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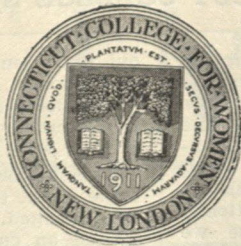
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1928 Commencement Issue

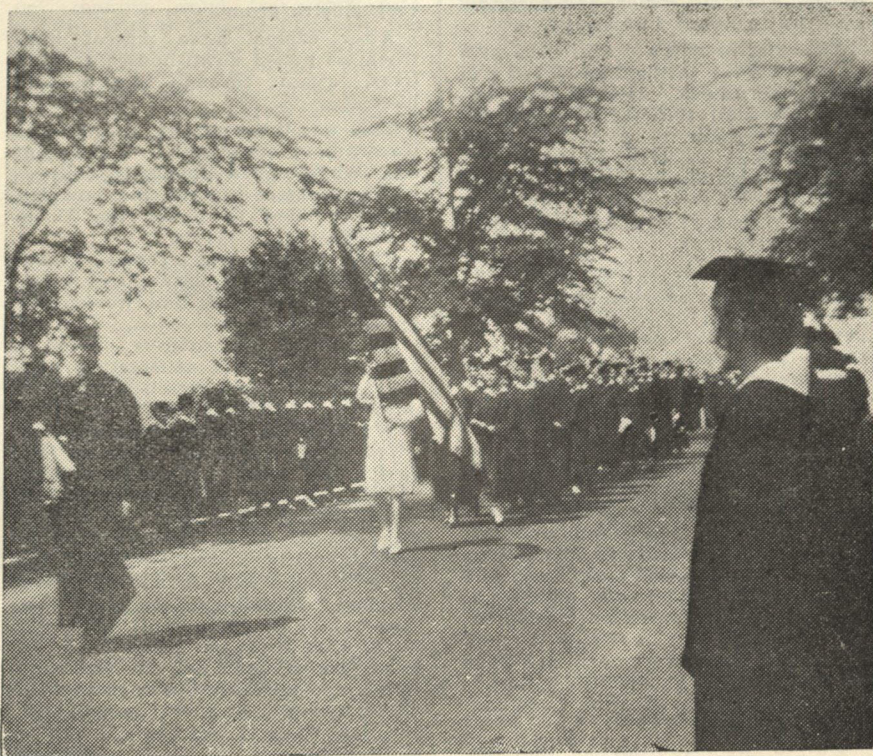
IVY PLANTING AND PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT IMPRESSIVE

President and Mrs. Marshall Give Reception

A smiling sky and a tassel-devastating breeze, making perfect the charm of the campus, greeted the Seniors when they came, robed in caps and gowns, to form the line of march for the ivy planting. Preceded by the Alumnae Parade, the Honor Guard of Sophomore Sisters in white, and flanked on either side by white-clad Juniors bearing on their shoulders the deeply-looped green laurel chain, the class marched from the gym to the library. After passing through the lines of laurel bearers, the class stood in formation near the southeast corner of the library where the ivy was planted, and speeches were made by Eleanor Wood, president of the class, and Merle Hawley, vice-president. After a song by the Alumnae, and the singing of the Ivy Song by the class, the procession again formed, this time moving toward Knowlton House where the Seniors entered the salon, leaving the Juniors to lay the laurel chain on the outlines of the class numerals on the terrace in front of Knowlton.

When the guests had assembled in Knowlton, Eleanor Wood, in a very appropriate speech, given in a delightful manner, presented to the college our class gift, consisting of a silver sugar bowl, creamer, and silver serving plates of the same design as the pieces presented by the class of 1927. President Marshall accepted the gift in behalf of the college, emphasizing the appropriateness of the silver as a gift of beauty, dignity, worth, and distinction.

Seniors then filed out, hurrying to their rooms for lightning changes in—
(Continued on page 6, column 2)



JUNE 12, 1928

ALMA MATER SUNG FOR LAST TIME BY '28

Grand March Enlivens Last Evening

In the evening of class day a military band entertained a large audience with a concert from an improvised platform in the quadrangle. Friend weather instituted an innovation in the tradition of campus night

(Continued on page 6, column 2)

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE IMPRESSIVE

President Marshall Speaks on Text "What Is Your Life?"

The subject of the Baccalaureate sermon given by President Marshall was the simple yet significant question, "What Is Your Life?". It does not correspond to our convictions of the dignity and meaning of life, said President Marshall, to term it "a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away". Life, according to science and experience, is a progression from lower to higher existence. "Man is the acme as he is the epitome of creation." Life that is ours is the attained excellence of unimaginable eons through infinite cooperative agencies. This idea of human achievement is shown in the poem of Walt Whitman's "Human Progress" and is summed up in the line:

"All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe."

The average college graduate, continued President Marshall, has had fifteen to seventeen years of training with a multitude of influences. Your life, viewed by your friends, means a love of things of the mind; excellent habits of thought and action; wisdom in the right use of time; a fine capacity for friendship, and a rare discrimination revealed in the good taste of friends, books, and all forms of recreation.

Education is "living without cessation, and without desire of graduation; it is living, thinking, loving, serving and worshipping in the presence of the assembled intellectual and moral glory of the world."

The bane of college is dispersion on the level of mediocrity. The stu—
(Continued on page 6, column 3)

WEATHER FAVORS OUTDOOR COMMENCEMENT

Address by Professor Myers of Princeton

As the Seniors marched to their seats to the haunting strains of Mendelssohn's March of the Priests from "Athalia", their parents and friends were assembled in the quadrangle for the first outdoor commencement. The tradition that it must rain for Commencement was broken, and the sun outdid itself, even beyond the bounds of satiety. Fortunately the exercises were so varied that no one had a chance to think too much about the heat. The music arranged by the choir was unusually lovely, and the selections from Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" played by the orchestra showed great beauty and poignancy.

The address, given by Professor William Starr Myers of Princeton University, on "Books and Brains" was keen, analytic, and challenging. His main argument was for a union of book learning and of brains, rather than for allowing one to make up for the lack of the other. He showed contempt for the "grind" who attempts to foist his book learning upon the professor as intelligence, and no less a degree of scorn for the "bluffer" who attempts to substitute cleverness for learning, thinking he is fooling some one by doing so. His address was lightning-quick, showing throughout a hatred of narrowness or sham of any sort. He took time to depart from his main theme to strike a blow at the farmers who argue for "God's time", instead of Daylight Saving Time, to make a thrust at the acknowledged politically-interested framers of the McNary-Haugen bill, and to express indignation at the constitution of Connecticut, which has been allowed to remain archaic. The pungency of his observations, and the semi-humorous form in which he phrased his remarks made his address genuinely popular with those who heard him.

The minute of most interest to the Seniors could not fail to be that at which they shifted their tassels at the command of Dr. Kip. Their transference from being under-graduates to becoming alumnae, was a curious mixture of solemnity and amusement.
(Continued on page 6, column 3)

SENIORS PUT IT OVER ON THEIR FATHERS

Carry Away a 9 to 7 Score in Ball Game

The morning of class day was chiefly notable in providing the time for the Fathers and Daughters baseball game. The fathers put up a good game, which although so ardent as to result in injuries to several of the team, was inadequate to withstand the terrific onslaught of their talented offspring who carried off the honors to the tune of nine to seven. The game gave plenty of opportunity for fun and sallies of wit, and was thoroughly enjoyed by both spectators and players. Those girls who proved that it wasn't necessary to "ask Dad; he knows" were Woody, Dot Bayley, Honey Lou, Bugs Cloyes, Reba Coe, Bus Arthur, T. T. Peterson, Gret Cornelius, Mickey Webb, Jeanette Felsenthal, and Mary Dunning.



Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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RESUME

Four years of college cannot pass without leaving their mark somewhere, that mark depending both upon the individual and upon the college. We are very glad that Connecticut does not tend particularly toward developing a type; glad that it works rather toward the development of individual traits. We are too near our time at college now to hazard any guess as to what college has made of us, or of those we have seen around us. The results are so intangible as to defy analysis. We only know that we have enjoyed the four years more than we may have been willing to admit while we were passing through them. We are conscious of a deep-laid sense of regret at leaving the things we were impatient to be rid of a few months ago. We are not ashamed of our impatience toward the last, for we realize that it was as natural a reaction as is our present regret. We have no way of knowing which is the distortion, the impatience or the regret. Perhaps both.

Perhaps the editorial "we" has been used too freely to express feelings common only to a few. If so, "we" are sorry. The reactions of so varied a group as that of our class are too diverse to be analysed. We are united only perhaps through the things we have shared together, though that single bond is a strong one. As we untangle the threads that have held us together, almost all of us must certainly feel a poignant regret at a separation which severs us from those we have been among, and starts us out on widely differing roads, all filled with anticipation, eagerness, and a tiny pang of loneliness.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1928

Among the things I learned here is that it takes light rays a certain amount of time to travel. So if a person were far enough out in space he could see events that had happened in the past. I won't bother to describe the Punic Wars or the French Revolution, but I will take up a temporary residence on an attractive and hospitable star and look at freshman year at college, September 1924.

The New London station was our first sight, but we don't speak of that. No porters anywhere but a surprising number of sailors. Finally a taxicab, to the driver of which we said rather self-consciously, "Connecticut College" and an address, the street of which we were absolutely unable to pronounce at the time. But we learned, college taught us that if nothing else, and it was no mean accomplishment.

We took our suitcases to our rooms, looked for absent trunks and went up to register.

Registration day is a most complex affair. We were handed dozens of little white cards, a few blue cards, a catalogue, a schedule of rooms and hours, and the name of our freshman advisor. We discovered that freshman English was compulsory, freshman history was practically compulsory. Aside from these we could choose anything at all—an interesting process. That night, bruised and mangled, we crept wearily back to home and roommate, discussed curtains and color schemes, and fell asleep.

The next day and the next day and the next we learned the real meaning of the word *hill* which had formerly been incompletely understood.

One afternoon we went to the gym to hear all the inside dope about student government. After that, President Marshall told us what an exceptional group of girls we were; having been selected from over a thousand applicants. Then we were sure that we had chosen the right college because President Marshall was so discerning.

But we began to think he had slipped up a little in his judgment when we took the Freshman Intelligence Test. We were not quite up to its problems, being incapable of accurate decisions on questions such as "how many policemen in New York City died of tuberculosis in January 1913?"

Our Catechisms told us the correct etiquette of a college Freshman, which we drank in eagerly, anxious to get ahead in the world. The "C" quiz gave us a chance to display our talents in memory work, and the freshman initiation, our talents in dramatics as we entertained with little impromptu acts on the gymnasium stage. Then we wore freshman caps for a while and suddenly Thanksgiving vacation came and we were molested no longer.

But in the meantime we had had our first class meeting and class officers were elected at the head of which was an obscure young lady named Dorothy Bayley of whom you may have heard.

Then for three weeks straight we looked forward to Christmas vacation. This finally arrived, as has been the custom the past few years, and the class disintegrated for the time being. We came back in January, talked about the marvelous times we had had and then realized that the unpleasant formality of exams was about to begin.

A veil will be drawn over those days and will be lifted to disclose the sudden magic of our first social function—tea dance. Other high lights of the spring term were musical comedy and Freshman Pageant when we went around with bright yellow faces for a few days, cold cream being what it is.

Room-drawing caused hysterical excitement, particularly because we were to be the first sophomore class to live off-campus. Just a class who bequeathed precedents instead of following them.

June exams were taken in the hottest weather that New London ever experienced. They were complicated by frantic packing and more frantic good-byes, and then we went home to say all summer when we were asked our class "Why sophomore!"

We came back in the fall to find Knowlton built and Thames Hall enlarged. We greeted each other with wild shrieks of joy and then settled down to discipline the freshmen.

For the most part we took ec. and psych., spending painful hours learning what a good was, and memorizing the more intimate aspects of the eye.

We elected honorary members of the class—Dr. Lawrence and Miss Sherer whom we considered fully worthy of us.

Sophomore Hop was a glorious affair, our first bit of private social property. The influx of cars and raccoon coats quite made up for the lack of trees on campus.

About this time we obtained sophomore privileges which meant staying

out until ten o'clock no less without a chaperon. This unexpected freedom caused us to dissipate madly for weeks until, worn out by the night life, we were forced to subside.

The Endowment Fund enthusiasm came about this time and we pledged and pledged. One day some of us waited on customers at a few stores who were giving the day's profits to the fund. This was pleasant excitement that grew quite complicated when change had to be figured out.

Exams in January were doubly painful as now week-ends were limited unless a "B" average was earned, and a "B" proved to be a very elusive grade.

After exams came mascot hunt when we pulled down houses, tore up trees, swam through sewers—and liked it.

This was the year that the Student Government organization was changed. We attended illustrated lectures on the subject and at the end felt fully qualified to better the U. S. constitution.

Then there was room-drawing, election of junior officers and house juniors, final exams and we became upper classmen.

Our rooms on campus proved a glorious source of satisfaction during September and October, then the novelty wore off slightly.

We met our freshmen sisters, to whom we had written sterling advice during the summer—such as "New London is cold in winter. Be sure and bring galoshes." These letters seemed to be mildly maternal and eminently correct. We met, as I said before, our freshmen sisters. We had originally had the idea that they would be small and blond and would cling to us but Freshmen week had, even if not dyed the hair and lengthened the stature, dispensed with all tendencies toward dependence and we became acquainted with a most completely at home freshman class. We still functioned as chaperones however, and were greatly in demand at all movies. This was a pleasure as a new movie theatre, the Garde, had blossomed to maturity during the summer and it became possible to be comfortable at a movie in New London.

That spring we won the competitive play with *Helena's Husband*.

At Junior Banquet the mascot was unveiled—a lovely bronze plaque expressing our motto: "Not for one but for all."

During Junior Prom in May we decided that spring was the season created for a dance and that it suited the purpose admirably.

At the last class meeting of the year a chairman for ordering caps and gowns was appointed, and we realized that we were about to begin our last year here. Officers were elected and we began getting used to the prospect of being seniors.

It was still hard to grasp when, the following September, the Senior privileges were read on the steps of the gym. We walked on curbstones until we felt like Lindbergh himself only a little more skillful.

The new system of nights was installed to the hilarious satisfaction of all girls having a 3-point average and to the dignified acquiescence of the less fortunate females.

Our Sunday night suppers at Knowlton made us realize that our choice for position of the mascot had been an inspired one.

The second semester's advent made the dream of staying out until eleven come true and we began giving the night watchman a good workout. It was pretty difficult to locate him when we were still amateurs in that art, but we soon caught on and he became increasingly less elusive.

We again won the competition play, this time with *Beauty and the Jacobin*, with Elise Boyden as the beauty and Elizabeth Gallup as the Jacobin—and such a Jacobin.

May Day saw the placing of the mascot in the entrance step of Knowlton. We each received May flowers from the sophomores, a happy circumstance which made us for-

get the unpleasantness of having to wear caps and gowns. Koine came out and we grabbed for it avidly—our own class book. And in the evening we hiked miles and miles to Bolles Wood where the Senior Picnic took place.

We won the competition sing, thus adding the final touch to our ever increasing glory.

And now exams are over and tonight is Senior Banquet. This is just about the most important night of senior year. A possible competitor for that title is Senior Prom tomorrow night.

And so the class of 1928 has five more days before commencement. From my distant star I have travelled back through space to the earth again. Now we are turning toward the future together, and each of us is looking toward her own star, her ideal of life. As we go forward to this goal, this star, I am sure that the light of memory will travel quickly and frequently to C. C.

ELIZABETH KROLIK.

MUSICAL SERVICE HELD IN SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Selections Varied and Interesting

A very delightful musical service was held in the Second Congregational Church in New London on Sunday evening, June tenth, at eight o'clock. The service consisted of several numbers by the college choir under the direction of Dr. Erb, a few organ selections by Dr. Erb and two solos by Mr. Weld. President Marshall presided at the service. The Dismissal was composed by former President Sykes and Professor Coerne, formerly head of the college music department. Dr. Erb also played one of his own compositions. The order of service was as follows:

Opening Sentences
The Lord's Prayer
Versicles
Anthem—"Lord of All Being" Salome
Organ—Adagio (Fifth Sonata) Guilmant
Anthem—"Jesus, the Very Thought" Brewer
"O Lord, Most Holy" Franck
Mr. Weld
Organ—Chant de Bonheur Lemare
Anthem—Jubilate in G Erb
"Creation Hymn" Beethoven
Mr. Weld
Anthem—"Lift Thine Eyes" Mendelssohn
Organ—
(a) Andante Expressivo (Sixth Sonata) Capocci
(b) Grand March from Aida Verdi
Anthem—"Draw Us To Thee" Barnes
Prayer and Benediction
Dismissal Sykes-Coerne
"God in his mercy attend us,
God in his steadfastness stay,
God in his love befriend us
Seeking the heavenward way."

AMBITION

We walked on curbs, wore galoshes
Gaily flopping all day long,
Looked full thirty in our mortar—
Boards, and sang a May Day song;
Chatted of careers or marriage,
All the things that were to be
After we had gained our freedom,
Earned our sheepskin from C. C.
Now our tone is changing slightly,
We have somewhat less of cheer.
While our thought—though seldom
spoken—
Is—"If there were only one more
year!"

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX, 28

JUNE 12, 1928

ADVERTISEMENTS

(Here should be a picture of a party.)

A TRIUMPH

With the Young Crowd:

Her biscuits and home-made cake. It looked like an awfully quiet party—until the biscuits and home-made cake came in.

The men gave one long, loud cheer and the fun began. They pleaded to be waiters; they fought to cut the cake.

And nothing would persuade them to go until she promised another party right away with biscuits and home-made cake.

Hilda was as surprised as they were to learn that she could cook.

(Picture of a package of Lucky Strikes, about which is draped a shawl, two or three pairs of gloves, and two brass candlesticks.)

E. Louisa Somerza, brilliant actress, writes: "The American footlight favorite—ah! how she delights in the puff of a fragrant cigarette. I have tried them all in my international tours, the cigarettes of Cairo, Paris, London, Madrid—but here in my native land I have found my favorite cigarette, the 'Lucky Strike.' In addition to its lovely flavor it has no bad effect upon my voice, my occasional palsies or my tortacales—so even when I go abroad I carry with me my little trunk of Luckies; and enjoy a puff from America."

FOR SIX YEARS I STRUGGLED TO GET BACK MY HEALTH

Hartford, Conn.

"Continuously strenuous work, even in an office where the atmosphere is one of beauty and calm, can be very wearing.

"Finally I had a breakdown. My weight dropped to 100 pounds. For six years I struggled along, trying everything I knew to build myself up again—but without success.

"When at last Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me I grasped at the hope as a drowning person clutches at a straw. But there the comparison ends, for in less than a year the Yeast had restored me to my normal weight and brought back my health. I am now vigorous and well, and happy in my work."

RUTH HAAS FLEISCHMANN.

(A picture of a yeast cake should be inserted here.)

(Picture of cold cream jar.)

A subtle portrayer of lovely women, Virginia Hawkins, Lady Elgin's comments upon beauty are of interest to women everywhere. "To the eye of the artist," she observes, "nothing is at once so exquisite and so elusive as a lovely complexion with its fineness of texture, delicacy of hue, subtle changes of color.

"For my own part, to have learned that Pond's Two Creams are not cosmetics, but the guardians of something ineffably fine and precious, is to have made an invaluable discovery. I sincerely believe in their gentle ministrations."

(Picture of S. S. Veendam plowing through the seas.)

Announcing the opening of the new Vodie Sterrett chain book stores for ocean liners. I draw the men passengers; Vodie keeps them.

PROMOTER A. KING,

Holland-America Line.

(Picture of young student poring over study desk with book upside-down.)

Come to us for help with your academic problems. We furnish complete and comprehensive notes for all college courses.

CARLSON AND IRVING.

LETTERS

I.

Dear Editor Towne:

What the dickens? Issue of May 1st speaks of "Internationalist Salmon" making rapid transcontinental trip in Mike's Hispano-Suizrolet for Amabassadress Hawley's birthday party. You're all wet, *Time*. The car wasn't Mike's, Jimmy's, Hunt's or even Tom's, and Amabassadress Hawley is now Queen Merlie in the Nouveau Roumania. Watch your step, *Time*—history talks—I know my fish and my salmon—though I'm a landscape gardener.

RUTH K. TOWSON.

P. S. Try some of my Guitaragin Bulbs in your garden.

II.

Dear Editor:

Those of your readers interested in rare collections will be glad to know of new additions to Krolik Scum-erania. Newley discovered Van Veechten Dizzy Papers included unique pieces "Here's How With The Fuller Brush" and "The Why of Felt In The Ostermoor Mattress." Satirist Felsenthal writes of this volume:

"So Y-nette lived on lemon juice And exercised and did reduce And being quite determined, she Arrived at splendid symmetry. Whenever she stepped out, her gown Became at once the talk of town— Which proves: though love may not beguile,

Few can withstand the urge of style. Give us more of Felsenthal's stuff, *Time*.

RUTH PEACOCK,

Critic and teacher.

New Jersey.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The President's wife speaks at the inauguration, after planning the speech, learning it, and putting him to bed with la grippe which White House Dietitian Kelley and Nutritionist Van Buskirk are unable to curb with barley gruel and Vitamin T per-simmons. Congress is silent . . . The First Lady arises, bursts into speech. . . Uproar ensues. Cries of "Impeach him! . . . make her nomination unanimous!" fill the Senate chamber. Our First lady smiles graciously, and warbles, "My Constituents! . . ." "I got my start in the dear little old college on the hill," she reminisces.

Mrs. Dorothy Bayley Whoozis rules, and a nation writhes in worship.

THE CONGRESS

President Bell of the W. C. T. U. gets her bill before the House. She speaks, and her motto, "Shall Your Boy Be a Drunk or Mine?" electrifies the nations' legislators. Decision wavers. Philosopher-Senatress Kilbon struggles to her feet and says, "Give her a book on Spacio-Temporal Relativity to produce light on the subject." Bell retorts sarcastically, "I don't want a book; I have one." Justice Ayers, long-lashed and aging secures the floor. "Give this little girl a hand, men. Never a drop shall pass my lips again." The aged justice swoons dead away with this effort, as Speaker Drake raps for order. Booth of Vermont, stentorian leader of the majority, tactfully rises

ARMY AND NAVY

Karla Heurich King, daughter-in-law of the Chief-of-Staff of the U. S. Army, gallops home at Meadowbrook with 6 goals to her credit on her favorite polo pony, Chick. "HE taught me how," she huskily whispers, as the six little Kings advance in double quick and stiffly salute as they in unison, "Congratulations, Mama." "HOT NUMBAH!" cries someone in the crowd, who proves to be the famous one-legged, horse-dealing, house-wife Gordon, who, readers will remember (*) lost the other in the Russian Drag. "My sea-going Indiana home," smiles Mrs. Lt. Commander Jo Henderson Whatnot, as she embarks on her modern three-room submarine bungalow with kitchenette and bath.

RADICALS

Reformer Pasnik takes New London by storm, with her last week's speech on "The Primacy of Emotion." Women scream, men blanch, as Doctor Pasnik steps off her soap-box and cries, "Free Love is the only reality!" Men and women remember this with Browning and me:

" . . . nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul."

Professor Eleanor Taylor, of the Philosophy and Mathematics Departments of Colby College shouts from the ranks, "Pas, I object! I have it from good authority of reputable New London Citizens that Bertrand Russell insists on the transcendence of spirit over matter . . . mind over emotion." . . . The mental combatants glare at each other, and ex-officio Mayor May orders the dead bodies of the audience, removed from the Parade.

CORRUPTION

Last week a police squad led by Speaker Drake of the Metropolitan Vigilance Committee investigated the smart East 61st Street night club known as Chez Emmy Lou. The proprietress, Mlle. Dickée, conducted the investigating party through her establishment, offering them some Voltaire and de Maupassant to entertain them on their travels. The entertainers of the club and its guests were then driven to the court of Social-Reform Justice Prugh. Dainty Elise Boyden borrowed the judge's piano and lulled him to insensibility with lilting popular numbers.

Among those guests present were recognized Akron's distinguished Mrs. Sophia Blinn Hoo, who dragged behind her a gorgeous ermine wrap in which she carried concealed a secret oil portrait of incredible dimensions.

Jeannette Bradley, potential social-worker, now the pampered pet of the police squad, sobbed purely and gently, "They all warned me against this . . ."

Mary Ferris Vanderbilt and Janet Jones Vanderbilt, wives of the lucrative twins, toted the bridge table along and played out their five no-trump bid before bewildered Justice Prugh.

"Toots" Foote, still young, single and particular, led in a small army of young men, and prancing innocently up to the judge said infectiously, "What is this Volstead Act, Mr. Justice? You say it has to do with Probation? . . ."

and leads both houses to the strains of the old college favorite, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" The Houses break down convulsively, and President Bell's bill unanimously passes. "How I have helped the medical profession," she murmurs, and peace reigns.

* See "Time" of May.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

Briggs. "I always ask reporters to put stories about me in an obscure corner of the first page," modestly remarked Coloratura Briggs in hometown Westfield last week, when on the occasion of her return from European triumphs she was asked if she objected to publicity.

Lundgren. Poetess Lundgren returns from Denmark with the Nobel Peace Prize for her poem, "In the Wet Waters", adorning her chest. "All in the day's work", she modestly told interviewers.

Crofoot. Athlete Crofoot last week completed the last thousand mile lap of her world circuit on foot. Grimy, grinning, she shows her motto, "The earth's surface with my toothbrush."

Little-Clark. The world's first lady football mentor returns from England, where her seven saintly sons are in school. "Johnny and I are bringing them up on rugby and the Minor Victorian Poets", says Helen Little-Clark, lovingly.

Ambrose. Andrea Ambrose, impressionistic water-color artist in exclusive Parisian cafes, returns for brief American visit, bringing with her sketches which she has made of all types of persons, from dopes to dowagers.

Hall. Jane Hall, lyricist of London's musical comedy hit, "Lime-house Levities," clarinets "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here!" as her boat docks.

Parkhill. Marjorie Parkhill, derelict, returns in the hold of the old Ryndam. "Thank God," she says, "land at last. Twenty years ago I embarked on Dutch Burdick's tour. We lost tickets, baggage, and all personal effects as the Veendam lost her stern and superstructure in mid-ocean. Now, an old woman, I have at last found my way back to America and my native Lake George."

Olsen-Meyer. Elizabeth Olsen and Bessie Meyer last week sailed on the cattle ship "La Vache" for extended European sojourns. Asked reasons for the trip Olsen replied, "Bruges and Irish laces for my department store." Meyer responded, "I'm looking for some more of me. The world needs a greater number of Winthrop scholars."

Peterson. Mary K. Peterson, wife of Philadelphia's five and ten cent store magnate returns from Paris with medal from the French Academy for the best French shorthand speed test of the current year.

INTERNATIONAL

Great Britain—

Ethelyn Redden, cosmopolitan excursionist, last week was presented at Buckingham, Blushing Beauty Redden admitted to inquirers, "I saw it all, and did not miss a trick." She explained that she came in at the beginning and stayed until the end. . . .

Central America: Snaring Deadly Jungle Man-Killer—

Tricky snakes that leap four feet into the air to bury their poisonous fangs in the thighs of human victims is encountered by Explorer Dunning's latest snake-hunting expedition into the heart of Central America.

France. Jewels and Beauty—

Women who measure off the scale of happiness in units of jewels, cash and fame were agog last week at the

unprecedented good fortune of three international damsels:

Mesdemoiselles Carlson and Abramson, intellectual New London school teachers, set the pace of fortune by announcing that they had won a total of \$820,000 during the season of baccarat at Cannes, French Riviera, where they spent their recent Easter vacation.

Ithaca—

Some will consider equally fortunate the former Caroline Whittemore, recently married to Ithaca's diamond king far above Cayuga's waters. . . .

ART

Eleanor Mann Uss recently exhibited her clever sketches of modernistic submarine interiors. She has appended "New York" to the last name of her several children, so that hers is now the U. S. S. New York family. "Just like our navy," she smiles.

Announcement is made of the winner of the competitive scholarship to Orig's Beaux Arts Salon in Paris. West Virginia's Joan Hoge sails to claim her prize.

MUSIC

In Manhattan last week the Society of Arts and Sciences gave its first gold medal for music to Superlative Accompanist Margaret Howard, whose musical peregrinations up to the present have covered more than 789,000 miles. President Charlotte Sweet of the music committee of the Society, murmured, "Ye shades of Mr. Weld," and pulled down the window blinds

Musician Bitgood last week tore off the roof of Carnegie Hall, Manhattan, as the audience heavily applauded her oboe concert. Singer, violinist, organist, pianist, scholar, Bitgood whispers, "I love my oboe."

Contralto Suffern refuses Le Grand Croix Musicale in the Paris Music League. "I am accustomed only to the most important honors," she remarks Mme. Savini, leader of the most exclusive art salon on the Bois, applauds loudly as her glance falls and an attendant sweeps up her lost lashes.

PEOPLE

Eleanor Wood Frazier, wife of the electrical television wizard, last week purchased the largest apartment in the world, located in Woodhaven. It will include 45 rooms, 17 baths, Edward Frazier, the little Fraziers, and a sterling-backed dresser set. Famed for her charm and social grace, Mrs. Frazier, when asked what she planned to do with her other forty rooms, said, "It's nobody's damn business"

Ouija Gay sailed on the Ile de France for her sixth educational venture, this time with the Womens College of Oslo. Asked for an interpretation of her name, Mlle. Gay replied, "Life is a ouija board, and I am but a pawn."

"Blairs" opens next to Marshall Field's great annex. When asked as to the nature of her business, slender, well-dressed D. Agnes Blair replied, "Dirt Purveyors, Detective Agency . . . Early College Training."

Contented husbands of well-known Sisters ran into a reporter outside of their duplex apartment. "Ours is an easy life," they remark, "Eddie cooks and makes the history; Lil does the business and gets the money."

Columnist Kelsey decorated by old King Mihai of Roumania for excellence in the field of the newspaper article. Editor Freston of the Koine Publishing Syndicate remarked of the ceremony, "I gained my experience in my major course; Columnist Kelsey got her start in her life's work at the 1928 west coast Kiwanis rally"

Maybelle Farr, social worker extraordinary, breaks ground for her new settlement house, as Dorothy Lockridge, one-time social worker AMONG children, looks on compassionately. "My European experience," she remarks, "coupled with my knowledge of history, shows me that social work is the bunk. The easy life for mine"

Mrs. Charley-Cordie erects a new two-room bungalow in north New Britain. Mrs. Charley is house president, although she allows Mr. Charley most of the conventional freedoms, has equipment for daily speed tests in her kitchen, as well as Tennyson's complete and handsomely bound works in her general living room.

Gene Bentley, equestrienne, last week opened her new riding school for circus performers on the well-known Ringling property in Bridgeport

Police break down door of back hall bedroom in lower east side tenement. "It's all over now, poor kid," remarked one, in removing the gas jet tube from the swollen face of a fifth-rate occasional hack publicist. Name on bill for room rent reads: "H. L. Owens"

BUSINESS

Magnate Helen Willius publishes her interesting biography, "From Prom-Trotting and Commercial Subjects To Queen of Wall Street."

Ground is broken for Lovell Memorial Institute by Promoters Davis and Wills. Their motto: "Business Methods in the Winthrop Scholarship Way."

Manufacturer Lippincott last week opened her soft-drink parlor in Amiens. In this parlor are all the modern conveniences, as well as fresh water on tap, Saleve non-intoxicating liquors, Ruth Ford peanut butter sandwiches, chaperones for tourists, and Drexel card catalogs to the latest fiction. Manufacturer Lippincott prospers

Ross Management Agency. This appeared last week on a Broadway bulletin. I added, "We Deal in Year Books, Book Store Supplies, Coast Guardsmen, and What Have You? Come early, stay late, and bring your friends."

Editor Towne of "Time" was last week exonerated from the charges of an irate Greek banana stand art lover for her poem entitled, "To The Not Immemorial Him." Editor Towne's opus ran thus:

There was an old sculptor named Phidias,

Whose statues were perfectly hideous;

He made Aphrodite

Without any nightie,

Which shocked all the ultra-fastidious.

EDUCATION

Ideal College, the latest venture in progressive education, raises its Beaver Boards on the shores of the Chattahoochee. Among the most eminent pillars of its faculty are: Professor Thune, teacher of the King's English, with the Curry-Kempton method; Augsburg, professor of history, civil engineering, and the eternal verities; Ph.D. D'Alessio. Einsteinian disciple and discoverer of the fifth dimension; Poetess Conklin who lectures on "Poets and Poetry I Have Known"; Drs. Cloyes and Coe, Swedish gymnastic and physio-therapeutic authorities, on "Functions and Frenzies of the Human Anatomy"; Mrs. Dr. Helen Boyd, on "The Medical Profession, or, How I Keep Youth and Beauty"; Professor Delano of the Spanish Department, lecturing on "The Relation of the Resume To The California Bungalow"; Professor Mary

Louise Irvine, department of Home Economics on "How To Keep Hot In The Mississippi Mud."

Distinguished Miss Knowlton of the old North Carolina family, made up the \$2,000,000 dormitory deficit, thereby securing for Ideal College the gold medal for the best college dormitory in our modern educational system.

Huzzah for old Ideal!!!

Teacher Margery Jones, when found deep in study in the New Haven Library last week, said, "I love my memory passages!"

Norma Brandes, principal of Staten Island High School says: "Browning was right; we must be natural. The use of cosmetics is not tolerated in my school. Penalty for first offense, face-wash; second, shower-bath; third, castor oil; fourth, SUSPENSION."

Catherine Ruddiman, English professor, believes in the value of art in the new education. "My pupils are all taught to draw pictures and designs in their text-books," she said last week

The Dahlgren Alarm Clock was last week put on the market by the well-known manufacturer. "Guaranteed not to Work," she explained.

The Dil Page Essex Corporation announces \$500,000,000 for fastest selling car during the current year.

Eleanor Lowman, proprietress of Hudson's Art and Science Laboratory, writes her friends, "Bring me your chemical, electrical, motor car, marital or other troubles. I do general repair work"

Lucia Gay, last week held her Commencement exercises in the Bronxville Post Office, where she received her diploma in the evening mail from the Columbia Business School By Correspondence. "I did it to help father," Graduate Gay remarks.

Hazel Gardner, recently graduated from the same school in the Tuckahoe Post Office, wires felicitations.

"English is inevitable!" sighs Teacher Dawson, as she applies for a Ph.D. from the new University of Willimantic.

SPORT

Eleanor Pendleton, the "Babe" of the tennis world, returns from her international exhibition tour on the new Majestic. Cameras click, as Manager Arthur, of the Cleveland Symphony Athletic Association kisses her continentally and says, "Our Lady Lindy! . . . America's Good-Will Ambassador."

Lizzie Stewart last week won the international title in Copenhagen's six-day roller-skate race, when she emerged from the gruelling test with two fractured arms, a splintered thigh, and the smile of the winner. "GEE, kinds; so glad I'm home, I'll write a pome," she says, as she pulls out her key to the scriptures and unlocks a trunk full of peach colored trousers and tasselled pajamas.

MILESTONES

Born. To Eleanor Penney Herbst, one-time C. C. student, three bouncing girls. The class of 1928 scratches its head, and ponders . . . "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo," it counts, and the class of '52 gets a member

Honored. Florine Dimmock received a prize last week for perfect attendance at the Waterford Extension University, where she is head of the English Department.

Married. Kate Alida Sanford, to Manufacturer Van Bronkhurst of the automobile world. "A little Marmon for my home," she remarks blissfully

Elected. Margaret Merriam Zellers to the presidency of the Council of the Mothers of Men at old Dartmouth on the hill. When interviewed, President Zellers smiled graciously, "It is the worthiest profession after all."

SCIENCE

Dr. Arrowsmith last week named Miss Grace Bigelow, scholar, science's greatest aid to medicine. "She has the world's greatest number of unfathomable diseases, and is a teaser to the profession."

Mathematician Dance last week exhibited a grey hair to her intimate friends. "This came to me through the effort of computing the number of benefits of my college career."

AGRICULTURE

Mammoth Billy Doyle last week held an exhibition of her exquisite Ocean Beach carnation farm. "You just know Dad wears them," she explained.

Marguerite Reimann, horticulturist, exhibits prize specimens from her lily hot-house. "They can't help growing when I am near," she remarked. "Purity in one element induces it in a nearby one."

SOCIETY

Westchester-Biltmore fashion show last week found the following personages present:

Scientist Gertrude Salzer, wealthy builder of Longfellow's original forest primeval in dear old LaCrosse.

Fashion Designer Hopkins, mean needle-wielder of note.

Mildred Shepherd, the well-known manager of the New York agency of the Melodious Typists' Society. Typists who cannot read music at sight or sing harmony are not admitted to the society.

Social-Worker Shultis. Worker Shultis passed around pamphlets entitled "The Most Valuable Lingerie For The Temerment Case-Worker." These were enthusiastically received.

Professor Rogoff was present with recent samples of the newest types of enlarged brain cells. Dr. Rogoff had with her Yale Ph.D., her Phi Beta Kappa keys and locks, her Oxford LID and Leipzig what-nots.

Catherine Mar, brilliant young jurist who recently returned to this country from her speaking tour in the great universities of the world was present. "Aspects of the Chinese situation," she said, holding her newly acquired chop-sticks aloft.

Dorothy Davenport, the perpetrator of "My Life, Sixth Edition" was seen with one movie camera, one limp-leather edition of Scotts Works, one blue china cat, one purple tennis sock, and one pink one. "Cherrio, happy!" cried Authoress Davenport.

Margaret Cornelius, track sprinter who recently insured he ankles, calves and sockets for \$200,000 apiece, was present in a striking mauve decade.

BOOKS

Elmo Ashton. Critics damn with faint praise Writer, Ashton's latest novel, "Men I Have Known; or, The Tearing Typist."

"Freedom and Adventure." No more is the rural belle victimized by the designing villain and the glib-tongued city slicker. She is too sophisticated, says Molly Scribner, one-time social-worker, now a salvager of stray sisters, in her new book. Freedom and adventure, she holds, is the actuating impulse of most runaway girls. Modern girls are too wise. Sydicatist Beatrice Fairfax Lord writes appreciatively, "Miss Scribner is right; I always say this to the Lovelorn."

"September Noon." Like the sinister figure of a masked and hooded

(Continued on page 5, column 2)

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TIME

(Concluded from page 4, column 4)

BOOKS

medico, the distinguished psychologist Delgracia Kent in her first novel morbidly and efficiently slits the emotional substrata of a complex and neurotically dissatisfied Hedda Gabler who finds herself on a Buchmanite house-party with a John Barrymore of medieval propensities. The power of suspense with which Miss Kent infects her book is aptly conveyed in such lines as the concluding one of the book, in which her heroine queries, "What to do next, Beatrice?"

THEATRE

"The Apaches of New York, or, The Metamorphosis of Muggsy" last week had its opening at the E. J. McDonald Theatre in Manhattan. The play is the first of an accidental dramatist, a one-time social worker who defied the shelter of the ancestral roof in search of the Meaning of Life. Dramatist Elizabeth Sweet here shows that she has found it.

Opinions of prominent persons present on Wednesday night follow:

Ernie Crone, organizer of the new Typists' Union remarked, "This is balm to the jangled nerves of the tired secretary." She recommends it to all members of the Union.

Esther Taylor, publicity expert, "A few smart captions in Muggsy's manner would set the world afire."

Madeline Wheeler, first woman professor at the New London Coast Guard Academy, "the pure, unadulterated truth about tenement life."

Grace Weller, famous Follies star, "Muggsy is here enduring the same psychological struggles that came to me before the full flower of my stage career; before old Ziegfeld came to glorify me."

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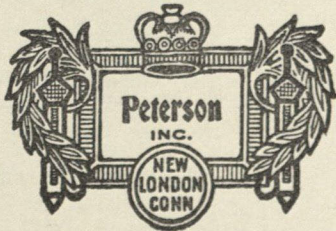
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Katherine Booth, home economist "There is a real clean moral lesson in this play for Young America."

Katherine Whitely, president of the American Amalgamation of Associated Ladies' Rotary Clubs, says, "A little more enthusiasm of the Muggsy type is needed to bring out what is finest in American Womanhood. Let us join in a locomotive for the Amalgamation!"

Martha Webb, manager of the Mammoth Muscle Mart, remarked, "Here is Life in the Rough, where men are men, but women wear the suspenders."

CINEMA

Smith and Douglas, professional movie censor board, tighten the clamps and prevent Art Director Tizzy Wizzy Brown from showing her latest film of Aesthetic Productions, Inc., entitled, "Gloucester Fishing Smacks in Fairlee." Director Brown asks "Why?" "Too much appeal," they explain.

Five hundred eager Connecticut College women last week sought to crawl into the small Garde Theatre in New London to see Actress Lil Gallup in the instructive sex film "Emsley, or The Burden of Beer."

When the cinema was filled to repletion some 300 women who could not squeeze in grew vexed, rioted, knocked off the caps of several policemen, and mirthfully tore to shreds the azure tunic of a painfully embarrassed young doorman.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

A note found in the back hall bedroom of the type-setter of this issue after her death and the appearance of this magazine ran thus:

"To my faithful friends, who so
(Continued on page 6, column 2)

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Dyers

TIME

(Concluded from page 5, column 3)

conscientiously and kindly encour-
aged me in the arrangement of this
issue, I offer my deep and heartfelt
thanks for their counsel, wisdom and
good fellowship. To those whom I
have so thoroughly insulted herein, or
left out altogether, or in regard to
whom I have been more garrulous
than polite, I offer deep and sincere
apologies, praying for their indul-
gence and good will.

"So I go to my reward."

IVY PLANTING AND PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT IMPRESSIVE

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)

to tea frocks and afternoon costumes.
From four to six President and Mrs.
Marshall welcomed a seemingly
never-ending line of Seniors, families,
faculty, and guests in Knowlton salon.
A number of Juniors supplied every-
one with refreshments. This last re-
ception was a very lovely and dig-
nified occasion, a tradition which
added not a little to the impressiveness of class day.

ALMA MATER SONG FOR LAST TIME BY '28

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)

by giving us a decidedly cool evening,
so cool that winter coats made their
appearance, with white flannel ones.
At last President and Mrs. Marshall
stepped forth with a welcome sug-
gestion, that of a grand march around
the "quad". With them as leaders,
the audience gladly joined the march
which soon filled the quadrangle, be-
neath its vari-colored Japanese lan-
terns, with twisting lines of people,
now turning, now meeting and separ-
ating, with a few obstacles in the
form of trees only adding to the in-
tricacy of the pattern.

But soon the concert was over, and
the band relinquished its platform to
the Seniors, again in cap and gown,
for their last sing. It just didn't
seem possible that it was the last
time the whole class would stand so,
all together, following Rhoda Booth's
graceful leading. However, all the
songs weren't sad ones; "comedy"
songs, campus songs, May Day songs,
songs to other classes, and gay songs,
found their way in between the grav-
er, sweeter songs of love and devo-
tion to C. C. Our class song and our
mascot song were given their places
of honor, and then, all too soon, it
seemed that we had sung them all
except the last and best. The Alma
Mater is beautiful always, but on this
last and never-to-be-forgotten occa-
sion, something of the inexpressible

gladness of our green and grey hill-
top, mingled with the pathos of part-
ing having entered the voices of those
so soon to become alumnae, it seemed
more beautiful still.

"Loyalty to C. C.

Faith, friendship, and love!"

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE IMPRESSIVE

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)

dent should, first of all, know several
things well, and one thing supremely.
Second, she should be modest and
humble as becomes a learner in the
vast field of truth. If education has
not wrought in us humility and rever-
ence, it has yet to complete its per-
fect work. As a complement to this,
the student should believe in herself
and her capacity. Capacity is the
badge of mankind and especially of
youth. There is also the desirability
of recognizing and honoring other
lives. The one thing that seems to
be the reason for college failures is
inconsiderateness. Self must not
dominate to the exclusion of gracious
consideration and genuine apprecia-
tion of others.

"The college," concluded President
Marshall, "exalts life, it tells of life,
it enriches life, it contributes to life
as no other agency does, and at a
level no other institution reaches, be-
cause its contribution is intelligent,
critical, and efficient. Something is
yours through endowment of the col-
lege, and lingering and working in
its halls that makes you hers forever.
Surely you have caught the predom-
inant emphasis of its spirit, and its
clear ringing call to nobility, honor,
and wisdom."

WEATHER FAVORS OUTDOOR COMMENCEMENT

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

After the diplomas had been given
out, President Marshall announced
the honors and prizes which were to
be awarded, and in doing so told
once more about the honor to be
given certain members of the Junior
and Senior class achieving a certain
scholastic ranking each year, in con-
ferring upon them the title of "Win-
throp Scholars". He said it had been
decided to make the honor retroac-
tive, and read the names of those
who had achieved that distinction
since the beginning of the college.

In closing the exercises, President
Marshall, speaking to the college
body for the last time, expressed once
more the pleasure it had been to him
to work for and with the college, and
his hope for the continuance of the
growth of the ideals he had cherished
for the college.

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