

# THE LINK



JUNE, 1942







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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL





MAY MARGARET FINE







ELIZABETH DORWART

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum  
tendimus in Latium.*—VERGIL, *Aeneid* I.



TO  
JENNIE POPE ALBION  
WE DEDICATE  
*The Link*  
IN AFFECTION AND APPRECIATION  
OF HER ABILITY TO STIMULATE  
THE MIND OF YOUTH



THE LINK BOARD

# THE LINK

## MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XXII

JUNE, 1942

NO. I

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### TABLE OF CONTENTS

SENIOR FAREWELL	12
SENIOR CLASS	13
STATISTICS	21
CLASS CHART	22
THE LONELY LAND	Nancy Tate 28
DAY IN E MINOR	Joan Wright 29
RED-CLAY COUNTRY	Jane Cooper 30
AUNT CLARA	Nancy Tate 31
WE ARE THE GENERATION OF WAR	Jane Cooper 34
OLD SALTS	Margaret Wicks 36
SNOW IN APRIL	Nancy Tate 37
I HAVE SUNG SOLITARY, VARIOUS WORLDS	Jane Cooper 37
THE RED QUEEN	Elizabeth Ralston 38
SLOW GARDENING	Katharine Gulick 38
CINQUAINS	Carol Munro, Barbara Lutz, Joan Thomas, Sylvia Taylor, Consuelo Kuhn, Jean MacAllister 39
TRIOLET	Kitty McFaden 40
A LONG WAIT	Sheila Frantz 41
THE LOST THOUGHT	Cary Sturges 41
CONVERSATION PIECE	Barbara Cart 42
THE FIRST BLACKOUT	Allison Cook 43
OLD WITCHES	Barbara Brakeley 44
THE BLACK LIST	Jean MacAllister 44
DRAMATICS	46
ATHLETICS	48
EXCHANGES	Last page

## SENIOR FAREWELL

We would make a list to carry through the years  
of lovely things in school for memory:  
Miss Fine, smiling at a little girl;  
Our early faltered reading, "Washington  
with swift resolve" cut on the monument;  
Coming down the stairs, two by two in white,  
bright candles in our hands, and holly sprays—  
So runs our catalogue of lovely things.

First wonderfully-colored splashing—water-paints;  
Untidy third-grade Puritans making soap;  
The jungle-gym and swings, the giant strides;  
French plays with fables, *La Petite Bergère*;  
Filling Christmas stockings before the fire  
in the front hall; Our pride in holding cool  
new Algebra and Latin books—All these  
Come in our catalogue of lovely things.

The apple tree to climb in spring; Balloons  
tied in bunches for the dance; Laughing and  
pillows in the S.S.R.; Lunch behind the school  
and bare feet in the grass; May Day when Puck  
and Robin Hood and Proserpine came forth  
to watch the May-pole ribbons weave among  
purple lilacs and white valley-lilies—  
So runs our catalogue of lovely things.

Now *Pomp and Circumstance*, and we say farewell  
with a last look: Miss Fine, her portrait  
hanging over the red-brown table  
with its vase of flowers, remains there still—  
First in our catalogue of lovely things.

*Refrain from Richard LeGallienne*



### BARBARA LUTZ

This year Babs has held the very demanding positions of class president, editor-in-chief of the *Link*, and head of the make-up committee. But none of these activities has prevented her from keeping up with that prodigious reading. Neither Mrs. Albion nor Miss Miller has yet been able to mention a book that she is not fully equipped and prepared to discuss. Not, for that matter, are there many places on this distracted globe that she has not visited in the course of her travels.

At times Babs' poise has filled us with a certain amount of awe; still we have often found her in extremely silly moods, airing her persiflage to an enraptured S.S.R. or convulsing us all with her latest tales of Fredo her gardener. And we don't know how we should have managed without her shopping hints, even if we may disagree as to the merits of "Klein's" as New York City's most convenient centre.

### JANE COOPER

Jane stands quite apart as the one person who has never needed to bluff her way through a class—even on Mondays. However, she is perhaps best known to us for her southern colloquialisms and her Freudian theories, both of which she sprinkles liberally through her conversations. Her school-time hobby is knitting—either socks or intricate Tyrolean mittens, the latter of which she has been generous enough to give away after weeks spent in making them by an original pattern. This year, Jane not only gave us a charming interpretation of the heroine in *A Kiss for Cinderella* but was also awarded first prize in the *Link's* prose contest. The altitude of her grades has been out of the range of the rest of the class ever since she entered Miss Fine's; we know that Vassar will hold no hidden terrors for her next fall.



### BETTY DOLTON

Betty is the only one of us whose serenity is never disturbed, despite rigid dieting and strenuous week-ends. Although she seems to think a vague smile in Miss Miller's general direction all the effort she is required to make in English, her clothes-gathering exertions for the Maine Seacoast Mission and her more than human forbearance with Mrs. Wade's celebrated chocolate cake have convinced us that she is capable and self-controlled. We especially envy her her good temper, which never once in the years we have known her has she allowed to become ruffled—not even rippled.





### ISABELLE GUTHRIE

Isabelle's immaculate grooming, discreet and correct to the last visible detail, is the envy of us all, and envy alone could be the source of any wonder whether somewhere a straying indecorous button might not have been replaced by a mere pin. She is one of the most calm and collected members of the class and has been a tactful and effective secretary of the Dramatic Club and member of the Student Council. She decorates her easy-going southern chit-chat with a liberal distribution of "Mammy's" and "Nay, child's." She seems always on the crest of the wave, and her guffaws have a soothing effect on our tempers and restore good humor on particularly black days. Too contented with life as it is to crave a driver's license, she will probably continue to be a charming passenger, appreciating her motto, "All things come to those who wait."



### MARTHA HEATH

"Has anyone seen the *Good Housekeeping*?"—and a dishevelled Martha emerges from behind the bookcase. We are once more amazed to find that our forthright Student Council Head has a rather sentimental side to her nature in addition to her general competency. For Martha has a hand in everything here, combining the athletic (she has won her gold *F*), dramatic (a Beauty this year), musical, and administrative. Although somewhat more reserved than most of us, Martha has a unique power of silent observation and penetrating thought. Where work is concerned she is a rare combination of excellences in widely opposite fields. And to top all this, she has been known to beat the Ouija Board at its own game!



### JOYCE HILL

Joyce's apt observations are the delight of our class, and her infectious giggle has smoothed over many a sticky moment in the senior sitting room. However, her talents are not restricted to the purely conversational; she is very skillful with the paint brush, and her works of art can be found scattered anywhere from Miss Stratton's room on the third floor to the main hall. We wonder whether it is Joyce's recent visit to Hollywood that has made her something of a cynic. Her favorite saying this year has been "Are you kidding?" But this does not seem to have prevented her from taking literally some of Mrs. Wade's more humorous remarks.



### CHARLOTTE McPHERSON

Charlotte, who has been with us for only one year, is the most poised member of our scatter-brained class. Every morning sees her arriving in a different car, the most outstanding of which, a bright red coupé, can be spotted blocks away. She is an active member of the Dramatic and Glee Clubs, and in the latter is a great addition to the soprano section. Although she appears rather quiet and reserved, Charlotte's tales of some of her past experiences are a never-ending source of enjoyment and entertain us all during our noon-day sessions in the S.S.R.



#### CAROL MUNRO

Carol was born under a definitely lucky star. She is one of the few souls of our acquaintance who by passing an idle eye over her textbook during breakfast absorbs into that photographic mind of hers as much knowledge as the rest of us can after forty minutes of concentrated effort. This ability inspires as much admiration among her classmates as it does exasperation among her teachers. Her activities this year have included the photographic editorship of the *Link*, the part of a maid in *A Kiss for Cinderella*, and a self-appointed position as chambermaid for the S.S.R. In her odd moments (which are quite numerous) she is usually found knitting long, beautiful sweaters à la Brooks, an accomplishment of which she is justly proud, having finished no fewer than four complete ones this last year.

Carol's future lies in the lap of the gods, as she enters Smith in September. We hope that neither they nor her lucky star will desert her.



#### ROXALENE HARRIET NEVIN

Roxy shows definite signs of genius. She never accomplishes anything in the same down-to-earth manner as the rest of us, but she certainly gets results. Her watchword, "Victory equals will-power," is an effective summing-up of her outlook on life. It is certainly her unshakable determination, combined with an abiding faith in the powers of speed, that has made her dangerous on the hockey field—as also on the open road. Roxy's conversational powers, especially noticeable in the prosecution of her task as advertising manager of this year's *Link*, incline us to sympathize with her opponents at the bar if she carries out her present ambition to be a lawyer.



### POLLY ROBERTS

We think that slow eating must keep one thin—just look at Polly. She sits in the S.S.R. with her entire lunch spread out before her and methodically nibbles from each item in turn. While she ruminates over each morsel, however, she glances up from time to time to tell us anything she happens to think of. Polly is very set on her ideas and so are we on ours—need we say more? Since pre-kindergarten days she has been one of the busiest members of the class. In fact, she is so horribly efficient (witness the split kleenexes) that even her gay and carefree exterior hasn't succeeded in fooling us. She just does get put on committees. This year, for instance, she has been co-chairman of the Dance Committee, head of Costumes for the play, and subscription manager for the *Link*. And then, of course, her outside activities—



### LONIE SCHULTE

Lonie is the most enterprising and ambitious member of our class—though not, we hasten to add, in a dull and scholarly way. In fact, nothing could be dull about the way her views change from one day to the next. However, her versatility has helped us out in many a tight spot, notably in connection with the School Dance, and she is the only one among us who has actually held down a real job (sales-girl at R. B. Voorhees).

Polite, persuasive, and always presentable, Lonie, this year, has been head of the Dramatic Club and a great help on our athletic field. She has gained her gold *F*, an unusual honor.



## JOAN THOMAS

Whatever Johnnie does she does with vim, whether she is being The Probationer in *Cinderella*, rebuking the latest recalcitrant before the Student Council, or beating the dust out of the pillows in the S.S.R. before the school dance. She handles all the class's financial matters, and despite all her protestations to the contrary she attends to them very competently. She has been Business Manager of the *Link*, Treasurer of the Dramatic Club, and President of the Glee Club, besides being on most of the athletic teams; yet in spite of her more serious moods she has made life miserable for us when she has decided it was time for a game of bridge or has wanted a place on the S.S.R. sofa. When Johnnie gets her mind set on anything, it is more than difficult to deflect her from her course. Have we ever really bested her in an argument or changed her opinion?



## KITTY WELCH

Ever since she first came bouncing into Sixth Grade, Kitty has been the center of unlimited exuberance. Although her endeavors to carry on two trains of thought simultaneously—her own and the conversation in progress at the moment—has occasionally bewildered her classmates, the tenacity with which she clings to her ideas has filled us with admiration.

From Freshman year on, she has been a vital member of the hockey, basketball, and baseball teams and the mainstay of the second soprano section of the Glee Club. She has been Secretary of the Dramatic Club for the past year. Besides all this, she handles a chromatic scale on the keyboard (her specialty) as nimbly as her candid camera. Note many of this year's *Link* cuts.



## URSULA WINANT

"Phew, it's hot in here. Let's open a window." We sigh in a futile sort of way and resign ourselves to permanently frostbitten ears, for while Ursula is in the room the windows will be open. When we listen to her spouting French at Mrs. Wade or hear her scanning a line of Vergil in Miss Dorwart's direction, we envy her her versatility. But history especially is her *métier*: she always seems able to predict the possibility of a test—and is usually right. But, despite her skill along these lines, her position as Literary Editor of the *Link*, her rôles in the Dramatic Club productions, and her inimitable teas, we shall in the future think of Ursula in only one way—curled up in the S.S.R., uttering *bon mots* in a lovely English accent—and behind her, an open window.



## CLASS STATISTICS

Shyest .....	Martha
Most savoir-faire .....	Babs, Ursula
Most fog-bound .....	Betty
Most practical .....	Johnnie, Martha
Most sentimental .....	Charlotte
Most original .....	Carol
Laziest .....	Isabelle, Carol
Most tactful .....	Jane
Best actress on stage .....	Jane
Best actress off stage .....	Babs
Biggest talker .....	Kitty, Roxy
Biggest clams .....	Isabelle, Babs
Prettiest hair .....	Babs
Prettiest feet .....	Carol
Most magnetic eyes .....	Polly
Best figure .....	Betty, Isabelle
Best groomed .....	Isabelle
Smoothest .....	Babs
Biggest bluffer .....	Ursula
Cleverest .....	Jane
Wittiest .....	Joyce
Best sense of humor .....	Carol
Worst laugh .....	Lonie
Most versatile .....	Jane
Most tenacious .....	Polly
Most gullible .....	Kitty, Joyce
Best natured .....	Betty, Charlotte
Prom trotters .....	Johnnie, Kitty
First married .....	Roxy
Most athletic .....	Lonie, Martha
Most ambitious .....	Lonie
Big Three	
Realist .....	Roxy
Idealist .....	Carol
Opportunist .....	Polly

# CLASS CHART

[ 22 ]

NAME	TYPICAL SAYING	MAKES MENTION OF	SAVING GRACE	WORST FAULT	AMBITION	MOTTO
COOPER	Hallelujah!	Jacksonville	Small waist	Brains	To have curly hair	Peace—it's wonderful.
DOLTON	Me?	Calories	Smile	Chewing gum	To become a model	Easy does it!
GUTHRIE	Nay, child.	First "horseman"	Clothes	Tardiness	To fool all of the people all of the time	All things come to those who wait.
HEATH	Phoo-cy!	Vermont	Hands	Silent observation	To get enough sleep	Forgive and forget.
HILL	Oh Christopher!	V.P.I.	Laugh	Making inopportune cracks	To spend a night in jail	Laugh it off!
LUTZ	(Censored)	Klein's	Black hair	Losing her temper	To christen a battleship	Never say die!
MCPHERSON	Got to go now.	Harriet Anne	Affability	Driving too fast	To be a singer	"Many a rose was born to blush unseen . . ."
MUNRO	Holy Nelly!	Vanda	Feet	Getting involved	To be conscientious	Slow and easy makes the grade.
NEVIN	It's a great life if you don't weaken.	Her philosophies	Frankness	Volubility	Variable	Live today, for tomorrow we die!
ROBERTS	Maybe I can get the car.	Second "horseman"	Eyelashes	Arguing	To make a parachute jump	Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.
SCHULTE	Ye gods!	R. B. Voorhees	Bridge parties	Intolerance	To buy	The more the merrier!
THOMAS	Yes-ic	Third "horseman"	Vanta garments	Being technical	Has none (she's happy!)	Laugh, and the world laughs with you.
WELCH	It's nothing interesting.	Northampton	Innumerable sweaters	Jumping to conclusions	To meet Hitler	Live and Learn!
WINANT	It's stuffy in here.	B.W.R.S.	English accent	Tenacity	To scan Vergil	Life is a comedy!







ISABELLE



CHARLOTTE



JOYCE



BETTY



JANE



MARTHA



KITTY



ROXY



LONIE



URSULA



BABS



JOHNNIE



CAROL



POLLY





## THE LINK CONTESTS

This year *The Link* is awarding its prize for poetry in the Middle School to Joan Wright, Class VIII, for "A Day in E Minor." The best piece of prose composition from the Middle School has been adjudged to be the play "Bushka the Artist," by Elizabeth Macfarlane, Class VII. We regret that this is too long for us to print. In the Upper School, the poetry award has been made to Nancy Tate '44 for "The Lonely Land," and the prose contest has been won by Jane Cooper '42 with "Red-Clay Country."

The editors are very grateful to Mrs. Adair for her kindness in judging the Upper School entries.

### THE LONELY LAND

(MAINE COAST)

CEDAR and jagged fir  
uplift sharp barbs  
against the gray  
and cloud-piled sky;  
and in the bay  
blown spume and wind-drift  
and thin, bitter spray  
snap  
at the whirling sky;  
and the pine trees lean one way.

A wild duck calls  
to her mate,  
and the ragged  
and passionate tones  
stagger and fall,  
and recover,  
and stagger and fall,  
on these stones—  
are lost  
in the lapping of water  
on smooth flat stones.

This is a beauty  
of dissonance,  
this resonance  
of stony strand,  
this smoky cry  
curled over a black pine  
like a broken  
and wind-battered branch  
when the wind  
bends the tips of the pines  
and curdles the sky  
from the north.

This is the beauty  
of strength  
broken by strength,  
and still strong.

NANCY TATE '44

### DAY IN E MINOR

THE cadences of streets are smooth and sleek  
And serpentine, and black, opaque and dark.  
The fences' staves are dripping, blurred, and dull.  
The leaves show dotted ink. The branches mark  
The clear preciseness of sixteenth notes spread  
Across a page of white clouds, white and grey.  
The rain pours down in sequences of wet.  
So comes the dawn of a November day.  
The telephone poles' bars rise up to taunt.  
They mark the  $\frac{4}{4}$  time of traffic's wheels.  
And the Sonata of the Rain and Fog  
Diminishes, retards, and further steals.

JOAN WRIGHT, CLASS VIII

## RED-CLAY COUNTRY

HIGHER and higher we motored up into the mountains, past the forests of long-needed pines, past the country stores and the filling stations, past the shacks with their signs announcing that here the traveler would find "Genuine Hill-Billy Hooked Rugs" and hand-turned pottery. For this was the red-clay country and the weaving land. This was North Carolina.

There had been a drouth through the state that summer, and the dust covered everything and rose thickly behind us as we drove. Men and women, but chiefly women, sunbonneted against the blazing three o'clock sun, were working in the fields as we passed, and groups of tow-headed, freckled, squinting children lagged home with books in their hands—for here in this farm land the schools open on the first of August, and close again during September that all may help with the harvest. On and on we went, up to where the mountain rose in a sheer, tree-covered cliff beside us, soon dropping away into valleys beyond, and rolling turns, and then once again mountains.

There were just three of us in the car that afternoon: Mother and Georgia Stepp and I. Georgia was our maid and our friend; we were taking her home—home to Edneysville to do the canning that must keep her father and the four brothers and sisters who were yet with him fed through the winter. There had been ten in the family at one time, but Mrs. Stepp and her eldest daughter had died and two more daughters had married, and so there were but six left now: Georgey and her father, Robbie Lee, who took her mother's place, the boys—Kimsey and Wade—and Eugenia, the baby, who was of my own age.

By the time we reached Edneysville it was late afternoon. I hardly knew what to think of the place; it was certainly not a town, nor was it even a village. Really it was nothing but a store and a wooden school and a gas station, together with a group of outlying farms. We saw, too, a path and a signpost reading "To Stepp's Mill," which seemed to be included in the community. I asked Georgey if it was an uncle of hers who owned it, but she replied that he was no kin that she had ever heard tell of, although she supposed he was related to her in some way. Families throughout the whole district, she said,



had between them only three or four names, English all, and so old that nobody could remember when they had been heard in those parts for the first time.

At our backs the sun was falling as, rounding a bend in the road, we came upon the house. It was over two hundred years old, with heavy stone chimneys at each end and a porch across the length of the front, and it stood looking out across the fields in a solitary and enduring peace. Mr. Stepp was sitting by the window, smoking his pipe, when we drove up. Without either hesitation or hurry he rose to his full height and strode toward us, and out of the door after him tumbled Eugenia and red-headed Wade, and following them came Kimsey, with his black, intense dignity, and Robbie Lee, her cotton dress reaching halfway to her ankles and her blonde hair swept back into a knot at the nape of her neck. They were instantly hospitable, and before they would even welcome Georgey they must invite us in, and to supper, and to see the farm. We had been going to stay, but—Georgey had been away for a year, and she had brought them a second-hand radio as a present—And so we smiled and thanked them and, turning the car around, we headed back down the mountain into the night.

JANE COOPER 42

## AUNT CLARA

AUNT CLARA was expected for lunch. She was the wife of Uncle Arnold, who had struggled through the blizzard with Papa. Uncle Arnold traveled for a living: Sarah was not sure what this signified, but he seemed to be at home for very short times. Aunt Clara had black hair that made a kind of sausage all around her head. Sarah had once watched her comb her hair; she took out all the pins, and then she pulled her hair down over her face and took out more pins, and there, sure enough, was a sausage that she put on the bureau. Aunt Clara said it was a "rat." Sarah longed to touch it but did not dare. But she was glad that Mama's hair was smooth and brown. Aunt Clara had black eyes, too, and a large mole on her right cheek,

from the center of which stuck out two stiff black hairs. When Sarah was in her aunt's presence she could hardly hear what was said to her, because she was so fascinated by the mole and the object which lay under her aunt's hair.

When the doorbell rang Mama said, "Sarah, you run to the door and let Aunt Clara in." Sarah walked slowly down the hall. Aunt Clara, she knew, would kiss her, and the thought of the mole made her stomach feel cold inside. Mama said, "Hurry, Sarah." Sarah darted for the door, opened it, and retreated in a great scramble to the stairs. "Hello," she cried, "I have to go up and get me a doll."

Her mother rebuked her, "Come here and say how-do-you-do properly."

There was no help for it. Her aunt stooped down and Sarah suffered the kiss.

"She's gotten so much bigger—or maybe I just haven't seen her in so long." There was an implied reproach in her aunt's voice that Sarah felt. Mama flushed, but she merely said, "Let me take your things, Clara. You're looking well."

When they were seated at lunch Sarah disliked her still more. There was a bowl of fruit on the table. Aunt Clara spread her napkin and said, "Hothouse grapes—wonderful. They must be expensive."

Mama didn't like that. Sarah could tell, and to break the tight silence she said, "I've got seven cents and I'd like to spend it, but Mama won't let me. Do you think seven cents is an expensive lot of money?"

This temporarily cleared the air and Mama and Aunt Clara laughed together. Sarah laughed too, not knowing exactly why.

The conversation went on and Sarah forgot to listen; long ago she had decided that grown-up conversations were uninteresting. It was nicer, if you had to stay in the same room, to think your own thoughts. She thought about Florida, and their house, and the new dog, then suddenly she said, "Mamma, may I have a kitten like Maddy's in Florida?" Her mother smiled and said, "Maybe; I think we could manage. Eat your lunch, dear."

Aunt Clara got up from the table and went over to the china closet by the window. "You have beautiful cut-glass, Gertrude," she said,

"and I do know a good piece when I see it. I'd have it too if I could afford it." She opened the glass door and took down a small dish which sparkled in the light as she held it. Mama watched her, an odd look in her eye. "Do you like that one?" she asked.

Aunt Clara put the dish back in the cupboard. "Very pretty. A *very* good piece," she said.

"Yes," said Mama gently, "I bought it at the ten cent store." Aunt Clara's face got red, but Mama had turned to Sarah. "Come," she said, "time for your nap, dearie. I'll join you in a few minutes, Clara. Make yourself comfortable in the study."

When they were in Sarah's room, Sarah looked at her mother fondly. "Aunt Clara was mad," she said.

Mama turned around. "I know; I'm afraid I wasn't very polite. Remember, my darling, that it doesn't pay to be impolite. It hurts afterward."

"I think you're polite," Sarah said. "I think you always are." She leaned against her mother's shoulder. "I don't like her very much, but I don't tell her because that wouldn't be polite, would it?"

Mama smiled. "No, I won't tell her, and you mustn't think that. She's really very kind. Things worry her, that's all." She tucked the blankets around Sarah's chin.

"Do we have things to worry us?" Sarah asked.

Mama did not smile. "Sometimes," she said.

"But we can have lots of things like grapes and dresses, can't we?" Sarah persisted.

Her mother suddenly bent down and kissed her. "Oh, Sarah," she said, "you're so little and you have so much to learn." She straightened up and said firmly, "Go to sleep."

When she closed the door behind her Sarah sighed. You never could tell about grown-ups. They changed so, all the time. Sometimes they seemed happy and all of a sudden they didn't, and when you asked them to explain they never did.

NANCY TATE '44

## WE ARE THE GENERATION OF WAR

*We are the generations of war.  
We are Troy fallen and the victorious Greek.  
We are Carthage and Babylon and Rome,  
And our leaders are Napoleon and Alexander.*

★

We are the generation of war.

★

Say, we who were born to the gleamings of battle,  
And to the intolerable aftermath of strife,  
We who were the preparation for peace,  
How do we look now?  
How do we look to you, you soldiers who died in France?  
How do we look to you, you nurses and you stretcher-bearers who  
never came back from among the filth and the blood?  
How do we look, you 1918?

★

"The generation of war."

★

And you,  
You who saw Armistice,  
You who believed it was true and everlasting.  
You Johnnies who put down your guns, and taught us with hate in  
your words  
That war was a sickness of men, a fever—a heart disillusioned;  
You mothers that bore us and bred us  
With a black, hidden fear in your souls,  
How do we look to you now?  
Say—  
How do we look to you?

*We are the generations of war.*  
*We are Troy fallen and the victorious Greek.*  
*We are Carthage and Babylon and Rome,*  
*And our leaders are Napoleon and Alexander.*

★

We were the preparation for peace,  
We were to be its fulfillment.  
Thus was the law laid down, and thus were we trained—  
For this goal.  
*We were the preparation for peace.*

★

In Germany they must not feel as we do,  
Nor can they know among the Japanese—  
There war is superb; war is a need;  
War is an honor of honors;  
War is a splendor, a glory, a flag in the breeze.  
Do not call us cowards when it is not so here;  
Do not call us beaten since we play no hands.  
Remember—we were the preparation for peace.

★

We know where we are going now, and why.  
And if we are not full of high-flown words,  
And bugles blowing,  
All the same we know.  
And if we do not laugh  
It is not our fault  
But yours,  
Because  
*We were the preparation for peace,*  
*We are the generation of war.*

JANE COOPER '42

## OLD SALTS

Old salts on the steps of white Cape Cod cottages,  
Old salts on the bench in front of the General Store.  
They can tell you how they sailed on whaling vessels that used to  
    come into the harbor and tie up at the dock,  
And how when the whalers went out of use the men took out their  
    cat-boats to fish nearer shore.  
Fishing changed from whalers to cat-boats, then to the modern fish-  
    ing boat with an engine.  
The times might change, but the salts kept on just the same,  
Sitting in the store or on benches telling yarns of the whaling days.

Jonathan Howland would tell you how he went out whaling once in  
    the winter and froze all his toes.  
After that he sat in a Boston rocker waving to passers-by or talking  
    over bygone days with an old friend.  
Occasionally in the summer time when people came down for vaca-  
    tion, he would mend a sail or catch a few crabs to sell to a  
    fisherman,  
And every week-day he would walk up the streets to the store, where  
    he read all the papers;  
But most of the time he just sat on the steps and told tales.

There came December the seventh, and word that young Arthur  
    Howland, his grandson, had been killed at Pearl Harbor;  
And a U-boat was sunk right off-shore.  
Now all the fishing boats must have their permits,  
And the boys and young men from the village are all in defense jobs  
    or in the armed forces.  
Jonathan Howland feels helpless to do any more, so he just stops  
    worrying:  
He sits on the steps by an eager young child and tells him the stories  
    of old whaling days.

MARGARET WICKS '43

## SNOW IN APRIL

I watched the blind attack,  
The white invade the green;  
I saw the green strike back,  
A bough shake off the foe;  
While on the ground below  
The sharp young blades of grass,  
A million strong,  
Surged up and through . . .

The battle was not long:  
I seemed to hear a shout,  
And all the flags were out.

NANCY TATE '44

## I HAVE SUNG SOLITARY, VARIOUS WORLDS

I have sung solitary, various worlds;  
I have denied those closer to the heart.  
Moods I have falsely felt and of moods written  
In falsely perfect, calculated part.  
I have sung temples that I never knew,  
Gods none worshiped and religions bought  
Not by suffering, but my own deceit,  
Then dropped again all flawless—barely sought.  
I have not dared see love un-faceted,  
Or death as an unsentimental strife.  
I have not owned that truly, which I know  
And have known, in my coward's fear of life.  
So, now, I come to Thee with long-void eyes,  
Having outspent my imaging on lies.

JANE COOPER '42

## THE RED QUEEN

AFTER I first read "Through the Looking Glass" I was given a painted plaster figure of the Red Queen. Although in the book she is crisp and executive, standing on my shelf she seems just cross. It is easy to see that she frowns upon her neighbors, a happy peasant boy and a green glass horse. Her little sunken eyes glare belligerently at them, while her upper lip is drawn in a straight line of disapproval. The way she throws her head forward shows her bellicose nature, and even the hands that clutch the folds of her skirt are in keeping with her character. I like to think that she is angry because the boy and horse ignore her commands.

Since I first received her, when she was red and shiny from the top of her crown to her shoes, she has chipped her nose. I don't know how it happened unless in one of her violent attacks of temper she fell flat on her face.

ELIZABETH RALSTON '43

## SLOW GARDENING

PUSH the rake, pull the hoe.  
Oh, why must gardening be so slow?  
Dig with the spade.  
No matter how sharp the blade,  
Things never seem to grow.

There is always something that is wrong,  
Even if you work for long.  
The carrots come in groups of three;  
There never is a sign of a pea;  
The radishes come up in spots—  
I thought I would have lots and lots.

I dig and dig; the weeds grow higher;  
And never yet have I found a buyer.

KATHARINE GULICK, CLASS VI



## CINQUAINS

### *Friends*

Sternly  
Searching the sky,  
The monitors of earth,  
Wet spires peer at the passing planes  
And smile.

CAROL MUNRO '42

### *Seed*

Soft earth  
Prepared by me  
Receives a life to be—  
A seed sleeps close and warm to wake  
With Spring.

### *Maturity*

Tall stem  
With flowers sweet  
Dips softly to the breeze  
And calmly waits the coming of  
The bees.

BARBARA LUTZ '42

### *Ship's Wake*

The clear  
Bubbly water  
Laughs and tumbles over  
Itself, playing leap-frog; its laugh  
Soon dies.

### *Death*

The slow  
Measured dropping  
Of stalactites upon  
Stalagmites; the seeping, soft smell  
Of gloom.

JOAN THOMAS '42

*Plover*

Plover,  
Grey as the dew  
That in the morning lies  
Covering the hardened ground with  
Cobwebs.

SYLVIA TAYLOR '45

*The Bookshelf*

My shelf  
Contains petite  
Shakespeares with skyscraper  
Editions of collected verse  
De luxe.

CONSUELO KUHN '44

*The Yarn*

A mass  
Of tangled yarn  
Moves in a ghostly manner,  
But one shining eye reveals the  
Kitten.

JEAN MAC ALLISTER '44

TRIOLET

While we live let us live,  
Give us joy and sorrow;  
Life's like water through a sieve—  
While we live let us live,  
God gave us so much to give  
To each day and its morrow,  
While we live let us live,  
Give us joy and sorrow.

KITTY MC FADEN '44

## A LONG WAIT

PIERRE finally broke the string that tied him to the barn door and trotted out into the sunshine. What had all those blasts been for? That loud humming and the funny sound like the drums he had heard in the village; what had those been? He was anxious; things did not look right. His master had tied him in the barn, and then he had heard carts rumbling away and women crying. Now there wasn't anyone about. The familiar old house looked deserted.

He had trotted a short way down the road to the village when he came to an overturned cart at the side of the road. Flung around it were all sorts of household things which were torn and splintered. Near the cart was a woman lying face downwards on the ground. Pierre knew that she was dead. Suddenly he came upon a small boy leaning against the cart and crying softly. Pierre licked his little bare foot. The boy jumped, and then, seeing Pierre, sat down and started to rub him. Pierre thumped his tail on the ground, glad to see that there was some friend left in this strange different world. Presently his new friend became sleepy and curled up with his head on Pierre's back. Pierre settled down to wait—to wait for his master to come back and for things to be all right again. But Pierre and his friend will have a long, long wait.

SHEILA FRANTZ '45

## THE LOST THOUGHT

I found a thought hidden in the sand  
Under all the stones and seaweed.  
Maybe someone had found it before me,  
And dropped it, lost it.  
But to me that thought was new,  
Shining, glowing,  
And I will keep it forever,  
Hidden away in a corner of my mind  
Because it is too beautiful to lose.

CARY STURGES, CLASS VIII

## CONVERSATION PIECE

My black Scottie is named Charlie.

"Tell me," I said, "why do you always look so extremely rugged?"

"What do you mean, rugged?" asked Charlie innocently.

"Well, look at your coat," I said reprovingly: "it's all ends, sticking out anyhow. And we've got some people coming in this evening, too. Come and be combed."

Charlie, with a preoccupied air, wandered off into the garden.

"Hi!" I called, "come in; I want you." He looked round. "Want me?" he asked in surprise; "whatever for?"

"You know," I said, waving the comb. "Come in."

He hesitated. "It's very inconvenient just now," he objected. "There's a cat—"

"Come on," I said firmly, "there are no cats. You don't want to look as if I neglected you, do you?"

Apparently he didn't mind a bit, but I did, and started work on his head.

"Be very careful," he said nervously, "I'm tender."

"Nonsense!" I retorted. "You're nothing of the sort. Why, your hair's like barbed wire. Now then—underneath." And I rolled him over.

Unfortunately, in that position he was able to see under the desk, and what he saw was a ball.

"Hullo," he exclaimed excitedly, "there it is, then."

"Keep still," I urged, wrestling with him. "How can I—"

"But it's my ball, I tell you," he panted. "Look," and he kicked out wildly. "Ow!" he yelled the next instant. "Oh! MIND!"

"Well, it's your own fault," I pointed out. "Keep still."

He subsided and lay prostrate, his feet paddling feebly in the air, wearing the expression of a martyr who tries to face torture bravely.

"Only a little dog," he moaned, rolling his eyes. "Too weak to resist. Kill me and be done with it."

I ignored him and continued my exploration in the jungle. "That's much better," I said after a time. "Now then, where's your tail?"

But Charlie very strongly objects to anybody's fooling with his tail,

so he squirmed round and sat on it. "Tail's quite all right," he declared defensively. "I'd much rather you didn't—Oh! No! Stop it! HELP!"

But it was too late, and he was finished. "There," I said, having brushed him, "you look splendid."

Charlie, as pleased as I was, shook himself proudly. "I feel fine!" he shouted. "Hurray!"

After which he charged round the room twice, tore into the garden, rolled on (a) the lawn, (b) the rubbish heap, (c) the sofa and Patrick the Cat—and looked just as bad as ever.

"And now," he grinned cheerfully, "bring on your friends."

BARBARA CART '45

### THE FIRST BLACKOUT

'Twas the night of the blackout, and all through the town  
Not a light was a-glowing; the shades were all down.

The people were huddled all under their beds,  
While visions of Hitler danced through their heads.

The cops were on duty, the streets were all cleared,  
And out from a window a candle appeared.

The warden said, "Humph! Turn your light out, and shame!  
This is a blackout, and not any game."

And just at that moment the all-clear was heard;  
The doors were all opened and occupants stirred.

The blackout was ended; the town was itself;  
The curtains and flashlights were back on the shelf.

ALLISON COOK, CLASS VI

## OLD WITCHES

THE sky is blue, the trees are green and luscious; all is serene, with the brook running cheerfully over the stones. But if you move your eyes a little to the left everything changes, and all because of one tree and a few hawks. There they sit hunched over like veritable witches, silent and grim in the dead black maple with its branches sticking up coldly against the green of live trees. As you look at the hawks the immediate scenery likewise seems grim, the lusciousness is gone from the trees, and the sky turns to a cold blue.

They do not move, until after awhile one or two rise silently to flap away into the woods in search of carrion, a gruesome but favorite means of subsistence. Not that they are averse to living delicacies: chickens have an almighty fear of the hawks, and many an irate farmer has wasted bullets while his fowls were being spirited away.

It is fascinating to watch them glide around and around or swoop down with a rush and then pull out of the dive like a plane. When they circle, each time they go a little lower until they finally pounce on their prey. Then they return and sit bleak and grey on the old tree, watching hungrily over the countryside.

BARBARA BRAKELEY '44

## *The Black List*

Edged in  
Mourning color,  
It serves as a warning  
To those who would do wrong from those  
Who have.

JEAN MAC ALLISTER '44



THE GLEE CLUB



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

### DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

UNDER the direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny and with members of Princeton University, the Dramatic Club presented Barrie's *A Kiss for Cinderella* in Murray-Dodge Hall on March 20th and 21st. The lead was taken by Jane Cooper '42. The whole Dramatic Club, with the help of the members of the Intime Theatre, was concerned with the production, the proceeds of which were given to *The Link* for its publication. The Club wishes to express its appreciation for the help given by Mrs. Earle and a number of our teachers.

The Senior who earned the most points (121) for work in the Club was Leona Schulte. Joan Thomas was the runner-up, with 105 points.





CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY



VARSITY HOCKEY

## ATHLETICS

THE athletics season has been unusually full and interesting this year—thanks to Miss Rhoads, our new gym teacher. Last fall the Hockey Varsity (Martha Heath, Captain) faced the opposition of four outside teams: Kent Place, the George School, Hartridge, and the Trenton Field Hockey Club, winning the first two games and losing the others. On the home ground here Schulte's team won the hockey championship. The spring sports were baseball and tennis. The baseball team played the alumni *again* on May Day and was defeated, but only by the score of 12-11. The tennis program consisted of one inter-class tournament (won by Kitty Welch) and varsity matches with the Princeton High School and Cathedral School.

The members of the Senior class who received gold *F's* for obtaining 40 points in their four years of High School were Martha Heath, Leona Schulte, and Kitty Welch.



OUR EGYPTIAN PLAY—1934

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## EXCHANGES

ONCE again we are happy to report the exchanges we have made with various schools.

*Bleatings*, St. Agnes School

*Blue Pencil*, Walnut Hill School

*Cargoes*, Kent Place School

*Clio*, Miss Beard's School

*Junior Journal*, Princeton Country Day School

1942 *Tempora et Mores*, Hartridge School

*Tudor Crown*, Tudor Hall School



