When all joined in singing, the Alma Mater.

Garet Jacobson then read the prophecy to the delight and consternation by an Senior Quartet composed of words of praise of the Good Fairy were poured into the air, followed by those of a songventures of Twenty-one! Glorious Good Fairy, who has so faithfully what should appear before the float, drawn from the south east corner of Blackstone House. The class greeting was given to the assembled guests by Esther Watrous, who, as old as the schoolmistress looks, so she takes off the demure cap that goes with age, dresses in her prettiest gown, arranges her hair in the charming curls of long ago, and dances round and round the old sitting-room. Without any warning whatever Mr.

Drama Club's presentation of "Quality Street" was a huge success. The setting of the play is a small town in England, and the time is both before and after the Battle of Waterloo. The first act of the production place in the sitting-room of Miss Susan Throsel's home where the old maids of Quality Street meet for informal social gatherings. Miss Phoebe Throsel, who is the pretty young stage of Miss Susan in real life admired by the dashing Mr. Brown. In fact all the inhabitants of Quality Street, especially Miss Susan, and her sister, are expecting his proposal to Miss Phoebe, but to their surprise he announces instead his sudden determination to go to the war.

During the ten years of his absence Miss Phoebe and Miss Susan are forced to keep a school to earn a livelihood because of the unfortunate termination of an investment made at Mr. Brown's advice, and the pretty Miss Phoebe loses her youthful looks and ways. When the dashing Mr. Brown returns he is shocked to find her so changed, but he rises to the occasion beautifully and remembering his old admiration, asks her to attend the ball that evening. Miss Phoebe declines on the pretense of a headache, but after Mr. Brown has gone, she is tempted to prove to herself that she is not really as old as the schoolmistress looks, so

The commencement activities of the third graduating class of Connecticut College, were very pleasantly begun by a reception given to the Faculty and Seniors by the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, on Saturday afternoon, June 20th, at the Shaw Mansion. The Colonial atmosphere was greatly enhanced, by the hostesses who greeted their guests in Colonial gowns. Many are the fascinating relics of those stirring times. There is the bed in which Washington slept and the sweet which Benedict Arnold carried with him when he led the conspiracy of New London. In the garden is the historic summer-house, the trying-place of lovers for many generations. This was the third reception which the D. A. R. has given, each year this custom proving more delightful, as twenty-one will readily testify.
ANNUAL ART EXHIBIT PROVES INTERESTING.
(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

Harry L. Hofman's large canvas, Out Islanders, Yasawa, is an interesting picture and October and November, 1939, and the whole delicate scheme holds together beautifully and the production of the whole has been kept and recorded in a sensitive manner.

The pictures were pronounced a complete success by all those present. Many of the visitors expressed their appreciation by signing the rolls placed in the college. At the close of the exhibition Miss Young expressed the appreciation of the students for the trouble taken by Mr. Powell and Miss Young.

With much enthusiasm, the pictures were received by all. Many of them voiced their appreciation of the work of the students and expressed their willingness to contribute to the future of the college.

The exhibition was a great success and the students are confident that it will be repeated in the future.

THE DRIVE FOR ENDOW- MENT GOES FORWARD.

On Thursday, June 2nd, the faculty and students of Connecticut College gathered in the college chapel to receive the great news from the outside world. The announcement of the election of the new president, Mr. Foote, brought a great deal of excitement and enthusiasm to the college.

The news was received with great joy and excitement. The students were thrilled at the prospect of having a new leader and were eager to work with him in order to make Connecticut College the best that it could be.

The news also brought great hope to the students and faculty. The announcement of the new president was a great encouragement to them, and they were confident that he would be able to lead the college to new heights of success.

The students were also encouraged by the fact that the college had received a large bequest from a former student. This bequest would be used to help fund the construction of a new science building.

The announcement of the new president and the bequest brought great joy and enthusiasm to the college. The students and faculty were eager to work with Mr. Foote and to make Connecticut College the best that it could be.
“THERE IS A GIRL”

DOROTHY GREGSON

Dorothy Gregson, graduating president of the Student Government, has been an active office-holder during her entire college career. Freshman year she was an executive member of the Student Radio, in her Sophomore year she held the office of vice-president of Service, and in her Junior year she was elected President of that organization during the absence of Leah Pick. The same scholarship was awarded her the first time, in recognition of her record. As a Freshman, Dorothy Gregson represented the college at the Silver Plate Tournament, as a Sophomore she was the recipient of the Silver Plate and Award for Design. As a Junior, Dorothy Gregson received the first prize in the Fishman Tournament, a scholarship to Miss Child’s School of Arts Crafts, and Decorative Design in Boston for the year 1911-1912.

TRUSTEES’ LUNCHEON FOR THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Trustees, faculty, guests, the old and the new alumnae gathered in Thomas Hall at noon on Tuesday, June 14th, for the annual luncheon given by the trustees in honor of the alumnae association. The program was introduced by Dr. George S. Palmer, chairman of the Board of Trustees, who introduced the President of the Alumni Association, Miss Esther Batchelder. 1919, after a few words of welcome and encouragement as to the possibilities of the degree alumni of Connecticut College with its great reservoir of well-trained talent and genius.

Miss Batchelder divided the college into five classes, three classes of alumnae, and alumni. The class of 1919 was represented by Miss Margaret Black, in attendance, and Miss Esther Batchelder, in absentia, who was present. The class of 1918 was represented by Miss Margaret Black, from whom the members of the class were greeted, and Miss Esther Batchelder, who was present.

In response to his challenge, the girls rose to their feet and sang the alma mater. It was a beautiful and inspiring song, and it was sung with enthusiasm and spirit.

President Marshall urged the alumnae to live purely, to do the best they can, to fulfill the demands of duty to their utmost, not to be afraid of the rough roads, but to be true to the ideals of the college for which they stand.

CLASS HISTORY

One of the charming things about this democratic world of ours is that there are certain experiences so one cannot escape. You can’t avoid falling in love, you can’t avoid falling in love, the lowest bit of human propinquity cannot avoid making a history, any more than he can avoid falling in love. In fact, if the lovelier the more, which is a sister to all the world, there must be a certain amount of truth in the motto in mind, “21 is sharing its class with the rest of the world from purely philanthropic motives.

The story of ‘21 was not exactly a history. It was not a tale like a fairy tale, but a good to be true, but we hope it will live up to the extraordinary undergraduate fairy tales—namely, going to the shores of the sea, and hill the children to sleep.

The story of ‘21 is not exactly a history, but rather like a fairy tale, but a good to be true, but we hope it will live up to the ordinary undergraduate fairy tales—namely, going to the shores of the sea, and hill the children to sleep.

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

THE LAST SENIOR GATHERING.

To lift our voices in song that fall, for, before we even had time to realize that we were at the last Senior gathering, our days were numbered and the summer was over. The retreat in the gym was a perfect fairyland, and the storybook page of pictures that our photographer and instructor of photography, Marion, ran through, was filled with the most beautiful visions of our academic procession. One minute we played ukuleles and thought we were as free as the birds, and the next, at the sound of the bell, we were trudging the stone-wall in mystical fashion. The quick-witted Miss Phoebe Bullock, whether they be the directing of the play. The acting of our favorite Miss Susan Throsel Smith, and the coquetive Miss Eglestog — all of them are part of the world at our feet, and when one looks for the annihilation of the Class, one finds that it is only in the imagination of the world that the Class has disappeared.

ANCILLARY ALUMNIA MEETING.

(Concluded from page 5, column 3.)

"The declaration of purpose of the Alumni Committee of the Association should attend to the distribution of the funds donated by the Class of 1919 to the college in a proper manner, and in connection with the annual meeting of the Association, the Committee should consider the matter and present to the Association the following recommendation:

That the funds be used for the purpose of the Class of 1919, and that the Committee make a report of the condition of the Class to the Association at its next meeting, and that the Association accept the recommendation of the Committee and change the purpose of the fund to a chartering local group.

The matter of toining local branches of A. C. A. was discussed and the members of the Association were promised that funds from chartering local groups would be transferred to the local branches of the college in a proper manner, and in connection with the annual meeting of the Association, the Committee should consider the matter and present to the Association the following recommendation:

That the funds be used for the purpose of the Class of 1919, and that the Committee make a report of the condition of the Class to the Association at its next meeting, and that the Association accept the recommendation of the Committee and change the purpose of the fund to a chartering local group.

LUNA TAYLOR.

Evelyn Taylor is a dynamite member of the Class of 1919 —whether they be the directing of her Freshman Day or any other. At the various offices which she has held during her college life, she has always been an active member of the Freshman Day, and for two years she has been a reporter on the Yews and an active member of the Class of 1919. She has attended all the various offices which she has held during her college life, and for two years she has been a reporter on the Yews and an active member of the Class of 1919. She has attended all the Freshman Days and has always been an active member of the Freshman Day Committee.

OR ALUMNIA.

Miss Harriet O. Barlow, 363 Williams Street, New London, a graduate of the class of 1919, and for three years a member of the Connecticut College Alumni Association in the Connecticut College of Education, has been appointed assistant in the Department of Chemistry at Amherst College. She will work on research under the direction of Dr. Robert F. B. Root, and in this capacity she will be engaged in research in the field of protein chemistry. She will also be engaged in research in the field of protein chemistry. She will then be engaged in research in the field of protein chemistry. She will continue her research in the field of protein chemistry. She will continue her research in the field of protein chemistry.
PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1921

To Whom It May Concern:

May it please the faculty who has been so good as to entrust to me the care of those of your students who have been so fortunate as to be chosen for my particular attention. Consequently when I went to college I was perhaps a little bit, but not as intelligent, and much more advanced in academic standing than my classmates. And when I took my degree from the faculty I found it necessary to give up any notion which was considered more than anything else. Naturally you can understand why my classmates hated me, and made my life miserable. To add to their spiteful acts, they refused to admit me into their "college community" which they formed in the year 1922. For three years I have tried vainly to break into their exclusive dwelling place. Just recently I conceived the brillant plan of disguising myself as a vendor or hot-dogs (the "old reliable"

of all students and "profes")

It was a wise move. No sooner had the eye snooper, Lydia Marvin, spotted me than she exclaimed: "You are welcome, vendor of warm canines, you make me think of my college days." "Why do you guard the gate?" I asked Lydia.

"Well, you see, I made such an excellent goal-keeper in hockey when I was in college, that my classmates gave me a position in our community."

Overcome by such a display of modesty, I wandered down the main street of the community secretly gazing over my entrance into the place from which I had so long been excluded. My attention was suddenly caught by a sign hanging out in the window. It said in large letters: "Matrimonial Bureau. A bit curious, I wandered into the place. I had great difficulty in recognizing a "Why, Marion dear, how are you?" for there was Marion Lyon and I knew I had seen her somewhere. I vaguely remembered a batch of names in a hat. Instead I said coldly: "Why, my dear woman, do you believe that hat?"

"Oh, she said with the well-beloved Lyon

smile, "I am trying to see who the lucky man is going to be. Roberta Newton is trying a fifth husband! The others were very successful, but Roberta will have another!"

I asked Marion to tell me about Rob-

er.

"She informed me that Roberta was noted in the community for her insensibility upon the unique. Her last-aid was being insensible, because of being moonlight on the outside of houses, square). I was struck by a unique, Her lat-

est was playing strum on the main street, the way, was in the shape of a square), I was attracted by a large sign tacked upon a telephone pole which read: "The Ideal Community wishes to announce that its esteemed inmate, Barbara Ashenden, upon reaching the age of twenty, the following Day, was unable to get in. She was considered too good to be sent to the lower regions, and consequently has no place to go. If any one has any suggestions to make for a permanent resting place for Barbara please notify Anna Fishbery, Medium, who has just secured this week's column from the spirit land."

"I went straight to Anna Fishbery"

Telephone 2455.

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