every organization in school. And no committee—Christmas, dance, what-not, could flourish without her. For four years has Study Hall trembled under the friendly scrupulous gaze of this Council member. You don't *act* dumb, Miss Johnston! Not in any sense, for you wouldn't be fibber's own sister if you didn't prove yourself a real Jabber.

PATSY JONES

*I've got a mighty tight grip, sir,
On the handful of things I know.*

Rodeos, Norway, Japanese beetles, lizards, Eliza, Queen of Carthage, horses, dogs, long conversations in French with Mrs. Wade, a grim red face on the hockey field, an aloof and casual stride through the halls—Patsy.

Who can forget Patsy, resplendent with yellow curls, demonstrating to the Sixth Grade gym class how to do the split and how to stand on one's head for fifty seconds? Or her dogs—the supply at home, the extra ones on her hats and by way of jewelry, or the silver hound that clicks his leash across a green expanse of sweater?

Bugs and beetles, toads and titmice—all are her friends, and her knowledge of them is appalling. The West she loves—and she writes with verve and sympathy of its bucking bronchos.

Patsy is a mental cocktail. We could never be a placid class while we had her. And, thank goodness, we have had her to the last gasp.



JANE MITCHELL

*The Bellman cried "Silence! Not even a shriek!"
And excitedly tingled his bell.*

Ever sturdy and staunch sits Jane in the Seat of Honor, scrutinizing the miraculously quiet Study Hall. With an iron hand the President of our Student Council rules offenders.

Such mighty questions as The Church and the tragic history of Rupert Brooke are weighed in Jane's inquiring mind. Who has not read her poems—light behind dewy mists? Alas, whose ears have not been grated by her newly acquired and not altogether unctuous Parrot Talk? She has delved deeply and wisely into Biology and has attempted a statistical paper on automobile accidents, learning that only one-tenth of the total number of suicides are caused by carbon "dioxide" gas.

"Say, can't we have a little air?" And she has heftily hurled the windows open. In athletics she is supremely efficient, and as an Advertising Manager she is supreme. Is there anything that Jane has not tried, and, if unsuccessful, has not tried again?



EDITH REED

*I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.*

"So here we were, Mother and I, driving around New York at half-past four in the morning without a cent of money!" It was the first we had heard of Edie's latest escapade (in fact we haven't heard of any others, but others there must have been) when these words were wafted on the morning breeze. In the first place, we are too tall and Edie is too short to carry on a comfortable conversation without shouting. And then she is not exactly confidential or loquacious. Curiously, she does not talk except to say something.

In class, whenever everyone else is howling, flinging questions or wild answers about, Edie remains calm throughout the tumult, and emerges, hands folded, countenance serene, to say gently just the right thing. She would have to be right to be a literary editor of THE LINK, obtain those honor marks, and accomplish all she does so quietly. It is not a gift, it is an Art.



CATHERINE WICOFF

*—The quiet kind
Whose nature never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Janooary.*

Catherine is one of the few quiet members of our class. However, she has accomplished the impossible and does not annoy the noisy. We chatterers do not feel constrained in her presence; rather, we almost out-talk ourselves in our attempts to make her smile on us. Modest as she is, she has astonished and rejoiced us on more than one occasion. She has almost out-bluffed Mrs. Albion. She has attacked the frightful Grey Team successfully three times oftener than any other full who has ever helped the Blue Team. The first achievement is too remarkable to dare touch upon; the second is still a pleasing memory.

It has been fun having you with us these last years. Why didn't you come earlier?

JANET WICKS

*Her honest, sonsie, beamish face
Aye gat her friends in ilka place.*

"How does the population decrease?" "If *hy* did the World War affect the agriculture of Northern France?" Earnestly and solemnly the New England accents fill the room. A pained hush, and crimson Miss Wicks utters an apologetic "Huh" and subsides.

Yellow hair straggling, a scarlet glow gleaming on a jaw of iron, Wicks deftly cracks, smacks, and pushes the hockey ball forward. After an especially good pass to a bewildered comrade, which is missed, Janet straightens up, grins apologetically, and dives into the *mêlée* again.

Ten minutes later, she is writing a poem—a little later, convulsing us as Coronato. And when she finally *does* leave school, Janet is still smiling.

But her real penchant is for using her vocal cords. She has a nice voice, but that is not our meaning. If anyone returning to the school fifty years hence should lean her ear against the railing around the second-floor stairs, it would still be reverberating to Wicks's "Duddleddle-um!" (Low and frog-like.)



Class Statistics

Prettiest	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Most Attractive	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Best Figure	<i>Sarah Johnston</i>
Most Striking	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Cutest	<i>Margaret Brooks, Patsy Jones, Edith Reed</i>
Most Poise	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Shyest	<i>Catherine Wicoff</i>
Most Sentimental	<i>Frances Hale</i>
Most Fogbound	<i>Janet Wicks</i>
Smoothest	<i>Sarah Johnston</i>
Most Tactful	<i>Jane Mitchell, Edith Reed</i>
Most Frivolous	<i>Margaret Brooks</i>
Noisest	<i>Janet Wicks</i>
Talks Most	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Says Most	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Frankest	<i>Patsy Jones, Clare Raymond</i>
Best Disposition	<i>Catherine Wicoff</i>
Best Sense of Humor	<i>Sarah Johnston, Janet Wicks</i>
Most Energetic	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Laziest	<i>Patsy Jones</i>
Best Actress on Stage	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Best Actress off Stage	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Most Conscientious	<i>Sarah Johnston</i>
Most Painfully Conscientious	<i>Frances Hale</i>
Teachers' Pet	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Thinks She Is	<i>Frances Hale</i>
Class Baby	<i>Frances Hale, Janet Wicks</i>
Most Popular with Girls	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Most Popular with Men	<i>Sarah Johnston</i>
Most School Spirit	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Best Athlete	<i>Sarah Johnston, Clare Raymond</i>
Most Versatile	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Most Essential	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Best All-Round	<i>Clare Raymond</i>
Best Leader	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>
Done Most for School	<i>Jane Mitchell</i>

Senior Farewell

(An Adaptation)

These we have loved:
Blue sky, and soft light streaming,
Horse-chestnut trees and fluttering silken leaves,
Old chairs, our piles of books, soft lop-eared pups,
Lolling pink tongues and dozing in the warmth.
Study hall—the big windows, golden mist of sun,
The steady ticking from the clock, the flicker of a page;
The friendly rush at recess—grabbing for milk,
Diving for crackers, interchange of comments
On the horrors of a history quiz just undergone.
Monday afternoon—and tea, thin sandwiches;
The crisp fall coldness on the hockey field; the apple tree
In blossom to the smallest twig, showering rosy shells;
Screams from the playground; tumbled curls,
Bare brown legs twinkling, squeak of swings.
The cool green refuge of the library, the bulky Webster
And the fat and rubicund La Rousse, the fiction shelf;
Virgil class, Aeneas, the fall of Troy,
The golden bough, Jove's crashing thunderbolts,
The moaning wind outside.
Maypoles and twirling colored streamers,
Flowers and babies—and ice-cream cones.
But above all—when in a humming classroom
Softly the door is opened—there is Miss Fine,
The large attendance book, her much-loved smile.

* * * * *

"... Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, we shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers . . .

But the best we've known

Stays here . . . "

—*Rupert Brooke*

IN APPRECIATION OF OUR INNUMERABLE JOYOUS
TIMES WITH HER, AND BECAUSE WE WOULD
THANK HER FOR THE INVALUABLE HELP
WHICH SHE HAS CONSTANTLY GIVEN
US, WE, THE SENIORS, DEDICATE
THIS PAGE TO
MISS MILLER



Cradle Roll

Queen of the Sunshine Society,
Jan's beams are of steadfast variety
From her halo of gold.

Tightly clenching tipped nose,
Determination top to toes,
Frannie is about to take a plunge.

Even at the age of two,
Catherine's eyes of china blue
Were shy and smiling.

She has the matter well in hand—
Bun, banana, contraband—
Has Edie Reed.

With grey eyes judicial,
A competent official,
Jab gazes through her fellow men.

With wide-curving smile
And singular guile
Jane's ready for guests and more guests.

Does Patsy point with childish glee
At the floral symphony?
Pooh! She sees a beetle!

Another hostess fair we see,
This chubby maid who's serving tea
With poise and dainty dignity.

A rustic star with budding skill,
Clare chose the center of the hill
For a dramatic monologue.



Commencement Day

The sun rose high
And the wind made free
With the robin, tossed in the apple tree.

While people watched,
In a hall sun-bright,
The girls in dresses of blossom white.

The great horse-chestnuts
Black-boughed outside
Fluttered their leaves like a seaweed tide.

Behind the trees
Hummed a broad highway
Where the trucks and autos pass all day.

The hall was peaceful
And still inside;
As still as the girls standing side by side.

* * * * *

The trees were unable
To hush for long
The trucks on the highway, the robin's song.

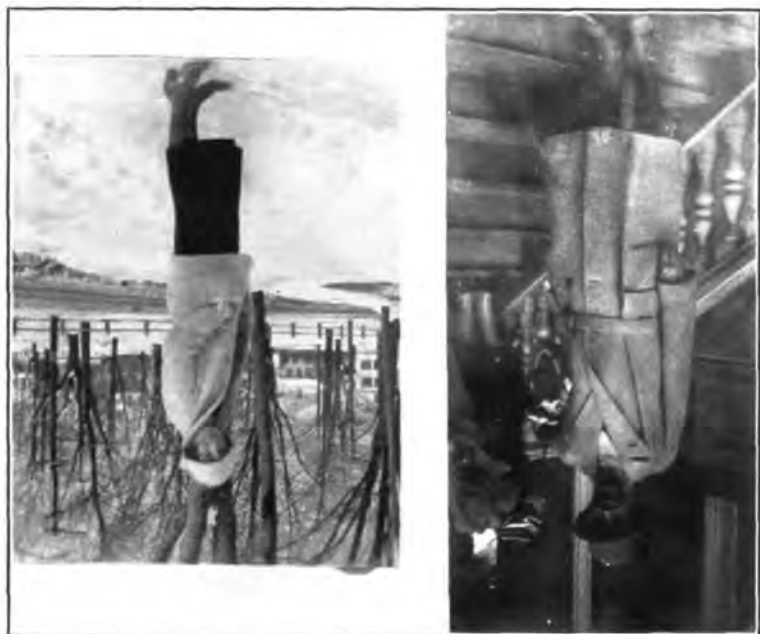
MARY H. CONSTABLE, '32











Dreams

Dreams are woven
On a delicate loom
In intricate patterns.
Dreams are woven curiously.

Dreams are moon-madness.
Surf pounding
Against translucent cliffs
Thinly etched in the moon light.

Dreams are fantasies.
Masquerade—
Slim perfumed hands, music
And bright mocking laughter.

Dreams are a longing.
Pierrot
In porcelain, sings to the stars
Of one gone, and one forsaken.

Dreams are moments
Remembered
Suddenly. A new heart's pain
At an old forgetting.

* * * * *

Dreams are stardust
Flung in your eyes.

Dreams are woven
On a delicate loom
In intricate patterns.
Dreams are woven into my heart.

CAROLYN MORSE, '32

In the City of the Kings

A WILD poppy pushes its blithe, little head between two stones—two great stones that formed part of the superstructure of the city of the kings, lofty piles built who knows when—before Caesar, before Christ, before Pericles, before Cyrus even. There it flaunts its velvet petals while the dying sun throws back its scarlet beauty. As I sit on the hilltop the sound of singing is wafted to me—sad strains to the accompaniment of many clinking bells. It is the goatherd in his sheepskins, a mere speck on an adjoining hillside, waving his crook at the dawdlers and singing softly and sweetly. It is a caress, that distant sound, heedless and unconcerned, like a voice of the hills and the regions of space.

The goatherd descends with his little flock and passes close to the foot of my hill. Now I can hear his words as he sings:

"Hear, O hear, little Mina, of a great love. I take care of my flocks all day. Soon it will be Easter, for see all the flowers! They are the beautiful gifts of the good Christ at Easter time. My goat Christalie will give us much milk to drink. She is my best goat, but so lazy! Sometimes she even forgets to eat. Ah, la la, my goat who forgets to eat! I have put around her neck a bell on which I have scratched a picture of her favorite food, the yellow gorse. Ha ha for the yellow gorse with all its spikes, but Christalie will eat them all!"

He passes, singing of his goats, of his love, of his dreams, his dark eyes smouldering in the mellow light. Before him, skipping on the rocks or loping slowly, his mottled herd of goats, some with tiny horns, some with longer twisted ones, go toward their night's rest.

Slowly I rise. Long shadows envelop everything. They come on the wings of night. Cool damp vapors of evening are encompassing all—the buildings, the walls, the hills themselves. I find a place near a wall that is sheltered from the chill breeze and settle down in my warm coat. From my vantage point I can look down over the entrance to the city and the nearby buildings, but they are so darkly hidden that their forms are hardly differentiated from the sharp rocks on which they stand. They are whispering together as the sighing wind rises and falls, telling of the days when mighty kings ruled here, how

they feasted, fought, loved, and were killed. How fire visited here, leaving charred desolation. How again the city was built and lived in. How through the centuries it has lain in ruins, crumbling slowly where it was hastily put together, standing and remaining firm where care was taken. And as the wind whistles a dirge for the glory that will never return, sleep comes to me in the city of the kings.

ELIZABETH DEWING, '32

An Orchard Scene

THE old orchard is cool and dark under the weakly, penetrating rays of the sinking sun. In one corner where there are no trees a profusion of violets obscures the dark soil, and near them is the traitorous itch-vine, foe of exploring children. A locust rasps his song, and chattering English sparrows fuss and quarrel, flying at each other with whirling wings.

My gaze wanders to a squat, black old apple tree from which come sounds of merriment. From time to time a shower of brown dust-like stuff miraculously falls to the ground. Standing on a tremendous branch are a small dirty-faced boy in soiled corduroys and a girl about a year older, with light reddish-brown curls and a plump figure. They are perched in front of a hole which spreads halfway round the tree. The girl is waving her arms imperiously and giving commands, while the boy busily shovels out the rotted wood to the ground. Now he stops working, leans back dangerously to survey the result of his labors, and disappears into the hole, followed by the girl. There is silence for a moment, then an agonized yell splits the atmosphere. The girl crawls out breathlessly and digs frantically into the hole. Her arms reach in and drag forth a gnome-like infant resembling a brick-yard worker, well-dusted with rotten wood and cobwebs. I draw nearer, fascinated, but the evening has fallen, and I can barely make them out.

MARY PENDER, '33

The Captain

WARM squares of sunlight lay among the piles of shavings on the floor; the clean fragrance of cedar and new pine boards blended pleasantly with tobacco smoke and the salty air off the water. On this golden morning the Captain was planing down the boards for the sides of a new rowboat. Under the pressure of his great hairy hand the plane rasped in long rhythmical strokes down the length of the plank. The air was filled with fine sweet-smelling yellow dust, and the long curled shavings rolled down in fascinating whorls and corkscrews to the rustling pile below. The Captain regarded me with fierce good humor from under the visor of his round, white cap. Through a maze of fluffy grey whiskers his cheeks glistened a dark coppery red.

"All bad little gels what don't go home when it's time for dinner gets put into that there chist and locked in—yessir—locked in!"

"Would I get put in?" I gazed round-eyed at the fearful object.

"Well, I might arsk the old boy not to—that 'is, if you're a good little leddy and let's me take y' home in *Nancy*!"

I beamed with rapture. The captain took his pipe from the cupboard, lighted it, and started for the door. *Nancy* bobbed at the end of her painter on the chuckling blue waves. She was a very small round-bottomed dinghy, painted a spotless white, with a green line around her gunwale and *NANCY* in scoured brass letters across her chubby stern. The Captain got in and lifted me onto the back thwart. He sat down facing me and with one deft movement slipped the slim, varnished oars into their rowlocks. Breathless, I watched the pink-and-blue mermaid on his arm wriggle as his muscular strength sent the light boat shooting ahead.

The little waves slapped against *Nancy's* round sides and the gulls wheeled by overhead on lazy, snowy wings. I didn't want to talk, but gripped the edge of the boat with hot, excited hands every time *Nancy* jiggled, and watched the oar blades slip neatly through a crested wave, shimmer for a moment beneath the surface, and reappear, scattering pearly drops. Sometimes the Captain would catch a crab "acci-

dentally-on-purpose" and send a clear, silvery sheet of water quivering through the air.

In a very short time his swift strokes had brought us alongside our own wharf. I clenched my small hands onto the sides of the boat and announced that I wanted "more row." The Captain entreated. I refused to move. He coaxed and bribed. Although quite aware that the end was near, I beat a tattoo with my heels on the bottom of the boat and became violent. He then leaned over and said in a rumbling voice: "Captain's orders—now git!"

I sighed and rose.

"Well?" said the Captain, "What do you say?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" I replied dutifully, and scrambled onto the wharf.

JANET WICKS, '51

MAKING A CATERPILLAR CRAWL ALONG A STICK

AMONG the many and varied propositions of life, one of the most delicate is persuading caterpillars to crawl along sticks. The problem is the more difficult because of differences in the subjects, the temperaments of the operators, and the sticks that happen to be available. In so short a paper as this it would be out of the question to include all species of the insect; so, disregarding the very small ones that are given to dropping from branches by long silken threads, the hermits who build houses and live in them continually unless forced out, and these who travel around together in bands of fifty or a hundred, we will consider only the attempts of four representative women to make an average *thyridopteryx birenimaculatus* crawl along a stick twelve inches long by two-thirds of an inch in diameter. The trials were made at an afternoon tea as the result of a bet from the men to the women that the latter would not be successful caterpillar trainers.

(*Note. The hairy larvae of thyridopteryx birenimaculatus vary from green to very dark brown; their horns are proportionately larger in the younger stages. Food plants: a great variety of trees, including hickory, oak, elm, maple, spruce, pine, juniper, and hemlock.*)

The first, Mrs. A., was not at all squeamish. She neither liked nor disliked the beasts, but there was something to be done as quickly and thoroughly as possible, and she intended to do it. She seized the stick, put the caterpillar on it, and awaited results. He started obediently forward; after a few steps raised his front end, looked around, and then walked on. When he was halfway to the end, he looked around again. Once was pardonable curiosity, but twice was a manifest waste of time; so Mrs. A. pushed him down with no gentle hand. Following his nature, *Thyridopteryx* immediately curled up and played dead. The rest of the journey, during which he fell off five times, was exasperating to his trainer and painful to him. Mrs. A. left the tea firmly convinced that caterpillars were unpleasant, stubborn, senseless creatures.

Miss B. defaulted when *birenimaculatus* turned and playfully investigated her finger; in fact, she went home.

Mrs. C. reminded you of a dirigible under full power. She was a Phi Beta Kappa and her husband did not smoke in the house. She put the caterpillar and stick together and started discoursing on famous collections of *Lepidopterae*. *Thyridopteryx* arrived quite promptly at his destination; but he might easily have fallen off the twig and been lost forever, for all Mrs. C.'s attention. The affair provided Mrs. C. with a good chance to discourse on her favorite subject, and the bet was a mere side issue.

Miss D. looked doubtfully at the insect, but her pride and common sense finally conquered. After all, it was an interesting creature and might turn into a butterfly. She found that by stroking it very gently it could be made to move faster and look around less. She won the grand prize for speed, a lace handkerchief. Do you think the men lost, or won?

ANNE HOLT, '35

MAKING A CATERPILLAR CRAWL ALONG A STICK

A HUNDRED green legs in turn go down, and a splash of chrome yellow flashes, dotted with brown. Spots of white stand out on brown hands, very bright on the legs which clutch and mill. Everything is still. A twig-end

bends under an interested tick: they are making a caterpillar crawl along a stick.

His green legs pull and strain, and five shiny big green leaves come down in a rain, while the tiny pink mouth opens and the blue head winks. Big gaudy clouds, scenic on a showy blue sky while stars fall: the whole world is watching, one and all, the crooked legs, chrome-pearled. From side to side his body slips, brown and yellow, and a bird dips down.

Under the round of the turquoise sky, the caterpillar moves his legs in milling, piston-like succession, in a green-chrome-yellow symphony. The swallows passing overhead forget to fly. The countless rhythm of the yellow legs, massing along the brick-red stick, is beating to the sky's drum, to the scenic clouds and the flat green shiny leaves that come.

He wavers and the clouds are stirred—he pauses, then the small blue head pushes on. No sound from any bird. The brown-and-white dots hide from the sight of the green on red. Each chrome round on the cresty back is like a bright lamp-wick: they are making a caterpillar crawl along a stick.

MARY H. CONSTABLE, '32

My Parrots

I used to have two parrots,
And they were twins, I guess;
They used to contradict me,
It really was a mess.

My mother's glad they're gone,
She thought they were a pest.
They wouldn't give a body
One bit of rest.

My father's glad they're gone,
I guess I am, too,
'Cause they used to talk in Spanish
Every word they knew.

JUDY DAVIES, *Intermediate I*



STUDENT COUNCIL

Primary Poetry

THE FISHERMAN

His rod bends.
The line is cast.
It sings in its flight
And descends into the stream.
The patient fisherman waits awhile
And thinks of this wonderful day.
A gentle breeze cools his burning face
And plays with his curly hair.

Then he feels a sudden jerk.
His rod bends like a rainbow.
He struggles to get the fighting trout.
Then, exhausted, the trout gives up the fight,
And the fisherman reels him in.

JIMMY SLOANE, *Primary IV*

THE FISHER BOY

Bare feet dangling in the water,
Straw hat cocked,
The farmer boy is fishing.
His brown calloused hands
Lazily hold his rod.
His dusty overalls,
Tattered and torn,
Are rolled up to his knees.
He is whistling merrily
On a fallen tree over a stream.

BILLY SLOANE, *Primary IV*

THE CAT ON THE FENCE

The cat walks across the fence
Like a ghostly shadow
Creeping past the moon.
"Siss!" She sees a dog.
She bristles up her tail
Like a stalk of corn.
She jumps lightly to the ground
And speeds away into the darkness.

BILLY MEREDITH, *Primary IV*

THE SEA GULL

Slowly, gracefully, the sea gull mounts to the sky,
Its white wings flapping, then resting
As it flies on high.

It alights on top of a ship's tall mast,
Stays, poised in the tranquil air,
Then turning, swirling, flies past,

Past sailing sloops and traders into the open bay,
That's the life of a sea gull
Riding the billows in play.

NICHOLAS KATZENBACH, *Primary IV*

THE ELK

With stately antlers branching wide,
The bull elk roams the mountain side.
He whistles his shrill mating call
Resounding down the canyon wall.

He loves the mountain country best;
By shady trees he likes to rest.
He trots to drink from the shining pool
Where the stream is clean and cool.

CORTLANDT PARKER, *Primary IV*

THE KING'S SURPRISE

O King of the flowers,
O see this surprise
For you and your friends!
It is a golden crown,
And a green gun,
And a golden bird-bath,
And a golden fiddle.
Oh! said the King.

BOBS WICKS, *Primary* II.



School Notes

CLARE RAYMOND was enthusiastically elected president of the new Dramatic Association. Her committee includes Jane Mitchell, vice-president; Jab (Sarah) Johnston, treasurer, and Janet Wicks, secretary.

On Saturday evening, May 16th, after persistent rehearsing under the admirable direction of Miss Sherow, and with the kied assistance of Miss Helen Foster, Mrs. Morris, and Mr. Norriss Houghton of the University, the Dramatic Association presented their first play with amazing success. They chose "The Fan", an amusing mid-eighteenth century play by Carlo Goldini, with its quaint Italian setting and charming costumes. The cast was as follows:

The Count of Rocca Marina	CLARE RAYMOND, '51
The Baron Del Cedro	CATHARINE LOUGHRAN, '54
The Signor Evaristo	MARY DAVIS, '52
Coronato—Host of the Inn	JANET WICKS, '51
Crespino—Shoemaker	PATRICIA HERRING, '52
Moracchio—Giannina's Brother	MARY PENDER, '55
Timoteo—Apothecary	KATHRYN CHATTEN, '55
The Signora Geltrude	LOUISE BARGER, '51
The Signorina Candida—Her Niece	MARGARET BROOKS, '51
Giannina	JANE MITCHELL, '51
Susanna—Shopkeeper	LORNA STUART, '54
Lemonado—Waiter at Coffee House	JANE LEWIS, '54
Tognina—Geltrude's Servant	ESTHER HOWARD, '54
Scavezzo—Servant at the Inn	ISABEL LAWTON, '54

Tuesday, May 19th, was our May Day, unusually beautiful this year. The procession gathered, the younger children in costume, lords and ladies of medieval times, a group of Robin Hood's merry men, pink and blue fairies flitting around, a jester covered with tinkling bells, a small pussy-cat with his face blackened and a lovely long tail. A small bugler (herald) perched on top of an immense gray horse led the procession as it wound around the field. Pat Herring, president of next



THE FAN—ACT I



THE FAN—ACT II



THE FAN—ACT II



THE FAN—ACT III

year's Student Council, and consequently May Queen, presided over her court with befitting dignity, flashing her smile at the offerings of flowers piled around her throne. Her subjects sang old English May songs in true joyous fashion to the accompaniment of the piano, violin and horn.

The Primary and Intermediate children and some of the older girls danced about the Maypoles. Afterward we were entertained by two plays. "Jeanne d'Arc" was written by Marjorie Munn, and acted by the members of her class, the First Intermediates. The Second Intermediates produced the "Death of Virginia," written by members of the class. The Intermediate IV's presented a series of three medieval ballads, "Bonny George Campbell", "Edward", and "Get Up and Bar the Door."

We raised money for the Fresh Air Fund by selling ice-cream cones and goat rides, having borrowed Janet Brown's goat for the occasion. The goat's popularity went to his head, judging by the butts he aimed at several close admirers.

The final event was the hockey game between the Blues and the Reds. Miss Fine promised to both teams a treat of ice-cream cones, on the winning side two to each! Perhaps it was this incentive which produced a fine, sporting struggle, despite a temperature of 80 degrees or more.

Athletic Notes

IN THE closing games of the basketball season the Juniors swept aside the Sophomores with a score of 38-7, and the Freshmen and Intermediate IV's played a remarkably close game, the Freshmen winning in the last minute of play by a score of 15-14. The season finished with a brilliant and hard-won victory for the Seniors, who defeated the Freshmen 22-15.

The experiment of Spring hockey has proved successful. The Freshmen took the honors, defeating both of the Upper School teams, the Blues by a score of 5-3, the Grays 5-4. The Blues defeated the Grays 5-2.

Our annual tennis tournament is to be played soon. The girls have been practising, and we are looking forward to some brilliant playing. This should provide an interesting conclusion to a very successful year of athletics, of which the splendid number of class numerals and letters awarded for Varsity hockey and basketball are triumphant proof.





VARSITY HOCKEY



Varsity Basketball



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL

Alumnae Notes

THERE are to be four June weddings of alumnae this year: Helen Loetscher, '24, will marry W. Sherman Skinner, on June 7; Nancy Goheen, '26, is to be married to J. Kendall Wallis, who now attends the Pennsylvania Medical College, on June 10 at Malvern, Pennsylvania; Virginia Myers, '29, and Edward C. Kohlfaat will be married in the University Chapel on June 17, and Betsy Hun, '27, will marry Robert G. McAllen on June 26.

Florence Clayton, '25, has announced her engagement to Ralph T. Joep of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was graduated from M. I. T. in '28, and is the permanent president of that class. At the present time he is business manager of the *Technology Review*. Florence graduated from Wellesley in '29, and received the degree of M.A. from Columbia last year. She is now a member of the teaching staff of the Trenton schools.

The engagement of Elizabeth Mitchell to Harold Ashton Beatty, Princeton '26, has been announced. Mr. Beatty recently received the Ph.D. degree from the Princeton Graduate School and is now associated with the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation at Yonkers, New York. No date has been set for the wedding.

On May 7, Leslie Hun announced her engagement to Edwin S. Morris of Philadelphia. After graduating from Miss Fine's in '25, Leslie attended Smith, and later studied in Paris. Her fiancé was a member of the Class of '28 at Princeton.

Margaret Lowry, '29, is sailing for a year of study abroad, on June 20, after being graduated from Sarah Lawrence College.

Joan Prentice, '26, is teaching English in Chieng Mai, Siam. Her father sails in May to join her and will continue with her a trip around the world, returning home the end of September.

A number of alumnae are being graduated from college this June: Jean March, Margaret Stevens, Elizabeth Noyes and Alice Goheen from Wellesley, Doris Johnson from Syracuse, and Wallace Hubball from Sweet Briar.

Exchanges

Bleating—St. Agnes' School
Blue and Gray and *Gilman News*—Gilman Country Day School
Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School
Budget—Vail-Deane School
Cargoes—Kent Place School
Chronicle—Mary Institute
Gopher—Liggett School
Green Leaf—Greenwich Academy
Hill Breeze—Hillsdale School
Junior Journal—Princeton Country Day School
Literary Monthly—Hotchkiss School
Lil—Lawrenceville School
Milestone—Baldwin School
Scroll—Columbus School for Girls
Targer—Holmquist School
Tiger Cub—Princeton Preparatory School
Tit-Bits—St. Timothy's School
Triangle—Emma Willard School
Turrets—Tower School

Tiger Cub—We welcome you as a new exchange and hope to receive your magazine again next year. Your cover is cleverly symbolic. We found the poem by Alden McM. Wicks very amusing.

Cargoes—We like the contents of your magazine. "Frivolity" seems to us the best poem. "The Twa Lovers" and "Reflections" are also excellent. The articles are interesting, particularly "Divine Right of Queens," "A Hope," and "Portrait of a Lady."

The Triangle—Your frontispiece is splendid. We found your editorial and translation from the "Aeneid" interesting as well as instructive.

The Blue and Gray—"Exodus" and "The Vienna Doctor" are well written. We should like to see more poetry, especially if it is as good as "Coming Storm."

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