

Connecticut College

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1933

### Koiné 1933

Connecticut College

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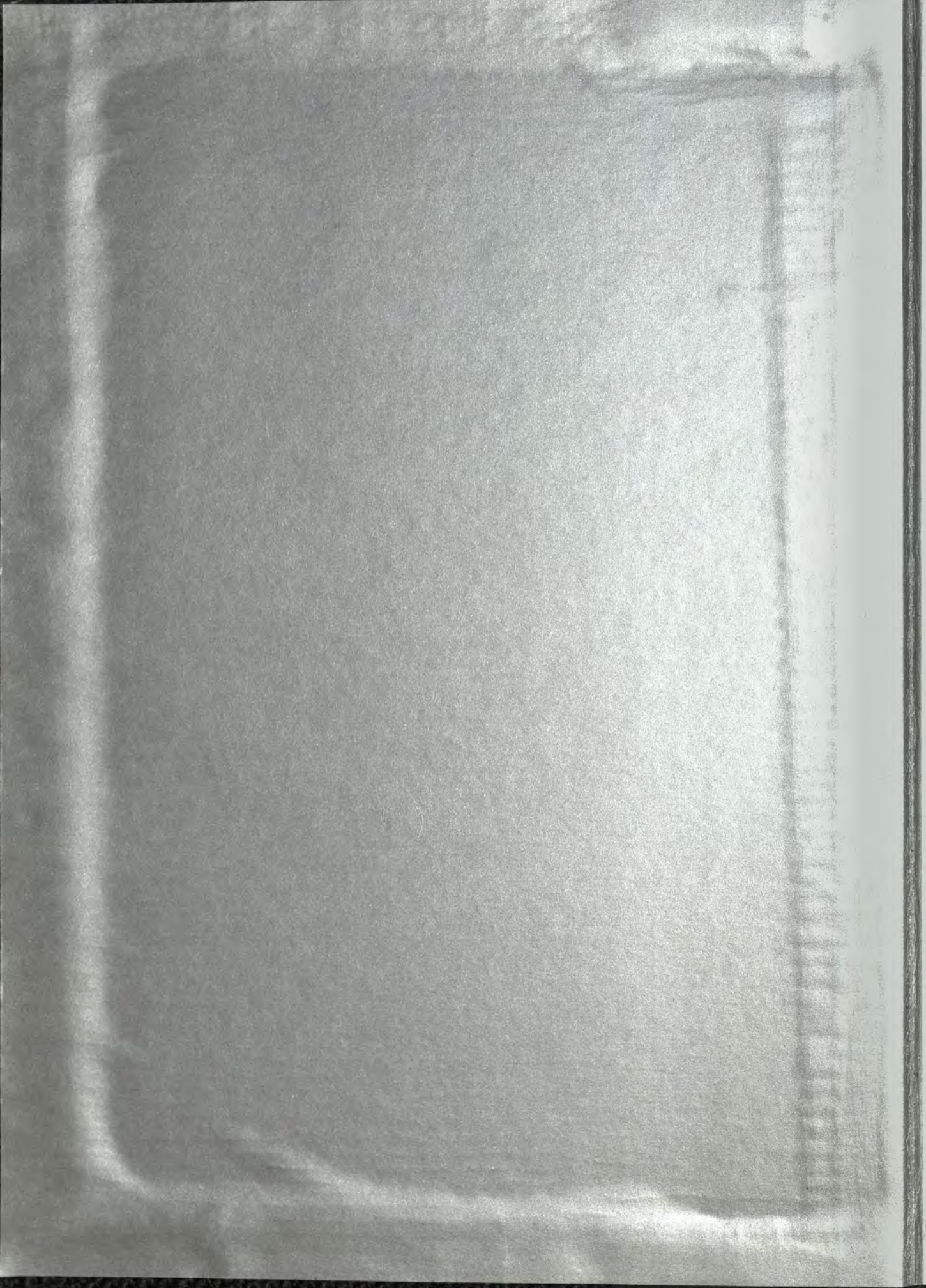
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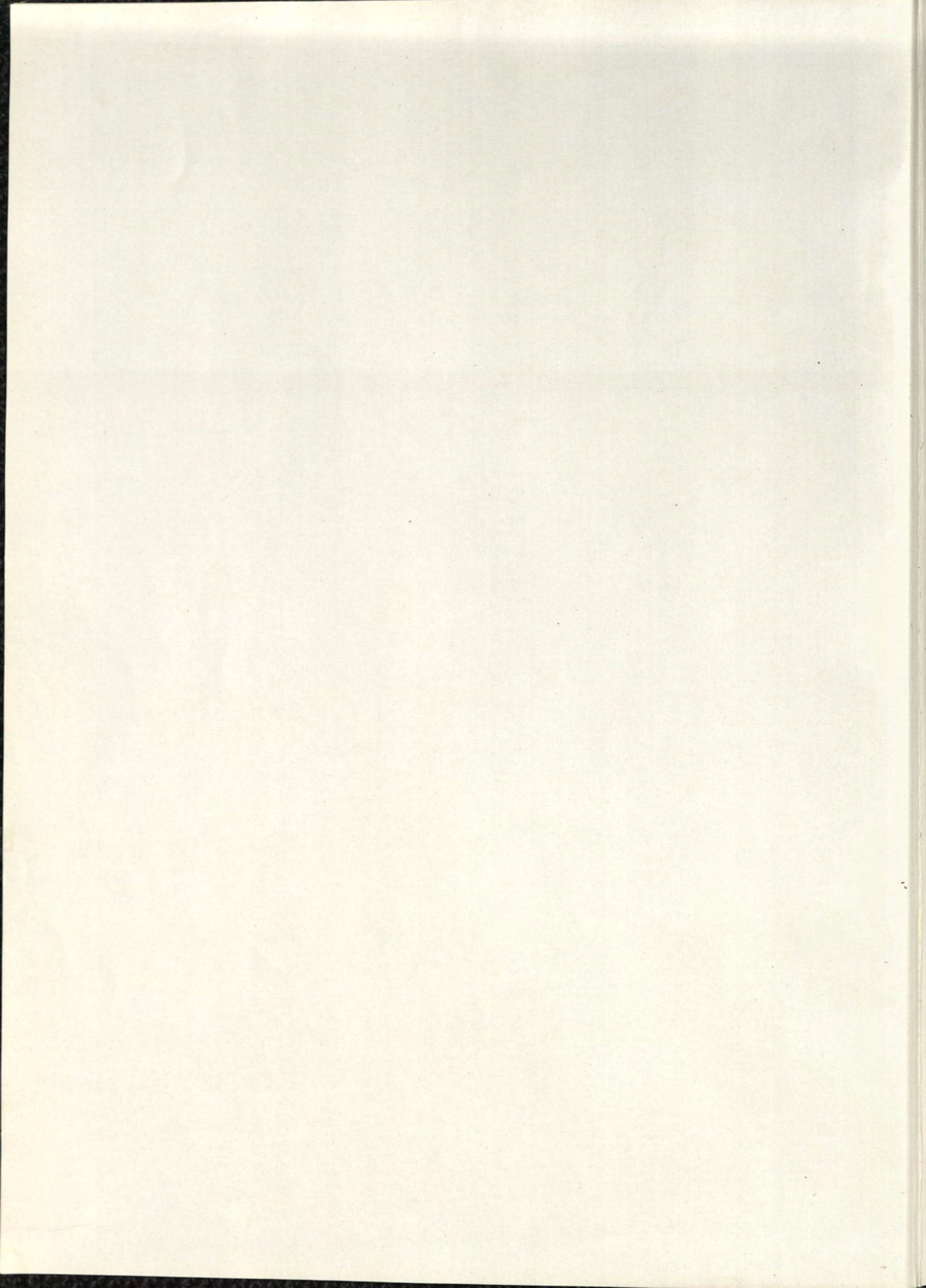
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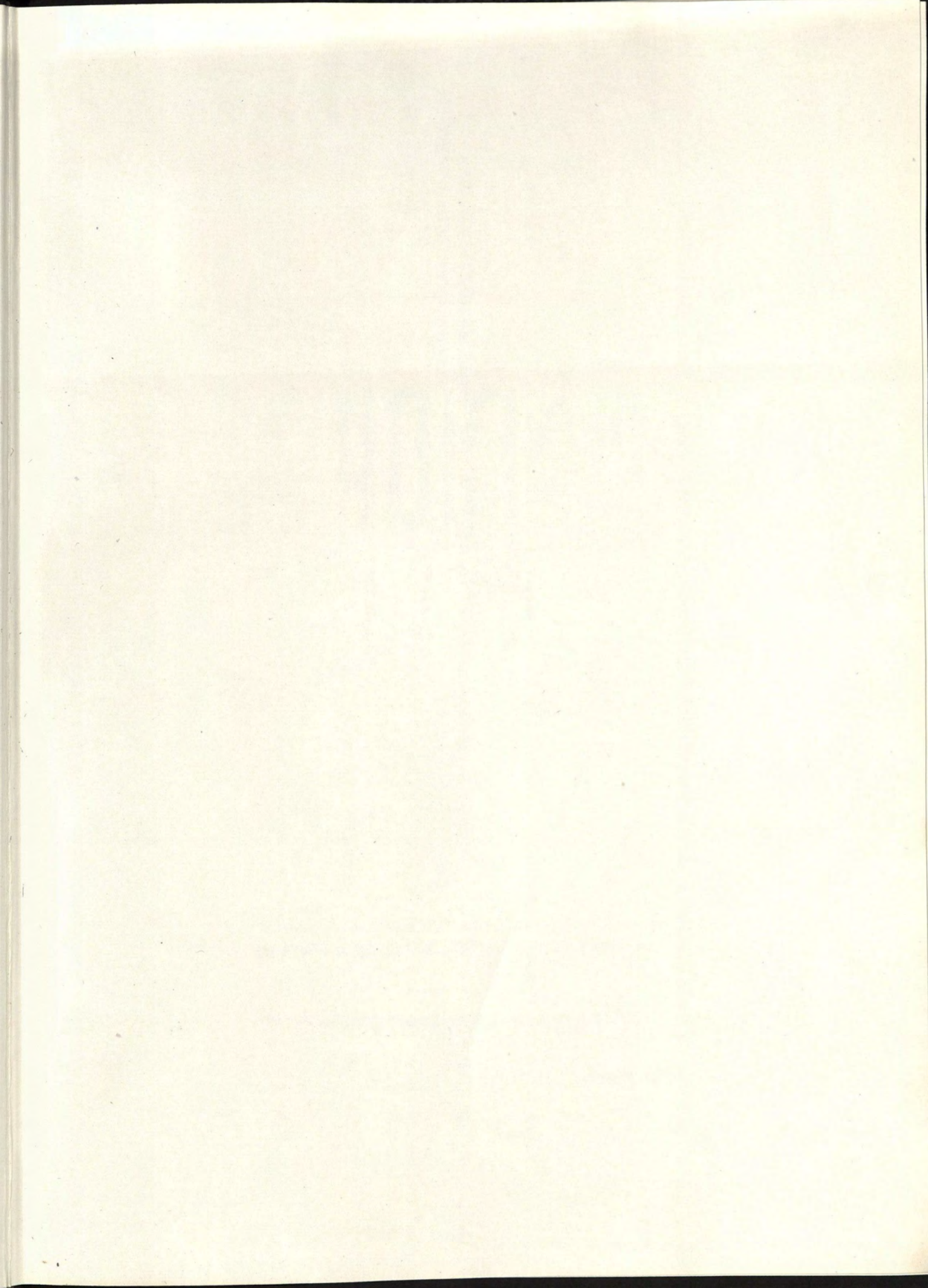


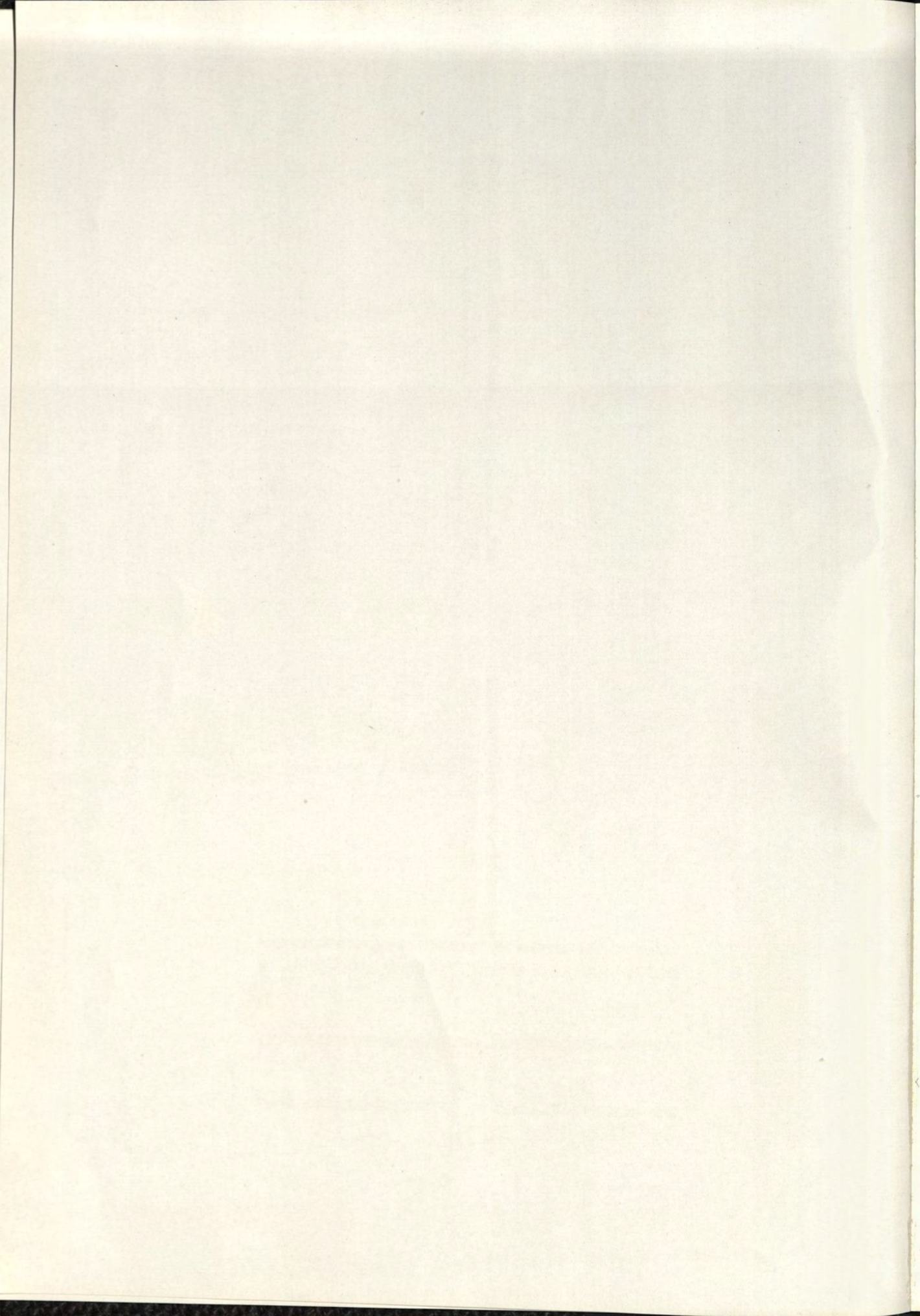


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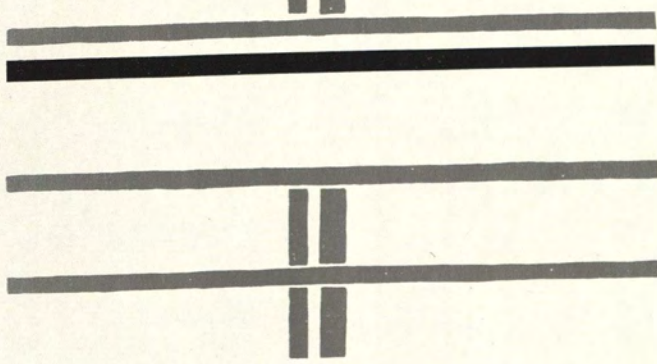




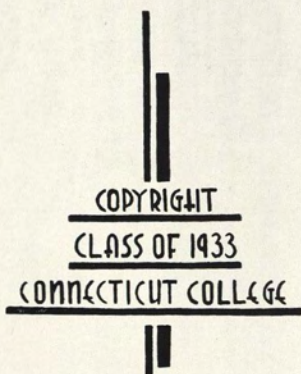




KOIN€  
1993







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CLASS OF 1933  
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

CONNECTICUT  
COLLEGE  
YEAR BOOK

CLASS OF

1922

EVLYN CARLOUGH

EDITOR

ALICE KELLY

BUSINESS-MANAGER

To  
ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT

Without whose inspired dream Connecticut would not have been; without whose untiring labor Connecticut could not have lived; without whose cheery presence our college days would have been sadly altered, we, the Class of 1933, dedicate this book in friendship, admiration, and gratitude.

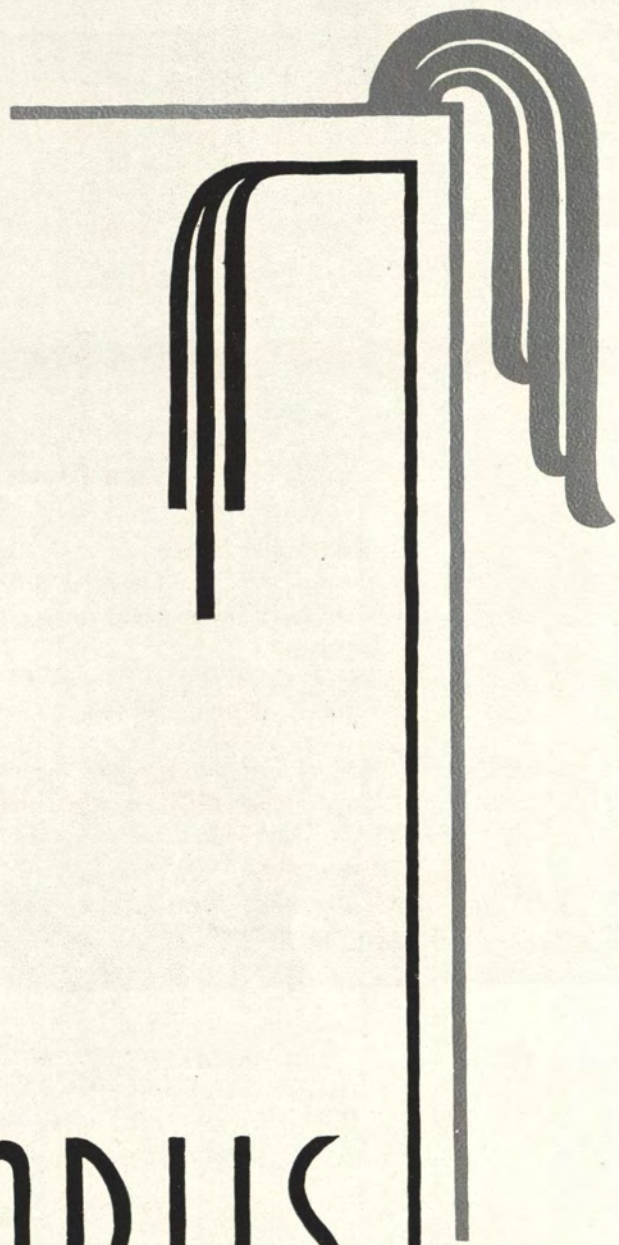


ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT, *Assistant Treasurer and Bursar*

## Alma Mater

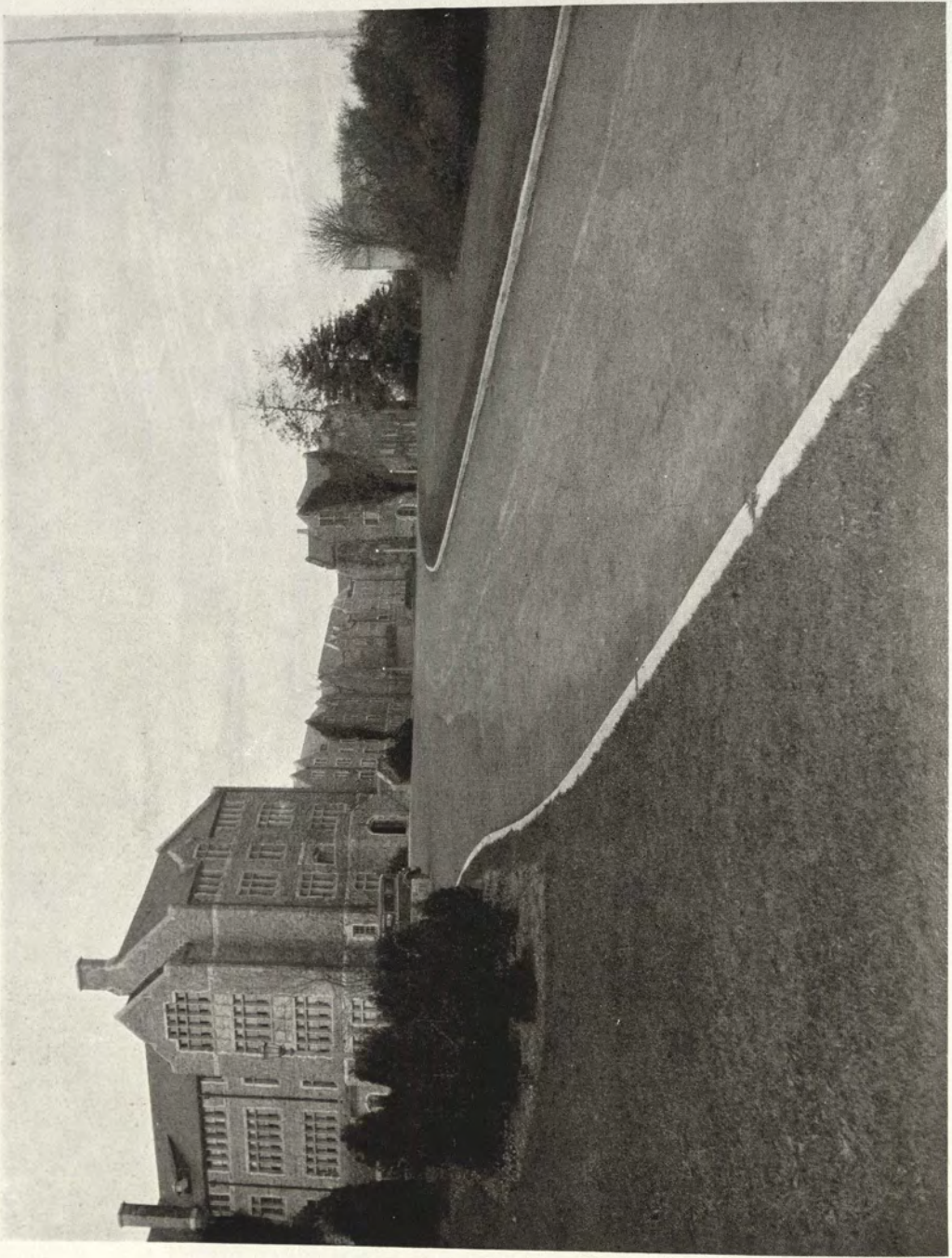
Alma Mater by the sea,  
Our hearts in love are lifted to thee;  
We'll carry thy standard forever,  
Loyalty  
To C. C.  
Faith, friendship, and love.

Hail to our college, white and blue.  
Keep through the years all our love deep and true;  
Our Alma Mater, we love thee.  
Ivied walls,  
C. C. calls  
To loyalty true.



CAMPUS

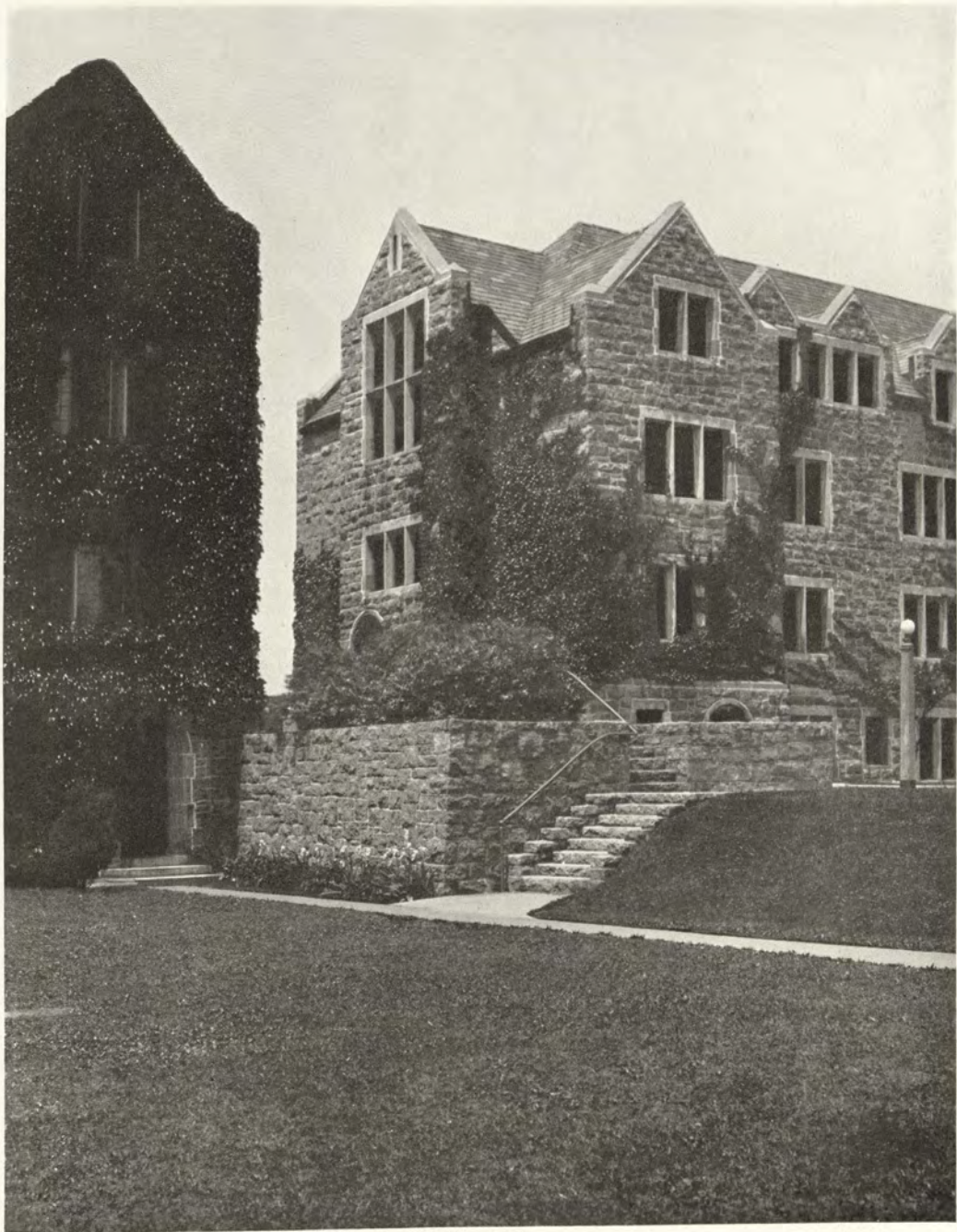




















## Beta Song

Come, loyal classmates, gather 'round  
And join a song of praise.  
Connecticut, to honor thee  
Our voices we will raise.  
Fling out the doors of learning wide  
For she has much to share,  
Of health, of wealth, of happiness,  
And gifts beyond compare.



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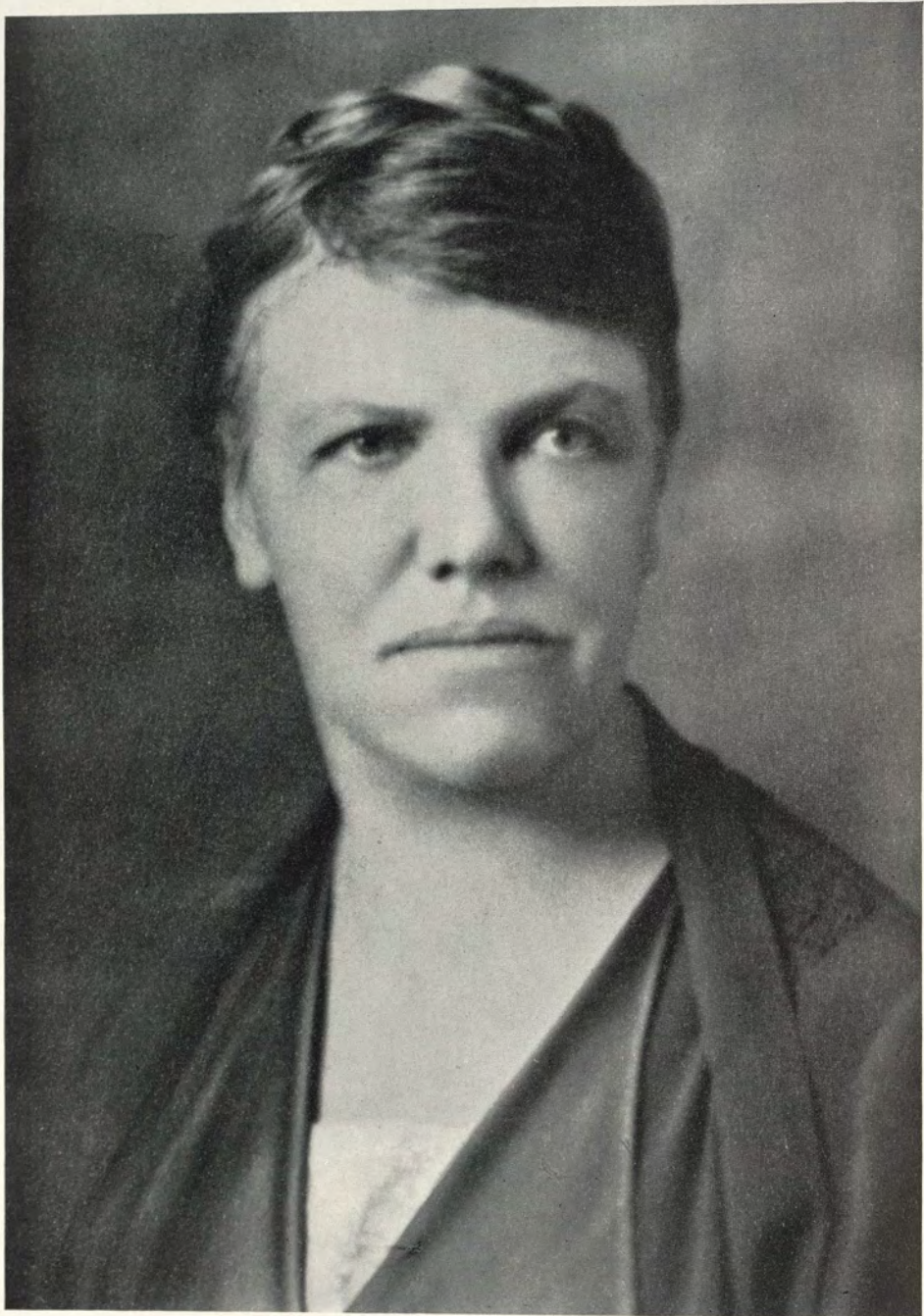
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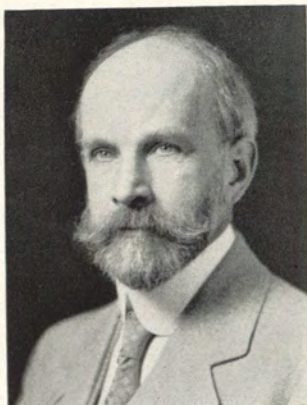
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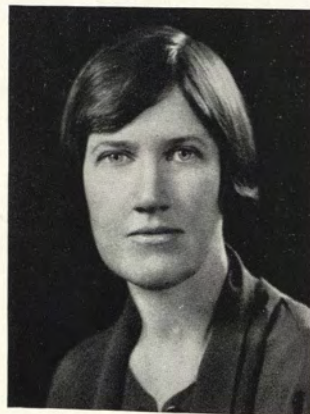
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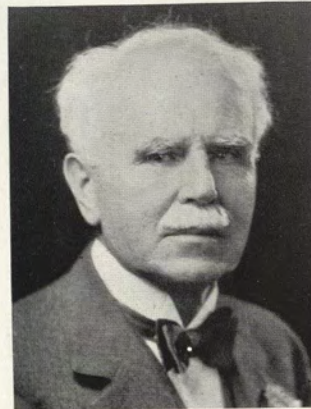
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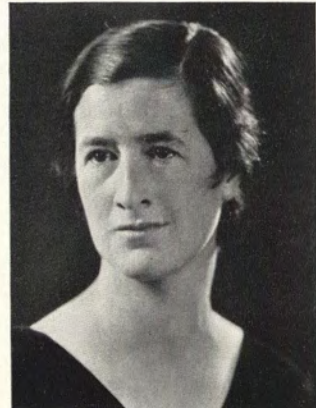
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*Assistant in Chemistry*

## Marching Song

With a love increasing ever  
As our college years go by,  
Joined with bonds which naught can sever  
And our hearts all glorify ;  
O Connecticut, we hail thee,  
As we marching sing thy fame,  
And our voices ne'er shall fail thee,  
Singing praises to thy name.

Though in time our paths may sever,  
May thy spirit join us still,  
May our love bind us forever  
To our college on the hill ;  
O Alma Mater e'er before us  
May we see thy white and blue,  
May thy symbols ever o'er us  
Hold our hearts steadfast and true.



(CLASSES





## College Hymn

O college years, how swift they run,  
Our love for thee has but begun.  
Dear Alma Mater by the sea,  
We'll soon be far away from thee,  
And river, hills, and thy grey walls  
    Will ever seem,  
    To be a dream,  
    Of long ago.

Oh, may the freedom and the strength  
Of hill and river be, at length,  
Dear Alma Mater by the sea,  
A symbol of our love for thee;  
And friendships prove that college days  
    Will never seem,  
    To be a dream,  
    Of long ago.



Honorary Members of 1933



JOHN LAWRENCE ERB



RUTH HILL WOOD



GARABED K. DAGHLIAN



MASCOT ANDIRONS

## Officers of 1933

### FRESHMAN YEAR

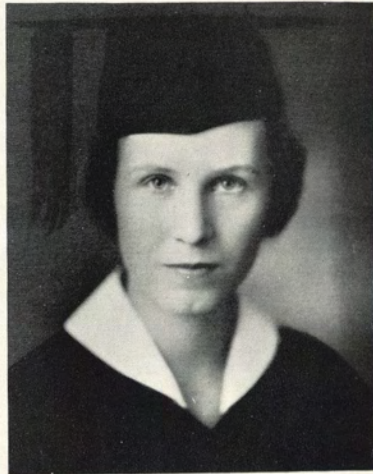
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SHEILA HARTWELL . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Entertainment</i>
VIRGINIA VAIL . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Decoration</i>
ELEANOR JONES . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Sports</i>
MARY EATON . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
SUSAN CRAWFORD . . . . .	<i>Auditor</i>
ELIZABETH MILLER . . . . .	<i>Song Leader</i>
JANET LIPPER . . . . .	<i>Cheer Leader</i>

### SOPHOMORE YEAR

VIRGINIA VAIL . . . . .	<i>President</i>
RUTH FERREE . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
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JOANNA EAKIN . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Decoration</i>
NATALIE IDE . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Auditing</i>
ELIZABETH MILLER . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Sports</i>
ESTHER TYLER . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
BESSIE BRONSON . . . . .	<i>Cheer Leader</i>
BETTY ZERWECK . . . . .	<i>Assistant Cheer Leader</i>
LEONA HARTSTONE . . . . .	<i>Song Leader</i>
RUTH MATHER . . . . .	<i>Assistant Song Leader</i>

### JUNIOR YEAR

ELIZABETH MILLER . . . . .	<i>President</i>
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ELIZABETH CARVER . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Entertainment</i>
JOANNA EAKIN . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Decoration</i>
SUSAN CRAWFORD . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Auditing</i>
ESTHER WHITE . . . . .	<i>Chairman of Sports</i>
ESTHER TYLER . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
LOUISE SALES . . . . .	<i>Song Leader</i>
VIRGINIA SCHANHER . . . . .	<i>Cheer Leader</i>



SENIOR YEAR

VIRGINIA SWAN	President
HELEN HUBBARD	Vice-President
ANNA MAY DERGE	Secretary
HELEN PEASLEY	Treasurer
JANET SWAN	Chairman of Entertainment
JOANNA EAKIN	Chairman of Decoration
ELIZABETH KUNKLE	Chairman of Auditing
ELEANOR JONES	Chairman of Sports
ALMA BENNETT	Historian
WINIFRED DEFOREST	Cheer Leader
RUTH FERREE	Assistant Cheer Leader
ELIZABETH MILLER	Song Leader
LOUISE SALES	Assistant Song Leader



MARIAN ELIZABETH AGNEW

*"Aggie"*

Norwich, Connecticut

Fervent study of five-year olds and their portraits of men with six fingers and no hair is preparing Aggie for the managing of bigger and better kindergartens. We feel sure that her success will be great — she has the right qualities. We see her as an integrated personality — love of society and interest in work nicely balanced. Marian — calm, efficient, and healthy in mind.



ESTHER MANSON BARLOW

Portland, Maine

Esther with a little blue beret primly perched atop her hair comes pedaling up the hill. As steady and steadfast as a girl could be. We can excuse those "early to bed and early to rise" habits of hers. If we find ourselves in print somewhere, we can be sure it's Esther's proverbial press board that's done it. We have never known a girl so keen on observing or so full of zest for commonplace activities.



DOROTHEA WALDRON BASCOM

*"Dot"*

Brooklyn, New York

Dot! Orchids on black velvet — snuggled in a bunny wrap. Poised, quiet, reserved, a sense of delicacy. Weekends in Hartford and Hanover. Telephone calls after midnight, cross-word puzzles, Home Ec. labs. Vacations—then a big red Buick and Charlie.

ALMA BENNETT  
Springfield, Vermont

The worst way to try to get clubby with Alma is to call her "Elmer". A sort of fierce light leaps into her eyes when you do. Alma is blessed by being able to look into a book a few minutes each day, and then get A in the course. She is at once the dreamer and the humorous, witty conversationalist; the gentle poet and the ultra-modern.



ELIZABETH KATHERINE BOEKER  
"Betty"

Seymour, Connecticut

Betty is a *little* girl and we hope no black-hearted villain gets her, because it's easy for her to be influenced by those she loves. Betty, the quiet little Madame Efficiency, gets her work done three days early. When she smokes her Marlboro, you can tell it's Betty from the other end of the hall, for it sounds like steam blowing off. Don't let it scare you — she's very lovable.



KATHERINE ALICE BONNEY  
"Kay"

Stamford, Connecticut

The tall and whimsical Kay has that unusual quality of feeling thoroughly at home with older people. Self-possession and dignity are naturally hers. Yet to us Kay is something of an enigma, for we often find the adjective *shy* extremely applicable. We like to watch her puzzled expressions change to crinkly smiles — her worries constantly disproved.







ADALISA RAMBO BRONSTEIN

*"Sis"*

Allentown, Pennsylvania

Green eyes, blonde hair, and a deep throaty voice. Sis accepts any situation with dignified composure. Extended vacations, returning just in time for Philosophy. A passion for hats and picnics. Intelligent, whimsical, and clear-thinking. Phlegmatic and aloof to strangers, but warm and generous to those who know her.



KATHERINE BIDWELL BRUCE

*"Kay"*

Middletown, Connecticut

An ability to wear a gym tunic with the air of a Paris creation. A superb sense of dance rhythm; "somebody's stenog" when employed in the pursuits her major demands; a love of a good time and an insatiable passion for the movies; a complete lack of domesticity; a capacity for enjoying a joke on herself—these characteristics combined with a friendly air make Kay good company.



SARAH SYLVIA BUCHSTANE

*"Bucky"*

Hartford, Connecticut

Bucky the chemist, the prospective teacher, or just Bucky. In whatever capacity we find her, she is always the same—bubbling over with good-will and friendliness. For her, life is one laugh after another, and something in which worry and care never appear. In fact, she manages to get a great deal of fun out of just living, and zestfully enjoys both work and play.

HELEN BLODGETT BUSH

*"Bush"*

Worcester, Massachusetts

The bed Bush tumbles out of in the morning is still unmade when she crawls back into it at night. Hardly a neat and tidy housekeeper, yet her room is where the crowd gathers. The reserved little Physical Ed. major is a startling contrast to the noisy, almost boisterous person she can be among her friends. She is happy-go-lucky, but she has a certain seriousness involving good books and a keen interest in her work.



LUCILE HAYWARD CAIN

*"Lou"*

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

The girl with the big brown eyes and expressive smile. Sometimes tempestuous, particularly with men, sometimes extremely subdued and a model listener. She can take off Ghandi or Dracula handsomely; she studies people, is artistically inclined, and has a real flare for "making up" campus actors. Warm hearted, and notably generous—a very interesting, amusing, dependable girl is Lou.



ELEANOR TEMPLETON CAIRNEY

*"Tempi"*

Staten Island, New York

Tempi is one of those fortunate souls who can say and do daring things with impunity. Impulsive, sometimes tactless. Seeing right through people — quickly sympathetic. Curiously independent, yet social. At one moment, exasperating; the next, quite lovable. Crazy about horse-back riding and practical joking—remember the salted Branford beds! Controlled, interested, thoughtful. She hates to fight, refuses to argue, likes people, and enjoys life thoroughly.





EVELYN DORCAS CARLOUGH

*"Carlo"*

Allendale, New Jersey

She is gypsy-like in her love for wild colors — mustard sweaters and red bandannas, and in her ecstasies over the smell of wood fires. But she is truly cultivated in her taste for Paderewski and Browning. There are things about Carlo we simply could not forget — heated arguments with Ty at any and every opportunity, efforts to sing "Louisville Lou" without a falter, and an unusual delight in ponderous speech. Carlo — unrestrained and dynamic.



ELIZABETH CARVER

*"Liz"*

Westford, Massachusetts

We can't decide whether we liked Liz better as the soft-voiced Chinaman lover, or the hysterical "Dark Lady". At any rate, she has been indispensable to our competitive plays. And, as though she hadn't made a name for herself already, she took her place among famous campus people as the originator of that unique typhoid orgy. Elusive and enviably serene, or sparkling over with puns and laughter — it's Liz.



HELENE ADRIA CHENEY

New London, Connecticut

Adria brings with her a pervading air of delicacy and charm, even though we most frequently see her prosaically garbed in a tan polo coat, with a paint box in one hand, a Zo notebook in the other, hurrying from Fanning to the lab. Despite her constant labors with paint brush and microscope, she still has plenty of time to spend at bridging and "cadeting".

SUSAN K. CRAWFORD

*"Sue"*

Westport, Connecticut

Faintly quizzical, very blue eyes, and close-cropped, dark hair; hands competent to manipulate the tricky lights of the gymnasium stage. Our athletic phenomenon. For a girl with a brilliant mind, she can look more vapid in somebody else's hat than you could ever imagine. Courage, sportsmanship, and loyalty. A peal of laughter in Blackstone halls—Sue.



ADELAIDE CUSHING

*"Cush"*

Lily Dale, New York

Adelaide's schedule was so crowded that even the Physical Education department took pity on her and advised her to sleep through those three weekly hours of gym. And that constitutes a record! A girl of rapidly changing moods, and one who possesses a great capacity for admiration. Responsible, earnest, fair, and generous.

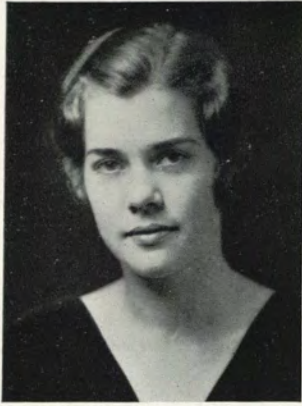


ELSIE REGINA DEFLONG

Hartford, Connecticut

Elsie is not so much a brilliant girl as a very unusual one. She has a mind which meets with success in any field toward which she turns it, a quick eye, and a hand deft in execution. Life with her is made constantly spicy by the queer little twists which her thought takes from sheer perversity. She can be at will an artist, scientist, actress, charming young woman, or undignified playmate.





## WINIFRED DEFOREST

*"Winnie"*

Chicago, Illinois

A natural entertainer, whether it be serious dramatics, a Prom week-end, or during prosaic evenings in the dormitory. Winnie can give us the appealing Johnny of *Holiday*, Zasu Pitts, or the unforgettable Madame Zanzibar. Winnie the sublime—Winnie the ridiculous. Complete spontaneity, charm of face and of manner, and a certain little-girl quality have endeared her to us during the time that Brown and football games have not kept her elsewhere.



## ANNA MAY DERGE

*"Durg"*

Warren, Ohio

Durg is an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens and, logically enough, she unconsciously exemplifies many of the qualities which he exalts—naturalness, steady sympathy, and a keen delight in ordinary things which call for little attention from most of us. Steady, unobtrusively efficient, and right there. But Egad! what a sense of humor and what a maker of monkey faces! She adores ships, lives in a room that somehow expresses her personality, and, like Lamb, is violently opposed to being called "gentle".



## VIRGINIA SPRAGUE DONALD

*"Don"*

Arlington, Massachusetts

Don has a philosophy of life which not only makes her a joyous and happy person, but enables her to convey that joy to others. She is sparkling, refreshing, and vital. She has an intelligence and insight that mark her as a person of originality and distinction. We see her quickly grasping difficult ideas, winning blue ribbons in horsemanship, and enthusiastically playing some prank. A truly fine nature—strength of character balanced with an infectious sprightliness.

JOANNA W. EAKIN  
"Jo"

Hudson, Ohio

We nominate Jo to C. C.'s Hall of Fame for the following reasons: She is the most delightfully absent-minded person we know—she frequently misses lunch; she is indispensable to all college theatrics—her specialty being "artistic effects"; she is ever ready to lay aside "more important matters" for the unexpected good times that eternally bob up in her young life; she is a true follower of the motto "do and dare"—forget not the pie fight!



MARY A. EATON  
Cleveland, Ohio

A study in rich, subdued tones with notes of piquant humor interwoven. It is pure pleasure to listen to her innumerable stories told in the delectable Eaton manner. High grades, weekends, charm and quiet grace—the gorgeous Madonna of our Christmas pageant. Artistic, amusing, stimulating, aloof.



BARBARA ELLIOT  
"Bobby"

Willimantic, Connecticut

True to the *redhead* tradition, Bobby is impulsive. Then, too, she is absent-minded, congenial, and artistic. Her sometimes sophisticated manner seemingly contradicts her natural desire to learn more about many things. Enthusiastic, demonstrative, easily influenced to dash off on some exciting escapade. Above all, eager to make life worthwhile.





JUDITH TRELIS EPSTEIN

*"Tudy"*

New London, Connecticut

A loaded car comes buzzing up the hill with Tudy at the wheel. We have the feeling that after a day's routine of earnest work, she will be "in things" for any sort of fun. Laughter and good fellowship are her constant companions. A head for business and a heart for music.



RUTH WESTON FERREE

*"Ruthie"*

West Hartford, Connecticut

The saintly expression on Ruthie's face is just a mask to hide a wealth of humor. Ruthie will live in the history of C. C. as the riotous, high-treble Sergeant in *Iolanthe*. She grows serious in a minute to discuss world problems or your problems. Now she's on her toes to drag your hesitating feet about in the newest dance steps. Her one phobia is making schedules—in four years, she hasn't followed one of them!



FRANCES MARY FIELD

*"Fran"*

Southington, Connecticut

Picture a small, energetic person tearing wildly across campus, or, perched tailor-fashion on a bed, generously dispensing grape juice and fruit cake to a clamoring mob. There, you have caught several characteristic glimpses of Fran. High-strung, sensitive, and enthusiastic—she treats others' troubles as her own. An earnest student, and a very good sport.

MARGARETTA ORR FIFE

*"Fife"*

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Friendly, charming, and lovable. Flashes of light and darkness. Extravagant, warm-hearted, sympathetic. Always in love and showing the symptoms. Restless, animated, naive. Amusing faux-pas, and inimitable endeavors to cover them up. Fife is excellent company.



MARY ELIZABETH FIFE

*"Liz"*

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Warm, generous, and vivid. Quick, humorous, flighty—rushing everywhere, losing everything, leaving a cyclone behind her. Playful, amusing, with serious moods and spurts of sophistication. A lively mind, interested in everything. A happy disposition, a fund of energy, and at all times completely unselfish.



MARJORIE WATERBURY FLEMING

*"Marg"*

Darien, Connecticut

Golden head and golden disposition—Marg is everywhere known for these. Her seriousness and humor are both well-timed. What would Marg do if she couldn't wiggle her feet, if she couldn't scream on the tennis court, if her "soul" weren't periodically "torn"! And academically speaking, Marg has been in pretty much of a Brown study lately.







CLARE JOAN GARVER

*"Jo"*

Lorain, Ohio

Jo's attending a meeting, she's doing Calculus, she's playing horsie in the hall. Jo's entertaining at tea, she's playing bridge, she's puzzling over timetables. Jo's being reserved, she's playing the piano, she's being hilarious. Jo's looking at the moon, she's humming, she's writing to Al.



ROSE MARIE GILLOTTI

*"Rose"*

New London, Connecticut

Even the hardest of work or a day chuck full of academic duties cannot change Rose's cheerful, happy disposition. She never fails to welcome the opportunity for a few pleasant words with whomever she may meet. Rose is steady, capable, and, best of all, a friend.



ALICE GORDON

*"Al"*

New London, Connecticut

Here we have her—petite and always fashionably dressed. The modern business woman. Although she doesn't look like our idea of a private secretary, she is efficient and capable at all times. She can also be frivolous and really very foolish, as everyone who has heard her merry giggle knows.

SOPHIA RUTH GORDON

*"Soph"*

New London, Connecticut

We have enjoyed Sophia's three years at C. C. She is deeply interested in Latin and Greek, and manages to attain high grades in those awe-inspiring subjects. In addition to being unobtrusively studious, Soph is quiet and reserved, and has the pleasing faculty of extracting humor from any and all situations.



EDITH GRAFF

*"Edie"*

Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Generosity, treats, feasts, bridge, exaggeration. Fudge cake and a nose up-turned at cauliflower. Bubbling with excitement over everyone's plans — "Have a simply swell time." A chocolate bunny with a beautiful solitaire around its neck. Pouting, lucky breaks, bridge, and bridge again, and wedding plans.



FRANCES GRECO

*"Fay"*

New Britain, Connecticut

We wonder whether that flashing smile is responsible for invitations to dinner with faculty, or is it Fay's extreme interest in her work? Remarkably calm and steady except when indulging in an occasional hysterical spree. An optimistic philosopher and a very satisfying companion.





MARJORIE ELOISE GREEN

*"Marg"*

Glens Falls, New York

Marg—sparkling eyes and laughter. Walter Winchell. Radiating fun. Dancing with Ken—white evening gowns for Ken. Rhinestone earrings. Excitedly waiting for a motorcycle. Wise, sometimes bitter, pessimistic, and cynical. Enduring loathsome exercises to grow up. And don't forget that glorious sense of humor.



JANE E. GRISWOLD

*"Janie"*

Cleveland, Ohio

Meet a most convincing debater, a beautiful dancer, an able executive. Jane possesses both an original and decisive mind. She is responsible for those artistic little sociology tables scattered all over the Libe, and we understand she is pretty good at clinching matters in Service League meetings. From her rubber boots to her frank blue eyes—quite an impressive person.



DOROTHY HAMILTON

*"Dot"*

Mt. Washington, Massachusetts

We could write reams about Dot's infectious giggle that is sometimes hopelessly inconvenient, and sometimes very cheering. We wonder how she keeps her beloved bugs from dancing a jig under the microscope, but evidently she knows how to talk to them, judging from her A NO. 1 scientific discoveries. If Dot isn't in the lab., she is probably painting a poster, juggling a basketball, or plotting some original way to go "outing". At any rate, she's giggling!

KATHERINE HAMMOND

*"Kay"*

Maplewood, New Jersey

Bobbed hair worn in a distinctly sophisticated fashion—self-composed, original, independent. An odd unexpectedness about things—working when the rest of the world is sleeping, rising sleepy-eyed just in the nick of time for that nine o'clock. An intense personality—unconventional, modern. Yet containing an unexpected capacity for friendship.



DOROTHY SHEILA HARTWELL

*"Shi"*

Bronxville, New York

Level-headed, generous, friendly—a wee bit aloof. These are just a few of the traits that make Shi a real person. A willing, unassuming worker, a loyal partisan to any cause under which she enlists. Reserved, sincerely modest—a thoroughly good sport in games and in just living.



RUTH HAWKINS

*"Hawkie"*

Elgin, Illinois

She squeaks when she laughs—she does laugh at the silliest things imaginable—and, once started, she is off on a wild tear of foolishness lasting for minutes or days. In her less flippant moods, she is the serious art student, experimenting diligently with light, shade, and all the colors of the rainbow. Hawkie instinctively interprets every situation from the artistic point of view, and easily becomes lost in a world of rich music, graceful lines, and synthetic colors.





HELEN SPENCER HUBBARD

*"Hellie"*

White Plains, New York

Small, trim, and cute. A bewildered expression, a weakness for puns. Practical, efficient, and friendly. Amusing accounts of ridiculous situations. Malapropisms and house-parties. In spite of attentions, Helen remains calm and unspoiled.



MARGARET ANN HUNTER

*"Peg"*

Brooklyn, New York

Peg's sleek hair is the envy of those whose locks are not so firmly plastered, and her true interest in physical chemistry is another of her achievements. Nor can we stop at this, for do we not deeply admire the ease with which she takes naps curled up under her coat? Let us agree that she is a girl of independence, practicality, positive ideas; and loyal to things that count.



ELEANOR IRENE HUSTED

*"Husted"*

Waterbury, Connecticut

The Branford court found her guilty of salting its beds. She hadn't, but you can't blame the court. She looked as if she had. A taciturn and slightly indolent lady who figures people out with disconcerting cleverness. And some night when Husted is at the piano in Thames, you'll see a portly waitress fox-trot across the lounge with her tray, and you'll suspect other things. A sensitive nature for example, and, shall we say, a speck of genius?

NATALIE B. IDE  
*"Nat"*

Rockville, Connecticut

Natalie, all mixed up trying to express some new idea, or just sucking her thumb. Natalie, analyzing professorial words of wisdom or philosophizing with extreme zest on matters curricular or more personal. Occasionally dignified but usually not. A strong individualist, proud of her rebellion against restriction. Lovable—and often exasperating.



MARTHA ELIZABETH JOHNSON  
*"Marty"*

Springfield, Massachusetts

A parlor trick is unique in this day and age, but Marty has one—with really no provocation she can pout to perfection. She's the nicest person to tease because she apparently gets spunky, and then in a moment bursts out laughing. We see her most often talking spontaneously, a really pretty smile lighting her face, her eyebrows raised in question. Or we have a picture of her standing demurely on the stage and singing to a captivated audience.



ELEANOR FORD JONES  
*"Beano"*

Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

Diminutive Beano sticks her brown head around the corner to shout "quiet hour". We just call her "Q. H." now. Beano is our "flash" on the hockey field, and one of our Honor Court Judges. She is often surrounded by children, so we have decided she has the homing instinct. We never know what she is thinking. Beano adores horses, hates big dogs, "massy" cats, and twittering love-birds. She also weeps when she laughs!





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TERESA JOSEPHINE KEATING

*"Keat"*

New London, Connecticut

A born story-teller, and a very good fit in small discussion classes, for Keat obligingly gives her frank opinion on all subjects. The Child Psych class feels indebted to Auntie Keat for all the nieces and nephews she so generously supplies for those important scientific experiments. A lucky girl—Keat! No job hunting for her; she has already accepted a life position from Knute.



DOROTHY DAY KELLOGG

*"Dot"*

Glastonbury, Connecticut

Perhaps it is due to constant scientific training that Dot can spy a pin, a clip, a penny, and even a needle in a haystack. And if she were to make over our universe, we feel sure there would be forty eight hours in each day, the extra twenty four being added as time out for sleep. Reports have it she will soon sign housewife to all questionnaires.



ALICE ELIZABETH KELLY

*"Al"*

Mount Clemens, Michigan

Al is our very best debater; the sort of person we choose to represent the college at various conferences and conventions. Al's opinions are decided, her manner of stating them direct and slightly aggressive. An absorbing interest in history and all related subjects—a frightfully crowded schedule of curricular and extra-curricular activities. Don't let that "little girl" face fool you; there is an amazing fund of knowledge tucked away under that curly top.

## HARRIET WOOD KISTLER

*"Harrie"*

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Harrie in black velvet, smooth and worldly — Harrie in organdie, looking not quite grown-up. And we have seen her togged out in gym clothes too, all ready for the fray. Her chief hobbies—being well-groomed, dancing, receiving letters. Her chief occupation — indulging in dishes of tea for the sake of her figure. A's are her reward for an hour or two of intense concentration, and popularity is her return for understanding, and admirable adaptability.



## DOROTHY KRALL

*"Dot"*

New Haven, Connecticut

Our best student for the last three years; a four pointer and a Winthrop scholar! Dot's silence at a college confab merely means that she is an excellent listener, and evidently formulating those ideas that will knock us "galley west". Sociology classes with her are a revelation. We are inclined to agree with Mrs. Wessel—if you can't find any of the answers, ask Dot!



## ELIZABETH ALICE KUNKLE

*"Betty"*

Allentown, Pennsylvania

Of course she has lots of brothers and sisters — that is very evident. The vengeance with which she calls "seven o'clock" and shuts the windows on a cold morning; the generosity with which she dispenses rubber bands, hair pins, mercurochrome, advice, and consolation; her inborn sense of responsibility—well, it simply proves our point, that's all! There is always something to look forward to, she says, and for that reason we know she will always be happy.





ERICKA ELIZABETH LANGHAMMER

*"Ricky"*

Springfield, Massachusetts

If there ever was an independent, perky little Zo-major, it is Ericka. She is the true scientist in her curiosity, her whole-hearted interest, and her alertness. One never fears insincerity in her, for she is outspoken to the extent that her simple, frank observations often bring forth a "why Ericka!" There is a distinct Teutonic spirit in Ericka's hearty singing, her love of dancing, her positive actions, and indisputable unselfishness.



ELIZABETH PALMER LATHROP

*"Betty"*

Quaker Hill, Connecticut

Mild and demure are the words that first come to us when we think of Betty. If you notice an absent-minded expression, it probably means that she is absorbed in some intricate chemistry formula far above our heads. She is serene, perhaps a bit shy, but her quiet smile carries with it kindness and sincerity.



HELEN LEVINE

Brooklyn, New York

Helen, the tall, serious, and dignified girl with the beautiful long hands. She is quiet and yet, when an argument pops up, she can talk you out of anything you ever thought. With that inevitable cup of coffee in her hand, and an interested glint in her eyes, Helen has been known to display remarkable conversational powers. She is brilliant. And—maybe this is part of the secret—we usually see her coming back from breakfast before we have mustered up enough courage to hop out of bed.

### JEAN ELIZABETH MARSHALL

Brooklyn, New York

Would you like a cup of tea? No matter what your mood, a few minutes seated in that comfortable chair beside the radio, a cup of tea from the whistling kettle, and Jean's graciousness as a hostess makes you feel that all is right with the world. Are you interested in music, drama, or poetry? Are you looking for someone to share your enthusiasms? Stop in to see Jean.



### MARY WRIGHT MEAD

Mansfield, Ohio

The bronze, or is it auburn, hair of Mary lives up to her pet expression "gorgeous". We can safely say that Mary's the most fastidious gal about; her bureau drawers call forth a moan, and she always looks as though she had just stepped out of a hand-box—dainty, neat, precise. Then that disarming giggle—and she says she wants to look sophisticated! For two years the Botany department was practically run for Mary and, logically enough, she was the star student.



### HELEN ELIZABETH MILLER

*"Betty"*

White River Junction, Vermont

Betty radiates optimism and cheer. Everything about her sparkles—her hair, her smile, and even the bright, sunny colors she invariably wears. We will remember Betty as unaffected and lovable. And then too, we will remember those inevitable song rehearsals in 206 Fanning, Competitive Sings, Mascot ditties, and "Good Evening Mr. Moon, Moon, Moon".





MARJORIE M. MILLER

*"Marge"*

Cleveland, Ohio

We are aghast at the slightest dishevelment in Marge's appearance, for she is always well-groomed. Even numerous social activities cannot ruffle her composure. Marge, as the considerate hostess at those Home Ec. parties, makes us marvel at the grace with which she passes us a cup of tea. We have the firm conviction that Marge would be superb demonstrating the qualities of cream-puffs to an awed gathering of earnest housewives.



MARGARET McCANDISH MILLS

*"Miggie"*

Waterbury, Connecticut

Miggie with a Scotch heritage, the blue glint of humor in her eyes, the determined walk of a Kiltie—but with none of the proverbial Scotch in her deeds, for she is truly generous. The News office couldn't give her up, and "International Affairs" are as important to her as her frequent cups of "tae"—and that is saying lots for a Highland lassie.



BARBARA BRYANT MUNDY

*"Barb"*

New York City

Barbara generally appears to be on her way to execute some mission of great importance. She is one of the few among us who enjoys collecting funds and keeping accounts. She revels in positions of responsibility. Although Barbara may seem exclusive, she really likes people enough to seek them out, having friends among students and faculty alike. Above all, Barb is frank, and has the courage of her convictions.

JEAN MYERS  
Lakewood, Ohio

Vital, impulsive, idealistic. Holds to her ideas and wants to hear those of everyone else. Makes few friendships and keeps them. Prejudiced, lovable. Baby talk, big eyes. Hop, skip, and jump—trying to sing. Blue, hurt, wanting understanding. Concerned about “which earrings”, love, and immortality. Learning to cook for Andy, hating to sew, refusing to learn contract rules. Listening, arguing, learning.



ELSIE T. NELSON  
*“Tessie”*  
Hartford, Connecticut

Since Freshman year, “Tethie” has continued to amuse her audience with a perfect rendering of “thome-thay”. If you see her gliding across campus, her nose turned up, it denotes an important Press Board meeting. Her major demands hours in the Libe, which perhaps accounts for naps she takes with her mouth wide open—a habit of which she is very ashamed. But bless her Swedish sense of humor—she is laughing too!



RUTH MILLER NORTON  
*“Ruthie”*  
Winsted, Connecticut

During our college years we have indulged in a little secret envy of Ruthie’s feminine charm. It seems to have got her places, for she has had an active part in campus activities, and has been one of the most enthusiastic of Senior advisors. In companionship with Ruthie, we find a delightful gayety, coupled with remarkable capability and sincerity.





ELIZABETH ROBBINS OVERTON

*"Betty"*

Patchogue, New York

Outwardly calm and unruffled, but there is always a hint of mischief ahead. Betty possesses a very rare taste indeed—she actually enjoys natural dancing classes. We find her with a keen sense of humor and a fine appreciation of good literature and art. Betty—always alive, never bored; her vitality is contagious.



ELIZABETH SMITH PALMER

*"Betsy"*

Riverside, Connecticut

Beauty, dignity, personality, a conversationalist—but, underneath it all, as crazy as they come. Week-ends and men—"which one?" Alive, interesting—cool and bored. Long walks, dogs, falling off horses, picnics in Devil's Hop Yard. Smooth evening gowns, demi-tasse and a cigarette. Feared and adored.



HELEN MORRISON PEASLEY

*"Peasle"*

Waterbury, Connecticut

Sometimes we feel that she worries overly much about the affairs of the universe. She sits on her bed and philosophizes about the dim ghosts of the past, and feels sorry for the poor boys who can't dance at Service Leagues. But what pleasure she derives and delight she gives to others on this account! Her shy but friendly smile seeks out the goodness that she sees in everyone and radiates her own genial philosophy.

JEAN LIBERTY PENNOCK

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Not at all made up of bookishness and industry as her scholastic achievements might imply. Her favorite vice is a predilection for reading *Saturday Evening Posts*; there she is huddled over the latest issue, stubbornly indifferent to accumulated piles of history papers waiting to be corrected. A Winthrop Scholar, but also a Disciple of Fun. With eyes rolling drolly, and luscious bits of satire scattered at strategic points, Jean's resumé of the day's dilemmas is choice entertainment.



CATHERINE LLOYD PORTER

"Cay"

Dobbs Ferry, New York

We might term Cay an enthusiast for such is her gusto when it comes to Galsworthy, Velasquez, and Kreisler. To proceed from the sublime to the ridiculous, we also might mention the names of Ogden Nash, Ozzie Nelson, and Norma Shearer. And have you ever heard her talk about flower gardens in no uncertain terms? Indeed, we find a wide variety of interests in Cay, and a very fine appreciation of them all.



LOUISE ELIZABETH PRETZINGER

"Pretz"

Dayton, Ohio

Goofy, good-natured. Serious and determined. Composed and level-headed. Water fights and a blue and yellow bathrobe. A certain fondness for straining water through a sieve. High tea in Toronto—Canadian capers. Waiting for vacations. Bridge—pickles and liverwurst. Puns and coffee.







MARY PRUDDEN

*"Prue"*

Lockport, New York

Alice in Wonderland with a ribbon through her hair. Violets on grey squirrel. Feminine, reserved, serene—and "yars" a surprising sense of humor too. Mosier house, clambakes, and Wesleyan. Chem. lab. and lemon cokes—Sherlock Holmes and a mystery thriller on the radio.



GERTRUDE FRANCES RAGIN

*"Gert"*

New London, Connecticut

Gert is one of the merry crew that goes downtown on those weekly "observation teaching" sprees which have as their purpose the rather doubtful joy of tasting beforehand the perils that lie ahead. On such occasions, you are sure to find her sitting in the last row of a history class. A valued member of Press Board, and a quiet diligent student.



MARGARET MARY RAY

*"Sunny"*

Chicago, Illinois

Sunny is one of the few of us who have kept a well-modulated voice throughout four years of universal noisiness. We also give her credit for an unequaled ability to wear a sweater and skirt in the perfect swagger style. How we laugh at her displaying an icicle discovered in her room, or at her own nonsense jingles. Lastly, may we commend her for such unique possessions as a tremendous flashlight, periscope, strong-boxes, and herds of elephants.

ALICE MARJORIE READ

"Al"

New Haven, Connecticut

Alice has an easy charm of manner coupled with a certain amount of reserve. She is inclined to take life seriously, to think things out carefully, and to arrive at generally sound conclusions. Alice likes to write down her thoughts, and has the literary talent which enables her to do so. She is ready for a horse-back ride or a game of bridge at almost any hour of the day.



JANE BEATRICE RECHT

"Janie"

New York City

Unselfish, magnetic. A delightful naturalness and seeming helplessness balance a wealth of poise and ingeniousness. Jane has a warm sympathy with friends, and an aloofness with strangers. A fine, discriminating mind, and an insatiable desire for knowledge.



ALICE LOUISE RECORD

"Bill"

New Haven, Connecticut

Serious, determined, efficient. A capacity for play and hard work. Frequent weekends at New Haven; weekdays crammed with study, literary discussions galore, listening to the radio, arguing about this and that. Undemonstrative, sincere, and aggressive. Hours of concentrated work, then suddenly whispered conferences and mischief afoot! White sailor pants at Freshman pageant, bird walks, Spanish play, bicycle rides, and Editor Bill of *C. C. News*.





PAULA OTTILIE REYMANN

"P. O."

Wheeling, West Virginia

Attractive, vivid, gracious. Warm, generous, and loyal, with an even disposition and simplicity of character. Artistic, unpretentious, sincere. A charming naïveté and infectious laughs. Paula embodies the mixture of a reserved dignity and an impulsive naturalness.



RUTH BENNETT ROSE

"Ruthie"

Huntington, Long Island, New York

"Let's go down to Ruthie's room and listen to the Mills Brothers." It is amazing how many Blackstonites that tiny single holds. Point a finger at Ruthie's ribs and you are faced with a case of superb hysterics. She is grand fun; she is tiny; she has "jools" galore; she is smart; she is an ardent advocate of parent education. Look out for Ruthie.



MARGARET Y. ROYALL

"Peger"

Glen Ridge, New Jersey

Here is the ingenious Senior who instigated the new hairdress *à la* aluminum curlers, a most fitting coiffure for the Armistice Day Chapel, but nevertheless becoming to those auburn locks. Peger's gift of ludicrous expression has turned many a serious parley into repartee. On the serious side, she is sensitive to values and capable of lasting friendships.

LOUISE SALES

"Lou"

Louisville, Kentucky

Once in a blue moon we meet a person so amiable, whimsical, so truly a lady, that to count her a friend is our chief aim. Such is this Southern girl. For all she has a vivacious side; for a few a sensitive, thoughtful side enhanced by extraordinary booklore. She delights in her musical activities, *Quarterly* work, riding. Everyone knows her as the girl in the "1000 mile Speed Test" wagon.



ADELE VIRGINIA SCHANHER

"Ginnie"

Mount Clemens, Michigan

Ginnie is our perfect lady and perfect hostess. You can somehow see Ginnie graciously receiving heaps of very distinguished people in a charming house. Ginnie is one of the big guns over in the *News* office. She fumes and worries over there every week getting out the paper. She is famed for her speech on "Class Spirit" which she never gave. When you want a grand companion and real friend, seek out Ginnie.



VIVIAN ELIZABETH SCHLEMMER

"Pete"

Fredericksburg, Virginia

When all other sources of gossip fail, Pete will be pretty sure to help you out, for such is her "nose for news". She's always on hand to help you out in other ways too, for efficiency is her middle name. Pete's domesticity is unbounded and there never was a Home Ec major more symbolic of her profession. If the way to a man's heart is really through his stomach, her worries should be few.





MURIEL MAY SCHLOSBERG

*"Cassie"*

Brooklyn, New York

Cassie must be a joy to those harrassed professors who continually make fruitless searches for someone who thinks philosophically and speaks clearly. We stop, look, and listen when Cassie has the floor for we instinctively recognize that these are no idle thoughts that float upon the air. Likewise we hearken willingly to the humorous remarks she is so often given to. And the revival of Galemiog's Cake-walk is always welcome.



MARJORIE SEYMOUR

*"Marge"*

Lakewood, Ohio

Marge — distinguished-looking, always wearing an unusual costume. Besides being one of our best students, she is one of the best tap-dancers that ever hit campus. Sometimes Marge is warm and girlish, sometimes cool and worldly. She has a manner of speaking and use of words which you gradually pick up and make your own — "hideous" is her pet. The gal has a startling appetite and never gains a pound — lucky girl!



MABEL ALMA SKILTON

*"Skilly"*

Hartford, Connecticut

Those cool green eyes sometimes express her thoughts better than words possibly could; her smile is warm and quiet. And if you really want to please Skilly, just give her some tiny trinket to add to the vast collection on her dressing-table. As President of Music Club we find her competent. She is an artist, and we are proud of the musical talent that has given enjoyment to us all.

HELEN GILLMAN SMILEY

*"Smiley"*

Louisville, Kentucky

"Smiley" is the perfect nickname for Helen. She is typically Kentuckian—easy-going, and fond of sleep. Her trunk remained unpacked for three weeks until finally some young "helpfuls" hung the whole third floor of Blackstone with her clothes. She has a sweet disposition but a mind of her own. A fiend at bridge, a stage-manager superb. She talks entirely with her lower lip—really a fascinating feat, and she has changed her major innumerable times.



VICTORIA ELDRIDGE STEARNS

*"Vicky"*

Melrose Heights, Massachusetts

There is a bit of the philosopher in Vicky, and there is very little upon which she does not formulate an opinion. She sees something interesting in even the slightest details. You never know just what state of mind you will find Vicky in, for she is up one day and down the next. Always appreciative of and loyal to her friends. Vicky has found a warm spot in the hearts of many.



GRACE ELIZABETH STEPHENS

*"Gay"*

East Hampton, Long Island

Her room is usually so crowded with radio fans or tea drinkers that it is a wonder Gay can find a place for herself. She makes us feel completely at home in her big blue chair, surrounded by oranges, pillows, and magazines. Believe it or not, our dignified Student Government President frequently falls into such uncontrollable fits of laughter that we are actually moved to pity. Gay is our dependable information bureau for contract rules, nights out, and many other things.





VIRGINIA STEVENSON

*"Steve"*

New Rochelle, New York

Have you ever noticed the grocery store on Steve's window sill—the supply base for her very informal parties? And have you seen her just before a play tearing around in a wild search for missing "props"? And, then again, it is fun to sit and talk quietly with Steve about art, music, and literature, for at such times we find her clever, appreciative, intelligent, and fine.



RUTH SHERIDAN STIMSON

*"Stimpie"*

Princeton, New Jersey

There goes that born dancer imitating another new step. There goes that inveterate tease making more mischief. Who is that earnest student writing page after page of well chosen "points" in Psych, Education, or English? And who is that sports enthusiast rushing into the game or cheering wildly from the sidelines? Stimpie, of course!



DOROTHY IRWIN STOKES

*"Dot"*

Old Saybrook, Connecticut

Music and Dot go hand-in-hand. She is either faithfully pounding out rhythm for some hopeless tapping class, furnishing a little jazz to eager listeners, playing for her own enjoyment, or appearing on a college program. Her cheerful disposition, her contagious mirth covering a deeper, more serious side that few really know, and her sensitiveness to the moods of others make her the optimistic and genuine friend that she is.

ELIZABETH TILLEY STONE

*"Lib"*

Southington, Connecticut

Lib's husky voice croons a snappy rhythm and, with a Cheshire grin on her freckled face and a wrinkle on her turned-up nose, she gives an exhibition of the fastest, fanciest steps you ever saw. "With a hey nonny nonny and a hot-cha-cha" she sings along on her way — happy-go-lucky Lib.



MARTHA MARCIA SULMAN

*"Mart"*

New London, Connecticut

Brown hair and brown eyes — tidiness and self-possession. Optimistic, interested, friendly — an enthusiast in all she does. A gay companion and a loyal friend. A hard worker who gets excellent results — shades of Eighteenth Century French!



JANET SWAN

*"Sistah"*

Lowell, Massachusetts

Janet is the surest proof in the world that a Physical Ed. major doesn't necessarily look the part. The only "ath-a-letic" thing about her is that springy walk and swinging left arm which gets into action when Janet is going somewhere — and she usually is. Her pet trick is eating Roquefort cheese and crackers in bed. Her avocation is Service League work in which she shows her fine ability for sound leadership.







VIRGINIA SWAN

*"Sistah"*

Lowell, Massachusetts

Ginny is our diminutive but necessarily impressive Senior Class President. Her cool smile and blue eyes indicate an evenness of temper. There is a definite touch of sophistication, too, reflected in her poised assurance. However, just to make matters more complicated, we must mention the silly laugh that pops up at frequent intervals. The Class Prexy willingly deserts her lofty perch, and becomes merely "Sistah" or, unwillingly, "Platty" of the silver locks.



CHARLOTTE TERHUNE

*"Charlie"*

Fairhaven, Massachusetts

We see black curly hair, and friendly sparkling eyes. We warm to a greeting merrily tossed as she passes by. We know in her a person of innate fineness and distinction, of steady seriousness plus delightful humor. We imagine that some day Charlie will have a house with rooms full of good books. She came to us as a transfer Junior year, and has brought much to those who know her.



DOROTHY TOMKINSON

*"Doder"*

Akron, Ohio

"Day and night you are the one", sings Doder to her pillow. What could be more typical of the gal from the big rubber city who razzes Firestone and goes into ecstacies over Goodrich. What a sense of humor, what an up-and-coming sense of duty! Some day when she has become the doctor's dilemma, Doder hopes to collect beautiful books. Who'd ever think that of a stick of dynamite weighing ninety-eight pounds!

## ESTHER TYLER

"Ty"

Noroton Heights, Connecticut

Here we have a unique personality. A study in contrasts — unconventional, and then again, very conventional. An individual of fierce likes and dislikes. A formidable opponent in argument — whether the subject be Religion, Hoover, or Senior Gym, Tyler always wins. Ty's sense of humor is constant — except during breakfast; her habit of exaggeration incurable; her delight in "stewing" unfeigned. She works in spurts and usually accomplishes much in a short time. Above all, talented, real, and thoroughly lovable.



## ABBIE RUTH USHER

Plainville, Connecticut

To think of Abbie is to recall many things musical — *Iolanthe*, Christmas carols, a deep appreciation of the best in music, classical or modern. One remembers other things about her too — a deep, charming voice, a way of dancing that is typically Abbie, that familiar "wouldn't someone like to play bridge for a little while?" A tall, poised figure in evening clothes, a sudden outburst of pure silliness, a quiet yet spirited defense of fine ideals.



## VIRGINIA VAIL

"Ginny"

Cleveland, Ohio

"Whoops m'dear!" Enter Gin and our attempts at wit are immediately appreciated, for her sense of humor is unfailingly responsive. A weekly cake from Cleveland, the very choicest of Tyler-Cairney sandwiches — as many of them as she wants — yet no effect on that enviable figure. Dates in a laundry truck; a veritable passion for Ed Wynn and Beatrice Lillie. An infectious laugh. Good taste in clothes. Unconsciously graceful, self-contained, and apparently sophisticated.





CATHERINE MARIE VAN DERLYKE  
*"Vandie"*

New London, Connecticut

Macedonia had her Alexander, England had her Alfred, and we our Vandie! Her popularity is so justly deserved that we will not go into detail about it. Let us just say that without her the Commuter's Club would be like a ship, noble it is true, but a ship without a skipper.



JESSIE WACHENHEIM  
*"Wachie"*

New Rochelle, New York

There's earnest purpose and efficiency within that thar blue middy. We will admit that it makes us nervous to see the privacies of a gizzard carefully sketched on paper, but that's what her dear teacher demands, and what can Wachie do? A passion for practical jokes. An originality for rhyme schemes. And just watch her play basketball and you'll get it—clean, skillful, fair play. A thoroughly good sport, Wachie.



ELLEN ELSA WALDECKER  
Braintree, Massachusetts

In those depressing moments in which college girls sometimes indulge, it is a joy to know someone who has a real and, at the same time, sympathetic sense of humor. Elsa is the first to pop forth with an amusing quip, as likely to be directed at herself as at others. If we seem to be unduly partial to Waldecker, we only express our appreciation for that welcome quality—good fellowship.

HELEN ELIZABETH WALLIS

"Wally"

Mount Vernon, New York

Where does Wally get her drawl? It is as distinctly her own as her childish desire to be fussed over. Wally—serious or frivolous; crystalizing her own philosophy of life, or wondering how to make that white evening dress do for the next week-end spree; reading fine poetry, or pounding out rhythm on the piano. But always Wally—warm-hearted and interested.



ELIZABETH WARDEN

Worcester, Massachusetts

A breathy sigh followed by an "O dear" slightly plaintive, characteristically announces Elizabeth's near presence. *Comfortable* would describe her—comfortable, quiet, but never commonplace; her humor is too surprisingly and essentially her own. Despite her virtues, she is yet extremely modest. Photography, music, the classics, odd information, errands willingly executed—all spell Elizabeth.



JANE CAROLYN WERTHEIMER

"Jerry"

St. Louis, Missouri

*Crack* is her motto—wise cracks and joint cracks! Wherever riseth a general moan, and a general smile—there, a-pun my word, mayest find Jerry. She allows people to seat her in flower beds; she does her only sleeping in the Libe! But there is more than a laugh to Jerry—a quick, fertile brain; a warm, sympathetic heart; a fine set of values and a steady philosophy. Take it from us—a pretty fine friend, Jerry.





DOROTHY MORRIS WHEELER

*"Dottie"*

Storrs, Connecticut

When we think of Dottie there immediately comes to our minds a picture of her deftly tapping the keys of a typewriter, or snatching a cake from the oven at the psychological moment. Dottie — perfectly setting off a smooth evening dress, but shining just as brightly in a gym tunic. We know you will be happy, Dottie, even when there are dishes to be done.



ESTHER BROCKETT WHITE

*"Red"*

Summit, New Jersey

Out of a long and embarrassed silence comes a laugh as hearty and refreshing as a stiff breeze on a hot day. Someone has forced an entrance into the Infirm. Someone likes to talk to the chaperones — to cut on the men who can't dance. Someone always laughs and always worries. Full of crazy pranks and careful, conventional ideas. A mad Puck with a warm Victorian heart. Inimitable Red and lovable Essie Brockett.



HELEN ELSIE WOOD

*"Woodie"*

Hollis, New York

Expressive brown eyes and a lovely soprano voice. Spreads at any hour; making new girls feel at home. Choir rehearsals and Glee Club always on her mind. A scientific, mathematical view of things. Happy, good-natured, and always looking on the bright side of life.

BETTY ZERWECK

Newark, New Jersey

Her quietness is her most impressive feature — she is the veriest mouse. She does things while others are thinking about doing them. Warm-hearted, the essence of devotion. Her own life is so well-ordered it is the envy of the more tempestuous of us. Though subdued, she has her enthusiasms — domestic, athletic — witness the horsewoman — and sociological — remember that survey of New London.



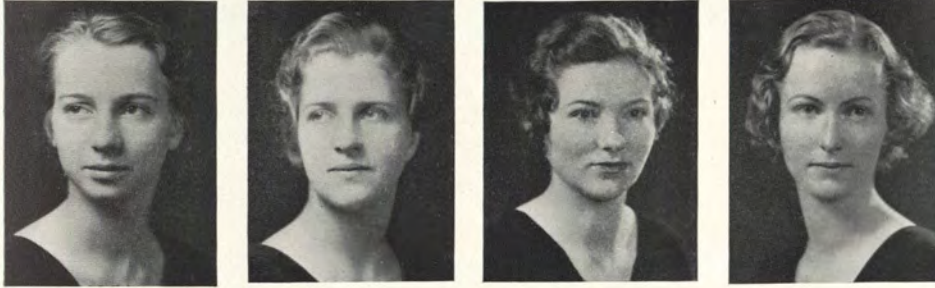
### Traditional Mascot Song

High up among the blue Thames hills,  
There is a spot our memory thrills,  
And our hearts with pride shall swell once more  
As we think of our Mascot there.  
Mascot we love thee, thy name so fair  
Bring back as years go by, thoughts of good cheer.  
Mascot, we hail thee, steadfast and strong.  
Our loyal love to thee will e'er belong.









### Class of 1934

JANET TOWNSEND	<i>President</i>
RUTH JONES	<i>Vice-President</i>
LILLIAN BACON	<i>Secretary</i>
EMILY BENEDICT	<i>Treasurer</i>
JANE ALEXANDER	<i>Chairman of Entertainment</i>
MARJORIE BISHOP	<i>Chairman of Decoration</i>
JANE TRACE	<i>Chairman of Auditing</i>
MINNA BARNET	<i>Chairman of Sports</i>
VERA WARDE	<i>Historian</i>
ELIZABETH ARCHER	<i>Song Leader</i>
GRACE NICOLL	<i>Cheer Leader</i>

And yet not so different from our Sophomore selves, the Class of '34 returned to campus with feelings of dignity and good intentions of joining the ranks of Junior sisters. Our first attempt was to parade our newest selves in a Knowlton fashion show, hoping by chance to entertain our Freshmen sisters. But anon we cast aside the fine array and met with them and other classes in hockey games and moonlight sings throughout the fall. The time did fly so quickly that soon examinations were upon us, and we found we were still akin to our sisters.

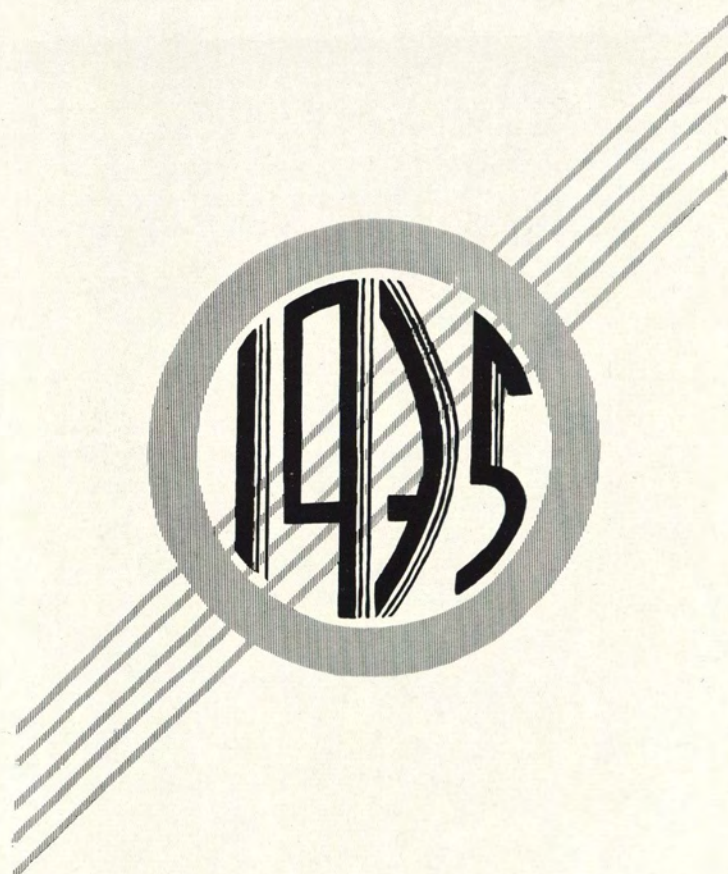
With the glory of Mid-Winter Formal breaking upon us, second half of our Junior year was ushered in. And then to the long awaited event — to be the masters of the Mascot, to watch the Sophomores hunt, and to evade in glee. Basketball games, and Mascot songs, Sophomores haunting the dormitories, and decoys being rushed about! Banquet and Mascot are two more happy events of many.

And so we had only spring between us and Seniorism. Competitive Plays were truly successful and Junior-Senior tea a delightful event. But it was Junior Prom week-end that was the climax! There is only one of these. We ended in a glow of pleasureable excitement, all in fine array once more.

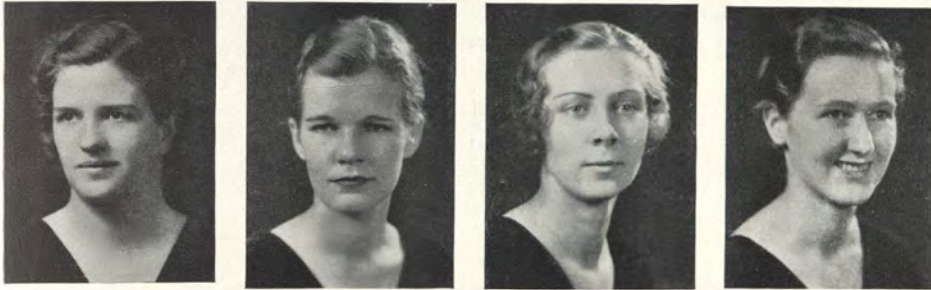
To 1933 we bid farewell with a wish that the best were not passing by so quickly. The year has brought us much, and yet we are still not so different from our Sophomore selves!

### **Sister Class Song**

Deep down in our hearts,  
We've got a feeling for you —  
Oh yes! a feeling for you.  
As we come to sing,  
Our hearts are open to you,  
Because we know you're true blue.  
So now, our Sister Class,  
We'll keep on thinking of you,  
And keep on loving you, too,  
For we've got a sisterly feeling for you  
Deep down in our hearts.







### Class of 1935

FRANCES RUSH	President
DORIS GILBERT	Vice-President
KATHERINE JENKS	Secretary
HARRIET WEBSTER	Treasurer
MARY BACH	Chairman of Entertainment
CHARLOTTE HARBURGER	Chairman of Sports
LYDIA ALBREE	Chairman of Auditing
MARY STOVER	Historian
PRISCILLA SAWTELLE	Song Leader
MADLINE HUGHES	Cheer Leader

"Present arms! Down on your knees, Freshmen!" So, amidst the drilling of clumsy feet, our own army started on the second lap of its march of progress, exercising a stern military influence over the Freshmen recruits. For several days these humble rookies marched, bowed, and saluted at our bidding, in proper dread of a full military trial and subsequent court martial at the hands of the awe-inspiring Sophomore Officials. Many were reported to have lost those becoming sets of teeth — from chattering with fear, we think.

Soon the smoke of battle died away, and the two contending factions signed a formal, happy truce at the Senior-Sophomore party to the Freshmen. A dance floor surrounded by little tables mantled with red and white checked table cloths and candles dripping jaggedly down over bottles; all produced a gay, rather Bohemian atmosphere.

Our ranks further proved their versatility by the great success of the year—the Sophomore Hop. A spot-light threw multi-colored soft lights on brilliant gowns and dark, masculine attire as we danced to Ted Black's rhythmic music. The occasional flash of black and silver dance programs, sprayed with a sudden blue or orange glow, completed a gay, colorful, and never-to-be-forgotten scene.

The boom of distant guns—Mid-Year! Over the top. Then a peace soon shattered by the excitement of Mascot Hunt. Mysterious groups dotted campus, suspects were tracked, and enthusiasm prevailed.

We are marching steadily forward—arms swinging, and heads held high. Sophomore year was a full and happy one.

### Freshman Song

O '36! We will loyal be,  
Dear '36, we'll honor thee.  
Forever reaching toward the best  
And always equal to each test  
of friendliness.

To show our love in every little deed,  
To scatter sunshine where there's a need,  
In readiness we live to serve.  
This challenge our class deserves.









### Class of 1936

JOSEPHINE MERRICK	<i>President</i>
MAUDE RENNIE	<i>Vice-President</i>
GRACE RANCH	<i>Secretary</i>
ELIZABETH TAYLOR	<i>Treasurer</i>
PATRICIA BURTON	<i>Chairman of Entertainment</i>
FRANCES HAVEN	<i>Chairman of Decoration</i>
DOROTHY BODIN	<i>Chairman of Sports</i>
MARGARET THOMAN	<i>Historian</i>
GERTRUDE WEYHE	<i>Auditor</i>
MARGARET WATERMAN	<i>Cheer Leader</i>
MARGARET WATERMAN	<i>Song Leader</i>

Ave, O Upper Classmen! We, the Freshmen, salute you. We have met the foe, and they are ours. We now breathe with you for our Alma Mater, happy to be here, anxious to stay.

When we marshalled our forces for Freshman Week, we were not confident of the future. Step by step, however, we marched to the tune of "Freshman follow me"; "C" Quiz, when we attempted to show our knowledge of this and that; Initiation, when we paraded in gym clothes, multi-colored head-dresses, false teeth, and working-men's gloves befitting our lowly ranks. We were court-martialled and warned of our faults. We stood up under our sentences, repented, and advanced to Christmas carols, leave, and then—exams. The foe vanquished with a *coup d'état*, we could truly say, "This is our own, our Alma Mater".

Second semester, long awaited, was upon us with new privileges, established friendships, victories in basketball games—everything to make us want to carry on the banner of buff and blue. We upset the tradition of Freshman Pageant and gave a Freshman Circus. Recalling our initiation, we brought back the clowns of '36 before they passed on the make-up to the clowns of '37.

And so we will go on as we have come, heads high and banners streaming. Ave, O Connecticut College!

### So Here's to Dear C. C.

So here's to dear C. C., our college on the  
hilltop by the sea;

Her classes four shall evermore stand by in all  
sincerity.

Extol her noble name;

Tell abroad her glorious fame.

C. C., to thee,

We sing in love and loyalty.

C. C., to thee,

We sing in love and loyalty.

ORGANIZATIONS





## Student Government Oath

*(Adapted from the Athenian Oath)*

We will never, by any selfish or other unworthy act, dishonor this, our College; individually and collectively we will foster her ideals 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.



## Cabinet

GRACE STEPHENS, '33	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH MILLER, '33	<i>Vice-President</i>
LYDIA ALBREE, '35	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33	ESTHER TYLER, '33
DOROTHY MERRILL, '34	ELSIE NELSON, '33
JANE GRISWOLD, '33	VIRGINIA SWAN, '33
ALICE RECORD, '33	JANET TOWNSEND, '34
SUSAN CRAWFORD, '33	FRANCES RUSH, '35

Cabinet is composed of the officers of Student Government, the Chief Justice of Honor Court, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the four Class Presidents, and the heads of the major organizations. As the executive body of Student Government, Cabinet handles all matters not under faculty jurisdiction. It is the aim of this group to maintain the high ideals of Student Government and to promote a fine feeling of community life in which integrity, intelligence, and coöperation are the paramount characteristics.



## Honor Court

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33	. . . . .	<i>Chief Justice</i>
ELEANOR JONES AND JOAN GARVER	. . . . .	1933
MARJORIE YOUNG AND ANNE SHEWELL	. . . . .	1934
BARBARA STOTT AND RUTH FORDYCE	. . . . .	1935

Honor Court is the judicial branch of Student Government. It is composed of a Chief Justice from the Senior Class, and six judges, two from each of the three upper classes. Its functions are to interpret any Student Government regulations about which there is any doubt, to penalize any violations of Student Government regulations, and to suggest new legislation to the House of Representatives. Its one criterion of judgment is the Honor Code, which makes each student responsible for her conduct, socially and academically.



## House of Representatives

DOROTHY MERRILL, '34

*Speaker of the House*

The House of Representatives is made up of twenty-nine members; the Speaker of the House, the various House Presidents, the President of the Commuters Club, and the Members-at-Large of on-campus houses, who are elected so that the representation will be more equitable. It is thus representative of the whole student body, and it is through this channel that students may bring up any suggestions pertaining to the betterment of Student Government. At the bi-monthly meetings, the various members bring up matters recommended by the students and, in turn, carry back to their houses suggestions of the Faculty and of Student Government itself. In this way, there is a link established between the Faculty and the students.

This year the House of Representatives inaugurated a new system of house committees. In addition to the regular House Officers, the House-Fellow and the Proctors for each floor became members of the committee, thus making the committee a larger, more representative body.





### Service League

JANE GRISWOLD, '33	<i>President</i>
MARY SEABURY, '34	<i>Vice-President</i>
HAZEL DEPEEW, '35	<i>Secretary</i>
BARBARA MEAKER, '34	<i>Treasurer</i>

"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" is the aim of Service League. The entire college are members of this organization, whose activities, with the above aim in view, are carried on by a cabinet consisting of seven members. Social service work with children is done at the Mission House in New London where, several nights during the week, a number of college students have organized groups. At Thanksgiving each year, about thirty families are provided with large baskets of food; at Christmas time we extend our social service activities to the Christadora House in New York City, where are sent a number of dolls, handsomely dressed by the students themselves. In the broader international field, we have the Student-Friendship Fund, which enables us to bring over a foreign student for enrollment here every few years. This year Service League sponsored a peace film called *Must War Be* as an attempt to formulate student opinion on World Peace. In the inter-collegiate world we cooperate by sending representative students to various conferences and student assemblies, including the Northfield Mid-Winter Conference, Silver Bay, Junior Month, and Camp Felicia. For the social life of the college, Service League gives an informal dance once a month, and sponsors a Glee Club concert and a Mid-Winter Prom. The Chairman of Forum and Debating, and also of the Christian Association are members of the cabinet.

Throughout the year Service League is at the service of the college, both students and Faculty, ready to step in to perform any miscellaneous tasks or emergency activities that arise in a varied college program.



## Connecticut College News

ALICE RECORD, '33	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
MARGARET MILLS, '33	<i>News Editor</i>
JEAN STANLEY, '34	<i>Managing Editor</i>
ESTHER BARLOW, '33	<i>Senior Associate Editor</i>
ANNE CROCKER, '34	<i>Junior Associate Editor</i>
ELIZABETH TURNER, '34	<i>Junior Associate Editor</i>
ELSIE DeFLONG, '33	<i>Art Editor</i>
ALICE READ, '33	<i>Business Manager</i>
RUTH LISTER, '34	<i>Advertising Manager</i>
RUTH BROOKS, '34	<i>Circulation Manager</i>

The *News* was founded as an organ of expression of student opinion on the campus. With the exception of criticism and suggestion from the members of the Faculty and from the *News* advisor, it is in no way controlled or restricted by outside forces; it is entirely a student organization, written by and for the students. Its aim is to present interestingly the news of the campus and of the outside world connected with campus affairs, to crystalize and summarize student opinion on matters of importance, to furnish a channel through which student viewpoints may be frankly expressed. It does not attempt to take sides on college questions, but rather, to present both sides fairly. The staff this year attempted to improve the paper along these lines.



**Koiné**

EVELYN CARLOUGH	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ALICE KELLY	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Business Manager</i>
ALMA BENNETT	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Senior Literary Editors</i>
ANNA MAY DERGE		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
ESTHER TYLER		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
LYDIA RILEY	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Junior Literary Editors</i>
ERNESTINE HERMAN		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
RUTH HAWKINS	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Art</i>
VIRGINIA VAIL		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
ELEANOR CAIRNEY	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Photography</i>
HARRIET KISTLER		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
RUTH FERREE	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Advertising</i>
LOUISE PRETZINGER		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
VIRGINIA SCHANHER	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Subscriptions</i>



## Quarterly

ERNESTINE HERMAN, '34	. . . . .	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ALMA BENNETT, '33	} . . . . .	<i>Senior Assistants</i>
MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33		
ESTHER TYLER, '33	} . . . . .	<i>Junior Assistants</i>
ANNE CROCKER, '34		
VERA WARDE, '34	} . . . . .	<i>Sophomore Assistants</i>
LOUISE BARRITT, '35		
GLORIA BELSKY, '35	} . . . . .	<i>Art Editor</i>
MARJORIE BISHOP, '34		
WINIFRED DEFOREST, '33	. . . . .	<i>Advertising Manager</i>
PATRICIA MACMANUS, '35	. . . . .	<i>Publishing Editor</i>

*Quarterly* is the publication of the college which strives to encourage creative writing on the part of the students. It is representative of the best literary effort on campus along the lines of poetry, criticism, short story, and description.

This year *Quarterly* particularly sought to stimulate interest and activity among the Freshmen and Sophomores. It also initiated the plan of having in each issue a student criticism of some new book.



### Press Board

ELSIE T. NELSON, '33	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
JEAN PENNOCK, '33	<i>City Editor</i>
MURIEL SCHLOSBERG, '33	<i>Rotogravure Editor</i>
RUTH JONES, '34	<i>Business Editor</i>
EMILY BENEDICT, '34	<i>Managing Editor</i>
MARIAN ANELLO, '35	<i>Assistant Managing Editor</i>

Through the work of Press Board members coöperating with the Publicity Bureau, the news of Connecticut College is sent throughout and beyond New England. Each member of Press Board corresponds with a leading newspaper and provides it with feature stories and news of college activities that are of journalistic interest. Press Board thus acquaints its members with actual newspaper procedure. By means of its rotogravure department, Press Board furthers publicity with pictures taken of the various college events. There is also a sports department that covers the sports activities at college.

Press Board has recently affiliated itself more closely with the Publicity Board, and has now a very impressive office in connection with that bureau on the second floor of Fanning Hall.



"C"

SHEILA HARTWELL, '33	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Editor-in-Chief
MARTHA LUBCHANSKY, '34	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Board of Editors
DOROTHY MERRILL, '34										
CHARLOTTE HARBURGER, '35										
MARGARET CHALKER, '32										
DOROTHY THOMPSON, '32										
	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Ex-Officio

The handbook, the college "C", is an annual publication telling about Student Government and its rules and regulations, and giving general information about college life, the social and academic calendars for the coming year, college traditions, songs, advice to the Freshmen, and Faculty rules and regulations.

A handbook is given to every student with the expectation that it will be learned thoroughly. Every autumn the Freshmen are quizzed on the material within it. In this way the "C" clears up possible misunderstandings that might occur in the interpretation of the rules and traditions, and thus minimizes the danger of their unintentional infringement.

## Senior Class Song

There's a college on a hill,  
Rising up against the blue,  
Where we hold allegiance still,  
O Connecticut, to you.  
May our steps unswerving lead  
Ever upward, ever on,  
Finding noble deed for our every need,  
Finding hope with each new dawn.

O Connecticut, we'll give  
All the love that's ours to you,  
That your name may ever live  
In the glory that is due.  
May our loyalty live long,  
Burning with a steady flame,  
And our voice be strong in a rising song  
To our Alma Mater's name.

CLUBS







## Wig and Candle

ESTHER TYLER, '33	President
JOANNA EAKIN, '33	Vice-President
WINIFRED DeFOREST, '33	Secretary
JOAN GARVER, '33	Treasurer
MARJORY GREEN, '33	Costumes
JOANNA EAKIN, '33	Scenery
VIRGINIA STEVENSON, '33	Properties
SUSAN CRAWFORD, '33	Lights
ELIZABETH KUNKLE, '33	Business Manager
HELEN SMILEY, '33	Stage Manager
LUCILLE CAIN, '33	Make-up

It is the aim of the Wig and Candle to stimulate a keener interest in the theatre and a higher appreciation of drama. The club attempts to provide experience in the designing and executing of stage sets, costumes, lighting effects, etc., and in the selection, direction, acting, and criticism of plays. Through its own productions and through inter-collegiate activities, it hopes to create a more enthusiastic and more discriminating theatre-going audience.

## Amalgamation Play

According to tradition, Wig and Candle opened its season with a one act play, presented after the first Amalgamation Meeting. *Sweet and Twenty* by Floyd Dell welcomed us back in a fine atmosphere of maniacs and keepers, befuddled youths and gushing maidens — all disporting themselves 'neath the apple blossoms. Verily, we had our own misgivings as to the equilibrium of a few Seniorial minds.

## Fall Play

The first long play of the season came in November in the shape of *The Young Idea* by Noel Coward. The long-talked-of new flats—*scenery* to you of the non-theatrical minds—at last put in their appearance. Jo Eakin, with radiator gilt in her hair, distinguished herself by designing the scenery and carrying off a major part. Perhaps we were not quite up to trying Noel Coward. At any rate, the production was kindly received and we had discovered considerable new talent.

## Competitive Play

In April came Competitive Plays. This tournament has for some time been one of the liveliest of our activities. Each class chooses, casts, and presents a one act play in competition for a silver cup. Work is confined to a period of two weeks; finances are restricted to a sum of twenty-five dollars; all assistance must come only from members of the class. Judges from the Faculty make final decisions, considering choice of play, set, and acting. In many ways this is the most alive of our dramatic efforts. Shades of Will Shakespeare, the Willow Plate, the Dark Lady, and the Beefeater!

## Spring Play

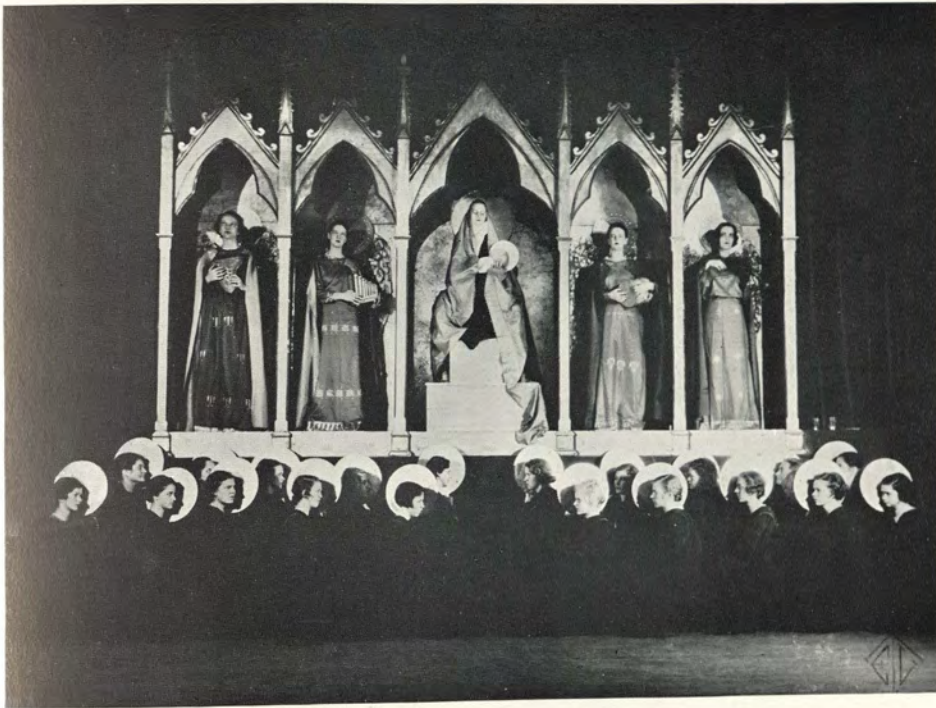
Spring Play is the second of the longer productions of the Wig and Candle. It carries the special interest of being directed by the incoming officers and of being presented again in June under the dignified title of Commencement Play. The Spring Play directed by the officers of '33 was no less than Philip Barry's *Holiday*. Of all our endeavors this was, perhaps the most enthusiastically received. It certainly was the biggest venture undertaken. The naturalness of a certain portrayal of degenerate drunkenness was a bit alarming. But oh! the sincerity and the appeal of Johnny! Let it only be said that, as we bequeath our wigs and candles to those who follow, it is our one great satisfaction to murmur with a hint of triumph, "Ah, yes! But when we did *Holiday*—".



### Fall Play

Noel Coward's *The Young Idea* was presented in the College Gymnasium on November twelfth. The cast of the play was:

GEORGE BRENT	MARY MACKAY
GRETA, <i>his daughter</i>	ALISON RUSH
SHOLTA, <i>his son</i>	ESTHER TYLER
JENNIFER ( <i>his first wife divorced</i> )	JOANNA EAKIN
CICELY ( <i>his second wife</i> )	LETITIA WILLIAMS
PRISCILLA HATTLEBERRY	ELSIE DEFLONG
CLAUD ECCLES	ELIZABETH TURNER
JULIA CRAGWORTHY	ELIZABETH SAWYER
EUSTACE DABBIT	ALMA NICHOLS
SIBYL BLAITH	VIRGINIA GOLDEN
RODNEY MASTERS	CHARLOTTE HARBURGER
HUDDLE ( <i>butler</i> )	HARIETTE BUESCHER
HIRAM J. WALKIN	MARTHA PRENDERGAST
MARIA ( <i>servant at the Villa</i> )	LYDIA ALBREE



## Christmas Pageant

### FLORENTINE MADONNA

Again on the eve of Christmas vacation the entire college gathered for the annual Christmas Pageant. The tradition has grown up that every year at this time a religious service be held, closing with a tableau of Madonna and Child. The Art Department designs and executes the costumes and scenery; the Faculty and Choir participate in the presentation. An original picture, embodying the characteristics of a certain time or of a certain group of artists, is portrayed. This year the Pageant embodied the characteristics of the period of Fra Angelico. *The Florentine Madonna* was on a larger scale than ever before.

A Prologue in the form of a proclamation invited the audience into the cathedral for the unveiling of the great painting. The members of the Medici family and the other potentates of Florence, with their attendants, formed a procession down the center aisle, followed by the Choir, candles in hand, singing their Latin hymn. Slowly the procession passed out of sight beyond the curtain. We waited in the darkness of the cathedral. In the breathless pause that followed that unveiling was born the realization of the supreme beauty of this tradition.



## Glee Club

FREDERICK S. WELD	<i>Director</i>
RUTH FERREE, '33	<i>President</i>
MILICENT WAGHORN, '34	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOIS POND, '35	<i>Business Manager</i>

Once again the Glee Club brought to life a favorite Gilbert and Sullivan opera. This year it was the rollicking *Pirates of Penzance*. The cast was:

RICHARD, <i>a Pirate Chief</i>	DOROTHY BOOMER
SAMUEL, <i>his Lieutenant</i>	ELSIE DEFLONG
FREDERICK, <i>a Pirate Apprentice</i>	PRISCILLA SAWTELLE
MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY, <i>of the British Army</i>	HELEN WOOD
EDWARD, <i>a Sergeant of Police</i>	RUTH FERREE
MABEL, <i>General Stanley's Youngest Daughter</i>	ALISON RUSH
KATE	WINIFRED BURROUGHS
EDITH } <i>General Stanley's Daughters</i> {	ELIZABETH BURGER
ISABEL }	SERENA BLODGETT
RUTH, <i>a Piratical "Maid of-all-work"</i>	MARTHA JOHNSON

CHORUS OF PIRATES, GIRLS, AND POLICEMEN



## Choir

DR. J. LAWRENCE ERB

*Director*

This year Choir was larger than it has ever been before. It also had a busier program than in former years. Besides its functions at Sunday Vespers, Christmas and May Day Services, and at Commencement, the Choir sang in chapel once a month. In the fall, Hayden's *Creation* was given with the assistance of soloists and a men's chorus. In April, a concert of religious and secular songs was given. 1933 was a very successful year for Choir.

## Music Club

ALMA SKILTON, '33	President
ELIZABETH WARDEN, '33	Chairman of Program Committee
ELIZABETH DUTCH, '35	Secretary-Treasurer

Music Club was organized two years ago with the help and support of the members of the present Senior Class. Its aim is to stimulate the musical interests of all students, not only of those who are talented, but also of those who have merely a fondness for music. Meetings are held once a month, to which Faculty members as well as students are invited. This year Music Club sponsored a piano recital by Mr. Bauer, and presented several informal programs, one of which consisted entirely of original student compositions; another was a novel and amusing entertainment in the form of "Ye Olde Singing School."

## Art Club

RUTH HAWKINS, '33	President
MARY MEAD, '33	Chairman of Program Committee
FLORENCE BAYLIS, '34	Secretary-Treasurer
MARJORIE BISHOP, '34	Chairman of Poster Guild
FRANCES ROOKE, '34	Secretary-Treasurer of Poster Guild

The Art Club, though this is only its second year of existence on the campus, has found a place for itself in our extra-curricular activities. The purpose of this club is to stimulate student interest in all phases of art by means of student participation and the bringing in of outside speakers. Poster Guild has become a part of this organization. Although few meetings were held this year, the genuine interest and enthusiasm that was shown justified the presence of the Club.

## Poetry Group

The Poetry Group, which was organized just last year, meets fortnightly to read and discuss the poems written by its members. These meetings are usually attended by Dr. Wells, who serves as a wise and helpful advisor. The objects of the Poetry Group are threefold: to improve the quality of the work done by its members, to give them an acquaintance with the verse written by one another, and to bring all those interested in writing poetry into contact with each other. The Poetry Group is still an independent unit, but it hopes to become associated later with the National College Poetry Society, thus making contacts with poetry groups of other colleges and universities. Although the Poetry Group is still in a purely experimental stage, it has had several poems published in the *International Students' Magazine*, and it has made contributions to *Quarterly*.

## Christian Association

ALICE TAYLOR, '34	<i>Chairman</i>
RUTH FERREE AND HELEN PEASLEY	<i>Senior Members</i>
JANE PETREQUIN AND JANE TRACE	<i>Junior Members</i>
CHARLOTTE BELL AND BARBARA HERVEY	<i>Sophomore Members</i>
DOROTHY PIKE AND ELIZABETH GEARHART	<i>Freshman Members</i>

The Christian Association was organized to stimulate interest on campus in religious thought and work through discussion groups and student participation in services.

Delegates were chosen to represent Connecticut at a series of inter-collegiate conferences, and several successful student chapels were held throughout the year.

## Forum - Debating

ALICE KELLY, '33	<i>President</i>
PATRICIA MACMANUS, '35	<i>Secretary</i>
BARBARA MEAKER, '34	<i>Sub-Head of Forum</i>

The Forum and Debating Clubs were united this year in order to bring together all those who like to take part in debates, those who enjoyed informal discussions, and those who are interested in present day affairs.

To serve this purpose, Forum first directed an extensive political campaign. After the mock election, Forum turned to other subjects and finally ended the year by having Mrs. Morrison lead four discussions on "Women in the World Today".

Besides a Junior-Senior debate, Connecticut debated against the Oxford team on the subject, "Resolved: that Socialism Provides No Remedy for the Present Crises", and against the Yale team on the subject, "Resolved: that The Divorce Laws Should Be Made Uniform in the United States."

## Philosophy Reading Group

Every Thursday at seven-thirty a group of girls interested in the serious discussion of philosophical questions gathers in the comfortable living-room of Knowlton Hall for a bit of reading and argument under the guidance of Dr. Morris. Easy-chairs, cigarettes, and the book under discussion make the short hour that this group has together one of the most interesting events of the week. The object of the work this year was to read through Overstreet's *The Enduring Quest*, to dissect the parts that were most stimulating, and to give the members of the group a start on the road to forming a philosophy of their own. The work was well done. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the meetings is the fact that the members have the chance to get new ideas from their fellow students, from the book being read, and from Dr. Morris himself.



## Science Club

DOROTHY HAMILTON, '33	<i>President</i>
SARAH BUCHSTANE, '33	<i>Vice-President</i>
LYDIA ALBREE, '35	<i>Secretary</i>
VERA WARBASSE, '35	<i>Treasurer</i>

Since we were invited to join the Student Science Group of the Colleges of the Connecticut Valley two years ago, one of the important activities of the club has been to prepare during each spring for the annual Conference. At Wesleyan this year, representatives from our various Science Departments gave a number of talks and demonstrations. The purpose of the Conference is to stimulate student interest in individual study in scientific fields. The Club meetings are conducted in the interest of all the departments, each one taking charge of at least one program during the year. At the Christmas meeting, current event topics from every field were presented.

## History and Social Science Club

JEAN L. PENNOCK, '33	<i>President</i>
NATALIE B. IDE, '33	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH H. OVERTON, '33	<i>Chairman of International Relations</i>
BARBARA MEAKER, '34	<i>Chairman of Young Voters</i>
FRANCES GRECO, '33	<i>Chairman of Sociology</i>

The History and Social Science Club had a varied program this year. It included student activities and outside speakers. Students traveling and studying abroad reported to the Club. A mock election was staged in the fall. A delegation was sent to the Model League of Nations Assembly at which Connecticut represented Turkey and Iraq.

## Mathematics Club

DOROTHY WHEELER, '33	<i>President</i>
CATHERINE VAN DERLYKE, '33	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

The Mathematics Club met several times during the past year with a large attendance at each of the meetings. Papers on mathematical philosophy, history, and similar topics of interest were read by Dr. Leib and by some of the majors. After the reading of these papers, general discussions were held during which students voiced their opinions or theories about the development of mathematics today. Just before Christmas vacation a very informal meeting was held to celebrate the traditional Christmas party. Games, not exactly mathematical, but needing a mind trained to think clearly and quickly, were played.

## Psychology Club

MARIAN AGNEW, '33	<i>President</i>
SERENA BLODGETT, '34	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
JANE PETREQUIN, '34	<i>Chairman of Entertainment</i>

The Psychology Club aims to stimulate interest in Psychology and to give individuals not particularly interested in the subject a clearer concept of this comparatively new and often misunderstood science. Experiments in which the students took part, short talks by Mr. Kinsey, and an occasional outside speaker gave variety to the programs.

## Curriculum

ELIZABETH MILLER, '33	<i>Chairman</i>	
<i>Class Representatives</i>		
MARIAN AGNEW, '33	SUSAN CRAWFORD, '33	ALICE TAYLOR, '34
PATRICIA MACMANUS, '35	JANET GRISWOLD, '36	

The Curriculum Committee consists of six members, one from each of the three lower classes, two members from the Senior Class, and the Vice-President of Student Government, who acts as chairman of the Committee. The Committee endeavors to meet every other week as a student body and several times during the year at the home of President Blunt. The Committee carries on a discussion of such academic matters as may seem important and interesting. This year the Committee made an attempt to compare academic affairs on its own campus with those of other colleges. The present grading and testing systems were discussed and a number of changes suggested.

In general, the Curriculum Committee is worthwhile in that it brings about an exchange of ideas between the Faculty and students. It is a real asset to the students because it gives them an opportunity to express their opinions on academic affairs.

## German Club

ALMA LUCKAU	<i>President</i>
EDITH RICHMAN, '34	<i>Vice-President</i>
ERICKA LANGHAMMER, '33	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
ELSIE HOFMANN, '34	<i>Chairman of Entertainment</i>

German Club is of, as well as for, the students. The active coöperation of each individual member helps to form a working program. Every student interested in the German language and literature may belong to it. Its goal is to bring about an understanding of German culture as a whole, by discussing outside of the classroom in a more informal way different phases and problems of the Germany of today—its every day life, as well as its literature and art. The picture of Germany constructed from "atoms" acquired in various disjointed courses, is brought to life in the Club.

## French Club

BARBARA B. MUNDY, '33	<i>President</i>
ANNE SHEWELL, '34	<i>Vice-President</i>
ROSE GILLOTTI, '33	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

The first meeting of the French Club was held in the early fall with Miss Ernst conducting an informal and general discussion. During the year the Club brought three guest lecturers to campus. Philippe Soupault, the French novelist and poet who was received so enthusiastically last year, visited us again and spoke on "Anatole France à Marcel Proust." Albert Farmer, Professor of Comparative Literature at Grenoble, lectured on "Richardson and the French Eighteenth Century Novel." In coöperation with the Education Department, the Club again secured Anjuste Desclos who discussed the European system of examinations.

## Spanish Club

ELIZABETH ARCHER, '34	<i>President</i>
DOROTHY WHEELER, '33	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
PATRICIA MACMANUS, '35	<i>Chairman of Entertainment</i>

At the first meeting of the Spanish Club this year, Mr. Piñol spoke on the current political situation in Spain. Copies of the new Spanish Constitution were distributed among the members. At the completion of the discussion, all the members joined in singing Spanish songs.

A great enthusiasm always prevails at the Club meetings which serve to awaken an interest in Spanish ideals and customs and to heighten a friendly, more intimate relationship between professor and student.

## Italian Club

FRANCES GRECO, '33	<i>President</i>
ALICE GALANTE, '34	<i>Secretary</i>
ROSE GILLOTTI, '33	<i>Treasurer</i>

The Italian Club was founded this year with the aim and purpose of stimulating and directing interest in the Italian language and Italian literature and customs. Already it has met with a warm, enthusiastic reception on the part of the students.

At the first meeting, the Club had the privilege of having as its guest, Professor Riccio of Columbia, who spoke on Italian writers of his acquaintance. Another meeting was devoted exclusively to classical and popular Italian music, and was opened with a brief discourse on Italian music by Signora Trotta. During the year, the Club also presented several Italian films which were both instructive and diverting.

## Alumnae Association

MARION HENDRIE MILLIGAN, '20	<i>President</i>
ROSAMOND BEEBE, '26	<i>First Vice-President</i>
DOROTHY BAYLEY, '28	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
DOROTHY FELTNER, '30	<i>Executive Secretary</i>
FLORENCE HOPPER LEVICK, '27	<i>Treasurer</i>
JENNIE COPELAND, '29	<i>Editor of News</i>
JULIA WARNER, '23	<i>Nominating Chairman</i>

Alumnae, with increasingly important functions, have now full representation on the Board of Trustees. In helping to maintain a high standard of admissions to Connecticut, the members of the various Alumnae Chapters sponsor receptions where they and President Blunt meet prospective students. Chapters and classes responded to the need for emergency scholarships and contributed spontaneously to the Alumnae Scholarship Fund begun last June with the one-thousand dollar gift of the Class of 1932.

Graduate group activity is stimulating, and 1933 participation will be welcomed next year.

## Student-Alumnae House

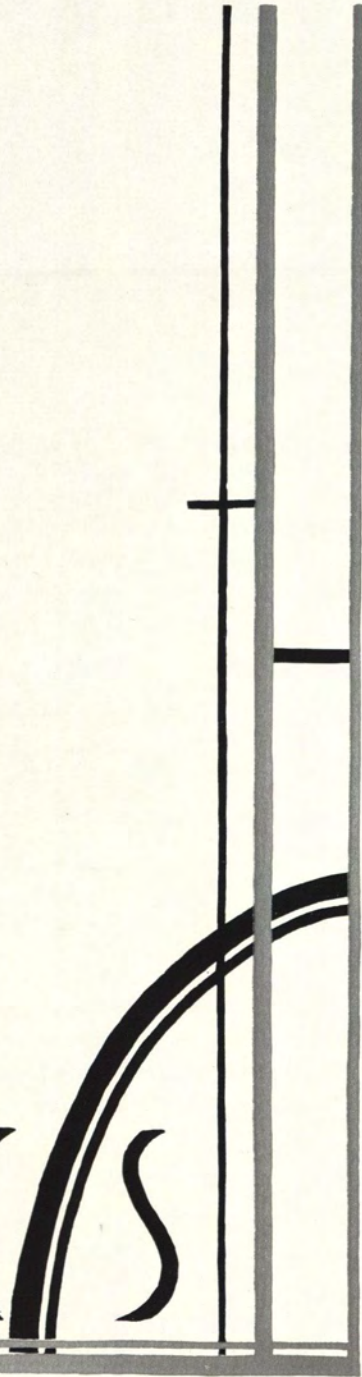
Student Alumnae House is still a dream, but every year's active effort brings it nearer to reality. This year there was a member on the committee from each class, having complete charge of raising funds for the House in whatever manner her class chose towards making this project a success. Among other things, there have been benefit dances, a Senior tea-room, and a rummage sale.

The House is to contain offices for Cabinet, for Honor Court, for all student organizations, chapter rooms for the Alumnae Association, an office for the Graduate Secretary, reading rooms for returning Alumnae—in fact, it will be the center of all unacademic activity. The movement was instituted by Eleanor Fahey in 1929. With the coöperation of the students and the help of the Alumnae, plans were started. Every year since then has brought Student-Alumnae House nearer an actuality. This worthy project is bound to culminate in success.

## I Thought I'd Go to College

I thought I'd go to college, so I said to my ma,  
"I think I'll go to C. C., it isn't very far."  
My mother said to me, "I think that you may go.  
I want to see how big and strong and rosy you can grow."  
C. C., C. C., that's the place for me,  
That is where we have such fun  
And live a life that's free.  
C. C., C. C., come along and see  
How we all join in the fun  
Like one big family.

ATHLETICS





### Athletic Association

SUSAN CRAWFORD, '33	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH ARCHER, '34	<i>Vice-President</i>
ESTHER WHITE, '33	<i>Secretary</i>
CHARLOTTE HARBURGER, '35	<i>Treasurer</i>
DOROTHY HAMILTON, '33	<i>Chairman of C. C. O. C.</i>

The Athletic Association tries to promote an interest in sports and to guide the athletics of the college. All the students of the college are members of the Association. The Council, which meets to organize the work which is done, is comprised of the officers, the chairman of sports for the various classes, and a member of the Physical Education Department acting in an advisory capacity.

One of the most popular and active branches of the organization is the Outing Club. C. C. O. C. has had a great part in developing a spirit of comradeship through its many and varied activities.

This fall an experiment was tried in hockey. A Hockey Club was formed of all those interested in playing, regardless of whether or not they were taking the sport for credit. Many opportunities for informal play were scheduled with teams made up in varying fashion such as "off-campus" and "on-campus" teams, and a Senior-Sophomore team opposing a Junior-Freshman team.

The club plan was also applied to fall riding, and proved very successful, but was not continued for basketball in as much as it was felt that the inter-class games aroused greater enthusiasm among the students. Informal basketball on Saturday afternoons provided opportunity for all those interested in playing.

## Tennis

Tennis has always been one of the most popular sports. There was never a fair day but that racquets were seen struggling to wham their red or white victims into an unsuspected spot. Enthusiasm ran high even during class periods when tournaments were played off during the hours. The winner-loser tournament, which was a new innovation for class play, surprised us all by being great fun. The backboards, which were new this year, were put to good use.

The tournament was not finished in the fall, in spite of an early start, because the courts froze so soon. Interest was keen while we did play, and spring proved that winter had by no means deadened our enthusiasm.

## Golf

Although golf this year was similar to that of former years, being played on the grassy slope which extends from the Library down to the hockey field, we have great hopes for a course next year, built by the city of New London on our own property. In connection with this, we are proud to mention that the plan of the course has been generously given to the college by the father of an alumna.

The present situation, however, has not lessened the enthusiasm of the golf fans. The chance for developing one's technique in form, driving, and putting that small and elusive ball is excellent. Competition in late May is, of course, a most exciting period when everyone has an opportunity to prove her newly acquired skill.

## Riding

EMILY BENEDICT	. . . . .	<i>President</i>
EDITH QUINLAN	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
MILDRED DROWNE	. . . . .	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

Horseback riding made a big advance this past college year as a sport and as a social activity, for, in addition to the regular classes of instruction, the girls formed a Riding Club. Many a Saturday afternoon saw Miss Martin with riders out making new trails, building up stone walls for jumps, clearing paths, and marking courses for a good cross-country ride. The Club members were especially active both seasons and many Faculty, as well as students, turned out for recreational riding. There were several all-day rides and, of course, frequent paper chases.

In the spring the annual Horse Show was managed largely by the girls themselves. Riding in pairs, tandem riding, and the jumping competition proved as interesting as the Gymkhana which preceded the Show. In spite of the few exciting, not to say amusing times—some of us went sailing over our horses' ears—we still rode merrily on.



## Archery

Archery as a spring sport offers excellent peaceful diversion for the many victims of spring fever. The work of the season is directed in view of the Archery Meet which is the grand climax. Last year Connecticut was invited to compete in the Connecticut Valley Inter-Collegiate Telegraphic Meet, which was fun but not as thrilling as playing off a Junior Round here with fellow competitors. The archery field in back of Knowlton is rather picturesque on the day of the Meet with varicolored balloons attached to the targets or ready to ascend into the great open spaces, only to be brought down with a bang by shooting our arrows into the air. We are fortunate in having fine equipment as well as fine coaching in target, distance, flight and clout shooting.

## Swimming

This year we were fortunate in having access to the swimming pool in the new Coast Guard Academy, only a short walk from the college. About fifty eager students signed up to take this new sport and are now able to show off to good advantage in the water. There was hard and precise training in the different strokes so that everyone who had always desired to work up a good crawl at last had plenty of opportunity. There was also diving instruction. Records were kept during the class periods, and class teams were chosen so that the swimmers had just as much to work toward as the athletes who stayed on campus.

## Camp Craft

Camp Craft was initiated into the curriculum this year as an experiment, but was soon decided upon as a permanent fixture because of its popularity. The classes met only twice a week so that a two-hour period on one of those days enabled them to go out in the woods for real, rugged experience. Old clothes were usually in order for the tramps, which generally culminated in a picnic lunch. The class members learned what kinds of wood to use for the different types of fires, and took turns planning the picnic itself. Besides learning how to use a knife, hatchet, and to cook outdoors, they incidentally picked up a few good recipes. The picnics were always a huge success—the kind that one always wants, but seldom experiences.

## Basketball

The customary, and hitherto thought inevitable, tide was turned during the basketball season this year, for the under-classmen, and especially the Freshmen, showed themselves to be of great worth at their first game. Inter-class competition was marked on skill as well as points, but here the neophytes also made a good record. Perhaps the bright Freshman banner had something to do with it. However, it is rumored that their mascot, "Skipper" Lawrence, was really the source of inspiration.

All the teams showed unusual skill and effort. The excitement of the side-lines was great. The gay suits of the four class teams and the lively songs which regularly had the mysterious note of "Mascot Hunt" in them, made the games colorful events.

## Hockey

This year hockey was conducted on a different basis than ever before. Hockey Club was a new improvement which permitted everyone interested to play, regardless of whether or not she was taking hockey for her fall sport. Quite a number of girls responded, and informal hockey was arranged for two or three afternoons a week. Games were played between such teams as "on-campus" and "off-campus", and between sister classes. Unfortunately the season was so rainy as to curtail many opportunities for playing, but it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the Club members. Honorary teams were elected at the close of the season.

## Lacrosse

The intricacies of cradling a crosse were introduced to many for the first time this year, and still proved a mental hazard to those who practised the art last year with more diligence than success. In spite of the difficulty in mastering this old Indian game, it has met with favor at Connecticut. None of the students have yet become adept, but a great deal of enjoyment has been derived, especially from the games played between classes. Lacrosse is a sport imported from England, although it originated among the Aborigines of this country. Connecticut is one of the pioneers in introducing it in this country as a sport for women.

## Tap Dancing

"One, two, three, ball change! What on earth comes next?" such are the meditations of the many would-be tap dancers as they practise night and day in the Gym, in their rooms, and in the corridors. The tappers may be classified according to facial expressions as easily as by the flexibility of the feet. The beginners wear an expression of blank hopelessness, the intermediates look both worried and pleased, while the advanced students assuredly flash a Ziegfeld Folly smile. All of them are entertaining, to say the least. The March exhibition which included solo and chorus tap dancers, was a real treat.

## Folk Dancing

Folk dancing makes even the poor old Seniors feel young and jolly once more as they twirl hand in hand around the Gym. The activity is not only full of fun, music, and rhythm but is also excellent mental and physical exercise. The exhibit was most interesting in that the dances were so finely interpreted as to cleverly represent the different countries. The girls appeared in costumes from all corners of the earth, and danced to foreign music as easily as if they had listened to it over the radio every night. The spontaneity and natural charm of folk dancing made a strong appeal this year.

## Natural Dancing

Great strides were made in Natural Dancing this year in that emphasis was laid upon creative work and interpretation of all forms of art. The dancing demonstration was combined with the Gym Meet on March seventeenth. The shortened time was compensated for, however, by the unusual quality and originality of the dances.

A special group met once a week during the winter to do more advanced work. These girls tried out many new ideas in rhythm.

In spring and fall dancing classes were held out of doors when the weather permitted. The use of percussion instruments increased the scope of the work and added a new and highly acceptable variety to the accompaniment of the dance.

## **Games**

Games are coached by the students of the Recreational Leadership class under the supervision of Miss Wood. The official blue middie blouse is donned and a whistle, at the end of a formal black ribbon—it used to be a string before they became professional—is worn around the neck. In this impressive attire one finds girls teaching field ball, soccer-baseball, volley ball, and especially deck tennis, which proved to be the favorite sport last year. The course in games is excellent preparation for those interested in any sort of playground or camp work and, in addition to being thus helpful, it is great fun.

## **Fundamentals and Tumbling**

The thrill and joy of accomplishment makes tumbling seem well worth while. There is a great deal of play spirit and also a chance for individual expression in the form of head stands and hand walking that makes its recreational value high. Best of all, tumbling requires control, grace, and rhythm which result from well-executed gymnastics. At the Gym Exhibition we were enthralled with the drills, the breathtaking pyramids, and the circus somersaults. Judging from the frequent outbursts of enthusiasm at the mention of tumbling and the free demonstrations of the tricks of the trade, we conclude that this sport was as popular as ever last winter.



### C. C. O. C.

Outing Club activities, which are open to every one, were conducted this year simply for the amusement of the group. The old idea of awarding camp-craft credits was given up and an attempt made to stimulate new interests by varying as far as possible the types of outings, and planning them on the basis of the amount of fun and recreation that could be obtained. Toward this end the Club took us breakfasting on the Island, hay-riding to Lantern Hill, hiking to Miller's Pond, picnicking on the beach, and deep-sea fishing. The fishing was a noble attempt, at least, and eating soup out on the "race" a novel experiment. The winter season traditionally opened with a Christmas Party and included swimming, roller-skating, and a new sport at C. C.—"Sleigh-joring". To those of us who experienced the sensation of tearing down Mohegan Avenue behind the flying heels of Molly, came the hope that this novel sport might prove a popular one in the future.



## Spring Song

For now the spring has come  
To this, our College.  
Connecticut is robed in green and grey,  
And all the apple bloom  
And budding laurel  
Have tinted all the hills and far away.  
For now the spring has come  
To this, our College,  
And set the river glistening,  
We'll sing with love for thee,  
Our Alma Mater,  
We'll always love to think of  
Thee in spring.

LITRARY

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## Our Design of Living

The scene included the campus of Connecticut College, from Oneco Avenue to Williams Street. Bolleswood appeared as a shadowy background on one side, and the Thames River on the other. The railroad station was represented by smoke on the horizon. We, the class of 1933, were seen approaching, some from the direction of the railroad station, some in automobiles coming from all directions. It was the beginning of Freshman Week, and groups of us were seen racing from one lecture to the next, or playing "Where do you live, and do you know—?" in off-campus houses. The crowning event of the week to many of us was the boat-ride on the sound, with an obliging moon over Fisher's Island, and the lights of New London spread out along the shore as we came into the harbor again, singing all the songs that we remembered.

Initiation. The gymnasium was in the foreground; the background was a dark cloud—or anything suggestive of dread. Why did so many Sophomores wear Oxford glasses in the fall of 1929? They struck terror into our souls, as did the question, asked with ominous calm, "What is *your* name?" It was the shadow of the Black List. We brought our thirty-seven cents to the gymnasium on the fatal night, and, after obligingly scrambling like eggs and twirling like windmills, were given outfits that gave us all something in common—a uniformly homely appearance. For a week we peered at the world through dark-rimmed spectacles from under livid green caps, which color often transferred itself to our faces during the inevitable New London rains. Then it was over. With our class elections in November we knew the first excitement of feeling important. With Gay Stephens as our president, we felt like a class at last.

A winter scene. Into hibernation we went. The walk from Holmes Hall to New London Hall grew colder and colder. Instead of disporting ourselves on the tennis court and hockey field, we discovered the gymnasium, and basketball came into its own. The night before Christmas vacation. First the pageant, then singing in the Quadrangle, grasping our candles that refused to stay lighted, and then back to the houses for the Christmas party. At midnight, in a most un-Christmas-like cold rain, we sallied forth, shivering, to sing carols to the upper classmen. After each house had been serenaded, a tremendous scramble ensued for the food that was handed out to us. Were doughnuts ever more welcome? It was now February and Midwinter Formal was at hand, the first formal dance that we could attend. We went gaily to tea dance, and when we emerged, found the ground covered with several inches of snow. Complications ensued. Incalculable New London! The end of winter approached. The Sophomore and Junior classes indulged in a mysterious intrigue called Mascot Hunt, and we all flocked to the Mohican on the night of Junior Banquet to sing to our sister class and to have a glimpse of the glories that were to come, if ever we should be Juniors.

A rural scene, having all the ear-marks of Bolleswood. There were signs of spring, including blossoming laurel and dogwood trees, birds, and new spring clothes on the dramatis personae. The Freshman class was preparing to give its pageant, a history of the founding of the college, written by Esther Tyler. Groups of us went through the agonies of rehearsing—we were Indians, colonial settlers, characters of the Revolution, of the Civil War, of the gay nineties. We even became college girls of 1915. Can we ever forget the five o'clock rehearsal on the morning of the appointed day? The pageant was given. Parents and friends came to sit on the rocky slope of the natural amphitheater in Bolleswood, to watch us. To be sure, the colonial village burned in a dramatic fashion several scenes before it was supposed to, but who could forget Benedict Arnold on his nervous gray horse, or the drunkards singing while the town lay in smoking ruins, or the clear-voiced Indian prophet who stood immobile in his scarlet blanket on the highest crag below the hemlocks? After the pageant we returned to campus, and stood in a solemn group beside Blackstone while our class tree was planted. We had only a few short weeks now, and then we could be Freshmen no longer.

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The scene was the same as that of the previous year. When we came back in the fall, we had the opportunity of feeling rather superior. The first few weeks were spent in an effort to settle down. We conducted the "C" quiz for the Freshmen, as well as initiation. But the whole fall seemed to be a long preliminary; with Sophomore Hop we really came into our own. We were air-minded that year, and the Freshmen waitresses wore aviators' costumes, while a large painted dirigible lurked in Knowlton Salon. Even then, some of our talents were still to be discovered.

The scene changed to the streets of New London, front and back; the Mohican Hotel was in a very prominent position. During Mascot Hunt our talent for sleuthing was duly recognized. No Junior could escape the watchful eyes of Alice Kelly or Virginia Schanher. From the railroad station to the courthouse, from the eleventh floor of the Mohican to the basement we followed, using window ledges and transoms, if doors and windows were barred. And then the glorious finish. Our telegram to the Juniors telling them what their mascot was. We had done what few other Sophomore classes have ever done. It was a milestone in our history.

The gymnasium again. Spring vacation had come and gone, and we were back to face a new struggle, headed this time by the Competitive Plays. We watched jealously for flaws in our rivals' productions; of our own, *The Romance of the Willow Pattern*, we were very proud. The enormous willow plate, done by Jo Eakin, was an effective background for our actresses, who had gone Chinese for the occasion. Our play received the first prize that year, and even Alceste found some favorable comments to make upon it. We had arrived. We won a basketball game, just to prove it.

The campus. Grass very green, weather very warm, flowers in bloom on the walk to Thames Hall. Spring fever apparent everywhere. It was terribly difficult

to get down to anything as prosaic as studying in the spring of 1931. We all seemed to feel the call of the great outdoors, and we answered it in different ways. Some of us went on picnics to the Devil's Hop-yard; some of us went down on the rocks by the river to watch the Harvard and Yale crews practice; and some of us even ventured past the *No Admittance* sign at the entrance to the shipyard, and cast longing glances at the yachts in dry-dock. Toward the last of May we attended countless song-practices in preparation for the Competitive Sing. We achieved second place. And the white dresses and pastel berets were packed away into our trunks. Another year was over.

\* \* \* \* \*

The campus again, with new trees planted, and Fanning Hall celebrating its first birthday, looking as if it really had come to us to stay. Our class tree still alive and growing. Back again—this time with all of us on campus. We met our Freshmen Sisters, and began to feel fairly knowing about things in general. After all, when two or three sophisticated looking Freshmen are put in your care, you can't help feeling a bit experienced—or perhaps it is inexperienced. Anyway, the feeling was pleasant. We wondered how we ever stood walking up from the off-campus houses twice a day, and we became better acquainted with Home Port.

The eleventh floor of the Mohican. Corsages everywhere in evidence. Everyone jittering with excitement. Junior Banquet had come, and the mascot was going to be unveiled. The Sophomores' telegram congratulated us on our choice of a sundial for the arboretum; and, amid a breathless hush, a pair of bronze andirons was unveiled. The Freshmen sang to us, and then we proceeded to the business of eating. After short speeches by the faculty members of our class, we disbanded, casting proud glances backward at our andirons, destined for the future Student-Alumnae House.

Knowlton Salon next had the center of the stage. In the background was Norwich Inn, the Sound, and other pleasant places around New London. This was our large week-end, the one we had been making plans for since the middle of the year. It was Junior Prom. From Friday night until Sunday night we forgot that we were in college at all; we were oblivious to indulgent glances cast at us by those whose interests were not so much at stake. Saturday night was the most impressive of all, with our newest dresses on parade in Knowlton, and our escorts fairly resplendent in tails and toppers. On Sunday we scattered. The more nautical-minded among us went down to the sea in sailing boats, and thereby hangs many a tale for the long winter evenings. Others found diversion on land; picnics and ping-pong seemed to tie for first place. It was over, and another milestone lay behind us. There has to be a first and a last to everything, we find.

A night in May. A full moon shone down, casting a silver trail across the river. Everything was very quiet. We stood, a silent group before the gray stone wall, waiting, while the Seniors in cap and gown marched slowly down to us, two by two, and stood behind the wall. They all carried lighted candles, a flickering yellow glow against the darkness, and they sang the traditional songs of their last Moonlight Sing. The rest of us sang to them in turn. Then, stepping down from the wall, each Senior gave her candle to one of us, and we stepped up to take their places. Silently, again the little procession wound back up the hill, and we followed, newly conscious of the responsibility that was so soon to be ours.

October. Arrayed in caps and gowns, we stood in a double file on the steps of the gymnasium while Virginia Swan, our President, read our Senior Proclamation to the assembled multitude, and cameras clicked in the background. The scroll was large and impressive. It contained rules which we expected the under-classmen to follow, viz., to allow us to go first on all occasions, to respect roller-skating as a Senior privilege, to reserve the curbstone for the feet of Seniors, and so forth. Everyone listened in silence—respectful silence, we hope—and then went on about her business. We had asserted our authority.

A cold December night, on the campus. Christmas wreaths on the doors of the dormitories, candles in many of the windows. We were grouped in the Quadrangle, again wearing caps and gowns, and we strove to keep our candles lighted in the sweeping wind. Faculty, students, townspeople were all there with us, and together we sang of Good King Wenceslas and the First Noël. It all took on an added meaning to us that night, the last before Christmas vacation, the last such one we should have here, with everyone gathered around singing, and dripping candle wax on fur coats. Then we trooped inside for the Christmas party and for the task of packing far into the night. Many of us stayed up all the night—talking or watching our geniuses for entertainment perform in the halls. “Why does there have to be a last of anything?” we asked.

Interior of the gymnasium. At last we had the right to sit on the platform of the gym at basketball games, and we came to watch and to cheer, under the guidance of our inimitable cheer leaders, Winnie DeForest and Ruthie Ferree, or perhaps we came to the gymnasium for a Student Government meeting, led by our Stu. G. President, Gay Stephens. Honor Court reports were made by Chief Justice Marjorie Seymour. Esther Tyler told us what Dramatic Club was doing, or Susan Crawford told us something that the Athletic Association had decided upon. We watched the doings of our members with a kind of paternal pride.

May Day, and Senior Day too, beginning at seven o'clock, we wended our way across the campus to sing on the steps of New London Hall. We were wearing the nose-gays that our sister class had left still earlier at our doors. At noon we gathered in the Quadrangle, and sang some more or just sat and enjoyed the greenness all about us and wondered about what kind of a time we should have at Junior Prom and remarked about how good it seemed to be able to have a car here.

The campus in June, with a great canvas tent spread over the quadrangle between Plant and Blackstone. Cars swarming about, filled with people. The week-end of Commencement. Senior Banquet came, with everyone wondering who was going to run around the table. And Senior Prom, not nearly so dignified as it sounded, with brothers mingled among the escorts for the evening. Class Day came Saturday. We marched over to Knowlton in a double line, while on either side under-classmen, dressed in white, carried the traditional laurel chain. Saturday night the Commencement Play was given by the members of the Dramatic Club. On the morning of June twelfth, graduation took place, and, with our diplomas in our hands, we passed out of the Quad. The last act had been completed, and the curtain fell on what had been ours for four years—all of it, both the things we may forget and the things we shall remember always.

## Tristram in Brittany

Isolt,  
I have but one song, child, and that a dirge  
Of youth and love bereft; so do not urge  
Me sing.

I have but one song, I, who time ago  
Sang for a singing court where strong men know  
The songs of love as well as those of war.

And since  
I have not yet grown used, for all my strife,  
To looking on the empty face of life,  
Forbear.

What would I sing? Of what good is a voice  
That throbs through tears? A singer with no choice  
Of songs, but only one, one and no more?

One song  
That sings itself until the brain is dull!  
A song which, being sung, will leave no lull  
Of peace,

But comes again and still will come again  
Until the heart is dumb and taut with pain.  
A dirge of youth and love bereft, I say!

Oh God!  
Where is the good in anything to come  
When there are no more eyes with depths to plumb  
And lids to kiss tight shut? No hands to lay

A snare of dreams, a slender thread that grows  
To bind a man's heart closer than he knows!  
A thread from which he cannot break away!

Ah no, Isolt, I cannot sing to you!

MARJORIE SEYMOUR

## Noel

The master of ceremonies rose to her feet. She was clad in violent pink pajamas, a skating cap of hideous hue, black riding-boots, and an impressive set of white cotton whiskers. She articulated with difficulty.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" began the Master of Ceremonies.

"*What?*" roared the assembled guests.

"Ladies of the G. Y. M. A.," amended the Master of Ceremonies, pounding for order.

"Louder!" howled the guests.

The Master of Ceremonies extracted some bits of white cotton from her teeth and cleared her throat. "Ladies of the 'Get Your Man Association' and gentlemen who, through the efforts of our fair society, are with us, at least in spirit, to-night and forever more—"

"'Ray! 'ra-ay!" bellowed the ladies.

"—not for myself alone, but in the name of the high office in which you have placed me, I express my gratitude for this token of your esteem. It has been alleged that there are amongst us too many vice-presidents. I have never thought so. To-night I am sure that there could never be!"

The assembled vice-presidents—namely, all of the ladies of the G.Y.M.A.—rose majestically and bowed. The Ninth Vice-President upset a card table.

The President brandished her celluloid man—the token of esteem. "Whither I goest," she announced, "this shall go. And now, vice-presidents, ladies, and gentlemen—"

"Boo!" observed the vice-presidents loudly.

"—the time draws near the witching hour. We had planned an address by Vice-President Minnie Gadzooks on 'How to Make and Hold a Sailor', but alas! tempus has fugited. I congratulate myself upon a very delightful banquet. I heartily wish her a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"Same to you!" screamed the vice-presidents.

"In parting, let me urge you to forget neither the name nor the purpose of our revered order. Ye go into a hard, cruel world, but don't overlook its possibilities. Do your darndest! Hey—wait! Each vice-president will take her own chair back to her room, and she will wash her own dirty dishes! Owners, please claim your card tables. Hark! Verily and indeed, the witching hour and the Freshmen are both upon us! Let us adjourn to the balcony."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was cold on the balcony, but not really dark. The moon on the tile roofs gave a sort of eerie blueness—a radiance that dimmed the stars and put them far away, that made an indistinct black splotch of the river, encircled in the distance by

the glittering horse-shoe of the city. Directly below, in the Quadrangle, were the Freshmen—hordes of them. Their candles winked on and off in the slight wind—a dark patch—suddenly illumined faces—dark again—another light. But their carol came up steadily, and they sang at the top of their lungs.

The Master of Ceremonies stood well in the shadow of the side railing and listened. Four years ago she had been down there in the pouring rain, half frozen, singing at the top of her lungs, and thoroughly happy. Funny little kid, straight from a small town vicarage, her head teeming with crazy kid dreams about the efficient and learned young feminine missionary who would one day go to China. And now the master of ceremonies was a noted proponent of the cause of atheism. Six months hence she intended to enter a western laboratory and devote the rest of her life to cutting up guinea pigs.

*O Holy Night! The stars are brightly shining—*

The Master of Ceremonies let her candle go out. There is something repulsive about light when you are seeing ghosts. Ass! (The Master of Ceremonies was explosive, even in her thoughts.) Empty dreams aren't ghosts. They're ear-marks of ignorance. You pay your nickel and you take your choice. But something rode up on the Freshman carol that could go in neither logic nor laboratory sheets. The Master of Ceremonies unconsciously bowed her head. In the sudden silence, the voices of many vice-presidents and ordinary Seniors echoed around the Quadrangle. "Good night! Merry Christmas!"

The Master of Ceremonies pulled her hat to a more hideous angle and ruffled up her whiskers. You pay your nickel—

"Come on, you lugs! Someone has to sleep in that room to-night."

\* \* \* \* \*

They pushed the chairs down the hall and made considerable racket. A group of vice-presidents played London Bridge, howling the accompaniment as far off key as they could get it. The master of ceremonies wheeled a bed out into the hall and, propelled by a vice-president, coasted, vociferously proclaiming that she was the Owl and the Pussy Cat.

In her room the Third Vice-President was packing. At least she had been packing and she was nearly through. Around the room, in usual pre-vacation manner, were scattered clothes, books, shoes, papers, laundry boxes, and suitcases. The air was thick with cigarette smoke.

The Third Vice-President hesitated over her last suitcase. Apparently she made up her mind. From its crowded interior she extracted a carton of cigarettes and consigned them to a desk drawer. Next, a pile of socks, some lounging pajamas, several packs of playing cards, one or two books, and a motion picture magazine. Again she hesitated.

Lying on top of what remained was a parcel, wrapped in silver paper and labelled, "Merry Christmas, Jim." The Third Vice-President slowly ran her finger through the silver paper. It contained a book—*Ulysses* by James Joyce. She looked at it for a long time and then at her brother's picture on the dresser. She winced and put down the book. Another year and Jim would have company. They would

read nice books and take nice walks and play nice music together. They would meet respectable people and talk respectable talk and rot in a respectable way. All quite genteel.

She was thinking of her last Christmas and her talk with Jim.

"But, Jim, you don't have to. It's your life."

And Jim, staring always at a picture over his fireplace, had laughed. "Oh yes, I do! You see Mother and Dad can't be different. They're all wound up that way and they'll have to go it 'til they run down. You and I get our fun for a while and then we come back for a re-winding. All of us quite respectable—and a little pathetic. You'll see it soon enough."

The Third Vice-President looked at the pictured Jim—the Jim who day after day played a little this and read a little that. Nice, Victorian, and rotting. She took a picture of herself from a drawer, wrapped it in fresh paper, and put it in the suitcase. She took a Bible from a shelf, blew off the dust, and put it on top of the suitcase. Then she locked all the suitcases and stood a long time staring at them.

"It's our last Christmas here," said a mournful voice in the hall.

"Strangle her," came a roar. The howls indicated that the Owl's pea-green boat had been converted into a dump cart.

The Third Vice-President sat down slowly.

In the hall the Owl made raucous love to the Pussy Cat to the delight of all spectators.

\* \* \* \* \*

The First Vice-President had locked her door with difficulty. She was standing at the window, looking out across the campus in the direction of the river. She didn't seem to be aware of the cigarette in her hand or of the uproar in the hall. On the other side of her door an infuriated quartet beseeched her to throw down a rose. But the First Vice-President didn't move.

On the table stood a typewriter, bearing the information that, "The figure of Charles Lamb is the most beloved figure of English letters." And beside it, in a tumbled nest of papers, were two letters without their envelopes. One was typewritten. Toward the end of a long page it read, "So you see, Dad, I've figured it out the best I know how. Probably I'll never write anything fit to read—I admit it. But it still is the important thing to me and I'll have to try it. I can't be side-tracked, dear. I'm smothering at home, and I know it. You've done what you could, but facts are still facts. I'll take my chances on earning my own bacon, Dad. After all, you and Mother can't need all of us. Please wish me luck."

The other letter had many pages. It was written in a large round hand. The upper page read, "So that's the whole of it. Six doctors—all giving her two years at the most. I can't tell her, and I know you won't. Mickie, I feel rotten about this letter. I shouldn't have written it. But I had to tell someone, or I was licked. If that expedition to New York doesn't look like too much, come home, will you, Mick? I'd like to talk to someone. Love, Dad."

The First Vice-President stretched out a lifeless hand to the typewritten sheet. She tore it across three times and let the pieces flutter to the floor.

"Only a rose, fair la-a-ad-e-e!" shrilled the quartet.



The Master of Ceremonies went to bed first. It was nothing unusual. She always did. One by one the vice-presidents resigned the hall to the pea-green boat, packed a few clothes, made a great deal of noise, and eventually slept.

The last one to finish stood a long time over her suitcase, looking at a cabinet photograph. It was that of a man, very young and not very handsome. But the vice-president looked at it a long time before she consigned it to the suitcase. She had a long way to go to reach home for Christmas. The very young man didn't. And three weeks can be a long time. But the vice-president smiled as she switched off her light.

"The last time, the last time," she was thinking, and the words were a kind of song.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sophomores carolled at five. There was no moon by that time. Only a very few stars, and you could see the river distinctly. Their candles burned well. No wind and very cold.

*God rest ye, merry gentlemen.*

The Master of Ceremonies held her candle high. Leaning against the balustrade, she tried to look that picture into something that she might hold forever against logic and laboratory sheets. But even as she looked she knew that it would slip from her, knew somehow that she was indeed seeing it for the last time.

The Third Vice-President stood in the dark at her window and watched them go. The swan song of a holiday, she thought and her laugh was harsh.

The First Vice-President didn't hear the carols. She was typing madly—desperately. Her eyes, hot and dry, stared into the blankness of the wall above her, and at her elbow her mother's picture jogged to the rhythm of her pounding fingers. She was on her last sheet.

And one of the vice-presidents roused a little in bed at the sound of the carols. "The last time," she said drowsily, and smiled.

ESTHER TYLER

## Lullaby

To-night in the dusk someone comes singing;  
Tender the song, and low,  
Mingled with night wind and branches swinging,  
Laden with silver snow.

Alone in the night waits a dream, entreating  
You, little loved one, you;  
Sleep, for the spell of his song will be fleeting  
Even as visions do.

Out in the dusk and the storm he is calling,  
Dimmer his voice, and thin.  
Lower, my own, are your lashes falling?  
Slumber—and let him in.

ALMA BENNETT

## The Shattered Goblet

*The Relations of George Sand and Frederick Chopin*

The gleaming, glittering liquor flows like a flame-inspired stream into the glass lips of the goblet. A strong hand grips the slim stem. A woman's voluptuous mouth is pursed as if to kiss the glowing stream as it meets her lips. Her head is thrown back; the single swallow does not quench the Gargantuan thirst but it drains the fragile cup. For a moment the capable fingers twirl the light reflecting object and then with a demoniacal laugh, half shriek, half drunken sob, with eyes reflecting wierdly the rainbow lights, she smashes the thin goblet against the wall. Glass tinkles lightly after the first mad crash and then lies, still reflecting in shattered bits the gleams of light, in a shimmering heap.

George Sand rode like a man with bravado and skill. She had seen the inner workings of a farm. She knew the great sorrows, the great joys to be discovered only in nature. Like a panoramic pastoral scene, her mind swept great meadows of thought, taking in immense areas, and yet she never overlooked the component details—the insignificant shrub, the delicate curve of a branch. In her extraordinary mental attributes also was the delving curiosity, the ferreting that tirelessly digs, turns over and over, rejects, accepts, uses and discards. Besides this natural endowment of big-mindedness together with splendid physical prowess were the environmental factors which forced her to break free from all hampering social relationships, to throw off husband, home, security, because of the sharp distinctions which her firm nature caused her to make between the relative desirabilities of a makeshift marriage and an independent, if precarious, position on her own resources. It was at this period in her still unsettled career that she became acquainted with the artist colony of Paris, and at no time has it ever been so brilliant; Musset, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Sandeau and scores of names that mark the essence of genius of the nineteenth century. It was among this great band of artists that George Sand met Frederick Chopin.

Much has been made of their first meeting. Critics have collected volumes of letters containing evidence pointing to the exact situation, the place, the time, the conditions under which they were introduced. As for myself, I am satisfied that they did meet—two forces whose impact created the inspired products of both factors. Almost everyone agrees that they met in a drawing room gathering of a few select friends of Chopin's. And this would be the most typical situation in which to describe him. For here his nature, elegant, dignified, aristocratic, courtly, expressed all its delicate characteristics. One thinks of Chopin as a polished jewel, cultivated perfection. He was extremely precise about outward details, particular to a fault about every part of his apparel, correct in each display of social grace. Physically he was of slight build with particularly beautifully shaped hands and small, slim feet. His eyes were soft brown, and his face was oval-shaped—the face of a dreamer with its pale cheeks and small sensitive mouth. His was the mind not sweeping inclusively over a great span but occupying itself with the more minute ideas, arriving at the general from the particular rather than the other way around. He was not a highly intelligent man and manifested no great taste for intellectual pursuits. But

by the very keenness of his sensibilities toward the delicacies of life, he was able to manifest in music the poetic qualities of his nature.

It is almost inconceivable to think of the meeting of these two forces—the aggressive bigness, mentally as well as physically, on the one hand, with the delicate daintiness and precision on the other. And the great flame did not immediately consume either of them. Chopin is said to have found George Sand distasteful to him at first. She was frankly carried away by his music. But a few meetings more sufficed to kindle the very inflammable material of which few humans'—and more poets'—hearts are made.

At this time, Chopin was in poor health. Touches of the pulmonary disease which later proved fatal were already showing. And so with that maternal affection which characterizes the loving care that George Sand bestowed on Chopin, she accompanied him—or rather he accompanied her—on a trip to the South of France, which saved his life at that time. They traveled together throughout Southern Europe, she writing stories with great industry and not a little artistry, he composing several *Polonaise* groups and regaining his strength.

There is little to say of a *liaison* such as theirs. Their contemporaries looked on askance; posterity accepts with open arms the contributions bestowed on it—the only offspring of such a union—and asks no questions. But the fact that the donors suffered and struggled and sacrificed in order to create their great gift to mankind compels us to examine a little their peculiar combinations of qualities.

Chopin in his engrossing relations with the eminent novelist was indeed pitied by most of his friends. With her unflagging will, her domineering nature, she had great power over him. Their characteristics were as different as it is possible for two natures to be. Neither of them was inexperienced: they had both seen a good deal of life before they met and both were to see much after they parted. Both gave immeasurably valuable contributions to the world. Except for these two likenesses their two natures were entirely different. One has only to listen to a fragment of the Chopin waltzes to sense the emotional delicacy and sensitive quality of the man himself. And just as Chopin's music is a revelation of the effeminate man, so is George Sand's deft portrayal of the rustic beauty of rude peasantry a disclosure of the masculine female. But before George Sand's colossal power the less imposing nature of the man must bow. It is not exaggerating to assert that Chopin was subservient to her. He hung upon her words. When in company with strangers he hovered over her like an anxious mother bird, fearful, nervous and yet proud.

That Sand did him a great service by her tender care, by her constant attentions to his failing health, and by her saving him from the wrecking strain of over-work is not to be denied, but that he suffered much unhappiness at her hands is also true. Her infidelities were numerous, and she did not spare Frederick the pain of seeing her openly flirt with anyone even as low as her maid's husband. Liszt called him "*Pauvre Frederic*." He too knew La Sand. Her total disregard for his sensitive feelings makes one wince and yet to read her own story of her life is to see only the mortified, self-sacrificing lover, chaste and superior to all the grosser enjoyments in which one finds plenty of evidence that she indulged. In fact so persistently does she reiterate the chastity and martyrdom that one wonders—and justifiably—if she were not painting of herself the portrait of what she would like to have appeared to be to the world but what she did not have the inclination to become in reality.

Quite as many conjectures concerning the rupture of their connections have been advanced as concerning their first meeting. However, the most plausible story

seems to be the one which a close friend told. George Sand's disagreement with her daughter and son-in-law necessitated their leaving her house. George Sand wrote to Chopin and acquainted him with the fact that if he took them in, all would be over between them. She probably knew that Chopin would not turn them out when he was their only mainstay. However this cause of their breaking off was obviously only a pretext. The truth was that George Sand was frankly tired of the invalid musician. For eight years she had tried his patience with her escapades. Even when he saw a break was inevitable he hung on, almost waiting to be ordered out, so dependent was he on the firmer character of the woman.

There is no doubt that the separation brought about Chopin's early death. He was already ill. Now there was no one to care for him and so he subjected himself to all sort of dangers, finally dying a short time afterwards—not, however, in the arms of the woman he loved but with a few close friends who had remained constant throughout the years.

You cannot compare the two as to their relative worth in artistic attainment. You can merely say that Chopin was to pianists what the greatest masters of every other form of creative art were to the adherents of their own lines of endeavor. I do not think this is true of George Sand.

And the shattered pieces lie flickering under the bright lights. The wine has been consumed; the goblet shattered. But hanging in the air is not the empty clatter of broken glass but a magnificent tumult of chords, the sound of runs dripping like the waters of a playful summer spring—the exciting *A-major Polonaise*, the tremendous *C-minor Prelude*, and that wildly abandoned *Mazurka*.

The deft strong fingers twirl a new goblet and soon that too will be smashed against the stained wall.

LOUISE SALES

## A Sky for Snow

The sky above the playing-field  
Is white, today, with clouds—  
Just bits of blue-grey showing through  
The white and slate-toned shrouds.

It is a sky for snow today.  
Above th' horizon's rim  
A line of cold, bright blue awaits  
To usher winter in.

And on the sea, just at its edge,  
A streak of brilliant gold  
Lies glistening like a jewel from  
The sun's abundant hold.

SUNNY RAY

## Doctor Mary

If you travel along the road that runs west from the village, you are on your way to Doctor Mary's. She lives in a white house about a mile past Sugar Loaf Hill on the left side of the road. These were the directions I followed to pay a visit to this remarkable woman of whom I had heard so much. It was a rather poor road after the first two miles, and I had to concentrate my attention on avoiding the ruts which the early spring thaw and the melting snow from the mountain had made. I was quite near the house before I realized it, and I slowed up as I approached, for I was a bit in awe of the little old lady.

The folks in the village had confided in me. They told me that the old lady was a little bit "struck." She had been trained to be a doctor, they said, and had even practised for a short while. Then her health had made it necessary for her to come to this quiet Connecticut village to spend the rest of her life. She was an established custom; everyone knew and spoke to her; but she had no very close friends, nor did anyone know where her original home had been.

"Funniest thing about her is," Jonathan Bartlett had remarked, pausing to expectorate over the railing which bounded his front veranda, "that she's very religious, but she never comes to church here. Why, you know, she never goes out to ride without a veil on, so folks can't see her very well. And on Saturday nights, when Miley has those dances of his over in the Town Hall, she has that dumb fellow of hers bring her up here to the center, an' then she has Anna, her hired girl, git out an' hand around tracts on one thing an' other. She used to be awful flustered at first, but now she just goes around the corner and throws those papers into the waste basket in the Post Office. Nobody ever read 'em anyway," he added gloomily, "but it's kinda mean to the old lady."

Pondering over Jonathan's tale of the lonely old lady, I drove slowly into the yard and stopped the car. As I got out, a man appeared from the woodshed adjoining the house. He was dressed in grimy overalls and presented as fierce an appearance as the dreaded genii of *The Arabian Nights*. He had thick matted red hair and a moustache of the same color, which bristled ferociously. Piggish little blue eyes looked searchingly at me, as he halted about ten feet from the car and said in a thick voice, "Who d'you want?"

"I'd like to see Doctor Mary," I answered rather nervously, wishing that someone in the village had known her correct name.

Just then a door slammed and a woman about sixty years of age stepped out. She had snow white hair. "Jem!" she called. "Go on back to the barn!" Her command took effect, and the big fellow lumbered out of sight without even so much as a backward glance.

I walked toward the house while the woman stood twisting her gnarled hands into the folds of her white apron. She looked at me expectantly and repeated Jem's question in a surprisingly clear voice. "Who d'you want to see?"

"I'd like to see Doctor Mary," I answered. "Is she at home?"

"Yes, she's here," and the woman showed no expression whatever in her blue eyes. "You follow me, and you'll see her," she remarked leading the way toward the side door of the big house.

"This must be Anna," I mused, as I noted the fact that she wore a faded but very clean green and white checked dress. She walked rather slowly as though her feet hurt her.

It was with some qualms that I stepped over the doorsill, and I was even more startled to hear Anna announce my presence so quickly.

"Some young lady to see you, Doctor Mary," she said, and then shuffled through a door and was gone.

The room was dark except for the space adjacent to a wide bay window. Here a tiny old lady sat stiffly in a rocking chair with her feet on a little low stool. She wore a grey dress with a bit of white lace at the throat, and a band of black velvet ribbon encircled her neck. Her hair was almost white and was drawn back severely from her rather long face. Beside her stood a small table upon which was a jumble of articles. A pair of binoculars first claimed my attention, and then I noticed a Bible, a medicine bottle and a glass, and lastly a hopeless looking muddle of papers. The Bible had an old-fashioned bookmark hanging from it, and I guessed that she had laid the volume aside when she saw me drive into the yard.

"How do you do?" I said rather gently as I went nearer her.

"I am well," announced the small person peering at me with her quick black eyes. "And who are you?" motioning me to a seat near the window where she could get a better view of me.

After I had explained who I was, and how Father had suggested that I call to see her and to pay his respects, she smiled and remarked, "Well, it was years ago that I knew Will. He was startin' in business then, and I had him come over here and draw up a bill of sale for me. I don't suppose you know what that is, but he did it well and I kind of took to him right away. He seemed to be a right up-standing young man, and he came over here several times. He was right obliging in every way. So you're his daughter," she went on, "and you drive that big auto all alone. Well, be careful, my dear, and don't get hurt. There's an awful number of those machines around and some go a terrific speed." Here she smiled stiffly at me, shook her head, and clucked sharply.

My eyes were now getting used to the darkness of the room, and I could see that the furniture was quite elaborate and painfully uncomfortable. Every chair

was stuffed and the upholstery seemed to be shiny black and slippery-looking. Every chair seat was at a sharp right angle with its back, yet the sofa was so rounded that I still fail to understand how anyone would dare to sit down on it. The rug was dark red, the curtains white, and the walls lined with old pictures and precise cross-stitched samplers. There was a wide mantel above the fireplace on which was carved the inspiring inscription "God bless our home."

However, my attention kept straying to the binoculars. What was she so anxious to see? She noticed my interest in them and began to speak in a sharp tone of voice. "People around here have no idea how to keep the Sabbath. I can't go to church myself, but I send Jem over to my neighbor's house to take them to church, if they care to go. They seldom go, and I think its a shame! You see, I am a Seventh Day Baptist and there is no church of that denomination here, so I keep my own Sabbath and try to help them keep theirs. I can't do much in this world but I do my best to keep the Lord's commands. On Sundays, I look through my glasses and if those young upstarts begin playin' that game on the lawn I call 'em up and remind 'em that it is the Sabbath. There's one girl, Fannie Teatherly's niece, who puts her legs clear up on the veranda railing, an' I just can't abide it, so I call her up and ask her to remember that she ought to act befitin' a young lady!" She stopped, and I took a long breath for her — someone had to, for she had been gathering momentum since her first word, and was fairly sizzling in the heat of her denunciation.

I glanced at my watch and arose. "I think that I have overstayed," I remarked, "and I shall have to hurry back to town now. I'm glad to have met you, Doctor Mary."

She arose, too, and took my hand in both of hers. "Be a dutiful daughter. Bless you," she said, and then walked with me to the door.

I bade her good-bye, and then drove to the village. The car seemed a singularly human and friendly device, and the day was very bright compared to the atmosphere of the house from which I had just come.

SERENA H. BLODGETT

## De Profundis

*(A Literary Hack Obeys That Impulse)*

It's two o'clock. If I had something to say and could say it at my best rate of speed—forty-five words per minute—it would take me until four to fill these pages. They say that Sir Walter Scott could write—. How many lines *could* he write in one day? Not that it matters. I could say any number and only the few people who read that one newspaper article would know the difference. If I were Sir Walter Scott—I should be dead, and not such a bad idea either. It's ten after two.

Mary is talking in her sleep again. In fact, she is yelling at the top of her lungs, and I do wish she'd stop. In precisely five hours she will begin talking con-

sciously and keep it up all day. Unfortunately there is little difference in the purport of her two conversations. That is hardly the thing to say about Mary in print, but does it matter? Her name is not Mary, and who is to know that I wrote this article?

I am not balancing my sentences. No rhythm. No structure. Write with care, with vision, with forethought. Do not say *about Mary in print*. Say *in print about Mary*. Clearness. Emphasis. It's half past two. Tomorrow I shall ask Mary to have this typewriter oiled. If I were Sir Walter Scott—and not dead—I should have been sleeping for four and one half hours by now. Sir Walter Scott is dead, and this machine does need oiling.

One should not disappoint one's public. Content is important, next to emphasis, coherence, unity, balance, rhythm, and correct habits of speech. That seems to be my trouble—no content. Rather artificial, that last sentence. No content! All groups of words are content. Ask any reader. It's a quarter to three.

Where was I? I seem to have a vague memory of the college president's corpse being found suspended from the campus flagpole at six o'clock by a laborer. What a sentence? And why not? I know what I mean. What kind of person seems most impossible as a killer? Take an English professor—so used to balancing sentences that he finally balances the president. Feeble, that, but someone will probably laugh. Confound it! I must have suspense. But how shall I get it? That flag pole was a bad idea. Too much out in the open. Of course, no one can figure out how he got up there, but then I can't either. Too intellectual. No horror. No appeal.

Mary is yelling again. Sometimes I wish I had not paid one hundred dollars for the removal of her adenoids. They said she'd be able to close her mouth after that. Rather a vulgar touch here. Little wit and no humor. It's five after three. I must get on with it.

There's one more cigarette. If I smoke it now, what in the name of all that's art and literature shall I smoke between now and four o'clock? It would be a careless waste, but I guess I'll smoke it. Careless simultaneous use of the expletive and pronomial *it*. No matches. I'll smoke it later. Perhaps I could work on a great theme. Man on the plane of the gods, or the gods on the plane of man? There's a pretty problem. Three-thirty.

Funny. I had an idea once. I remember it distinctly—not the idea but having it. And a sense of humor too. I remember they said it was convulsing. I forget who was convulsed, but what of it? And I could type forty-five words a minute without error, triteness, dullness, or monotony. A strange childhood, mine. But she *was* good to me. Three forty-five.

Whence this conflict between mind and matter? My soul biddeth me look to my structure and content. My body biddeth me go to bed and stay there the rest of my life. Mary sleeps and is for once unconscious of her tongue. I sleep and am unconscious of this ghastly, eternal job. Words, words, words! But I did have an idea once, Sir Walter.

ESTHER TYLER.



## Unspoken

"You'll hear of me again," you said, and smiled;  
And I smiled back at you, while both of us  
Lingered a moment at the door, and whiled  
Away what little time was left. And thus  
I left you, standing in the dark outside  
My door, a smile upon your face made clear  
By the light shining from within. I cried,  
"Good night!" What you replied I could not hear.  
So many things we left unsaid, we two,  
But lingering could not bring the words we felt  
Into an utterance—later would do  
For them. This night in silences we dwelt.  
I brought your image in with me—dark gold  
Of hair lamp-brightened; cloud-breaths in the cold.

Who can trace painfully in retrospect  
The passage of their thoughts, and know for sure  
If an experience that must effect  
Changes within them, might itself endure?  
I only know I wondered what you thought  
About, upon your long drive home; and then  
I tried to call your image back, and sought

To read new meanings in our words again.  
Another time you did not pass my way,  
And that was strange; for thoughts we let pass by,  
Carelessly, little questions asked, that stay  
Unanswered at the first, still lacked reply.  
These are the things that hurt me to recall;  
Then I but laughed, and told no one at all.

Black—white—cold black and stinging white of print  
Have launched a stabbing shock; and I have read  
The letters, formed as hard and sharp as flint  
Thrust in my flesh, that told me you were dead.  
Dead, like the senseless names on unknown graves;  
Dead, like the old mute stones beneath my feet,  
Your warmth turned cold. And, like a sea with waves  
Of emptiness, that choke and scald and beat,  
Thought comes to me. Now, nothing can be said  
To you; no wish, no cry can reach out through  
The awful barriers that close the dead  
Irrevocably from the living. — You!  
Dark gold of hair lamp-brightened. — I hold fast  
Only an empty image. You have passed.

ALMA BENNETT

### Senior Ditty

Ha! we need no explanation  
We explain our situation  
For we are sophisticated  
And most highly educated  
We've had Ec. and Psychology  
Lit. and Comp. and Philology  
We're the affable, sensible, capable, lovable Sen-i-ors.

We demand our rights and rages  
And our Senior privileges,  
And if others stride the curbing  
'Pon my word, 'tis most disturbing  
We're the first to board the trolley  
Or we know just why, by golly,  
We're the affable, sensible, capable, lovable Sen-i-ors.



## Senior Proclamation

I say, lassies!  
Now that we've had the ripping good luck to achieve  
The majestic cap and gown without coming croppers,  
You blokes ought not to grouse at our petty requirements.  
We merely desire to penetrate your bally  
Thick skulls with a spot of enlightenment  
So let your eyes bulge and keep yourselves at attention!  
The curbs, you blighters, we jolly well want to ourselves.  
And the trams, by Jove, they're another item.  
We'd prefer, in fact, we insist that you allow us  
To slither aboard e're you clamor for entrance.  
And that magnificent edifice, yclept Fanning, does have a  
Front door, you know, around which only Seniors may potter.  
I dare say you've heard that the topping old gym  
Is weak in the nether extremities:  
So brace yourselves for the shock and prepare to render  
The first five rows unto Seniors on every occasion.  
By the way, in the spot where Miss Ernst discourses on the  
Jolly old literature of the continent, we who are full of years  
And failing of eyesight, would fain take our places where no  
Blinking hulks bar from our ken the accents so learned.  
Wherefore, by Jove, we reiterate—  
The first five rows shall be sacred to Seniors.  
And when we take our chappies a-dancing in Knowlton Salon  
We ra-ally want some unblighted moments of quiet enjoyment as  
We sway to the orchestral clamor. One dance without cutting, eh what?  
When we hie us to the post, we request that  
You blokes become bystanders rather than jostlers.  
And hi-ho, old fish! We deem it unseemly that your reedy voices  
Should drown out in Amalga the strains of Seniorial ditties.  
Egad! This beastly fuss in the refectories, not to mention  
The halls of learning or dance floors at Knowlton,  
Gets wearying after a bit! We merely mention that it would be  
No end sporting, to bound from our paths with a sweep and a flourish.  
Righto! You have that one? Attend! There is more.  
When the Seniors binge off to the College Inn  
They wish to partake of their tea with elbows on the bar!  
And I say! At the gates of ye goode porter, Norris,  
Take note of the Seniors, whether they be fagged or elated,  
And entreat of that worthy that he grant  
Them the privilege of first or last entrance.  
Hello! You lassies of the carmine lips!

No more do you rouge them till the week-end rolls round!  
Roller-skating is bully good fun, 'pon my word,  
So the Seniors being rawther sporting coves,  
Crave to stream o'er the campus without competition.  
There must be an end to all things, doncha know.  
We will even end this one, and so—Cherrio!

## Faculty Phobias

Miss McKee, can you stand the shock  
That someone thought you were born in a smock?  
Miss Ernst was heard to remark *one* day,  
"When Miss Nye and I were far away."  
Said Dr. Daghlian, "Now please show me  
How much you really like Astronómy."  
Says Dr. Wells, pacing to and fro,  
"He has stuff and bottom, I want you to know."  
Miss Dederer's alibis are good, you bet—  
"That's something we scientists don't know yet."  
Dr. Kip shakes with mirth at his jokes;  
Then his mirth, the mirth of the students provokes.  
Says Miss Brett, "Your work's easy as a rule;  
Now when I was back in Phys. Ed. school—"  
Said Dr. Morris, "That's all for today."  
But the class was already well on its way.  
"Open the windows," his deep voice booms,  
Whenever Dr. Jensen enters rooms.  
About the lesson she seemed in the dark,  
When, "What's another country?" asked Miss Clarke.  
"It's vivid, it's colorful, technically fine."  
Mr. Selden, too, has a line.  
Miss Oakes delights in questions prolific,  
But the main point is always, "Be specific"!  
Is Daddy Doyle's offer ever a fake,  
When he says he'll bring his class a cake?  
In Dr. Lawrence's chapel there's a phrase we rarely miss—  
"I'm afraid I'll not have time to read all of this."  
Miss Burdick says, "This diagram  
Is, by and large, your diaphragm."  
Now we are drawing Nye the highest,  
But by that we are not biased.  
Says President Blunt, "Since I entered with you,  
I feel that I am a Senior too."



## Poem Intended to Help that Morbid Feeling in the Young

Here in solitude you are,  
With time to meditate the far  
And murky future, you, like lambs  
Before the slaughter of exams.  
It really doesn't matter now  
Whether you pass, or why, or how;  
Because, you see, when they are done,  
Your hardships will have just begun.  
When in the tub you slip and fall,  
You'll break your head against the wall;  
And if you try the stubborn shower,  
Comes athlete's foot within the hour.  
When Peter floods the halls with ghee  
That makes all hopes of breathing flee,  
Asphixiation kills all knowledge;  
You cannot even sue the college.  
And when your woes seem only vague,  
You probably will get the plague;  
Or pappilomas will pursue  
You, if you have escaped the flu.  
Then all your health will go to pot;  
In the Infirmary you'll rot,  
Beset with ailments. And, therewith,  
Your last lone boy friend dates at Smith.  
Fate the best of men has wrecked.  
What in hell do *you* expect?

## Spring Fever

I cannot seem to concentrate;  
All I do is meditate;  
My mind is wandering hither and thither;  
I do not know just why or wither.  
To study I must hesitate;  
About next year I meditate;  
Oh dear, why can't I cogitate  
Before exams and it is too late!  
All my lessons I do hate;  
I think that I will dissipate.





## An Episode in the Life of Third Floor Branford

'Twas up upon the third floor  
Of one big College dorm.  
One night, it was at bed-time  
Four girls spread the alarm.

For in their beds they found there,  
Hid in among the sheets,  
Piles of common table salt,  
A joke most indiscreet.

And in the upset following  
The guilty showed no shame,  
Nor gave they any evidence  
Of where to place the blame.

The house was in a turmoil;  
The beds all torn apart;  
And up and down the hallways  
Accusations made their start.

Suspicion never rallied  
Up to such heat before;  
You couldn't trust your best friend  
Nor the girl who lived next door.

One suspect was accosted  
At the peril of her life,  
But she's still among the living  
To tell that tale of strife.

'Twas at the point of midnight,  
When all in her room was dark,  
Revenge stole in the doorway  
And she her plans did mark.

Off came sheets and bedclothes,  
While salt in air did fly,  
And such a scrambled mix-up  
Never raised a roof so high.

Then when Revenge was satisfied  
Her exit she made bold,  
And to her innocent suspect  
Her name she never told.

By the crack of dawn next day  
The Floor was all astir,  
And detectives were appointed  
To find who the guilty were.

They hunted 'round for evidence  
In classes and outside,  
And went about cross-questioning,  
But the criminals all lied.

That night they all assembled  
In a big trial meeting long;  
The Judge was Esther Tyler,  
Bound to right the wrong.

The girl who was the Court Clerk  
Took notes in her short-hand  
As the Judge called up the victims  
Upon the witness stand.

The first one pleaded innocent,  
The second one also,  
And finally the whole roll call  
Stood guiltless in a row.

But someone there was in disguise  
And maybe two or more;  
So the Judge called up the evidence  
And counted up the score.

It was found that So and So  
In Room three hundred nine,  
Couldn't possibly have done the deed  
For she wasn't there on time.

And as for Miss Revenge herself  
We did not dare suspect,  
For she has a hottish temper,  
And her own bed was upset.

The session was a long one;  
The room a smoky haze;  
For the nonchalantest smoker  
Could no suspicion raise!

When at length we'd all been tried,  
Three suspects there remained,  
One acting very guilty,  
The other two quite strained.

The Judge commanded us to vote  
In secret and in thought  
Upon the three accused ones  
This our verdict brought.

The verdict was announced;  
Their confessions were received;  
The Court was wrong in cases two,  
And still we were deceived.

For a girl sat in the corner  
With a very poker face.  
"Congratulations, Tempi,  
Guess you win the case".

## And Soda Bed

Dotty went one night to dinner  
And she returned quite far from thinner  
The dessert that night was ice cream;  
Dotty had too much 'twould seem.

*Chorus:* So Dotty to the soda went,  
For which the house much money spent.  
Give us back our soda, do;  
We didn't buy it all for you!

The next day Dorothy ate cake,  
Until she got a tummy ache.  
But at that she didn't cease—  
She came back for another piece. — *Chorus*

Not a day did Dotty skip;  
Next she went on a fishing trip.  
When marooned, she ate for rations  
Oysters—that turned into inoculations! — *Chorus*



## A Blackstone Ballad

All Blackstone House a-sailing went the Sunday of the Prom,  
And the spirits of the lads and lassies soared.  
The day grew warmer as they left, the sea was very calm,  
As a camera was hoisted last on board—board—board,  
As a camera was hoisted last on board.

The decks were very soft they say; the captain knew his place  
And he steered them out, oh far, far out, to sea;  
When a youth with eye for profit climbed up in the crow's nest space  
And he held the cold, hard camera on his knee—knee—knee,  
And he held the cold, hard camera on his knee.

The view from up above, I ween, was wondrous to behold;  
The young lad's few illusions took a fall;  
And he grasped his kodak firmly, for he thought himself too bold,  
But no one down below saw him at all, at all,  
But no one down below saw him at all.

He finished several rolls of film, and grinned a wicked grin,  
And long hours later told the rest his feat:  
Exposée of the young girl's guilt. Hush money soon came in.  
And it kept a clever man on easy street—street—street—  
And it kept a clever man on easy street.

## Poverty Party

There once was a year of depression  
And C. C. then being in session,  
Deemed it a pleasure  
To employ drastic measure  
To conserve its existing possession.

They decided one night to abstain  
From tidbits for tummy (not brain),  
So a poverty dinner  
Helped to make them all thinner  
As well as some lucre regain.

Then Winnie waxed most operatic  
To an audience so sympathetic;  
Their hopes and their fears  
Were shown by their tears;  
The party became most aquatic.

All evening Serena portrayed  
The faculty (they'd be dismayed)  
In mimicry graphic  
Enough to stop traffic,  
Amusing to all who surveyed.

And so they all gained an obsession  
For parties to help the depression;  
So let it suffice  
To say it was nice  
And stop without further digression.

### To the Girl in Green

I like the way you do your hair;  
Your raven locks are quite unique.  
I love your laugh before you speak;  
Your giggle has me hooked for fair.

I love the way you do your hair.  
Hysterics have me on the run.  
Insanity must be such fun.  
To hold me off is hardly fair.

Of course I know you're not quite there—  
You chortled in my ear so much.  
I couldn't tell your words as such,  
But I like the way you do your hair.

The dress you wore I just adore—  
It looks as if it's made for you,  
Most becoming its livid hue.  
Someone else's I'd just abhor.

I adore the way you do your hair,  
And if I see you on the street,  
I'll fling this bouquet at your feet—  
I love the way you do your hair!





### Farewell Song

Far above the Thames blue water  
Where the ships sail by  
Stands the youngest Alma Mater  
Growing to the sky.  
See her daughters, coming, coming,  
Thronging campus hall;  
Make Connecticut, our college  
Fairest of them all.  
33's school days are over  
We must say farewell,  
We will always love you C. C.  
Future years will tell.  
As a class we've stood together  
Loyal, staunch and true  
33's school days are over  
C. C. farewell to you.



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