

The Link



January, 1933



THE LINK

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

No. 1

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EDITORIAL

This, the first issue of the school year, is an experiment. Being in a depression and being very much aware of it, we are not having our magazine printed as usual, but are using an offset photographic process. This, done from our own typing, is considerably less expensive than print, so we have been able to reduce our advertising rates and lower our subscription price.

We have broken not only from the old printing, but also from the old pattern. With no disrespect to preceding editorial boards, we felt that the Link was in some danger of becoming stereotyped and colorless in our hands and that a change of plan was desirable; so we are instituting our own little renaissance and shall try to endue our publication with some of the vim, vigor, and vitality so much talked of in this modern world. We hope, too, that we shall be able to make it more successfully representative of the school. The new editorial board is made up of members of each of the Intermediate and Upper School classes rather than of the two upper classes, as previously. Our esteemed contemporary the sturdy Half Link will perhaps continue to allow us occasionally to reprint material from the Primary department.

There will be three issues this year. This first number is put out by the Upper School; the second is in the hands of the Intermediates, and the last and greatest of our three crown jewels will be created by the Seniors.

Though preparing our material by the photographic method has been a lengthy process, it has also been interesting. It is still interesting, for we are anxiously waiting to see our things actually in print -- or in offset, if that is the proper term.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

School Songs

We have recently had the pleasure of playing hockey games with the Kent Place School, the Hart-ridge School, and Holmquist. No one could have had a better time at any of them than did the writer, and no one could have been prouder of her own school; but, with all due respect for our enthusiastic cheering delegation and its able leader, she would like to make a suggestion.

She happened to think, while wiggling her toes and smothering her chin to keep them warm, how much better than cheers some school songs might sound across a frosty field. Somehow, singing is sort of warming and encouraging, and it makes a very satisfactory expression of the loyal enthusiasm we may all feel within but be unable to get out in very loud or unified cheers. Of course we could not do without cheering entirely, so there might be a generous sprinkling of cheers around the school songs, and then everyone could have an opportunity to shout in her preferred way. If inspiration is lacking, we might organize a song contest and have each class, on a set date, demonstrate their contributions, the best to be selected for the school to commit to memory.

At any rate, the writer wanted to say what she felt about it and see how the idea was received. In closing, she wishes to repeat that the suggestion is made with the greatest respect for the loyal representatives of Miss Fine's who cheered their team across that broad frozen field at Plainfield.

P. A.

A School Ring

As far back as we can remember, each succeeding Junior class has had the privilege of selecting a class ring. At the beginning of the year the Juniors elect a committee to attend to the business and the committee is kept busy meeting appointments with salesmen and calling the class together to discuss the merits and defects of newly submitted rings. Although the present committee enjoys its task, it is of the opinion that it would be ideal to have, instead of these individual class rings, a standard ring for the school.

Such a ring would mean much more than a mere class ring. We are prouder of being members of Miss Fine's School than of being members of any particular class. We hope and expect to keep in touch with our own classmates, but it is impossible to know all our schoolmates and fellow alumnae. A standard ring would enable us to recognize them wherever we might meet them, and would bring about the pleasantest associations. Altogether, we believe that a standard ring would be a great satisfaction to everyone.

The ring should be chosen by the unanimous vote of the Upper School and approved by Miss Fine. We earnestly suggest that this matter be considered so that we may discuss it with Miss Fine before the new term.

J. L.

REX BRASHER'S BIRDS AND TREES OF NORTH AMERICA

We have more than one reason for reprinting the following editorial from the New York Evening Post.

Even those of us who have been most interested in the wonderful volumes of Rex Brasher's Birds and Trees of North America, given to us by Mrs. Lambert, have perhaps not realized what a prodigious work it really is. The last volume of the set came during the past summer, and it is now, complete, in the library. It may be seen by even the very youngest nature lover who is appreciative of a great treasure and who will ask a teacher to help him.

We will not add any word concerning what these books have cost in terms of a man's gifts and will and spirit, but we hope that you will read the editorial through very thoughtfully.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST
September 21, 1932

It is nearly one hundred years since John James Audubon finished his edition of 161 books, each carrying 435 hand-colored plates of American birds. For the better part of a century that monumental work has stood as the great ornithological record, in pictures. Now it has been surpassed. Reginald Brasher has completed his twelve-volume work on American birds.

For twelve years he worked. He finished 400 pictures. They did not satisfy him. He burned them and started over. Five years later he destroyed most of what he had done a second time. Then he started his final version. For twenty-three more years he painted, revised, culled out and repainted.

Then he found that the price of reproducing his priceless plates would be exorbitant, and that even at the price the best reproduction could not guarantee color exactitude. So he started work on an edition of 500 sets, each plate reproduced in black and white and colored by hand from the originals. He did one hundred copies of the first of the twelve volumes in six months and realized that he could not live long enough to finish the project. He reduced the edition to 100.

Now he has finished these 100 sets, 1200 volumes containing 90,000 plates, each of which Mr. Brasher himself colored with the greatest accuracy to nature that man's hand and eye can muster. The

books have been sold by subscription, to wealthy nature lovers and libraries, at a price which, though large in dollars, cannot begin to approach the amount of labor put into them. They are the work of a man's lifetime, such a work as few men have ever had the ability, the persistence, and the insistence on minute detail to achieve. Mr. Brasher's life work is done, and, at sixty-three, he said, looking at the completed project, "The hardest job was when I found that I was through."

UP AND DOWN THE YANGTSE

A line of boats, slow-moving, clumsy, ceaseless, dipping wet shining oars into the sluggish river; these are the Chinese scows on the Yangtse. Each stroke brings them nearer to Nanking, their goal, their market, the over-crowded city where the merchants expect to sell their poor wares. Never-ending is the line of boats filled with slanty-eyed, hunger-driven creatures, the men who push their scows down the Yangtse to earn a bit of money.

Up and down the river they row, never changing their course, never desiring anything but to reach Nanking, remembering only that they must keep rowing, must sell their wares. They pass and repass the ragged, monotonous, dirty shacks that house their fellow-men -- men who work and sweat for only a piece of clothing and men who sell their souls for less than nothing. A dingy, downtrodden, immovable people, they row down the river Yangtse to the market of the East, Nanking.

For centuries, unpainted, unwashed, roughly built scows have been taking the same course, their yellow masters selling the same wares, and the very water seems tired and slow to move. These Chinese who never know life but that on the Yangtse, these immobile Chinese, who never accept anything new, this is their penalty -- to keep rowing and selling, to keep on with their labor day after day. Surely they cannot be the "mystery of the East," the fascination of China.

Rita Grace Smith, '34

THE POETRY CONTEST

It is with not a little pride that The Link announces the winners in the Poetry Contest which closed on December 1st. In the Upper School Ingrid Shellabarger, '34, won the prize with her skillful sonnet, The Armchair Buccaneer. In the Intermediate School Judy Davies, Int. III, took first place with the gentle little poem Night Thoughts with Grandma.

The judges wish to make a further announcement regarding three other poems which, in their estimation, are deserving of honorable mention: The Revolving Door, by Janice Wilson, '33, an original treatment of a difficult theme; the effective Mob Scene by Darice Elmer, '33, and Sunset, by Carol Furman, Int. I, a delightful bit of imagery. They regard What Am I, by Kate Johnson, '35, as a splendid composition but ineligible because handed in and revised as class work before the beginning of the contest. The two winning poems and also those receiving honorable mention are here printed.

Many poems were submitted to the contest, several of which were worthy productions if not actual prize-winners. We are publishing a number of them in this issue, while others have been stowed safely away in The Link's "ice-box" for future use.

The large number of entries was indeed gratifying, and the judges were even more delighted with the variety of theme and verse-form. It is apparent that there is a genuine interest in poetry among us here at Miss Fine's. To discover this was the purpose of the contest; to reveal it as a truth is, The Link considers, a triumph. Perhaps there is no pleasanter moment in life than that when one can stand up and say, "Behold! I have done it and it is a success!" We are experiencing just such a moment now, and so fully do we enjoy the sensation of it that we are already looking forward to the next occasion. Therefore, nodding our heads at one another in determination, we are saying, "Let's do it again!"

NIGHT THOUGHTS WITH GRANDMA

Grandma, what do you do when you can't get to sleep,
Do you figure out puzzles or try counting sheep?
"Yes, I've tried to plan gardens and houses galore,
But I just can't seem to plan any more."

Do you think about days' work that ought to be done,
Or about the grown folks who are up having fun?
Sometimes do you lie there and think things to do,
To play or to talk or to read? "I do."

Judy Davies, Int. III

THE ARMCHAIR BUCCANEER

The household slumbers, but the printed page
Sparkles with high Romance. . . My easy chair
Becomes a full-rigged ship, sails on to dare
The devil and New Main. Great lines engage
Stout craft in hard-fought actions. Pirates wage
Unholy war -- grim boarders are repelled,
Lee shores out-run; bold mutineers are quelled --
(The hearth-cat purrs in sympathetic rage.)

'Tis pleasant thus to dare -- to do or die.
I doze to hear the bo'sun's pipe, and then
The call to battle quarters: "Lively, men!
Man starboard guns -- main tops'll sheets let fly!"
I wake -- my good ship now a chair instead --
And sigh. . . The hall clock says six bells and bed.

Ingrid Shellabarger, '34

SUNSET

I love the sunset
And its streaks of red and gold.
I love to watch the big ball
That is the burning sun.
It is crimson-colored
As it sinks slowly down
Behind something
That you or I know nothing of.

Carol Furman, Int. I

WHAT AM I?

What am I?
That has always been the question.
What happens when I die?
That is something we seldom mention.
What am I?

What am I?
They have said that when I go
I just don't die,
I live again -- I wonder if it's so?
What am I?

What am I?
For life there does not seem to be a
reason --
But always it is that same cry,
And still I live and grow through
every season.
What am I?

Kate Johnson, '35

R E V I E W S

MAGNOLIA STREET -- Louis Golding

Magnolia Street is not an ordinary kind of book. It has no hero nor heroine. It deals with the lives of the Jews and the Gentiles of Magnolia Street, in an English town. It takes up in turn the lives and careers of the families on the street, and without giving one more time or color than another it follows them for a score of years. It goes with them to the war, and to a prison cell. Its people marry, die, and leave, and still the street remains. It is a picture of the hatred of the Jews for the Gentiles, a tiny portion of the strife which has come through the centuries and which will continue indefinitely through the centuries to come. In one happy part of the book Mr. Golding has reconciled the two races; but in the end the same jealousy, the same hate is aroused, and Magnolia Street continues to be an ordinary street, with Jews on one side, Gentiles on the other, and an iron barrier between.

Lorna Stuart, '34

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT -- H. G. Wells

The Research Magnificent, by H. G. Wells, is about William Porphyry Benham, a man who was led into adventure by an idea. It was an idea that took possession of his life quite early; it grew with him and changed with him; it interwove at last with all his being. This idea was germinating in him as a schoolboy. He belonged to that fortunate minority who are independent of daily necessities, so he was free to go about the world under its direction. It led him far. It led him into situations that bordered upon the fantastic; it made him ridiculous; it came near to making him sublime.

An idea that can play so large a part in life must necessarily have something of the complication and protean quality of life itself. Yet essentially Benham's was simple. He had an incurable persuasion that he had to live life nobly and thoroughly. His commoner expression for his idea of further living was "the aristocratic life." But by "aristocratic" he meant something very different from the quality of a Russian prince or an English peer. He meant an intensity, a clearness. Nobility, for him, meant getting something out of his individual existence -- a flame, a jewel, a splendour . . . It is a thing easier to understand than to say.

However, when he found that nobility was not the simple thing he had at first supposed it to be, he set himself, in a mood only slightly disconcerted, to its discovery. He began with simple beliefs and fine attitudes and ended in a conscious research. He spent the greater part of his life experimenting with the noble possibilities of man. He never lost his absurd faith in a conceivable splendour. At first it was always just around the corner or just through the wood; to the last it seemed but a little way beyond the distant mountains. Modern aristocracy, the new aristocracy, he thought, had still to be discovered and understood. This was the next necessary step for mankind.

This book is filled with aspirations and ideals which, if one chose to follow them, would mean the modelling of a fine life.

Ingrid Shellabarger, '34

PONY WISE

It was a glaringly hot day. Since early morning the sun had beaten down upon the dusty earth, wilting the grass in the big square and making the dirty grey canvas of the circus tent-tops a bright white.

Within the high iron gate that barred the main entrance to the county Fair Grounds, slim, gaudy gypsy girls hurried from booth to booth, unpacking, hanging, arranging, and lean bronzed men with tired dark eyes boredly carried huge bundles about on their bare muscular shoulders. Fat old women with leathery faces basked in the sun, jogging screaming babies on their broad slippery laps, or kicking with stub-toed boots at flea-bitten dogs.

Behind a low red fence, that looked as though it belonged to some little girl's doll-house, three miniature black ponies with arched necks and dusty ears pranced back and forth, making soft thudding noises on the hard turf with their tiny unshod feet. A man in brief spangled tights and voluminous black patent-leather boots shouted at them through a false moustache and snapped a shiny, vicious-looking whip. Obediently they stopped, turned, knelt, bobbed heads, and returned to their prancing, 'round and 'round.

Idling against the fence and watching the performance there was a stocky, round-faced man with wide blue eyes and enormous ears. He was chewing a toothpick gingerly and humming three notes back and forth under his breath. It was obvious that he did not belong to all these gala preparations, for his face wore a wondering, though kindly, expression, and frequently he rubbed a spot behind his ear in a puzzled sort of way. A man with an armful of bright sashes passed and, flashing a good-natured smile in his direction called, "Hey, Ebenzer, you might lend a hand." But Ebenzer's attention was fixed only on those three black ponies. Each time the spangled trainer shouted he leaned forward expectantly and eagerly watched them stop, turn, kneel, and bob; then as they resumed their prancing he relaxed against the red post with a satisfied smile.

So they went on for some time without a change, stopping, kneeling, bobbing, like mechanical toys till, quite without warning, the leader and smallest of the ponies made a mistake. He knelt, but forgot to bob his head. As he bounded to his feet Spangles shouted at him, "Hey, you, what do you think this is!" The offender bolted in terror to the far side of the ring; menacingly Spangles came toward him, trailing the lash. The man leaning against the post winced as he watched

the pony toss his head and brace himself to take his punishment. Three times the whip struck, and then he was roughly pushed back into line. The others never blinked or turned their heads, and as the lash cracked again they all resumed their prancing as though nothing had happened.

Ebenezer was greatly impressed. "Gallant little horse!" he repeated several times to himself, as though he liked the sound of the words, "Gallant little horse!" And each time the pony passed he tried to catch his eye and smiled encouragingly. But the pony never looked. Dustily oblivious, he trotted 'round and 'round, kneeling, bobbing, prancing.

Presently, as he knelt with the rest, something seemed to strike him again. With a funny panting noise he rolled over on his side and lay quietly, breathing in choked intervals. Spangles shouted and swore in vain. Finally he raised his lash; but as his thick arm descended it was grasped by another thicker and a strangely soft voice at his elbow said, "You'd better not. I think you've hurt him." Spangles turned to gaze into a pair of big troubled blue eyes. He stopped in surprise and forgot to think up a suitable oath. The blue eyes widened with earnestness while the voice went on, "If you can't be nicer to him I'll have to take him away from you."

Then Spangles came to. "You can take the ---- little cuss and good riddance!" he began, but his instinct for a bargain warned him just in time. "For five dollars," he added. Ebenezer hesitated, but just then the pony made a successful struggle to regain his feet, and promptly the lash curled to meet him. The grimy bills changed hands quickly, and a rope was slipped around the pony's neck. The clumsy, shambling man and the trim little pony passed through the low red gate together.

No one saw them slip through the back entrance and start slowly towards Hooker's Hill, the rope taut between them. Twice they stopped to rest. Ebenezer pondered the question of how to explain to his mother the arrival of his newest purchase, for old Grandma Hooker's tongue was another lash to be reckoned with, and the "gallant little horses" gazed longingly back toward the ring and thought of Spangles.

After they had climbed awhile in thoughtful silence, they both reached a decision. Ebenezer said to himself, "I'll do it whether she likes it or not," and the pony said to himself, "I'll do it whether he likes it or not!" Just as Ebenezer turned sharply into a driveway with the rope in tow, the pony ducked his head and slipped through the noose. Back he trotted down the hill toward the Fair Grounds, and behind him in panting pursuit came his rescuer with the limp rope. The pony turned into the first gate-

way, crossed the grounds, and disappeared. Ebenezer followed more slowly, wending his way to the red gate.

Sure enough. There in the ring, prancing 'round and 'round with the rest, was the little black pony, and even as he watched the whip cracked. The pony stopped, knelt, bobbed, and then resumed his prancing. Spangles turned with a broad grin.

"Did he run away?" he shouted.

The disappointed blue eyes blinked an affirmative.

"You see," Spangles added jovially, "he likes me and my ways best!"

Ebenezer only shook his head slowly and walked dejectedly off, trailing the rope and muttering under his breath, "Gallant little horse! Gallant little horse!"

Peggy Amey, '33

CHANNING

Channing was a golden horse
That came from somewhere West,
And no one seemed to want him,
So I bought him with the rest.

Kipper tried to break him,
But he used a heavy lash.
Channing didn't like it,
So he trampled Kip to hash.

Bill and Peck and Whiskers tried him,
But got planted on the air,
So we sent him to a rodeo
To try his stuff out there.

A cowboy with a Stetson
And a voice you couldn't hear
Rubbed his nose familiarly
And whispered in his ear.

Channing stared and grinned and melted --
He nickered right out loud --
The cowboy loped him 'round the ring
Before a booing crowd.

I sold him to a puncher
Who took him back out West,
And now he's herding cattle
Along with all the rest.

Peggy Amey, '33

THE LITTLE FELLER

Mrs. Manlin slammed the door with such a crash that it shook the walls of the ranch-house kitchen. She slammed it so hard that it didn't latch but hung ajar a fraction of an inch. The boys grinned down the line and Mrs. Manlin muttered something about the next cowhand that left that door open on her rheumatism. Slinging the hash upon the table, she sailed from the room, indignant. An unexpected gust of wind, bringing with it a driving rain, blew the door open again. The men were so engrossed in conversation and the division of equal portions of hash that they did not notice.

He stood there on the dooreill, cold and wet, with the rain running from him in streams. With a brush for a tail and a grotesque little body, he hesitated, his knock-knees shaking unsteadily beneath him and his ears flapping foolishly. Seeing nothing alarming and no one to stop him, he faltered across the floor to the far end of the big room. Still no one knew he was there, and, scenting a pungent and most delicious odor, he stretched a quivering nose toward a square package protruding from the pocket of one of the boys. Lifting it with his front teeth, he took the prize and slowly began to move the muscles of his jaws. Suddenly the figure of Mrs. Manlin filled the room as she advanced to the table, saying in a terrible voice,

"I thought I said the next cowhand thet ----"

Behind her came a frenzied snort, and turning she saw the colt weaving his head back and forth and rolling his eyes like a dorky baby. Fluttering from one corner of his mouth was a scrap of something white.

"He's havin' fits," whispered Pete.

"No," remarked Shorty slowly, squinting at the small creature. "No, he ain't. That little cuss has lifted my last package of cigarettes, and it's three weeks to pay-day."

Martha Lutz, '34

NIGHT PIECE

Three books from a set of Shakespeare were lying on the table. Out of the darkness jumped a cricket through a window onto the top book and sang his one song over and over again. He sang noisily and happily. He sang with gusto. The black cat with the tail cut short stretched lazily, yawned, and curled himself into a ball again. The canary chirped for a minute or two but on opening one bright eye and seeing only the dark closed it again quickly, ruffled his feathers, and jumped on his perch. Above, a door closed with a bang and a window slid shut unwillingly. The cricket jumped from off the books into the night, and silence closed about the room once more.

Rita Grace Smith, '34

H O B B I E S

The thing I like to do best is to ride my bicycle and to climb the willow tree.

Elizabeth Sinclair, Grade 2

The thing I like to do best of all is to pet my cat. I like to sew very much and I like to pet my dog too.

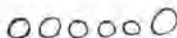
Irene Dickenson, Grade 2

MY COLLECTION


Last summer I went walking with my dog. He helped me a lot when I was looking for my collection. He helped me find a bird skull, a rat skull, a mouse skull and a cormorant skull. He helped me find a field sparrow's nest and a robin's nest and a Baltimore oriole's nest. The field sparrow's nest was on the ground in a field. The robin's nest was on a very low branch. The Baltimore oriole's nest was on a branch that was about three feet off the ground. The dog helped me to find some shark's eggs. The shark's eggs were in a black case like this:



Shark's Case with
eggs inside



Shark's Eggs
out of Case

I found the soft-shell clam shell and the oyster shell and I found one hundred and fifty scallop shells. I found a sand dollar that looks just like this:  I found six perfect arrow heads and a piece of an Indian earring. I found a snake skin and a fossil. The fossil is a piece of stone. Long long ago the stone was soft and shells got stuck in the soft rock. It looks like this:



A Fossil

My aunt gave me twenty-one beetles from all over the world. I don't know the names of any of them. I found thirty caterpillars and they all made cocoons and turned into butterflies. Then I caught them and put them in a butterfly press. I put two of the caterpillars in a bottle so that people could see what they looked like.

THE END

John Crocker, Grade 4

WATER PLANTS

I collect water plants, which I dry and press, then mount on white paper.

A useful as well as pretty plant is the Great Valerian. People use it to kill rats and mice. The flower is red and conspicuous. Another water specimen, often seen around here, is the Water Cress. This is of the cabbage family and used for food. It has a dainty white flower, which few of us see. Another plant, which is used as a medicine, is the Water Dropwort. The leaves and stems of these plants are hollow.

Probably the water plant best known to us is the Water Lily. It grows in two inches or more of water and usually among reeds. There are two kinds, the White Water Lily, which is the one most sought because it's the prettiest, and the Yellow Water Lily, which has an unpleasant odor.

I also collect seaweeds and deep-sea plants. I think this hobby is very interesting, and it's lots of fun.

Mary Louise Davies, Int. IV

TRACKING

The most interesting collection I have is one of wild animals' footprints. The best time to get these is after a rain, when the ground is soft. Every night the animals come out to hunt and play, and leave their tracks, and early each morning I take a walk in the woods and mark the best of these before anyone goes over them with a horse and wagon. Then in the afternoon I put on old clothes and start out for the woods with my basket of plaster of paris, water, a cup, and a spoon.

When I come to the first track I unpack my things. First I build a small wall of sand around the track to hold the plaster, which I have diluted with water until it runs freely. I then pour the mixture over the track and leave it to dry. When it dries it lifts off like a plate, and the track is raised on its surface. I then print this on more plaster of paris, so that the track is indented, and the print is complete.

I look up each print and name it, so that I will know it when I see it again. Although I have only a few prints as a beginning, I hope to collect many more.

Isabel Lawton, '34

BLUE JAY

On the edge of an old field of broken-down cornstalks stood a gnarled old apple-tree, its bare black branches and twigs sharply outlined against the dull gray sky. The woods could be but dimly seen in the distance, for a mist was hanging over them.

I walked a little nearer to the tree and suddenly noticed something bright. A patch of blue feathers with a saucy blue cap was busily engaged in stealing acorns from a squirrel's nest. I moved a few steps nearer to the tree and discovered a pair of beady black eyes watching closely every move I made.



After examining me closely for a few minutes, the jay started to chatter and scold, hopping up and down and sending showers of nuts rattling down upon my head. At last, unable to endure his noisy voice any longer, I reached up and shook the branch above me. Away he streaked, a blue flash, uttering harsh cries all the way to the woods, from which I could long hear his angry screams.

Josephine Herring, Int. IV

THROUGH THE SNOW

It was the middle of winter, in the heart of the Rockies. It had been snowing for three days. The drifts were piled high around the cabin and on the floor of the valley, but the wind had swept the hills free. I was sitting beside my fire, gazing out of the window and thinking. I was wondering how the elk were standing the blizzard, and where they were feeding.

All at once something caught my eye, something dark against the white, bleak hilltop. I looked a-

gain -- it was a bull elk. His magnificent antlers were silhouetted against the gloomy gray sky. He turned, and I could faintly hear his call as he signalled the others. One by one they filed over the hill, a few old bulls and cows with their wobbly-legged calves. They began looking for the dried grass which they knew was there.

Suddenly the old leader raised his head, gazing into the valley. I followed his gaze and saw a great gray wolf, with his hungry eyes on the herd. The leader bugled his warning and turned, disappearing through the snow down the opposite slope, his proud herd following unquestioning.

Frances Kennedy, Int. IV

THE MOUNTAIN

For years thou hast stood here,
And for years and years to come
Thy tall majestic head shall be lifted
 toward the blue.
Below thee like a great white plain
Stretch the billowing clouds.
O thou lofty, mighty, and wise!
Thou knowest the history of the world be-
 low thee --
Of man, his strife, his home, and his
 fields.
-- Men have come to thee for refuge
 When the foes drew near --
Floods thou hast known,
Great forests which have come and gone,
Winds cold and sharp, and scorching heat
Have been thy lot;
Sun, moon, and stars hast thou watched
 for centuries.
Oh, if thou couldst tell us of thy wisdom
What treasure would be ours!

Nancy Thomson, '36



BIRDY AND ME

As I went walking
I saw a little bird
And he hopped up to me.
As I was talking
The funny little bird
Flew to his nest in the tree.
There was the little bird
Snug in his nest
And he sang to his baby and me.

Sally Pardoe, Grade III

LITTLE FAIRIES

Glittering are their dresses,
Sparkling are their wings,
As they dance
In the sun.
Lovely are their voices
When they sing.
Dainty are their feet
When they run.

Barbara Lutz, Grade III

GOLD LEAVES

Gold leaves flying like snow.
Gold leaves covering the wood.
All the hill is gold leaves.
Oh, what fun to run in leaves
When the wind is cold!
Leaves are falling on the ground.
The rakes are raking,
Are raking leaves away.

Mary Greey, Grade IV
(Reprinted from the Half Link)

FUN

It's fun to swim in rivers
Where leaves come down on you.
It's fun to climb in trees
Up near the sky so blue.

It's fun to play in the old barn
And lie down in the hay.
It's fun to be in a daisy field
And roll in the grass all day.

Lysbeth Fisher, Grade IV
(Reprinted from the Half Link)

THIS SUMMER

We had a boat. We had lots of fun sailing.
We pull our little boats. We are going to have a
big boat. We will go out to the ocean. We might
go out and spend a week, and then we will go every-
where. We will go all over. We will go all around
the islands. We will see all the sea-gulls. We will
go to nice green islands. We will go to hay-fields.
Then we will come back and come home to Princeton
as soon as summer is over. Then we will begin to go
to school. Then we will begin to work on our stories
and then we will begin to work on our number work.
We love to work and then we do quite hard work in
school. We have lots more fun than a circus in school.

Margaret Wicks, Grade 2

THE ADVENTURES OF A PENCIL

I was writing a story with my new pencil
when suddenly it began to make me write down to-
wards the bottom of the paper. I couldn't write
with it. I put it down and picked up another pen-
cil. This new pencil stood up and ran up my arm,
caught hold of my tie and slid down onto my leg
and then onto the floor. Then it ran over to Bob's
desk and tried to hide under Bob's foot. I tried
to catch it. It ran around the other side of Bob's
desk and said, "Ha! Ha! you can't catch me!" I
said, "I can," and the pencil called, "Do it!" I
ran around to catch it. It ran outside of the room
and down the hall. Miss Fine happened to be coming
up the hall and when she saw the pencil she was so
frightened that she ran all the way upstairs and all
the way to New York. The pencil ran back to the
room and opened the drawer and hid.

THE END

Charles R. Erdman, Grade 4
(Reprinted from the Half Link)

THE LAST LEAF

There was such a to-do in the Mouse family! The baby ones squeaked and squealed, but nothing could be done about it. The last leaf of the old document in the trunk in the attic was gone. The mother and father mouse had saved the last leaf for a feast; but had they been wiser, they would have taken it to the safety of the mouse hole.

In the nursery, silence reigned. The children had found the last page of their great-grandmother's diary. They saw it had been nibbled by mice, but even "The Last Leaf" was a great find.

Joan Taylor, Int. III

MANY LANDS

I sit at home and read my book
In my favorite garden nook;
I travel through the Egypt land
In Cairo gay by the golden sand.

I love to walk through Greece of old
And dream about the age of gold,
And though I only sit at home,
I see as much as those that roam.

Peggy Purves, Int. I

A FAIRY BOOK

Whene'er I read a fairy book
I seem to see in every nook
A knight so brave, or castle strong
That in those tales I too belong.

I know what I should like to be:
A princess fair, deep in the sea;
My castle a house of coral and pearl,
And my hair done up in a golden curl.

And so many other things, too,
Though they might not interest you,
But when I read in any nook
I like to read a fairy book.

Jane Colt, Int. I

AN ALLEY CAT

I quarrel with all the dogs in sight
And try to scratch out their eyes,
And I crawl along back fences,
Sampling tasty pies.

My fights with other enemies
Have led me to distress,
For I have sores all over me,
And do I look a mess!

I live in an old back alley,
The home of many stray cats;
I don't live on pillowy cushions,
But I do catch rats.

Judy Davies, Int. III



THE PUPPY WITH FLEAS

Everyone knows I have fleas,
So I'm out all day chained to the trees.
But they tickle my chin
If I'm out or I'm in,
And everyone hates my flea-bitten skin,
So they give me powders that make me sneeze
And so many baths that they wrinkle my knees,
But they just can't do away with my fleas.

Katherine Eisenhart, Int. III

SERPENTINE

Old Serpentine the serpent is a silly sort of snake,
He comes slithering and sliding through the grass
along the lake;
As I sit without my shoes on, a-curling up my toes,
His silly little smile is not so sad as you suppose.

"Come, Serpentine, dear playmate, I see you want
to play;
Promise not to be so silly and we'll have some fun
today."
Then I take him by the tail and we hunt the meadows
over --
An egg for Serpentine to suck, for me a four-leaf
clover.

Some think it very odd that Serpentine and I should
choose
To ask all of the animals the gossip and the news
Of the meadow and the woods -- it may be a mistake!
But old Serpentine, you know, is a silly sort of snake.

Jane Lewis. '34

MON VER

I
J'ai un petit ver. Il s'appelle Oscar.
Il a un costume vert.
Son pantalon est vert et aussi sa chemise.
Il a des souliers noirs, bien cirés.

II
Il mange des feuilles.
Sa maison est une boîte blanche.
Tous les jours je mets des
Feuilles vertes dans sa maison
Pour son manger.

III
J'aime beaucoup Oscar et
J'espère que Oscar m'aime.



Voilà Oscar!

Eleanor Morgan, Int. III

H O C K E Y

The varsity hockey season opened on November 4 with a close game with Kent Place School from Summit. Unfortunately we were defeated, 3-2, but the teams were quite evenly matched, and both showed fine spirit. The game was played on our own field, with many supporters from both schools present.

Our second game was with Miss Hartridge's School in Plainfield, on November 22. It resulted in a tie, 1-1. It also was a very good game, but it was marked by less teamwork than the Kent Place game. After the game we were all invited to tea in the school, which was highly appreciated by everyone, especially as it was a very cold day.

The third and last game (outside) of the season was with the Holmquist School, on our own field, on December 2. The score was 8-6 in our opponent's favor, but the game was very exciting to the end, Miss Fine's leading at the end of the first half.

The team follows:

L. W. Lawton	L. I. Menzies	C. F. Miers	R. I. Armstrong	R. W. Foster
L. H. McCain Thomson	L. F. Clothier	C. H. Righter	R. F. Field	R. H. Lewis
Goal Murray				

In the Holmquist game I. Shellabarger, L. H., and B. Tobin, L. F., had places on the team for the first time.

Goals

Kent Place game: Armstrong 1, Miers 1.

Hartridge School game: Armstrong 1.

Holmquist School game: Miers 6.

Umpires

Kent Place game: Dunne and H. Foster

Hartridge School game: Badger and H. Foster

Holmquist School game: Richardson, Stockton, and Boice

This year we have had Senior plus, Senior minus, Junior plus and Junior minus teams. The Senior teams are made up of Seniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen. Captains: Senior plus, E. Miers; Senior minus, B. Manning; Junior plus, J. Lewis; Junior minus, I. Shellabarger. The only game so far has been Senior plus vs. Junior minus, won by the former, 6-2.

DO YOU KNOW

That in small restaurants in France one pays something extra for the use of a napkin and that the clients are respectfully begged not to waste the bread?

That in a French library the gentlemen readers are respectfully begged to take off their hats unless some indisposition such as a cold prevents them from doing so?

That water does not always freeze from the top downward? In very cold countries fresh-water streams sometimes freeze from the bottom upward, especially when there is a strong current.

That there is no point on the earth where the moon never shines?

That diamonds are composed of carbon and will burn if subjected to sufficient heat?

That rain will not wash starch out of clothes but wind will blow it out?

That water runs out of a basin clockwise in the Northern Hemisphere and counter-clockwise in the Southern?

That by a great engineering feat the river that runs through Chicago has been forced to flow backwards? It now empties into the Gulf of Mexico instead of the Atlantic.

That a "tragedy" was originally a joyous, ludicrous play?

That originally an idiot was a man who preferred not to hold office? It was the ideal of nearly every Greek citizen to serve in official capacity. The few who cared nothing for political eminence but preferred to live as private citizens were called idiotai. It came about that their modest tastes and retiring habits were attributed to degraded intellect.

That "algebra" means "bone-setting"? It is derived from the Arabic al-jabr, meaning "setting bones," or "reunion of broken parts," or reducing fractions to integers.

That vellum, veal, viol, violin, Italy, veteran, inveterate, weather, vittell (German), fiddle, and vielle (French) all came from the same root? This was the ancient Aryan word watas, or year.

That since 1800 England has been the ally of every major country?

That it is possible to take one from twenty-four and leave twenty-five? (For answer apply to editors.)

That it can be proved arithmetically that we never work at all?

There are in each year	365 days
We work but 8 hours, $1/3$ of each day, so subtract $2/3$, or	<u>244</u>
	121
Subtract an hour each day for lunch, or 15 days per year	<u>15</u>
	106
Subtract 52 Sundays	<u>52</u>
	54
Subtract $1/2$ of each of 52 Saturdays	<u>26</u>
	28
Two weeks for summer vacation	<u>14</u>
	14
Fourteen holidays: New Year's, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Election Day, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and three Easter holidays	<u>14</u>
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