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Connecticut College

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Commencement Number—1923

President Marshall Delivers Baccalaureate Address.

Says College Degree Should Not Be a Finality.

The baccalaureate sermon, at the service on Sunday, June 10, in the Second Congregational Church, was given by President Marshall, who chose as his subject, "The Higher Impulse of Education," and used as his text, Phil. 1:6. "Being confident of this very thing, that he that hath begun a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ."

President Marshall first spoke of the great company of students and teachers in all lands who constitute a fellowship in which reside both the promise and confidence of the world. There is no internationalism more real than that of arts and letters. While politics, diplomacy, religion and business often create or invite unhappy divisions and even bitter, tragic conflict, the literatures and arts of the contending nations will continue to be read and admired, almost disregarding of the pending hostility. Science and arts and letters know no racial boundaries.

Scholars, artists and thinkers of the world are potent agents for mutual understanding and universal friendship. The scientist is the servant of all; the philosopher is the mentor of all; the facts are the legislators of humanity; and the artist, whether his medium is form, or color, or tone, speaks a universal language.

The speaker then remarked, "How charged with responsibility and significance are the purveyors, guardians, and promoters of the knowledge of these world-embracing, federating, fraternalizing agencies—the arts, the sciences, the philosophies, the literatures of mankind! How vital is school, college, and university. What holds more of promise for the world than education,—education not alone of the head, but also of the heart; not of the eye and ear alone, but of the hand as well; not of mere books or of ancient lore, but of present issues and of living men; and certainly not merely of what is on the surface of life, but even more of what is fundamental, and indispensable in principle, law, and manifest purpose."

President Marshall then considered the Higher Impulse of Education, defining it as that divine determination, the holy purpose, that beneficent design, that parental urge toward development, and higher attainment and larger capacity for and in all goodness.

In the course of his address Dr. Marshall also said, "The college wants to be content as St. Paul was of the children of his care, that what has been begun in you will be perfected, matured, carried forward to relative completion into all the future. College commencement, a degree, a diploma, are only accessories of the season, and can for none of us mark a finality, or even in any real sense, a goal."

Charming Pageant Given on Class Day.

In planning their class day pageant the Seniors took advantage of the period atmosphere afforded by the buildings surrounding the quadrangle and told a story of the century from which the buildings took their inspiration. The quadrangle became the court yard of the manor house, and here the story took place. Blackstone's arched doorway with its guard, proved an effective entrance to the stage, and the ivy-wreathed balcony above was a lovely vantage point from which fair ladies might shower blossoms on gallants serenading musically below with "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes".

A crimson draped bench under a tree was the only bit of added stage setting. All the interest and color centered in the vivid and picturesque figures of the actors. Exquisite figures in midnight blue carrying violet iris drifted across the green background, orange scarfs floating behind. Crimson velvet flamed the brighter for the contrast with silver coats of mail and black satin. In a riot of color the interpreters of the story flashed before our eyes, in games, dances and military procession. Dominating the scene was the exquisite old gold loveliness of the Lady Ann. She was the appealing heroine of the tale told in the program, the same tale which follows:

Once, long ago, when knights and ladies roamed the land, the Lady Ann lived with her war-like father, her nurse, her maidens, and her knights-at-arms. Unlike the other maidens, tapestries, and labors of the needle were strange to her hand. Neither cared she to sit in her window watching the days go by, or to choose a lover among her knights. Her heart was high for adventure and achievement.

On the day of the summer festival she stole from her sewing and came out with her companions to play, escaping the nurse who watched over her. They were gay in their light-heartedness and greeted the knights returning from their ride. And the Lady Ann envied them their freedom and their courage for the right. When they dispersed to prepare for the festivities, she brooded alone the sadness of her impotence.

When the fete had begun, and the merry-making reached its height, and laughter and play were in full swing, a messenger and a suffering peasant came to their lord. A cruel rival lord had attacked the village, and the men must go off to war.

In a rush of brave good cheer they went. But the ladies were left with busy fingers, and idle hearts, to wait for their return.

Not the Lady Ann. She had waited too long; her life of waiting wearied her. She put on the clothes of a boy, and stole away to have a hand in the doing of things.

Continued on page 4, column 3.

Mr. Weld Gives Charming Concert.

One of the most delightful features of the Commencement programme at Connecticut College this year was the song recital offered in the College Gymnasium, Monday, June 11, at 8.15 p. m., by Mr. Frederick Weld, Associate Professor of Music.

Mr. Weld's voice, an intense and flexible baritone, reminding one at times of the *basso cantante*, demonstrates to the full the truth that the realm of song is not—as has been sometimes said—the exclusive domain of the tenor. This voice, with its deep sounding notes, its dignity and breadth, is by no means deficient in gentleness, loveliness or softness. It is modulated with perfect ease, and gives the audience the conviction that neither hearer nor performer can ever become tired, the one of singing, the other of listening. Perhaps this is due too to the superior quality of the *timbre*, its warmth, its purity and fullness. The voice is of extensive compass. The range required in the recital was one note beyond two octaves.

It would have been difficult to improve on the programme, which offered the best in such variety and such appropriate sequence, that even the most critical censor would have surrendered.

First came Beethoven in three of his most noted short pieces—"Adelaide," written at 24, at once larger and more compact in form than the author's previous attempts; technically interesting for its dramatic elements, was well chosen as an early illustration of the modern song considered as the supreme embodiment of lyrical expression. The two distinctive impressions left by the different movements, the *larghetto* and the *allegro molto*, showed the intellectual qualities of the singer; the ending betrayed a great capacity for nuances in the suggestion of feeling. The *lento* "In Questa Tomba," an *arietta* on Carpani's poem, belonging probably to the year 1807, brought the hearers into contact with the religious and the profound. The tragic line: "And cursed be he that moves my bones" stirred the depths, and reminded one of another song, "The Dead," by Dr. Coerne, interpreted with unforgettable emotion by Mr. Weld at the memorial service held at the college in honor of the departed composer. "Creation Hymn," the last of the Beethoven series, is an *andante maestoso*, a ringing offering of praise, an ode to joy, an act of adoration. Mr. Weld's voice here harmonized with the full chords of the accompaniment, concentrating the thought, entrancing poetry and music.

The second series on the programme was selected from Brahms, not from Schubert or Schumann. This was judicious, for, in his conception of rhythm, Brahms can be truly considered as the continuator of Beethoven. "Sapphische Ode," with its delicate touches of sensuous beauty,

Continued on page 4, column 2.

Fifth Commencement Exercises Held June 12.

Eighty-eight Seniors Receive Degrees.

The Fifth Commencement Exercises of Connecticut College were held Tuesday morning, June 12, in the college gymnasium. At 9.30 the Academic procession filed into the crowded hall.

The Commencement address was delivered by Lindsay Rogers, LL. B., Ph. D., Associate Professor of Government at Columbia University. In considering his subject, "Political Crossroads" Professor Rogers emphasized the fact that in coming generations women will help to determine the particular road that America will follow in the course of events.

The following is the program:

- 9.00 a. m. Academic procession forms—Trustees, Faculty, Guests, Alumnae in line.
- 9.15 a. m. Procession moves to gymnasium.
- 9.30 a. m. Commencement program.
- Senior Entrance March—March of the Priests, "Athalie" Mendelssohn
- Hymn—"America, the Beautiful" Katherine Lee Bates
- Invocation—The Reverend J. Romeyn Danforth, First Congregational Church, New London.
- Anthem—"The Heavens are Telling" (from "The Creation") Hayden
- Address—"Political Crossroads." Lindsay Rogers, LL. B., Ph. D., Associate Professor of Government, Columbia University.
- Music—"Suite Melodique" Fritel
 - (a) Intermezzo.
 - (b) Love Song.
- College Choir—"Land of Our Hearts" Chadwick
- Conferring of Degrees—By the President of the College.
- Award of Prizes—By the President.
- Hymn—"Our God, Our Help in Ages Past" Isaac Watts
- Prayer and Benediction—The President.
- Exit March.

Eighty-eight girls received degrees. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following: Ethel Pauline Adams, Florence Justine Appel, Helen Barrows Avery, Ethel Adelaide Ayers, Marjorie May Backes, Helen Allison Barkerding, Mildred Elizabeth Beebe, Marie Louise Maes Berg, Jessie Nesbit Bigelow, Mary Turnbull Birch, Diana Helen Bretzfelder, Anna Katherine Buell, Evelyn Harriet Cadden, Marion Claire Calnen Rheta Adelle Clark, Miriam Natalie Cohen, Kathryn Parker Culver, Catherine Patricia Dodd, Virginia Phillips Eddy, Alice May Ferris, Caroline Kane Neilson Francke, Katherine Neilson Francke, Hope Elizabeth Freeland, Edith Bessie Goldberg, Helen Tallman Hemingway, Helen Elizabeth West Higgins, Alice Perkins Holcombe, Abigail Nettleton

Continued on page 4, column 1.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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PROPHECY OF '23.

You have little idea of the amazement that filled me when I was informed that my husband had actually left me sole inheritor of his Rock-a-bye journal. His only pathetic request was that I should occasionally ask the advice of Katherine Culver and Ruth Stanton and to remain as much as possible in the bounds of decency and the law.

Of course, for thirteen years, I had been preparing for the stage and was about to get a part in a play staged by Caroline Francke and of a most intriguing title "Deep wells of divine power." I am sure that it was a splendid play but the chance to attempt being a Lady Northcliff on my Rock-a-bye-bye was not to be sneezed at.

I don't know whether you remember that Minnie Kreykenbohm had become addicted to cocoa instead of coffee to such an extent that she permitted her teeth to be photographed for all the leading newspapers? At any rate there she was, teeth and face, in the last sheets of the files for at least two years back advertising the Berg Beauty Brand, "Safest for the Heart, Body, and Mind." Mind was emphasized so I could understand Minnie's descent to commercial art.

I dislike to admit it after all these years but I have always hated to read newspapers and most of all my husband's. I began to realize what I had missed when I finished reading the sensational divorce case that named Marion Page as co-respondent. After that I couldn't help spending the first day or so in my Rock-a-bye-bye office just glancing further over the files. The thing that surprised me most was to see how many people I had met seemed at one time or another to figure in the world's news.

The most painful incident on the whole was the injunction preventing one Anna Buel from using her voice in any way, manner or fashion whatsoever while in Montana, for which with admirable strength of mind she sued the entire state for libel.

Among miscellaneous advertisements in the first few editions I noticed that "Soul Culture," a new method of making your eyebrows more expressive was especially in-

dorsed by Helen Avery and Mary Louise Weikert, while Alice Ramsay stoutly vouched for "Why They Stick", the Picket-Randall system. "One policy, one system, universal service, and all directed toward better service." A remarkable editorial on "How I Raised My Child and Why!" by Margaret Heyer, brought tears to my eyes as it must have done to millions of others. No less impressive was "Lost People", by Mildred Seeley. I used two handkerchiefs in that reading. Among lesser voices, but no less potent in the pleading for reform, were Miriam Cohen's and Mrs. Hopkin's, who were both up for "The First Woman To Sit On A Supreme Court Bench." . . . "How To Tell Whether A Person Is Lying" humorously brought to bear some vital truths in human nature. I could just hear Marjorie Backes expounding with her well-known charm of manner that "You can fairly see his brain working feverishly, calculating, trying to remember his story, and to figure out just where an unexpected question will lead him." I murmured to myself, "The girl is wonderful. Nothing stumps her now even as of yore."

And then! What a feeling of sadness filled me to see an excerpt from Stephen Leacock in admiration of Ethel Kane's last book, "Friendship, The Beautiful Delusion," which was written in her retreat up the Hudson, from which I judge that friendship is nought, life is nought, nothing is nought.

A lurid headline next caught my eye which read, "Famous Globe-trotter Weds in Air. Jessie Bigelow's Romance the Sensation of a Decade." . . . The vivid subject of many a public story modestly tells reporter her secret—Because of her perilous union and flight she has placed a series of startling exposures with the editor of the Rock-a-bye-bye Journal to leave to posterity. They are to be entitled "The True Confessions of a College Leader." A wide sale is predicted.

A number of small articles proved of interest, "Thunder Storm Causes Damage; The banana branch of the Bretzfelder, Bristol and Beebe industries is blasted. Billions involved."

And—"American Girl Detects Poison in Smuggled Macaroni. Carmela Anastasia given medal of honor for service to the Lithuanian Republic."

And—"Hanging of Norwich Cat may lead to Arrest. Police suspect the Misses Catherine Dodd, Helen Higgins and Helena Wulf. Professor Dodd is believed to entertain a Complex against Felines."

Also—"Eleven Caught in Raid on Domestic Propagandists. . . Those held for bail are Betty Moyle, Adelaide Satterly, Harriet Woodford, Lucy Whitford, Helen Barkerding, Helen Hemingway, Dorothy Hubbard, Mae Birch, Lavinia Hull and Kathryn Wilcox. An alibi proving that Helen Barkerding, Helen Hemingway, Dorothy Hubbard, and Mae Birch were playing bridge just around the corner was presented to the court and sustained."

A later edition featured a terrible disclosure. At a meeting of Nationally Associated Feeble-Minded Testers, Mae Birch, in a fiery outburst proved that the president was only a medium grade moron and was herself unanimously elected in his place. Louise Lindeman, Mary Langenbacher, and Ethel Ayers, made spirited addresses in her favor.

What was my joy to behold a picture of our own viking Jude with a caption under her noble countenance saying in large substantial letters, "Connecticut Woman Weds Same Man Twice—Thirteen Years Apart. Separation occurred over ethical trifle. Friends of couple rejoice. Former

bridesmaids who returned for the second ceremony are Maia Johnson, Mary Wheeler, Jane Gardner, Virginia Root and Emily Slaymaker. Miss Slaymaker gave way to hysterics at the union of her friend. Altho she doesn't believe—if we may quote her—"In love between females."

A clever cartoon showed a charming navy officer building a house-boat to anchor off Winthrop harbor because he couldn't bear to leave the spot where the most glorious Ray in his life had appeared.

Godiva Gowns for Beautiful Women were aptly posed for by those Latin beauties, Florence Appello and Frances Setlow, while Wear-Ever switches were pictured by Abby Hollister, Rheta Clark, and Marguerite Lowenstein.

In the For Sale column I saw "Five Thousand Books on English. . . Wells—I mean Well approved, cheap, apply Ethel Adams."

Another was *Housekeeping, Arts and Crafts, Jellies and Jazbox* at the Ashcroft-Padelford Shoppe on Mader Avenue.

A certain section was devoted to a description of Broadway's latest abandoned woman—a temperamental diva who amused herself by painting lavender circles around the eyes of her numerous swaines. A statement from her carmined lips was to the effect that the gentlemen were pop-eyed fishes anyway so why not? Oh Katy Danforth! Katy Danforth! Without you the world is a void! Why not put rings through their noses?

"How I Adore My Home" came next with Bing Eddy and her three little girls respectively named Katherine, Katy and Kit. It was a touching story of "high aspirations, noble ideals, a homely kindness, and the stuff of human existence."

I copied all of "Is Your Skin Really Beautiful? It Will Be If You Use Boynton's Cream of Bees' Honey."

What shocked me deeply was "Wife Gives Up Husband To Rival After Duel" and to discover that Bess Goldberg had been vanquished with a bean shooter by Rose Watchinsky.

It pleased me to the soul to find some of my friends had at last achieved their secret ambitions. "Flames of Desire," a moving picture written by Betty Whitten starred Evelyn Cadden, Betty Dickinson and Alice Ferris.

Kit Francke's sanitarium was having a vogue with the putrid plutocrats. With her surgeon husband she seemed to cure everything from blisters and toothache to callouses on the soul.

Alice Holcombe was president of the Anti-Marriage Club that was causing a furore in conventional circles. She was aided and abetted by Claire Calnen, Hope Freeland, and Nellie LeWitt. Nellie was press agent and under her efforts the club members became so rabid in their slogan, "Love, But Don't Marry," that Marcia Langley made blood tests conclusively proving they were radicals and should be deported for the safety of the state.

Through Mary Maclear's beautiful studies in photography Mopey Mason secured the Darwinian prize of two million nickels for possessing the most ethereal development of face and form in this age of Boncilla Clay and Muscle-lifting.

Margaret McCarthy eloped with the postmaster in her city declaring that she had come to know his beautiful soul while receiving her dozens of letters every day from his wonderful hands.

You will probably be as surprised as I was to find that Mugs North was Editor of the Sunday Section of "Did You Know That—?" and had been sued by Connie Kenig for misrepresenta-

tion? Connie seems to have wept in court and sworn by all her ancestors that she never sent Leora Peabody's picture in place of her own to the Knox and Rees Teaching Agency. Jean Pegram came by airplane from Jersey to uphold Connie's character. She appeared breathless and exhausted in court and almost insulted the judge in her anxiety to clear her friend. Bab Sanford sat in the front row and laughed so violently that she was forcibly put out. Hannah Sachs trailed her outside and slapped her face for having distracted her attention. Bab was non-plussed at this assault beyond feebly muttering "Can you t-tie that?" A pleasant voice behind her said "What can I do for you?" and its owner proved to be Irene Steele slyly grinning over the episode. Bab, once started, raved so loud and so long that Tony Stone, who was sculpting Dot Stevens' perfect Greek nose in a studio across the street leaned out of the window while Jeanette Sunderland held her by an ear and wanted to know what the matter was. On recognizing each other the uproar was so great that the judge arrested them and dismissed the case against Connie. The whole incident was a most vulgar brawl and did little credit to our Alma Mater.

When I had read so far I felt the need for nourishment. Just as I was about to leave my office I received a wire to immediately report for rehearsals of "These Things Will Happen". It pained me to wire a refusal which read: "Sorry. Have to manage Rock-a-bye-bye. Besides reading is the only thing I can do. Have had poison ivy for 2 weeks."

Oh, well: You never can tell.

MICHAELINA NAMOVICH '23.

HELEN AVERY.

C. C. has few more devotedly loyal daughters than Helen Avery. Through four years she has given her college the tribute of excellent work conscientiously done. As Editor-in-Chief of the *News* her desire has always been to have the paper express the College at its best. During her editorship the Free Speech Column for the publication of Open Letters has come to be more than ever the means and the opportunity of bringing to public notice such questions, criticisms, and problems as are of importance and general interest to the College. It was in keeping with Helen's desire that everyone at C. C. should feel that the *News* is theirs, not the exclusive property of the Staff. We who are left to "carry on" remember her loyalty with admiration, and feel confident of her continued interest in the *News* and the College which it represents.

D. A. R. GIVE TEA TO SENIORS.

According to their custom, the ladies of the Daughters of the American Revolution gave at the Shaw Mansion, on Saturday, June 9th, their annual reception to the graduating class. Unfortunately the weather was bad, but in the end that mattered very little for the old mansion is a veritable treasure house of antiques, and no one would ask for better interpreters of each old piece of furniture than the hostesses of the afternoon proved to be. Each one of the guests signed in the register of the Mansion, and then went to the receiving line. After these pleasant formalities, ice cream and cakes were served for physical enjoyment, and the old house with its treasure was placed at the disposal of the guests for mental delectation.

In short it was a delightful tea and commencement week-end would never have been complete without it.

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1923



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '23

Heigho! Back in the years of our innocence we gathered one day in New London Hall. Under one arm we clutched a catalogue. In our hand we bore seven thousand cards of registration of various colors and states of completion. Thus equipped we attacked our Advisor, whoever she may have been. Just as we were leaving, weary from the struggle and curiously eyeing each other, there was a noise like Bolshevich Russia in the hall. That was Dimmie entering, three hours late.

Days past. We grew used to accustoming our insides to Fish-eye pudding, and unknown cuts of meat. We learned fish nights and pie nights, and overflowed to that extension of Thames hall—the Cosy Corner, which, now that I think it over, wasn't so very cosy although it was a reformed bar-room. We experimented in some fine little models of vaudeville at the Lyceum and learned where to build our picnic fires in the woods. We joined everything and tried out for everything, and maimed each other on the hockey field. Came Comedy and Miss Blues informal little talks on feeble mindedness held nightly in the Gym. We took our Hayes in one hand, for formality, and our knowledge gained at the Lyceum in the other, and sat, and sat, AND SAT, waiting for our turn to go on the stage, and watching the others distortions. The show came off and each individual felt like a private Belasco, having seen the thing in the making.

Our crowning glory was May day, and although we can boast of no blond Greek kings with long black beards, or mysterious unintelligible invocations to invisible deities, still we had our troubles. The piano died in the dampness, at least half of it died. The barefoot dancers suffered glorious pangs from the noble chestnut fruit and New England's rock bound coast, and the "rain-maidens"—was it—struggled along in yards of unfamiliar cheese cloth. But it got over and we individually passed and flunked our fi-

nals with great gusto. And that was that!

As Sophomores we achieved two tremendous accomplishments. First we hopped! Literally you know! If you think back, you'll remember that those were the balmy days of the Fox-trot, and people hadn't yet stopped acquiring spinal curvature trying to look like Irene Castle. Well, we started our sedate circling of the floor when the Yale contingent burst loose toddling. It toddled past the frozen stare of our President. It toddled past the pale blank faces of our chaperons. And those down stairs wondered if it was a heavy hail storm going on above, or an informal gathering of chip-munks doing the minuet. Such a strange tapping and prancing had been substituted for the good old shuffle they were used to.

And then we found the mascot, Having out-Sherlocked Sherlock, and out-watched the watchman, we had a clue. A certain worthy spy overheard the information in that place of common meeting where so many secrets are revealed by innocent conversationalists. We withdrew from our attics. We stopped digging holes all over campus, and lifting stones off the stone wall, and waited for the prize to be seized. It was seized!

We watched another Comedy develop from a group of worn individuals shrieking at a dusty gym into a performance of considerable finish—And once again—that was that!

Junior year—Mascot year—! And because we are silent, a wise, a subtle class—we chose a Sphinx—and entrusted it to Plupy and Maia to hide. Plupy caught the flu or pneumonia or something equally effective—we never heard that dire calamity befell Maia—but the sophomores wrecked their bones, their intellects, their reputations and left the mascot in its environment so different from that in which a Sphinx belongs. We gave it a dinner in all the dignity of the Mohegan's main dining room—we listened to Daddy Doyle—and other honorary members—talk about it—and other things. We

presented it in Thames dining-room. We had advanced one great step—we had a mascot—!

But Prom—Ah—we shone—we surpassed even ourselves in the originality of that week-end—we made the gym look like what it ain't—we sit back now and howl with infinite glee as we remember Peg Heyer in a blue checked smock, clutching a great round blue kettle, rolling her eyes ominously and declaring, "I must have this kettle back—I must—it's my mother's favorite—I must—" And Marg, dashing around, quite inadvertently draping her willowy form with some of the yards of that beautiful material which was in the process of being dyed—working furiously and talking faster. The base ball game—an innovation—what hasn't our class introduced?—was delightful—the men, running gracefully backwards, one man shrieking witticisms even at our most dignified President. The score doesn't matter, that is—to us.

Pause. Athletically we may have died—but otherwise we were alive—gloriously alive—to the great possibilities that Senior year offered to our class of '23.

About this year I can hardly bear to speak. Cannons to right of them, cannons to left of them has nothing on the bursting of solitaires that we have suffered this sad winter. Every day some maiden with a modest, sheepish air holds her left hand under the table cloth. It's nerve racking. In spite of our sewing and embroidery, we have had time for a few other details.

Some of us have learned the difference, as it were, between, a participial clause, as such, and a gerund, if you get what I mean! And learned it to our sorrow, and with sorrow. Others have delved their way through Drama, and pushed their way through Prose. Alas, there are those who have communed with Kant, and suffered in various and sundry educational agonies.

But all will soon be over! With our necks all rigid in newly starched collars, we will reach out our palsied hand for the good old sheet over which the entire art department has become

totally blind. To those well known triumphant strains we will turn on our best new heels and join our proud parents in the ranks of just plain citizens who can live unmolested by Stu G and blissfully uncollegiate and unafraid.

JULIA WARNER.

Judy was destined by the gods to be a marked figure, but her size is not the end of her distinction. Mind and spirit are proportionately generous. Whether we know her for her sincerity, integrity, and generosity in the offices which she has held since Freshman days—with the final honor and responsibility of Student Government Presidency—or whether we know her as the handsome hero of Musical Comedy who gave us a "real kick," or the overwhelming Mr. Bohun in "You Never Can Tell," we always think of her with affectionate admiration, for Judy is "human." It is comforting to think that the campus has not yet lost its landmark, for Judy is to be with us next year as Graduate Secretary, and we are confident that she will carry out her new duties as successfully as she always has those of the past.

HELEN HEMINGWAY.

We remember Helen first as a lovely and perfect Queen of the May in the Freshman Pageant—a "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls." We soon came to know that everything she did was characterized by the same charm we felt then, and we found that when she was interested in anything, that thing was sure to "go." Accordingly, when she was elected President of the Service League, we were sure that the League would have an eminently successful year under her guidance, and we have not been disappointed. The Service League has enlarged its horizon, and has increased and enlivened our interest and activity in local, intercollegiate, national, and international affairs. Since Helen's charms and capabilities are lasting, we know that her future endeavors will be as successful as those of her college years.

FIFTH COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES HELD JUNE 12.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

Hollister, Florence A. Iffland Hopkins, Ethel Kane, Sadie Constance Kenig, Marjorie Calista Knox Minnie Kreykenbohm, Mary Robinson Langenbacher, Marcia Langley, Nellie LeWitt, Louise Allen Lindeman, Marguerite Lowenstein, Mary Morton MacLear, Melvina Phinette Mason, Margaret Josephine McCarthy, Elizabeth Wallace Moyle, Michaelina Marfa-Moza Namovich, Margaret Louise North, Marion Dwight Page, Leora Marguerite Peabody, Jean Forsyth Peabody, Mary Christine Pickett, Lucy Alice Ramsay, Dorothy Davies Randle, Gwynth Rees, Virginia Root Elizabeth Russell Sanford, Adelaide Honor Satterly, Mildred Louise Seeley, Frances Grace Setlow, Ruth Marcella Stanton, Irene Elizabeth Steele, Jeanette Sunderland, Rose Mary Watchinsky, Mary Louise Weikert, Ruth Edna Wells, Mary Pemberton Wheeler, Lucy Stanton Whitford, Elizabeth Whitten, Kathryn Putnam Wilcox, Harriet Alma Woodford, Helene Reynolds Wulf.

The degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred upon the following: Carmela Anastasia, Muriel Pini Ashcroft, Bernice Boynton, Mary Louise Bristol, Catherine Danforth, Elizabeth Johnson Dickinson, Jane Lester Gardner, Margaret Grace Heyer, Olive Wilcox Holcombe, Dorothy Linna Hubbard, Lavinia Fuller Hull, Marion Elizabeth Johnson, Vivienne Cecile Mader, Doris Brown Padelford, Hannah Frances Sachs, Emily Slaymaker, Dorothy Howe Stevens, Katherine Elizabeth Stone, Rachel Louise Tiffany, Julia Warner.

Commencement Honors.

High Honors—Marie L. M. Berg '23.
Honors—Ethel P. Adams '23, Carmelia Anastasia '23, Helen B. Avery '23, Helene R. Wulf '23.

Department Honors:

Department of Mathematics—Florence A. I. Hopkins '23.

Department of Psychology, Philosophy and Education—Jeanette Sunderland '23.

Department of Romance Languages—Marie L. M. Berg '23.

Annual Honors:

Class of 1923—Carmela Anastasia, Helen B. Avery, Helen Barkerding, Marie L. M. Berg, Helene R. Wulf.

Class of 1924—Florence Bassevitch, Eileen M. Fitzgerald, Katherine A. Shelton, Marion L. Vibert, Ellen L. Wilcox.

Class of 1925—Dorothy W. Loewenthal, Dora Milenky, Gertrude E. Noyes.

Prizes:

The Acheson Prizes in Biblical Literature: Old Testament Literature—\$15 awarded to Ethel P. Adams '23; \$10 awarded to Caroline K. N. Francke '23; New Testament Literature—\$15 awarded to Marion E. Sanford '24, \$10 awarded to M. Kathryn Moss '24.

The Jane Bill Prizes in Fine Art—\$15 for excellence in Painting, awarded to Elizabeth Wigfall '24; \$10 for excellence in Drawing, awarded to Catherine B. Holmes '24.

The Bodenwein Prize of \$25 for Excellence in English in the Field of the Newspaper Article, awarded to Helen L. Dodd '24.

The Sarah Ensign Cady Memorial Prize of \$25 for Excellence in English Speech, awarded to Elinor M. Hunken '24.

The Harriet Chipman Memorial Prize of \$25 for Proficiency in Psychological Studies, awarded to Jeanette Sunderland '23.

The Comstock Prize of \$10 for Proficiency in Botany, awarded to Helen Brown '25.

The Goldsmith Memorial Prizes—\$25 for Proficiency in all Studies Cov-

ering the Four-Year Course, awarded to Helen B. Avery '23; \$25 for the Greatest Improvement in Studies During the Four-Year Course, awarded to Helene R. Wulf '23; \$25 for Accomplishing the most for the Advancement and Benefit of Connecticut College, awarded to Julia Warner '23; \$25 for Writing the Best Composition in the General Field of Drama, divided equally between Mary B. Philp '26, and Katherine H. Swan '26.

The Harriman Prize of \$25 for the Best Composition in the Field of the Short Story, awarded to Caroline K. N. Francke '23.

The Hislop Prize of \$25 for Proficiency in English, awarded to Eileen M. Fitzgerald '24.

The Mahan Prize of \$25 for Proficiency in Music, awarded to Julia Warner '23.

The Peterson Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Greek, awarded to Cipa Rosenberg '25.

The Surplus Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Mathematics, awarded to Clarissa Lord '26.

A Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Business Correspondence, awarded as follows: \$10 to Mary L. Weikert '23, \$10 to Marjorie C. Knox '23, \$5 to Anna K. Buell '23.

MR. WELD GIVES CHARMING CONCERT.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

whispers the author's detachment from external phenomena. "Der Schmied," proclaims the bride's pride in the strength of the robust lover toiling by the roaring furnace. "Die Mainacht," large *ed expressive*, shows nature behind the veil of the artist's mood. "Staendchen," an exquisite love song, remarkable by its graceful lines and its melodic invention, sketches to perfection the three students with flute and fiddle and zither, and the fair girl who dreams. . . . Each of these four songs has its individuality, and this fact was conveyed to the audience in the simplest and most direct way. The structural beauty and the distinction of the "Sapphic Ode" contrasted with the certainty and jubilation of "The Forge;" "The Maynight" breathed real ecstasy, "Serenade" capricious charm. And, penetrating the four of them, thanks to the deep understanding and feeling of the singer, the unsurpassable sincerity of the author reigned, made even more manifest by Brahms' consummate formal skill and unmatched mastery in accompaniment.

We come to the second half of the programme, beginning with three songs in three different languages: old Italian, old French, old English. From a *largo* through a *tempo di gavotta* to a resolute *vivace*. The heart of the singer was mostly with the last: "When Phoebus begins just to peep;" with the horns, and the hounds, and the sports of the day. The abundance, the vigor, the cheer of the hunting scene rang in the voice, and the dominant *fortissimo* of the piece enlisted the enthusiasm of the audience for the feast of triumph. "Ah! non lasciarmi no!" was pathetic: "Viens Aurore" light as dew, graceful as a *bergerette* interpreted by a delicate woman.

The fourth and last series dealt mostly with narrative songs and active portraiture. Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine, "a musical dramatization by Charles Gilbert Spross of Kingsley's poem, and bearing a vague resemblance to Schubert's "Erlkoenig," was rendered by Mr. Weld with such lucidity as did not leave anything to decipher. Even the least artistically endowed listeners felt the antagonism between the fiery *allegro* of the husband's motif, and the *moderate* of the wife slowly growing to revolt and despair; they felt the change that brought

with it the resolution, and mourned when the *andante* of the end sadly and slowly sang the resignation of death, while the accompaniment once more suggested the husband's theme. "Hame, Dearie, Hame," is one of the most telling "Songs of the Sea," a selection compiled and edited during the war by Mr. Weld, then Y. M. C. A. Secretary for Music in the Navy. It is arranged by Seth Bingham, and reflects the genuine sentiment, the originality and poetry of the folksong. It was well given. Reminiscences of the past, faithfulness, melancholy, longing and hope surged up in true emotional waves, in rhythm with the sailors heaving at a capstan, then marching round it in cadence. "Love of Yesterday," Oley Speaks' composition, also contains a double theme and calls for antithesis. The best part of it was perhaps the conclusion, the *retenu mello*: "I had learned to remember, you had learned to forget." "The Four-Way Lodge," by Seth Bingham, poem by Kipling, dedicated to Frederick Weld, concluded the programme in a *tempo di marcia*. This was appropriate, not only because "the Red Gods call for us," but also because it allowed the artist to give once more expression to his superabundant life in brilliant, cheerful, all-embracing sounds.

Mrs. Mildred Chapman Wilbur at the piano was an excellent accompanist.

Needless to say that several encores were demanded by the captivated audience. They were: "The Stuttering Lovers," an old Irish air, arranged by Herbert Hughes; and "Lady Moon," by Arthur Bruhns.

ALCESTE.

CHARMING PAGEANT GIVEN ON CLASS DAY.

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

When her father returned for a fresh horse and a new spear, he found her gone. As he was starting off again to battle word came to him that she was dead.

And so the Lady Ann, who would have faced adventure without weapons, was lost, for lack of knowledge, in the fight!

The books, which are the gift of the Senior class to the college, will be presented by the Lady Ann to girls of the present—more fortunate than she.

The Cast

The Lady Ann Melvina Mason
The Nurse Alice Ramsay
The Father J. Bigelow
The Maidens—Marion Johnson, Mary Louise Bristol, Frances Setlow, Margaret McCarthy, Rachel Tiffany, Claire Calmen, Elizabeth Whitten.

The Knights—Elizabeth Sanford, Jeanette Sunderland, Dorothy Randle, Helen Hemingway, Florence Appel, Katharine Francke, Marie Louise Berg, Jessie Bigelow.

The Guard Elizabeth Dickenson
The Page Virginia Root
The Peasant Ethel Adams

Committee for the Pageant—Emily Slaymaker, Caroline Francke, Ethel Kane, Jessie Bigelow.

Music—Katherine Stone.

Dancing—Bernice Boynton.

ALICE HOLCOMBE.

Al Holcombe as Senior President has guided that remarkable body, the class of 1923, thru a year which has substantiated our already firm belief that genius is unusually abounding among their number. "Allie P." by reason of her leadership and precept, has brought much of this talent, heretofore latent, to light. When we think of her, we think of sincerity, nobility of purpose, and genuine devotion to ideals. Al is "a good sport thru and thru," and the kind of a person we like to have known as hailing from C. C.

GIFT FROM MR. AND MRS. PALMER ANNOUNCED AT TRUSTEES' LUNCHEON.

Mr. George S. Palmer sounded the keynote of the Trustees' Luncheon to the Alumnae of Connecticut College when he opened his address of welcome with the words, "Fellow Friends, Fellow Teachers and Fellow Students," for it was a meeting of great fellowship and friendliness, relaxation from the strain of the Commencement activities and joy and satisfaction in a goal well reached. Mr. Palmer urged the new Alumnae to develop an aristocracy of the spirit as a counterbalance to the development of present day materialism.

Under the skillful introduction of Miss Marenda Prentiss, 1919, the Toastmistress, Mr. Harrison B. Freeman, a new trustee of the college, urged the new alumnae to tackle the job outlawing war as a peculiarly fitting woman's job. He cited the success of the women in such problems as slavery, prohibition, and suffrage, and seemed to think that what man laid down in despair woman took up and completed. Professor Lindsay Rogers, the Commencement speaker of the morning, brought greeting from Columbia University. Professor Henry Bill Selden, represented the Faculty, and in spite of the fact that he was separated from his family and placed in a conspicuous position, he emphasized the spirit of friendliness that pervades C. C. campus and brought out the point that C. C. girls always finished their jobs.

Miss Rachel Smith, 1921, brought greetings from the outside world and while she intimated that the world might be a little slow in coming to the feet of C. C. Alumnae, it would, eventually. Miss Alice P. Holcombe, 1923, showed how the principle of service was woven through the four years of college life and would be the guiding motive in the years to come.

President Marshall made some very interesting announcements concerning the progress of the Endowment campaign, bringing the sum up to \$60,600 secured under the 10-10-10 plan, and on the side of equipment announced a new gift of \$100,000 from Mr. and Mrs. George S. Palmer, to be reserved for the extension of the Library.

The gaiety of the Luncheon was heightened by the music of an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Grinnell of the music department, and the singing of class songs. Thames Hall dining room presented an interesting picture, above the tinkle of china and the soft music the air was vibrant with many reminiscent conversations, and from table to table they were glances, carrying their store of experiences—experiences that have been and are to be.

DOROTHY RANDLE.

An invisible ball, an almost invisible racquet, a lithe, quickly moving body, and a gasping admiring group of spectators,—by these did we first come to know Dot. Later we saw that she had innumerable cups and trophies in her room, eloquently attesting to the fact that she swung a gloriously "wicked racquet." Her athletic prowess, however, includes more than tennis. In fact, her mind and body so co-ordinate that any form of athletics is second nature to her. As President of the Athletic Association, she has by careful thought and planning, increased the interest of the college body, both student and faculty, in all forms of athletics, and helped us to realize their importance. We shall expect great things from Dot in the athletic world.