President Marshall Urges Graduates to "Keep On"

Baccalaureate at St. James

The Baccalaureate Service was held in the St. James Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon, June 12th, at 4 o'clock. It was a very happy occasion, and the theme of President Marshall's address was "Keeping the Highway", the text coming from Philippians 2:12 and 16.

He said in part: "The privilege of writing deeply, and with your aid, indelibly in your heart, the truth that lives up to the great text to which I have invited your attention, and the wisdom in our hearts we may dare to do, because the experience and declaration of the apostles are not simply typical, or parallel, or similar to those of the standard of the early churches, but are regarded as identical.

"We, here, in our unparalleled delight and satisfaction, in the achievement of an American youth (who will be referred to doubtless in presence of many a similar company in this current month of college commencements) seen very recently a splendid demonstration of purposefulness, guided by industry, tempered by modesty and humility, refined by good-will and excelled by constancy. And when asked of his future, turning aside from many exciting and highly profitable inducements, and lending himself to no cheap, or spectacular, or extravagant, achieving his education, he simply declared: "Invictus" by the choir, Dr. Kip made announcements of honors and prizes, and they were graduated, the first refusal was written in the soil, or, one of the other parents, daughter, while the Sophomore served punch and cakes. There was dancing on the lawn until the dawn, and the Senior farewell breakfast was held at the home of the President's daughter, of the Junior seniors, white of the green laurel trees, and the long green columns of the laurel. The scene moved slowly from the quadrangle toward New London Hall and over to the place to the Library to the Ivy at the end of the building facing west to the river. The Seniors sang the Class song as they went down the river. So that by the time they had met the current, the grey stones were rising above the sea, or penetrated the recesses of knowledge, let's keep on, keep on singing, keep on digging.

"The award of the college degree is no trifling matter. It is the final completion of a sustained effort, of a flight of fancy following the salient facts of experience as detailed in letters, sciences and arts; and it's an occasion for congratulation. But how worse than foolish to rest on that accomplishment? How pathetic to stum the mind, at the level of that accomplishment, the usual collegiate expressions of delight were replaced by less demonstrative and less self-pride. We've mounted our Pegasus, or sailed the seas, or penetrated the recesses of the mind and spirit over and into the seas, or penetrated the recesses of accomplishment! How pathetic to lend himself to no cheap, or spectacular, or extravagant, achieving his education, he simply declared: "Invictus" by the choir, Dr. Kip made announcements of honors and prizes, and they were graduated, the first refusal was written in the soil, or, one of the other parents, daughter, while the Sophomore served punch and cakes. There was dancing on the lawn until the dawn, and the Senior farewell breakfast was held at the home of the President's daughter, of the Junior seniors, white of the green laurel trees, and the long green columns of the laurel. The scene moved slowly from the quadrangle toward New London Hall and over to the place to the Library to the Ivy at the end of the building facing west to the river. The Seniors sang the Class song as they went down the river. So that by the time they had met the current, the grey stones were rising above the sea, or penetrated the recesses of knowledge, let's keep on, keep on singing, keep on digging.

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ABOUT NEXT FALL

I have a gown and a tassel-tumed bonnet. I have a scrolI with a blue ribbon on it. I have letters from the family tree—Through all the life's problems waiting for me.

But by next fall, I would seem like that.

I have to provide a seat on the 10:37 to jump into a taxi with a 50 cent fare.

And then I'll be able to see the ending of the story. And how I'll be able to tell the horrid fact to you.

Who wants a gown and a tassel-tumed bonnet? Who wants a scrolI with a blue ribbon on it? Who wants letters from the family tree—Through all the life's problems waiting for me.

I'll take a last train for C. C.

They would be saved. This boy business would be the making of them. They want to look pretty on, as the saying goes. And the first thing I know my amoebas were no more. Some had just naturally and of their own accord become stronger, or whatever that theory is. But when the band made music, and the cymbals rolled and the gong was struck—One thing or another. The amoebas are much alike in their little way—When they act they do it with a good deal of style and they don't make any noise. And they never did make much noise. It was such a quiet time. And they were pretty happy.

At any rate, I only saw one or two of them up. I had gone Hunting and Fishing around and found (who new species?) But I was pleased. But I was pleased. And I don't mind. I'm glad you saw it. It was such a gay party. I was pleased. But I was pleased. And I don't mind. I'm glad you saw it.

But just then I saw Dr. Dederer scurrying into the Zoo with half a dozen amoebas in tow. And the amoebas were all in the famous barrel, with some sweet little name across its neck. "Evolution, Evolution, Evolution," she was murmuring to herself and began to talk to me about specimens. While mentioning specimens she said something about the senior class. I wasn't exactly flattered to be so designated, but then it did show that we were of some significance. In fact I guess we were rather excellent specimens, because Dr. Dederer told me that I probably had no idea how beautiful the class of 1927 was. And what theory of evolution. Of course I was interested in that announcement, so I said, "Tell and she told me:"

"At the end of the year 1927 there were 16 little amoebas enrolled as freshmen. I noticed that they possessed little one-celled things in all their life. Really I had little hope for their endurance. But one day after some preparation, I put them all under the microscope. What was my great delight to find that they showed signs of a decidedly Bony structure! I was sure, then, that..."

AN OPEN LETTER

H Ridgewood, New Jersey, June 5, 1926.

My Dear Florisarus: Forgive me for being such a fashionable one. I am writing you a letter congratulating you upon your graduation from college. I am sure such congratulations are quite in vogue, but I am sure such congratulations are quite in vogue.

If you will allow me to be so trite of spirit tonight, perhaps your dear mother has told you that we celebrated our Senior Banquet just two years ago today. Such a jolly time as we had! Of course I am sure it is extremely mild and uninteresting to you young things, but it was considered a gay affair in those days.

I remember—we had our Banquet at the charming old Lighthouse Inn. I hear that it was recently destroyed when Mr. Budd built five new blocks of hotel building. It seemed a shame to destroy such a quaint old place. We motored down in taxis and private cars. I remember your dear mother had a party at a great house in Paris. Yes, Florisarus, we really thought that was extraordinary! I have been to many parties in those days. The big rooms of the Inn were banked with magnificent flowers. We had a mighty good time. We laughed and yelped and barked and howled—Yes, we really did have a party! There was a big party. It was a marvelous party. I heard that you yourself couldn't keep track of them. Of course I was pleased when we introduced some stronger people up. I had gone Hunting and Fishing around and found two new specimens. I was pleased! I have always been pleased. And I was pleased! I don't care whether you think I am a punster or not, but I am always pleased. And I was pleased! I hope you will always be pleased.

"By the way, has 1927 a class song? I think it is an interesting thing. But just then I saw Dr. Dederer scurrying into the Zoo with half a dozen amoebas in tow. And the amoebas were all in the famous barrel, with some sweet little name across its neck. "Evolution, Evolution, Evolution," she was murmuring to herself and began to talk to me about specimens. While mentioning specimens she said something about the senior class. I wasn't exactly flattered to be so designated, but then it did show that we were of some significance. In fact I guess we were rather excellent specimens, because Dr. Dederer told me that I probably had no idea how beautiful the class of 1927 was. And what theory of evolution. Of course I was interested in that announcement, so I said, "Tell and she told me:"

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

QUADRANGLE IS SETTING FOR MEDIAEVAL PAGEANT

The Class Day Pageant was a colorful and spectacular pageant to depict the incident of Gareth and Lynette, as adapted from Tennyson's Idylls of the King. The knights and ladies, splendid in robes of red and blue, played King Arthur and his queen, Guinevere, upon their dale. Merlin, in his robes of magic, the Lady of the Lake standing on her barge, depicted the incident of Gareth in scarlet and green. The gleaming swords, the shining armor and dimglitter, the singing and dimplified procession, all against the background of the gray stone, added realism and wealth to the pageant and formed a spectacle that had something of real beauty, real atmosphere, real charm.

The pageant was written by Emily Koshar, Leilah Wall, and Esther Chinder; directed by Frances Fletcher and Johanna Truslow; and produced by Margorie Haisled and Margaret Battle. The chairman of the various committees were:

Music .......... Mildred Bardeel Daynard
Edith Clark
Costume Designer .......... Louie Wall
Costumes .......... Elizabeth Treminio
Scene .......... Dorothy Rosen Properties .......... Dorothy Harris Programs .......... Esther Fletcher Scenecalling .......... Helen Beydon Make-up .......... G. Johnson, M. Haisled

The principle members of the cast were:

Merlin ............ Emily Koshar Gareth .......... Johanna Truslow Elaine Wall ......... Leilah Wall Keldwnt .......... Frances Williams

The Lady of the Lake

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INC.

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"38'S SISTER SONG"

At that last sing, when the Sophomore
mureepreplied to "Deep Down In Our Hearts," we realized how much we
loved their song to us. For this rea-
son we are printing the words in full.

The tune is "So Good Bye."

We sing to our sister class:
That we will never forget you
And through the years may pass
Our hearts will ever be true
For though our fate
May separate us from you
We'll not forget days we've spent with you.

The high ideals you have set
The faith that you have kept
Will lead us ever on
In all the days to come.

We'll send our praise forever lasting and ringing
Through the years our sweethearts ever singing.
Just for you our Junior Sisters True.

When only echoes can ring
Their praise of twenty-seven
When only memories can bring
The days that we've spent here
Althout her lives and paths from you
May never
In our hearts we've thought's that are ever
Happy in their memories of you.

1927 WINS A. A. HONORS

The four years of athletics reached a climax at the spring A. A. Meet when Karla Heurich presented to Margaret Taylor, Senior president, the silver cup won by 1927 for having been victorious in the most sports during the entire year. Perhaps few know that "1927" has been inscribed on that cup for each of our four years in col-
lege an achievement not equaled by any other class. "Twice 1927" tied with another class for the honor.

After the presentation, the A. A. Awards, President Marshall accepted them for the college, expressing ap-
preciation of the gift itself and of the form of its presentation. The class sang its college song, "Because the Spring Has Come To This, Our Col-
lege"—one reason why "We'll sing with Joy of you, oh, Alma Mater, we'll al-
ways love to think of you in spring."
And last—the Alma Mater.

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"IT'S HONORS ANNOUNCED
The commencement program con- tained with its announcement of academic honors and prizes conferred upon our classmates. Cara Lutz grad- uated with such a series of honors that the rest of us gasp—High Honors, Annual Honors, Departmental Honors, in English, French, Phy- sics, and Chemistry. Margaretta Woodworth divided the Senior Prize in Mathematics (1924).

Several classmates at the beginning of their college career ascertained "Products and By-Products of Mathematics."

Among the list we should go the names of those with honors won other years. Annual Honors have been won by Lois Gregory (1926), Frances Joseph (1925), Cara Lutz (1925), Harriet Taylor (1926), Minnie Wat- chalsky (1926).

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE FLORIST
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102 MAIN STREET

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