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COMMENCEMENT ISSUE



CLASS OF 1922.

PRESIDENT MARSHALL GIVES BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

URGES RENEWAL OF THE MIND.

The baccalaureate service, held at St. James Church on Sunday afternoon, June 11, was most impressive. The Class, led by the choir, marched up the left aisle of the church and down the center, the choir taking seats in the chancel, and the class occupying seats reserved in the nave.

The choir, with Marie Antoinette Taylor as soloist, sang unusually well. Those who took part in the service were Rev. Philip Markham Kerridge, rector of the church, who offered invocation, Rev. Chester H. Howe, President of the New London Federation of Churches, who read the scripture, and Rev. Edward M. Chapman, who offered prayer.

President Marshall eloquently delivered a very fine baccalaureate address. He took as his text, Romans 12: 2, "Be not fashioned according to this age, but be ye transformed by the renewal of your mind". Dr. Marshall first took, as an example, the Apostle Paul, "who was a keen observer of all conditions wherever he went, who was an advocate of the new and living way, the builder within the Roman Empire of a new Society". St. Paul emphasized the fact that no change for the better can be effective or made permanent except it be by changed mind and constant will.

Although this age is far in advance of the time in which Paul lived, yet we have evils which are to be denounced. We also have truths to be proclaimed. "This is a day," said Dr. Marshall, "for the proclamation and practice of world brotherhood; a day to call and summon the world to high and serious living; a day to ask men to steep their minds in the great and worthy thought of all the ages as recorded in great literature, as demonstrated in great lives, and as imperiously required by the great need of the time for worthy leadership."

So, for the renewal of our mind we should look to the work and product of the minds of the past, and of their peers in all the centuries, to find not only food for thought, but standards for our art, and canons for our literature, and guidance for our tastes, and ideals for our living.

For the renewal of our mind we must have a mind and a life given to righteousness, for such a mind is a living mind, "fast rising into the qualifications for immortality". The renewal of life follows giving oneself to the practice of goodness, and goodness gives approval to right conduct and no other. "This modern age is an age to love, and to serve, and to save,—but not to be fashioned by." Service and

Continued on page 4, column 3.

FOR SUMMER READING

The Koiné

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DR. MACKENZIE SPEAKS AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

PRIZES AWARDED AND DEGREES CONFERRED.

On Tuesday morning, June 13, at nine-thirty o'clock, the commencement exercises took place in the gymnasium. The academic procession was led by President Marshall and Governor Lake, followed by the faculty in their academic robes, the alumnae, the choir, the Seniors and, at the last, the Juniors dressed in white. These marched into the building to the time of Mendelssohn's March of the Priests, "Athalia".

At the commencement, Rev. Edward M. Chapman offered the invocation.

The speaker of the morning was Rev. W. Douglas Mackenzie, D. D., LL.D., President of the Hartford Seminary Foundation, who delivered a forcible address on "The Dedicated Life." The choir beautifully rendered "Morning Hymn" by George Henschel, and "Hymn of Joy" by Oley Speaks.

President Marshall then conferred the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science upon forty members of the graduating class.

Commencement Honors are as follows:

Departmental Honors—
Department of History and Political Science, Lucy C. McDannel '22.

Continued on page 4, column 4.

INDIANS FIGURE AT CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Class Day Exercises, on Monday, June 12, were held in the quadrangle between Plant and Blackstone. The setting was particularly attractive. On the terrace, facing the audience, was a very realistic Indian encampment. The wigwams, cedar trees, campfire, and in a prominent place the totem-pole, mascot of the class—all silhouetted against the sky—made a very charming picture. Before the wigwams sat four Indian maidens, in full costume, with their scrolls of bark which contained the history of the four college years of 1922.

The Alumnae added color to the scene, for the class of 1920 appeared in blue and buff crepe paper dresses, while members of 1921 wore purple and gold caps, tilted jauntily over the right eye.

Very effective, too, was the procession which opened the exercises—the Seniors, in their black caps and gowns, marching between two rows of Juniors, dressed in white and carrying the laurel chain. The procession started from the gymnasium and marched around Blackstone, by way of the road, and down through the center of the court. They made their exit by way of the steps leading up to Branford and Plant.

The program was as follows:
I.—Grand March with laurel chain.

Continued on page 3, column 1.

FINE WORK SHOWN AT ART EXHIBIT.

On Friday afternoon of June 9th the annual Art Exhibit was held at College. In the Gymnasium were displayed paintings by Leslie P. Thompson, the well-known artist. Mr. Thompson was born at Medford, Massachusetts, in 1880. He studied at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where in 1904 he won the Page Travelling Scholarship. Consequently, he spent a year abroad in travel and study. For his work Mr. Thompson has received many awards and medals.

The other work on exhibition was displayed in the two art rooms in New London Hall. There girls of the Art Department served punch and cakes and also conducted the guests through the rooms. Among the oil paintings, that of Marjorie Wells by Mineola Miller, deserves special comment and praise.

A part of the exhibition consisted of problems in elementary design beginning with the square and working up to cross stitch designs for bags and hat boxes. These hat boxes which had been designed and painted by the first year classes were all exceedingly pretty.

The second year work, "Tooled Leather Bindings for Altar Pray Books" was most remarkable. The problem had been the application of Byzantine ornament to the binding of these books.

Work done by Helen Peale '22, and Constance Hill '22, in Elevations in the

Continued on page 4, column 4.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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1922 SETS SAIL.

Here's just a word of farewell, oh class of 1922. We cannot let you go without telling you how much we think of you, and how sorry we are to have you leave us. You have been told that dozens of times, no doubt, but repetition will only make it more emphatic.

Yes, we know you are small in numbers. But what you lack in quantity, you make up in quality, for you have the spirit, the right kind of spirit—loyalty to Alma Mater, loyalty to friendships, loyalty to class. And enthusiasm,—why, you're bubbling over with it!

As for ideas—novel ones—you take the lead! We will look at your totem-pole many times and think of your Indian legends, your Indian songs, your Indian maidens. Who but '22 would ever have thought of a totem-pole for a mascot—and it is so appropriate, too.

Yes, '22, we think that you are all right. We try not to look ahead to a next year without you, but we know it has to be. Even though you are not with us, we will remember you and your traditions,—and we will try to make those traditions live. We will remember your spirit of fellowship and loyalty, and we will endeavor to keep that spirit alive, full and strong. So, good luck to you as you sail upon life's seas, and many wishes for success in all you do. But do not sail so far that you cannot return to this old hilltop, many times and oft—we'll be watching for you!

CLASS POEM.

High Hill with Singing Wind and Silver River,
Where dwell the fairies of the woods and streams,
Where comes the shy young moon of haunting whiteness
To shower upon the earth its softening beams.
Oh, trees with lifting arms and pleading branches,
Oh, wooded nooks where timid flowers spring,
Enchanted place of sunshine's flaming glory,
O'er thee the song of youth will ever ring.
Oh, Alma Mater, home of great endeavor,

Where hopes are born and aspirations high,
The spirit of the crested hill is with thee,
The music of the Singing Winds is nigh.

We praise thee for thy gracious understanding,
For Inspiration and for Wisdom rare,
For giving of the Beauty that is in thee,
For showing us the worth of all things fair.

Though far from Singing Winds and Silver River,
Thy spirit, Alma Mater, lead us still
To strive in thy fair name for deeds of greatness,
And striving, all thy years with Fame to fill.

The beauty of the Hilltop High be with us
To clearly light our eyes where'er we go.

And over every troubled soul and weary,

The music of the Singing Winds sound low.
—Marie Antoinette Taylor.

HISTORIES READ ON CLASS DAY.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

When the harvest moon was waning fast, full four long years ago, the Freshman class of twenty-two with seventy maidens fair came first into these wooded shores to raise their wigwams there. And their days were filled with frolic and fun, and work that was well worth-while.

But alas a strange thing came to pass in that year of warfare and death. The land was ravaged by a terrible Spirit, the Great Black Spirit, The Flu,—and this tribe of maidens hid themselves in their wonderful granite caves. Then they worshipped the great God Quarantine to ward off this terrible dread.

For many moons the tribe they stirred not from their haunts of hill and river. Fear gave place to peaceful quiet, pleasure reigned supreme once more. 'Twas then that the stately Juniors gave the Freshmen a Masquerade. 'Twas then that they decked themselves with feathers, and besmirched themselves with paint. And they danced and they danced, those Indians gay, till the blood in their veins ran cold.

Then the Senior class, the legends say, returned one day from the hunt. And the Freshman class, they shared with them the spoils of that wonderful hunt. When the flames leaped high and the moon hung low they roasted the pig that they killed. They roasted the pig at a Sausage Stew and they ate and they ate and they ate. And the maidens murmured a low weird chant which rose to a haunting wail,—and the moon hung low in the blue-black sky and the river shown dark in the night.

When the wind shrilled by, and the air was cold, and the snow was thick on the ground, the Freshmen gathered in numbers strong to hold a Pow-wow great. And the Indian Braves from afar they came to visit these Indian Squaws. They danced and they danced to the Tom-Tom's beat and the noisy rattle and horn. And the wind shrieked on and the snow shown white in the cold still light of the moon.

Once again when the sun smiled warm and the river was sapphire blue, a great black beast came prowling about to menace this happy Tribe—A Bug it was, the Diphtheria Bug, and they paled at the sound of his name. Now Medicine Men of a neighboring tribe came to help their suffering friends. And these wise men wrought a marvellous charm upon the deadly

thing. They found that he was no terror—he was naught but a Humbug beast.

And the tribe once more was laughing and gay, for Peace was abroad in the land. When the evening sun lingered long in the West, and the South Wind murmured low, the youngest maids of this happy tribe entertained their sisters kind. 'Twas a Cabaret Dinner with jest and song, and laughter litesome and gay. Music there was and friendship a-plenty to 'liven that happy day.

But the best day of all, the gladdest by far of all the glad days of that year found the rising sun like a fiery ball a-climbing over the hill. The Freshmen, gay, clad in red and white, arose with the first streak of dawn. They awakened their friends with a serenade and sang full many a song. A basketball game and a Tea in the Court augments the Freshmen's fame. And the rising moon found a sleeping tribe,—for Freshman Day was done.

When the moon of roses was waxing strong, these Indians journeyed away. And the days of joy and friendship were gone. But they lived in the heart of each maid. ELIZABETH HALL.

SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR YEARS.

They say that the biggest step in a college career comes between Sophomore and Junior year. Not so with '22. We came back sixty strong, and imbued already with a sense of great responsibility, took unto ourselves the task of teaching the Freshmen good manners, no small job for they were one hundred and twenty-five strong and in an open encounter could have demolished us utterly. As it was the two classes managed to survive, and became very fast friends indeed. Feeling again that burden, responsibility, we hurled ourselves earnestly into athletics, and carried off the Hockey Championship. Mil Duncan distinguishing and almost extinguishing herself as center, and Lizzie Merrill, guarding the goal post with cunning skill. But this was not enough. We must needs win in tennis, and we did, defeating the Senior team in a splendid set of doubles. "To the Victor belong the Spoils", and with this in mind, the Faculty (may their laurels never fade) granted us two whole glorious nights of revelry over Sophomore Hop week end. "Unheard of!" "Wonderful!" "Pretty nice!" came in awed wonder from the other two classes who had plead in vain for the same favor. Then '22 was happy and frolicked madly during the Mardi Gras Carnival on Friday night and the more sedate Hop on the following night. Long will be remembered this event and long too another—the Senior-Sophomore Luncheon at the Mohican. Sister classes always have splendid times when they get together and this seemed particularly so because, well—we thought 1920 was the nicest ever and the Tea Dance that day simply brought it home more strongly.

So ended Sophomore year, the period completing our adjustment to college life, rich in meaning and full of activities which bound us more firmly to our Alma Mater.

Came Junior year when we returned to find ourselves sadly lacking in numbers and facing the full share in the responsibilities as upper classmen. To prepare us for what was to follow, we each had six small Freshman sisters to write to during the summer,—guide about upon their arrival, and see that they were introduced to everyone in college at the opening reception. That indeed was a busy time!

Besides that we brought a circus to town for them—Darmum and Dailey's. Surely it was a wonderful circus! Trained elephants whose grey blanket skins were in imminent peril of falling off during the procession; seals that

got along the best they could in borrowed rubber rain coats; real clowns, a monkey, the Gold Dust Twins, and an agile Ring Master, added zest to the occasion and left stomachs aching with laughter.

Then there was Junior Prom—glorious Junior Prom—a week end dotted with heavy showers and dazzling sunshine,—a never to be forgotten week end just because—Junior Prom is Junior Prom.

The Senior-Junior Luncheon at the Mohican, we will always remember. Again the two classes met, with members of the Faculty, met and sang, chatted and ate together in the glory of happy comradeship.

But the event most looked forward to was the Junior Banquet when the mascot should be unveiled. Of that you shall hear later—and the exciting tale incident to the Mascot Hunt.

In athletics we did not excel, content to rest upon the laurels of the previous year, and mindful that to struggle against younger and stronger classes was well nigh impossible.

And so ended Junior year,—thought by some to be the best year in college and certainly for us, one of the fullest and richest we will ever spend.

HELEN STICKLE.

CHOOSING THE MASCOT. JUNIOR YEAR.

In the college on the hill-top
Lives a class of youthful maidens,
When the winter spreads its snow cloak,

Spreads its cloak of shining white—
'22 its mascot chose,
Chose the symbol of its fathers,
Chose the Indian Totem Pole—
Symbol of the wood and river
Symbol of the vale and hill.
'Neath the gargoyle broadly grinning,
Stretch the four sides brown and weathered,
Bearing each a cherished legend,
One keeps close the tale of Weta,
One sets forth the college seal,
Still uncarved, one's the future,
One remains, the glorious present,
Tells the story of '22.

On the green and silent hill-top
By the laughing, wind-swept river,
By the fresh and fragrant meadows,
By the grove of whispering hemlocks,
Stands a college, young in years;
And this college has a purpose,
Purpose bright like glowing embers,
Like the torch of truth and wisdom—
Like the torch of liberty.
To portray this purpose splendid,
Carved upon the Totem-Pole,
Is a tree skyward reaching
By the shining river water,
By the rippling, white-capped water.
Like the tree, the college strengthens,
Grows in knowledge and in numbers—
Stretches ever upward, outward—
Seeking wisdom, truth and vigor.
Thus thru days and years unnumbered,
Thus shall grow our Alma Mater.

In the college on the hill-top
Is a class of youthful maidens,
Is the class of '22.
And this class, upon its mascot
Carved with Indian signs its story;
First for wind there's a figure,
Wind that blows both strong and freely,

Whispering softly in the hemlocks
Rustling thru the elm tree branches,
Blowing always strong and free.
Once again there is the college
On the hill-top by the river—
Symbols of our Alma Mater—
Alma Mater by the sea.
'Neath these, are two maidens standing
Clasping hands in friendly fashion
Tokens of true amity.
Then at last the first four classes,
First to form the cycle four—
Thus are memories kept untarnished
Ever living, ever glowing
Symbols of our love for thee.

JEANETTE SPERRY.

SENIOR YEAR.

And now many, many moons have passed, and the tribe of 1922 is far smaller in number than in earlier days. In the last year of its history as a member of the Connecticut, only forty-three members had survived the battles and wars of the tribe. These forty-three were brave and courageous maidens, however, and the year was faithfully and successfully passed.

Assuming a dignity which is befitting a tribe so noble and of so exalted a position the tribe did call itself the Seniors. Early in the harvest season, these Seniors did add to their pile of trophies a cup of silver won because they proved themselves superior to the learned ones—the Faculty—of the Connecticut in the difficult and bloody game of soccer—a feat which no former tribe had performed.

Following the tradition established of old by the former Connecticut tribes, the Seniors did sing, throughout the year, on the old Stone Wall, every month when the moon rose full and white over the peaceful river and shed its silver light over the hill-top which is the home of the Connecticut—did the Seniors sing and bring tribute to the other tribes.

Steadily and constantly did the Seniors work and strive to keep up to the standard set by its worthy predecessors, and were fast becoming of a studious and serious turn of mind. But one day when spring did delight the earth with her beauty, her warmth, and her freshness, the Seniors did take again unto themselves youth—for one whole day. They feasted sumptuously on many waffles and much syrup in regions unknown. They solemnly attended chapel, in ceremonial garb. At the feast of the noon-tide, dressed in youthful colors, they did sing the songs of the tribe of 1922. Secretly, as evening came, they gathered on the decks of a boat and spent the evening on the water, underneath the silver moon. And when they had returned to the hill-top, they gave to the tribe of 1922 the right to own and sing on the stone-wall which had been theirs. Sad was this ceremony, because it meant to the tribe of 1922 the beginning of the end that was to come.

And now the tribe must leave its happy hill-top to seek a broader hunting ground, where it may carry on further prowess in the field of high endeavor. Read by RUTH BACON.

Dr. Dederer will spend the summer at Wood's Hole doing further research in the "Study of Living Cells Cultivated in Artificial Solutions". A paper on that subject was published by Miss Dederer last November in the Journal of the Marine Biological Laboratory. Dorothy Stevens, Mary Bristol, Dorothy Hubbard and Faith Vandenburg will also be at Wood's Hole.

Miss Robinson is to have a cottage for the summer near Portland, Maine. Miss Crawford and the Misses Wright will spend part of the summer there.

Mrs. Wessel will attend the National Conference of Social Work to be held in Providence. She will also do research work at Columbia during the summer.

INDIANS FIGURE AT CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

- II.—Song—"Hail to Thee Our College Home."—Seniors.
 III.—Class Greeting—Constance Hill.
 IV.—Class History.
 Freshman Year—Elizabeth Hall
 Sophomore Year—Helen Stickle
 Junior Year—Jeanette Sperry
 Senior Year—Ruth Bacon
 V.—Song—"Spirit of the Wind and River"—Seniors.
 VI.—Quartette, "Song of the Seasons," composed by Dr. Coerne.—Winifred

Powell, Miriam P. Taylor, Marie Antoinette Taylor, Blanche Fine-silver.

VII.—Class Poem—Marie Antoinette Taylor.

VIII.—Presentation of Class Gift—Constance Hill.

IX.—Class Song—"When Our College Years Are Over."

X.—"Alma Mater."

The class gift proved to be a sum of money, the interest of which shall be used for the purchase of books for the new library.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Divina Comedia of 1922.

PROLOGUE.

Some ninety years from 1922,
 Tottering I traced my steps to old Bolleswood;
 I meditated on the people in my class,
 Found some to blame, but much in them of good.
 So thinking, wandered off the road;
 And lost, sank down amid a heap of leaves.
 When suddenly a mighty shade appeared to me,
 Of substance such as sun and shadow weaves.
 "Have mercy on me, Shade," I cried,
 "Who'er thou art from death let me escape;
 If Shakespeare, Phantom, show me from this wood;
 Thy purpose tell, Elizabethan Shape."
 "Not Shakespeare, but one not strange to thee,
 Who taught thee much from literature's great store,
 As such. Yet Dr. Wells was known to thee before."
 "More mercy then," I cried in great alarm,
 "Consider how now age doth shake my hand,
 Unfit to hold a pen." "But," quoth that sage,
 "My purpose is to show that solitary band

Once named as class of 1922—
 Who, with worthy deeds made lives of merit shine.
 Now languishing in Hell or Paradise,
 Resultant of such lives as yours and mine."
 Faithful, and guarding the gate of Hell,
 saw I,
 Friar Tuck with scorn and hauteur of death's debt;
 Dread Cerberus, and Scylla of eight heads,
 Sooner, later and many a Zoologic pet,
 Upon the door was writ, "Stranger, have fear!
 And give a cheer for '22 all ye who enter here."
 We passed the gate of Hell, and came
 To regions of dark wastes and wide,
 And heard we many a cry of dull despair

Before we reached black Acheron's side.
 And then I saw the President, who tall of mien,
 Rowed back and forth amid the broken ice,
 With tenderness, like Arnold, guiding those sad souls,
 To destiny of Hell or Paradise.
 Then as we climbed into the boat I saw
 His eyes upon me kindly, his brow bent.
 "Not heaven?" I cried. He answered with a smile
 "With everlasting Peace I could not be content."

CANTO 1.

Argument.

I am led through the first circle and see many talented people who would have gained heaven, except that they have not taken the swimming test. They have established a little artists' colony here, where they practise, exercising their souls to their hearts' content.

Within the first circle sat those who had had a part

In making Life more noble through a consecration to Art,—

Michel Angelo, who carved out Titan gods and men,

And Andrea del Sarto with his faultless pen;

Botticelli, whose delicate charm and grace,

Now wrote suffering and immortality on every canvas face.

And Ghirlandajo, who dropping brush and paints

Wrought tiny silver halos for little silver saints.

There sat Mineola,—eyes squint and thumb in air,

Painting phantom nothings, sitting on a phantom chair,

Said she, "On earth awhile, great fame by brush I won,

I climbed up in Saint Patrick's roof, and painted stars and sun,

And sibyl,—a twist,—on every beam I represented Heaven by an Irish pastoral scene.

Here I paint Grecian borders on little angel smocks;

But Mollie darns a fortune on apocalyptic socks."

There, too, sits Betty Hall, face down, her back was bent,

Printing names upon Degrees of Awful punishment.

And Helen Peale works busily upon a box of red,

And shellacs a snaky hatbox for Medusa's massive head.

"Oh, wait," quoth Augusta, "I found a fortune in my name,

For in this vast abode of gods and men, Noble Achilles bought O'Sullivan's heels from me,

And thought to absorb all shocks from his silly heel again."

And in a niche in the Hall of Fame, I saw Liz Merrill face to face,

"My plaster bust was lost," she said, "And so I take its place."

Then saw I the noblest of the Greeks again,

Aeschylus and Euripides,
 Great Homer with his songs of worthy men,

And Plato with some new philosophies.
 And then I saw a woman near them all,

Who listened to great Homer, face intent,

"Can that be Sappho?" asked I of my guide,

"Who fragments of a soul to mankind lent?"

"Not Sappho," smiled he, "But yet one as great,

Who walked in calm, glad peace your class among,

Known only as 'Dean Nye', and yet whose life

Was sweeter far than Sappho's, though unsung."

CANTO 2.

Argument.

I go into the second circle, and find one of my old classmates, temporarily conducting the court, where the sad souls of the departed are tried.

There sat Lucy Macdannel, in dignity severe,

A notebook crowned her blondish locks, a pen behind each ear,

While in maiden meditation, as each soul comes and goes,

Lucy tickles, with her quill, her little pensive nose.

"You see on earth," she cried, "I was well known in law,

Even here all devils hold me in quite a bit of awe,

But Gay will tell you all the news, she tries the mind to get."

And Lucy banged upon the box, and seized a cigarette.

"My name is Gay," that maiden said, "I test intelligence,

For the benefit of endowment, and the sum of 20 cents.

My services for college, have turned to this and that,

Who doubts me learn the truth and see what lines my broadbrimmed hat." Then to Dot Wheeler in that mass, I heard them say for her release,— "Thou wast the treasurer of that class. Go thou to Everlasting Peace."

CANTO 3.

Argument.

I am led into the third circle and am surprised to see only one person sitting there. It is Helen Crofoot, and after a very painful recognition scene, I fall sobbing into her arms, and she comforts me by telling me her troubles.

And there sat Helen Crofoot in a circle by herself,

Her hair hung in long spiccurls to her side,

"I am a mighty vampire now,—be careful when you look—

They have to put me by myself," she said with growing pride.

"On earth I soon exhausted all studies for my brain,

And so then, I decided on a fairer road to fame,

By a little tidy vampiring,—it isn't such a strain.

Behold, that Madam Crowsfeet is my name."

CANTO 4.

Argument.

I see a classmate, and later encounter a poetess.

There saw I wastes of arid grass and dun

Through which the glory of great beauty shone.

For within the circle of Hell's creeping flame,

Sat Helen of Troy,—the other without name

Yet Helen also, with nature cold and still,

Through which at times crept flames of Cleopatra's will.

Up to the edge of their high disdain
 The fires of Hell crept up, were chilled,
 and sank again.

Behold a parallel, for on earth above,
 Each maid chose Paris to an earlier love.

And yet a little further on I saw
 Mary Thomson, and her mouth was open wide.

"Oh, yes," she told me gaily, "My vocation is to sing,

But I write some little poems on the side.

Just to hear my lips in such a song,
 full many a man has died.

Oh, Cath McCarthy flirted with a dozen men,

(yet never told them fibs),

She married a rough sailor man,
 (who broke four of her ribs).

But Catherine was a good sport,
 (she showed her spouse the door).

'My dear,' she said, 'those ribs of mine
 have all been broke before.'"

(Author's note—Music is the nigger Sunday School. Try it on your piano.)

CANTO 5.

Argument.

I am taken by my guide to the fifth circle of the Foolish Virgins, or Those Who Took Unto Themselves Husbands. Overcome with pity at their sad and numerous tales, I fall fainting to the ground.

Then saw I Ann Advancing as I came,
 "My name is Fry," she said to me, "and occupation same.

You knew of course I married, and was famed on earth above,

For my little daily dozen whom I washed and dressed and love.

Harriet Byron she told me was filled with rage and ire,

She had just been nominated to lead the angel choir,

She ne'er held any offices, but judging from rings,

Her lily arms were made in view of holding other things.

Within the family circle, Ann showed me Evelyn Gray,

She took a ring, and promised to love,
honor and be gay,
Down here she ran a canteen, and con-
tinued earthly joys,
By talking very hurriedly to little navy
boys.
Eleanor Thielan took to marrying, and
led a tranquil life,
Not only Wunch, but even twice she
tried her hand at wife.
And as I gazed and looked about
awhile,
Through all those weeping faces
beamed the good old Sperry smile.
Jeannette stood there in angel robe
with shoes of glistening gold,
And hand outstretched, for all the
world like Gabriel of old.
While Miss Snevils shouted measure-
ments, into a radio horn;
"Your pardon, classmates, dear," said
I, "What date was Henry baughn?"
And Claudine sat there merrily at the
typewriter keys, and with zest,
Played on it with great emotion, "My
Little Grey Home in the West."

CANTO 6.

Argument.

I am led in the outer circles of Hell
for the more comfortable sinners.
These aspired to be, and didn't, and
have the more modern conveniences
such as in substitution of such crudities
as the flames, there is here elec-
tricity, and electric chairs.

There saw I Gertrude Avery a'sitting
in the fire,
Unblinking and as peaceful as could
be,
"How come?" I asked. She shook her
head in ire,
It isn't tropical enough for me.
I wanted to be a missionary like my
older brother Dan,
Subdue the natives, teach them how
to pray and eat.
In Africa I married mighty Catch-Me-
If-You-Can,
Wore skirts of grass and fed my
children on raw meat.
For heathen ways I've found a liking
great,
Wore rings upon my fingers and
bells upon my toes,
Fried missionaries in Mazola, with
each chieftain had a date,—
And tried to coax all Christian girls
to little pagan beaus.

CANTO 7.

Argument.

I disconsolately look for the last four
or five of my classmates, and finally
find them holding a class meeting in
the last circle.

There saw I Gertrude Traurig giving
French and Spanish squeals,
And tripping all about with smiles on
celestially high heels,
"I do not have to sugar tea," she cried
with smiling pride,
The recipe is safe enough, my sweet-
ness is inside."
There sat Marge Wells, who between
the cruising years,
Composed all the notes and scores for
the music of the sphere.
And Hagar who reformed the world,
and when reform grew stale,
She took to wandering in the woods
and calling Ishmael.
And Antoinette, who was kept jump-
ing, by her different duties in Hell,
"Oh yes," she said, "my temperament
suits such a life quite well,
I've married seven husbands and the
seventh cannot fail.
And my latest operetta is called, 'The
Blazing Tail.'"
"Then," said Margerite Baxter, "since
Constance hasn't come
Will everybody take their seats and
leave their chewing gum.
Upon the absent members, we will first
hear a report,
And smile with glee to hear what price
was their salvation bought."

And Baxter in her Titian crown looked
sternly here and there,
But Millsie cried,
With maternal pride,
"Let my youngest sit on a chair."
First Helen Tryon, diatetic devil,
All Hell whispers to themselves,
On Earth she won a pension for the
most housewifely shelves.
We saw her in the flames do a woeful
dance of pain,
Yet in her lighted eye was writ a most
triumphant gain.
"See," she cried in delight, "behold!
although I'm burnt to tan
I sneaked from earth a new mowned
egg,
And a blackened frying pan."

Helen Clark does celestial news and all
the gossip picks,
To Moses' great stone tablets, she has
put her appendix.
"Oh, ain't she cute?" her classmates
cry, "She's only thirty-six."

On earth M. P. went abroad and led
little chinky cheers,
And then she thought she'd sleep it
off in a few hundred years,
Some call her Sleeping Beauty, you can
name her what you choose,
But she left word not to disturb her
from her little decade snooze.

And Mary Damerel, so gossip goes,
and so the angels say,
Commutes from Westerly to Punish-
ment, on every sunny day.

And Mildred Duncan, the third famous
muse,
Won more degrees and prizes than she
could ever use,
Although her brain brought her much
and many pence,
Mildred married a logician, with her
usual common sense.

Then saw I Constance, a tidy little
soul
Who in the hearts of all the class
filled up a great big hole.
She drove in panting furiously upon a
milk white snail,
Urged from behind by naughty points,
Of many a devil's tail.
—A toast to Constance whom we know
the best kind of a sport,
Who took the prow and through the
storms brought '22 to port.

CANTO 8.

Argument.

I near the gates of Paradise,

Then saw I Sarah Grollman, and asked
why she dawdled here.
She told me in her merry way,
"Satan is conservative, and rather than
seem queer,

I travelled into upper air and in the
heavenly sphere,
Sport new reforms for little saints
upon each holiday.

Then at the gate of heaven saw I
she,—

Blanche Finesilver by name,—
In argument with Saint Peter angrily,
"Ah Blanche," I said, "I see you are the
same.

But speak," I cried, "How is it at this
gate,

You stand here after ninety weary
years?"

She pointed to St. Peter in despair,—
"I can't convince him." And wept bit-
ter tears.

"Now don't delay." I told her in good
cheer,

"For Paradise awaits for one so true!"
"I know," she stormed, "but that's not
the point,

St. Peter won't approve of you."
Then said I angry and abashed,
"Be not sure thru the gates to find
away."

"Tis simple," quoth she, with an airy
smirk,

"I am reporter for the Fiery Day."
Yet I alone of all that crowd won
heaven,

My guide smiled, taking off his hat,

Said he, "Each word a tear this proph-
ecy thou wrote,
And all Eternity can't pay for that."
GRACE FISHER.

ALUMNAE NOTICE.

Will all Alumnae please send their
dues of \$2.50 each to Jessie Menzies,
570 East 21st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The treasurer will appreciate your
sending the money at once, that she
may turn over her books to the next
treasurer before the end of the sum-
mer.

PRESIDENT MARSHALL GIVES BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Concluded from page 4, column 4.

dedication of personality to meet the
tasks of every day means a renewal of
the mind.

A third certain process for the re-
newal of the mind is the practice of
meditation — meditation upon the
beauty of the world and the dignity
and grandeur of man, and by this med-
itation we will find God.

Dr. Marshall's last words to the class
were, "Keep the habit and the temper
of the scholar; develop the technique
and pride of the worker; and through
all study and all labor, maintain inti-
mate and unbroken fellowship with
Him, of whose thought and power all
life and all accomplishment is the sign
and product."

MUSICALE GIVEN AT ST. JAMES.

The usual Commencement musicale
was held on Sunday evening at the St.
James Protestant Episcopal Church.
Under the direction of Dr. Coerne, the
College Choir sang unusually well the
responses and selections. A former
student at the College, Miss MacDon-
ald, rendered her solo, *Hear Ye, Israel*,
with great clearness and sweetness of
tone.

As usual, Miss Seeley's singing was
rich and full. Indeed, her beautiful
contralto voice seems especially fitted
for sacred music. Mr. Keigwin, the
tenor of the Episcopal church choir,
gave a solo and also sang with Mr.
Weld in a selection from Mendelssohn's
Elijah.

Pièce Héroïque by César Franck, a
selection solemn and rather heavy, and
Scherzo by Samuel Rousseau, quite the
reverse, were played by Professor
Bauer with his great skill and finesse.

A cantata, *The Daughter of Jairus*, by
J. Rheinberger, sung by Mr. Weld and
a chorus, completed the musical pro-
gram.

CLASS OF 1919 CELEBRATES

The class of 1919 did not have a
formal reunion this year. But sixteen
of the faithful ones came back for
commencement. These sixteen went
down to Ocean Beach for a frolic, in
the form of real shore dinner at Wor-
dell's.

The dinner was very informal, but
all the nicer because it was so. Mothers
compared notes on the bringing
up of babies. Teachers discussed meth-
ods of teaching—and everybody chat-
ted and ate and ate and chatted un-
til it was time to return to the hill
top. So after all, 1919 did have a
reunion.

CLASS OF 1920 MAKES PLANS.

A business meeting of the class of
1920 was held in Winthrop House on
Monday morning, June 12. The resig-
nation of Frances Barlow, who has
been president of the class for the last
two years, was accepted with regret.
Jessie Menzies was elected president
for the next three years.

The class decided to have its next
reunion in 1925, and plans were made
for getting out a Year Book, to be
ready at next reunion, setting forth

the activities of the members of the
class. Fanchon Hartmann was elect-
ed editor-in-chief of the Year Book,
and Marion Hendrie was elected a
member of the staff.

RECEPTION FOLLOWS CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

After the Class Day exercises on
Monday afternoon a reception was
given in the gymnasium for Faculty,
Alumnae, and the graduating class,
with their guests. President and Mrs.
Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer
were among those who received.

The pink of the laurel against the
background of green leaves, with the
paintings of the Art Exhibit made the
gymnasium attractive, as did the
dainty gorgandies of the girls who
served delicious ices and little cakes.

The hour was a delightful one, giv-
ing opportunity for the renewing of old
acquaintances and the making of new
ones.

DR. MACKENZIE SPEAKS AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

Annual Honors—

Class of 1922, M. Claudine Smith.
Class of 1923, Helena R. Wulf, Ma-
rie L. M. Berg.

Class of 1924, Eileen M. Fitzgerald,
Marion L. Vibert.

Prizes are awarded as follows:

The Jane Bill Prize of \$25 for ex-
cellence in fine arts, awarded to Min-
iola O. Miller '22.

The Comstock Prize of \$10 for pro-
ficiency in botany, awarded to Eliza-
beth McDougall '24.

The Goldsmith Prize of \$25 for pro-
ficiency in all studies covering the
four-year course, awarded to Gertrude
S. Avery '22.

The Goldsmith Prize of \$25 for the
greatest improvement in studies,
awarded to M. Claudine Smith '22.

The Goldsmith Prize of \$25 for ac-
complishing the most for the advance-
ment and benefit of Connecticut Col-
lege, awarded to Mildred E. Duncan
'22.

The Hislop Prize of \$25 for profici-
ency in English, awarded to Catherine
M. McCarthy '22.

The Mahan Prize of \$25 for profici-
ency in music, awarded to Ann Slade
'22.

The Peterson Prize of \$25 for ex-
cellence in Greek, awarded to Helen
E. W. Higgins '23.

FINE WORK SHOWN AT ART EXHIBIT.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

18th Century Style certainly merits
more than ordinary attention. Also,
there were Elevations in Chinese Chip-
pendale Style and in English 17th Cen-
tury Style.

The third year problems were de-
signs for block printed textiles in Ital-
ian 15th Century Style; also problems
in Pilgrim Century Furnishing and in
Illuminating.

Last came the pottery exhibit of
vases, lamps, rose-jars, and other
pieces. Certainly, the whole exhibit
showed careful and effective work
throughout the entire department.

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MISS CONSTANCE HILL,
President of the Class of 1922.

Vice-President of her Freshman year, Chairman of Decoration Committee Sophomore year, Treasurer of Student Government, Junior year, Class President Senior year—Constance Hill. And did ever a person fill so many offices so quietly, so efficiently, so unofficially? We hardly think so. Besides her official duties and her active part in social life, Miss Hill has been prominent in the art classes. She has filled her office as Senior President with becoming dignity and grace.

OUR SERVICE LEADER.

A quiet, steady, efficient worker is Mildred Duncan, President of Service League during her last year. She has always been active in the League and as President she worked faithfully and effectively. A proof of this is the fact that Miss Duncan was awarded a prize for doing the most for the college. What higher honor could be given anyone? And this same Service worker has starred in athletics too, and has done many other things beside. For is she not an all round girl?

WITH OUR ATHLETICS.

If there is one thing we admire it is versatility, and certainly Catherine McCarthy is a most excellent example—the English prizes—as exemplifying her scholastic ability, and President of the Athletic Association, as the height of her attainment in athletics. Very naturally, upon such a star would the college confer the highest honor it could in her particular field, for the year 1920-21. She was Vice-President of A. A. and for the last year its President.

OUR EDITOR.

M. P. Taylor—what things M. P. has done for '22! For three years—Freshman, Junior, and Senior—she has been

cheer leader, and who wonders—for could anyone instill more enthusiasm into a cheer than she, in her red and white costume, with her graceful, whole-hearted leading? In her Sophomore year she was Vice-President of her class, the next year, she managed the business side of the Mandolin Club, as well as holding the presidency of the Dramatic Club. During most of her college career M. P. has been on the *News* staff becoming its Editor-in-Chief in her Senior year—and surely none could have been a more conscientious, loyal, enthusiastic leader.

OUR "SPERRY."

When we think of Jeannette Sperry it is not of the offices that she has held—Class President, Junior year, Student Government President, Senior year—it is of Jeannette Sperry herself. Her ability to see all sides of a question, her absolute justice, her steadfastness to the ideals of the college have characterized her tenure of office as Student Government President. How much easier it has been to confess our sins to so broadminded a person who generously showed us the error of our ways! Certainly we will miss the "Sperry" of clever speeches, original thoughts, loyalty to college, broadminded, progressive attitude in her dealing with the students!

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION MEETS.

The annual meeting of the Connecticut College Alumnae Association was held on Monday, June 12, at nine-thirty o'clock in the gymnasium.

Esther Batchelder '19, the president, conducted the meeting. Those of '19, '20, and '21, who were present were delighted to greet '22 as new members of the Association.

In order that the Association members may have an authorized Alumnae Officer on campus the Association voted to pay one hundred and fifty dollars toward the salary of the Graduate Secretary.

The improved college pin was shown and accepted. Orders may be sent to Helen Collins '20.

Amendments were made to the constitution which provided for one Secretary and a Publicity Manager, in place of two secretaries, and an Athletic Committee to have charge of all Alumnae Athletics.

The following officers were elected by the Association.

President—Marenda E. Prentis '19.
First Vice President—Esther Batchelder '19.

Secretary—Constance Hill '22.
Treasurer—Grace Cockings '19.
Publicity Manager—Juline Warner '19.

Councillors—Agnes Leahy '21; Edith Lindholm '20; Jessie Menzies '20.
Nominating Committee—Laura Batchelder '21; Julie Hatch '19; Marion Warner '20.

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TRUSTEES GIVE LUNCHEON.

On Tuesday noon of Commencement Day, the annual Trustees' Luncheon for the Alumnae Association was held in Thames Hall at twelve o'clock. An excellent menu, witty speeches, and rousing songs and cheers made the luncheon a most enjoyable affair.

Mr. George S. Palmer, chairman of the Board of Trustees, presided, with the help of Miss Esther Batchelder, President of the Alumnae Association, as Toastmistress. Governor Lake gave a delightfully informal talk, followed by the Rev. Douglas Mackenzie, of Hartford, speaker of the morning. Professor Kip represented the faculty. Other speakers were Miss Marenda Prentis for the class of 1919, Miss Marion Hendrie for 1920, Miss Rachel Smith for 1921, Miss Constance Hill for 1922, and President Marshall, who spoke in his usual forceful and pleasing manner.

Each class gave its class song with others, all ending with the Alma Mater.

CLASS OF 1922 ELECT OFFICERS.

The class of 1922 held its last business meeting on Monday, June 12. Officers for the next year were elected as follows:

President Ann Slade
Vice-President Winifred Powell
Secretary Elizabeth Merrill
Treasurer Dorothy S. Wheeler
Chairman Entertainment Committee
Marie Antoinette Taylor

SENIOR PROM CLOSES COMMENCEMENT.

After everything was over and nearly everyone had gone away, the Seniors played. They were tired, so tired, but they danced, with light hearts despite heavy feet, from eight-thirty until the wee small hour of two. There were only a few there, in the gymnasium, and the decorations were few—a few flowers and the canopy—but nobody seemed to mind.

At eleven-thirty, the seniors and their guests feasted on delicious chicken salad, and sandwiches, and ice-cream. Favors for the girls were attractive blue leather programs and for the men blue leather cigarette cases.

The music was good—Wittstein's Orchestra is always good!

And then—they stopped, from sheer weariness. But they were happy and sad at the same time—Prom was over, Commencement was over, and they were Alumnae at last!

Engagement Announced.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ray Hotchkiss announce the engagement of their daughter, Arvillia Dayton, to Raymond Jones Titterington of Uniontown, Penn.

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MEMBERS OF 1920 BANQUET AT MOHICAN.

The banquet, of 1920, held on the evening of Monday, June 12, was a very delightful affair. President and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Howe, Dean Nye, and Dr. Coerne, the honorary members of the class, were present.

During the evening a large birthday cake bearing two blue candles was brought in by the "littlest" member of the class and was cut by the tallest member ("Prexy", of course!) and divided among the members, some of whom found their fortune awaiting them in the cake. Each of the honorary members had a greeting and a word of inspiration for the class, and the evening closed with the singing of class and college songs.

CLASS OF 1921 HOLDS BANQUET.

Under the personal supervision of the good fairy, twenty-four members of the class of 1921 met at the Mohican for their class banquet on Monday evening, June 12. The class entertained its honorary members, Dr. Marshall, Miss Sherer, Dean Nye, and two guests, Mrs. Marshall and Dr. Wells. There were speeches from the guests and the toastmistress, Dorothy Gregson, as well as a few impromptu speeches by members of the class. Just as Rachel Smith concluded a reading of the class history, 1920 serenaded the banqueters, bringing back a touch of old time memories.

At nine-thirty the party was over and the class reluctantly separated until next year.

SENIORS PLANT IVY.

For several days we watched a man cleverly chiseling 1922 on Branford House, just to the left of the front door—we watched and we wondered. But on Monday morning at eleven-thirty, of June 12th, we learned the reason why. For Helen Peale, as Ivy Mistress, announced to the expectant audience that the Seniors were originating the custom of having a short ceremony accompany the planting of the ivy, and of placing the class initials on some one of the college buildings.

Miss Peale then presented the trowel to Emily Slaymaker, vice-president of the class of 1923, that she may observe the tradition next year.

The ceremony closed with appropriate songs by the Seniors.

Miss Bache is visiting Europe during the summer. She will tour through cities in Italy, Germany, France and England. Miss Bache sailed from New York on June 29, on the ship "La Touraine".



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