

# The Link



April, 1932



# THE LINK

APRIL

1932



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# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XII

APRIL, 1932

No. 2

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# Editorial

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IN HONOR of the Bicentennial of Washington, we have devoted this issue chiefly to Colonial Princeton. We have turned aside from the usual stories about Washington to present material based on accounts of the Princeton of his day, and by dint of research including the documents of Princeton Borough and Princeton College, in the University Library, have unearthed some interesting records which have served as a foundation.

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THE LINK extends its compliments to its esteemed contemporary, the *Half Link*, published by the Fourth Grade. We congratulate the editors on the material of their first number and thank them for the privilege of reprinting several selections. The LINK, we feel, must look to its laurels.

---

MRS. MATHEY, for the Portrait Committee, has given us the pleasing commission of announcing that Miss Fine's portrait by the Danish artist, Ernest Ipsen, will be presented to the school at Commencement.

## White Myrtle

Double jonquil, daffodils, grape hyacinth;  
Sweetbriar rose, white day lilies, trumpet vine,  
Yellow day lilies, damask roses, peonies,  
Pale gold and ivory, scarlet, and heaven blue.  
Spring and summer at Morven, summer and spring  
In the garden . . . pale gold and ivory, scarlet,  
And heaven blue.

\* \* \* \* \*

Annis Stockton treads the velvety smoothness  
Of the lawn with grace, an eighteenth century figure  
In hoop-skirted brocade, tight-laced, and quaintly formal,  
Touching flower petals with cool white fingertips  
And a grave proprietary air.  
Spring at Morven and Richard distant in England.  
Annis bends down to wonder at the blueness  
Of a hyacinth.  
Spring at Morven and a letter from Richard.  
The paper crackles stiffly as she unfolds it.  
"My dear," in fine, thin penmanship, "I am making  
A charming collection of bulbous roots for you  
Which shall be sent the first of April, time enough  
I believe for you to put them in your own sweet garden.  
Also I design soon a ride to Twickenham,  
Proposing to view the garden of Mr. Pope."  
Spring at Morven . . . Annis bends her small dark head  
Over the pale gold petals of a daffodil.

Sweetbriar rose, white day lilies, peonies,  
Damask roses . . . gold and ivory, and scarlet.  
Summer at Morven.  
Annis Stockton treads the velvety smoothness  
Of the lawn with grace, Richard beside her;  
She in brocaded skirts, rustling delicately  
Across the grass, he in a coat with silver buttons,  
Lace at his wrists and throat—dark head and fair head together.  
Annis touches a bit of myrtle at her breast,  
Myrtle brought from the gardens at Twickenham  
To grow at Morven. Myrtle trailing over the ground

With thick green leaves and bride-white flowers.  
Summer at Morven . . . Annis bends her dark head  
Over the cool petals of myrtle.

Double jonquil, daffodils, grape hyacinth;  
Sweetbriar rose, white day lilies, trumpet vine,  
Yellow day lilies, damask roses, peonies,  
Pale gold and ivory, scarlet, and heaven blue.  
Spring and summer at Morven, summer and spring  
In the garden . . . but nowhere the cool white petals  
Of myrtle. No later mistress of Morven  
Has been able to make it grow. Knowing, they say,  
That it would miss her small dark head, the delicate rustle  
Of brocaded skirts across the grass,  
She took it to heaven with her.

CAROLYN T. MORSE, '32



# A Letter

Princeton Jany 24th 1774

DEAREST ANTOINETTE

I am taking a few minutes before the coach leaves the Inn for Philadelphia to tell you of our Journey. I have missed you very much already, Dear Netty, and I shall long to have you come to our new Home to visit me. But I must hasten to tell you of the Patriotick excitement here. We are staying as we planned at Princeton on the Kings Highway to see my Brother Jonathan at the College of New Jersey. When we got here by the New York Flying Machine it was Wednesday night near seven o'clock. Jonathan met the coach but told us that he would not be able to eat supper with us as he had some vastly important Work to do. After supper we heard a great Shouting and tolling of Bells in the street. We hastened to the window and we saw a great Blaze almost directly opposite us. Nigh a Hundred and fifty Students of the great College and the Grammar school were about a Fire in their Yard, and all the townspeople were standing about. We could catch the fragrance of Tea burning, and I did so long to go with Father to see the excitement but Mother said it would be too Bold and I had to Resign myself and try to see from my window. The Fire was in the centre of the College Yard with Snow all around it and the young men were standing in a Circle in their Black gowns. Jonathan told me that all their Clothes are of American cloth. I felt sure I could see Jonathan and I guessed the Work he had to do was help make that Fire. They tolled the Bell on Nassau Hall and chanted for more than an Hour and when Father returned he told it was from what he heard a Patriotick demonstration to show their resentment for the actions of our Governor Hutchinson in the Boston Tea Party and that they had burned an Effigy of the Governor with a Tea Canister tied about the Neck in the very Centre of the Tea to give it Body as well as Meaning. He also said that they had Raided the Victualers storeroom and taken the whole winters Supply of Tea which amounted to near a Dozen pounds to burn in the Yard. Jonathan told me privately that he missed that because he and Mr. David Witherspoon son of the President of the College and Mr. Daniel Breck of Boston

were assigned to help Mr. Samue Leake raid the students rooms for private stores. Jonathan says Mr. Samuel Leake was the Ringleader and planned it all. You can see from this incident that the young Men of the country are most patri-otick and what is more as Father says very Prankish.

Father visited Dr. Witherspoon yesterday afternoon while Brother Jonathan and Mr. John Calhoun showed Mother and Me around Princeton. It is a thriving Town. They keep an average of 100 Horses at the Taverns. Nassau Hall is the greatest Stone building in all the Colonies but the College is so large that they have an outside Kitchen. There are other Inns and some fine Estates which add beauty to the Town.

Father says that his friend Mr. John Adams told him that Dr. Witherspoon is as high a Son of Liberty as any in America and Father is inclined to agree with him as he seemed to take the Demonstrations of the Students very well. However Jonathan is troubled lest the Trustees think it their duty to the Crown to take away the right of Delivering the Salutatory at Commencement from Mr. Samuel Leake although he is at the Head of the class. Later Jonathan was permitted to take us to Evening Prayers where the Students sang in a Body. Mr. Adams told Father that they sang as badly as the Pres-byterians in New York and I can only say that they sang with zeal. I have a new beaver Hat with a large Tye of Gauze got in New York and a Darling Idea for a dress Mother says I may start as soon as I reach Home, and I will cut you a pattern of the newest Sleeve.

Your devoted

HARRIET MASON

EVELYN WICOFF, '34

## JONATHAN BALDWIN, STEWARD

Jonathan Baldwin, the college victualer,  
Kept the bookstore, and bought the furniture,  
Guarded the bell-rope, the servants hired,  
Cleaned all the chimneys, yet never grew tired.  
He paid off the profs at a fairly good rate,  
And summoned trustees to meeting at date.

For food that they ate the students he'd sue,  
But they felt all the money he asked was not due,  
And of his own butter they made him in effigy  
To hang in the midst of the college refectory.  
Jonathan Baldwin in great indignation  
Sent in to Princeton his prompt resignation!

KATHERINE DAY, *Intermediate III*





### THE CLOSED SEASON\*

George Washington on Christmas night,  
 Sensing the value of a fight,  
 Went marching into Trenton town  
 And shot the drunken Hessians down.  
 "It wasn't fair," the British say,  
 "'Twas out of season for a fray."  
 Said they, "G. Washington, for shame;  
 You really didn't play the game!"

---

\*Historical interpretation after Mr. Albion.

### THEN AND NOW

Dressed in coats of ruddy hue,  
 O'er Morven's ground they walk.  
 'Tis not of barren Morven Rhu  
 By Mull, of which I talk;  
 But Morven with the chestnut trees,  
 Boughs curving toward the soil,  
 Where spreads a garden fit to please  
 A very princess royal.

The manor's empty of its lords,  
 And living in their stead  
 Are troopers with their flashing swords  
 And tunics white and red.

But let us change this ancient scene  
 To nineteen thirty-two:  
 Amongst the chestnuts, now in green,  
 Its pillars peeping through,  
 There stands a school—one time an inn,  
 Now institute of learning,  
 Where maidens keep secure within  
 The "link" of knowledge burning.



It made the Hessians feel quite sad  
 To see the field on which they had  
 With drums and banners oft paraded  
 Now with our hockey teams degraded.

B. M., '35

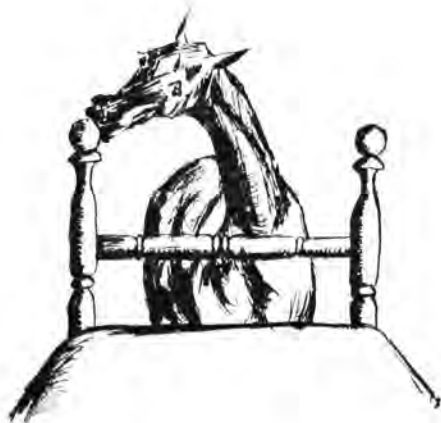
## The Story of Tempe Wick

You want this tale, so I must see  
If I can tell what was told to me  
Of Tempe Wick, who loved to ride  
Over New Jersey's country side  
On a beautiful horse that far above  
All other possessions won her love—  
A horse that never did stumble or fall,  
A horse that could leap the highest wall—  
Each day she rode him she loved him more.  
Then news of the declaration of war  
Came out, and Tempe Wick soon found  
That troops were placed for miles around  
By Washington about her farm,  
To see that the red coats did no harm.  
She chanced to roam the fields one day  
Quite far from home, and on her way  
Met Continental soldiers who  
Bade her stop; and though she knew  
Not one of them, she unafraid  
Pulled up her horse as she was bade,  
And asked if anything she might do  
To help these friends and allies too.  
But for their answer she couldn't account:  
They roughly told her to dismount  
And give to them the steed she rode:  
"The army needed all the good  
Riding horses that they could find,"  
They finished speaking. But through the mind  
Of Tempe Wick there flashed the thought,  
Her horse should neither be stolen, nor bought,  
Nor given away; no matter who  
Wanted him, she intended to  
Keep him herself. And like a flash  
She struck the horse a cut with the lash  
And bounded off like a shaft from a bow,  
Leaving those impudent soldiers so  
Astonished they knew not what to say;  
And before they could move she was far away,

Wondering where she could hide her horse  
 Or what she could do with him. "Why, of course!  
 Why didn't I think of that before?"  
 She said as she lifted the latch of the door.  
 Not into the stable or barn she led  
 Her horse, but into the house instead!  
 As the story goes, she took him through  
 The kitchen, the hall, the parlour too—  
 Gave never a thought to the polished floor,  
 But stopped in front of the guest room door,  
 A room that was hardly ever used,  
 With only one window and shutters closed.  
 She shut the door and stood quite still,  
 And listened for some short time until  
 The voices and footsteps she could hear  
 Of the angry soldiers drawing near.  
 As soon as they reached Miss Tempe's farm  
 They searched the buildings, stable and barn;  
 They searched the garden and pasture and field,  
 But none a beautiful horse concealed.  
 How long they waited for the sight  
 Of a hungry horse coming home for a bite  
 Of hard-earned supper I do not know;  
 But I'm perfectly sure that with danger so  
 Close to her home, her pet did stay  
 A carefully tended guest, they say,  
 For three long weeks, and maybe more,  
 In the small spare room on the Wick's ground floor.  
 And when the cavalry moved away  
 From the camp near Morristown one fine day,  
 No one of them rode that handsome horse  
 That Tempe Wick had ridden across  
 Their path that time three weeks before.  
 And to this day you can see the door  
 Through which the horse so timidly stepped;  
 And in the room where he was kept  
 A nibbled bed-post you will find.  
 And if there's any doubt in your mind  
 As to whether or not my story's true,  
 There is many a print of a horse's shoe  
 On the floor of the old Wick house, which stands

With its shaded yard in the farming lands  
On a country road by which you may  
Drive to Mendham by the way  
Of Washington Corner, and there you'll see  
Proof of this story told to me.

PATRICIA HERRING, '52



## The Tragedy of the Ice-Box

OUT of the mists of the past there looms before me a large brown, weatherbeaten ice-box of ancient vintage which for an indefinite period stood in gloomy state in one chill corner of the pantry. This melancholy object was possessed of an unusual number of infirmities which Father was obliged to spend long hours in "fixing". I think the main trouble was the drain, situated somewhere in the inner recesses and apparently never seen by the eye of man. This drain kept up a monotonous dripping and periodically flooded the pantry. At such critical moments Father was driven into the flooded area and made to force his head and shoulders beneath the ice-box, where he could be heard muttering and banging pipes.

Finally, however, the venerable ice-box, having tried the patience of the family and the Irish cook beyond endurance, was banished from the pantry to wherever ice-boxes go after they die, and in its place appeared a pompous snow-white stranger. In the dim universe of the pantry the Frigidaire gleamed like an iceberg. Its shining doors opened with a soft click and revealed a snow-encrusted block from which endless small cubes of crystal ice could be produced. At intervals during the day a hypnotic humming proceeded from somewhere in the interior.

However, with the arrival of the Frigidaire came tragedy. The iceman, beloved and feared genius of the ice-box, ceased to terrify us by his visits. He was a tall, bowed individual in faded blue overalls and greasy cloth cap, with sunken cheeks, red-rimmed eyes, a feeble drooping moustache and a hollow voice which seemed to issue from the very tomb. His name, so far as we knew, was "Nacy," and he came in a prehistoric Ford truck whose wheezing, clanking approach could be heard ten minutes before it reared its tattered bulk over the hill. This truck had black curtains like the hangings on a bier, which concealed the ice from view and which flapped as the truck reeled along. Clouds of steam ascended from the rusty engine, and as it jerked to a stop Nacy's long wraith-like figure unfolded and came down from the high perch above the wheel. We watched, glassy-eyed with awe and admiration.

Within the pantry he wrought havoc with his pick. Ice-

chips flew in all directions, glissaded along the floor and lay melting in corners. With the care of a sculptor he hewed the shining blocks to fit each cranny of the ice-box, finally cramming in the last pieces and shutting the door as craftily as though he had imprisoned therein some evil beast against its will.

Nacy seldom spoke save to himself and his ice. On occasion he gave vent to such sepulchral exclamations as "Get in 'ere An' stay, see?"—"This-un's too big—Hm—ole ice-pick—hmm,"—which we considered the invocations to the Evil One with whom, we were confident, Nacy held nightly communion. We visualized this same Nacy riding on a broomstick over our grandmother's shed in the moonlight and hiding the bones of his murdered victims in the well behind the barn. He appeared to us in dreams, awful, with waving moustache and pink-rimmed eyes rolling. The giant of "Jack the Giant Killer" was, without a doubt, Nacy brandishing his ice-pick. Never was human being endowed with more horrible characteristics. In reality he was a very meek elderly soul who lived up the road in a small white house and took up the collection in the country church.

Now in vain we watched for his chugging truck, and at last we decided that he must have been spirited away by the Devil because of his evil ways. We never saw him again except once or twice coming out of church disguised in a straw hat and necktie.

No more Nacy. No more chips of ice to suck. No longer the fearsome delight of watching Father battling with the drain and communing with his soul beneath the ice-box. The Frigidaire hums and whirrs and produces ice-cubes without end, but the glamour is gone.

JANET WICKS

## Pence

### CANARY

Teddy fluttered his lovely yellow wings and chirped. He looked rather sheepishly around the room out of his little oblong eyes. His small ivory bill, sharpened to perfection, reminded me of a miniature elephant's tusk.

S. S.

---

### APPLE TREE

An apple tree, twisted with age, stands among its descendants, proudly displaying its armfuls of pink and white blossoms. Around it its nieces and nephews, too young to be gnarled and bent, proudly wave their small handfuls of petals in the breeze.

M. D.

---

### HORSE CHESTNUTS

Small, burnished, golden-brown horse chestnuts are scattered in glowing spots on the faded grass like rich amber on dull velvet.

J. W.

---

### CAT

Night at its blackest; night at its stillest; night seemingly asleep, with one hypocritical eye open.

E. M.

---

### COLT

A colt, rolling his eyes round and round like a darky baby, shows a clean pair of tiny heels to the wind and disappears.

M. J. L.

---

### CORRAL

Choking, biting dust. Grimy faces and brown fingers steadily rolling cigarettes. A line of figures on the fence outlined by flashes of scarlet and blue. The horse-breaking corral.

M. J. L.

### THE ESCAPE OF THE BALLOON

Delicate, elusive  
Bubble of silver,  
Like a tip of a straying cloud,  
Slips from the fingers  
Grown careless a moment,  
And puffs out of reach of the crowd.

P. A.

---

### THE MARCH TO PRINCETON

March, march onward,  
March in the drifted snow,  
March, march onward, row after row.

March, march to Princeton,  
March on rod after rod,  
March, march onward, squad after squad.

March, march, march in the snow,  
March, the barefoot soldiers go,  
March, march onward, row after row.

March, march, march in the street,  
March where the winter wind will sweep,  
March, march, march into Princeton.

GEORGE YOUNG, *Grade IV*  
(THE LINK, March, 1928)



### THE MOLE

The mole has no eyes. The mole has no ears. That is because he doesn't need any.

JIMMY DOUGHERTY, *Grade I*

### THERE WAS A MOTHER ROBIN

THE mother Robin had four little Robins, and fuzzy they were. She fed them worms and bugs. Then she went out one day. She caught three worms. When she went back, one Robin was missing. She searched under the tree. She found it, and brought it up with joy.

One day Father Robin went out. He found eight worms, and could not bring them back all in one mouthful. So he decided he would put some in his claws, so that other Robins would not catch him.

When the little baby Robins grew up, they had baby ones, too, and fuzzy *they* were too. The young mother and the young father sat on the branch one day watching their babies. Along came a cat, and how frightened they were! They tried to pick up their nest, but too heavy it was—with the babies. But soon, along came one of their friends. How joyfully they asked him to help them pick the nest up, and how happily he said he would. He flew with them, carrying the nest in their bills, until they came to the woods. They found a nest in the middle of a tree and it looked like a spar-

row's nest. The friend flew up and knocked the nest off. Then the friend and the mother and father put their nest in the same place because it was such a nice branch for heavy little baby Robins.

*Dictated by ANNE EDGAR, Grade I*

---

### GOLDEN BIRD

As I look out the window  
A golden bird I see;  
It is the evening star,  
A-clinging to a tree.

LYSBETH FISHER, *Grade III*

---

### THE OLD LOST TRAIL

Far down a mountain side still twists  
A winding old lost trail,  
With giant pine trees on each side  
That were left to tell the tale  
That long ago in the days of war  
Between Redskins and Pioneers  
It had been used as a secret trail,  
A way of secret fears.

But as of old a man may hear  
The Indian war-cry  
As he goes a-sneaking up the trail  
On a dark clear night;  
Up the mountain side  
Where the timber wolves used to wail.

And still it winds,  
That old lost trail,  
With the pines on either side  
As it winds to the top  
Of the mountain side  
Where the Gray Pack  
Once had cried.

ROBERT HUNTER, *Grade IV*  
*Reprinted from The Half Link.*

## THE MICE AND THE TRAINS

IT WAS Christmas night, and the mice were just coming out of their holes. There were Johnny and Bessie and Dippy. They were all cousins. The first thing they did was to shake themselves, then they went into the dining room to get some crumbs to eat. Then they went into the study to see the Christmas tree. They ran about looking at the presents. There were a globe, a top, some books, and some games. Bessie said, "I wonder where we live?" So they climbed onto the globe and looked and found they lived in New Jersey.

There was a flashlight there, too. Dippy stepped on the button, and it flashed and scared them. Suddenly they spied the set of trains, and then those mice began to explore. They climbed up and down the lamp posts; they knocked at the doors of the houses; they ran in and out of the station; they climbed on the tunnel, and played tag around the switches! They happened to see the electric train, so squeezed into the cars and went round and round and round and round. Suddenly they heard a noise and ran back to their holes.

BILLY FLEMER, *Grade IV*  
*Reprinted from the Half Link.*

---

There was a young aviator named Purves  
Who joined the army for service;  
He refused to fly  
Over the Chinese sky  
Because it made him so nervous.

PEGGY PURVES, *Grade IV*  
*Reprinted from the Half Link.*

## School Notes

THE Christmas boxes were unusually full this year, with a total of \$577.34. This was divided among the *New York Times*' "One Hundred Neediest Cases", the Volunteer Prison League, and the Social Bureau of Princeton. We sent a box of warm clothing to the Maine Sea Coast Mission, and boxes of clothing and toys to four families and five children of the Neediest Cases. The Lower School was especially active—the Intermediate Threes sold sandwiches, the Intermediate Fours had a toy sale, and the Ones and Twos helped the primary department fill thirty-five red stockings with toys and candy for the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

---

Our school has gone patriotic  
For the Washington Bicentennial,  
In fact some have become neurotic  
And thank the heavens it's not perennial.  
For we've been writing historical gems  
On the Princeton of long ago  
And learning songs by the tens  
About our greatest hero.

---

We had a special Washington's Birthday assembly, and Miss Howes had her music classes sing old songs. They were interesting, and made us more appreciative of modern music.

---

Hard times extend even to school. We are not having a dance this year, and the Dramatic Club is making or borrowing all the scenery and costumes for *Little Women*, which is to be given on Saturday, April ninth. There will be two performances, a matinee and an evening performance, and we are hoping to have full houses for both. The proceeds will go to the Princeton Hospital.

## Athletic Notes

WE ARE very grateful to the principal, Mrs. Brearley, for the use of the Elementary School gymnasium twice a week for our basketball games.

Not only did the Sophomore hockey team, led by Isabel Lawton, win the interclass tournament (which we were unable to finish last term), but also the Sophomore basketball team, headed by Jane Lewis, won the interclass championship. The scores were as follows:

The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen, 31 to 12 and 39 to 4.

The Seniors defeated the Juniors, 49 to 16 and 23 to 6.

The Sophomores then won the championship by defeating the Seniors, 21 to 15 and 17 to 15.

The Juniors won from the Freshmen by a score of 22 to 10.

We must not forget the game between the Alumnae and the Varsity, in which the Alumnae put up a valiant struggle but lost by 23 to 10 goals.

Mrs. Malone (formerly Miss Cumming) has had an unusually large and enthusiastic class of more than forty girls. Miss Howes has very kindly played for them, and every Wednesday afternoon those of us upstairs sit in fear and trembling, wondering whether or not the house is going to hold up under us as eighty tapping feet make the gym floor creak and groan.

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## Exchanges

*Aster*—Prospect Hill Country Day School.

*Bleatings*—St. Agnes School.

*Blue Pencil*—Walnut Hill School.

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*Laurel Leaves*—Laurel School.  
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*The Aster*—We liked your magazine, particularly the poems: *Sermon* and *My Dreams*. We liked your stories, too, but wished that your Junior Department had been shorter.

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