

The Link



April, 1933



THE LINK



T H E L I N K
MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

Vol. XIII April, 1933 No. 2

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(The editors wish to make special acknowledgment to the Advertising Committee.)

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EDITORIAL

Spring has been so long in coming that we have had a struggle to invest this number with the proverbial gaiety and spirit of the season. To get this spirit, we have devoted a great part of our space to pets and other animals. As to our idea that there is a connection between spring and animals, you may disagree, but we seem to have a vague, innate suspicion that there is. The Intermediates are responsible for this number; they liked the animal idea, and it found a lot of response in the Upper School. The Intermediates have been interested not only in animals but also in French, and the fruits of this interest are shown here with justifiable pride.

For our January number we started a poetry contest, and as a result poetry has definitely got the upper hand in our literary world. This was not our intention, but the poetry contributed has so far surpassed the prose that we have published a vast amount of it at the expense of prose. The result of the contest for points which the LINK is conducting will be announced in the June number. It would be extremely nice if a Senior should win . . .

- - -

SIGNS OF SPRING

Yellow blossoms burst
From the golden-brown branches
Of forsythia.

- -

Raindrops on a twig;
Wet, pointed blades of grass;
Fresh green crocuses.

J. C., '35

- - - -

A baby rabbit
Wriggled his velvety ears
At a new crocus.

F. A., '33

THE MEETING

Well met! is how I phrased it, friend.

In old Peru
At journey's end,
You welcomed me as one who knew
White beaches where the tall palms bend,
Far headlands where the trade-winds sweep,
Blue reaches where wild horses leap.
You welcomed me
By Callao forts . . .
You spoke the lingo of the sea,
The language of forgotten ports --
The lingua franca of the free.
When life unrolled that Lima page
I knew we'd met in another age.
Perhaps we fared
In old lang syne
With bold Pizarro when he dared
The Spanish wolves to cross the line
Drawn by his sword; mayhap we stared
With Cortez at the Aztec gold,
Or saw the Western sea unfold.
The long sea lane,
And then Peru.
The hawse-hole sped the anchor chain
And made the rover's rendezvous.
We yarned the old moon down the wane
With tales of ships, and journey's end . . .

Some friendships wax through wind and rain,
Well met! is how I phrased it, friend.

Ingrid Shellabarger, '34

DAWN

Black out of blackness. Mountains taking form.
The sun behind gray clouds. A hint of rain.
And colors seeping into things again --
Shy green, pale blue, and yellow, thinly warm.

Suzanne Paris, '35

R O N D E A U S

THREE FABLETS

The Brook

The brook complained, "Ah, weary fate,
Lean winter's lash and March's hate
And all the ghostliness of snow
Replace the glories that I know
In summer, and my summer's state.

"Dear sun, how long my depths await
Beneath thy glance regenerate
To sweep once more in sparkling flow,"
The brook complained.

Our lord the sun, his bounty great
Released for all too long a date,
The brook soon shrank beneath the glow.
Too late, alas, he prayed for snow,
The brook complained.

The Bubble

The bubble burst, but soon, as fair
Another daughter of the air
Rose iridescent from the clay,
A puff of rainbow jeweled, gay --
The last and best beyond compare.

"Shall anyone my triumphs share,"
She cried, "my beauty debonair?"
Behold, behold my grace, I pray."
The bubble burst.

But now another do-and-dare
Magnificent hung sparkling there,
And waxing ever, would not stay,
But dreamed that she might thrive away.
The bubble burst.

The Road to Heaven

"The road to heaven," parson said,
(Parson with milk and gruel fed)
"Is not for those who feast in Lent,
Who quaff and bridge, and smoke their bent
And e'en to dance are sometimes led.

"Give me the hard and thorny bed,
The hairy shirt, the cape of lead;
Such means I take to tread intent
The road to heaven."

Surely, for those whom youth has fled
Earth's vanities are easy shed;
And would they preach the eggs of Lent
Could they with aught else find content
Than roads to heaven?

Ingrid Shellabarger, '34

C I N Q U A I N S

DUSK

Dusk came
And pointed long
Grey fingers up the lake
And smoothed the curling ripples out
For night.

P. A., '33

THE LAKE

The lake
Expanding blue
Beneath the towering cliffs,
Is rippled by a pebble that
I threw.

E. F., '34

MYSTERY

Blinking
Faintly, green-blue
On the black horizon,
A tiny light far out at sea
Passes.

M. E. H., '33

THE KITTEN

I held
The grey kitten
Purring against my throat
And wondered how it felt to be
So small.

P. A., '33

B A I L L A D S

JEAN McNAIR

Jean McNair was a woman whose hair
Was already turning grey.
And her brow once sae fair
Was now wrinkled wi' care,
For her deir son had gone away.

Hee left his ain mither when but a lad
Not a day over seventeen,
And thirty long years had passed since then,
But the poor lad had nevir been seen.

His ain mither sat at the window each day
And looked out wi' greetin' eye.
E'er and anon she hoped to see
Her deir son come riding by.

But nevir again will she see him,
For off in a wicked land
His body lies buried in a cold dark tomb --
Hee died for bonnie Scotland.

Mary Louise Davies, Int. IV

MARY AND PRINCE CHARLIE'S SPY

O Mary, my Mary,
Cannot ye speak to me?
You know I did my duty,
Though I left ye there to dee.

Sae well do I remember
That night in my prison cell,
When ye came to me and spake this way,
Your words I remember well:

"Dear Malcolm, 'tis thy duty,
As spy of Prince Charlie,
To love him far above the love
Of a country lass like me.

"This plan I have for thy escape,
Dear lad, now listen well --
Ye'll tak my dress and I thy kilt.
Then go, lad, go. Farewell!"

The sleepy sentry let me pass,
As a buxom maid with lengthy stride,
And on the morn, at first cock's crow,
A fair lad on the gallows died.

Margaret Greenland, Int. IV



A POEM ABOUT A PONY
(I just thought it.)

There was a pony
Once in our yard.
A kitty climbed
Upon his back.
He galloped away
Into the woods
But he
 never
 never
 came back.

Dorothy Pitman, Pri. I
(Reprinted from the Half Link)

INDIAN COUNTRY

Out in the woods
Where the streams run over the pebbles,
Where the sagebrush grows,
Up on the top of the mountains
Where the mesa stands,
Where the sun sets,
Where the purple and pink hills gleam,
That's where the Indians stay.

Anne Hamblen, Pri. II
(Reprinted from the Half Link)

NIGHT IN THE DESERT

The Indians live in the desert far,
The stars are shining in the sky.
They listen to the noises in the desert
As they lie in their beds,
And they see the stars go by.

Tad Hall, Pri. II

The wind is sailing through the skies
Yet nobody can see it.
The wind is passing through the trees.
Listen to the humming in the leaves.

In March the wind whirls all around.
It sweeps your hat across the ground
Then takes it up into the air.
It gives the birds a terrible scare.
Over the tip-top of the trees
It goes through the sky like a morning
breeze,
Then softly dropping to the ground
While the wind keeps whirling all around.

I like the little rabbits
That are hiding all around.
I like the little badgers
That are living underground.

The beautiful tails of the mermaids gleam
As they float far into the sea.
They ride their tiny sea horses
And they swim and splash in glee.

They love to hear the roar of the waves
And play on the sandy shore.
They sing in front of the ships that sail.
They dive and are seen no more.

10

UN TRAIT D'UNION

UNE IMAGE

Le printemps! Les beaux sapins bleus, une silhouette sur le soleil couchant. Un grand chien de police noir est assis les oreilles dressées. A côté de lui il y a un autre chien de police, un peu plus petit, mais plus noir. Elle est évidemment plus jeune que l'autre. Elle se repose, s'étend tout de son long, s'intéressant beaucoup au petit peloton qui s'amuse à arracher les poils de la queue de sa mère. Tout à coup un petit lapin brun apparaît dans l'ombre. Le premier chien court après lui, et le second le suit. Tout ce qui reste, c'est le tout petit. Le soleil se couche, tout est noir, l'image se disperse.

Frances Kennedy, Int. IV

CE QUE NOUS FERONS DANS L'ETE

Cet été je vais aller à la campagne. J'emmène avec moi mes chevaux Pollyanna, Ebony Man, Silver Fox et Coal Black Lady. J'emmène aussi mes deux chiens Major et Minor; je monte, moi et mes animaux dans le train et nous partons pour Manchester, Vt., où nous arrivons à quatre heures et demie. Là je trouve mon oncle, nous prenons un taxi et nous allons chez lui. Nous demeurons dans son camp dans les montagnes. Il a une écurie pour les chevaux, des niches pour les chiens, et un grand garage pour l'auto. C'est un très beau camp.

Dans quelques jours nous faisons des promenades à cheval. J'emmène toujours Minor, mais hélas! Major est très gros et il ne court pas avec moi! Je monte Pollyanna et nous faisons de magnifiques promenades dans les montagnes. De retour au camp nous goûtons. J'aime beaucoup cette vie.

Eleanor Morgan, Int. III

QUAND J'ETAIS EN ESPAGNE

Quand nous étions en France nous demeurions dans une petite ville au bord de la mer. Elle est près des Pyrénées et de la Baie de Biscay.

Quand nous sommes revenus en Amérique, beaucoup d'amies m'ont demandé, "Etiez-vous en Espagne?"

J'ai répondu, "Oui, une fois."

"L'avez-vous aimé?" dirent-elles.

"Oh!" répondis-je, "Je n'ai pas vu l'Espagne."

Vous ne comprenez pas, n'est-ce pas? Eh bien, voilà --

Il y a, sous les Pyrénées, une grande caverne. Un jour nous sommes allés à cette caverne. L'endroit par où on entrait dans la grotte était couverte de vignes épaisses et vertes. A l'intérieur il y avait un petit lac. Il était noir et luisant -- très beau. Nous l'avons traversé accompagnés d'un guide. De l'autre côté il nous a donné, à chacun, une bougie allumée, et nous avons marché loin. Il y avait de l'eau et de la cire qui dégouttaient des murs, et des chauve-souris qui volaient près de nos têtes. Soudainement le guide s'arrêta et dit,

"En bien, nous sommes en Espagne!"

C'était comme ça! Nous sommes venus sous les Pyrénées.

C'est pourquoi je peux dire que j'étais en Espagne, mais que je ne l'ai pas vu parce que j'étais dans une caverne.

Jo Herring, Int. IV

DANS L'ECURIE

Il y a une surprise dans l'écurie. Marie entre, tout à coup. Elle écoute. Meow! meow! C'est un chat. Le chat a peur. Marie court après le chat; elle est furieuse. Marie dit "venez ici, petit chat." Mais le chat va derrière l'écurie et reste dans une grande boîte. Marie cherche le chat. Elle ne le trouve pas. Elle est triste. Enfin le chat va dans l'écurie. Marie est dans la maison. Le chat dort. Il y a un bol de crème devant le chat. La crème tombe. Le chat crie. Le chat court dans la maison. Marie trouve le chat.

Therese Critchlow, Int. II

MES SOURIS BLANCHES

J'ai deux souris. Elles sont blanches avec des yeux rouges. Elles sont drôles. Elles mangent du chou et du pain. Les souris courent et sautent vite, et je les attrape. Elles demeurent dans une cage. Mon chat regarde les souris. Il aime beaucoup les souris, et il les désire, mais il ne les aura pas!

Mary Fisher, Int. II

MON JARDIN

J'ai un grand jardin plein de fleurs, Mes fleurs sont bleues et jaunes et roses, Le jour, une masse de belles couleurs, Et dans la nuit elles sont bien closes.

J'ai un grand jardin plein de fleurs,
Elles lèvent leurs têtes au beau soleil,
Et remplissent l'air d'une belle douceur
Dieu seul peut faire un don pareil.

J'ai un grand jardin plein de fleurs,
Qui embaument l'air de leurs parfums,
Elles sont pleines d'une douce fraîcheur
Je suis si fière de mon jardin.

Louise Dell, Int. IV

MON CHEVAL ET MOI

J'ai un merveilleux cheval,
Que j'ai reçu d'un cirque, une fois.
Nous traversons les champs ensemble,
Mon cheval et moi.

Il s'appelle "Homme Noir"--
C'est un beau nom, n'est-ce pas?
Nous sommes de bons amis,
Mon cheval et moi.

Katherine Eisenhower, Int. III

MES ANIMAUX

Avez-vous des animaux?
J'en ai trois.
Tous les trois sont très beaux.
Ils m'aiment, je crois.

Le premier est un chien,
Il s'appelle Jean.
Cet animal est le mien,
Et il danse en rond.

Le deuxième, le petit chat,
Jour et nuit, il dort.
Il s'appelle Monsieur Le Prat,
Et il joue le mort.

Le troisième, le canari,
Tous les jours il chante.
Il est jaune, vraiment joli.
Fifi irrite ma vieille tante.

J'aime tous mes animaux,
Et, quand ils sont bons,
Le leur donne de bons gâteaux,
Fifi, Prat, et Jean.

Judy Davies, Int. III

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Monsieur Maurois est un auteur français. Pendant l'année qu'il a passé à Princeton il a demeuré dans la maison à côté de chez nous. Il a écrit un ou deux livres pour les enfants qui sont très intéressants. Un jour j'ai été malade, et Papa m'a donné un livre d'André Maurois. Quand j'allais mieux il a autographié le livre pour moi. Il m'a aussi donné un de ses livres, qui était très amusant et qui avait beaucoup de jolies images.

Joan M. Taylor, Int. III

LE FRANÇAIS

Le français est une langue volage,
C'est une déception!
Parceque toutes les règles sont
Suivies d'exceptions!

Exemple: une simple règle
L'adjectif doit suivre le nom.
Mais, songez un peu, et dites-le-moi
que faut-il faire de "bon"?

Les verbes sont de même impossibles,
Eux, aussi, sont irréguliers,
Car "dire" n'est pas conjugué comme "lire"
Est-ce que c'est pour vous embrouiller?

Mon conseil, si vous l'acceptez,
Apprenez d'abord les exceptions,
Et après ça, si vous le pouvez,
Apprenez les règles, les déceptions! !

Margaret Greenland, Int. IV

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A HOKKU IN PRAISE

A home-like fragrance --
Fluffy and jonquil-yellow,
Our Katy's sponge-cake!

E. M., '34

ANIMAL STORIES

MY KITTENS

I had two little kittens
Called Moppet and Mittens,
One was gray the other was white.
And they cried and they cried and they cried
all night.
When I went into the barn to play
They followed me crawling all over the hay.
One day the doggies thought they were rats,
And now I haven't my two little cats.

Sally Pardee, Pri. III

MY WEE PET

Once a mouse called Tim was sent down stairs to get some cheese for his family. There on the kitchen table was a very big piece of yellow cheese and on the floor was a round red thing with cheese in it. He forgot what his mother had told him when he went down from the attic. And this is it "Now Tim mind what I say do not go into a round and red thing with holes in it, hear me. He tried to pull the cheese out with his tail but his tail stuck so that he could not get out. I heard a funny noise in the kitchen and I ran to see what it was and that is how I got my pet mouse.

Betsy Brigham, Pri. III

THE BEE

Once upon a time there lived a bee in a beehive with his mother and father. He liked to go and get the honey out of the flowers. In the spring he got honey from the tulips and daffodils. One summer day the bee was in a lovely red rose and a little girl came and picked the rose and took it into the house. When the little girl saw the bee she was afraid it would sting her. When the bee saw that he was in the house he began to plan how to get out. He buzzed around all the windows hoping he would find one open but alas none were open, but they had screens in them. The little girl knew the bee was unhappy so she opened one of the screens and the bee flew out happy to the tree once more.

H. Sinclair Kerr, Pri. III

PETER'S EASTER

Peter was a little rabbit and with his friends lived in the country. One day they were put in a pen and carried away to the city in a big truck. They were going to be sold for Easter rabbits. Peter was very scared by all the noises and bumping the truck made. He found a little hole in the wire of the pen and worked his nose through it until it was big enough for him to get through. When he got out he hopped around the truck and was more and more scared until he found the driver's coat. It was nice and warm so he lay down on it. When the other bunnies were taken out he stayed behind and wondered what he should do. It was lunch time and he was hungry. He felt the truck moving and knew the driver was going home for something to eat. When the driver got there he reached for his coat and found Peter. He carried him in and gave him to his little boy.

THE END

Norman Barrett, Pri. III

MY PUSSY-CAT

The first place I saw my cat was under a sofa. She and five or six other kittens were in the Merediths' living room. We chose one and took her home. From the first she took a great liking to Ovaltine, a chocolate-flavored drink. Every evening she insisted on having it. When we went away for the summer our maid stayed at home with Petie, the dog, and Pussy. She wrote some letters to me about Pussy. She said that quite often she had found Mother's pin-cushion empty and all the pins on the table beside it. But it was not long before she found out the reason for this. One evening when she had gone up to Mother's room to see that everything was as it should be, she noticed something moving in the corner. Going over, what did she see but Pussy, pulling out pins as fast as she could. The next letter told more about Pussy. When the maid washed the bathtub Pussy used to watch her. So once she tried it. She got in and ran 'round and 'round. Then she took a slide and did it over again.

When I got home, Daddy told me about the time Pussy got stuck in a tree. She had climbed up a very tall one and could not get down again, so Daddy had to get a ladder and a rope and go up after her. He climbed up the ladder and threw the rope over the limb which Pussy was on. Then the maid took hold of both ends and pulled with all her strength. The limb bent down and Daddy reached up to grab hold of

Pussy. Pussy spit and hissed quite a lot, but Daddy got her down all the same, though it took a fairly long time.

Now Mother owned a hat with a bird on it, and Pussy took a liking to eat the bird whenever Mother left it where she could reach it. So once when Mother left that hat out, Pussy got hold of it and ruined it. It was Mother's best hat, too. Well, it was not long after that when Pussy returned home soaking wet from head to foot. She had jumped into the Huns' pond after a frog, though at first we thought someone had thrown water on her on purpose.

When warm weather came again, we put up our awning over the terrace. As my window was very near the awning, Pussy used to climb out and get on it, so that it was very hard to get her down again. You had to stand on a chair and use a stick to poke her to the edge so you could reach her. One day when Andrew and I were playing together our maid called for us to come quickly. So we did, but it was too late, for Pussy had jumped into Mother's bathtub and was out again before we could get there. The reason our maid called us was because there was some water in the bathtub, and Pussy just about brought all the water out with her, or so it seemed.

About two months after that, Pussy turned up missing. She had been away for two days when I started to look for her. First I went over to the Marquands' to ask if they had seen her, but they had not. So once when I was playing down on Mercer Street I went up to an old house where nobody was living. Behind it was a barn, and there with four other cats I found mine. So after that I always speak of it as "Pussy's Club."

Frances Imbrie, Int. I

PLUNKET MY DOG AND FRISKY MY CAT AND PETER MY SQUIRREL

One day my dog Plunket was sitting on the side porch when he heard a scratching under the porch. He growled just as if he were saying, "Who is that?" Plunket looked under the porch and who do you think he saw? He saw Peter, the squirrel, and Frisky, the cat. Frisky was trying to do something that Peter did not like. I got a little closer to them. Then Plunket did the same thing to Frisky that Frisky was trying to do to Peter. I could not make out what they were trying to do until I saw a bee fly at Plunket and heard Plunket make a terrible yell of pain. In a minute Peter and Frisky both were yell-

ing with pain.

But guess what Plunket did? He got under the hose that my gardener was using until all the bees were off, then he went over to a tree whimpering to himself and went whimpering to sleep. But Frisky did not like the water, so guess what she did? She went into the kitchen and down the back stairs to the cellar. Then she rolled in the ashes until all the bees were suffocated. Then she went outside and sat under a tree. But Peter did a smarter thing yet; he went to the top of our fence and kept jumping to the ground until every one of the bees were dead that were on him. Then he got in his cage and dozed off to sleep.

(This story is half make-up and half true.)

John Crocker, Pri. IV



NERTS

He was often called "Squee" or "Rodent", but his name was "Nerts" -- Nerts Squirrel. I don't know why, unless it was because he ate so many -- chest"nerts", pea"nerts", and hickory "nerts". He had been taken from his nest when he was very young and brought up by a cat with her kittens. As soon as his eyes came open he became the naughtiest living thing I ever saw or ever expect to see. (But squirrels will be squirrels, I suppose, and probably he was not much worse than the rest of them.) He would run up tapestries and curtains, jump down on your head, upset glasses of water, steal cookies, and eat them on the table, right under your nose!

One day, in punishment for jumping into some applesauce which was just about to be set on the table, he was put outside with strict orders not to stray far from the house and vines. As usual, when we went out later to look for him he had disappeared, and the whole house was in an uproar. We searched high and low, but he was nowhere to be found, and everyone said, as they always did, that Janey, the dog, had eaten him. It grew darker and darker, and still he had not been found. That evening I went out to give Janey her supper and a scolding, though I was sure such a kind dog had not eaten the Squee, and I happened to look into the kennel. The mystery was immediately cleared up!

That afternoon a poor, frightened Nerts had looked everywhere for his mother and could not find her. Tired and sleepy, he had crept into the kennel and there had found a new friend -- a big, woolly friend with four big paws and a soft, lappy tongue. And there he was, a happy and contented Nerts, curled up in a little ball under Janey's freckled nose.

Josephine Herring, Int. IV



THE CALF

Tottering, on shaky legs it stands,
This little calf,
Bewildered by the world
So strange and new.

Curious, entirely unafraid,
It looks at me,
Then stretches out its neck
And sniffs my hand.

Alison Stuart, '36

THE PORCUPINE

It was a porcupine, there wasn't the slightest doubt about it. Sitting in the middle of the floor on my favorite blanket was one of those quilly beasts.

I leaned tremblingly over to the other cot and whispered, "Get up -- there's a porcupine in the tent. Don't make any noise, because I'm afraid it might get excited." My companion smothered a squeal in her pillow and sat up.

The porcupine sat there and looked at us with seeming amusement at our plight. Then he rambled over to the tent pole and started to gnaw. I clutched my friend convulsively. A fallen tent with two girls and a porcupine inside was not a pleasant idea.

The rodent left the tent pole, however, and came over to the beds again. He looked rather cross. I shivered. He then tried to chew the leg of my cot off. This being iron, his task was difficult. I gathered all my courage together and shouted "scat!" He looked up at us reproachfully, for a toothache and an unkind word were too much in one night for him, and shuffled out the door.

Sylvia Gerould, '36



THE ELEPHANT

A beam of moonlight slanted through the leaves and rested on a dark grey form. As silently as the very trees about it, the form moved and ambled among the black shadows. It came like a heavy mass of rolling smoke, touching the leaves as lightly as a passing breeze.

Into the light of the moon by the river's edge a great elephant came and dipped his trunk into the water, a smooth band of pale silver. He stood motionless thus for some time, the rhythmic waving of his ears the only apparent sign of life. Then he raised his trunk high into the air. Drops trickled off its glistening roundness and splashed into the water again, sending tiny ripples scurrying over its glassy surface. He sniffed the air suspiciously, his little eyes roving, listening, waiting. Then he was gone.

Suzanne Paris, '35

THE REWARDS OF THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

The mountain climber gains a knowledge of himself, a love of all that is most beautiful in nature, and an outlet such as no other sport affords for the stirring energies of youth; gains for which perhaps no price is too high. It is true that the great ridges sometimes demand their sacrifice, but the mountaineer would hardly forego his worship though he knew himself a destined victim. But happily, to most of us the great brown slabs bending over into immeasurable space, the lines and curves of the wind-moulded cornices, the delicate undulations of the fissured snow, are old and trusted friends, ever luring us to health and fun and laughter, and enabling us to bid a sturdy defiance to all the ills that time and life oppose.

Ingrid Shellabarger, '34

HAVE YOU HEARD SILENCE RINGING IN YOUR EARS?

Have you heard silence ringing in your ears?

If you think that noise resounds with cruel

harshness,

That traffic roar and clang of bell

And slamming door make your eardrum tingle,

Stop a minute in some quiet place and relax.

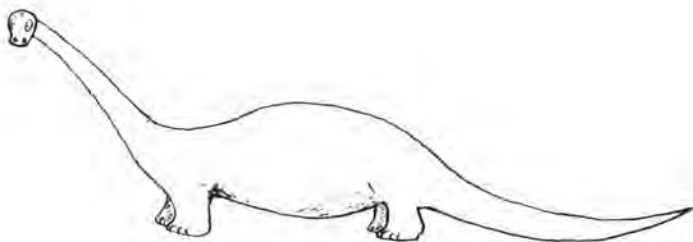
You will hear a roar that surpasses any man-made

clamor --

You will hear silence ringing in your ears.

Jane Lewis, '34

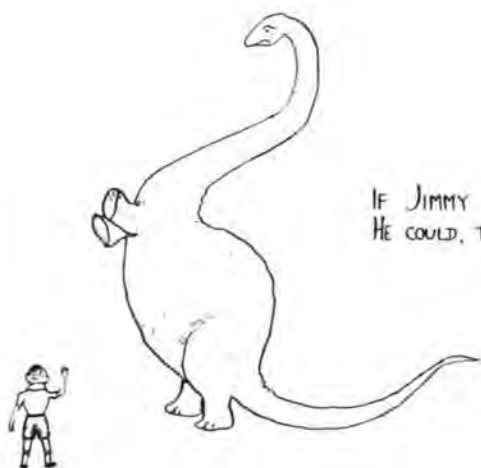
THE PET DINOSAUR



JIM, IT SEEMS SO AWFULLY SAD,
ALTHOUGH YOU'VE PLAYED WITH MANY A PET -
TO THINK THAT YOU HAVE NEVER HAD
A DINOSAUR. THEY'RE HARD TO GET,

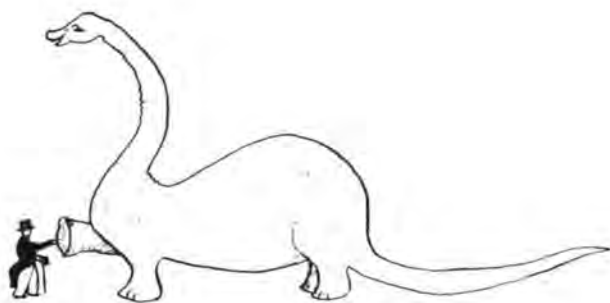


APPARENTLY THE DINOSAUR
EXISTS UPON THIS EARTH NO MORE !



IF JIMMY COULD HAVE SUCH A BEAST,
HE COULD, TO SAY THE VERY LEAST,

TEACH HIM, LIKE THE DOG, TO BEG,



AND OTHER TRICKS LIKE "SHAKE A LEG"



A DINOSAUR COULD NEVER BE
LOST, AND BROUGHT BACK FOR A FEE !



HOW ABOUT GALUMPHUS ? No,
LET'S JUST CALL HIM PLAIN 'TOTO.'

THE CALL OF SPRING

(The scene is the Flabberstat living room. It is a small room over-crowded with mid-Victorian furniture. There is a door in the center, at the left of which is a piano. MRS. FLABBERSTAT, round, shiny, and aggressive, with a reddened complexion, sits in the left corner in a small chair which she overlaps. She is reading a book and looks quite out of place: one would expect to see her bustling about. She appears to be a woman of great determination. ZENOBIA, her daughter, is playing a peaceful though none too advanced melody on the piano. Occasionally she strikes a misnote which causes MRS. FLABBERSTAT to frown and twitch in her chair. MR. FLABBERSTAT is seated in the right corner behind a newspaper. Puffs of smoke hop over the top of the paper at even intervals and then drift into nothingness as smoke will.

MRS. FLABBERSTAT. Zenobia, you never make so many mistakes unless you're expecting that Ballow lad.

ZENOBIA (whimpering). But I can't help getting sort of nervous when I know how shamefully you're going to treat him again.

(MR. FLABBERSTAT lowers his paper and peers at ZENOBIA over the top of his spectacles as though he has never seen her before. He is a small, thin man with hollow cheeks and with deep circles under eyes which have a spark of intelligence.)

MRS. FLABBERSTAT. So far as I can see, he's quite useless.

ZENOBIA. He's a very nice boy, Mamma. I'm sure you'll think so when you come to know him.

(ZENOBIA says this with more precision than she has shown, and follows it with more vigorous playing.)

MRS. FLABBERSTAT. If he'd get to work and do something manly and . . . big and useful, maybe I could tolerate him.

ZENOBIA. But, Mamma, he does work, awfully hard . . . all day long. No wonder he's . . . he doesn't know how to mix with people so well. I --

(A weak peal of the doorbell interrupts her. She jumps to her feet, yanking here and there at her snug gown. Then she arches her back like a peacock, lifts her chin proudly into the air, and grasps at the doorknob with the decision of one going bravely to his death. She opens the door and speaks with tenderness in her voice.)

ZENOBIA. Good evening, George.

(GEORGE indistinctly mumbles a greeting and cautiously steps into the room, peering first to one side of him and then to the other like one who is looking for automobiles before crossing the street. MRS. FLABBERSTAT'S eyes, which gaze across the room beyond ZENOBIA, take on a concentrated, alert look. Then, without warning, she springs from her chair, letting her book fall to the floor. On its way it

knocks over an ash-tray from the table beside her. The ash-tray clangs. The book bangs. THE FLABBER-STAT dashes across the room, nearly knocking GEORGE down as she sweeps past him. She stops by her spouse's chair and frantically claps her hands. The lamp beside the table sways, then crashes to the floor. The shade rolls to ZENOBIA'S feet. She tenderly picks it up and pats it in her embarrassment. MRS. FLABBERSTAT falls on her hands and knees and swats at the carpet like a kitten pawing a ball of yarn. MR. FLABBERSTAT calmly lets his paper fall to his lap and watches her movements with little interest. ZENOBIA looks disgusted and anguished. GEORGE looks startled and bewildered, and backs toward the door. Then an expression of understanding creeps over his face. He leaps into the air as gracefully as a faun and brings his hands together with a light clap. He speaks with enthusiasm, forgetting to be timid.

GEORGE. By golly, how's that for a good shot! MRS. FLABBERSTAT, breathless, has scrambled to her feet. She hurries to his side. Perspiration runs down her face, and her bosom heaves. ZENOBIA hastens to his other side. GEORGE separates his hands and MRS. FLABBERSTAT eyes them. We can almost see a small silvery mass discoloring his left palm. A smile of victory spreads over MRS. FLABBERSTAT'S face as the sun spreads over the earth after a cloud has been removed from its path. MR. FLABBERSTAT chuckles.

MR. FLABBERSTAT. Well, well, spring is here! The moths have arrived - - and it looks, George, as though you'd arrived too!

Mollie English, '33

THE FROG

The frog
In the old mill-pond
Squats in the slimy mud,
Then rises to the top to grunt
Ka-dunk!

J. F., '36

ELEGY IN A TOURIST CAMP GROUND

The Klaxon sounds the knell of parting day;
Some late arrivals through the dust clouds creep;
And three hours after we have hit the hay
The noise calms down, so we can get some sleep,

Save that, from yonder pennant-clad sedan,
The radio-set sends out its hoarse appeal,
And underneath a nearby light a man
Pounds until daylight on a broken wheel.

Beneath those tattered tops, those patent tents,
Where falls the dust into each sunburned pore,
All in their folding-beds of slight expense,
The rude explorers of the highway snore.

Let not ambition mock their creaky cars,
Their khaki clothes of vintages obscure,
Nor grandeur view, with hauteur like a czar's
The short and simple flivvers of the poor.

The coats of shiny paint, the pomp of power,
And all that charms the motoristic fop,
Await alike the inevitable hour --
The paths of touring lead but to the stop.

Full many a boob with purest thought serene
Succumbs each summer to the touring itch;
Full many a car is doomed to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness in a western ditch.

Catherine Murphy, '35

CINQUAIN

A fork,
An eager child,
A piece of foamy pie.
A smile of complete enjoyment --
No pie.

R. S., '34

SPOONERISMS

A spoonerism is the accidental transposition of sounds in successive words. The word is derived from the name of the Rev. Dr. William Archibald Spooner of New College, Oxford, widely known for many years because of an affliction which caused him to transpose initial letters or syllables with ludicrous results. One of his most famous utterances was "Is it kiasutmary to cuss the bride?"

In 1878, when Dr. Spooner was conducting a service at college, he announced the hymn "Conquering kings their titles take" as "Kinquering kongs their titles take." Back in the days of bicycling he is said to have greeted a friend who saw him examining his machine with the explanation, "I got down to boil my icicle." He is known to have addressed a gathering as "tone of soil," and once he rebuked his history class for "hissing all my mystery lectures." A former student at New College testified on numerous occasions that Dr. Spooner had solemnly rebuked him for "fighting liars" in the quadrangle.

He is said to have leaned over the pulpit in the course of a sermon and asked, "Ah, dear brethren, are you never conscious of a half-warmed fish within your breast?" Some other of his miscast phrases were "Three cheers for our queer old dean" instead of "Three cheers for our dear old queen" and "My wife will be here shortly, she is in the town drain," for "down train." It is no wonder that the reverend doctor grew in fame and popularity. At his death a few years ago the New English Dictionary took official recognition of the word "spoonerism", including it in its edition of 1927.

Jane Lewis, '34

(Material from the New York Times, August, 1929)

Some other spoonerisms:

"The man received a blushing crow," for "crushing blow."

"Is the bean dizzy?" for "Is the dean busy?"

"Bring the beer today" for "Bring the deer to bay."

(This last perpetrated by a member of our own faculty.)

A classic:

Pewholder, to visitor: "Pardon me, but you are occupying my pie."

Usher: "Let me sew you to a sheet."

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