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1927 GRADUATION ISSUE

President Marshall Urges Graduates to "Keep On"

Baccalaureate at St. James

The Baccalaureate Service was held in the St. James Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon, June 12th, at 4 o'clock. The theme of President Marshall's address was "Keeping the Highway", the text coming from Philippians 3: 12 and 16.

He said in part:

"I seek the privilege of writing deeply, and with your aid, indelibly in your hearts, the truth wrapped up in the great text to which I have invited your attention, and this writing in our hearts we may dare to do, because the experience and declaration of the apostle are not simply typical, or parallel, or similar to those of the student; they may be regarded as identical.

"We have, to our unparalleled delight and satisfaction, in the achievement of an American youth (who will be referred to doubtless in presence of many a similar company in this current month of college commencements) seen very recently a splendid demonstration of purposefulness, guided by industry, tempered by modesty and humility, refined by good-will and exalted by constancy.

"And when asked of his future, turning aside from many inviting and highly profitable inducements, and lending himself to no cheap, or spectacular capitalization of his tremendous achievement, he simply declares: 'I shall keep on flying.'

"If we've mounted our Pegasus, or had our flight of imagination or sailed the seas, or penetrated the recesses of knowledge, let's keep on flying, keep on sailing, keep on digging.

"The award of the college degree is a recognition of the successful completion of a sustained effort, of a flight of mind and spirit over and into the salient facts of experience as detailed in letters, sciences and arts; and it's an occasion for congratulation. But how worse than foolish to rest on that accomplishment! How pathetic to stunt the mind, at the level of that attainment! How it belies and thwarts all the urge and enthusiasm and satisfaction one has known as a student not to go on as a student, whatever one's business, or profession, or career.

"There are other than personal and individual reasons why we must expect the college graduate to consider this

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

GRADUATE OFFICERS OF 1927

President—Florence Hopper.
Vice-President—Harriet Taylor.

Secretary—Edith Clark.
Treasurer—Margaret Woodworth.

Chairman of Entertainment—Mary Storer.

Publicity Chairman—Barbara Tracy.

Band Plays In Quad For Campus Night Celebration

"Come loyal classmates, gather round," and we did, and the fathers and mothers did, and sisters and brothers too—for Campus Night, 1-9-2-7 in letters of light flashed from the walls of Blackstone to tell those of the college and those of the town that these last gay moments were the Seniors! The night was clear, beautiful; the quadrangle was bright, gay. Blue lanterns, gold lanterns, rose lanterns made the old familiar square of green grass and grey walls a new place of soft brilliance and half shadows. In the center the band played and along the sides parents and daughters talked with other parents, other daughters, while the Sophomores served punch and cakes. There was dancing on the lawn until the President and Mrs. Marshall led the Grand March of fathers and daughters, two by two, four abreast, then eight, and at last sixteen strong the gay lines marched around the quadrangle.

A few minutes more and a line of Seniors in cap and gown marched singing to the library steps—to sing for the last time as undergraduates. Solemn songs, silly songs, stone wall songs and May Day songs—many songs the parents liked, many the Seniors loved. And so ended '27's Campus Night, the last night—a time of lights and music; a night full of the spirit of the place; a time to remember.

SPRING PLAY IS REPEATED FOR LARGE AUDIENCE

On Friday evening, June 11th, the Dramatic Club again presented "The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde. The audience was large, being composed of prom men who had not yet gone, parents who had just come, alumnae, and seniors most of them seeing it for the second time. Except for a few instances when the words were indistinct the play was very well done. The audience enjoyed it immensely but being more sedate, the usual collegiate expressions of delight were replaced by less demonstrative but equally appreciative chuckles of fathers and smiles of mothers. As each new character appeared, the seniors would explain in stage whispers just who she was so that by the end of the evening the guests knew much of college history.

Unfortunately Lady Bracknell (Edna Somers) reeled off her English brogue so swiftly that those unaccustomed to hearing her found it difficult to understand. The slow, soulful words of the pious Doctor of Divinity (Dorothy Pasnik), however, were heard and appreciated by all. The two Englishmen (Florence Hopper and Mary Jerman) were great successes. Their roles, which seemed at times peculiarly characteristic, were most refreshing and were well interpreted. Indeed the play, serving to parents and alumnae as an introduction to commencement activities, was much enjoyed.

Class Day Is Crowded With Last Activities

Class Day—the unforgettable Monday, unequalled, never to be repeated. For on what other day did 1927 rise at an early hour to play a game of baseball with 1927's papas? And this was only just one event of a full day. Only on Class Day did the graduates—about-to-be find self-expression both in athletics and in dramatics. Early in the afternoon they donned the dress and manners (if not the wigs) of the time of good King Arthur. Arthur, his lady, and his court from Merlin the sage, "one with truth", to the scullery lads, walked with stately pride or tripped in spritely dance upon the green of the quadrangle.

After this excursion into the age of chivalry came the laurel chain for things followed closely on Class Day.

The Seniors, once more in the cap and gown of students, walked two by two between the chains of laurel which the Juniors carried. Black of the Senior gowns, white of the Junior dresses, and the long green chains of the laurel. The line moved slowly from the quadrangle toward New London Hall and over the path to the Library to plant the ivy at the end of the building facing east to the river. The Seniors sang the Class Song as ivy song. "Thus our loyalty in the grey shall be and the green shall mean love anew." Mary Storer, Class Day chairman, made a short speech and placed a little earth over the newly planted ivy. "As the sword of courage and truth symbolizes the ideals of 1927, may the ivy growing up by the gray stone wall mean that those ideals are living through the years," she said. They sang the College Hymn, and after it, walked between the laurel chains to Knowlton House Salon to present the gift of the class to the college.

The gift stood on a table at the end of the room, two silver urns for tea and coffee, simply designed and executed. After the college sang "Come Loyal Classmates, Gather Round," Harriet Taylor, class president, presented the gift to the college. She

(Continued on page 3, column 3)

COLLEGE JOINS IN MUSICAL

In the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday students, parents and friends gathered at St. James for a second service, a musical service of devotion and praise. The choir and faculty gave a program of dignity and beauty which fitted exactly the churchly atmosphere of St. James.

Mr. Weld was at his best in his selection from Parker's Hora Novissima. The choir sang throughout with good effect, but the beauty of harmony and perfection of phrasing shown in "Jesu, Word of God" and in "Peace, I Leave With You" made them the climax of the evening.

Mr. Bauer's numbers were so uniformly satisfactory that one hesitates upon a choice. He had wide variety in his solos, the most modern of which was Stravinsky's "Fire Bird".

The Rain Falls As 1927 Shifts Its Tassel

Dr. Coffin Gives Address

Nine-thirty, raining, and one by one, two by two, the Seniors gathered together for the last time—in Plant. There they waited for the signal to start down to the gymnasium. Such moments! A last farewell from a Junior passing by, a sudden realization that this is goodbye, a husky voice trying to be cheerful. Some of the more spirited tried their luck at "Not So Far Ahead of Us Is Our Diploma", but it was too true. Those few moments of waiting were the first real pause in all the excitement—a pause which gave the Seniors a little time to grasp the full significance of parting.

Ten o'clock, still raining, and the Seniors began to march through the mist towards the gym. Paper and handkerchieves protected freshly laundered collars, but what if they were a bit dampened? Their owners' thoughts were high, their bodies were tense, and their spirits were triumphant! Into the gymnasium they marched, to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Athalia"—in the very wake of achievement, for their instructors proceeded, guiding as always in the four long happy years now coming to a close. Then a moment of silence, followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner".

The formal exercises began with the Invocation by the Reverend Alexander H. Abbott, pastor of the United Congregational Church, Norwich. After the choir had sung "Jubilate Deo", Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin, president of the Union Theological Seminary of New York City, gave an inspiring address on "What the Community Should Expect of the College Woman". The Seniors, as they listened, realized how well Dr. Coffin knew the freshly graduated student, the difficulties she must encounter, the attitude of others toward her, and her own hopes and feelings. It was a splendid address, containing much for graduates and parents alike.

After music by the orchestra, and "Invictus" by the choir, Dr. Kip motioned the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts to rise. It was a tense moment. With due formality they were presented to the Dean, and then to the President. First the B. A.'s, then the B. S.'s came forward one by one to receive their diplomas from the President's hands. Then each group in its turn shifted the tassel—and they were graduated. The announcements of honors and prizes, a few more claps from the audience, a hymn and benediction and then the academic procession filed out of the gymnasium—the faculty leading as before, the Seniors with their sheepskins tucked away from the raindrops, with their heads held high—graduates.

PROPHECY IS DEFIED

Strange, but some classmates seem to be planning to defy the prophecy. The first refusal was written in these words, "Prophet, you are wrong. Fate tells me I was never meant to be a plumber."

Connecticut College News

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FOUR YEARS

Four years are behind us, four years filled with memories that have twisted themselves into the fiber of our lives so deeply, that even now, when we have scattered from the hill-top, we can scarcely realize that they are gone. Four years in which the horizons of our lives have been infinitely broadened, in which the guidance of teachers and friends has led us far, and the experiences of friendship have deepened and enriched the world that we look upon.

Years of beauty, inspiration, striving, of disappointment, failure, and discontent! Very much has been given to us, how are we to repay a debt that has incurred our deepest love? Four years are so short a time, and they are past! We can only repeat, with perhaps an even deeper feeling than we have ever felt before, the pledge of our class to its Alma Mater, that shall hold through all the years that we are away from her: "We, the Class of 1927, dedicate ourselves to loyalty, honor, and love for our College, and propose to serve her and to render her, in so far as it lies within our power, more worthy and more beautiful."

HISTORY OF 1927

The other day when I was scanning the pages of modern history, I was chagrined to find not even a mention of the class of 1927 of C. C. Dr. Lawrence was pretty sad about it too, and he said that unfortunately we were worth very little historically, because the world had been going such a long time and so much had happened, and all that, that we couldn't possibly hope to figure on the pages of history. It was a sad blow, and I was feeling quite unhappy about it.

But just then I saw Dr. Dederer scurrying into the Zoo lab with half a dog fish. I knew that the other half was in the famous barrel, with some sweet girl's name about its neck. "Evolution, Evolution, Evolution," she was murmuring to herself and began to talk to me about specimens. While mentioning specimens she said something about the Senior class. I wasn't exactly flattered to be so designated, but then, it did show that we were of some significance. In fact I guess we were rather excellent specimens, because Dr. Dederer told me that I probably had no idea how beautifully the class of 1927 exemplified the theory of evolution. Of course I was interested in that announcement, so I said, "Do tell."

And she told:

"In the fall of 1923 there were 163 little amoebas enrolled as freshmen. I never saw such helpless, hopeless little one-celled things in all my life. Really I had little hope for their endurance. But one day, in sheer desperation, I put them all under the microscope. What was my delight and relief to find that they showed signs of a decidedly Bony structure! I was sure, then, that

ABOUT NEXT FALL

I have a gown and a tassel-turned bonnet,

I have a scroll with a blue ribbon on it,

I have letters from the family tree—
Telling of the life problems waiting for me.

But by next fall, 't would seem like heaven

To have a portion of a seat on the 10:37

To jump into a taxi with a 50 cent fare

And then greet the girls hanging over the stair.

Who wants a gown, and a tassel-turned bonnet?

Who wants a scroll with a blue ribbon on it?

Who wants letters from the family tree?

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

they would be saved. This bony business would be the making of them.

"Time went on, as time does. And the first thing I knew my amoebas were no more. Some had just naturally died in the process of surviving the weaker, or whatever that theory is. Those who had managed to live were quite rollicking amphibians. Now, you know amphibians, I think that they are the silliest animals going—neither one thing or the other. Sophomores! Some lived off campus, some on—I really couldn't keep track of them. I had introduced some strength to buoy them up, I had gone Hunting and Fishing around and found two new Specimens. (We professors love puns, and love better to talk about them) and nothing like a little racial intermixing so I found a German girl who certainly added spirit. Amphibians! They were all right, in a way, but they were silly. I really liked the amoebas better, because, you know, amoebas are amoebas and do not even pretend to be anything else. But amphibians—what are they!?"

"I was glad that time went on.

"The next fall, I was probably more surprised than pleased to find what development had taken place in my original amoebas. These Juniors were no less than dinosaurs. I have never seen such strength before or since—they conquered everything. 'Oh, my big dinosaurs, whatever shall I do to control you?' I would say to myself, as I jumped out of their way. It was a big year, but you must know all about it, no one could forget it. 'This can't last, this just can't last', I would moan, and sure enough it didn't. The first thing I knew was, that as time went on . . .

"I had the finest little class of monkeys you ever saw! And was I pleased! Brute strength is all right in its place, but there is nothing like a higher development, and I certainly had it in my Senior monkeys. There probably never has been such a class of monkey since the college began. Anyway, I have never seen a class enjoy itself as much—there was a little criticism to the effect that these monkeys did not show their age. But I maintain that age is a subtle thing, and the better concealed the more remarkable it is. Well, so you see, how very much your class has developed—from stupid amoebas to clever monkeys.

"By the way, has 1927 a class motto?"

Being somewhat of a monkey myself, I really couldn't remember at that moment, so apellike I replied, "no."

"If I may suggest one, then," Dr. Dederer said, "I might say that 'Darwin was right'."

LYDA LYMAN CHATFIELD,

Historian.

AN OPEN LETTER

Ridgewood, New Jersey,

June 9, 1950.

My Dear Florsaris: Forgive me for being old-fashioned enough to write you a letter congratulating you upon your graduation from college. When I was a girl, letters and cards of congratulation were quite in vogue, but I suppose such customs are quite passé now.

Will you allow me to be a trifle sentimental tonight? Perhaps your dear mother has told you that we celebrated our Senior Banquet just twenty-three years ago today. Such a jolly time as we had! Of course a Senior Banquet seems extremely mild and uninteresting to you young things, but it was considered a gay affair in those days.

I remember—we had our Banquet at the charming old Lighthouse Inn. I hear that it was recently destroyed when Mr. Rudd built five new blocks of bath houses. It seemed a shame to destroy such a quaint old place. We motored down in taxis and private cars. I remember your dear mother tearing by us at a great rate of speed. Yes, Florsaris, we really thought that automobiles were speed vehicles. The big rooms of the Inn were banked with magnificent flowers and were alive with gay voices and bright frocks and shawls—yes, my dear, we actually wore dresses. I can hear you trouser-clad young things chuckle over that. We were a little feminine, I suppose, but we did have our larks just the same.

Your Aunt Jerry was the toastmistress, and what a prankster she was—an imitator too! How we did laugh over the telegrams she sent to some of the girls. I saw your Aunt Margaret Elliott Smith the other evening at a Lindy party (not half so jolly a game as bridge to my way of thinking), and she blushed charmingly when I alluded casually to her wire. Ask your mother to tell you about the telegrams some day, Florsaris, for it would take too long to tell you of them in a letter.

It was such a collegiate evening, and how we did love to be collegiate in those days! Our class presidents spoke charmingly of our years together—it was a little sad. But we were so gay, despite the sadness! We sang and sang. We sang so many songs that I actually fear that my voice suffered from it. I have never been able to hit the same notes since. Your Aunt Lyda gave the class history, and a mighty good history it was (quite zoological) despite the fact that she finished with a highly insulting remark which we forgave, knowing that it was "right". Then your Aunt Bob very ably and cleverly gave the class prophecy. Although we giggled at the improbability of the remarks, I am almost positive that at least one-half of that prophecy has come true. Ask your dear mother to tell you what they prophesied for her—and just to think that it has come true! I wonder if your Aunt Florence has ever paid her five dollar tax.

After more impromptu speeches and entertainment, we followed the quaint old custom of calling the roll. I don't suppose that you do that now, do you Florsaris? I think the class of 1945 did away with that tradition because 1944 learned from experience that the police force of New London was scarcely adequate to enforce the traffic regulations. The traffic was pretty heavy way back there in 1927, or so it seemed to us. My, weren't we surprised when some of our classmates got to their feet and ran around that table! Of course we promised not to tell, and do you know, Florsaris, until this day no one outside of the class has ever been certain just who did

PASSING THOUGHTS—

WE HOPE

That Bony and Jerry won't catch a chill in Paris.

That no member of '27 will be forced into "the Five and Ten by the day."

That Lammy and Frannie Fletcher will apply at Ziegfelds.

That when the editors of this paper try to sell any of their literary endeavors to great magazines, they will never use the following convincing arguments which "sold" their work to this paper:

Dear Editor:

"Make any change or throw the damned stuff in the coalbin,"—Pat.

"Here is an apology for a write-up,"—Marie.

"Sorry they are not better—hope you can read my writing,"—Paducah.

"I am a failure,"—Lyda.

"This drivell I'm sending isn't fit to print,"—Kola.

WE WONDER

Whoever saw those commencement movies, and what they said.

What Dr. Erb said when he found the Baccalaureate music had left him.

Whether our minister, having accidentally killed us in his Baccalaureate prayer, thought that by marrying us off in the next sentence he had righted the wrong.

Whether Dr. Erb was thinking of our four college years or just final exams when he chose "Invictus" for the Choir's Commencement selection:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance

I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance

My head is bloody but unbowed."

The Seniors gave a Pageant

Upon a bright Class Day,

With Arthur and his lady

And court in habit gay.

Perhaps you think they played for fun,

Or tradition to obey;

But judging from appearances,

'Twas solely for Pathé!!

run, although of course some of them guessed fairly intelligently.

It was such a gay party. I shall never forget it. My sword pin shall always remind me. I hate to be discouraging, but after one passes the thirty mark, there aren't many such events as Senior Banquet! Don't let the prevailing sophistry cause you to belittle such affairs, Florsaris. Goodness! I have so lost myself in a fit of reminiscing that I have completely overlooked the purpose of this letter. And now I see by the clock that it is high time that I start for my C. C. chapter meeting. We are in the throes of plans for a cake sale for the benefit of the disabled Physical Ed. majors. There have been so many, unfortunately.

I am so proud that you are graduating, Florsaris—you of all the nieces. 1927 is proud of you, honors you as our—but then I shall not bore you by telling you again of the high honor and title conferred upon you. Your poor mother, is she still figuring over those accounts? Give her my love and tell her that I shall forward the "round robin" to her in a day or two. Just think from city to city it has travelled for twenty-three long years—such spirit, Florsaris, such spirit.

Do come to see us soon after you arrive home, my dear, for Auntie Midge and I are so anxious to hear about the presentation of "As You Like It" in the college forest. I hear that it was exquisite.

Lovingly,

AUNT GRAYVY.

P. S. Was the final examination in Prose difficult?

QUADRANGLE IS SETTING FOR MEDIAEVAL PAGEANT

The Class Day Pageant was a colorful glimpse of King Arthur's Court, depicting the incident of Gareth and Lynnette, as adapted from Tennyson's version. The knights and ladies, resplendent in robes of rose and blue, King Arthur and his queen, Guinevere, upon their dais, Merlin in his robes of magic, the Lady of the Lake standing

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apart and mystical, the impertinences of the court jester in scarlet and green, the gleaming swords, the slow moving and dignified procession, all against the background of the grey stone, medieval steps and wall and buildings, formed a spectacle that had something in it of real beauty, real atmosphere, real charm.

The tale was read by Merlin from his scroll, after which the figures of the story enacted what he had said of them. The bare action of the narrative was elaborated and made more pleasing by group and solo dancing and by music.

The pageant was written by Emily Koehler, Louise Wall, and Esther Chandler; directed by Frances Fletcher and Barbara Tracy; coached by Marjorie Halstead and Margaret Battle. The chairmen of the various committees were:

Music Mildred Beardslee
Dancing Edith Clark
Costumes Designed Louise Wall
Costumes Elizabeth Tremaine
Scenery Dorothea Redman
Properties Dorothy Harris
Programs Esther Chandler
Stenciling Helen Reynolds
Make-up G. Johnson, M. Halsted

The principle members of the cast were:

Merlin Emily Koehler
Gareth Louise Wall
Belmont Frances Williams
The Lady of the Lake

Frances Fletcher
King Arthur Sarah Carslake
Guinevere Mary Storer
Dagonet Edith Clark
Lancelot Mary Crofoot
Lynnette Sarah Pithouse

INFORMATION FOR ALUMNAE

All members of 1927 are urged to keep in touch with college activities and enter into alumnae activities by joining the Alumnae Association. Dues are \$2.50 per year, or \$25 life membership, payable to the treasurer, September first. Local alumnae chapters have been organized in New London, New Haven, New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia. These chapters have been most successful in their work for the college and in their social gatherings. Other chapters can be organized if there are six Connecticut girls in the group. For information about joining a chapter, or organizing a new one, write Marenia Prentis, first vice-president.

Members of the Alumnae Association receive the Alumnae Quarterly four times a year. Pauline Warner, the editor, is always ready to receive items about the doings of C. C.'s youngest alumnae, as well as bits of verse, stories of travel, etc. Send items to the editor or to Barbara Tracy.

The officers of the Alumnae Association are:

President—Virginia Rose '19.
First Vice-President—Marenia Prentis '19 (92 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.)
Second Vice-President—Mary P. Wheeler '24.

Secretary—Margaret E. Baxter '22.
Treasurer—Janet Crawford How '24 (Mrs. Burton How, 31 Ardmore Road, West Hartford, Conn.)

Councillors—Julia Warner '23; Helen Hemingway '23; Evelyn Gray Talmage '22.

Editorial Board—Pauline Warner, Chairman '26 (Main St., Middletown, Conn.)
Juline Warner Comstock '19;
Kathryn Hulbert Hall '20; Blanche Finesilver '22; Barbara Tracy '27.

Athletic Chairman—Grace Ward '25.
Nominating Committee—Agnes B. Leahy '21; Esther Batchelder '19; Emily Warner '25.

Graduate Secretary for 1927-'28—Edith Clark '27.

'29'S SISTER SONG

At that last sing, when the Sophomores replied to "Deep Down in Our Hearts," we realized how much we loved their song to us. For this reason we are printing the words of it here. The tune is "So Now Good Bye."

We sing to our sister class
That we will ne'er forget you
And though the years may pass
Our hearts will e'er be true
For though our fate
May separate us from you
We'll not forget days we've spent with you.

The high ideals you have set
The faith that you have kept
We'll lead us ever on
In all the years to come
We'll send our praise forever lasting
and ringing
Through all loyal hearts ever singing
Just for you our Junior Sisters True.

When only echoes can ring
Their praise of twenty-seven
When only memories can bring
The days that we've spent here
Although our lives and paths from you
may sever
In our hearts we've thoughts that are
ever
Happy in their memories of you.

1927 WINS A. A. HONORS

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

After the presentation of the A. A. awards, President Marshall presented Mary Jerman '27, with both the spring and all tennis cup.

Now that 1927's athletics are over, let us name over the principal point winners of the class. Florence Hopper won the highest award the old English C and blazer. Skins have been won by Rachel Harris, Florence Hopper, Marian Lamson, and Mary Crofoot. Pennants have been won by Florence Hopper, Esther Hunt, Margaret Elliott, and Grace Trappan.

CLASS DAY IS CROWDED WITH LAST ACTIVITIES

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)

said, "Because the college has given 1927 much beauty, 'beauty of working, of loving, of living', the class hopes that it can add a little to the beauty of the college by the gift of these urns." President Marshall accepted them for the college, expressing appreciation of the gift itself and of the form of its presentation. The class sang its college song, "Because the Spring Has Come To This, Our College"—one reason why "We'll sing with joy of you, oh, Alma Mater, we'll always love to think of you in spring." And last—the Alma Mater.

Those who attended the President's Reception in Knowlton House in the late afternoon, found a great 1-9-2-7 of laurel made on the terrace by the Juniors. The President's Reception gave a chance for parents to meet other parents, for parents to meet other parents. The room was gay with flowers. There were friends to talk with and good things to eat—enough to make the last afternoon, or any afternoon, pleasant.

For the day was over. Campus Night came and passed too quickly. Class Day, the last day, was over, with fair weather and happy times to remember.

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'27'S HONORS ANNOUNCED

The commencement program contained with its announcement of academic honors and prizes conferred upon our classmates. Cora Lutz graduated with such a series of honors that the rest of us gasp—High Honors, Annual Honors, Departmental Honors, in Classical Philology, and the Peterson prize for excellence in Greek. Her honors thesis was upon ancient Roman gardens—a theme which combined her major interests, Botany and Latin. Margaret Battles graduated with Honors, a fact even more noteworthy when one considers all the college activities she has entered into.

Frances Joseph received Annual Honors and Departmental Honors in Mathematics. Her honors thesis was entitled "Products and By-Products of Mathematics."

Minnie Watchinsky received Annual Honors and Alice Grane the Comstock Prize for Excellence in Botany.

Along with this list should go the names of those with honors won other years. Annual Honors have been won by Lois Gregory (1926), Frances Joseph (1925), Cora Lutz (1925-1926), Harriet Taylor (1926), Minnie Watchinsky (1926).

Frances Andrews received Mahan Prize for Proficiency in Music (1926); Cora Lutz—Comstock Botany Prize (1925) and Peterson Greek Prize (1926); Barbara Tracy—Bodenwein Prize for Excellence in English in the Field of the Newspaper Article (1926); Louise Wall—Jane Bill Prize in Fine Arts for excellence in painting (1925 and 1926); Harriet Taylor and Margaret Woodworth divided the Surpluss Prize in Mathematics (1924).

We marched all together
As down fell the raindrops
And spread out our kerchiefs
Lest collars have spots.
Oh who will forget
The events which befell us
And the funniest of all—
Those faculty umbrellas!

**PRESIDENT MARSHALL URGES
GRADUATES TO "KEEP ON"**

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)
season indeed but commencement, and not the day she stands as a finished product."

He then proceeded to give a warning against conceit, and exhorted his audience to fulfill their duties as citizens and home makers. Then in closing, he more particularly addressed the graduating body:

"Classmates and friends of 1927, let me stand with you a moment as you pause for these happy and significant days of attainment and accomplishment, and in the same moment in which I cordially congratulate you, gently warn you, and firmly challenge you, lest by any error or conceit any of you think of this as the end.

"It is the close of an epoch, a very beautiful epoch of your lives, memorable, incomparable, irrevocable, but life goes right on and you will tomorrow be the same person, only finer, than you are today."

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**THE TRUSTEE-ALUMNAE
LUNCHEON**

Slowly dripping raindrops,
Wilting collars,
Tassels aright, heavy hearts,
Dismantled rooms, brimming trunks;
Such was the setting for
The Trustee-Alumnae luncheon.
"Thames for the last time"—a tickling
feeling

About the eyes and nose when we said
it.

With straightened shoulders and golden
resolutions

We entered—Alumnae.

Such a wondrous, scary feeling for one
so young—

Long tables, flags, an orchestra,
Laughing, prattling, it had scarcely
changed at all.

We were silent for a time—perhaps a
minute.

And then decided

With the assistance of sweet music
and tempting food

That we were not half as scared

Being Alumnae

As we had always dreamed we'd be,

And not half as old,

And much more proud.

We'd really advise the sensation.

SENIOR PROM

'Twas merry, that last Prom. One
dance is usually like another, but this
had its special features—the orchestra
tuning up at nine and stopping at two
(or was it three?)—Harriet and Pat,
gracious hostesses—attractive wait-
resses, their flowing dresses lined in
mossy green—an orchestra which kept
its mathematics straight and was al-
most always playing the dance it was
supposed to be playing—and a grand
march, unusual in its intricacies.

Then the usual parts of prom—
strolls in the moonlight, conversations
on hockey field steps, ice cream on the
window sills, and punch between
times. It was all there.

The hour grew late, thunder storm
came and went, the clock struck but
the music kept on. Dr. Jensen, pacing
the floor and stifling a yawn, was still
enjoying himself immensely when the
dancing feet finally stopped. Then the
walk home over Connecticut's bumps,
a few minutes in the darkness, and
doors opening and closing.

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