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Koiné 1924

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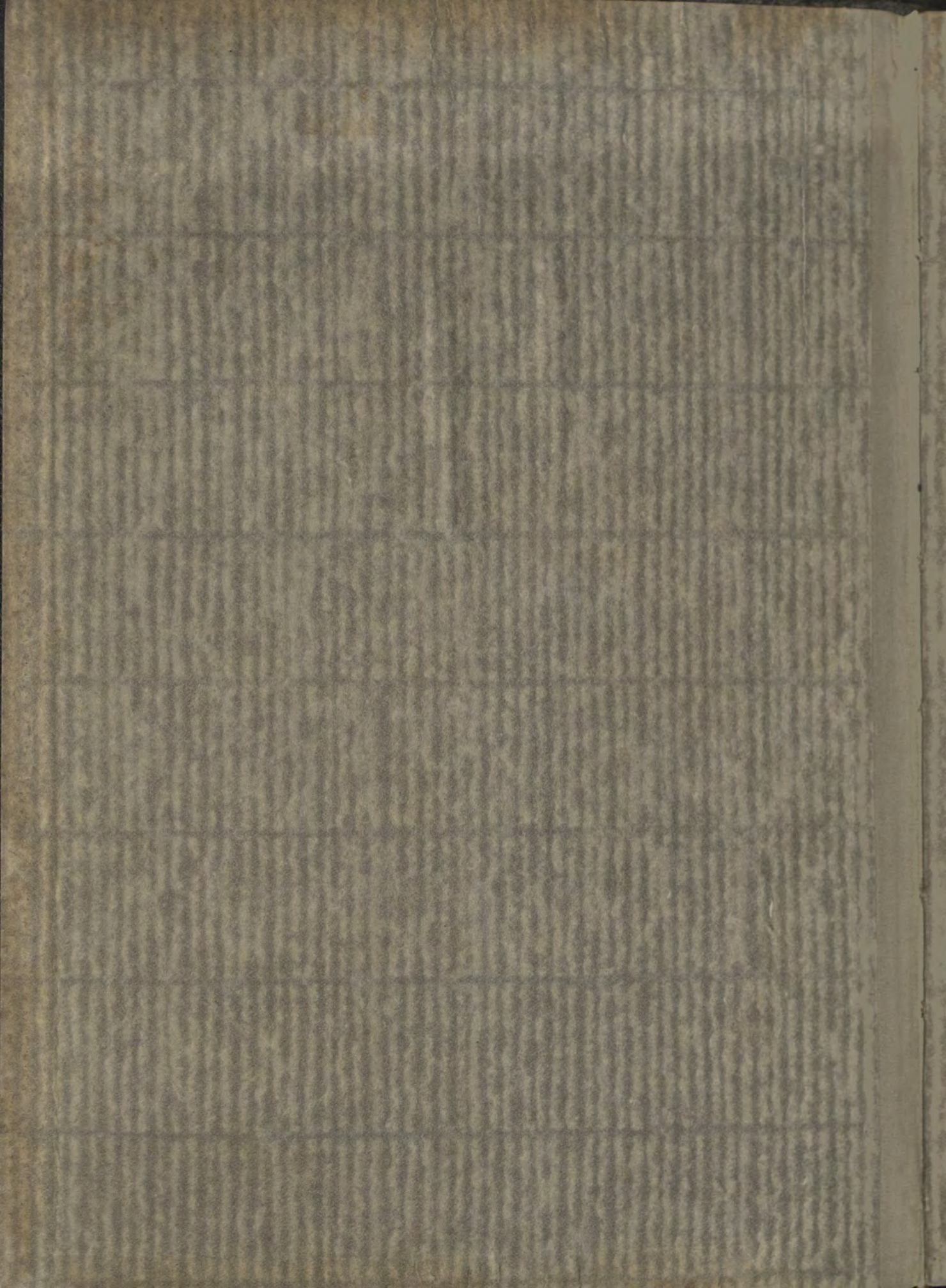
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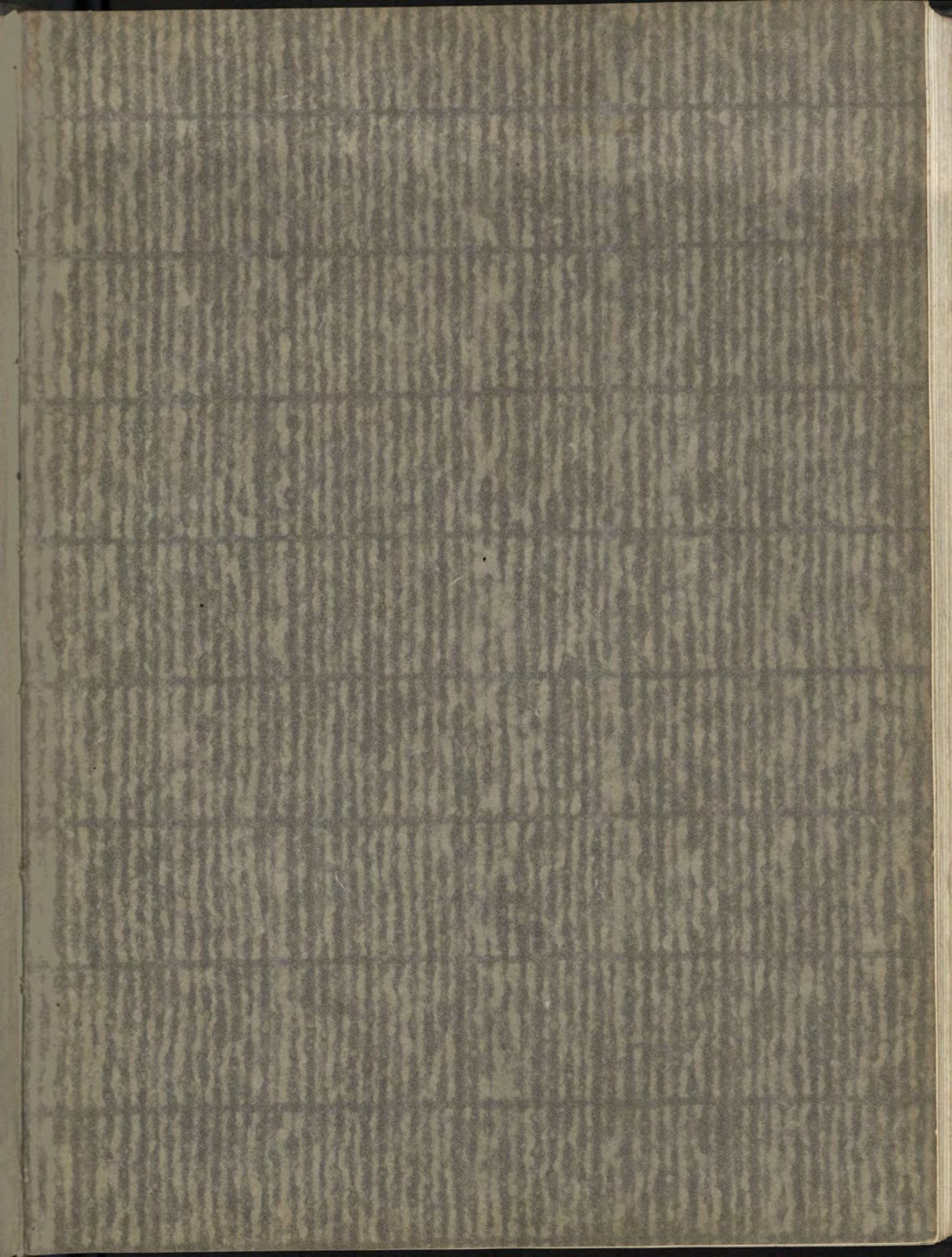
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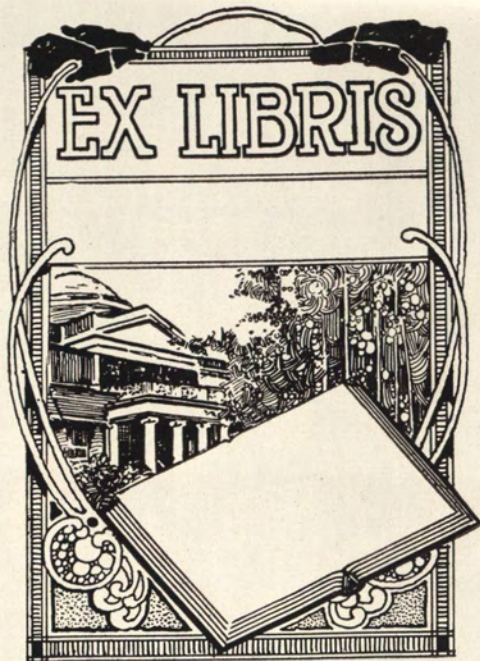
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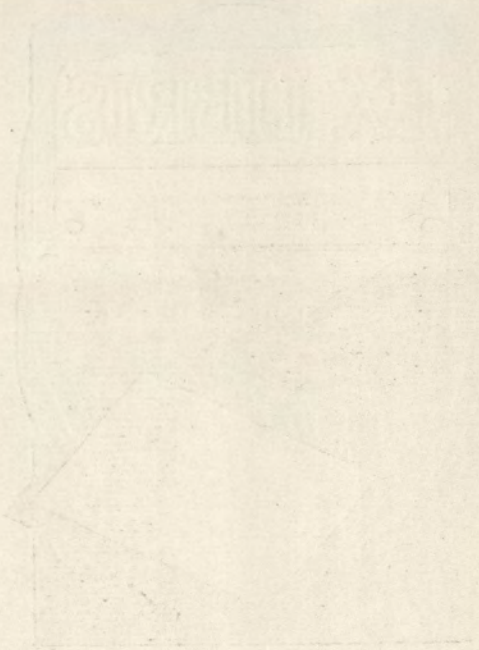
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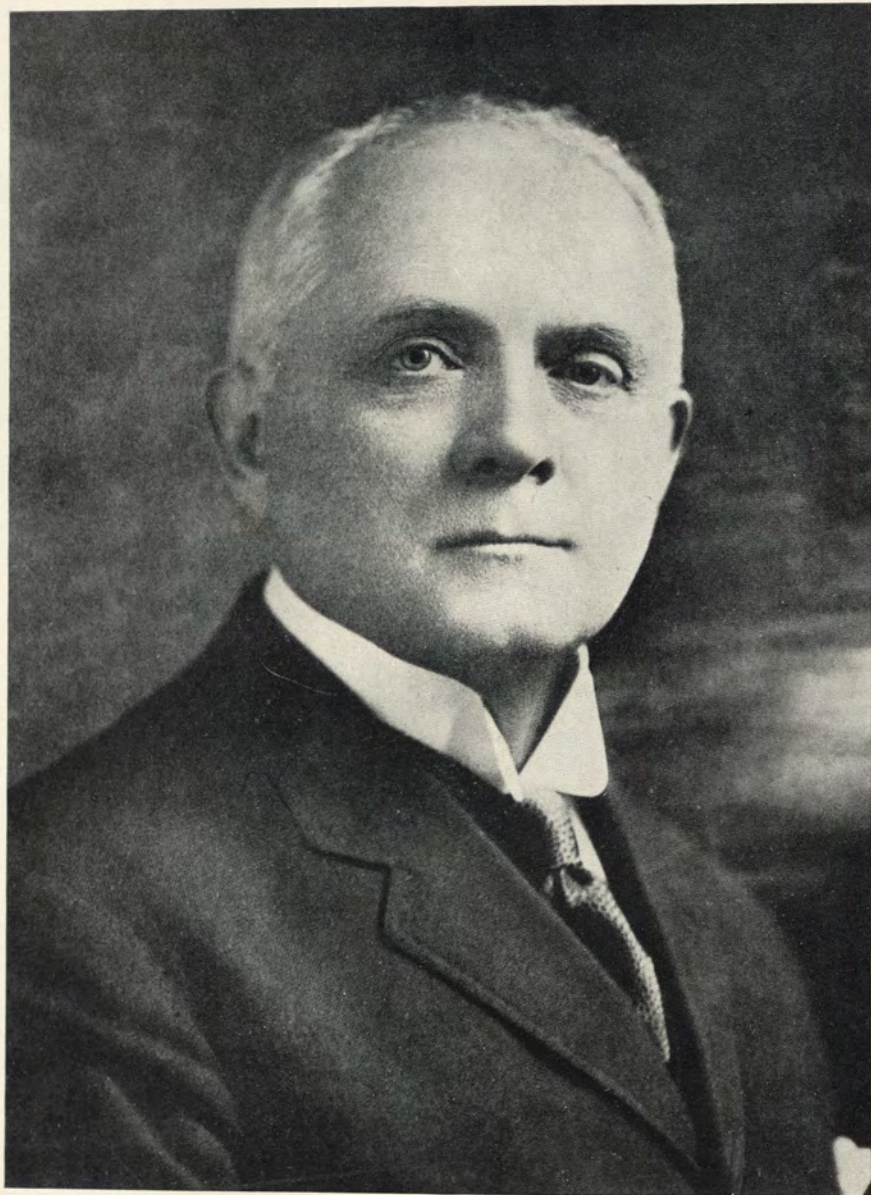








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1924



O ONE WHOSE KINDNESS AND FAITH
IN US COULD DO NOTHING ELSE BUT
LEAD US ON; TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN
THE UNSEEN GUIDE OF OUR COL-
LEGE LIFE FOR FOUR YEARS; WHO
HAS GIVEN TO US AND OUR COLLEGE THAT
WHICH IS MOST DEAR AND NEAR, WHICH IS
OUR PRIDE AND OUR NEED—THE LIBRARY—
AND TO THE MOST ESTEEMED MEMBER OF
OUR CLASS,

Mr. George S. Palmer

DO WE THE CLASS OF 1924 DEDICATE
OUR BOOK.

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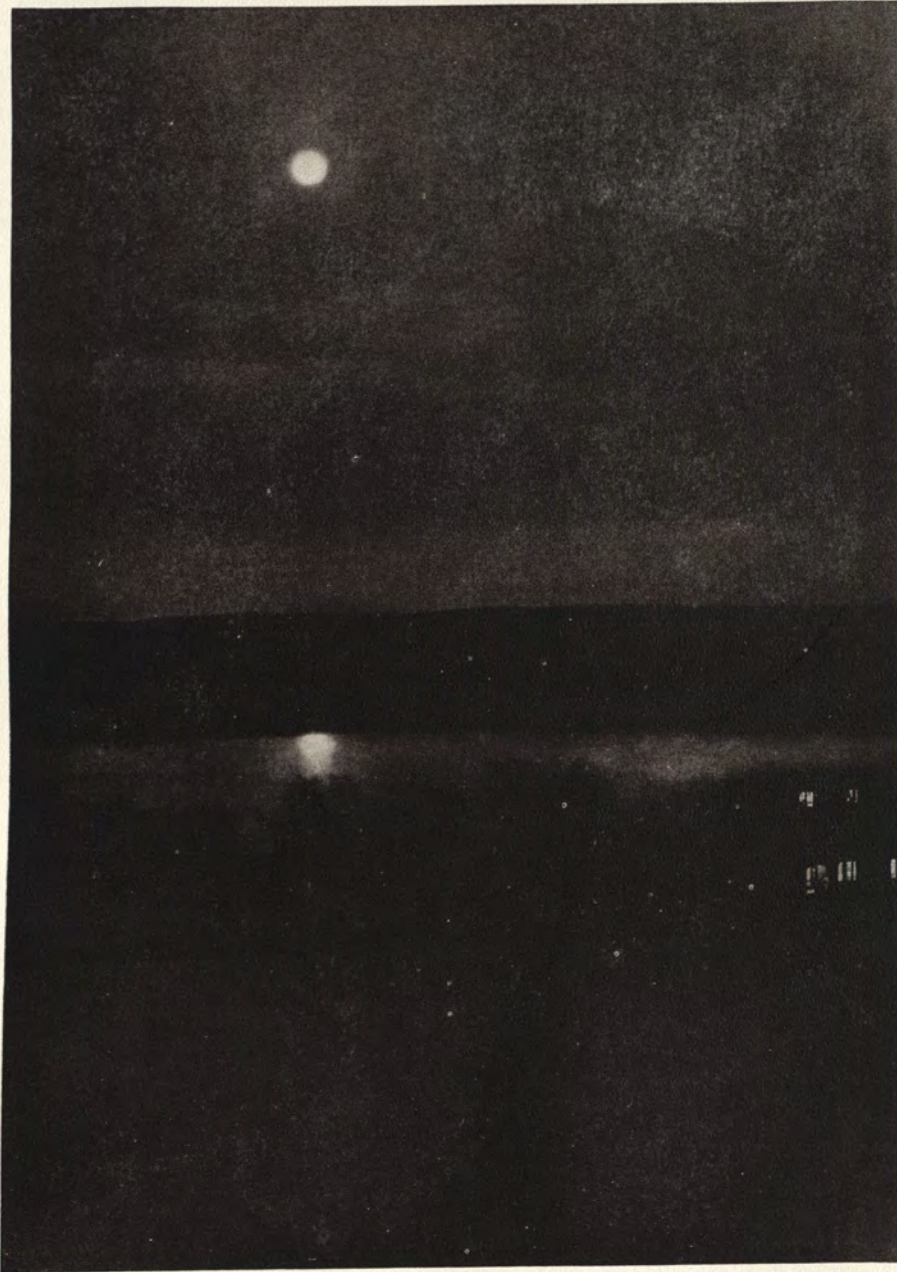
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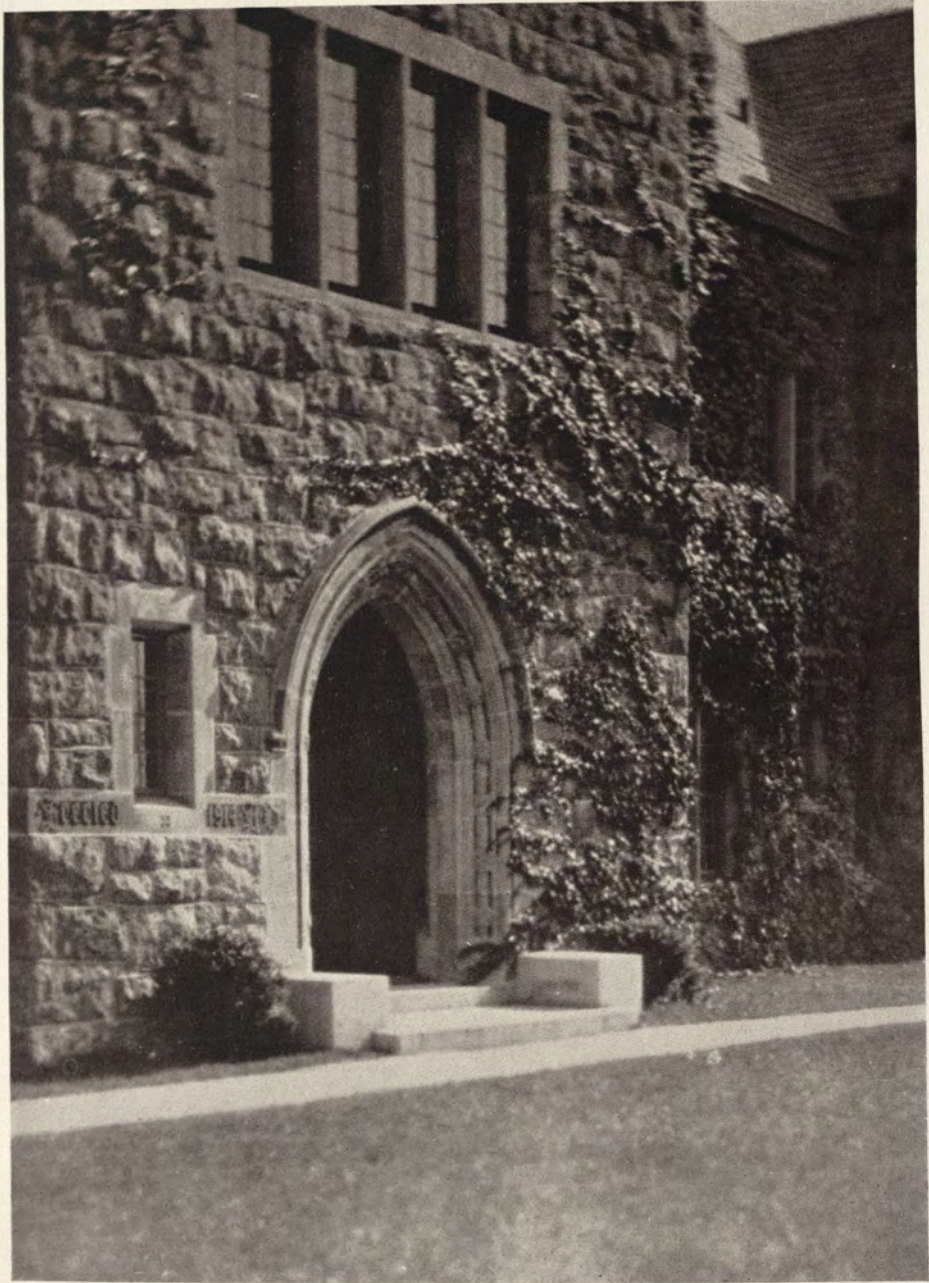
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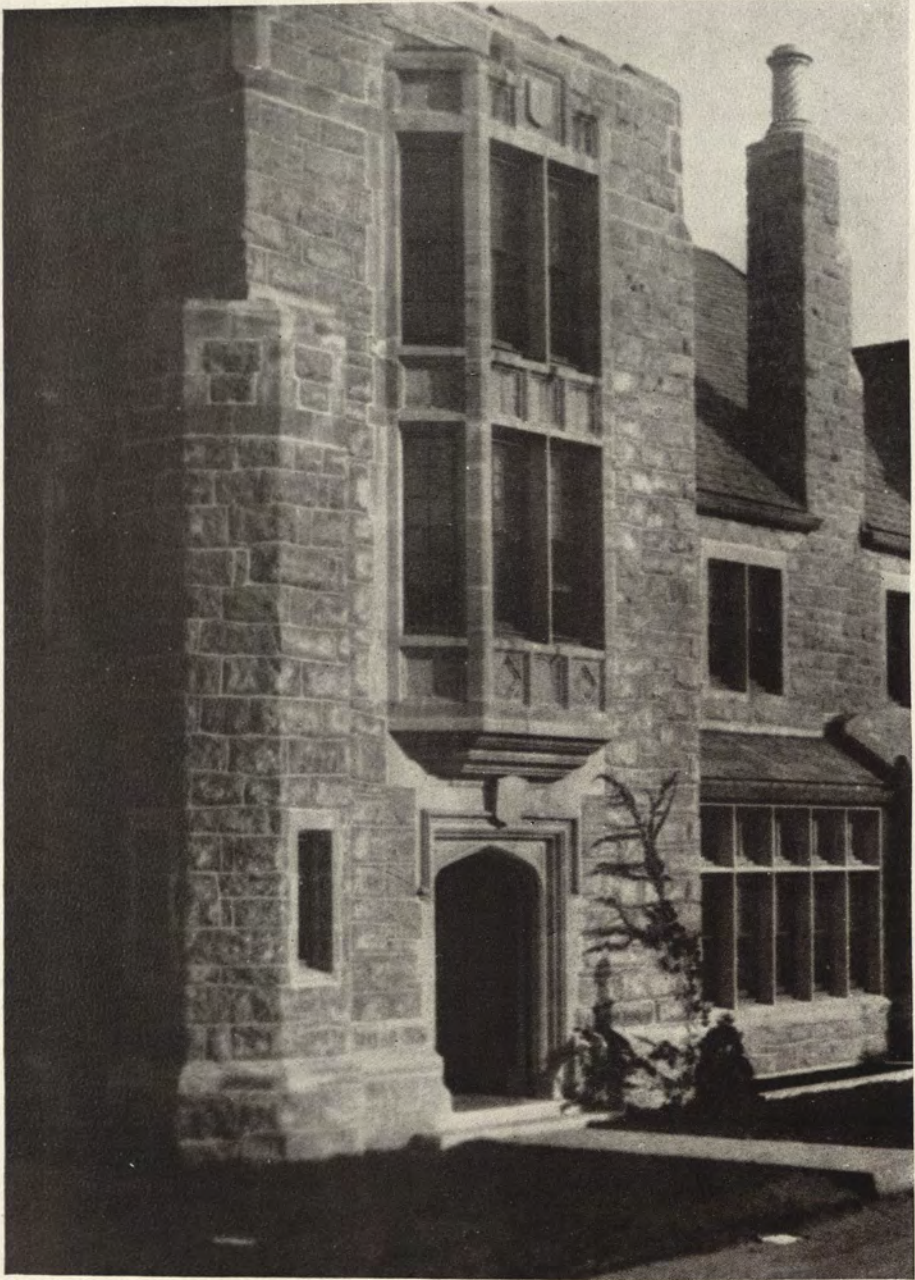
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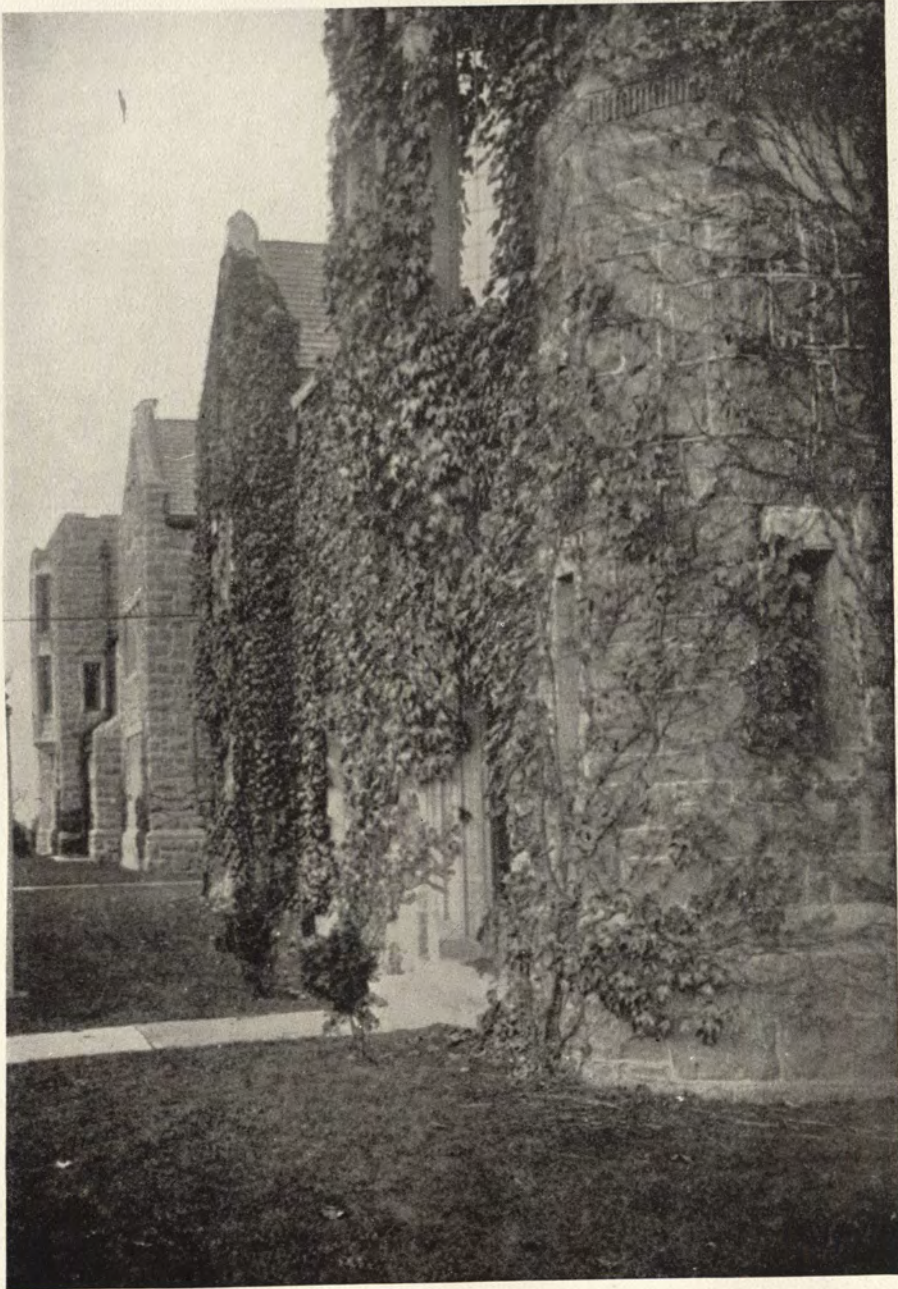
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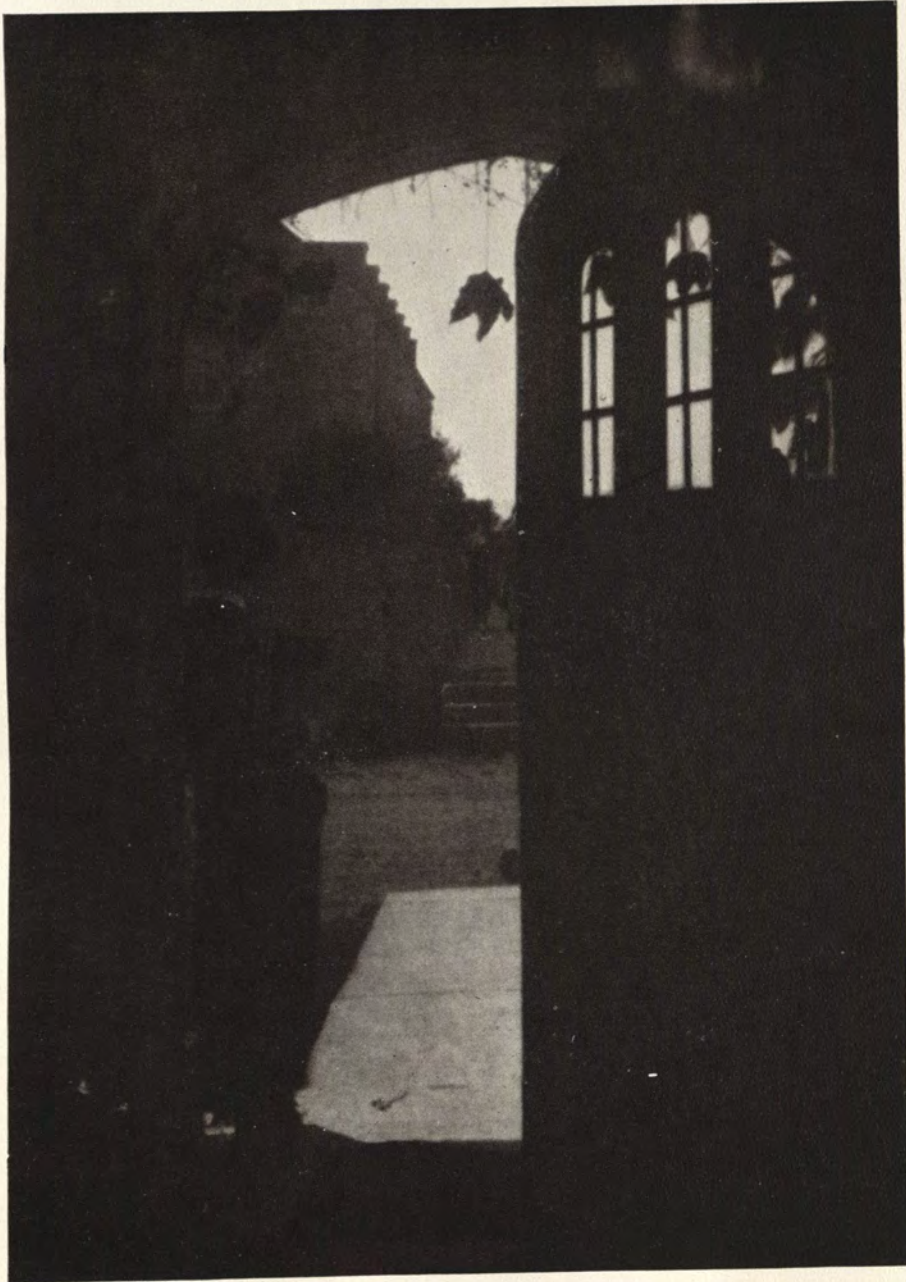
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‡On leave of absence second semester, 1923-1924.

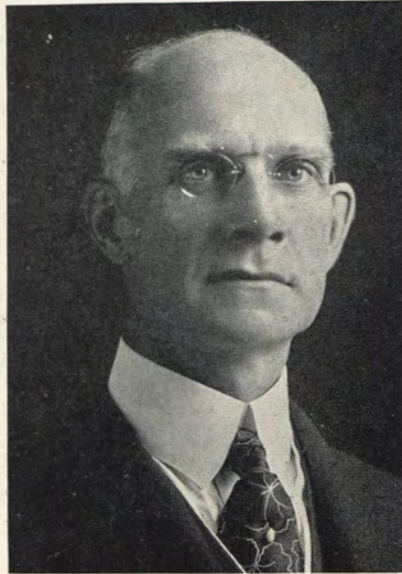
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CLASSES





President Benjamin T. Marshall

To verse the praises of our class of ninety-seven for Prexy would be a colossal undertaking. He is a part of us now, as the Hilltop and river are. He is to us the tallest and staunchest chieftan this hilltop has ever been proud to know, since the time of the ruddy Indians, whose love of its beauty and devotion to its power could not have equalled his. We, too, feel its strength, but never so wondrously as when President Marshall sums up our thoughts in his, and rivals the poets in the wealth of his speech.

The Pres has added color to our stay here. The rollicking picnics in winter or in spring, just up to the amphitheatre, or to such distances as Lantern Hill; the parties in the Gym, Hallowe'en, Washington's birthday, proms; the Sunday night conferences, when poetry is read, and our thoughts and convictions made and discussed; our banquets, whether at the Mohican or at Thames are all richly colored with memories of Prex, and in all he has instilled enthusiasm.

To President Marshall, for whom we feel more deeply than we can express, we pledge ourselves to sail our ship through as he has started it for us, and we dedicate our hopes to him.



Miss Irene Nye

Somehow or other, Latin and the classics—Culture in its capitalized and emphatic sense—never used to imply other than dread phantoms of huge size, awful terrors of unknown things. But college changes all things, and the small, dainty, friendly person who is Miss Nye, has changed all our opinions of the ancient language and its uses. It is so vital to her that we can't help catching something of its wonder. Things not so ancient, but still past, catch a new gleam when we consider that she was really one of the pioneers in C. C.'s lusty infant days, and that she still holds the fervor and faith of those first years.

But those things are rather great and dignified, as is Dean Nye on occasion. Our nearer days are friendlier to us. Lonely Freshmen are encouraged by her, upperclassmen are cheered. And it passes our vivid imagination what C. C. will do during the year that she is sailing the briny deep and delighting in the wonders of the other side of the ocean.



Miss Orie M. Sherer

No sooner has one class with Miss Sherer as its honored classmate graduated, than she is elected to the next one. Others have done their quota for our college, but no one has had such warranted success as Miss Sherer. Possessed of a charming personality, she is our best asset.

Always neat and poised, her manner makes us all devoted slaves. And, unusual with such ability, she combines order and art. Despising the suggestion of commercialism, there is no end to which she will not go in order to see we struggling geniuses rightly labelled.

Art Tea—for which all the art department labors yearly, graced by her presence is almost a function. Did I say for which the labor was yearly? Yes, but how willingly, when we are blessed with such an enthusiastic leader.



Henry Bill Selden

Giatto, Michelangelo, Valasquez, Sargent! These has he taught us to "appreciate." But how little do we need to be taught to "appreciate" our "artist of great ability—Hen—ry Bill," himself! In these days when the world is painted in cubic or futuristic contortions and the impassioned daubings of our "Modern School" look too often like "Loves Labor Lost," it is refreshing to see a tree that looks like a tree and to enjoy the reality of landscapes and seascapes. Though he produces most realistic clouds, our "Mr. Bill's" head is not always among them. He wields charcoal pencil, pigmented brushes, military sabre and workman's hammer with equal ease and grace. He has a corner on the "spice of life" and proceeds, modestly and whimsically, to carry out any creative project concocted by the mind of man or the fancy of a flapper, and at times, he causes us to wonder if even Leonardo, himself, would not have been forced to pronounce peanut patties and sea foam biscuits as "Bully."

Let us glance at a few sketches in the gallery of his campus activities. There is the tall Adonis in evening clothes at the Prom festivity; a bent figure clothed in a Flemished smock, adjusting a beaver-board tree on the stage; and his crowning triumph—so we maintain—the role of builder of the good ship "Long Serpent," each of its 900 tiny nails a proof that Henry Bill knew that it could be done!



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 Iola Marin
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JUNIOR YEAR

President { Gloria Hollister
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 Treasurer Gladys Barnes
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 Chairman of Entertainment.. Iola Marin
 Cheer Leader Eugenia Walsh

It was a confused world of trains, trunks, blue and white cards, room-mates, and classes that we entered that September of long ago 1920. We put on an air of bravado to cover our sinking hearts—for the unknown wasn't half so charming as might have been—and we were properly and efficiently humbled by the bit of hazing we received. But we learned our classmates during those pigtail days, and felt it worth the while. Now we began to see that college might prove an interesting place, and when we acquired a symbolic ship in full sail and the confident, sturdy motto, "It Can Be Done," we settled back to enjoy ourselves. Of course, we had uproarious parties with our next-door neighbors until the house president descended rathfully upon us. Of course, we turned our noses ever so slightly at the mention of our athletic ability. Of course, we became properly petrified about exams. We were Freshmen, and we had the right to do these things.

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And, when our Indian Pageant was given; when our tree was planted beside New London Hall, we looked with pride on a year well spent, and resigned ourselves to what the fates might send.

We began Sophomore year with the feeling that we didn't quite belong anywhere in particular. We weren't petted Freshmen. We hadn't attained the dignity of Junior. But, we made the best of matters by electing our honorary members, a solemn occasion which made us feel quite important; by carrying on a rigid program for the benefit of all Freshmen who might tend to be fresh; by giving them a party once their trials had ended. We Hopped gaily and proudly. It was our coming-out dance in C. C.'s Gym. We hunted the mascot with all the fervor we could muster. But though we did our best, the Sphinx lay safely hidden, and we could only find solace by added pride in the athletic powers which this year brought us, the A. A. cup. Then we burlesqued the "Poppy Trail," presented the "Gasoline Trail" to a full house, and calling it a success, passed on to Junior Year.

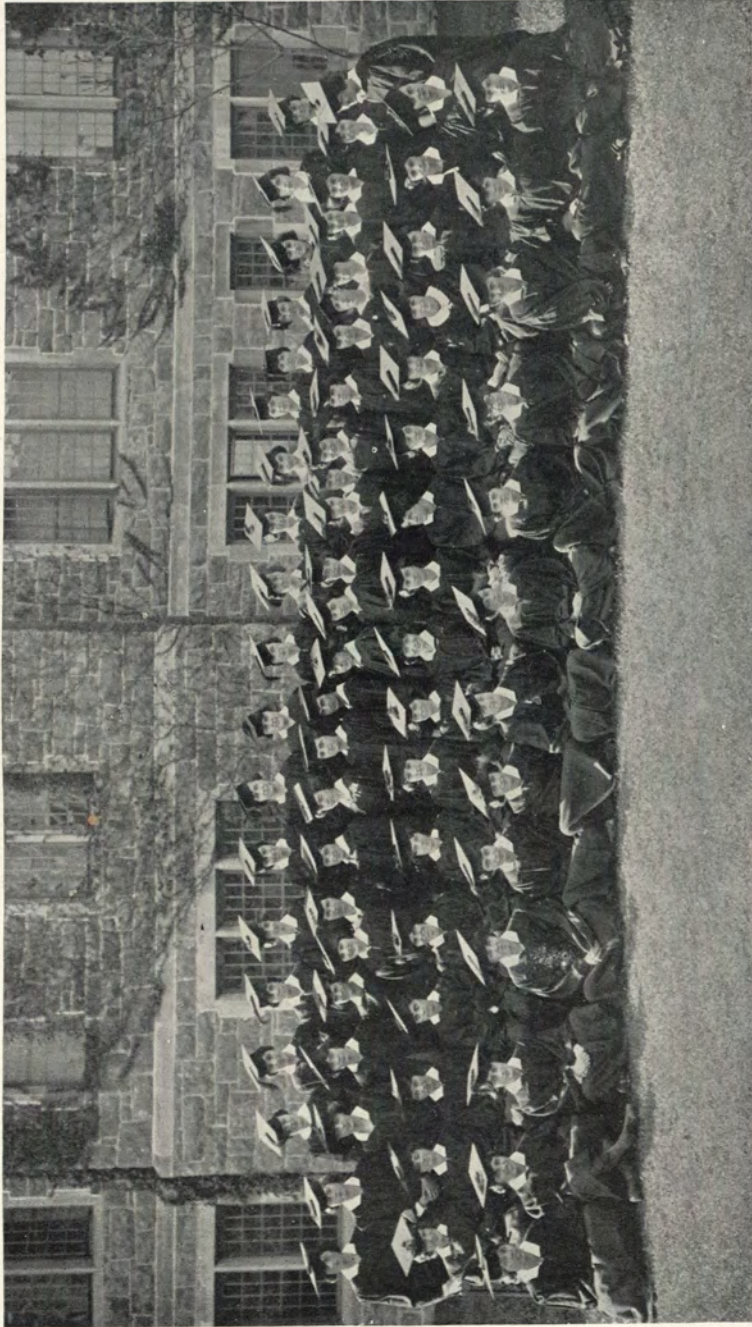
We were really upperclassmen that year, and took full advantage of our 10 o'clock privilege while the novelty lasted. We put forth all our efforts to amuse our sister class, and in the advertisement party we gave, enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We looked forward long and earnestly to our banquet. We carefully guarded the secret of the real identity of the "Monkey Wrench," and when the day finally came, we invaded the Mohican eagerly, ate and sang, and came away with uplifted heads to tell the praises of the "Long Serpent" to curious friends. "The Red Worm" was hidden and we quite enjoyed the feeling of being tracked by mascot hunting Sophomores. And when the days of excited search had failed to disclose our ship, we breathed easily again, and looked with longing eyes to our Prom. It came and passed as a wondrous dream, in fair weather! Again we won A. A.'s cup, and felt a thrill in the athletes who brought us the honor. We passed the turbulent days of exams, sedately carried the laurel chain for 1923, and ordered with curious pride, the caps and gowns we would so soon don.

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MARIAN ARMSTRONG

Like a sudden burst of the elements, Mariano's laugh shakes the walls of Blackstone. We wonder how, in her histrionic appearances she ever managed to reconcile that laugh with the character of the only original Latin Father Time, or with that of the gay and dashing Spanish servant. This hints at good-nature, and does so correctly, though at times Achilles or Agamemnon or an unsympathetic professor can arouse a heat of most classical aversion. And even the classics themselves must look to their laurels if Marian sees no good in them, for her mind once made up is immovable. Yet, as a general rule, Marian greets the unclassical word about her with a keen sense of the absurd, memories of the big city of Middletown, and a delicate ringlet in the back of her neck.

GLADYS BARNES

Do you want a good giggle? Listen to Barnes! Have you been too athletic? Get Barnes to rub you! Have you a great secret that simply will be told? It's safe if you tell it to Barnes! Companionable is no word for it.

We tremble with fear at the thought of the hordes who will inevitably accept her invitation to take an apartment with her next year. It will have to be an apartment hotel to accommodate the numberless guests. And Barnes will need plenty of room herself to keep in practice for her physical ed. classes. That's what she's going to teach, you know. Why, she couldn't do otherwise. She's a natural dancer (how she loves it!) she stands on her head for minutes at a time, and she's been a mainstay on '24's hockey team for four years. What more do you ask?

We give you Barnes! Here's to 'er!



HENRIETTA BARNES

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "To the end of the world," quoth she, And the she, thus quothing, was the she once termed Henrietta, but changed through the process of evolution to Hank. She truly has the make-up of the artist, a restlessness with the practical, a dislike for what must be done within a limited time, a wanderlust which is ever with her, and fine powers of appreciation. Warm days find her at Ocean Beach, a real swimmer with a figure rivalling Annette Kellerman's. But that figure has caused her enough trouble too, as she spasmodically diets with an intensity to be envied by less ardent souls. Hank doesn't like classes especially but when she is working on her art problems, just attempt to disturb her! Our anticipations for her future, picture a glowing fireplace and an anxious pursuit of the work of a medical artist.



IRENE L. BERAN

Irene, or I. B. as we best know her, is an exceedingly fortunate creature, who for the first two years of her college career managed to keep out of all afternoon classes. Lately, however, she stays late and comes early, the latter much to her regret. History is her long suit, and in the small but famed Advanced American History course, she comes out with startling and original things, among them the discovery that the unexpected political candidate is a black horse. Yea, verily she has even intimidated Dr. Lawrence, for once while in charge of the office she in-

formed him that he could use the telephone only if he would let her use his history book.

But History is not her only strong point. We have it on good authority that she would make an excellent private secretary, making us think of mail and male. She tells us she is going to teach, but only time will tell.



FLORENCE BASSEVITCH

There is no one way to characterize Florence. Rather must we present her in a series of pictures. There is Flops with a romanstripe cap met by the collar of her leopard coat, slushing up to classes from the mudholes of Nameaug Ave. There is the frail appealing boy child of "Three Pills in a Bottle", and the pert young swaggering Philip of "You Never Can Tell". There is the dainty, graceful Florence in spotless white, hair matchlessly waved, and the restless knickered Flops of the old red leather coat, sport shirt and straight bob. There is a Florence who

moves listless and heavy-eyed from one tasteless class to the next or cuts wholesale, and the Flops, who flies about performing a series of preposterous whimsies. There is a Florence like a lily-of-the-valley, and Flops like a holly-berry.

MARTHA BOLLES

Martha—our enthusiast! Such undying interest in anything! Witness Martie, passionate brown eyes full of wonder, emerging from conference with Dr. Wells; Martie refreshed from a favorable art criticism of that problem for which she gave her sobriety and her last hairnet. Martie has time—or takes time—for all the things others never accomplish—making calls downtown, painting Christmas cards and place cards, reading poetry, imbibing ten-o'clock tea, revelling in Lucas' "Life of Lamb." It requires a very little bomb of humor to start Martha and she can reduce groups into hysterics faster than many another mortal. Her gasps of merriment coupled with a strained, agonized expression are immortal in the history of mirth. Yet life is a vital, serious problem. Martha ponders on its solemn intricacies, chortles at its incongruities and reads two fat history volumes in order to take the course she covets.



DORIS BRADWAY

Dot—dark hair, impish grey-blue eyes, and rapidly skipping footsteps! That the latter were temporarily displaced by slow crutch steps but proves the perversity of seniors who will fall off stone walls when there is no one near to catch them. Should need ever arise for a circulation library of Caesar's Gallic Wars, Livy's renowned account of former triumphs, and Homer's incomparable descriptions of the crafty, far-wandering Ulysses, this petite mortal will gladly supply the missing volumes. However, the classics aren't her sole interests. She

diligently applies herself to a home economics course and here exhibits an intense interest. Echoes from the lecture room tell us that "small girls are so much more economical to clothe" and "three thousand dollar salaries sound so entrancing with garages, fur coats and maids." Nevertheless, it is possible for two wee people to live on less.



CONSTANCE BRIDGE

Color won't decorate paper in an artistic way, without help, any more than pencils will draw lines or needles make dresses. But with efficient help, what can't these objects do! And with Connie's help, what don't they do? Which gives away the whole secret that she's an artistic dressmaker, or is it a dressmaking artist? Certainly she does wierd things with paint and pencil, and gets good results. We never could understand artists though.

Whether one or the other is her main interest in life will ever remain a mystery, even when we admit the truth that Con is anything but quiet when you get to know her. This last mystery was solved long ago, but it took Senior year to disclose the fact that she was a clogger.



DOROTHY BROCKETT

Historically speaking Dot belongs to Connecticut College, since she has spent four years with us plowing away through this field of knowledge; and since during those four strenuous years, she has had the extraordinary temerity to attempt history on a large scale, with a grand finale in three courses a day with Dr. Lawrence.

But not being historical at all times, a doubt lingers in our minds as to whether her allegiance to Storrs is not equally as strong as her love for the sea-side college. And that her brother seems as interested in C. C. makes matters doubly

mysterious. But all such considerations fade into oblivion before the great enveloping question of how she makes black rubber fudge; for a rumor from her place of residence leads us to suspect her of such intricacies in the culinary art.



GRACE BYRON

Byronic shyness with irony, and that must be why Grace's conversations often assume the form of monosyllabic terseness of the most enjoyable nature. For, irony isn't always harsh, you know. And, though not often seen, or less often heard around campus, Grace is not always quiet. Just invade the infirmary unexpectedly at some nocturnal time, and hear for yourself. Or, if you'd rather, hear her some time when she's showing the good sense any senior should have, but doesn't as a rule. Don't imagine that because she's witty and good natured you can impose upon her. In the language of the elite, "It can't be did." Nor will she ever reconcile a faithful keeping of the "early to bed" part of the old song with an unusually faithful keeping of the latter part concerning an early parting from the place of nocturnal comfort.

MARGARET CALL

Movies—Maine—Washington, D. C.—dainty hoop skirts and puffed sleeves—a scene in an old fashioned garden, gallant cavalier courting modest maiden—bobbed hair and switches—Romance. “Oh my dear—not him! Why I went to school with his sister!” Peg is one of those people who knows every one famous. Her circle of friends is limitless. We envy her her Southern good nature and her power of speech that is unsurpassed in speed. Peg is musical—mandolin-ly, and talented—dramatically. She can be demure and dignified as a nun, or peppy and vivacious as Mandolin Club leader. We challenge you to find anything to phase her spirit and capacity. Speaking of the “Crown,” we think Peg ought to be given a private box as a token of gratitude for her loyal support throughout these four years.



NATALIE CELESTANO

Throughout her college career, Natalie, we hear, has managed to frolic eight nights a week and still reap her full quota of A's. She combines dynamic energy with Latin temperament. Little glimpses of her upon campus leave us with a vague impression that we may be harboring in our midst an incipient actress or a possible aspirant to the vaudeville stage, where she might profitably utilize those mysterious dance steps which have so often enlivened the “warming up” period before song practices. If so, the stage will gain a comedienne who can read Cervantes,

Dante and Rabelais in their respective originals. There is a rumor too, that the dark eyed Natalie can also read the subtle language of Fortune on the cards. Quite a girl is Nat!



GRACE CHURCH

An off-campus room where kittens climbed the curtains, until the ruthless Zoo department made its inroads upon the filene population of the river roads, distinguishes Grace from the unusual dweller on campus. An almost unbroken record of Sunday attendance at church, an amazing array of Bible courses, further distinguish her. But perhaps her name could account for those differences. No name could tell why, after a tragic freshman history exam experience, she shuns black coffee as a means of maintaining enough consciousness to render

studying possible. And even shunning coffee cannot explain her as the one girl we know who is actually trying to get fat. For all that, there's enough of her to take care of a troop of Girl Reserves downtown, to enjoy the movies, or to accomplish wonders in a seamstress way quite beyond our ken.

LENA CLARK

From infancy even her fond parents recognized Lena's particular interest, for she was christened with the middle name of Cook. Hence the shout of "Cookie" which has echoed through Branford's corridors during four extremely busy years. She is a Home Economics major. If you wish to learn exactly how many calories you are eating, question Cookie—she knows. She also knows how much you should be eating, which is more important. Yet, she never lets her knowledge interfere with her breakfast sleep. The catalogue lists Lena's home as Springfield, Massachusetts, but her conversation leads us to believe that Stonington lies nearer her heart. Week ends at her summer home there can hardly be kept out of a talk with her. And Lena can give us much pleasure picking the strings of her mandolin as when patiently serving waffles to the hungry mob—an occupation in which she seems to delight.



HAZEL CONVERSE

The awesome cognomen "Botanist" usually bears the accompanying connotation of a shrivelled up old man, bent and worn, with a bunch of herbs at his waist, a microscope in his hand. But for once it must bear another meaning, since Hazel is neither worn nor wizened and still claims the honor and distinction of the title. In fact, she's a direct antithesis of any such description.

If you want a marvellously accurate definition of a good sport, why rack your brains for futile words when you can set forth an example and say, "look here?" But to any traits which might make her typical, Hazel adds peculiarly individual ones. An active interest in faculty masquerades; a way of managing night jubilees; an athletic renown, make for a spicy variety of good sport. Why, she has even a great and surpassing fondness for parties featuring the common egg.



CLARA COOPER

Cooper is distinctive. First, she has a laugh which not only reverberates, but also rebounds to such an extent that the grassy blades and twig-like trees of the court are seldom able to retain a collegiate quantity of poise. But we aren't objecting—in fact, we quite care for it. Indeed there have been many good laughs behind certain scenes, for Coop has done scenery and decorations to the extent that she has been often smothered beneath tons of poppies and other miscellaneous forms. Scenery is after all suggestive of art, and more distinction is added to

Clara's distinctive torso when she is boldly pointed out to strangers and other sight-seers as being an art major! A laugh—exciting scene—an art major—and, almost anti-climatically, a delightful resemblance to Lillian Gish. What possessions for one so young!



MERIAL A. CORNELIUS

We have among us, a prodigy, an athletic prodigy. It is Neal—whom we must crown with laurel, for she is the most graceful and skilled athlete we have known on this hill-top. A Young Athenian youth would find here a just equal.

Yes, it is youth that does it. Neal is youth incarnate, whereas she is just as aged as the rest of us. All appears bright to Camelia-Babe, even though one does encounter some "wet-blankets" on campus. The future will be happy only if we think so now, might be her philosophy.

Her great aim in life is to please everybody. If she hurts your feelings she loses sleep.

Just as Neal gracefully excels in the Athletic, so she does in social life. But then, a girl with her eyes could not do less.

MARY COURTNEY

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary" could never be applied to this Mary. Nature has not endowed her with the ability to express her exuberance in song, but her ready laughter and pithy puns compensate to some degree. Not even such things as calories and men trouble Mary's youthful spirit. Though often she may be found grasping her bobbed locks and crying in despair, "Oh, I've got so much math and psych and chemistry and physics to do that I'm nearly crazy;" yet let anyone enter with a "Mary, come on to the movies," and she will inevitably grab for her hat. Mary is a hard worker, though, especially when it comes to soccer, baseball and basketball. The Math Club knew what they were doing when they elected her chairman of the Entertainment committee. She can see the funny side of a tragic moving picture; why not that of differential calculus?



DOROTHEA CRAMER

The first time we saw Dot, in a blue sweater just matching the heavenly color of her eyes, she was typically s. s. and g. She still is, for that matter. But added to those qualities is her dignity, and her quiet, gentle self-assurance gained from a feeling of work well done—for Dot is one of the most conscientious members of '24.

Speaking of preparedness, have you seen her desk? And if you have, was your imagination at work? Can't you see her facing that roomful of pupils who pretend they crave historical knowledge, and look at her with saintly eyes while their guilty hands are passing notes? Dot sometimes tries to look severe, but we know that at the appropriate moment her firm jaw will relax and a jolly twinkle come into her eyes. Looking into the future, we'll say "Quite a teacher!"



GERTRUDE CRAVEN

Gertrude Craven is one of our representatives from the great national capitol, and is an authority on the ins and outs of politics, what the President looks like, and how he shakes hands, and the gold piano in the East Room of the White House. Not only has she an interest in this, but in employment and far countries. If you want to know about Alaska or Mexico, ask her—she knows.

She has a most wonderful disposition. If you stepped on her, or hammered her over the head, she'd probably turn the other cheek.

She is always on hand academically and athletically. If there is a horrible pause in class, she will fill the gap by asking questions. If there is a shortage of players on the soccer field, she is there. The world to her is one great experience flavored with a sense of humor, practical common sense, a keen understanding and a hearty laugh.



JANET CRAWFORD

"I'm sorry but I can't go out with you this afternoon, I have to stay in and whack out a dress." It's Jane talking. Do you know anyone else who could "whack out a dress" and produce a creation such as those that adorn Jane's dark haired, blue eyed beauty?

Domesticity and Mathematics, what a combination! And don't forget to mention managerial ability, the kind we mean is the kind we all learned about in Economics. It is very rare, and Jane does more than "execute," she "manages," the Service league in particular. Jane is no mean

athlete, either, and as for singing, what would choir or Glee Club or Silver Bay do without her second soprano.

Janet has dignity, tact and exquisite poise, for which we predict popularity anywhere.

HELEN L. DODD

Helen has a propensity for accomplishing work which has become a by-word among the powers that be. We prophecy that she will in time become a college professor with all the abstractedness and carelessness of the typical one. Helen is very fond of talking but unlike most people who talk, she usually says something to the point. Her dauntlessness, and carelessness in the face of Public Opinion are something to be marveled at and are indeed worthy of amulation. Helen is fond of winning prizes and getting all sorts of honors and she does get them in great numbers. She has a way with her and has all her profs aligned ready to defend her to the death. She was indeed born with a gold spoon in her mouth. Undoubtedly she will derive further benefits from it.



KATHLEEN DOHERTY

Four years ago we thought that, surely here was an infant prodigy, indeed. This delusion was the result of the fact that Kathleen wore her crowning glory in a profusion of long curls. This might please some of the more conservative of our faculty, but, as true daughters of our "Age," we thought it a bit "queer." The curls have now been replaced by a more mature coiffure: but the effect of youthfulness remains, for her carefree disposition is unchanged. She has a true sense of humor and plenty of Irish wit, ever ready with a clever retort. This, undoubtedly explains the sounds of mirth that issue forth from a certain corner room in Blackstone.



HELEN DOUGLAS

Dougie made her bow before the assembled judges of this respected campus, an eager, lively maiden, with an enthusiastic regard for and inclination toward anything which might be or seem new. Thereon she based her accomplishments. But accomplishments are often accomplished in degrees superlatively, as well as otherwise. When a "Matriculation" labors to the extent of "indefatigability," she may be admitted to the thirty-second superlative degree.

Such an indefatigable one is Dougie. Her list of credits includes many well-scarred hockey sticks, a casualty or two among New London merchants who would not advertise, a mangled mandolin, and a convalescent soccer ball. A well worn list you say. Perhaps, but we pity David. Nice trophies for scenes of domestic tranquility. But, mix these with the best nature you can conceive, the liveliest and truest, and you will envy David.



MARGARET DUNHAM

Knickers—shingled hair—teddy bears—red fire engines—somersaults—wire-haired fox terriers—bicycles. Peg, the incorrigible; Peg, the irrepressible; always the same vivacious, peppy, irresistible “divil”—so we have known her from her first appearance on this hilltop. Peg not doing something different, unique and original, from asking the barber, “Have you a false nose?” or the clerk, “Have you got Teddy-bear’s eyes?” to drinking barium sulphate and being the martyr for the cause of physiology, is unimaginable. Peg would like to appropriate the trunk room

in the basement as permanent quarters for a horse, a dog or two, perhaps a chicken, surely a cow, but even Peg realized that a long neigh or a mooooo wouldn’t harmonize too well with the sound of the typewriters and other Plant basement conditions. Seriously, we recommend Peg to any one down-in-the-mouth with college pessimism.

VIRGINIA EGGLESTON

We nominate for the Hall of Fame, Virginia Eggleston; because she can run down the hockey field faster than any mortal: because she would make the basket-ball team if she could shoot baskets: because she excels in the academic and her intellect might be termed the nimblest in college: because she is a poet: and chiefly because she is better fitted than any other person to write a book, “My Four Years on the Stage.” First a captivating Barrie heroine, then the ever pitiful Pierrette, and then coaching Comedy, next a wistful Irish Princess with long black hair, and Dramatic Club Presidency followed quite naturally. Of her dancing, we quote, “In her trembling fleetness and the wild grace is sometimes caught the moment of perfect abandon which might be called ecstasy.” So it is for all things with Virginia.



EILEEN FITZGERALD

When she was a minute freshman, we got into the habit of considering her a recluse whose sole aim in life was the absorption of every bit of knowledge that came her way and the search for all that didn't. But that was before the English did its work. Since freshman days, we find her consuming tea at a rate which would confound the most addicted Englishman; discussing life in a pessimistic and cynical way which is quite unfathomable—perhaps even to herself; taking part in dramatics with an ease and finish which few have attained; playing her violin to the dungeon walls of Blackstone basement, for we've never been allowed to sit as audience; arguing for all athletics in which she does not have to participate; delighting in the bugs of the fields and those unnameable creatures of a Woods Hole sea; and existing joyfully through it all.



HELEN M. FORST

"Bubbie" the great epicurean, who knows food at its best and enjoys it with the relish of a highly tempered palate! No food is beneath her dignity, provided that its preparation qualifies. Often has she sacrificed her own comfort that others may also enjoy a bite or two, and her floor has been the recipient of crumbs which her bosom companions refused to have litter their sanctuaries.

The really nicest thing about Bubbie is her true and just appreciation of people. She doesn't forget one's bad points or let you forget them; but she never fails to be broad-minded. There is nothing that she will not do for her friends. Although she has a pet theory that all sacrifice is fundamentally selfish, she constantly disproves it. Of all her talents, her voice is her chief joy.



GLADYS FORSTER

She used to take German and eat apples to get thin. And sometimes she didn't eat at all until the German interfered with the diet, for she had to furnish eats for the German club, you know. She used to kick a soccer ball viciously whether it went through her own or her opponents' goal. She used to don tortoise shell glasses and a comfortable kimona when the academic called, and woe betide her who sought an entrance to the room while the spasm lasted. But through it all—diet, German, athletics, studying at times, she was always the same old Forster who

sputtered madly when anything went wrong and then grinned it all away—Forster who swore she'd never been homesick in all her college days.

MADELEINE FOSTER

Pe tun-ee, Petun-ee—

In answer to this familiar cry, the window flies open, and Mad sticks her head out from her third floor back, emitting at the same time a hub-bub of victrola music, fragments of a heated discussion, rabid bridge bidding, and a dull crunching as of cheese and crackers.

"Come on up" says Mad in that well known class room voice, childish and chipper, "I'm packing my suitcase for the week-end". Yes, she is off again as usual, but in her five day stays with us here, we know of her ability to amuse us, as well as her more intellectual outlook on life.

Mad's greatest crosses are her struggles with the art of shorthand, her never being taken seriously, her ever being taken for sweet sixteen, and the constant demands upon her to repeat "erysters berled in erl" in her own Jersonian way.



ANNA M. FRAUER

Soft tinkling chimes, bring forth the effect of calm, quiet and tranquility. This is the impression we get when we catch a glimpse of Anna on campus.

The fact that she commutes did not prevent her becoming President of the newly revived German Club in her Junior Year, and we have yet to find a more glib and charming chairman. Her abilities run further, and she was heroine of the German play.

However, this is not all we know. We have known occasions upon which Anna was voted one of the most divine dancers. Because of her tacit agreements with the conductor, the envy of all commuters, Anna never has to run to get her trolley, the conductor waits for her at the Day Office. As for her future, we can hardly predict, because we have a peculiar premonition that Anna won't teach, but, we wait for results.



JANET FRESTON

The curtains parted revealing Janet Freston in the center of the proscenium arch. Those of us who were not audience numbered among the chorus, veiling ourselves with silence, for she had launched upon a Frestonian epigram. Sententious it was, not platitudinous, emitting such illumination that we needed not candelabra but dictionaries. She was a colorful spectacle from her eyes to her fingertips. We watched her as we listened to her, ever wondering at the point, sometimes guessing. We admired, we marvelled, we envied, we thought, of her generosity, her

kind sympathy and her true ideals. But the curtain must fall, and more than her devoted sycophants exclaimed, "Mon Dew-ee," and they clapped and clapped.



AGNES FRITZELL

Fritzie, the demure, Fritzie, the cynical, Fritzie, the congenial, good-humored individual who would do anything for any one. Yes, we admit it—Fritzie is an enigma even to her intimates. At times, she startles us with her pessimistic views of life. At other times the implement is foremost and the tricks she can play are as unique as they are clever. But, most of the time, Fritzie's motto is "Don't hurry and don't worry", and her graciousness and kindness win us all. Fritzie's major interests are bugs and dancing. These she successfully allied at Woods Hole one glorious summer, and many were the poor fish that she cut—in the interests of science. "Not really!" we can hear Fritzie exclaim to this. We needs must reply "Indubitably, indubitably," and "Most confidentially we assure you." "Oh Blash!" is Fritzie's final epithet in this as in all matters that meet with her disdain.

MINNA S. GARDNER

Minna—not Minnie—just a little cynical, the Beatrice Fairfax of Plant. Minna, the fleet of foot, as she tears down the soccer field not unlike a young gazelle on roller skates. Then there's the Minna who surprises you. "It's the Gardner temperament," she'll tell you, when, after a sudden call from Springfield you find her, hat and bag in hand, whilst the car has gone up only once. On inspirations such as these, she is suddenly found missing some day when Sothern and Marlowe in Hartford, or Paderewski in New Haven have proved irresistible. And she's even been known to go to Springfield on a bet and thirty three cents. Mentioning Paderewski makes us think of Minna's musical talent. She'll laugh while you say it, but it's true if hidden. For one who can run over Mendelsohn's "Spring Song" without a mistake, and burst into improvising, including "The Elephant Dance," we promise a future!



SARA GORDON

Sara's nice cheerful smile and her pleasant way of talking to people will always make her a memorable schoolfellow. Despite a naughty glint in her nice brown eyes and a certain memorable New Year's Eve in the Big City she is a highly intellectual being, remarkably well versed in all matters pertaining to romance languages, and one of those admirable creatures who can with gracious ease and charm carry the honor of getting A's and B's. And praise to the end—she is one of those blessed creatures who recovered successfully from the reducing cure, and in the not-far-distant future she may be prancing through the intricacies of a Duncan dance with infinite ease and skill.



VERA LEAR GRANN

Special to Everybody:
New London:

Miss Vera Grann is astounding the world with her Journalistic achievements. She is one of the most sincere workers this field has ever known. For this the Press Board at Connecticut College is thankful. Until she took the reins, it had been existing, now it is functioning, it is advancing, and it is powerful. Of it might be said, "A little child shall lead them," because Press Board, which is Miss Grann, led all in the first forward step in Journalism, in Womens' Colleges.

Through this, Miss Grann has made a reputation for C. C., which will put her in its Hall of Fame.

Special to College:

Vera trips the lighted way on all occasions, but it seems that in the midst of a dance she is planning how she will write it up in the Day. Even when she acts in the German plays, they burden her with its publicity. And, then, Vera plays basketball, once opposite Neil.



LOUISE HALL

Little Hall had a distinct advantage over the rest of us in that she was the sister of a sister who had been here before. Those first memorably confused days found her skipping blithely from Plant to the Gym; from New London Hall to the Refectory. Louise certainly did know C. C. thoroughly, from the beginning, and therein lies the secret—she's efficient. Looks belie perhaps—but then, so does the red hair belie her temperament. The post-office has found her a capable leader and math club a good president. She's played cricket efficiently, and subordinately

to her math courses, has even run races with Dr. Leib—and the bets were even! Undoubtedly Louise's career is business. She may spurn the idea for something more aesthetic; but how else explain the neat little Corona, the weekly inventory of her worldly goods and the careful filing of her daily correspondence?



KATHERINE HAMBLET

Bob is athletic, and there the secret is out. Varsity teams are incomplete without her. She numbers countless cups, letters, numerals, life saving pins, bum knee caps, and other casualties. And what, we ask, would the Physical Education Department do without Bob to take them under her wing. With a notorious line and a capacity for never missing the evening hymn, though she may be shampooing her hair, or just becoming conscious when the twenty-after bell rings for second dinner; with an unlimited capacity for planning things, be it all day hikes or moonlight games, Bob always reached her goals through thick and thin. Never shall we forget her dramatic debut or her musical appearance in the "Gasoline Trail" (to say nothing of the many trails she has left on the New Haven turnpike), and never shall we forget Bob herself, energetic, sturdy, full of fun.

CATHERINE M. HARDWICK

At first Kay Hardwick seemed to us a mystery. She trotted about campus behind the protection of her shell-rims, her sallies to and from Quaker Hill leaving little clue to her character. Then came a revelation. When Miss Carey was seized with dramatic fever, and had us stage a chapter from "Gil Blas", Kay's "properties" astonished and delighted all,— a beautiful cloth "omelette" and "une truite excellente" with painted scales. So we knew her as a girl with ingenuity, humor and artistic ability. After we had heard a few of her themes we added a gift for writing. Her tireless toil for the infant Quarterly proved her an excellent executive.



But Kay is not an inhuman consummation of all the powers and virtues, rather, an attractive small person with a taking laugh and a hospitality that makes her home a heaven to the campus-worn.



VIRGINIA HAYS

Ginny's hands show executive ability and hands never deceive. Had we never read her palm, tho, we need only recall the way she managed the book store; and the number of times that we have heard people say "Ginny Hays would be a good one for that position." Speaking of hands—Ginny has very flexible thumbs. That means stubbornness, we're told. Ginny's stubbornness, tho, is better named "stick-to-itiveness." Is it any wonder that she holds so high a place in a class whose motto is "It can be done"!

But Ginny is not all work—she loves to play—and especially golf. Have you never heard her speak of that ancient game? And have you never noticed the enviable assortment of sport clothes that grace her wardrobe?

Be it work or play, Ginny, you have a "drive" that we're sure will bring you a splendid score.



RUTH PETERS HEDRICK

Somehow one has to put Ruth's name down in full. She's called all possible combinations of the three, and she answers to all. She came to the hilltop from that great western University of Michigan, and has been conspicuous from the start. First of all, she came as a rival to Hig for the position of tallest in the class; and then, what could be more ideal, than Hig and Ruth rooming together, proving that two tall people do not fill a room, as theirs was ever open to all, even Freshmen.

Then, Ruth can do a colossal amount and still turn up smiling. For hours, she could sit in the library, run over to Blackstone, and then down to her Freshman house, and yet her marks, well 'tis like rolling off a log.

Ruth has made other marks, athletically and socially, and to all who know her, she is a marked as a friend.

MARY L. HIGGINS

Higgy is our bud of the Rose of New England, called Big Hig, younger of the Higgins, famous for their knowledge of dead languages which they have kept alive in college.

She made her entrance at Thames, where she climaxed her two years reign in those halls by stepping out at 2 A. M. to serenade the collegiate body, a loyal Sophomore caroler. Then to Blackstone, where she acquired a decided liking for Bridge, and is excellent at playing the same card any number of times. At parties, she is Hoyle himself, and prizes are always her just rewards.

Higgy, tall and happy, not ruffled even when you call her "Helen", and noted for the amount of travelling time she needs at vacations.



AMY R. HILKER

"A" stands for Amy,
 For Athletics too
 For Able and Active
 And All-around true.

Undoubtedly every adjective applies to her. Nothing daunts her, nothing conquers. Head held high, she looks down from her independent self-sufficiency and cordially accepts nothing but the best. From her Freshman year when she played the Indian, she has ever born herself as one, in carriage, honor and ideals of the very highest. As she leaped from the cliff in Bolleswood, so with all her heart, she gives all she has to everything she attempts.

She attained her goal and guards it well. But there is one thing "Mamie" did not guard well, and after three and a half years of threats, she bobbed her hair, and the Indian was complete.



HELEN C. HOLBROOK

Now we come to our friend "Holy" —concerning whom they do remark "More holy than righteous,"—a catchphrase not necessarily true. Holy's affections are limited but correspondingly intense. In fact she is devoted to two things, her pet expression, "Holy smoke!" and historical research, especially along the lines of early Biblical history. She is an authority on the gardener in Eden, and also on the origin of murder.

Efficient is the word for Helen, because she does more on campus than any two people put together. And yet she has time to run off Norwich-way on certain week-ends, which brought an ill-fated disaster, in the form of one of those often-expected trolley wrecks, and thus a slight vacation for Holy.



ELIZABETH HOLLISTER

Gentle demure Elizabeth so seldom stepped out of her neat and hospitable cretonne-hung room to mingle with the noisy common horde that we never really became well acquainted with her. Chemistry held no horrors for Betty. Indeed, this conscientious student always seemed to enter any class fully prepared. She was an ever faithful attendant of chapel, vespers, convocation lectures, church, concerts and class meetings. If the entire class answered the summons as regularly as Betty we would never have been forced to adjourn until a quorum should be present.

When we were fortunate enough to meet Betty in the dining hall, we often saw the laughing glint in her bright eyes which preceded the utterance of some dryly humorous remark which sent all hearers into shrieks of laughter. There was humor and a goodly bit of common sense behind the shy outside, you see.

GLORIA HOLLISTER

What is it that makes Glo so different? Freshmen gaze at her with worshipful, trustful eyes, and call her "Glor-ria." Seniors rush to her with all their presidential and committee-chairmanship knots.

Perhaps our convention-trotter is different because she plays hockey and basket-ball like a Trojan of old; because she can balance a glass of water on her forehead; because she rides horseback like—well, did you ever see her on the Sheik?; perhaps because of the flora and fauna in her Blackstone sky-parlor—Mr. Peeper's single cage, a speaking reminder of our feathered "class baby"; because she has won each year the highest honor her class could give. Perhaps it is just that she looks at you with sincere, shining eyes, and breaks into a smile that warms the iciest, homesickest cracks of your heart. Anyway, we know that Glo is not quite like anyone else.



CATHARINE HOLMES

Catts, our imperturbable, resourceful, unchangeable Holmes twin!—always serene, always joyful (but Catts doesn't consider that a compliment, and we don't know why).

When we observe a sample of her typical curly-legged sixteenth century chairs, or her finished rendition in oils of an orange on a plate, we are perfectly convinced that art is her one and only sphere. But at other times, we are not quite so sure. Consider the senior soccer team of last fall, or Catts' right eyebrow, wantonly cleft in a baseball encounter. Observe her as she inveigles "Merry" into song; or dignified but informal, delivers a neat after-dinner speech at some banquet.

It was last year that the fun-loving Catts developed the Lamb-like, fun-loving tendency which has since grown so alarming. Puns trip from her tongue like balls from her bat, like beauty from her brush, and all with the typical Cattsian ease.



ELIZABETH HOLMES

Betty, the other half of Catts, always declares she should have been called Batts, but public opinion has been against her. Instead it has kept to the original Betty with a slight variation towards Bettina or Butler, when occasion demanded. A stern sedate butler in his native environment could not out-act the stern sedate butler of Betty's portrayal. And when the butler changed to a sedate young gentleman with a red shirt and trousers which really were rather tight, the "Gasoline Trail" was foredoomed to success.

She's the efficient business-like young lady whom grateful and loving friends perpetually shower with those offices which require hard work and thoughtful labor. They ignore her protests, and with friendly insistence declare that they know better. Why even when the flowers won't grow, they know she's really a wonder at raising them, in the proper years.



DOROTHY HUBBELL

Dusky Indian youth, tall, straight, and swift as arrows. Pine groves at dusk, the cliff at moonrise, autumn leaves on stately poplars. Dottie, inseparately associated with '24's athletic fame, the tall and agile basketball center capturing the ball from unbelievable heights or unthinkable angles; the half back of soccer and hockey; the unphaseable, reliable baseball catch behind formidable mask—athletic to the Nth degree and then some. Dory has also a zest for work and there is that about her at times that suggests the poet or philosopher, in his more earthly moods. And

as most athletic persons, she loves the dance and follows it oft. To us she seems a paradox, so athletic, so studious, so poetic, so modern. Paradox, perhaps, but paradoxes are strangely appealing and satisfying, friendly somehow to our human imperfections.

GERTRUDE HUFF

Huffy's thumbs are refined. The merest glance at a book on palmistry shows that. And the fact is really no news to us, for ever since the evening when she was the Pear's Soap girl we have recognized a certain dignity about her person. She is positively queenly—fine for a Shakespearian pageant, you know, or a May-time festival.

And she has the decision and precision to go with it. Consult her master-mind about the intricacies of objective complements, or concerning the advantages of a short-story begun with dialogue (perhaps you note the English major), ask her some question of secretarial etiquette, and consider her crowning triumph of last year—the precision with which she drew the coveted Blackstone suite, and ensconced "The Pot of Basil" and "Joan of Arc" upon its tinted walls!

Just one more thing—we mustn't forget the sight of Huffy's tearful laugh. We wonder—do queens weep with joy?



ELINOR HUNKEN

Hunk arrived at the beginning of our second year here, and upset the entire class by appearing at our class meeting when we thought she was a Freshman. She has been upsetting us ever since by the number of things she has accomplished. Everything from Soccer teams to winning English Speech prizes.

Punken does love her food, and with Bub understands its niceties; and she just must have her fruit every morning.

She has become one of our famous entertainers, and does anything from tragedy to Gilda Gray's noted step, and even goes so far as to issue "engraved invitations" to her select affairs.

In the midst of the turmoil of work, Hunk remains as calm as a May-morn, leaving her permanent undisturbed, while the rest of us in frenzy rend our hair.

Hunken steadfast, loyal and true, we are proud to claim as our Editor.



A. MARIE JESTER

Jerry is efficient; and Jerry is very, very practical. She has been so engrossed in the cares and anxieties of feeding our faculty these last two years that we have seen little of her. Our worthy instructors look happy and contented, so may we not give the credit to the presiding deity of their dining hall? Jerry is a speeder, too! Who hasn't heard of the eventful trip in the Studebaker last spring, of the cruel policeman, and the still more cruel judge in Larchmont who painfully extracted twenty-five silver dollars from the pocket of Marie?

In the gentle art of calculus and higher mathematics Jerry exceeds even her own "speed." That's why she is such an active member of the Math Club.



OLIVIA JOHNSON

"Jeems" is a rare and lovable old soul with everything in her thoughtful self that makes an entirely satisfactory friend. She is distinctly unusual—to the point of being just a bit different from anybody you about ever knew. There are little knocks and byways of her nature that it is fun to discover. You find quite unexpectedly, for instance, that she is something of a Bohemian—a nice Bohemian. Little brass curios, fine old etchings, exotic silks and odd trinkets delight her. And she seeks them out with an enthusiasm that is akin to hunger. She has things

beautiful and singular roundabout, whether there is any immediate excuse for possessing them or not. A fine atmosphere for a philosopher—"Is it not?"

Acting and writing are two of the many phases of her ability. The Dramatic Club has felt her influence and both the News and the Quarterly have been strengthened and improved by having her on their editorial boards.

AGNES JONES

Agony is a maiden of a most fleeting disposition, for when we had her safely here, she turned and fled, returned and left again for other parts.

Prosaically she typed yards and yards of News Bulletins on paper of a silky yellow hue, which sends nightmarish shivers down our vertebrae column even as we reflect thereon. And, when her labors reached a consummation, she had the ultimate joy of discovering that house presidents were gayly neglectful in the matter of displaying these sightly signs to view. This and this alone could ruffle the even surface of her disposition.

Owning a diamond, going busily from classes and conferences to meals, writing bits of poesy with remarkable ease, but deepen the equanimity she displays to the "homo gens" about her.



BARBARA KENT

Bobby—it never was austere Barbara even in infant freshman days when we were all so dignified. Except, perhaps, we might mention her fleeting professorship in Bristol High School's French Department, where we are told that she was "Miss Kent for to-day." But Bobbie is not a professor yet and we doubt if even a prolonged acquaintance with the art could make her assume the historic absentmindedness of the profession. In fact, it is an open question whether anything at all could change Bob's decided attitude toward the world and her serene enjoyment of life. She has always been ready for anything from breakfast picnics on the cliff (where she presides over the frying pan) to formal dances in the formal gym. We really cannot blame those who covet Bobby for a guest. She is good company, and as all women are famed for their proficiency in speech—Bob is purely feminine.



AURA KEPLER

Aura's sense of humor is never failing, even when the joke is at her own expense. And Aura's absent-mindedness, which causes many of the jokes, often brings anxious moments to her friends. When she goes away they wonder if they will ever see her again—and when. They wonder whether she will forget this time where New London lies. But absent-mindedness laid aside, Aura is happiest when doing something for some one else, and she possesses an unusual gift of realizing people's wants before they know them for themselves—even to hot chocolate and cookies after exciting but withal freezing afternoons of coasting! She is truly a nature enthusiast and one glance at her room, where fishes play and shrubs abound, would prove it to the most doubting soul.



EDITH KIRKLAND

Edith simply must be "mothering" some one or something. Just now, a pair of parrakeets are her most spoiled children; but they have a long series of predecessors and not a few rivals. Edith is interested in Art, too. Yes, she is intensely interested in Art. Do you remember the days when we heard of how her soul was torn between a desire to major in Home Ec and an equal affinity for the Art Department? We think that she must have compromised by combining the two. What a model housekeeper and hostess she will be! We don't wonder that her

family, in that lovely pillared home in Georgia, will be so glad to have her back after her willful wanderings Northward.

MARGARET LAMBERTON

It is always with great intimidation that we look up "the new Senior". For three years we have lived and played together and as a class have been strong because of appreciation of and cooperation with each other. So, we say "the new Senior" always causes wonderings and surmises. Peg Lamberton, "Marty", came. We saw. She conquered. We must say that '24 regrets not having had her with us to hoist the sail at the embarking of the Viking Ship.

Peg has decision and precision. Will the Victorian Poetry class ever forget the gasp of awe that followed her first recitation in that hallowed hall?

As a musician, one might almost call her the Orpheus of the Long Serpent, for not only '24, but also the Glee Club is, Pollyanna-like, glad, glad, glad, that she came.



EDITH LANGENBACHER

Big dark eyes, queenly brows, and a gentle dignity of manner—she steps quietly into your room, or home, or life, and belongs there—that is Edith. And there is a lively imp of fun peeping out from behind that dignity. Sometimes she sings "The Nut Brown Maiden" (with appropriate gestures—don't forget those gestures!) to the tune of our hilarious laughter. She has achieved the rare gift of being broad minded and yet ever certain of just what she thinks. That's not a temperamental characteristic, we know; but Edith is a true artist. Her clever fingers and her "Langenbacher mind" are always busy with a "problem". There is artistry too in the delicate way she has of doing kind things for every one.

We can't do Edie justice; but we suggest that you turn to Katy (under the "W's" you know) and she can.



MARION LAWSON

Mickey of the dark brown eyes and dimples and the really marvellous wave has danced her merry way into the lives of all her associates. When she's feeling in a spirited mood, there's no holding her from michievous pranks or hilarious laughter. And since it's a human impossibility, very few people make the attempt, just as very few people attempt to join her in the chemical deviations of her college course. Mickey has been general assistant to anyone suffering from an underdose of chemistry at vital moments, for a long time, and she's made a success of it.

In just the same way, she makes a success of all the parties she attends, and of teas she gives, when formality and preciseness flee before general good humor and fun. At times like these, we can well believe Mickey's favorite slogan, "Aw, gee, I'm glad I'm not dead."



HARRIET G. LYON

Hardy and Peg—two boyish figures dear to campus in those first two years when picnics, athletics, canoes and bivouacing on the Island chiefly engaged these inseparable pals. They were equal, avowed, unmistakable “man haters,” so they told us. Junior year brought a renaissance in our boy twins, and Hardy and Peg burst forth in the fluffiest and most modish aspects of femininity. Hardy, we’re glad to say, stayed with the ship, and here she is, discovered at last, for we believe that her “mannish” days were manifestations of a defense mechanism that was

meant to cover delightful domesticity.

Hardy may cut classes as much as she pleases, we say, for we have unmistakable evidence of her talents. Just think of the costumes she has designed and executed, especially her own.

LUCILLE MACDONALL

Excellent ideas for costumes—stunning creations made while you wait—and an infinite capacity for week-ends—a soft voice that “carries”—complete self-assurance—that’s Luke, and those are Luke’s possibilities and Luke’s talents. Originality characterizes her and originality plus the artistic is recognized as a winning combination. Speaking of originality, Luke broke all precedent by becoming the “Fourth Musketeer,” that explains the foursome Mary, Jane, Kay, and Luke—always together in the class room and elsewhere. Which reminds us further of the fact that it is to Luke that Winthrop must give thanks for its trusty cavalier. Was Luke not the one who introduced the redoubtable Pinkey?



ELIZABETH MAHAN

Tibby lodges on campus as a Senior, but we knew her long before that. Athletically she has glittered for four years, especially when at basketball, and you know the song, "You have to be a constellation to be on our team," so that is a character sketch in itself.

Bystanders have for years caught glimpses of Tib in cars of various hues and astounding power, on our hilltop paths; and many a serene circle of gossipers have been disturbed from their "middle-of-the-road" position by someone calling for Tib in one of these gasoline buggies.

No one is more pleased than third floor Winthrop that Tibby lived there her Senior year, and so say we all of us, and so would you.



IOLA M. MARIN

Lola! Surely the name belongs to her, for does it not suggest expressive brown eyes, soft abundant brown hair, and enviable versatility? We think of her expressive face with interest, surprise, affection, or rapt attention fleetingly mirrored there and we exclaim,—“Lola certainly can act!” We think of her spick and span collars with the neat little bows that never fail to match sweater, skirt, and oxfords; and then imagine Lola as the most delightful of hostesses in the pleasantest of homes. She has played many roles and each of us can recall at least one of them:

Lola in “Leib’s Attic”; Lola in Thames; Lola in North; and Lola in Winthrop; Lola tearing down the hockey field; Lola tied up in a head band, disfigured with tortoise shells and madly pursuing her “psych”; or Lola as the Poet’s Wife in “Will-o’-the-Wisp”.



ELSIE MARQUARDT

Our impression of Elsie is of a little girl out of a story, or a Dresden doll from our grandmother's table, for Elsie measures scarcely five feet, and has the fair hair and blue eyes that we always associate with the fairy-tale children. However, Elsie is by no means a mere ornament, for she has been known to worry many a full-back on the soccer field over what new trick she would discover to slide around a watchful guard. She is also a woman of courage, for she has braved the perils of a math major.

Yet, Elsie never really gave us time to become acquainted, for her free hours were spent in Went's car, far away from campus. All in all, however, we take off our hats to Elsie, for whenever she was needed, she was right there with the goods.

ELLEN McCANDLESS

With a wealth of love behind her, and a wealth of love before, Ellen returned to the flock on the hilltop for her Senior year. She left the land of strong hand-clasps and wide open spaces to lead Blackstone in the paths of quietness—for a whole year's absence could not dim the brilliance of her ability. She is called "the regal eagle", she is dignity personified, but wait:

It's strange how these Westerners get away in the East. Some poor girls who have lived near Williamstown, West Point, and New Haven all their lives never see the inside of their football circles, but "El" stepped around to all the big games.

Ability, charm and dignity, and last, she is an epicure, a constant bubbling spring of wit, an authority on the latest.

And now to quote her, "Oh for Peety-sake, stop it."



ELIZABETH McDOUGAL

Betty is small, but oh how business like! She doesn't make much noise—house presidents don't, anyway, we guess. She's the kind of girl we all look at and sigh—we never could be like that. Just notice the way she marches along straight for her own particular objective, never turning aside for little things, or allowing herself to be distracted by the more frivolous C C-ites. Not that she's a plugger or a grind—Heavens no! Betty's the sort that has a firm idea of right and wrong. No half-way business about this stubborn little lady. She is a trim little lady, too, and conscientious and industrious. We believe that never, in its whole history, has C. C. known a room as immaculate as hers!



HELEN S. McGRATH

Helen doesn't look particularly virile, but we wouldn't like to match with her in booting the soccer ball out of the penalty area. We didn't discover her ability in managing insistent enemies in soccer until her senior year, but we made up for our delinquency in placing her on the varsity team. Helen is the only representative of Mystic in college, and is so fond of her home, that she has commuted for four years. However, we venture to say that she hasn't missed much, for Helen is the happy sort who belongs to the "Mary Sunshine" group. She has always a smile

and a cheery greeting, and she is one of the most valuable assets of the Commuters.



EMILY MEHAFFEY

Mac, the sweet, shy maiden of yesteryears has changed. She's an athlete now, honored by all who have ever attempted the nerve-racking position of goal on a soccer team. Often a small black dot between '24's goal posts, but a dot that is exceedingly apt in being wherever the ball tries to come through.

She's a prophet with an occult knowledge of the art of palmistry which leads us to pore over our well lined hands and hang on her every word. She's the owner of one of the most delightful blushes on campus, a blush which appears or disappears on the slightest pretext. And the pretexts are not always so hard to find, for beneath her Quakerlike demureness, Mac's ways are attractive and her heart is gay.

The triumph over the sweet-shy maiden came when Mac took over the business end of Koine.

ELIZABETH MERRY

Enter Monsieur! Merry has successfully assayed most of the masculine roles ever since she has been in college. From the corpulent Flummery to the charming Roger with the perfect accent, her work has been worthy of a youthful Barrymore. But not dramatic art alone is Merry's forte. What would the presentation of "The Dragon" have been without the regal robes to help so greatly in putting it over. And in design, she does beautiful things, and bold—sometimes masterful, sometimes fragile.



For two years Merry lived in North, that once Bohemian haunt where artistic souls communed, and cooked pork and beans. It was there that the renowned and lasting Merry and Pinkey firm was incorporated.

And finally we remember Merry splittingly humorous. If her mien be over-serious for long, you'll soon be leaning helpless against a lamp post while she swears that she is quoting Shakespeare.

DORIS MINER

A delightful sense of humor, clever letters, and an aspiration to the ranks of the social workers separate from the rest of us—Dot Miner, who can hardly wait for the time when she will be able to bring light to the heathen of sunny Honolulu. Is she going to serve them—that is of course the Honoluluans—five course dinners like those that are indulged in in the Branford suite? Or is she going to teach them drama and coach them in theatrical performances as she does the working girls of New London? Or is she going to denounce spats and patent leathers as she did so violently during sophomore year? Or is she just going to show them how to be friendly and kindly and general good friends? She only can explain, and you must ask her if you would know.



LUCILLE MOORE

When intelligence was handed out in such degree that it might be tested, Lucy must have been on the committee of arrangement. She's now at any rate, an avid pursuer of the intricacies of the testing process; and all who converse with her run the dangerous risk of subjection to a test which may make or mar their future, which may prove them idiots or geniuses. But its only Lucy's affection which drives her to such extreme punishments. She's so affectionate that she just can't bear not to share or to lend whatever she has, be it the mainstay of our generation, a pin, or a bit of knowledge of a very essential variety. Then, she strides valiantly and vainly about in search of the missing articles. Yet she's never learned not to lend them, and never will, while moons shine or stars fall.



JULIA E. MORRISSEY

Julie has the reputation of being "brainless". Not that she is a grind, heavens no! But we have always been impressed by the fact that the voice of Julia is the voice of knowledge. When she speaks in American Lit, the problems of transcendentalism, compensation, and self-reliance become the proverbial crystal-clear.

Julia occasionally is absent-minded. She has even been known to forget to attend her beloved gym classes. And she has never started down-town without calling frantically, "Lola, where is my pocket-book?" And yet, she is the learned

president of the Psych Club.

When you see her in her cap and gown, you feel that she is fittingly garbed, for Law is the secret desire of her heart. We are awed by her comprehension of International Relations. But Julie must not be swamped by the abstract. Her personality is too commanding, too vital, to be smothered in the musty volumes of her chosen profession.

MARIE KATHERINE BROOKS
MOSS

Blackstone without Moss? Unthinkable! Yet a generation will arise that "Knew not Joseph." But to us there will always be Moss, shouting a friendly hail to passers-by, Mossy's room, a parking place for friends.

Mossy is perhaps the most catholic girl in college. Her reading runs from Thomas á Kempis to Witter Bynner. She majors in English and Edits the News with a vigor that has brought color to that formerly pale sheet; discusses operations with medical zest; loves music with an intelligent sensitivity; and tears after a soccer ball with the enthusiasm of a Physical Ed. Major. In one mood she will discuss Philosophy and Religion in a way that shows a mind accustomed to analyze and evaluate experience; and in another she will bound about on all fours emitting primal sounds. Mossy's humor is unforgettable, and the earnestness of her "good goatie!" rings long in our ears.



AVA MULHOLLAND

Somehow with Ava one always seems to associate Plant living room, telephone calls, letters, and good times. There are men—thousands of men—Cadets—Sergeants—Captains and Ava trips off gaily with them all, to the fort, to the Base, to dinner parties, to dances. But think not that Ava devotes all her time to these ardent swains who flock about her. Not at all. She is a History major. No more need be said, for we know only too well that to be that, one has to be brilliant. Almost any time we may see her dashing between Plant, New London, and the Library, overladen with heavy history books. Ava seems to have a horror for skirts. Her reasons may be few or many. But, anyway, we agree with her. Knickers are so comfortable.



JEAN FRASER MUNDIE

To know Jean is to know the world! For Jean knows the best books, the best people, and the best of life. True, she has a bowing acquaintance with lesser lights, and it is a thrill to be counted even among them, but to feel she really knows you is to have had the grace of nobility bestowed upon you, for Jean is the epitome of aristocracy.

What better example could council have chosen for a House Senior? Her freshmen look up to her with a wholesome awe and respect, tempered with great devotion. The woes and perplexities which seem overpowering to their minds, to the senior are often of the most minor quality. But from Jean there came always sympathetic and dependable advice. At the end of her six weeks of concentrated service her freshmen brought her tribute—twelve gorgeous chrysanthemums.

We point with pride: Jean, a C. C. girl!



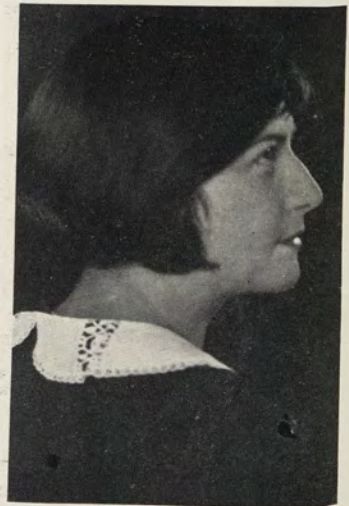
KATHARINE C. H. RENWICK

Billy is the spirit of vivacity, in Winthrop. She is ever ready to entertain us in our duller moments. "Pinkey," the shiek of Winthrop, who incidentally should have a page or two devoted to him alone, has described her as "the smallest girl in college"—Small, it is true, but of such fine proportions that her very minuteness only serves to make her the more charming.

Billy has been blessed with a voice of rare sweetness, and enviable generosity, great versatility as an entertainer, and a retinue of Freshman retainers, enthralled, we are told, by her Seniorial attentions and her great abilities.

HELENE RICHARD

For four years Helen has graced our campus with an unfathomable air which has baffled us all. Her friends tell us, tho, that beneath this lies an artistic, or, rather, a futuristic temperament which borders on the "Bohemian." Campus holds no special interests for Helen, except when an occasional French paper is due; and then she has an opportunity to show her linguistic ability. Helen, we hear, is an arch individualist with all the necessary courage of her convictions. As for her vocabulary—well, few girls of nineteen could equal it. Yes, she is young; but that doesn't keep her French humor from being cynical. Here's hoping that Fate provides her with a fitting outlet for her creative ability!



ANNA ROGOFF

We all know Anna as a most obliging girl. Can anyone remember a time when she was asked to "play" and refused. We don't believe it's possible—be it a song practice or a Saturday evening dance. Anna's skillful services have always been at our disposal. But music is not her only forte. Her friends are most enthusiastic in their praise of her very satisfactory "philosophy" and of her ability to keep the claws of femininity from scratching. They also make dark, mysterious references to a Cadillac that likes to roll over the new Hartford road; and they prophesy that before long Anna will retire to private life and conduct a "menage" of her own.



EVELYN A. RYAN

"The Ryan"! Surely "The" belongs before Evelyn's name as it does that of Duse and Bernhardt. And there will come a time when this will be admitted by "Fellow fellers" for the Dramatic Arts the world over. She will be characterized as the tall slender willow, swaying so languidly in the scented soft-hued air of admiration. She will draw to her devotees of love and the muses, and together they will wander afar.

Then there's "Fat", with enough fun in her to make any gathering a memorable affair, who could add zest and my lend her whole-hearted sympathy to even those who ask for just a little.



MARION SANFORD

Timid she must be; shy she surely is; quiet, well to most of us anyway; but known, well, we will say so. A girl with her ability would be singled out anywhere. Why she has never been nicknamed "Beaver" is a puzzle, because she has their famous trait of accomplishing wonders with a very minimum amount of noise. Of course, she does make some noise, because she uses the typewriter. We are no judge of her ability, but she must be bubbling with it because the faculty covet her assistance in all their secretarial and literary endeavors. We

envy her this insight into the learned realms, and we laud her for her intelligence.

LILLIAN D. SCHER

Whenever you hear the word "eat" you can take it for granted that Lil is around. And whenever you hear jazz that makes the very tea cups shiver and shake, you know that Lil is "coaxing the ivories". As a dancer she excels, and in the natural dancing class she points a wicked toe.

But that is not all. Week-end trips, wonderful parties, thrilling adventures, and "We had a simply marvelous time" and "so this what we did" typify Lil. Let it be here recorded that whenever she does sail off on one of these sudden excursions, incidentally cutting her beloved German class, she takes our breaths away by her stunning creations.

It must also be recorded that she has her serious moods. To argue about Epictitus is no more difficult or less familiar than to "step on it" to get to Hartford in a hurry. There is no doubt, Lillian has a mind of her own.



SOPHIA M. SCHUTT

We chew a short pencil, gaze into the blue-green fire flames and think of Sophee; tall, slender, very feminine—yes, all of this. But most lovely are her large brown eyes and tiny perfect mouth (and here she'll probably pull down its corners and scoff, for she hates anything like that). In that age when one wore petalled frocks, Sophee, with soft, fluffed out hair, could look like a fairy-land dream of dainty demureness. But the woman is surprising. She has a proclivity toward brief, abrupt, and sudden phrases. They startle one; then, with her dark eyes innocently widened, a sly twinkle, and a tell-tale grin, she sits back, leaving us abashed, crushed under her apparent sophistication. Pennsylvania is her native state, and all her cool reserve vanishes when one speaks of it.



KATHERINE SHELTON

Katherine—at last it's out! The name that Peg uses for signing such venerable documents as checks and diplomas isn't Margaret at all, as most of us have been wont to believe during our sojourn together. Just one of those things we can't explain. She evidently believes in fooling the public. But in that respect alone can Peg fool us. She may have attempted to conceal her managing editorship of the News, but we found it out. Her capable effort beams resplendent from each and every issue. As for her athletic genius—for when one shines in every sport we may well call it genius—'24's record has that down in the proverbial black and white.

In more resplendent characters comes mention of the drama, where Peg cheerfully affected masculine or feminine roles. And the last thing we draw from the hiding place are Pegs wonderful marks, even when she was big boss of Thames.



KATHERINE SLAYTER

"Yes, I Will!"—and she does. She does everything. That's one reason for her election as vice-president of "Stugee." "Miss Slayter will be acting president of Student Government from—to—" Um-hum! She's "acting"—wisely and intelligently. And, speaking of intelligence, we are reminded of intelligence tests, Niantic, and so, by a process of association,—boats, water, moons Hawaii. And Hawaii somehow seems the proper place for "K" for does it not connote images of sunshine, music, happy people and little natives who are very much in need of a sym-

pathetic teacher? How they will profit by the experience that "K" has gained in her excursions to the Jennings School, Children's Movies and Jay Street! May she dance her way into the heart and hearts of Hawaii as literally and figuratively as into ours!

MARY SNODGRASS.

"My word, I don't believe I ever saw anything like that before!" And neither have we, only our answer is not in reference to what Elijah said when he saw Elisha drawn up to heaven in a fiery chariot, as Sir Baden-Powell expresses it. No, Mary is the one in question, and we repeat, we've never seen her like before. She is the epitome of poise and self-reliance and she's "there" in all kinds of ability—executive, dramatic, vocal and athletic. As for punning—well, you never heard anything like that before. Pittsburg is her native city and, says Mary, It suits me!"



Mary knows everything and everybody on campus and in town. For all these her personality fairly radiates a cordial welcome.

MYRTICE TRYON

"Do you wish a ticket to go away and come back, or do you wish a ticket to go away and never come back?" the ticket agent asked, wiping sleep out of his eyes'. But he gave, not a "long slick yellow leather slab ticket with a blue sponch across it" but long slick white tickets with delicate tracings of rose, admitting two to the Yale Bowl. We do like wooden soldiers, but in a question of Yale vs. Army, here's one loyal follower of the Blue. Myrt. Myrtice—what's in a name? Trimly marcelled young Lorelei, with humorous gray eyes and honest-Injun dimples, (we've seen them in the same place for more than four years!) Does she like English customs—well, rather, when it's afternoon tea with lots of lemon and real Orange Pekoe. And for a' that, she hasn't forgotten how to do the Spanish Tango.



MARION VIBERT

Genius, like snowdrops in March, will out. It was rumored that she wrote. Where others have to be coaxed and petted and cajoled, she willingly and joyfully squeezes out a little time and comforting thought for every cause and damsel in distress. She turns out songs as easily as she acquires those gold stars of academic honor. Perhaps it's "a song a day." It must have been, in our dear, dead, O'Sullivan Gasolene days.

Nothing in the world could change Vibert's opinion about her own ability. She knows perfectly well that she can't play soccer or cricket, or translate the entire book of Exodus into verse, or write appropriate vocal bursts for the class, or parodies, or themes for that advanced course in writing, or papers on philosophy or insanity; but then, there always will be differences of opinion.



EUGENIA WALSH

In a summary of Genie, one of the "younger set" without whom life would indeed be drab, we must lapse into the impressionistic. To describe this vivid, flashing, spirited young person otherwise, would be impossible.

Genie,—songs, impromptues, sputtering, pet, adorable deviltry, wit and repartee.

Memories of French plays rise before us, memories of Genie, the vivacious center of all admiration. We see her tripping lightly to Shaw, with equal success and credit. We find her when the moon is

rising over the hill, gracefully silhouetted against the silver of the river, leading us rhythmically in the sweet harmonies of song, under the admiring gaze of underclassmen.



HARRIET WARNER

Demurely parted and evenly waved tresses, bright laughing brown eyes—that's Harry. A softly lighted living room, a piano, joyful, dancing couples—that's one of her settings. The wearied performer pauses and immediately a thunderous clapping arises, interspersed with shrieks of "More, more". But the menacing peal of the bell quiets both the nimble fingers and the raucous clamor. Restful woodland shades, flowers, plants, an artistic cozy and homelike room—that's another setting for her. Musical and artistic as she is, however, Hotsy aims towards the improvement of the race in social lines and spends her summers in the practical application of her principles. That those principles insist upon rousing shivering Plant-ites from cozy beds when the startling clamor of the fire bell breaks upon a momentary stillness doesn't say much for them. Yet even such cruelty can't keep folks from liking Hotsy of the merry happy nature.

CATHERINE N. WELLS

Katy the inimitable! Katy the spontaneous! Men like her and girls like her. What more, we ask, can we say for any girl? Katy can be serious—very serious—in fact she is the esteemed President of the History Club. It is in her serious moments that one glimpses that sterling character which makes it impossible for her to harbor a grudge or be insincere. And, speaking of serious things—who does not remember some solemn moment that has been “saved” by Katy’s unmanageable “wooden leg”? As for friendships—well, just ask Edie about that; or, better still, just try to picture Katy coming across the campus without Edie. We



could go on indefinitely on the subject of Katy—extoll her as an actress or praise her generosity; but she has endeared herself in the hearts of all and of her we each have our own favorite characterization.



MARGARET A. WELLS

“Wasn’t that fun—ny? I thought it was!” And it was funny, too, if you heard Peggy tell the story. What we ordinary mortals find quite prosaic and colorless has the utmost possibilities of humor if only Peg is on the scene of action. We may even discover, in the midst of a serious discussion that boiled lobsters are alive and have to be chained to the plate when served, but what does that matter if we catch the merry expression in her dancing, elfish eyes.

Peggy seems to effervesce with elfishness. But she wouldn’t like to have us give you the impression that she didn’t have her serious moments,—for she really has. How else could you account for a schedule that includes Modern Democracies and International Law?



GLADYS NESTERMAN

Gladys is a quiet girl but History students have known for a long time that behind that quietness lurks a very active knowledge of the great and glorified Past and an equal interest in politics and current events. The rest of us had suspected as much for a long time, but when we heard that Gladys was writing a book—well, then we knew. We knew also why a typewriter so often clicked out its snappy tune on the second floor of Winthrop. No wonder Gladys says she's temperamental!

We mustn't fail to add how she has honored Winthrop's democracy with dissertations on the pressing necessity for strict enforcement of law and order!

RUTH WEXLER

Everyone thought Ruthie was always gravely serious. Everything she did, she did with an unbelievable vim and zest and many were the things that she could do, too. She could help anyone out with anything at all. She could tell such delightful stories and invent such fantastic games that children followed her everywhere as they followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin so long ago. She could play games herself, too and once did—in the Faculty-Senior soccer game. She was the little, outside who ran around and about the very big half-back. She could giggle, too. Oh how she could giggle! There never was such a giggle in all Christendom. She could enliven nocturnal tea parties with her droll humor. She could—but why go on? She could and she did. That's why Ruthie, though little, was still—oh my!



DOTHA WHITE

Dotha is a sure proof of the old saying "Looks are deceiving," for she looks the part of the conventional puritan maiden, and is far from that. On the outside, she is meek, mild, quiet and demure. On the inside, she has a wealth of modern ideas. She has a jolly twinkle in her eyes which reveal a sense of humor.

Dottie's first year was burdened with the responsibility of Bragaw House presidency, and now her plants decorate the third floor of Blackstone. She dabbles in the arts. Oil paintings, charcoals and sketches are her hobby. Our bulletins bespeak her cunning posters of black silhouettes. Though Dottie might be a dilettante in art, literature and plants, she is also charmingly substantial, as we know from her future plans for nursing.



ELIZABETH WIGFALL

Sing, O Muse! of the Elysian Fields where "Wig" can sink her artistic ploughshare unhampered by crumbs and dish-washing; where showers and soap caress the bodies of all, and the joy of eating is unsullied by the necessity of stopping to wash dishes. Sing of mystery in which Wig may finally enshroud herself, where many questions are asked but she need answer none. Then sing softly, O Muse, of her genius in Art and the private instruction it demands. Sing to the tyrannical "Bub" who has shown the artistic characteristics to be garments over more comfortable ones. Last of all, sing to Wig,—lovely dahlias in a yellow bowl, fine books, a delight in truer bigger things, which will lift her song above the tumult.



LUCILLE WITTKE

Luke can wrap a sophisticated gown of shining beauty around her form and people will think her thirty and a divorcee. Or she can rob you of your carefully concealed food supply with a naivete that is truly delightful. Luke's sophistication, however, is only apparent despite appearances, the Navy, and New London politics. She still treasures letters, giggles hysterically, writes melodramatic themes, and collects perfume bottles with the ardor of the freshman. College for her has been one course after another with Dr. Wells; the guardianship of the only Mel-

lowtoned Sonora on campus; and last minute clutches for straying Hop men. And because it is quite a correct, conventional and happy way to end, one must have a fling at her future. We won't say what we think, but probably Luke will carve for herself a career in the Banking world with Daddy Doyle's course as a rock foundation.

DOROTHY WOOD

We nominate for C. C.'s hall of fame —Dixie. First, because of her assumed terrible scrutiny of victims who think they are escaping from our noble refectory with several loaves of bread and an apple pie concealed on their persons. Second, because of her Vogue, Good Housekeeping, Skin-you-love-to-touch appearance as she treads with dignified mien near the alcove or the mantle piece, or the window shades. But most of all because of her capable efficiency as head waitress of the dining hall. Yes, no doubt about it, Dixie made a pretty good impression the first time she banged that little ol' bell. But again, as the old saying goes, "that ain't all". Dixie is a history major. We may see her in some not so distant future a well known professor of modern civics or the newest woman member to Congress or—well, Dixie has a lot of interests and it remains to be seen.



KOINE



1924

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1924



OFFICERS

President	Margaret Ewing	Vice-Pres.	Genevieve Delap
Secretary	Charlotte Lang	Treasurer	Idell Godard
Historian	Olga Gennert	Cheer Leader	Elizabeth Allen
Chair. of Athletics	Sara Crawford	Chairman of Entertainment Comm.	Helen Hewitt

To be Juniors! How long we looked forward to it, and now we take our high estate quite as a matter of course. Filled with our new dignity, we determined to cover our career with glory.

First we welcomed our new sisters to our midst, smoothing the pit-falls from their way, and giving them the advice our experience warranted. But soon our attention was turned to Soccer and well did our gallant cohorts defend our banner. We shall never forget the spirited battles we witnessed on that well-worn Soccer field.

Then reluctantly, we turned to mid-years, but weathered them with the assurance which comes of long-suffering. The Basket-ball season opened shortly after, and our thoughts were engrossed in maintaining our record of last year.

With the coming of Spring will come our Mascot. Our labored searchings of last year have caused us to vow to hide it well, that alien hands may not touch it. Also, out of love for our buildings, we decreed that the hunt should be an outdoor activity.

On the nineteenth of April we lunch with the Seniors. Soon after comes our Prom, and then—with the coming of Commencement—we reach the goal of our ambition—Senior-hood.

KOINE



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1924

Sophomores



OFFICERS

President.....Helen Farnsworth	Vice-President.....Lois Gordon
Secretary.....Lorraine Ferris	Treasurer.....Hope Farrington
Librarian.....Katherine Swan	Cheer Leader...Theodosia Hewlett
Chairman of Sports.....	Chairman of Entertainment Comm.
.....Elizabeth DamerallMyrtle Ryder

Sophomores are supposed to have a queer way of thinking that they are "it," but we, the class of '26, claim to have graduated from such obnoxious sentiments. Our sense of arrogance and overwhelming prestige gradually disappeared at the closing of the Freshman initiations. During that period we had plenty of time to view condescendingly and cheerfully our green-capped fellow citizens, and laugh heartily, yet gently, at their sad misdemeanors. But now it is forgotten. The time is approaching when they will be the Sophomores, and we, is it possible, that we are about to ascend to the appalling heights of the upper-classman? The realization has been growing upon us ever since the beginning of the year. We've had our glorious Hop, our Christmas vacation, our exams, and we are looking into a very near future hopefully; perhaps to a basketball championship, and to that great pinnacle in our career, the finding or not finding of the mascot. But, a possible failure shall not be considered. We exert our energies, concentrate our Sophomoric genius upon—success.

KOINE



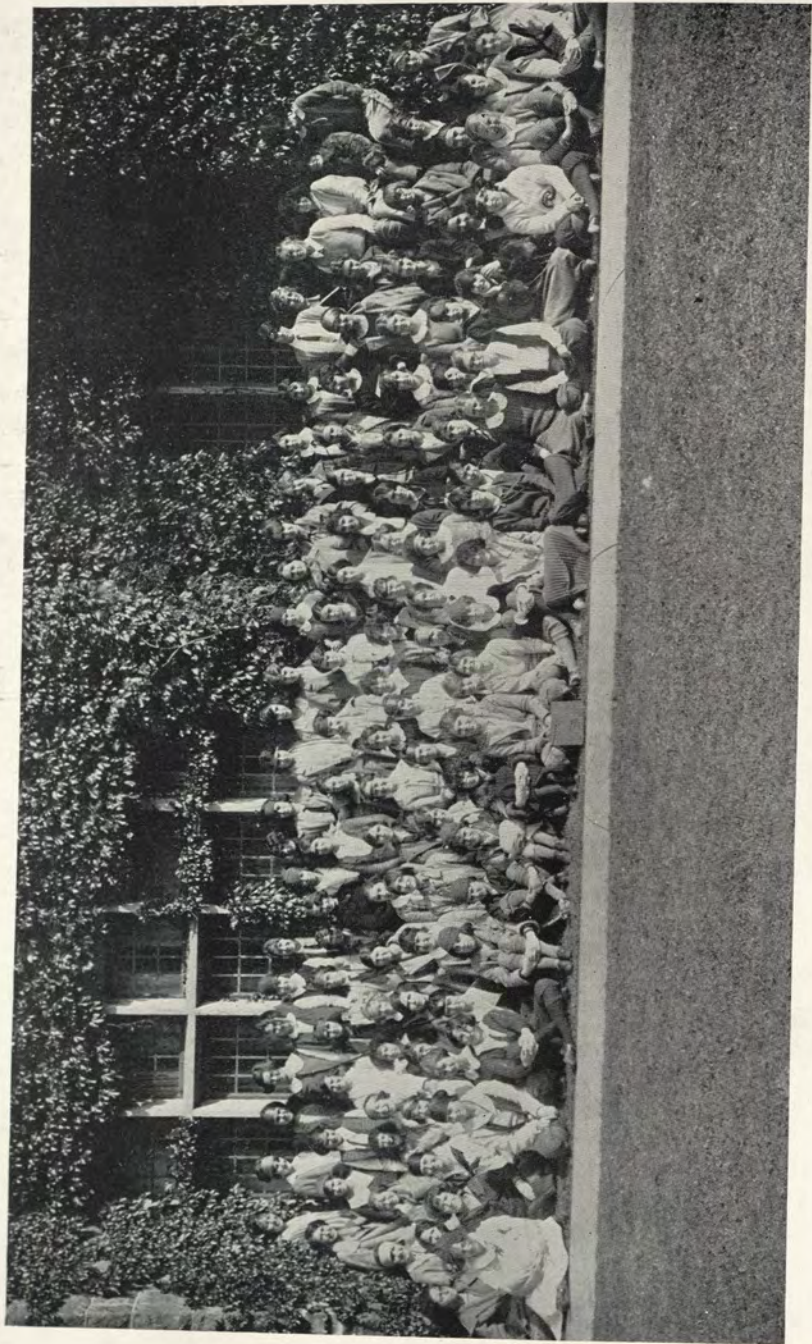
1924

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1924



OFFICERS

President	Florence Hopper	Vice-Pres.	{ Ruth Batty
Secretary	Helen Smith		{ Sarah Carslake
Historian	Emily Koehler	Treasurer	{ Sara Pithouse
Chairman of Entertainment Comm.....	Virginia Fitzhugh		{ Edith Clark
		Cheer Leader	Louise Wall
		Chairman of Athletics..	Margaret Elliott

We are the Freshmen, and we must be heard! We are known by our good looks, wisdom, and affability. Watch the dust which we make; for we have accomplished much, and intend to accomplish more.

We proceeded to make ourselves known with the friendly aid of the Faculty and Upperclassmen, to say nothing of the timely and invaluable assistance of the Sophomores. Then we began to do as the Romans did. Our first achievement was a hearty response to the other classes on the evening of the first moonlight sing; in fact we became so fond of song that we set aside one special night for serenading purposes. However, the apex of our vocal prowess was reached on the night of December 18, when we regaled the rest of the College with Christmas carols. All this while, we were singing our Soccer teams on to victory. Here our becoming modesty only permits us to state that we scored heavily each time.

Meanwhile, we were all anxious to become organized; so we elected our officers. Soon after this event, we drew up our constitution, and were thus recognized officially. We've ordered our note paper, emblazoned with the class seal; our green and gray banner is on its way! However, nothing can deter us, especially academic matters; for has it not been said by proven authority that "out of the mouths of babes"? We are young, and therefore essentially Freshmen, but we are proud of the fact.

KOINE



1924

STUDENT ACTIVITIES



1924



STUDENT GOV'T



MEMBERS OF STUDENT COUNCIL

- PresidentGloria Hollister
- Vice-PresidentKatharine Slayter
- SecretaryFrances Angier, '26
- TreasurerCharlotte Tracy, '25
- Chairman of Executive Committee...Mary Snodgrass
- President of Service League.....Janet Crawford
- Editor-in-chief of News.....Kathryn Moss
- President of Athletic Association.....Amy Hilker
- President of Dramatic Club.....Virginia Eggleston
- Senior Class President.....Catharine Holmes
- Junior Class President.....Margaret Ewing
- Sophomore Class President.....Helen Farnsworth
- Freshman Class President.....Florence Hopper

"We will never, by any selfish or other unworthy act, dishonor this our College; individually and collectively we will foster her ideals and sacred traditions. We will revere and obey the College laws and do our utmost to instill a like respect in those among us who fail in their responsibility; unceasingly we will strive to quicken a general realization of our common duty and obligation to our College. And thus in manifold service we will render our Alma Mater greater, worthier, and more beautiful."

It is this, modeled after an Athenian oath which epitomizes our Student Government. It does not stand for discipline, but for will and character; the Honor System in its full sense.

That we have a firm footing and are lauded, is seen in the fact that we were nominated for vice-president of the Women's Intercollegiate Student Association. Another step was taken this year, in attempting to make popular and useful a Student Forum. So far they have been successes. For the future, just,

"To you we throw the torch
Be yours to hold it high."

KOINE



1924



SERVICE LEAGUE

The Service League is an organization whose aim is "to unite its members by bonds of friendship and loyalty and to inspire them to give their sympathy and to dedicate their services to the advancement of college interests, community welfare, and national and international causes destined to benefit humanity". Its work is at present divided into three main fields—work on campus, work in the community, and work outside New London.

The work on campus is taken care of by several different committees—the Sunshine committee which tries to make our lives a little brighter by sending flowers or fruit to the Infirmary, and by visiting the people who are there. It also tries to make the gymnasium seem more like a chapel by providing flowers for all services there. Another committee is that which sees that the maids have some sort of gift or entertainment at Thanksgiving and at Christmas. Every Saturday evening the entertainment committee has charge of an informal dance to which all students and their guests are invited. It also arranges the annual Tea Dance which is given in February. The Lost and Found committee has charge of returning our lost belongings to us.

The work in the community consists in work at the Charter House, work with the Y. W. C. A., and work in connection with the Associated Charities. Charter House was opened in January, 1924, and several groups of small children have been started for story-telling, games, and other club work. The Service League hopes soon to be able to have classes in arts, crafts, and elementary music appreciation for older people as well as for the little children. Several clubs and groups of Girl Reserves at the Y. W. C. A. are headed by students and more and more work is being taken up by the college girls. At Thanksgiving time the Associated Charities gives to the Service League a list of those families who are in need of help, and baskets of food are sent to them.

The work outside New London consists in the drive for the Student Friendship Fund, a Christmas box to Caney Creek, sending dolls to Christodora House, and fostering an interest in Silver Bay and other conferences of national interest.



Officers

- President.....Janet Crawford
 Vice-President.....Emily Warner
 Secretary.....Helen Hood
 Treasurer.....Constance Parker
 International Committee.....Jean Mundie

Entertainment Committee: Anne Albree, chairman; Elizabeth Platt; Edith Clark.

On Campus Committee: Edith Langenbacher, chairman; Hazel Osborne, Emily Mehaffey, Elizabeth Mahan, Dorothy Wood, Dorothy Ward, Grace Ward, Dorothy Brooks, Katherine Slayter, Elizabeth Alexander.



Follow the Gleam

Unto knights in the days of old
 Keeping vigil on mountain height,
 Came a vision of Holy Grail
 And a voice through the waiting night:

Follow, follow, follow the gleam
 Banners of worth, over the earth
 Follow, follow, follow the gleam
 Of the chalice that is the Grail.

And we who would serve the King
 Keeping watch here at Silver Bay,
 In the consecrate silence know,
 That the challenge still holds today.

Follow, follow, follow the gleam.
 Standards unfurled, over the world
 Follow, follow, follow the gleam
 Of the light that shall bring the dawn.



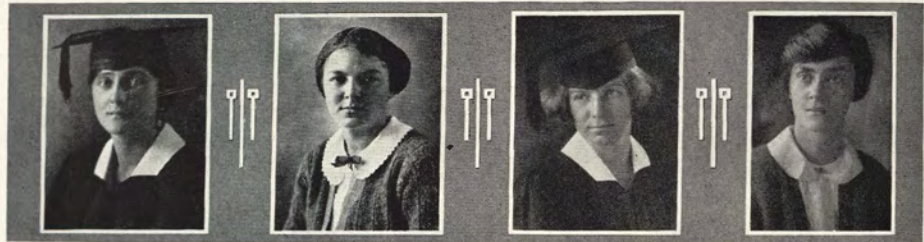
Silver Bay

Each year in June there is held at Silver Bay, on Lake George, a conference of students from the eastern central portion of the United States. It is managed by the Y. W. C. A. but even those colleges which are not affiliated with that organization are allowed to attend. The conference lasts ten days and is essentially of a religious nature. However, topics of every sort are discussed. Some of the best speakers in the country are present and give a short course of lectures. For instance, in June, 1922, two of the speakers were the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, each of whom spoke four or five times.

The morning is occupied first with chapel, then an hour of discussion, an address for the next hour, and then an hour for technical meetings. Those interested in the activities in each college get together and discuss their problems. Those interested in college publications have one meeting, those interested in dramatics another, and those interested in social work still another. The afternoon is devoted to sports or anything one wants to do. There are several tennis courts, a baseball diamond, a basketball court, wonderful swimming facilities, and many boats. After dinner there is an hour when each delegation sings its own songs and every one sings together; then there is another address. After ten such days one feels that she has experienced one of the greatest privileges she will ever have—that of going to Silver Bay.

ATHLETICS

Athletic Association



Council

- President.....Amy R. Hilker
- Vice-President.....Elizabeth Allen, '25
- Secretary.....Katherine Hamblet
- Treasurer.....Thedosia Hewlett, '26
- Chairman of Outing Club.....Grace Ward, '25
- Chairman of Sports, Senior.....Merial Cornelius
- Chairman of Sports, Junior.....Sara Crawford
- Chairman of Sports, Sophomore.....Elizabeth Damerall
- Chairman of Sports, Freshman.....Margaret Elliott

A. A.—1923-1924. A new department—a new system—a new response!

No longer are our attentions and affections divided between a hockey stick and a soccer ball, or calisthenics and basketball alone. We attend to them with the avidity of a hen with a single chick; thus do they flourish and we prosper. Continued, concentrated effort along restricted lines—and the college advances by leaps and bounds. So, without advocating anything the least bit Amazonian, A. A., cooperating with the Physical Education Department, has given us a new system and a new start on the road to health and happiness.

Soccer

This fall the soccer ball was omnipotent in the lives of all those athletically inclined. For it, on it, and about it they struggled violently and in vain. They rose at six and gamboled with it. They went out at dusk and searched for it—such was their devotion. The outcome of it all was a tie, such impartiality!—quite typical of a well seasoned sport.

FACULTY-SENIOR GAME

The autumnal athletic climax was reached when the Faculty and Seniors met with the soccer ball on the soccer field. So intensely and cleverly did both sides maneuver that, what seemed at first to be a Brains vs. Beauty Contest, turned out to be a contention between some quite beautiful brain work, and some rather intelligent beauty. The soccer ball fluctuated somewhat in reciprocating the attention paid to it, but was condescending enough to favor the Seniors on a 2 to 1 basis.

SOCCER VARSITY TEAM

K. Hamblet	A. Hilker	M. Cornelius
M. Gardner	J. Goodrich	D. Hubbell
E. Wrenshall	S. Pithouse	H. McGrath
H. Ferguson	E. Mehaffey	



Basketball

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Chairman.....Merial Cornelius	Ex-Officio.....Amy Hilker
Senior Manager..Dorothy Hubbell	Junior Manager....Janet Goodrich
Sophomore Manager.....	Freshman Manager, Sara Fitzhugh
.....Emma Sternberg	

With the coming of winter, the falling of snow, and the flight of birds, the basketball annually comes from its hiding place, and pounces upon us in the gymnasium. There, throughout the winter months we are a constant prey to its ravages. Such little inpromptu games as those staged by the Winthrop Dumbells and the Blackstone Goolies serve to lighten the more serious interclass contests. This year all details were efficiently attended to by a board of managers. This was a most successful innovation on the part of A. A.

THE VARSITY TEAM

Centers

Dorothy Hubbell, '24
Elizabeth Damerel, '26

Forwards

Merial Cornelius, '24
Janet Goodrich, '25
Susanne Stolzenberg, '25

Guards

Katherine Hamblet, '24
Amy Hilker, '24
Sara Crawford, '25

Track

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Chairman.....Katherine Hamblet	Ex-Officio.....Amy Hilker
Senior Manager....Hazel Converse	Junior Manager..Eleanor Harriman
Soph Manager....Helen Edwards	Fresh. Manager....Dorothy Harris

Each sport has its ardent supporters, but in the opinion of the most of the athletes, track has yet to be surpassed as a perfect sample of well-rounded exercise. Although the word itself means anything from "a series of footprints", to a "race course", to the athlete it is likely to stir up tender images of stiff limbs, horses which will never go beyond the gym door, and etc. However, such was the hunger of the enthusiasts that an indoor track meet was held the end of March in which the chosen few from each class vied each other for championships and other unintelligible honors. For the maidens who preferred foot to head work, an exhibition of clogging featured in the afternoon's program.

Tennis

A sport for young and old. Faculty and students participate. Dr. Bates' Cup for the fall tournament was won by Rosamond Beebe. The Faculty Tournament outrivaled the students. Dr. Morris, with psychological aid, coming out ahead. The spring sees President Marshall's cup again contended for.

Varsity Tennis Team
 Eleanor Whittier '26
 Frances Williams '27



C. C. O. C.

Chairman.....Grace Ward, '25

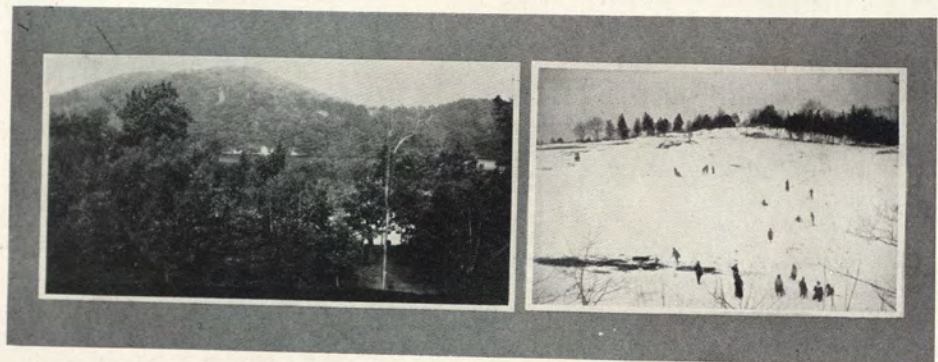


The outing club promotes the more social side of the Athletic Association, taking charge of hikes, picnics, hot dog roasts, skating parties and tobogganing.

During the fall an intensive drive was waged to raise enough money to build a cabin out at Miller's Pond. Over \$700 was raised for this fund, and plans for its construction have been under way for some time. The cabin will be able to lodge about twenty students for overnight trips or week ends. Miller's Pond is an ideal site for swimming in spring, and skating in winter.

Hikes are another feature, both near and far, and also a hoped-for skating carnival. This year A. A. points were given for hiking a required number of miles.

Even though C. C. O. C. is new, enthusiasm and the hut have made it popular and powerful—as proof see the Boston papers.





DRAMATICS

Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

President.....Virginia Eggleston
 Vice-President .. { Charlotte Lang
 { Eugenia Walsh
 SecretaryAlice Barrett
 Treasurer.....Grace Bennett
 Business Manager, Elinor Hunken

Chairman of Committees
 Costume—Elizabeth Merry
 Lucille MacDonall
 Scenery—Clara Cooper
 Sara Crawford
 Casting—Florence Bassevitch
 Ellen MacCandless
 Program—Catherine Hardwick



As in former years, the Dramatic Club has followed its regular schedule of presenting a three-act play in the fall, a Christmas play, and a long Spring play, with several one-act plays at the regular meetings.

To introduce the Freshmen to the Club, Barrie's "Rosalind" was given at the first meeting. Our efforts to arouse the interest of the Freshmen were rewarded; for shortly afterwards, many "tried out" for parts in "The Dragon," and two of the large roles went to that class.

To those interested in dramatics, several unusual opportunities came this year. The first was the pleasure a number of members had in meeting Mrs. Richard Mansfield, of hearing her read from "The Merchant of Venice," and in seeing the many interesting things in her home, collected by both Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield.

Another was the good fortune of having Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, and Miss Gage present "The Chastening" in town and under the auspices of the Club. This was a new venture to sponsor entertainments outside of the college, but one which we consider worthy of continuance when another such worth while and artistic production can be offered.

KOINE



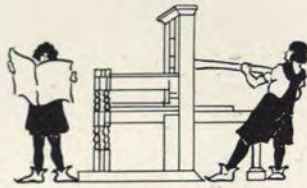
1924

What Made "The Dragon" Famous

The dragon itself, a bit wobbly in its chicken-wire constitution, but gay withal in green cambric, brilliant yellow spots, and its up-curved red tongue. And what a shudder passed over the audience when it beheld the vicious buckram teeth.

The costumes. All honor to Merry and her committee who toiled long and faithfully; who turned out royal robes, resplendent in gold paint and marabou, rich in design and color; who sewed jewels onto crowns, painted golden phoenixes and rejuvenated sceptres. To them in a large degree is due the fanciful illusion.

The time limit. "The Dragon" is the first and only dramatic production, in the memory of our class, that ended before ten thirty, and in which there was no imminent danger of the property man being pressed into service to obtain breakfasts for a long suffering audience.



PUBLICATIONS

Connecticut College Quarterly

THE BOARD

Editor-in-Chief.....	Alice H. Barrett.....	'25
Editors.....	Catherine Hardwick.....	'24
	Olivia Johnson.....	'24
	Katherine Renwick.....	'24
	Elizabeth Allen.....	'25
	Charlotte Beckwith.....	'25
	Cyrrilly Abels.....	'26
	Katherine Swan.....	'26
	Barabara Brooks.....	'26
Business Managers..	Genevieve Delap.....	'25
	Grace Bennet.....	'25
	Theodosia Hewlett.....	'26
	Jean Howard.....	'27

The Connecticut College Quarterly is beginning to feel that it is actually recognized as a necessary part of college life. Delight fills the individual souls of the Board when the question is impatiently asked, "Isn't it most time for the next Quarterly?"

For two years our magazine has appeared four times a year; contributed to by Faculty and Alumnae as well as students. Our one trouble is that people are bashful and give their outbursts to the Atlantic and other lesser lights, rather than to the Quarterly.

Press Board

We make our bow. No applause? Well we don't expect any. Apparently we're a public nuisance, always demanding pictures and delving into your life history. Your pictures, your lesser and greater laurels, your activities, are not exploited to your home town or the nation at large because we think you are wonderful or bizarre enough to achieve distinction but because our way of showing our admiration and service for our Alma Mater is by "saying it with printed words." Through you we're trying to inculcate into the questioning public mind that we're not a wild rustic species of co-eds nor a state institution for erring females but a splendid, noble woman's college. Our third year has been most successful. The words "First Press Conference" telling their own tale.

OFFICERS

President.....	Vera Lear Grann, '24
Secretary.....	Alice Taylor, '25
Librarian.....	Elizabeth Wrenshall, '25
Advisor.....	Mr. Charles Zack



Staff

Editor-in-Chief

Kathryn B. Moss.....'24
 Olivia Johnson.....'24

Managing Editor

Katherine Shelton.....'24

News Editor

Olivia Johnson.....'24
 Louise Hall.....'24

Assistant Managing Editors

Charlotte Tracy.....'25
 Alma Davis.....'26

Associate Editors

Charlotte Beckwith.....'25
 Alice Barrett.....'25
 Helen Dodd.....'24

Business Manager

Helen Douglass.....'24

Reporters

Louise Hall.....'24
 Julia Morrissey.....'24
 Katherine Swan.....'26
 Lorraine Ferris.....'26
 Pauline Warner.....'26
 Hazel Osborne.....'26

Assistant Business Managers

Dorothy Wigmore.....'25
 Margaret Fowler.....'26

Faculty Advisor

Dean Nye

The News

"All the news that's fit to print", says the New York Times. Perhaps we might say we publish all the news that's fit to speak of, which isn't always very much, so we add a few side lights on what other people do in college, or think of college, or wonder about education when they can sufficiently disentangle themselves from it to scrutinize it. In the Free Speech column we give you a chance to talk; but perhaps we haven't built up an atmosphere which elicits confidences; for we find you very shy there, though we're sure you must say something somewhere about things in general, unless this sea air has power to metamorphosize us all into bi-valvular mollusks. Our own ideas we display in editorials in the hope that you will agree or disagree with them, but with the dread that you will merely ignore them. But for this we bear no malice. Pax vobiscum!



LANGUAGE CLUBS

El Club Espanol

Faculty Advisor.....Mr. Pinol
 President.....Mary Higgins
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Margaret Call
 Chairman of Entertainment Committee.....Helen Farnsworth

In charge of the play:

Business Manager.....Barbara Kent
 Scenery and Costumes.....Charlotte Lang
 Properties.....Lyda Chatfield
 Publicity.....Dorothy Brooks, Marion Sanford
 Music.....Anna Rogoff
 Tickets.....Eileen Fowler

Did you know that "Si, se acabaron los Platanos" means "Yes, We Have No Bananas?" In order to fully appreciate the modern Victor record titles, one should be well acquainted with Spanish. With the tango, mantillas, spangles, ear rings, glossy black hair adorned with a red nose, Spain, as an authority, is again coming into her own.

The Spanish Club is a lively organization, is a member of the Instituto de las Espanas, and offers varied programs at its meetings, at which the members enjoy music, literature, Spanish scenes, etc.

The big undertaking of the year was the presentation of "Cancion de Cuna", by Martinez Sierra; a play that initiates one to "a world of tenderness, and purity from which even the shadow of vulgarity or coarseness is banished". The picturization of the Spanish convent in its sunny cheerfulness, and the exaltation of motherhood, which the author so ably portrays, was something new and unique for the campus. The play was most enthusiastically received by the audience, and the critics were exceedingly generous with compliments; for the acting, coaching, scenery, and most of all for the enunciation of the Spanish. Not only was the production unusually successful, but it served also as a great opportunity for those connected with the play to become familiar with speaking Spanish.

Die Deutsche Verein

OFFICERS

Faculty Advisor.....Dr. Kip	President.....Anna M. Frauer
Vice-President.....Sue Stolzenberg	Secretary.....Marian Sanford
Treasurer.....Gertrude Noyes	Program Committee: Anna Rogoff
	Marian Armstrong
	Sarah Jane Porter

Reorganized in the fall of 1922, after an intermission of four years, the German Club has again become an active C. C. reality, with a large membership.

It's first year undertakings were rather strenuous, and included, among other things, the presentation of two German plays, and an address by Dr. Bagster-Collins, of Columbia, at a joint meeting of the language clubs on the opportunities open to students majoring in foreign languages.

This year its activities have been more confined to the regular monthly meetings at which the members have indulged in food for both the mind and body. Particularly entertaining was the Xmas party. In spite of its comparative calm, the Club is eagerly anticipating its next year's play, and has in preparation many original schemes.

La Cercle Francais

Faculty Advisor.....Mlle. Carola Ernst	
President.....Olive Hulbert '25	Vice-President.....Barbara Kent
Secretary.....Dora Milenky '25	Treasurer.....Gertrude Noyes '25
Chairman of Entertainment Committee....Margaret Smith '26	

The French Club has this year undergone a complete revolution in its type of meetings, and in its purpose. It has tried to break away from the pointless meetings where rather childish games are the center of attraction, and where nothing is accomplished. It has been decided best to accept into the Club only those who are taking the advanced literature courses, and who therefore have a speaking knowledge of French. In order that the beginners might not be entirely excluded, the Club has been divided into two separate groups, each meeting once a month, with a joint meeting once a semester.

The success of the advanced group has been undoubtedly due to Miss Ernst, and the delightful, informal way in which she guides the conversation, encouraging each girl to express her ideas. In this worth while way the girls gain facility in expressing themselves in French, and the topics introduced are stimulating.



MUSIC

Mandolin Club

OFFICERS

Faculty Advisor.....Mr. Grinnell
 Leader.....Margaret Call Manager.....Helen Douglass

What college without its Mandolin Club can lift a respectable head into the azure, and announce with conviction that it is truly an all around college? We can name none.

Under the respective leaderships of Mr. Grinnell and Peg Call the Club has enjoyed one of the most successful seasons. Its musicians have furnished with great willingness, syncopating jazz for Saturday night dances. It adds as a culminating event in the spring, a concert. From the initial chord to the final note of the Alma Mater, it strums its way through captivating strains in a way which promises great and increasing popularity.

Glee Club

Leader.....Mr. Frederick Weld
 President.....Katharine Renwick Manager.....Dorothy Ward
 AccompanistMargaret Lamberton

The second year of the Glee Club has been most successful. Although the Club has been small, the quality of the voices has more than made up for the lack of quantity in numbers. Besides the usual combined Glee and Mandolin Clubs concert, we planned this year one of our own at the college, and, nothing if not ambitious, several outside concerts. All we have been and done we owe to the experienced technique and training of our director, Mr. Weld. Our weekly hour of song has been thoroughly enjoyed by all twenty of us, and we feel that the Glee Club is a well worth while organization that will grow ever more popular here at C. C.

Senior Songs

CLASS SONG

Oh, it's '24 that we're praising here,
 For, in all our work and in all our fun,
 We have given our trust to '24,
 And her motto of faith, "It can be done!"
 And it's not for the sake of a silly pride
 Nor the foolish hope of a season's fame,
 But for '24 and for all she means,
 We'll up, play up, and play the game.
 We will do our best while we're at C. C.
 To give all fair play and to shirk no task;
 We will strive to end what we once begin.
 And the chance to try—that's all we ask,
 When we fight our way in the game called Life,
 When our courage flags, and our purpose seems maimed,
 The ideals of our class will carry us through,
 We'll up, play up, and play the game.

STONE WALL SONGS

Moonlight on hill and river falling,
 Song and tradition to us calling,
 Seniors, we'll carry on with thee,

'23
 '23.

Mr. Moon, Moon, silvery, silvery Moon,
 Won't you please shine down on me.
 O Mr. Moon, silvery, silvery Moon,
 Come out from behind that tree.
 Along came a senior in her cap and gown,
 She didn't see the moon and began to
 frown,
 O Mr. Moon, Moon, Mr. Silvery Moon,
 Won't you please shine down on,
 Please shine down on,
 O please shine down on me!

Moonlight clear,
 Songs so dear,
 Sung by '23.
 Seniors dressed
 In cap and gown
 On that hill-top by the sea.
 And years from now
 When times like this
 Will seem so long ago,
 The scene we'll recall
 By that old grey-stone wall
 Will live long in our memories.

Senior Songs

MASCOT SONGS

Our mascot is a viking ship
 With flaring sails of buff and blue,
 It is a symbol for us all
 Who soon will sail the seas of life.
 For we are sailors, willing and strong,
 And we have faith, "It can be done!"
 So here's to the seniors,
 And here'e to '24,
 Who soon from C. C's shore will sail the sea.

Sailing, sailing,
 From eastern shore to west
 Wherever you are
 Whatever you do
 You stand for all that's best.

Viking ship of buff and blue
 '24 now sings to you.
 To her, e'er be true.
 When about your course to run,
 'neath a home or foreign sun,
 Know, "It can be done!"

Where is the land where our ship dares to go?
 "Far, far ahead," we cry.
 Onward in light or darkness we go,
 'neath fair or stormy sky.
 Through winds and tides,
 One compass guides.
 To that be ever true!

The sea flows fast, the winds blow strong,
 Steady all hands must be.
 The spray of the waves fills our hearts full
 of song,
 Who, more than we, are free?

BASKETBALL

O, you have to be a constellation
 To be on our team.
 '24 in basket-ball has players
 Just like the stars we deem.
 O, sun, and moon, and stars together
 Could not make such a gleam
 As the girls who stand for 1-9-2-4
 On the senior team.



CLVBS

History Club

OFFICERS

Advisors	{Dr. Lawrence
	Dr. Roach
Presidents	{Catherine Wells
	Olga Gennert
Secretary	Gertrude Locke

The History Club and the International Relations Club joined forces this year, and, under the able guidance of Dr. Lawrence and Dr. Roach, both organizations have flourished as one.

At the monthly meetings topics of historic, national and international interest were discussed with much fervor. The members, we're told, feel that the Club has accomplished much this year. Questions have been asked and discussed here as they have not been in the more formal atmosphere of the classroom. And many members whose programs give them no opportunity to elect history courses are most appreciative of the opportunities which the Club has offered.

Miss Roche gave us a most enlightening lecture on the World Court; and our outside speakers included Mr. Haskell of the Student Forum, who spoke on "The Student Movement in Europe."

Mathematics Club

OFFICERS

President.....Louise Hall Faculty Advisor....Dr. D. D. Leib
 Secretary.....Aileen Fowler Treasurer.....Verna Kelsey
 Chairman of Entertainment Committee.....Margaret Courtney

Given: The Math Club.

To Prove: That it is a complete organization.

Proof:

Since in a right angle triangle, $A^2=B^2+C^2$
 Therefore, by substitution:

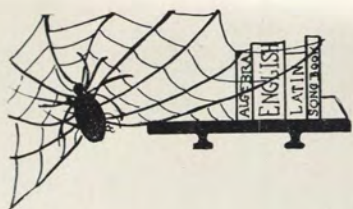
- I. $\text{Math Club}^2 = \text{Intellectual side}^2 + \text{Social side}^2$.
- II. Our intellectual side upheld by Dr. Leib includes rare historical incidents from Pythagoras, geometrical nuts to crack, solutions of the mysterious fourth dimension.
- III. Our social side consists of festive monthly assemblies, parties with the change of season, a picnic with hilarious mathematical jokes, steak in fancy geometrical designs, and cake cubed.
- IV. Facts, theorems, proofs, picnics, make up our Math Club.

Psychology Club

OFFICERS

Faculty Advisors {Dr. Morris
Dr. Miller
 President.....Julia Morrissey
 Secretary.....Elizabeth McDougall

We're a little group of practical idealists burning with a desire to apply our inexhaustible knowledge of psychological theory to the tremendous problems of existence. We strive to place the theory which we have learned in its proper relation to life and to other theories, and thus do we profit or hope to profit by the departmental advice of Dr. Morris and Dr. Miller. In simple terms, our purpose is "to stimulate an interest in Psychology". Our formula is Environment+Interest.



ALUMNAE

The spirit of the pioneer is still characteristic of the Alumnae Association. Pride in doing first things and of being the first to attempt the new has marked the endeavors and accomplishments of the year.

1923 has brought to us C. C.'s first Doctor of Philosophy (Elizabeth Nagy, '20), our first Doctor of Osteopathy (Ruth Anderson, '19), and our first dentist (Helen Gough, '19). Many more girls have pursued graduate courses, not a few having already acquired their master's degree, and others well on their way to the doctorate. Ever widening is the field of service represented by C. C. Alumnae. A range of service in the professional and business world is covered by them. Nor can too much be said in favor of those who have chosen, instead, the profession of wifehood and motherhood.

As an association, the Alumnae have undertaken two pioneer projects this year—their first Alumnae Day, and their first publication, the Connecticut College Alumnae Annual. The enthusiasm inspired by a joint reunion of all classes on March first and second, proved the value to undergraduate and alumna of a joint gathering each year.

In the publication of their first Annual, the Alumnae are establishing what they hope will develop into a quarterly publication, which will strengthen the bond between college and alumna, and prove to C. C. and to the world that our Alma Mater has not placed her faith in us in vain.

Officers of the Alumnae Association (1922-24)

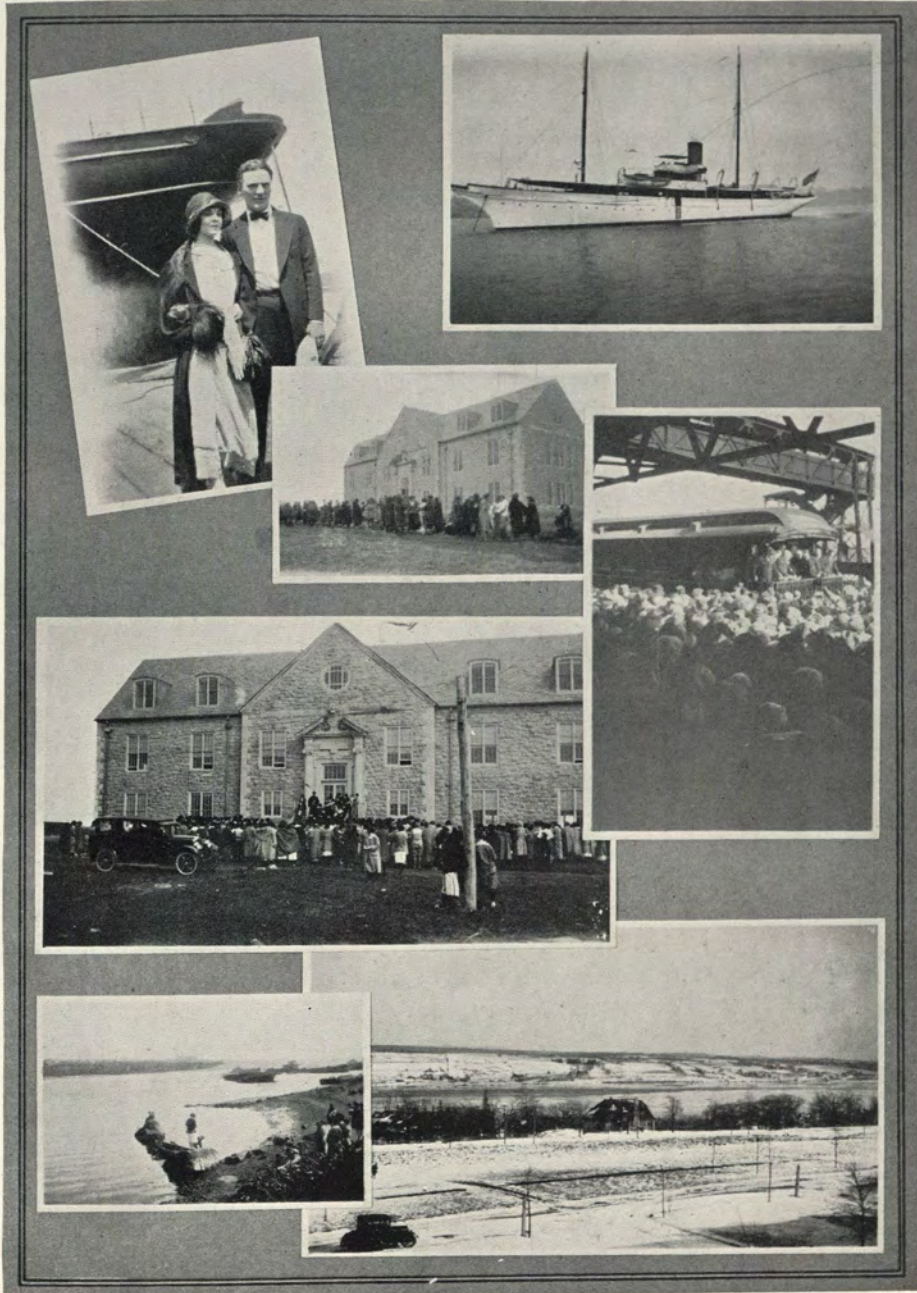
President	Marenda Prentis '19
1st Vice President.....	Miriam Pomeroy '19
2nd Vice President.....	Esther Batchelder '19
Secretary	Constance Hill '22
Treasurer	Grace Cockings '19
Counsellors	{ Agnes B. Leahy '21
	{ Edith Lindholm '20
	{ Jessie Menzies '20
Campus Secretary	Julia Warner '23
Chairman of Nominating Committee	Laura Batchelder '21
Members of Nominating Committee	{ Julia Hatch '21
	{ Marion Warner '20
Publicity Chairman	Juline Warner '20

KOINE



1924

KOINE



1924

KOINE

1924

KOINE

SAL ATTICVM



1924

Read at Junior Banquet, January, 1923

From the freezing plains of the Northland,
 Under lead of Ericson,
 Came a great courageous Norse band,
 With the cry—"It can be done!"
 Not the waves so wildly dashing
 Not the storm clouds, bleak and drear,
 Nor the lightning, redly flashing,
 Turned them from their purpose clear.
 They were pirates, bold and daring;
 They were lovers of the sea,
 In their Viking Ships afaring
 On a search for liberty.

II.

Now this ship of Viking splendor
 "The Long Serpent", proudly cast
 To our '24, will tender
 Standards of an age long past,
 So, may we with fixed intention
 Have the strength of purpose strong,
 Have the courage of conviction
 Have the will to struggle long.
 May we sail with hearts victorious
 Through a calm or stormy sea
 With our ship, a mascot glorious,
 Calling us to loyalty!

III.

In our future life's endeavor
 In each hope and joy and care
 Let this be our guide forever
 This brave ship without compare.
 Let us all with resolution
 Carry on as Viking crew
 In our hearts, determination
 To maintain our ideals true.
 To our loving sea-side college,
 We, the class of '24,
 Dedicate with conscious Knowledge
 Of its worth, one mascot more.

E. F. '24.

The Tree

It LIVED, and there was life in all its roots.
 Its leaves lifted to meet
 The coolness and the glory of the rain.
 The sunlight fell, checkered, through it.
 But the patterns that the moon made
 Through its branches
 Were silver and strange.
 The wind blew upon it in great passion
 To break or bend its strength,
 And could not—
 A swallow lived there and was envied
 Of the birds.
 In winter it stood, naked, and black
 And proud against the sky,
 A thing of God.

Today three men came
 With saws that flashed in the sun.
 They felled it.
 It crashed superbly, scornful of its slayers,
 Little men—
 And now it lies, broken and hurt and beautiful.
 The wind comes grieving in the night
 And lingers in it, and kisses every trembling leaf,
 And wraps each dear, broken branch
 Gently, in arms of love.
 And the tree that had been proud
 And scornful of men
 Shudders at last, and stirs.

Accepted by the Stratford Company, Publishers, 234-240 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.,
 for the 1922 College Anthology, and given Honorable Mention.

By Margaret F. McGarry, C. C., 1925.

A Fable for Cynics

The other day,
 I went into our only town Bank
 And got a lot of nickles and dimes
 In change.
 And then
 I took the old rattly, tinny bus
 And fed it some soup, and coaxed it along
 To the County Fair.
 I went in
 And looked at the pigs, and turnips, and roses
 And helped the judges taste the prize food.
 And decide.
 And then,
 I wandered around to the fortune teller,
 And crossed her palm with a dime
 Only to learn
 That I, a batchelor,
 Had been married twice, the first had died
 While the second was at home, caring for
 My seven children.
 Then I meandered
 Into the freak tent, to see the bodiless head.
 But just then somebody tickled his feet
 And he jumped.
 Disillusioned, I wandered;
 And bought a hot dog, and an ice cream cone
 And drank a long glass of pink lemonade
 Thru a straw.
 By that time,
 I was feeling as if I'd been in a prize fight.
 So I searched out the good old Henry.
 And I went home.

M., '24.

Youth

This is not a piece of magic prose,
 But a thought more precious
 Than the jewels that decorated ancient temples.
 Far richer than the coat of many colors,
 As beautiful as the psalms expressed by David's lyre
 Is the thought that in the spring,
 The world is new and young,
 And happiness rests upon the lowest bough
 Of the pink-blossomed apple tree.

M. A. W., '24.

A Bedtime Story

With Apologies to F. Scott Fitzgerald

Little Samantha was all agog. Yes, she was thoroughly perturbed, for now on her eleventh birthday the mean old college authorities wouldn't let her smoke. What is more—she was a Freshman—a child who knew her own mind, or at least thought she did, and whose parents had even let her give up playing with all her dolls. Now she was undergoing the pangs of almost unendurable torture all because a bunch of thirteen girls, who couldn't even call her by name, had taken away her cigarettes, her matches, and her solid silver case. At last her sobs subsided and with a cynical laugh she sat right up straight in her cozy little bed. "Dash it all! I WILL have my smoke", she said; and with that, she stamped across the room. Opening her lower desk drawer cautiously, and fumbling among its contents, she finally drew forth a well-worn Dunhill pipe upon whose bowl a large, blue "Y" stood out conspicuously. In another corner she found a paper of matches emblazoned with a crimson "H". Putting the two together, and sinking back contentedly in her smook-proof chair, she soon had a neat little fire started. Puff, puff, puff—and in less time than it takes a college girl to break a rule, little Samantha was engulfed in a screen of smoke. "Ha! ha! ha!" she snickered, "let anyone try to find me now."

And children, if you are very, very good and stay sober long enough to help mother with the dishes, I will tell you tomorrow night how Samantha learned to mix cocktails.

E. A., '25.

Infinity

My mind has struggled long to comprehend
 The thing where no beginning is, nor end;
 Has strained to reach beyond the bound of thought;
 Has strained, has struggled, has accomplished nought.

My mind rose up to meet the stars, then dazed
 Fell back to earth, confounded and amazed;
 Caught glimpses of those things beyond its ken;
 It could but understand the ways of men.

M. C. '27.

High and Low

I.

Blue sky,
 And water bluer than the sky;
 Hurrying winds,
 And brisk breezes blowing by.

Let me fly up and out
 Into the ether free;
 Let my heart play with the clouds,
 And dance on the Sun-god's knee.

II.

Gray sky,
 And water grayer than the sky;
 Dry winds,
 And sullen breezes slinking by.

Let me dive deep and far
 Into a still, calm rest;
 Let my soul sink in the moss
 And lie on the Sea-god's breast.

C. B. '25.

Who Am I?

Sometimes, when I stand on this hill-top and look off over the harbor with its blue waters stretching away to the sea and its white sails silhouetted against the far off horizon, or when I watch the moon sparkling over the river with black hills looming velvety against the deep blue heavens, I wonder strange things. Sometimes I wonder if I am really here at all. Of course, my body lives here, but I live in so many places all in one day. And then I come to wonder just who I am anyway. How do I know there is any such definite person as "I"?

Surely my past life no longer is a part of me. Sometimes when I read books I find people who mean more to me than my own childhood. I have read the essays of Lamb, books about Lincoln, "Roosevelt's Letters to his Children". In them there are characters—real men—living souls with vitality and enthusiasm, human strength and human weaknesses.

I can look in on all these men through the books others have written about them. They have come to be my heroes. They are a part of me as surely as anything else is a part of me. They typify my ambitions and aspirations. Their sage and kindly wisdom comes to encourage and direct me when I am in doubt. Their ideals help to shape mine. They are most truly a part of my real self.

In this same way, I have traveled widely. I have been to places where I shall never go. I have lived, too, through tragic weeks of starvation in the early snows of the Labrador wild. All day I have ridden on a rocking camel across the burning Sahara. I have climbed the great peaks of the Canadian Rockies and looked down into shimmering sapphire lakes and narrow silver rivers in the valley below. At sunset, I have looked across the Grand Canyon with its gorgeous changing colors. I have seen the gondolas in Venice by moonlight, and heard the eerie calls of the gondoliers. Austrian boys and girls have danced for me in the street with their wooden shoes keeping the rhythm and their red skirts and baggy trousers bobbing up and down. I have dreamed of Australia with its majestic forest-clad mountains; and of the northland where the country is a flat world of ice. I have visited all these lands far more truly than many towns I have really seen. They have become a part of my life; they are a part of me—but I have only dreamed them.

Soon this college self will become a part of my objective past just as the little girl self has become a mere incident. Even now I can turn around and look at myself as I go about—just as though I were any other of the myriads of people I see every day.

Once in a while I wish I had met one of my heroes, could have talked with him personally, and heard the sound of his voice. Then there comes the realization that had I known him I could not possibly have been as close to him as I am. What can a great man find in one out of a multitude of young women he sees every day? What can a great man find in one of the countless average of the world? It is only within myself that I can live with great men. Only to myself have I the strength and whimsicality which Lamb possessed; only in my heart do I carry ideals of Lincoln; my soul alone knows and answers the sturdy Americanism of Roosevelt.

I can never go to Labrador and learn to love the vast silences of its awful leagues of woodland; I am a woman, and women will not dwell in northern Labrador for many decades. Never shall I live on the great cliffs of the canyon and learn to know her and love her in her ever-changing lights and shadows, for I am an easterner, brought up far from the free romantic west. Nor shall I ever ride a rocking camel all day long under the blazing desert sky; there is not time in my short life to learn the secret ways of the desert. Yet I can live a thousand years in one night. I can travel over leagues of land and sea. I can meet strange people, and see majestic sights, and dream wondrous dreams.

Is it possible that with all this vivid, moving life to live and enjoy, my physical limitations should keep me out of any part of it? Is it not possible to live all of life and exist for centuries in this one short span of existence? Is it not possible that I am not myself and myself alone, but a composite of millions of others, a part of throbbing, pulsing humanity. Perhaps I am a little chunk off the vital whole of life, in tune with everything that breathes and able to live a thousand years in one day.

E. H., '24.



A Junior's Sonnet on Her Blindness

(With Apologies to Milton)

When I consider that my man can't come,
 While Junior Prom doth near and nearer grow,
 And that without a man I cannot go,
 I tear my program, and I cease to hum,
 When thinking that the music's rhythmic strum
 Is not for me—my soul cried out in woe,
 "Shall I not trip the light, fantastic toe?"
 I sadly ask: A friend to keep me from
 That sorrow, soon replies—"You must not plan
 To give up hope so quickly. Those who dance
 With men they know not, often pleasure find.
 There is allurement in an unknown man.
 I'll write to mine and ask him if, by chance,
 He cannot bring a friend: you shall go 'blind'."

E. H. '24.

Junior Prom

Rushing, gushing, blushing, mushing,
 Talk of men and dances,
 Dashing, clashing, slashing, hashing,
 Over old romances.

Wondering, blundering, loss of slumbering
 Whom shall I ask next?
 Waiting, rating, oft debating
 For the best pretext.

Thinking, prinking, maybe blinking
 Disappointed tears,
 Hoping, moping, blindly groping,
 Days that seem like years.

'Phoning, moaning, often groaning,
 Oh, why won't he answer?
 Daring, tearing, maybe swearing,
 Such a knock-out dancer!

Joyous meeting, happy greeting
 At the railroad station!
 Dancing, prancing, joy enhancing,
 Boundless exultation.

L. F. '26.

Temptation

They lie to us—these professors. They say, "Go. Read and live." I say unto you, "Read and die." Books are temptations sent by the devil to keep us from the paths of virtue and of duty. I know whereof I speak. Many a time and oft have I said, "I will perform with thoroughness and accuracy all the duties which the day shall set before my face." Very often those duties take one somewhere into the vicinity of a bookshelf. I pause. I ponder. A yearning hand, a longing peep. The deed is done. My will ever weak—becomes dormant. The old clock strives to wake me to a sense of my neglected tasks by ticking loudly through the quietness of flurrying snow or of a heat still summer day. My senses are dulled to all—but—the pages of the book. Once, perhaps twice, I try to move to put it down but the spirit rises up in might and turns me to stone by the Gorgan power of its visage. Hour after hour, I stand, oblivious to bells, commands, to anything until the last page is turned. Sometimes I recover to find myself reclining gracefully upon the divan, or sitting on the stairs, or on the library table. And, too late, I realize the enormity of my offense. The precious hours are gone—hours which should have been spent in toil. I am disgraced. Never again will I be lured from the paths of righteousness by a few leaves of paper.

Then, my hand reaches out again; my soul yearns toward a little volume on the third shelf. I hesitate, I yield, I am lost. From the drowsiness of my conscience, a voice proclaims solemnly, "Daughter, you must labor to live."

Then, let me read and die."

Patterns

Patterns are such curious, lovely things. They are of all kinds of shades and colors. College life, too, is a curious and lovely thing. It is a composite of all kinds of shades and colors. It is a pattern; and even those of us who have complained the most about the weaving of it must admit the joy of using one certain thread of happiness—the thread of friendship.

A.B. '25.

You Have to Study

When the sky is brightly blue,
 And the air is bracing, too,
 And the sun comes shining thru—
 You have to study!

When the sleigh-bells ring around,
 And the hard snow packs the ground,
 And the sleds and skis abound—
 You have to study!

When your teacher's kindly say,
 "We shall have review today,"
 And you long to run away—
 You have to study!

When the mail men come and go,
 And the mail grows less, you know
 Letters to your friends you owe—
 You have to study!

As the tea dance dawns in view,
 And you dream the long night thru
 Of the joys to come to you—
 You have to study!

And you long to spend each day
 Dozing all the hours away,
 To go skating or to play—
 You have to study!

There's a reason for this tale,
 It's the cause of many a wail,
 Warning you to no avail
 You have to study!
 For exams are drawing nigh,
 So you grit your teeth, and sigh
 Tho' you feel about to die:
 You have to study!

B.B. '26.

Unlike most people, I revel in an untidy room. Unlike most people, untidiness pleases me because of the sense of comfort and cleanliness that follows an orgy of picking up.

A.B. '25.

Prayer

Thou Loving One, Who seest all men do,
 Who knowest thoughts before they are expressed,
 You understand me when I do not go
 Aside to pray at hours set by man.
 I lay my life before You as a whole—
 The sunlight and the shadows, good and ill—
 But more, the neutral blending of the two
 Forming the common background of my days.
 This revelation of myself I give
 Instead of momentary glimpses, as some do;
 A duty well performed, then put aside,
 Forgot—in drifting with the sluggish stream
 Of trivialities.

V.E. '24.

Two-Faced Janus

A warm shower, a glorious rainbow, pink clouds at sunset—thus ended New Year's day. As I walked home through the mud I felt slipping away from me that unquestioning acceptance of Winter, which had left me content with frozen ground, keen winds and open fires. My mind flirted with thoughts of Spring. I felt hot sunshine, listened to the rushing of turbulent brooks down the cobbled gutters, pictured the water dripping from the overhanging grassy banks like bright drops from a mermaid's hair. Orderly living became loathsome; my morale was shattered.

Then came the great snow-storm. Rebellious, I started back to college. Hour after hour dragged by on the road. We moved forward a few rods—waited, waited—moved again. The weary travelers stared unceasingly thru the frosted windows. I cursed all snow. I counted the days until Easter vacation. "O Lord, how long?"

The next morning, a turquoise-blue sky, midnight-blue river, sunshine, more brilliant than diamonds, fair, fair beauty of heaven—pure snow. Winter is challengingly beautiful! I raced about through the soft, enfolding drifts that flowed away from me like the ripples at the bow of a swift, cutting ship.

Then rain,—freezing,—snow. —Day after day, without sunshine;—sly, mean weather that pinches your most tender parts, insinuates itself into your most private recesses, pursues you evilly indoors and out. —Oh, I'm tired, tired. I loathe Winter!

A warm, sensuously soft day, alluring drifted clouds. Sparrows fluttering in the weeds above the snow make soft twitterings and my heart leaps with the memory of Spring's full calling choirs.

O, two-faced Janus, why must thy duplicity torment me so?

O.J. '24.

Gym

Chapel,
 Convo,
 Vespers,
 Plays,
 Part of it,
 Most of it,
 All through the year.
 Mail stampede,
 Athletic strife,
 Songs, cheers,
 Collegiate life,
 The gym!

Class

Mobs of people,
 Seemingly,
 Scratching pens
 Eternally.
 A droning voice, vaguely heard,
 Entering dreams of Never-Land:
 Golden 'cups and lazy daisies
 Swaying in the breeze;
 Fragrant odors wafted gently—
 Then a crashing—
 Choking—gasping—
 Chem Lab!

G.H. '24.

Born.

"I love—you,"
 "I love—you,"
 From morning till night.
 Shuffled feet,
 Muffled jazz,
 Gurgles of joy,
 And boundless delight.
 Tomato soup,
 Luscious fudge;
 Crowded pantries—
 Tasting—sampling—
 Blackstone!

Dining Hall

Cretonne draperies,
 Sunny alcove,
 Choice of Seniors,
 Entering early.
 Paper napkins
 Folded smoothly,
 Squarish tables,
 Eight wood chairs.
 Solemn folks
 Or shrieking jokers
 Sing and talk
 And laugh and eat—
 In Thames!

G.H. '24.

When you're really truly happy,
 Feeling full of pep and snappy,
 And you've nothing on your mind to make you sigh
 What's that haunting sort of feeling
 That around your heart comes stealing,
 So you wish to very goodness you could cry?

You want someone 'round to love you,
 And you watch the stars above you,
 And you wish for someone—yet you don't know who,
 And it seems as sure as shootin'
 There'll be no one—ever rootin'
 For so insignificant a kid as you.

K.R. '24.

You passed me by!
 You smiled, you tipped your hat,
 But you passed me by.
 Your smile was there. It wasn't that!
 You passed me by!
 Most foolish one, why are you so?
 Why pass me by!
 I saw you there. My heart stood still!
 You passed me by!
 I started. Came a sudden thrill.
 You passed me by!
 It isn't fair to tease.
 Don't pass me by.
 My heart can't stand it. Please!
 Don't pass me by.

K.R. '24.

THE WEEK

On Monday, I gave him a glance from my eye.
 On Tuesday, the glimpse of a smile.
 On Wednesday, I carefully stifled a yawn
 To keep him alert at my side.
 On Thursday, a rose fell to him from my hair.
 On Friday, my hand crept to his.
 On Saturday, gently I offered my lips.
 But Sunday I gave him my tears.

V.E. '24.

Chugging Over the Brine

The shipyard road is a much traveled road,
 Oh, just let the full moon shine
 And C. C. girls from their hill-top abode
 Rush merrily down the incline
 Where "ye good ship" waits by the picket gates
 To chug them over the brine.

A rush for a place on the cabin roof,
 A puff of some throbs and we're off.
 Who dares be distant, who could be aloof,
 Who ventures the hint of a cough?
 The breeze is strong as we chug-chug along,
 And many a tam it may doff.

The blinking of lights from the passing ships,
 The bridge with its fairy-light span—
 The phosphorus gleams as the boat sways and dips,
 Oh, whoever conceived the plan
 Of trailing feet in the icy-cold deep
 Of the waves left behind as they ran?

Into the rapids beyond the light-house,
 The sea's in a boisterous mood,
 The basket's upset, the waves simply souse,
 All drenched are the hopes of some food.
 The wind's blowing chilly, the sea is too hilly,
 Oh, why must the waves be so rude?

Bring out the blankets and bring out the coats.
 The sea's getting rough, feel us leap!
 The lights grow fewer on most of the boats
 As back up the river we creep.
 We sailed out at seven, we dock at eleven,
 All huddled together—asleep!

L. F. '26.

The Autumn Wind

"I'm up and away, this mad-cap morn,
 To the hills and the fields and the sky.
 For the wind shouts a call that is clear
 And loud, a call that I can't deny,
 And the sky is glad, and the fields rejoice
 And the distant hills are high!
 Oh, the rush of the wind, and the
 Strength of the wind, as it sweeps o'er hill-tops free!
 And the song of the wind, and the lure of
 The wind, as it woos each tremulous tree!
 Oh, a rollicking friend and a powerful
 God, is the autumn wind to me!"

G.H. '24.

On Poetry

I have been reading poetry and I have a feeling that I ought to become a poet. It is quite easy—requiring few brains, a quill pen, a pensive mood, and a little stimulus. A small glass of some sparkling beverage or a half dozen “Lucky Strikes” will serve admirably. You see, there are only three classes of poetry today—so you have not much of a field to cover. The first type is Nature Poetry. It is not like that of Tennyson or Keats. There are no immortal lines of great length and beauty such as are found in the works of these glorious bards. No—the poems of today are short and snappy, mean nothing and could be written by an idiot. As evidence to that, may I quote from some of my verses:

A light,
A Star,
And then afar
The Moon.

A Glow,
So Pale,
The Freshest Dew;
My God! It's You!

As you notice from this choice bit, capitals are quite “en vogue” as the French will have it. They don't mean anything, but they look well.

It is not necessary to have rhyme in modern poetry. In fact, it is whispered that rhyme is quite “passee” in the best circles. This makes the task of the poet so much easier.

The second type is characteristically Passionate, appealing to the senses only. It is supposed to be fraught with meaning, but really hasn't very much sense. The poet is relying upon the credulity and evil mind of his reader. All the young things devour it and quote it in whispers. It is best appreciated when read in a darkened room, or under the mystic stars of June. There is always a line about

Her lips inviting, vivid, red,
or
Her swaying, swinging, sinous form.

You see, this style also comes easily to me. And since you urge, I will quote a bit of my choicest art. It is called “Bashuba”—not because it has anything to do with Bashuba, but because that has an Indian sound, and things from India are always intriguing. I can rely on the fact that none of my readers will know what Bashuba means, and that none of them will take time to look it up or to show their ignorance by asking some friend, who, doubtless, would know little more than they themselves.

Her lips, alight with deepest passion;
She sways and beckons—nay beck not—
My heart, my soul are answering, answering;
The lights of London do shine through a fog! Bashuba.

She sleeps, her lashes gently quiver
 On cheeks of rosy softness;
 She dreams, she smiles, begins to shiver;
 He—silently intent, looks on and—Bashuba.

Would that not wring the heart of a stone? You are right, it would not! But I can see by the smiles on your sleeping faces that you are strangely stirred by this bit of exotic verse.

The third type is hopeful, enthusiastic poetry, full of faith and joy. Books which contain collections of such verses are sure to be entitled "Star Points," "Dawn," or, perhaps "Sunbeams." They are supposed to urge you on to a new interest in life—to inspire you!

What if your mother had passed on
 To life beyond the grave.
 You are free, you're on your own;
 You're now nobody's slave.

You like that. I can tell by the sparkle in your eyes. But no—do not urge me to say more—I feel inspired, but must to bed and hence to sleep—
 Along the path of sleep I'll tread,
 God grant that soft will be my bed!

G.B. '25.

CONGLOMERATION OF CAPRICIOUS

CAMPUS COSTUMES.

Baggy bloomers,
 Bungling blouses,
 Bunchy, bulging,
 Muscularity.

Trim, tight, trousers,
 Tilted tams,
 Tasty, tailored,
 Angularity.

Pleated plaids,
 Prominent pockets,
 Peculiar, pleasing,
 Vulgarity.

Sporty sweaters,
 Swagger smocks,
 Striking, slender,
 Regularity.

Regal raiment,
 Rakish rags,
 Rhapsodic, riotous
 Singularity.

K.H. '24.

Day follows day in such a slow procession,
I scarcely know I am. My eyes look forth
On paths of dreary regularity,
Revealing naught but petty repetition.

Harsh Fate, that made my barren years so cold,
What keeps me thus apart from ways of Life?
No shaking fear holds me in distant holding,
But, eager on the threshold, I await.

Take me unto yourself, O scornful Life;
I promise a full sacrifice to pay.
As mistress take me, form me for your own,
If only for a single joyous hour.

An hour to feel your hot breath on my hair;
To know the pang of absolute absorption;
To feel your rough hand tightening at my throat;
Your fingers twisting far within my heart.

You devastate, hurl all before your way;
But better to be hurt—to feel some pain,
Than dustily to shrivel in ones self,
Without one flicker of a vital flame.

V.E. '24.

Sunset—A red-winged black bird pinned by the shaft of the day, made
jealous by the hot breath of night.

Silent and unobserved, like a shy, gray partridge, she works among the
laughing, noisy ones. She has become the writer of heavy tragedy. The
noise of the laughing ones is muffled—perhaps by fame.

Deep quietness after the shrill, jangling voices of the nervous guests.
A broken cup, an empty glass, a few bits of sandwiches. Put the lights
out, Pierrot, and forget the disorder.

Linked arm in arm, they chattered ceaselessly—of “fellahs”—of styles—of
nothing. Was fear of silence their only bond?

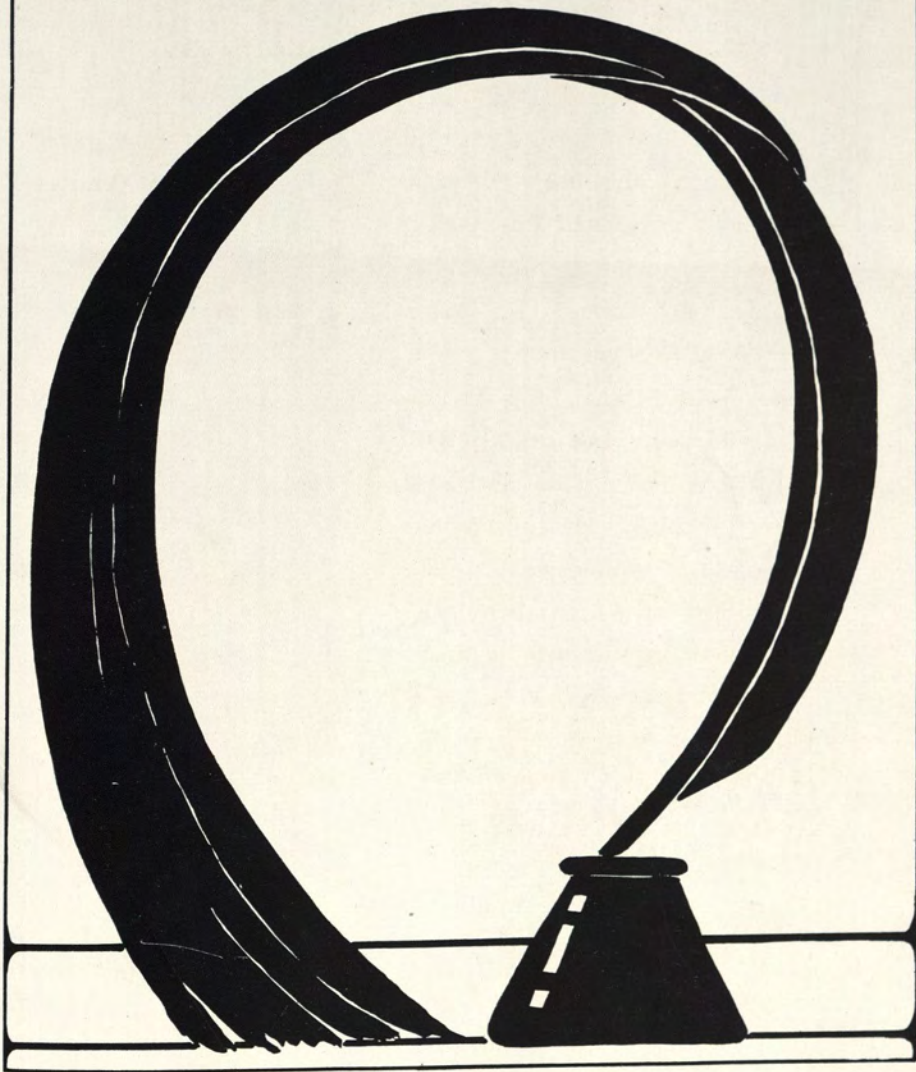
The end of sunset is like the last drops of red wine in a cup of lazuli.

Things That Never Happen:

- Dr. Wells appearing on a rainy day.
- Dr. Jensen finding a seat before Convocation begins.
- Miss Ernest saying "Hello" to everyone on campus.
- Dr. Gallup being a fundamentalist.
- Miss Stanwood being pleased with the "remainder of the class."
- Mr. Pinol without his memory.
- Miss Lovell wearing knickers.
- Dr. Lawrence without his "essay" and Lord Bryce.
- The Wrights separated.
- Miss Roach saying, "I don't know."
- Mr. Selden without his "Bully."
- Dr. Morris letting his classes out on time.
- Miss Bilhuber with a permanent—
- Miss Sherer untailed.
- Dr. Miller without a "problem."
- Mr. Lambdin without his line.
- Dr. Bauer playing jazz at chapel.
- Miss Black ruffled.
- Mr. Weld with bi-focals.
- Dr. Doyle without a boutonniere.
- Miss McKee with bobbed hair.
- Dr. Erb without his smile.
- Dr. Leib not the star athlete.
- Dr. Holmes unsympathetic.

KOINE

AUTOGRAPHS



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Addresses

CLASS OF 1924

Armstrong, Marion E.....	10 Brainerd Ave., Middletown, Conn.
Barnes, Gladys.....	355 Brook Ave., Passaic, N. J.
Barnes, Henriette D.....	604 Second Ave., West Haven, Conn.
Bassevitch, Florence.....	87 Ridgefield St., Hartford, Conn.
Beran, Irene L.....	24 Lester St., New London, Conn.
Bolles, Martha L.....	407 East 6th St., Plainfield, N. J.
Bradway, Doris.....	242 Church St., Willimantic, Conn.
Bridge, Constance E.....	Hazardville, Conn.
Brockett, Dorothy S.....	Clintonville, Conn.
Byron, Grace D.....	118 Campbell Ave., West Haven, Conn.
Call, Margaret F.....	Willard Courts, Washington, D. C.
Celentano, Natalie.....	469 State St., New Haven, Conn.
Church, Grace H.....	66 Windsor Ave., Meriden, Conn.
Clark, Lena C.....	87 Fort Pleasant Ave., Springfield, Conn.
Converse, Hazel M.....	Putnam, Conn.
Cooper, Clara L.....	418 Main St., Danbury, Conn.
Cornelius, Merial A.....	509 Second Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.
Courtney, Mary C.....	175 Pleasant St., Holyoke, Mass.
Cramer, Dorothea.....	113 Pearl St., Torrington, Conn.
Craven, Gertrude.....	4709 Piney Branch Road, Washington, D. C.
Crawford, Janet.....	State St., Westport, Conn.
Dodd, Helen L.....	195 Rockwell St., Norwich, Conn.
Doherty, Kathleen I.....	23 Lake St., Lakewood Manor, Whitneyville, Conn.
Douglass, Helen A.....	Maple Ave., North Haven, Conn.
Dunham, Margaret W.....	69 Stanley St., New Haven, Conn.
Eggleston, Virginia.....	61 Vauxhall St., New London, Conn.
Fitzgerald, Eileen M.....	43 Magnolia Ave., Holyoke, Mass.
Forst, Helen M.....	164 Mt. Vernon St., Middletown, Conn.
Forster, Gladys G.....	140 Driftwood St., Fall River, Mass.
Foster, Madeleine.....	336 Prospect Ave., Hackensack, N. J.
Frauer, Anna M.....	575 Bank St., New London, Conn.
Freston, Janet W.....	Highland-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Fritzell, Agnes I.....	West Cheshire, Conn.
Gardner, Minna C.....	49 Pearl St., Holyoke, Mass.
Gordon, Sarah.....	41 Federal St., New London, Conn.
Grann, Vera L.....	86 Washington St., New London, Conn.
Hall, Louise S.....	31 Livingston St., New Haven, Conn.
Hamblet, Katherine G.....	506 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
Hardwick, Catherine M.....	Quaker Hill, Conn.
Hays, Virginia.....	16 Berkeley Place, Montclair, N. J.
Hedrick, Ruth P.....	214 N. Franklin St., Saginaw, Mich.
Higgins, Mary L.....	21 Fairmount St., Norwich, Conn.
Hilker, Amy R.....	Sayville, Long Island, N. Y.
Holbrook, Helen C.....	66 Spring St., Willimantic, Conn.
Hollister, Elizabeth S.....	Silver Lane, Conn.
Hollister, Gloria E.....	264 West 77th St., New York, N. Y.
Holmes, Catharine B.....	22 Waterbury Road, Montclair, N. J.
Holmes, Elizabeth H.....	70 Park St., Montclair, N. J.
Hubbell, Dorothy G.....	Westport, Conn.
Huff, Gertrude F.....	Denville, N. J.
Hunken, Elinor M.....	2493 Valentine Ave., New York, N. Y.
Jester, Marie.....	31 Harrison St., New Britain, Conn.
Johnson, Olivia.....	36 University Place, Princeton, N. J.
Jones, Agnes.....	119 North St., Willimantic, Conn.

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Kent, Barbara	27 Church Ave., Forestville, Conn.
Kepler, Aura E.	362 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.
Kirkland, Edith	Ardsley Park, Savannah, Ga.
Lamberton, Margaret E.	211 Huff St., Winona, Minn.
Langenbacher, Edith R.	215 Lorraine Ave., Montclair, N. J.
Lawson, Marion H.	596 Hawley Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Lyon, Harriet G.	42 Pleasant St., Danbury, Conn.
MacDonall, Lucille B.	Westport, Conn.
Mahan, Elizabeth C.	189 Broad St., New London, Conn.
Marin, Iola M.	61 Lockwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Marquardt, Elsie J.	Box 106, Groton, Conn.
McCandless, Ellen	335 Crescent Drive, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
McDougall, Elizabeth	5 Duryea Road, Upper Montclair, N. J.
McGrath, Helen S.	5 Jackson Ave., Mystic, Conn.
Mehaffey, Emily P.	7 Columbia Terrace, Brookline, Mass.
Merry, Elizabeth F.	Hadlyme, Conn.
Miner, Doris A.	21 Arch St., Waterbury, Conn.
Moore, Lucile D.	Somers, Conn.
Morrissey, Julia E.	43 Franklin St., Westfield, Mass.
Moss, Kathryn	327 Powell St., Henderson, Ky.
Mulholland, Ava C.	Brookline, Upper Darby P. O., Penn.
Mundie, Jean F.	733 Gordon Terrace, Chicago, Ill.
Renwick, Katharine C. H.	69 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Richard, Helene M.	66 East Pearl St., Torrington, Conn.
Rogoff, Anna	61 Elm St., Ansonia, Conn.
Ryan, Evelyn A.	406 South Lincoln Ave., Grand Island, Neb.
Sanford, Marion E.	1 Farnsworth St., New London, Conn.
Scher, Lillian D.	35 Perry St., New London, Conn.
Schutt, Sophia M.	Bloomsburg, Penn.
Shelton, Katherine A.	654 Laurel Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Slayter, Katharine R.	191 Auburn St., Auburndale, Mass.
Snodgrass, Mary	323 Home Ave., Avalon, Penn.
Tryon, Myrtice R.	142 Prospect St., Willimantic, Conn.
Vibert, Marion L.	R. F. D., Kensington, Conn.
Walsh, Eugenia	Mountainville, Danbury, Conn.
Warner, Harriet	Beacon Falls, Conn.
Wells, Catherine W.	Newington, Conn.
Wells, Margaret A.	568 West Main St., North Adams, Mass.
Westerman, Gladys	1193 Hope St., Springdale, Conn.
Wexler, Ruth	610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.
White, Dotha	99 Forest St., New Britain, Conn.
Wigfall, Elizabeth	146 Market St., Bloomsburg, Penn.
Wittke, Lucille E.	144 Mountain Ave., Summit, N. J.
Wood, Dorothy F.	29 Elm St., Bethel, Conn.

EX-MEMBERS OF 1924

Adler, Irene V.	Mattoon, Ill.
Alvino, Elvira C.	819 Crescent St., Astoria, L. I.
Alvino, Ida	819 Crescent St., Astoria, L. I.
Ames, Elizabeth P.	Franklinville, N. Y.
Andrews, Nell Isabel	625 West 8th St., Erie, Penn.
Armstrong, Elizabeth	Moorestown, N. J.
Balsley, Edythe G.	273 Court St., Middletown, Conn.
Bangs, Elizabeth H.	50 Broad St., Milford, Conn.
Bodenhorn, Hazel	1794 East 63rd St., Cleveland, Ohio
Brazos, Grace Elizabeth	70 Oak St., Middletown, Conn.
Brooke, Olive R.	26 Crest Ave., West Haven, Conn.
Burnham, Josephine	289 Tappan St., Brookline, Mass.

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Burr, Antoinette.....	64 Pearl St., Middletown, Conn.
Carlson, Margretta.....	Westport, Conn.
Clawson, Dorothy L.....	27 Macopin Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.
Clay, Barbara (Mrs. Eli Whitney Debevoise).....	3 Concord Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Corbin, Helen B.....	Metuchen, N. J.
Curtiss, Ruth M.....	729 High St., Union City, Conn.
Donnelly, Mildred.....	Southampton, L. I.
Douglass, Thelma.....	38 Raymond St., New London, Conn.
Drew, Helen C.....	64 Varnum St., Lowell, Mass.
Drew, Helen E.....	311 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Dudley, Harriet L.....	27 Dexterdale Road, Providence, R. I.
Ford, Lucy Lincoln.....	2322 Jackson Blvd., Sioux City, Iowa
Goldstine, Lucile.....	5046 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Graves, Helen M.....	Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Grumman, Lillian B.....	143 Brookview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Harrison, Elmore E.....	216 Lorraine Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.
Hawley, Julia E.....	203 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hitchcock, Frances.....	Gulf St., Milford, Conn.
Hoffman, Estelle E.....	114 Vine St., Hartford, Conn.
Irving, Elizabeth W.....	28 Vine St., New Britain, Conn.
Kendall, Margaret S. (Mrs. H. K. S. Miller).....	Manila, P. I.
Knapp, Helen M.....	348 East 32nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kronthal, Ruth H. (Mrs. Robert Landover).....	1348 Hyde Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Lau, Helen.....	6333 Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lee, Faith C.....	Hanover, Conn.
Liebenstein, Maxine B.....	5139 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lowenthal, Edith.....	4534 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lubow, Dora.....	77 Montauk Ave., New London, Conn.
Martin, Romola M.....	18 Cottage St., Derby, Conn.
Mitchell, Katharine.....	North Woodbury, Conn.
Moulton, Dorothy.....	50 Channing St., Providence, R. I.
Packard, Mary (Mrs. Frederick Copeland).....	Winnetka, Ill.
Parker, Virginia C.....	1644 La Salle Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Provost, Katharine E.....	Litchfield, Conn.
Purvin, Nata J.....	6512 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Roberts, Carol E.....	24 Hillside Ave., Plantsville, Conn.
Ryder, Dorothy L.....	Hamilton, Ont.
Schwartz, Frances M.....	14 Westbourne Parkway, Hartford, Conn.
Smith, Helen L.....	Stafford Springs, Conn.
Stiles, Mildred.....	45 Crescent St., Middletown, Conn.
Stowe, Jessie M.....	998 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Strathie, Etta M.....	New Canaan, Conn.
Strong, Doris M.....	74 Fifth St., New Haven, Conn.
Vaughn, Margaret.....	28 Williams St., Worcester, Mass.
Vose, Charlotte.....	East Eddington, Maine
White, Vivienne.....	41 Kedsyth Road, Brookline, Mass.
Witten, Ethel A.....	87 Olive St., New Haven, Conn.
Willcox, Ellen L. (Mrs. Welman Stoddard).....	38 Slocomb Terrace, Groton, Conn.

CLASS OF 1925

Albree, Anna W.....	49 Shaw St., West Newton, Mass.
Aldrich, Janet Norton.....	131 Wildwood Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.
Allen, Elizabeth.....	27 Bellevue Pl., Chicago, Ill.
Auwood, Mae Avery.....	230 Montauk Ave., New London, Conn.
Barker, Marie Hayes.....	73 E. Broadway, Derry, N. H.
Barnett, Marion C.....	67 Lawler St., Holyoke, Mass.
Barrett, Alice H.....	1830 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Beckwith, Charlotte K.....	Stafford Springs, Conn.

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KOI NE

Bennet, Grace.....	2046 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.
Boyle, Kathleen J.....	42 Norfolk St., Hartford, Conn.
Brown, Helen.....	245 Prospect Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Brown, Orpha G.....	414 Prospect St., Torrington, Conn.
Bullis, Isabel W.....	Sunderland, Mass.
Burnham, Thelma M.....	306 Broad St., Windsor, Conn.
Calhoun, Catherine C.....	44 Cook St., Torrington, Conn.
Chadeayne, Miriam.....	19 Clinton Ave., Ossining, N. Y.
Crawford, Sara B.....	State St., Westport, Conn.
Deckelman, Elsa E.....	745 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Delap, Genevieve K.....	46 St. George Ave., Stamford, Conn.
Demarest, Grace M.....	33 Clarendon Pl., Bloomfield, N. J.
Dodd, Sara A.....	663 Third Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Ewing, Margaret H.....	West Grove, Penn.
Ferguson, Amy P.....	Groton, Conn.
Ferguson, Helen R.....	508 Montauk Ave., New London, Conn.
Field, Margery L.....	139 Mason Terrace, Brookline, Mass.
Fowler, Aileen M.....	29 Elm St., Westerly, R. I.
Frisch, Charlotte Ruth.....	30 Westland Terrace, Haverhill, Mass.
Gallup, Lila A.....	Waterford, Conn.
Gennert, Olga M.....	Knoll Oaks, Short Hills, N. J.
Godard, Idell F.....	Warehouse Point, Conn.
Goodrich, Janet W.....	Portland, Conn.
Graff, Irma D.....	350 Franklin St., Norwich, Conn.
Haas, Edna L.....	301 East 23rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Harriman Eleanor L.....	195 East Chestnut St., Chicago, Ill.
Harris, Gladys L.....	82 High St., Farm Hill, Middletown, Conn.
Hewett, Helen B.....	2329 Sixteenth St., Troy, N. Y.
Hubbard, Amy D.....	Sunderland, Mass.
Hulbert, Olive W.....	2620 Hampden Court, Chicago, Ill.
Jayne, Phyllis Knox.....	Box 11, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Josolowitz, Jessie.....	Central St., Forestville, Conn.
Kelly, Elinore H.....	45 Garfield Ave., New London, Conn.
Kelsey, Verna A.....	86 Bartholdi Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Kilbourn, Dorothy.....	202 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Knecht, Adele E.....	259 Noble St., New Haven, Conn.
Lang, Charlotte F.....	525 Roscoe St., Chicago, Ill.
Levine, Stella.....	54 Sylvan Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Locke, Gertrude M.....	1155 Boylston St., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.
Lowell, Marion P.....	241 Howard Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Lutzenkirchen, Virginia.....	540 Oakdale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
McCombs, Annie Parks.....	431 Sunnyside Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
McCroddan, Jeannette.....	217 Ashland Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.
M-Farland, Dorothy S.....	Starr Hill, Groton, Conn.
McGrath, Ellen L.....	East Windsor Hill, Conn.
Meinecke, Katherine.....	224 Prospect Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Meredith, Margaret Stuart.....	Englewood, N. J.
Milenky, Dora.....	82 Oak St., Waterbury, Conn.
Nevers, Jane Elizabeth.....	South Windsor, Conn.
Nichols, Helen Hart.....	110 Hudson Terrace, Yonkers, N. Y.
Noyes, Gertrude E.....	82 Truman St., New London, Conn.
Parker, Constance.....	39 Nonantum St., Newton, Mass.
Perry, Dorothy C.....	33 Atwater Road, Springfield, Mass.
Porter, Sarah Jane.....	213 Wills Road, Connellsville, Penn.
Roos, Adele M.....	46 Clinton Place, Hackensack, N. J.
Rowland, Dorothy D.....	31 Thames St., New London, Conn.
Smith, Winifred.....	6504 Lincoln Drive, Germantown, Phila. Penn.
Stolzenberg, Susanne M.....	125 Howe Ave., Shelton, Conn.
Taylor, Alice R.....	448 Ferry Blvd., Stratford, Conn.

KOINE

Tracy, Charlotte.....1913 Taylor Road, East Cleveland, Ohio
 Tracy, Eleanor Sedgwick.....Falls Village, Conn.
 Walp, Marian.....1374 Boulevard, New Haven, Conn.
 Ward, Dorothy.....Washington Ave., Westwood, N. J.
 Ward, Grace L.....70 Eppirt St., East Orange, N.J.
 Warner, Emily.....Beacon Falls, Conn.
 Wigmore, Honorine D.....71 Grand St., Middletown, Conn.

CLASS OF 1926

Abels, Cyrilly.....472 85th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Alexander, Elizabeth.....145 W. 55th St., New York, N. Y.
 Andrews, Dorothy.....South Glastonbury, Conn.
 Angier, Frances.....Singletary Lane, Framingham, Centre, Mass.
 Ayers, Dorothy.....40 Oakland Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.
 Bailey, Katherine.....101 E. Broadway, Winona, Minn.
 Beebe, Rosamond.....407 Park St., Upper Montclair, N. J.
 Bell, Barbara.....95 Grove St., Plantsville, Conn.
 Bidwell, Dorothy.....10 School St., Glastonbury, Conn.
 Bodwell, Sarah.....31 Morton St., Andover, Mass.
 Bond, Elinor.....29 Grove St., Plantsville, Conn.
 Brackett, Hazel.....South Willington, Conn.
 Brainard, Eunice.....18 Clifford Ave., Pelham, N. Y.
 Brennan, Catherine.....2737 Hampden Court, Chicago, Ill.
 Brooks, Barbara.....27 Park St., Haverhill, Mass.
 Brooks, Dorothy.....776 Main St., Westbrook, Maine
 Burt, Letitia.....54 West Fourth St., Oswego, N. Y.
 Cannon, Dorothy.....40 Foster St., New Haven, Conn.
 Canty, Eleanor.....12 Spring St., North Adams, Mass.
 Clapp, Constance.....Lincoln Ave. and Uncas St., Norwich, Conn.
 Clark, Grace.....87 Fort Pleasant Ave., Springfield, Mass.
 Cogswell, Marian.....8 Oak St., Derry, N. H.
 Colgrove, Katherine.....47 Windsor St., Waterbury, Conn.
 Damerel, Elizabeth.....56 Elm St., Westerly, R. I.
 Dauchy, Catherine.....205 Benson Place, Westfield, N. J.
 Davis, Alma.....81 Hawthorne Place, Montclair, N. J.
 Disco, Violet.....181 Washington St., Norwich, Conn.
 Dornan, Mildred.....5015 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Penn.
 Dunham, Laura.....69 Stanley St., New Haven, Conn.
 Durkee, Margaret.....308 Ocean St., Jacksonville, Fla.
 Ebsen, Annette.....125 Lincoln St., Montclair, N. J.
 Ebsen, Margaret.....928 Bloomfield St., Hoboken, N. J.
 Eckhardt, Elsie.....73 Kimberly Ave., New Haven, Conn.
 Edwards, Helen.....115 E. Washington Ave., Warren, Ohio
 Farnsworth, Helen.....500 Park St., Upper Montclair, N. J.
 Farrington, Hope.....53 Vista Ave., Auburndale, Mass.
 Ferrando, Edith.....Mountain Lakes, N. J.
 Ferris, H. Lorraine.....162 East Elm St., Greenwich, Conn.
 Fowler, Margaret.....58 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.
 Garrity, Kathleen.....West Simsbury, Conn.
 Gordon, Lois.....Hazardville, Conn.
 Green, Frances.....Holman St., Shrewsbury, Mass.
 Haskins, Arline.....Hampton R. F. D. 1, Scotland, Conn.
 Heile, Harriet.....2743 Pine Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Hess, Alice.....Bethel, Conn.
 Hess, Inez.....Bethel, Conn.
 Hewlett, Theodosia.....537 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Hood, Helen.....2 Benton Road, Somerville, Mass.
 Hostetler, Imogen.....3339 18th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Kelly, Florene.....438 Meriden Road, Waterbury, Conn.

KOIŃE

King, Katharine.....	25 Claremont Ave., New York, N. Y.
Kingsbury, Honor.....	359 Main St., Glastonbury, Conn.
Knup, Ruth.....	4529 Pulaski Ave., Germantown, Phila., Penn.
Koetter, Gertrude.....	418 Hudson St., Hoboken, N. J.
Linsley, Elisabeth.....	The Rectory, Webster, Mass.
Lloyd, Marjorie.....	2510 Kenilworth Road, Cleveland, Ohio
Lord, Clarissa.....	Hebron, Conn.
Low, Edith.....	14 Pleasant St., Brookline, Mass.
MacKay, Mildred.....	63 Grove St., Stamford, Conn.
MacLear, Charlotte.....	60 Vauxhall St., New London, Conn.
McCaslin, Ruth.....	1488 East 116th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Moran, Mary.....	17 Huntington St., New London, Conn.
Muirhead, Adeline.....	Old Groveland Road, Haverhill, Mass.
Nason, Helen.....	531 West 8th St., Erie, Penn.
Newton, Isabel.....	Northfield, Mass.
Oakes, Leontine.....	860 Tower Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Opperman, Emeline.....	32 Starr St., New London, Conn.
Osborn, Hazel.....	578 Exchange St., Kenosha, Wis.
Petersen, Irene.....	The Manse, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Phillips, Elizabeth.....	1211 Fern St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Platt, Elizabeth.....	41 West Castle Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Priest, Donna.....	45 Wendell Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.
Rifkind, Bella.....	230 Huntington St., New London, Conn.
Robinson, Mary Jo.....	162 Marvin Ave., Akron, Ohio
Robison, Frances G.....	108 North 55th St., Omaha, Neb.
Ryder, Myrtle.....	94 Belmont Ave., Brockton, Mass.
Savini, Gioconda.....	43 West 11th St., New York, N. Y.
Smith, Edna.....	38 School St., New London, Conn.
Smith, Madelyn.....	275 Claremont Ave., Montclair, N. J.
Smith, Margaret.....	37 Conn. Boulevard, East Hartford, Conn.
Sterling, Margaret.....	1871 Rosemont Road, East Cleveland, Ohio
Sternberg, Emma.....	101 Liberty St., Meriden, Conn.
Stone, Harriet.....	Southbury, Conn.
Stone, Mary H.....	286 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass.
Stuhmiller, Eunice.....	184 Morris Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Swan, Katherine.....	200 West 55th St., New York, N. Y.
Taylor, Lorena.....	159 State St., New London, Conn.
Thompson, Marjorie.....	41 Woolsey St., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Tucker, Pearl.....	226 Lawrence St., New Haven, Conn.
Wakefield, Amy.....	Beacon Falls, Conn.
Warner, Pauline.....	403 Main St., Middletown, Conn.
White, Miriam P.....	21 Chase St., Newton Centre, Mass.
Whittier, Eleanor.....	219 Grant Ave., Nutley, N. J.
Williams, Jessie.....	244 Coleman St., New London, Conn.
Williams, Margaret.....	Rosemont, Penn.
Wrenshall, Elizabeth.....	450 Dawson Ave., Pittsburgh, Penn.

CLASS OF 1927

Abbott, Lois H.....	116 Bronx Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Addis, Miriam.....	Wallingford, Conn.
Alper, Pauline.....	9 Judson Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Alquist, Estred H.....	115 Mohegan Ave., New London, Conn.
Andrews, Frances R.....	15 Cross St., Westerly, R. I.
Angus, Julia Q.....	1833 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Arnold, Virginia.....	55 N. Lincoln St., Hinsdale, Ill.
Barber, Sarah C.....	245 School St., Putnam, Conn.
Barker, Lucy.....	73 East Broadway, Derry, N. H.
Bassett, Elizabeth C.....	Mount Carmel, Conn.

KOINÉ

Battey, Ruth O.	Haverford, Pa.
Battles, Margaret A.	29 Perry St., New London, Conn.
Beardslee, Mildred E.	Riverside St., Oakville, Conn.
Benson, Nathalie	12 Oak St., Brattleboro, Vt.
Bohmfolk, Gertrude	128 E. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Booth, Janette	923 Bank St., New London, Conn.
Borgzinner, Bertha	64 Liberty Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Bridge, Lois G.	Hazardville, Conn.
Burke, Frances	1044 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Burnham, Virginia	35 Copeland Ave., Reading, Mass.
Cade, Elizabeth E.	Stonelea Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Carslake, Sarah C.	Columbus, N. J.
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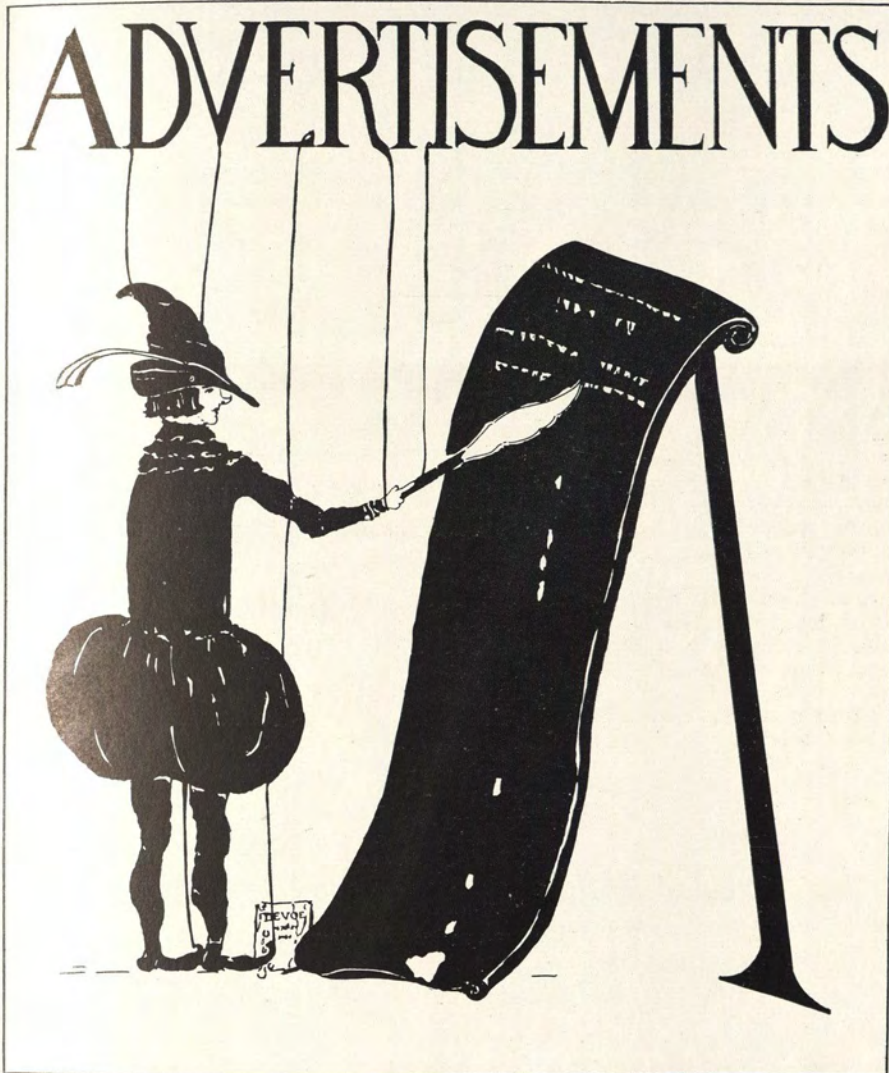
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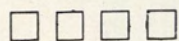
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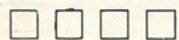


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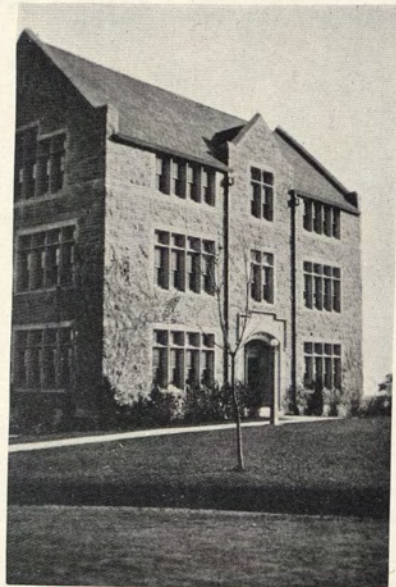
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