The Link



June, 1938

THE LINK

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL





haerent infixi pectore boltus berbaque.

Virgil, Aeneid, IV, 4.

To

MRS. ALBION

who taught us 'where, in this dissolving scheme, to pause and read its meanings'.

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

Vol. XVIII JUNE 1938 No. 5

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SENIOR FAREWELL

YE HAVE waged a war on sentimentality, but in the end we have lost. A little younger than most classes, we faced the Upper School with the same boldness we exhibited to Miss Barger in the Lower and thought we proved our strength with stubbornness. A little surer we were right, we opposed the teachers at their every move. We had no cause for our defiance; we argued when we knew that we were beaten, but hated the admission; and to those teachers now we wish to express our appreciation for their interest and much-needed patience. A little more optimistic because of our youth, we looked forward always to what was ahead. In the Primary this meant the giant-strides and as Intermediates we were impatient for the change to Study Hall and the mysteries of the Student Council. Firmly established downstairs in the front rows, we were eager for the new teachers and the years when we should obtain driving licenses. Last fall, we returned, noisy as ever and more than ready for the joys of the Senior Sitting Room and the luxury of studying under the chestnut trees. But now as the year is ending, we feel a sadness and are tempted to look back, and though this is our Spring to say "good-bye," let us keep looking forward, knowing that to the memories of these years we shall never say farewell.



KATHARINE EISENHART

You want to speak to Kay—well, that doesn't make you exactly unique: everyone wants to speak to Kay. Push your way through the milling throng about her desk and you'll find her dashing off the last lines of an admirable contribution to the Link (one of many), or drawing Brian Aherne as Hamlet, while outlining the future policies of the Dramatic Club, the Senior Class, and the Athletic Association (of all of which she is president) to a panting henchman, or demonstrating how she hit E above high C last night ("D'you want me to sing louder?"), or relaying the latest gossip ("But my deah, haven't you heard?") to the more regular members of her salon who stand about 'in silence always: trying to stop Kay in full conversational flight is about as effective as trying to dam Niagara with a sievel with admiration in their eyes, all duly noted and approved by Lady Bountiful. Kay's been in the school since First Grade and has amassed a brilliant scholastic record. When not otherwise occupied, she is the Art Editor of the Link and a member of the Student Council, and she's quite "ready, willing, and able" to give anything else a try.

L'ANNE ASHLEY

A mere observer might say that Bug-Wug's (spectacular nickname!) main trait is her inscrutability; for she is often glimpsed with the faraway look in her eyes that signifies great and unsharable thoughts. But who could maintain that opinion having once heard her laugh ricocheting off the walls of Miss Dorwart's room as l'Anne rocks back and forth, seized with mirth at our latest misunderstanding of Virgil? Possessed of a mature graciousness of intellect, masked by an often childish exterior, one minute will find her exclaiming over Winnie-the Pooh, the next, pursuing with equal enjoyment Sesame and Lilies. Because she has a different sense of values from most people, she has been regarded for years as a sort of blonde Mona Lisa (see picture) and a Great Human Enigma; but it is our contention that she is a modern version of the classic spirit, sim-plicity itself, and can be relied on for a candid opinion-when and if asked for; you certainly will not get it otherwise.





a class of highly inflammable and volatile tempers) and one of our most popular and efficient Student

Council presidents.

cries, rushing past us, a bunch of balloons clutched in one hand and a broom in the other, the small and disheveled chairman of the Dance Committee working hard. This appearance of emotional upheaval is only one side of the picture, however, for Lily is perhaps the most controlled of those temperamental Seniors, and usually contents herself, when distraught, with drawing sailboats all over her books. We wouldn't go so far as to say that she is a perfect reversal of the saying "an angel in disguise," but pretty diabolical thoughts have been known to emerge from her cranium, masked by a most demure and innocent exterior. The tact, insight, and pa-tience she combines with this slightly Machiavellian complex have made Lily indispensable to us (her poise makes her a marked woman in



HELEN CROSSLEY



Her hair gleaming like a white light in a tunnel. Hel rattles up on "Garibaldi," a recalcitrant bicycle which has been known to toss her off. She belongs to the exclusive brigade who ride to school from the environs of Battle Park every morning, and looks the personification of Lanz of Salzburg. She must have had great foresight, because she voyaged to the Tyrol before anyone had realized that a craze for all things Austrian was coming, and she returned well adorned à l'Autrichienne before the shopgirls of Saks even knew how to pronounce "dirndl." The juniors will have a difficult task anyway to fill the gap which we leave (numerically), but their severest task will be to equal Helen's record. She dislikes to have us discuss her brilliance, so we shall leave only this broad hint, which will save us many superlatives.

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ELEANOR ESTE

A great stamping is heard—the fairy footfalls which herald the approach of our horsewoman. With a loud "what a week-end!" Rich tears into class wearing jeans and her best western boots. She glances cautiously at the sky and hopes it will rain because she "must clip those horses today."

This skilled equestrienne is torn between Wyoming and Southern Pines, with a definite interest in certain parts of New Jersey. She manages to prolong her vacations by caring for horses in a conveniently distant state. She hopes to have a stable of her own some day, and unless her famous independence and single-mindedness give out, she'll have it. Don't imagine that she has never done anything for us here at school—that would be something of a misconstruction. But when you read her contribution to the LINK this year you may have noted that here, too, she swung into the saddle.



MARION ESTE

Some twins are very much alike, But we are not a bit; In fact, since childhood's days we've been

Each other's opposite.

A "Well, I don't know," followed by an embarrassed chuckle is Marion's own clever way of avoiding intimate questions she doesn't particularly want to answer. For she is often besieged by a group of attentive friends who love nothing better than to tease (and incidentally to satiate their curiosity) concerning a variety of subjects rur ning from that Baltimore week-end to where she can procure suitable antiques for the school play. An even disposition has Marion, (likely toruffle only when she is mistaken for her twin), which helped to make her the steadiest player on the hockey team and aided her in tossing her team to the championship in basketball. The snappiest automobile in the class, the envied-of-all-whobehold-it Euripides, will carry her next year to Colby (near Dartmouth .







LOUISE FENNINGER

Resistance to mob rule in action or opinion we consider to be of great worth, so imagine our respect for "Fenning" when she maintained stony silence throughout the singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Repub-lie," unquelled by Miss Hofmann's lic," unquelled by Miss Hofmann's questioning gaze. It was no cold that was hampering her vocal chords, but her love of the Ol' South and loyalty to Southern traditions. But no Southern languor is apparent in this rebel. The tomes that litter her desk give mute proof of teeming activity. Also, Louise is one of the members of the Social Problems class, who finger the braille at institutes for the blind and finger the dust at the rescue missions. When not writing reports on motors for Miss Prince she is undoubtedly tracking down a little gossip with the same determination. Few things can stir her from these her favorite indoor sports except her brothers and ad-hunting!



MOLLIE HALL

Beaming broadly, Mollie sedately rolls into study hall. When she isn't investigating social problems or considering a future as a nurse she may always be found lending someone a helping hand. She is equally efficient captaining a championship hockey team or materializing and conserving the properties in Pride and Prejudice, and even Mr. Towers' hard driving couldn't remove that winning smile. Something of the serenity and loveliness of far-off ancestral Guernsey has entered into her being. Mollie is the confidente of many a member of the class, and how she keeps all her secrets straight is a mystery as well as a slight worry) to most of us.

We might add that Mollie is a most efficient practical joker and many of us have been deluded by her tales from time to time. Special memorandum to Kay: That brother was fictitious. Special memorandum to Massey: Her mother is about as French as Westminster Abbey.

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ROBERTA HARPER

Sis is blessed with naturally curly hair, the envy of an admiring public. She takes our compliments as nonchalantly as she takes our raving about her matchless tan; for Sis is our "sun-worshipper." She might also be a Rothschild, the way she handled the slow payers of LINK subscriptions and wrung the ducats out of them. We can't give a very apt report of her outside activities. but as for school, well: In one year she acquired a position on the varsity hockey squad and became one of our best forwards in basketball; and now the familiar cry when Sis comes to bat is, "Heavy batter! Fielders spread out!" We find her next singing lustily in the Glee Club or arguing with 's Miller as to whether she may use Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography as an example "just once more."



BETTY HILL

B is for Buick In which "Jush girl" gads.

E is for energy Spent on Link ads.

Two T's stand for TrenTon, Y—questioning moods.

II is for happiness That she exudes.

I is for Ivory Door: "Old Beppo" adorned it.

L is her leaning Toward Music. Don't scorn it.

The last L's for laughter She brought us in leisure—

This person is Betty: To know her's a pleasure.



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CHARMIAN KAPLAN

If Charm isn't wandering about the halls philosophizing about the vicissitudes of life and of Mrs. Snyder's Stock Market, she's probably hunting up some never-before-thought-of article for a helpless classmate—viz. the white nail polish she found for a prospective glamour girl. This talent made her a valuable addition to the prop. committee of Pride and Prejudice. There's nothing small about Charmian—she is endlessly, patiently generous. She thinks her thoughts by the yard and voices them liberally and with candour, and she has a wide variety of interests from science to architecture.



CARY KENNEDY

"Kay, if you don't hurry up we'll go without you," threatens Cary, who gets very hungry about a quarter to one; and it's quite likely that Cary will. Rugged individualist par excellence, she has her own ideas on everything from socks to

stirrup lengths.

An eruption of weird chortling sounds can usually be traced to Cary on the window-sill of the s. s. r., lurching wildly about with her face screwed into her own brand of ecstasy over a bit of native humor. If you want a new slant on an old, old story, get Cary to interpret it; she can twist some wan bit of material into "sock stuff." And if you want fervent and unfailing support for a cause, go to Cary, for if once you can capture her interest she'll argue the opposition into a coma.

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MARY MASSEY

An impressive "Mary Lamson Massey" may be found neatly inscribed on the flyleaf of a bright blue French book. No other marks or signs of wear mar the volumeuot that she doesn't like to studyjust that it's a lot of bother. completely typical remark was her Monday morning inquiry of 's Mil-ler, "What class is this?" After sufficient recuperation from one of those week-ends. Mary strolls into study hall sporting a gay kerchief, the latest gadget in charm bracelets, or some other tricky little knickknack she's found. One of her most amiable characteristics is her ability to come up smiling after a hard scolding, always friendly, "with malice toward none and charity for all." Last year found her busily occupied as chairman of the ticket committee and on the costume committee for the school plays.



ELEANOR MORGAN

Swish swash! No, that's not the tide coming in-merely Morgan charging through the paper gleaning more little known facts about well known people. As the bell rings for English, she still sits calmly among the scurrying hordes, perusing the second section. For Tubby is our link with the world of bright lights and woman-about-town extraordinary. The paper keeps her in touch between weekly trips to New York which are chiefly devoted to piano lessons. Here we may state that her reading is far more extensive than this, and she is the only person who will be safe if a question appears on the College Board asking for a minute description of a minor novel by a minor novelist. But Tubby's greatest reputation is as the Class Wit, and her superb phrases are tucked away in our more meagre vocabularies for future reference. Tubby wants to be a career woman, but the question is: what career? However, if all develops as she wishes, she will soon be living in New York, well-dressed, well-fed, and well-paid.



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MARJORIE MUNN

Her hair tied up with a bow a la Topsy, leaning languidly back in her chair making vague circular motions with a compass, is Munn, dreamily visualizing geometry, her visualizations ever so slightly reminiscent of a Buck Rogers something-or-other from the 25th century, they're that complicated. Let it never be said of Munn that she takes the most direct route to a thing.

Marge can prophesy almost to the minute when an acute attack of giggles is going to arrive, and when she arouses herself, peers over her glasses, and announces that she feels all "laffy-laffy"—well, there comes a time in the life of every mau, etc. In her more serious moods she is a prolific authoress and also something of an actress, on and off stage. A glimpse into the future would disclose her, dramatically beautiful, with her sables held together by safety pins, drinking milk at El Morocco.



ANNE PETTIT

Rattle, rattle - a station-wagon churns up the drive and stops with a skid. From its deep recesses descend the collection of Pettits headed by Anne, who came back this fall, having decided that Miss Fine's is best after all. She inhabits the newest and the most advantageously placed desk in the Study Hall, near the door, the mirror, and the pencil sharpener. She is the smiling girl who strolls into Study Hall at 8:45, bestowing a final soothing pat to her pompadour. One can find in the school a great many variations of this coiffure, copied from the Pettit original.

Anne's greatest interest this year is slums and imbeciles, for Mrs. Albion has set her feet on the path of discovery with the other members of the Social Problems class who meander around the halls discussing

necessary prison reforms.

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DORIS SINCLAIR

Any November day a familiar sight was Dorie valiantly defending the goal, impeded by miscellaneous fullbacks and the slippery mud. The cage was uninvaded all the season, for which the hockey team blessed her mightily. Down in the locker room after practice, over the noise of flapping towels and splashing Amazons, she would hold forth on her sister's wedding plans, and we would all grow dewy-eyed and equally sentimental.

So you see that she is not all sophistication, and she is a marvel of independence in a class who live by their stooges. She takes down her own assignments, remembers her own mapbook, and grins at other people's jokes over the click of her knitting needles. And unlike most faddists', her sweaters never look moth-eaten with dropped stitches.



BEATRICE SNOKE

Like Lochinvar, Snookie came out of the West, but unlike Lochinvar, she travels by air, and the thought of lunch in Princeton and dinner in Detroit does not seem strange to her. But to the uninitiated to the mysteries of flying she explains that you do go through clouds and the hostess really gives you free gum.

As constant as was Britain's occupation of Egypt is Snookie's occupation of the s. s. r. She builds her life around it. We find her twisted up in the sagging brown chair, tearing through the ms. of some pigmy's life history or heatedly discussing strikes. We give you fair warning that she is one of the class's most adept debaters, and it's worth the trouble to take a reef in an exaggerated statement before Snookie pins you down. But our most vivid mental picture of the lady from Detroit will remain that late morning glimpse of her asleep on the balcony.







MADELEINE TARR

The time is nine o'clock, the place is three flights up, and Maddy, called on to recite, shifts the scenery of her face to begin her daily pantomime before she settles down to read her translation. This she has the utmost difficulty in finding, as her priceless manuscripts are usually camouflaged with drawings or an incipient poem. After more pre-liminaries she shoves off, her reading of the Latin greatly enhanced by her dashing Spanish accent.

Her passion is Spain, and although she is an ardent Loyalist, in a debate she defended the rebel cause (against her will) so superbly that she was spurned for months as a Fascist. Even her cooking is influenced by the Spanish trend, and she shakes out spice with a happy hand. Hear, hear, ye ardent yet impoverished males!



JOAN TAYLOR

If you wish a refutation of the much used phrase "beautiful but dumb," Joan furnishes it. Nothing seems to escape her active eye and mind, and if she decides not to follow her father into a test tube, so to speak, she can be an actress or edit a magazine, judging from her school Joan can usually be activities. found basking in some sunny spot with an overflowing box of Kleenex beside her, absentmindedly fussing with her braids, the tranquillity of the scene interrupted only by paroxysms of sneezing (hay fever); or walking about the halls with a faraway look in her eye, muttering "I've simply got to learn Act II by this afternoon or 'Uncle Don' will murder me;" or rehashing the latest news with Mrs. Keller in the Library. Her classically calm exterior belies her inward fire, and she can be heard raising the roof with the best of us, or starting off on innumerable tales of her most recent travels, which invariably begin with "In Belgium (Exit Kay.)

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JANE THOMAS

At twenty-one minutes of nine, the Mercer Street bicycle brigade roars into the driveway. When the mass is finally disentangled Jane appears, looking dignified and unruffled. Everyone has the misguided notion that Jane is the quiet member of our class, but the real Jane is definitely vigorous; witness her spending most of February and March sitting in a mass of crumpled papers trying to figure profit and loss on "P. and P", her famed mathematical mind emerging victorious over the horrid columns of figures.

Her pet abomination is our interpretation of her listening look, which is taken for boredom, and as our dislike for misrepresentation is intense we proffer ourselves as her champion, for this glance means only that she enjoys listening—and she makes a grand audience.



BARBARA WALLACE

Our Ariel is possessed of vivacity and energy which know no bounds. Perhaps it would be more suitable to call her Mercury, for quick-silver never evaded us so neatly. Babbie helps make the fur fly in any of the s. s. r. discussions and then tears off to provide transportation for charity patients. She has time enough to exhibit tricky new dance steps, attend polo games, and change her coiffure daily (the last leaves us agape). During the third week in February a familiar cry was "Which costume do I wear then and where is my bonnet?"—which Babbie could always answer.



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CAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1938

We, the Senior Class of '38
Being now about to graduate,
Do herein set down as benevolent
This, our last will and testament.

We do bequeath in united mass Our lungs and feet to the Junior Class, That they may keep the long-suffering halls Still quaking in their trembling walls.

- J. Λ. My laugh I leave to Tattersall, Joyce, To keep some classroom in pealing voice.
- L. B. To Sopwith, my nautical address I will, That he may do better with his increased skill.
- H. C. On the movies' costumery, my curls I bestow To crown the head of some coming Harlow. My brains I leave—please handle with care— To be placed on exhibit at the New York World's Fair.
- K. E. To Charlie McCarthy my tongue 1 leave; If Bergen goes no one need grieve.
- E. M. And my stock of wit I give to Jack Benny; It's material /resh, if he's ever had any.
- E. E. and To the world we bequeath our skill equestrian:
- B. C. K. It's a quick if not safe way for any pedestrian!
 - M. E. To a tortoise I leave my precious green car, That he may travel both near and far.
 - L. F. My dialects Southern, acquired through the years, I will to Scarlett, if e'er she appears.
 - M. II. My "savoir faire" and calm I bequeath
 To those needy members in the class beneath.

- R. II. To Jack Armstrong, the hero to small sisters dear, I leave three hundred sixty-five apples a year.
- B. H. To Stalin I leave my laughter and jollity, May Russia acquire new notes of frivolity.
 - C. K. To E. R., my confidential conversation I leave, that "My Day" may have new animation.
- M. L. M. Miss Temple I leave what I know of the world, To serve her most faithfully when she's de-curled.
- M. S. M. My lashes on any lovelorn I bestow.

 Just flutter them once, they'll catch you a beau.

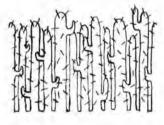
 To Mrs. Snyder, my questioning ghost,

 To enliven the class when it needs it the most.
 - A. P. I leave my wagon to the Woman in the Shoe, To transport the brood, as I used to do.
 - D. S. My knack of minding my own affairs, Goes to decrease Miss Pry's mounting cares.
 - B. S. To the East I give my own Middle West, That you all may learn how to live like the best.
 - M. T. To George VI, I give my swiftness of speech, To help him fill up each painful breach.
 - I. M. T. My beauty to Karloff I now devise, To smooth out his face and relieve our tired eyes; To a donkey goes firmness that will not alter, That he may be more like a living Gibraltar.
 - K. J. T. To Lewis I will my appearance and tact, He'll need it before he can pass any act.
 - B. W. To Man Mountain Dean I leave my light tread, To quicken his footwork in earning his bread.

To the s. s. r. we leave ten feet more
And a soft plush rug to cover the floor;
A cleaning per week, and undying affection
For its friendly atmosphere and secluded protection.

To our teachers, we leave appreciation For painful efforts towards our graduation.

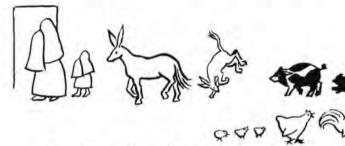
THAT VERY ODD PLACE CALLED MEXICO



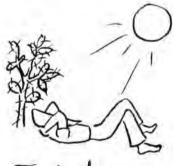
Cactus Fence



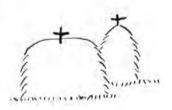
Bovine Indifference Highly Effective to the Automobile



A Peon family retires at sundown all in The same bed-room.



Typical



The Oddest Oddity of all. Graves -in HAY STACKS.

CLASS CHART

NAME	BESETTING SIN	PET ABOMINATION	NOTED FOR	FAVORITE. HAUNT	MAKES MENTION OF
ASHLEY, J. Bechanan, L. Crossley, H.	Mandarin nails Demureness Coming to school with colds	Silk stockings Ad-hunting Combing out her new wave	Her laugh Tact Efficiency	Her desk Sailboats With Maddy	Charlie and Edgar "Please sit down" The Crossley poll
EISENHART, K.	Gossiping	Being on time	The noise she	Mirror, with comb	Scottish descent
ESTE, E ESTE, M FENNINGER, L	Her fairy tread Infectious giggle Being glamorous	Dresses Indiscretion Not being in the know	Frontier pants "Euripides" Southern pose	Bowling alley The theatre Crew races	The West "Oh, Mollie" Her brothers
HALE, M.	"Dry Guillotines"	Reading the scales	Sympathy	Institutions	Airplanes
HARPER, R.	Filling in circles	Sophistication	Curly hair	The bleachers	A Certain Riddle
Hitt. B	Crew hats	Narrow-minded people	Small feet	Shoe stores	Oldsmobiles
KAPLAN, C	Twisting her hair Driving	Prevaricators Fixing her hair the way we like it	Cheerfulness Curb chain	Telephones Bridle paths	Ears Physics

CLASS CHART

NAME	BESETTING SIN	ABOMINATION	NOTED FOR	FAVORITE HAUNT	MAKES MENTION OF
Massey, M.	Taking days off	Homework	Good-looking clothes	Certain broadcast- ing studio	Your Hit Parade
Morgan, E	Forgetfulness	It's the principle of the thing	Her stooges	Stationery stores	Joan and Franchot
MUNN, M	Pinning clothes Vagueness	Belts Spelling	Black lashes Eternally crowded station-wagon	Any prom Office	Tutts Turner Bridge
Sinclair, D.,,	Stubbornness	Artificial-looking	Sophistication	Wang's	Getting her car
Snoke, B. Tarr, M.	Laziness Sensitiveness	History Shirley Temple	Airplane trips C. C. I. beer jacket	S. S. R. Viedt's	Detroit Swarthmore
TAYLOR, J. THOMAS, J. WALLACE, B	Getting excited Handwriting Retorts	Waiting for Kay Being teased Acting her age	Acting Ticket sales Changing her coil- fures	Library The Rink Polo game	Belgium Nothing Choirs







PRESS RADIO NEWS BULLETIN 1UNE 3, 1958

LONDON—Mme. Sergei Gambrielli, née J'Anne Ashley of Princeton, New Jersey, has retired to take the veil at the convent of St. —. Her husband, the late M. Gambrielli, was the brilliant violinist who startled the world at an early age with his novel interpretations of Liszt. Mme. Gambrielli is one of the beauties of the age and will be greatly missed in the music circles of Europe.

WASHINGTON—The Fourth Estate was in an uproar when it was revealed here yesterday p.m. that the recently published vicious exposé of the present administration, supposedly written by ex-president F. D. R., was really the handiwork of Lily Buchanan, little-known but powerful figure in political circles and power behind many a rebellious throne.

NEW YORK—Among those arriving yesterday on the S. S.—was the business research expert, Miss Helen Crossley, who has just returned from an extensive tour of South West Africa interviewing tribes. The results of her investigation will soon be published, but she was willing to say at this time that 2 per cent of the Zulu natives use Jergen's Lotion.

CHURCHILL DOWNS—The winner of the Derby today was ridden by the first woman jockey ever to ride in this race, to victory or otherwise. Her name—Rich Este, well known in racing circles as the owner of a large stable of steeplechasers and the biggest collection of cowboy boots in captivity.

ROME—Donna Marion Este Scararia's new book How to Decorate a Chateau in 300 Easy Steps is zooming up on the bestseller list. Donna Scararia has thrilled London with her decoration of the house of that gay pair, the Duke and Duchess of Strathloch. The Duchess, the former Katharine Eisenhart, is now in Paris choosing her wardrobe for the forthcoming Coronation.

NORFOLK, VA.—Most interesting of the witnesses for the state at this Death in the Deep South trial is Louise Fenninger, one of Goldwyn's most glamorous and profitable investments, who has been testifying with unparalleled fluency, much to the amusement and interest of the courtroom audiences. She has been urged on by State Prosecutor E. H. Morgan, who has been flinging accusations about with vigorous abandon, often in contempt of court.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE—Among those awarded the D. S. O. by King —— at his most recent levee was Mollie O. Hall, who, during the recent war with Russia, was right in there in the thick of it as an Angel of Mercy caring for wounded Tommies.

ST. LOUIS—What well known twirler has finally put his John Hancock on the dotted line tendered to him by the manager of a certain team that's been after him for months? Hint: the contract-holder is that lady of the diamond, Roberta Harper, manager of the Blue Sox.

NEW YORK—Vaudeville, which has been dying a lingering death for years, came to life with a bang last night when a new song-and-dance team hit the boards of Loew's circuit. The better half of the act was one Betty Hill, whose accordion playing and "off the cuff" wise-cracking brought down the house.

WINNETKA, ILL.—A new Green Green has been started here and all roads lead to this garden city now. Reason is that the new Justice of the Peace is Miss Charmian Kaplan,

whose daily advice to girls with hearts bowed down has sent the circulation of the *Tribune* soaring. Miss Kaplan has just united the 163rd couple that she has brought together.

BUFFALO—The dear dead days of the suffragettes were called to mind here when a wild-eyed deputation led by Cary Kennedy stormed the mayor's home and demanded that he lift the tax recently levied on socks.

NEW YORK—*Life* has devoted a three-page spread this week to Mrs. Mary Massey Foy, showing this superb example of the Idle Rich in every possible pose with emphasis on her customary sartorial elegance and her hands. One picture shows Mrs. Foy wearing a large, simply set sapphire for driving.

CHICAGO—Reports have filtered in from the Loop to the effect that Miss Marjorie Munn and Mr. John Dodge XVI, scion of the wealthy meat-packing house, will soon middle-aisle it.

WASTEWIND-ON-HUDSON—Anne Pettit, wealthy head of an extremely progressive school here, can well afford a staff of efficient secretaries. Yet whenever she can (it's a throwback from her childhood) she insists on taking the time to make out the homework slips for absent students each day.

PARIS—The dressmakers here today published their annual list of the world's ten best-dressed women. Heading the Parade was Doris Sinclair, a leader of the young married set, who spends six months of each year in Paris.

DETROIT—All Detroit was agog today awaiting the arrival of Beatrice Snoke, famed woman aviator, who has twice cracked the world's record from Chicago to Detroit. Upon landing. Bea paused only long enough to give reporters her pet theories on marriage and the strike situation in Detroit before dashing home to "sleep it off."

MADRID—Something new in charities was inaugurated today when Madeline Tarr opened her soup kitchen for impoverished bull fighters. Maddy's sauce à la Tarr-tar is a specialité de la maison and proved to be a great favorite with the toreadors.

NEW YORK—The passenger list of the S. S. — was further swelled by Miss Joan Taylor, well established actress, noted for her portrayal of the Greek hot-dog stand proprietor's wife in the dramatization of James Cain's novel *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Miss Taylor allowed herself to be quoted as saying that she "just loves animals and little children and hates dishonesty and insincerity in man or beast."

PITTSBURGH—Jane Thomas (the daughter of a well known banker) who has become famous in social circles as the world's "best listener," made society headlines today when she turned down the proposal of H. Hughes, millionaire sportsman. Hughes, it is reported, waxed more and more persuasive as time went on – Jane just listened.

NEW YORK—Your correspondent was lucky enough to obtain a gilt-edged card that got him into the Anniversary banquet of the Babs Wallace Escortess Service held last night at the Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Wallace, for several years considered New York's best ballroom dancer, is now supplying debbies with a new outlet for their enthusiasm.

For Further Details See Your Local Newspaper.



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