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Miss Urey Warner
Beacon Falls
Conn.

Connecticut College News

Vol. 5 No. 30

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JULY 28, 1920

Price 10 Cents

COMMENCEMENT ISSUE

Commencement Exercises

Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers
Speaks

On Tuesday morning, June 15, the second Commencement exercises of Connecticut College were held in the College Gymnasium. The graduating class led the academic procession followed by the Class of 1921, the Alumnae, and the choir. As the procession neared the gymnasium, it separated to either side of the road forming an aisle down which passed the vested choir, the Faculty in cap and gown, and the trustees. When the Seniors marched into the gymnasium to Mendelssohn's March of the Priests, "Athalie." The singing of the Star Spangled Banner was followed by the Invocation pronounced by Rev. Henry W. Hulbert, D. D., of Groton. Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers of Cambridge, Mass., was the Commencement speaker who talked eloquently on the subject, "Education for Service."

President Marshall then conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science upon the 68 members of 1920, who thereby became Alumnae.

Amid enthusiastic applause President Marshall announced that \$120,200 have already been raised toward the two million endowment fund.

The announcement of prizes and awards follows:

Graduation Honors, 1920

Final Honors—

High Honors—Florence Edwards, Edith Smith.

Honors—Marjorie Doyle, Edith Lindholm, Elizabeth Nagy.

Departmental Honors—

Chemistry—Florence Edwards, Dora Schwartz.

Classical Philology—Marjorie Doyle German—Rose Doherty.

Music—Edith Smith.

Philosophy and Psychology—Elizabeth Nagy.

Romance Languages—Marjorie Carlsson, Olive Doherty.

Zoology—Elizabeth Nagy.

Annual Honors—

Class of 1920—Marjorie Carlsson, Olive Doherty, Rose Doherty.

Marjorie Doyle, Florence Edwards, Edith Lindholm, Dorothy Matteson, Marie Munger, Elizabeth Nagy, Carissa Ragsdale, Dora Schwartz, Edith Smith.

Class of 1921—Jennie Hippolitus.

Prizes

Bodenwein Prize of \$25 for excellence in English Composition in the field of the newspaper article, awarded to Loretta Higgins, '20.

Hislop Prize of \$25 for proficiency in English, awarded to Madeline Hinchey, '20.

Mahan Prize of \$25 for proficiency in Music, awarded to Edith Smith, '20.

Comstock Prize of \$10 for proficiency in Botany, awarded to Adelaide Satterly, '23.

Peterson Prize of \$25 for excellence

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THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1920

CLASS DAY

Nineteen twenty's graduation festivities continued with renewed interest on the sunny Monday of the 14th. The 1919 grads were back and there were rumors of a surprise from them. The court between Blackstone and Plant dormitories was chosen for the exercises and here the audience was ranged in a semi-circle facing Blackstone, while the Seniors reserved seats near Blackstone steps, facing their guests.

But before the Seniors' procession the Alumnae "sprung" their surprise. A band! a real fife and drum band! 1919 wore green paper skirts and white waists, with quaint green paper poke bonnets. They made a very pretty prelude as they marched around campus to the rhythm of their band. Then from their seats at the left of the semi-circle they demurely watched the exercises in which but a year ago they had so prominently figured as the "Pioneer Class."

The class day procession led by the Juniors gowned in white and carrying the laurel chain, started at the gym and wound up the terrace. Here above the court the Junior chain-bearers halted while the Seniors planted their class ivy at the corner of Bradford House. Then they marched slowly back while the Juniors, who were in the lead, again halted, forming an aisle with their laurel chains down which the graduates-to-be passed to their seats.

Then the order of the day began. Every number was received with en-

(Continued on Page 8, col. 2)

PROGRAM — JUNE 11-15

Friday, June 11. — Class Supper at the Mohican.

Saturday, June 12. D. A. R. Tea and reception to graduating class at the Shaw Mansion.

Senior play "The Title," the Gymnasium.

Sunday, June 13. — Baccalaureate address by President Marshall, St. James Episcopal church.

Monday, June 14. — Class Day exercises on the College campus preceded by planting of class ivy. Senior Promenade, the Gymnasium.

Tuesday, June 15. — Commencement exercises, the Gymnasium.

Alumnae Luncheon, Thames Hall.

Dr. Marshall's Reception

After the Class Day Exercises on June 13th, the members of the classes of '19 and '20, with their guests, adjourned to the gymnasium where they were greeted by President and Mrs. Marshall. The gymnasium, very attractive in its Commencement dress of laurel and festoons of dull orange, provided a suitable background for the Art Exhibition, paintings adorning the walls. The cool grey and green dresses of the "Oldest Living Graduates" likewise added a softly gay note of color to the pretty scene. Delicious ices and small cakes were served and after an enjoyable hour spent in renewing old acquaintances and making new ones, the class of 1920 voted the last of the President receptions that they would attend as Seniors, the very best one of all.

THE D. A. R. ENTERTAINS

On Saturday, June 12, the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution gave a Tea at the Shaw mansion to the graduating class, their guests, and the Faculty.

Ice-cream and cakes were served in the house where the girls roamed about looking at the interesting things with which it is filled; and afterwards punch was served on the lawn. The members of the Chapter were dressed in fascinating old gowns which gave a truly historical atmosphere to the whole affair.

This custom of entertaining the graduating class at a D. A. R. Tea, which was started with the first class of last year, has proved a very pleasant means of opening the commencement festivities.

—M. F. H., '20.

The Last the Best

Although Monday, June 14, was the last night of their undergraduate days the Seniors danced merrily and long on this occasion of their very own promenade. The dear old "gym" decked out in class colors of blue and buff, relieved by masses of cool green and clusters of golden hearted daisies, obligingly looked its very best — an appropriate setting for a happy scene. One's best friends, a sympathetic orchestra, yes—even cooling ices and punch, lent a certain poignant pleasure to the occasion making it memorable as the last, the best of all dances in the career of the Class of 1920.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

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

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EN AVANT INTO THE FUTURE

Yards and yards of manuscript relating to 1920's Commencement activities begin to make us feel the thrill of the cap and gown which is almost ours—the responsibility which being a Senior entails waiting to bestride our shoulders, for the Seniors of 1920 have graduated.

A feeling of ungovernable pride is mingled with the thought. Another class has become alumnae; whereof we can now boast two graduated classes! Another class has been launched into the future to be judged by its capacity and attainments and add fame to Connecticut.

To us they have left the carrying on of traditions which we must not maltreat, a loyalty unswerving, and a vision, a hope, and a prayer for our future. In their confident crossing of the threshold into their future we may take our attitude toward our college future. Our very youth is an asset in the upbuilding of our college character and reputation and this youth inspires us to the dreaming of dreams, endows us with the ability to make them a splendid reality, and glory in what attainments the future holds in store for our college.

THE OLDEST LIVING GRADS

The oldest grads of Connecticut College certainly are living, and they showed their "life" during their reunion—it started Saturday night and ran through to Tuesday night. Housed in Branford, they were seen and heard all over the campus—were considered worse than Freshmen and even were "shushed" out of one dorm.

On Monday morning they got down to business for a couple hours and passed on such matters as a \$750 gift to a Frederick Henry Sykes Permanent Memorial; a \$75 gift to the Frederick Henry Sykes Portrait fund; adopted the first baby born to a 1919 grad as 1919's class baby and voted to pay said baby's tuition for four years at a college. In the afternoon they attended 1920's class day, clad in grandma's hoop skirt, fichu and bonnet of grey and green, accompanied by jazz music from a fife and drum and bore placards setting forth the information that 55 of their 67 were back (82 per cent.) 9 were engaged, 1 married, that they totalled 5,280 pounds and earned annually \$38,820 (no wonder they can afford to send their baby to college).

The Mohican holds memories for '19 too—so in the evening, quite late in the evening, they convened there. They most Nye lost their honoraries but later learned Howe they were found. Midst much tempting food, the old cheering squad cheered them on and without song practice the ancient grads recalled their old tunes. Statistics proved several happy engaged members and '19 decided to find them out—so "O Aladdin's" Wedding Bells tried ringing over suspects. Jake Wells, Marion Rogers, Alison Hastings and Met Weed "because they did wear a sparkling solitaire," recognized the bells (Margaret Mitchell and Rosa Wilcox were absent), but many other suspects would not admit their prospects. But the chiming bells tolled consent from Lank Ansley, although two other culprits got away with their secrets.

Prent introduced the speakers: Julian Warner, with the aid of the genie of Aladdin's lamp, reviewed the past year. Winona Young told of the present—the active work of perpetuating the spirit and ideals of Frederick Henry Sykes and Dean Nye laid open the future—showed the campus years hence with its Marendra Prentis or Winona Young dormitory.

The few who could not be with us at our first birthday party were thought of and spoken of and each will receive a piece of our birthday cake.

To make the evening perfect a letter was received and read from Mrs. Frederick Henry Sykes.

Is it any wonder '19 voted to "reune" again next June?

—M. K., '19.

ALUMNAE ELECTIONS

At an Alumnae meeting called to order by Miss Young in the gymnasium directly after the luncheon, a constitution was read and adopted and officers were elected as follows:

President, Esther Batchelor, '19.
Vice-Presidents, Winona Young, '19
Helen Perry, '20.

Recording Secretary, Virginia Rose, '19.

Corresponding Secretary, Edith Lindholm, '20.

Treasurer, Jessie Menzies, '20.

Councillors, Marendra Prentis, '19
Grace Cockings, '19 Alice Horrax, '20

Alumnae Resident Secretary, Mary Brader, '20.

THE FIRST REUNION

It was surprising to be Freshmen at C. C., joyous to be Sophomores, responsible to be Juniors, and dignified to be Seniors, but to the minds of '19 it was the best of all to be the first Alumnae coming back to dear C. C. after a year's absence. In spite of the new dorm. and the new cement walk up from the car station and the new garage and tennis court, C. C. looked mighty like the C. C. we loved 'way back in 1915.

But we won't reminisce any more. We "just want to announce" that we surely did appreciate the welcome extended to us from the first minute we struck the campus until we were all packed up and ready to start for the station again. And although we had a wonderful time every second of the time, filled with things we'll remember long after we are back at work again it is the Spirit of C. C. that will stand always in the foreground—the enthusiastic spirit of welcome. And to all the undergraduates of C. C., and to the class of '20—to everybody who helped to make our stay on the campus a very happy one we want to say a big "THANK YOU."

ENDOWMENT FUND

The campaign for a two million endowment fund which was launched during the Easter vacation is going quietly and steadily on. At present the gifts total \$120,200. Of this sum \$100,000 was given by a friend who wishes to remain unknown, \$6,750 has been raised by the trustees of the college, and \$7,100 in gifts and pledges have resulted from a canvass of the students.

The competition among the four classes to raise money for the fund has been keen.

The Seniors have given teas for their hungry classmates; they have sent out pledge cards to the mothers and have pledged money themselves; so that now they have on hand three hundred dollars with the hope of more to come.

Juniors have been ever present around Campus with ice-cream cones and lolly-pops and with the money raised during vacation they have now \$106 for the fund.

The Sophomores gave a food sale at the Y. M. C. A., and a moving picture at the Vocational School and with personal gifts they have raised one hundred and seventy-nine dollars.

The Freshmen, too, have worked hard and have come out with nearly four hundred dollars, as a result of teas, dances parties and sales given in vacation, and personal pledges. Some girls have sold pictures, done laundry work, shined shoes and given shampoos—all for the Fund.

Groups in various towns are also busy this vacation giving benefit teas, etc. to swell the present sum.

ALUMNAE LUNCHEON

Many distinguished guests were present at the second annual luncheon given by the Trustees of Connecticut College to alumnae and friends of the college in Thames Hall, on Tuesday, June 15.

After the luncheon proper, during which college songs were rendered informally by the classes of '19 and '20, Mr. F. Valentine Chappell rose to extend the greetings of the Board of Trustees to the members of the Class of '20 and to congratulate them upon their entrance into a new field of college activity in the Alumnae Association.

Miss Winona Young, president of the Alumnae association and toast mistress of the occasion, introduced as the first speaker of the afternoon the Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin. He told some

highly entertaining anecdotes about law and lawyers, "And," he concluded "although the first Alumnae may be old and wise and dignified, I notice that they look as green as ever."

Dean Nye, always dear to the hearts of the students, evoked enthusiastic applause by her inspiring words on the personality of the college, and by her comparison of the college on the hill above the submarine base on a misty night when the campus lights were glowing round and full to "a city that is on a hill and cannot be hid."

A most interesting talk was given by Miss Katherine Ludington of the Connecticut Equal Suffrage Association "Shall Women Join the Parties?" She urged that women, retaining a certain measure of independence within the party machinery, should join the parties, not however as a per capita number of voters, but as women.

Miss Partridge of the Board of Trustees expressed a hope that some memorial of Professor Maria Sanford, a Connecticut woman who died recently after many years of remarkable work in the University of Minnesota might be erected in Connecticut College.

Marendra Prentis spoke in behalf of the Class of '19 and welcomed the Class of '20 into the Alumnae association. "For," she explained, "we have been lonely all by ourselves out in the wide, wide world."

Helen Perry answered for the Class of '20.

President Marshall, Miss Young explained, had asked to be the last speaker among the Faculty of the college. At first she had objected, for as president of the college it seemed that his place should be among the first speakers, but upon thinking it over, she felt that since he stood nearest to the students in the position of interpreter between the college officials and the college body, it was highly fitting that he should retain a place on the program just preceding the student speakers.

And President Marshall told about his dreams for the college—how the graduates of Connecticut should go out into the world fully equipped intellectually and so vitally imprinted spiritually with the high ideals of the founders that wherever one alumnae was working, the world should find there Connecticut College.

The Second Alumnae Luncheon drew to a reluctant close with the singing of the College Song, "Dear C. C." written by Dr. Sykes and set to music by Dr. Coerne.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT C. C.

Few of us have heard much about the Summer School at Connecticut unless we have chanced to stay to wait on table during the week of its session. But Connecticut does have a summer school—not in academic studies—but in Religious Education. Here a fine opportunity is presented to broaden out in the field of Psychology, Bible and Pedagogy under such splendid lectures as Miss Margaret Slatery, Boston; Professor Luther A. Weigle, of Yale; Reverend Benjamin S. Winchester, Fairfield; and Mrs. Cora Downs Stevens, Canaan. One hundred and sixty-five delegates from Sunday schools throughout Connecticut attended this summer session conducted June 19 to 26 under the auspices of the Connecticut Sunday School association. Classes under the direction of a faculty of fifteen members occupied the mornings leaving the afternoons free for tennis, hiking, boating and other forms of recreation or amusement. This second session of the summer school has proved so highly successful that it will undoubtedly be continued another year.

PROPHECY OF 1920

It was in the spring of 1930 and in connection with the robbery that earned a place in the police annals of New York that I was summoned to that city by the R. Villa Detective Agency. The million dollar blue ribbon terrier "Pep" had disappeared from the Barlow kennels in a manner that baffled everyone—that seemed, in fact, actually supernatural, according to the message of Mr. Villa. Consequently, as my services were requested to make a psychological analysis of the case, I hastened to New York, ready for mystery, but entirely unprepared for the series of revelations that were to be mine before I left that city.

Almost immediately R. Villa, the mildly curious Miss Hotchkiss of C. C. days, told me about the dog mystery which proved to be a matter of great personal interest, inasmuch as the canine whose disappearance puzzled everyone was "Pep," 1920's own mascot. He had been for some years in the Barlow kennels, under the personal care of Frankie who had been sitting reading to him when the robbery actually occurred. When she suddenly looked down, he was gone, Frankie told me, when I went with R. Villa out to her model farm. She had twenty-five such places and raised everything from chickens and pigs to dogs. Dogs, however, were her specialty, as she had great faith in their intelligence and therefore gave them special education to offset the old-time formal training. At once, we had a consultation over Pep's absence and as a result we called in K. Hulbert, the scientist to examine the spot where Pep had been. Kay, practical and matter of fact, appeared with her scientific paraphernalia, and tested the air for humidity, weight, and density and made a chemical analysis of the floor and rug where Pep had lain. In her usual business-like manner, Kay did say that we might hunt up Anna Buller. She had heard that Anna at one time was in an insane asylum and it was barely possible that a "pep" complex might have made her lure "Pep" away. Such a statement, of course, horrified the rest of us but when we protested against such action Kay bluntly remarked that sentiment and poetry belonged to the dreamer—not to anxious classmates hunting for their mascot. R. Villa suggested that we first get Hester, the snake charmer to come along in case that poor Anna should prove difficult to handle. The hippodrome was then our destination—but we were told that Hester was performing and that if she had her usual large crowd about her we could not get near her until after the entertainment. While we waited we were attracted by a tight-rope walker—a regular wizard at keeping to the straight and narrow path—you must guess who it was—yes, our C. C. pal, Alice Gardner.

My surprise at seeing her making good here was equalled only by the shock a few moments later when I realized the identity of four cabaret dancers, Helen Sturges and Marjorie Viets were in the lime light, while Edith Smith and Alberta Lynch attracted attention with their singing. They hailed us with delight, and we all had lunch together. They said that self-expression was what they had searched for and finally found in the work they were now doing. One glance at four radiant faces showed the truth of their statements. Eagerly they told me about Dora Schwartz; how she had made a fortune buying old shoestrings and selling them over again for macaroni, and how she had donated the whole amount to Connecticut College to establish a lighting service system whereby automobiles were at the command of any student

at any time desired. The Norwich trolley line had in consequence given up the ghost. Dora's philanthropy had just been related when Mlle. Hester glided in, and greeted us all effusively. As she was willing to go with me to find Anna Buller, we bid adieu to R. Villa and to our cabaret friends and started on our search.

The first thing we did was to secure a "Tumble In" jitney, the driver of which amazed me. Madeline Hinchey in her gayest manner shouted out "Tumble In, ladies—50c please!" before she realized who her "ladies" were. She then told us about her experience since college days, saying that at first she wrote for "Snappy Tales" and other celebrated magazines but finally gave up writing in order to develop the "Tumble In Jitney Line." I couldn't blame her after she confided to me the difference in remuneration. She frankly admitted that with her 200 jitneys she often made as much as \$2.98 a day. But at this point we were stopped abruptly by another auto running into us. A chauffeur was alone in it, but little damage was done to either car. A traffic cop, however, a husky, robust woman insisted upon taking, first the chauffeur's number and then ours. "Helen Collins! A traffic cop!" was all I could gasp, before we were hustled on. Madeline told us that Helen longed for out of door life and for excitement. Consequently, she had managed affairs at this particular corner for years. Before we reached the Grand Central we were stopped once more by a crowd from the midst of which came forth singing. When I beheld the cause of the crowd I resigned my nerves to any shock—the cause being no one other than Betty Williams—demure and saintly-looking in Salvation Army garb. When she stopped singing I motioned to her from the automobile and she came over to talk to me. She told me that no other life appealed to her and moreover that Agnes Mae, who had obtained her M. R. S. the same year she had fallen heir to her B. A. was a Salvation Army captain, with Henrietta Costigan as her aide-de-camp.

Almost overcome, I gave Betty a nickel toward her work, and passed on. As we boarded the train to Luna City, the door blew open and "Peppermints, peanuts, popcorn, paper, n'everything!" echoed forth in a rather boisterous voice. "It's Tede!" Hester gasped but I could not believe her until "Howdy do! Girls!" greeted us and Tede passed on to a customer purchasing "peppermints, peanuts, popcorn or papers." Later she returned long enough to greet us more cordially and to explain that the Wanderlust had possessed her and had carried her around the world in an exciting manner. While reading during the journey, Hester came upon an article praising the poems of one D. Hover. The write-up explained that her work was mostly free verse—very free—in fact, and that the writer had the usual artistic temperament. She might be seen almost any day in Glenbrook dreaming dreams in the fields and wandering about with "all her bright hair streaming down." Hester asked me if I had heard about the class author. She said that Fern Smith had taken to prose writing and could wield the mighty pen in a fashion that put Harold Bell Wright and John Greenleaf Longfellow to shame. Fern, she said, was surely making a name for herself in literary circles but worried everyone because she never exercised and in consequence had grown thin and weak.

"Luna City," the conductor's yell made us hustle to alight in an unfamiliar town. We went into a neighboring store to inquire about the sanatorium where we expected to find Anna Buller and were indeed surprised to see Harry Allen enjoying life in the

occupation of shoemaker. She explained that humanity was being benefited by her existence because she made coverings to go over souls (soles) for people equally as great as Emerson. "Jessie Menzies"—she started and then stopped and smiled mysteriously. "I make all her shoes special size, and special shape—some feat, too." Come with me tonight, will you?" Of course we both agreed to go with her. Then she directed us to the Carlsson Hospital, the only place she could think of where Anna might be. She told us that Marjorie was the head of the sanatorium bearing her name. Irene Wholey, as head nurse, opened the door for us. Marjorie came out soon afterward, however, hale and hearty, to say "hello." She and Irene both exclaimed in horror when we told them of "Pep" and our suspicions as to the theft. Suddenly Marge laughed and asked Irene to call Anna. Hester and I had decided to be very cautious at first and not to mention "Pep" at all in her presence. When Anna came in we greeted her quietly and asked her how she was. At some length she explained her work, how she had specialized in the solving of mental problems and had therefore spent much of her time in insane asylums. "At present I have a peculiar patient. Come with me." We followed her into the room, walls of which were covered with maps. In the corner we saw a familiar figure but could not identify the person until "You No-well (No-el) why I'm here!" was repeated three times in a monotonous voice. Mary Coughlin was certainly in a sorry state. Later Anna told us that Mary had a history complex which had developed while she had taught that subject at C. C. Anna had hopes, however, of her complete recovery.

In a rather sad mood, we left our friends at Carlsson's Sanatorium. We were glad, therefore, of the diverting influence of a crowd on a corner in the city's center. Some one was singing gay little ditties to which other people were dancing. When we came nearer we saw signs of "Singer Sewing Machine," "Please Listen to Our Singer" advertisements. Of course we wanted to hear their "singer." The voice sounded familiar—surprisingly so, and by much straining and craning of necks we were able to see the center of attraction. "Helen Brown, as I live!" We could only stand and gaze in wonder.

At this point Hester recollected that she was to figure in an evening's performance and could not keep the date we had made for the evening with Harry Allen. I expressed my gratitude to her for her trouble in coming out with me to tame the already tame Anna, and she went back to New York. I decided to entertain myself as best I could until evening. A circus was in town, I discovered, and, discouraged and disgruntled with the "Pep" mystery, I went out to the grounds to forget my perplexities. There, as soon as I entered, I heard a lusty crier in a loud, resonant voice, drawl out again and again "I ap-Phil to you! Only ten cents, one dime, or two nickels to see the long and the short of it. I ap-Phil to you! Come see Phil and Marvin, champion wrestlers—winners of the first and second prizes in the world's annual bout!" I was going to remark to some one nearby that the circus crier was as noisy an individual as any one person could be, when I took a second glance at said individual to find out she was actually Clarissa Ragsdale. Her artistic temperament, she told me afterward, had led her into her present pursuit—she could find audible expression for all her moods.

I went into the tent to see Dotty and Esther perform some of the neatest stunts I've ever witnessed. "Phil told me it was her gym. at C. C. that

had made her the proficient performer she was, while Dotty modestly explained that she had knocked out Jess Willard three times herself. Then we all went to the movies which were held in another tent. Clarissa said she was eager for us to see "Emme M."—the country's female Charlie Chaplin. She was appearing in the comic reel called a "Springboard Dash." "Yes Emma is wonderful," Esther remarked and we all asked "Emma who? Do you know her?" But by this time we found our answer in the smiling face of Emma Wippert, as in a most amusing style she did some acrobatic stunts upon the screen. Esther was right. "Emma is wonderful," I agreed.

After the movies I had a few moments to spare before meeting Harry, and therefore, we hunted in vain to be sure, for a lunch room. We heard a shouting which did attract us, however. "A loaf of bread, a head of cabbage, and a pound of meat—all for five cents." "Let us invest," Clarissa suggested and we followed the "call of the wild" until we reached Dorothy Muzzy, the surprising owner of the voice. She calmly smiled and acted unconcerned at seeing us, but devoted her efforts to selling us her wares,—her loaf of bread was a roll, her pound of meat a "hot dog," and her head of cabbage a little sauerkraut. We succeeded in diminishing her stock and tried to talk to her of C. C., but she was interested only in the money we paid for our lunch. Truly, I almost suspected that "Pep" had been one of those hot dogs that constituted a pound of meat. Poor Dot. She had become commercialized through and through. Solemnly we shook hands and I departed to meet Harry.

The latter carried me off to an auditorium saying that she had a surprise in store for me. I did not even gasp, when, once we were seated, Speaker Hood was announced as the chief speaker of the evening. Then followed the most fluent and eloquent speech I have ever heard from a soap-box orator. Gladys was rooting for Laura Warren, who had entered politics and was nominee on a socialist ticket for the governor of the State. Harry told me, though, that there was still a surprise and consequently I listened with eagerness to the announcement of the main feature on the program. With "much ado" the main feature appeared. She was Jessie Menzies, the most famous prima donna in Luna City—a star singer and performer. Afterwards Jessie joined us and spoke of her operatic career. By sheer perseverance she had risen from vaudeville show, she proudly explained. And her thin, pale face showed the struggle through which she had been.

Early the next morning I hastened back to New York to report to R. Villa and consult her as to the next step in the search for "Pep." Publicity was the next tool to use in locating him, we decided, and accordingly that day I interviewed several persons in his behalf. Margaret Milligan, who had become a dare-devil aviatrix was the object of my first interview. Between us we hit upon a plan whereby we might gain notoriety for "Pep." If I would have posters published, she agreed to perform the astounding stunt of flying over the streets of the city and showering down papers upon the multitude. She suggested that if a reward were offered for his return, we might see him wiggle his tail the sooner.

"Try Ellen Carroll"—Margaret said "She's a capitalist, you know." I actually doubted my senses but she assured me that Ellen was a millionaire union queen. Amazed, I went in search of Eileen's brown-stone residence on Fifth Avenue, but was told at the door that Miss Carroll was not

in. Trying to find some article about my person which might suggest my identity to Ellen, I came upon John Dewey's "Education" tucked away in my pocket, and sent it up to her.

"What's happened to the democratic ideal, my millionaire queen?" I asked. But Ellen, smiling in a superior manner, replied "It's in famous fields where onions grow and cause many to weep over its grave." Soon I told her of how our class had lost its "Pep" and how we hoped to advertise his loss, whereupon she generously offered a reward of \$5.00 for his recovery. Thanking her in behalf of the class for her liberal donation I departed at once and telephoned to Milligan for her to be ready to carry out her project as soon as posters were printed.

I next went to see a printer, the leading one of the city, and found Joan Munro, who was making great progress along an inky way. She had always wanted to write books, she said and now she published thousands every year. At once she agreed to put all her efforts into posters for "Pep" and sent for her artist to write doggerels and draw designs for the posters. The latter was not to be found, but Joan told me that her artist was Sarah Lewis who had first been a painter, but had painted houses so effectively that now she drew pictures and cartoons. I was sorry not to see Sarah but glad to hear of her success. My classmates on the whole, I reflected, were making a pretty good showing.

From the Munro Publishing Company I went to interview the editor of the yellow journal "Toma-to." Here again I was met with a "not in" welcome but told that I might see the society reporter. "Yes, indeed, I'll come at once. Yes, indeed!" the super-polite tone reached me before the faint, ethereal person made her appearance. Even then I saw only a hasty sprinkling of powder upon her nose before my fairy-like creature was ready for observation. She shook herself as an ostrich might his feathers, then came forward with "So pleased to meet you. Won't you have a seat? Please make yourself at home. Do take"—here she stopped and stared even as I stared at her.

All I could say was "Marion Warner! And a society reporter!" At this point the editor decided to be "in." At least, she made her appearance in a much bespattered printer's apron. With inky hands and pen behind her ear, Al Horrax made me forget the yellow journal and "Pep" in my delight at seeing her. The three of us talked of "Pep" and Al placed at my disposal as much space of her "Toma-to" as I desired for publicity work.

Two more people I interviewed that day, one being Congressman Taber who was an invaluable asset for politics because of her knowledge of Greek and Roman law,—the other being Dutch McGowan. Esther promised me her support and vowed that the person who stole "Pep" would be duly prosecuted. "Dutch" I had learned, was a travelling saleswoman—a wonder, many people called her because within five minutes, with her ready flow of speech she could convince most any housewife of the necessity of owning a copy of Euclid or Crowe's "Higher Algebra" in order to keep house efficiently. I wanted to find out if she had heard anything of "Pep" in her raves. She knew nothing of him but told me to inquire of Helen Perry who had established a school in something in Greenwich Village. She gave me the latter's address.

As the day had been long and

weary I stopped in at "Jordan's Beauty Shop" to have removed signs of the week's care. The name had no significance for me until I saw the head engineer, Irene, herself, coming forward to meet me. Prosperous, indeed, she was and took me in to meet "our society ladies," frivolous, I fear, but truly nice under the social veneer. With much ceremony and adjustment of lorgnettes, the Mrs. Florence Edwards and her companion, Countess Marie Mungir Idontcaroni arose to greet me. They admitted that they had spent some little time in a retreat in New London, Connecticut, or was it Newport, Rhode Island? Anyhow, they could not recall me, though the name did sound familiar. But that was because Countess Idontcaroni had once employed a maid by the same name. As soon as possible they both withdrew from my somewhat doubtful company. I immediately asked Irene if I had actually met "Eds" and Maria. She confirmed by belief and said that in seeking for knowledge they had both become embittered and "this is the result," she finished sadly.

She had no news of "Pep" but told me of a classmate of whom I had heard nothing since college days. Zevely Green had at one time frequently come into her parlors in spite of the serious business in which she was engaged. She spoke of Zevely'selopement the year after she had obtained her degree and how Zevely and her husband had settled down in New York as missionaries and were civilizing humanity.

When I reached my rooms that night I found a summons to court as well as the accident in which Hester and I had become entangled when we were in Madeline Hinchey's "Lumber in Jersey."

The next morning I reported at court at the proper time. Here I was told that the parties concerned were trying to settle the affair out of court, and I was asked to go immediately to the office of the Red Tape Manufacturing Company. My entrance into the office of that concern was almost unnoticed by the gum-chewing stenographer of whom I caught only a sideview. She was talking—yes, I fear, flirting with the office boy and had just burst forth with "Aw! Go on! Yer can't kid me, yer can string beans, but yer never can kid g oves. No sircce. Yer cant kid gloves." This ovation had just been delivered when the young lady who couldn't be "kidded" heard me cough and turned around. I looked at her, not once, but twice, before I shook Betty Nagy by the hand. She led me into the private office of "Red Tape," whoever "Red" might be. But here on a small scale I found a class reunion. Hester and Madeline with several others were taking things over with R. Tape, the business-like, commercialized, over-efficient person, Eleanor Seaver. Eleanor had not made good in the business world but had become truly aggressive in her management of people and of millions. Her lawyer also was present, I'm sorry to say, an unscrupulous arguer in court but nevertheless a person I was more than glad to see, namely, Attorney Grace Waller, who seemed to have no conscience at all so her opponents thought.

I learned that the chauffeur who had bumped into our car was employed by Eleanor but that when she and Madeline had found out each other's identity the case had been dropped. Grace alone was losing out, and insisted that sentiment should

not enter, but her desires were overruled.

I had to hurry away, much as I hated to do it, in order to locate Helen Perry's school in Greenwich Village. After some hunting I found Perry but not her school. What she had actually founded was a nunnery. When I went to her she was sitting demurely in a corner knitting and was intent upon the incessant clicking of her needles. She could give me no information and spoke little of herself. In the humblest manner possible she asked if I would like to see some nuns whom I knew. Delighted, I then met "Mif" Howard, Mary Brader, and "Runty" Doane. Mif had wearied of the world's foibles and had joined Helen. Runty—well, Runty didn't say why she was with Perry but I just naturally guessed, and Mary told me that she had become so stirred up trying to decide between the offers of Fanchon Hartman and Rose Doherty that she had finally rejected both and come to the nunnery. Of course I was interested to know what she meant by 'offers' but she told me to go and see Fanchon and Rose myself, that they were both on Broadway.

Immediately I left the nunnery to hunt them up and found Rose, who had a big office and a bigger trade. In her matrimonial bureau and insisted that I register.

"Marriage is the only thing," she repeated several times. "But," she added, "these new fangled notions like Fanchon's." "What do you mean?" I asked but was entirely unprepared for her reply that Fanchon was actually radical and believed in trial marriages to the extent that she ran a Trial Marriage Agency. "She's running me out of business, too!" Rose objected bitterly. Then I asked her about Olive. "Oh! she's a lady-in-waiting in a Belgian Court," Rose informed me.

"Waiting for whom?" I asked and she seemed surprised. "Are you in the city?" "Don't you know?" Of course I knew then and told her so as I said good-bye.

I hurried next to R. Villa to see if any new developments had taken place. She told me that someone in an orphan asylum had telephoned, saying that she had fifteen stray dogs and that I might come down to see if "Pep" was in the assortment. Frequently I went into the slums to the asylum but got the wrong department. When the door was opened not dogs, but children, big ones, little ones, thin ones, fat ones, appeared and in their midst was a ragged-looking individual who proved to be Marion Hendrie. With sleeves rolled up and hair disheveled Marion apologized for not shaking hands. She needn't have done so, because in each arm she had a crying baby while at her skirts three youngsters were tugging. "Margaret! Do help me!" the voice of M. Francis rang out and Margaret appeared from nowhere. Indeed I marvelled that one could look so much like and at the same time so different from, the Margaret Chase whom I had known. Yet here she was, sober and solemn, renouncing, with Marion Hendrie, the pleasures of this world in order to be of aid to orphaned infants. Bewildered, I hunted up the dogs, but found no "Pep" in the orphan asylum.

Discouraged and disappointed with my constant lack of fortune I wound my way back through the East Side's dirty streets. Absent-mindedly I was walking along when someone across the street hailed me with a shout. Upon glancing up, of all unexpected people in unexpected places, I encountered Loretta Hig-

gins. She came across to tell me all about herself. As a social worker she was too conscientious to make any statements that might not be exactly true but from the way she spoke of her work I inferred that she had become "Altruism" personified.

"If you want to see some people you know come with me," she invited, leading the way to the Kebac Boarding House run by Betty Rummy and her husband. Along culinary lines Betty had accomplished great things and was using her talent in keeping a boarding house for factory girls. "Wait until dinner and you'll see Leah Nora and Helen Gage," Betty urged. At noon, the two girls mentioned hurried in from the soft soap shop in which they worked. In spite of their greasy hands and grimy faces, we all shook hands and talked for the whole of the short time they had for lunch. Pick, it seemed, had given away her fortune in order to live a more nearly 'back-to-nature' life—both she and Helen having tired of the gaiety of a social existence. Running soap machines, they enthusiastically told me, was more fun than manipulating all the Ford machines in the world. They asked if I had heard about Feta Perley. She was interested in prison reform and wanting to study conditions first hand had stolen a pound of sugar from a grocery store, for which she was imprisoned for one year. Marion Gammons, not understanding the situation had tried to bail her out. I inquired about Marion and was told that she was a minister's wife and was doing a great work in her Sunday School classes. "A more ardent Christian you'll never find," Betty remarked as I took my departure.

By this time I was absolutely "Pepless." Not even a trace of our mascot had been found and I had been on the job for several days. As I had little time to spare I decided to go out to the Barlow Kennels to see if news had come of "Pep." "Frankie" said that Dorothy Stelle had driven in the day before, having read about our lost mascot in the "Toma-to" and had told us to go to "Dave" the city dog-catcher. "If anyone can find him, she can," Dot had said.

"Once the Juniors made away with him and she went out on his trail"—"Marion Gammons can give you her address," she had added and then she hurried back to her eight children, each of whom she was bringing up a different way as an experiment in education. Frankie directed me to the parsonage where Marion lived. The latter, on my arrival, greeted me most cordially. She was quiet and seemed to have no opinions of her own but told me all about her husband's work. She did show me however some writing she was doing for the Doyle Corresponding Gymnastic School.

"I give courses in Latin" she explained. "Marjory, the principal of the school instructs in gym work and Trina Schaffer in chemistry, while Agnes Jennings teaches drama (such as) as such. Both Trina and Agnes have their Ph. D.s" she remarked. Marjorie was really most successful, teaching men and women to become gym teachers in ten parts.

"By the way," Marion asked, "Did you know that Mildred Fagan teaches Spanish at C. C. and that Maud Carpenter is acting president during the actual officer's absence?" This of course, was all news to me but I was used to surprises. Marion then gave me Dave's address and I went at once to her apartments. She smiled mysteriously when I told her

about "Pep" and said if I would wait an hour she was a most sure she could bring our mascot back with her. I entertained myself during her absence with her many species of dogs, eagerly waiting for Dave's return.

Suddenly a familiar bark greeted me and as the door opened "Pep" himself burst in, yelping with joy at his release. Margaret told me my memory was poor.

"Don't you remember who '21's mascot was?" she asked. Then she told me the solution of the "Pep" mystery and why no clue had been found. "Pep" was simply spirited away with a 'pat' on the head by 1921's fairy. Dave had immediately remembered the time 'Pat' had spirited our mascot away once before. "But after all '21 had a good fair," she remarked. "She gave up 'Pep' when she knew we had located him."

After giving "Dave" Ellen Carroll's reward of \$5.00 I brought the dog back to the Barlow kennels and then reported to the R. Villa Detective Agency. My case was finished and I prepared to go home but not before thanking R. Villa for the job which had enabled me both to meet and to hear about practically all my classmates. My week of work had been profitable in more ways than one and I had much to thank '21's good fairy for. I reflected, inasmuch as "Pep" had sustained no injury and had gained information which I desired to know. Thus my adventures ended when our class regained its "Pep."

—Dorothy Matteson.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1920

SENIOR YEAR

(Compiled by Mary St. Clair Hester)

Pallas Athena sat in her library in the summer home of her parents, Jupiter and Juno on the Mount of Olympus. Her situation was ideal as, from her windows she could see on the one side every person who was ferried across the river Styx—and on the other she could see Apollo start out from his stables every morning in his chariot of the sun. She often b'ushed to herself to think that he always turned and waved to her just as he reached the horizon. She didn't know why she b'ushed, nor had she analyzed the disposition. For she knew as the Goddess of Wisdom, b'ushes were not in her line, and she only hoped that Venus would never be on hand to torment her, as is the wont of that eternal feminine.

Athena's library was one that would make the Carnegie Foundation blush for shame. She had the original manuscripts concerning Eve and the Serpent, as transcribed by Adam. She had the entire inventory of the Ark as listed by Mr. and Mrs. Noah. She had the original tabula rasa of Locke and other rare and scarce volumes many of which were personal copies autographed by the authors. But her latest and most treasured possession was a list of women's colleges, catalogued temporarily. The Delphic oracle had just completed this work. It really was a wonder. Each college had a separate page from the year 1820 to the year 1920 A. D. in the month of Juno on the Ides of that same month.

Carelessly but affectionately Athena fingered the pages thinking and not without a tinge of pride in her chosen sex. When who should burst upon

her reveries but her coy young sister, Venus. Venus was a beautiful girl just turning out of her teens, she had been turning for some time. She was a great favorite with the boys. Even her brothers were fond of her. One could see that she was just a little spoiled by this attention which she had received so early in life but nevertheless she was a lovely girl. One thing she lacked and that was an interest in being educated. Athena with true sisterly affection had tried to foster this disposition in vain. Today Venus was rosy, just returning from the chase and she ran into the library with spirited excitement.

"Venus," Athena said, "I want you to come here and see what I have to show you." "Oh, some crazy book," pouted Venus, really wanting to see out holding back in order to tease. "Well, then, never mind, I wasn't going to show you anyway." This was too much for Venus' curiosity and she grabbed the book and indifferently nngerea it until suddenly she came to a passage which made her eyes kindle with enthusiasm, and she overcame her apathy to such an extent that she began reading aloud the following passage, an unknown thing for Venus. As she read her voice became fuller and finally developed into a deep tulj baritone. The cause of this inspiration was the following, and the writer will transcribe it as it flowed from the pen of the Delphic oracle, leaving out, however, the musical vibrations of Venus' dramatic soprano voice as she read:

"And, lo, it hath been omened that a class, the second in time but only in time, shall graduate and go forth. It hath a name called 1920 and comes from a college named Connecticut. It could make merry right heartily, and it also could study in like manner. Now so it happened that in the former part of its last or fourth year there was need and desire of a fetish called in that day, mascot. So a member of that same class did nought but blow a whistle and what should appear but a canine, rushing on with such vivacity and proclivity that they straightway and with one accord called it "PEP," which means in the American tongue fiery spirit. This spirit of fire rushed far and near, having a highly developed instinct of inquiry. It dashed to a military station where members of the opposite sex were confined in like manner but aside from a short correspondence nothing developed from this."

At that point in the reading Venus sighed showing the trend of her girlish thoughts. She continued, "The members of this class felt it fitting and proper to christen and initiate this spirit as a formal member of its body and in doing so to show it great respect. So on a certain day other members of the canine spirit though not so fiery were reviewed, before bespectacled and be penciled judges rightly called the wisdom of that place. And they granted and awarded medals of honor to the prospective candidates, giving medals with such titles as Honorable Mention and Too Small to Mention. But Pep, the fiery spirit, became kindled to such a degree that the higher powers that reigned in that part felt it both fitting and proper that he should be quenched so he was quenched and sad was the quencing thereof.

Then, lo, the bearers of Wisdom known as Faculty decided to show their wisdom physically as well as mentally so they rushed upon the Seniors, kicking a ball ahead of them. One player was too broadminded in his play to right and left for on either side he received an eye with varie-

gated colors of black and blue respectively.

They not only kicked a ball before them but they also kicked Seniors in like manner to such a degree that they were victorious. Then there was in the Seniors midst dancing of variegated types ranging up and down the scale of grace, omitting, however, a dance called cheek to cheek.

The Sophomores, or Wise Foo's also danced. They danced collectively with members of the opposite sex and called it the Sophomore Prom.

A second time they decided that this form of exercise was good and they called forth new supplies of males and this they called the Junior Prom. Thus they expressed the rhythm of their souls.

But before the next dancing festivity should come forth the honored Faculty sent in a petition to this Class that they be moderate in the temporal sense of their dance, if not in the spatial. But the Seniors voted and decided that in as much as at that time they would be Alumnae and not Seniors there was no need of moderation. But the will of the gods prevailed and behold they were moderate.

Then it was prescribed that all classes should be assembled together in a room for eating purposes in as much as they demonstrated athletic skill. For in that part of the country and in that college they need both athletic skill and ability to overcome their food. For be it known that there grows a kind of plant something like the cacti in our country which the Ministrators of that college take great pleasure in tying together with strings and serving such under the pseudonym of string beans. But this is only symbolic of the ardor with which students become bound to their studies.

In this country athletic skill was not only portrayed in eating but it was also portrayed in the Gymnasium and on the field. Here the accuracy and veracity of shooting baskets, jumping bucks, rolling pins, were displayed to the Nth degree. In fact, the Senior Class displayed such skill that when it came to the annual feeding time in which the Faculty bow in servitude to student, a cup of wrought silver was filed with beverage and passed from lip to lip in the conquering Senior Class.

The moon has a strong fascination for this bevy of youth and beauty for when it would peep forth on a night they would remain impassive but when it climbed the sky over the river in full dress then they all donned the black gowns and marched to a spot where a stone wall had once rested in quiet similitude and sang. They sang to the moon and to the other classes and the moon and the other classes sang to them. But the spirit of singing was even stronger so that it must needs be that a fiery light was thrown on a screen and, behold, words to sing appeared dark in the yellow light of stereopticon and then they did indeed sing with vigor and right lustily.

But there was an unrest among them for it was rumored that soon they would have to leave and go away. And some were sore afraid. For there they had been happy and contented and their doubts for the future were grave. But for three positively, and more prospectively, there was much certainty as to the future, it having been arranged and prepared for them that they should wear the golden circlet. And upon these had rained presents of silver, fair, white linen, and articles for cookery. For they were exalted among the people and pointed

out to the other members of that class as picked women and the others were told to go and do likewise.

And now there came a last summons to be together for each and every member of this honored body. They all flocked to a place called Mohican where the board was spread and that right lavishly. There with gusto and agility dark waiters wiggled in and out tables carrying precariously heavily laden trays of sweet meats and ambrosias. At this time they voted upon various matters concerning retaining their Class in one unity and keeping the links firmly fastened through the ages. Allegiances and friendships were pledged.

Venus paused, she could read no more. Her eyes were filled with tears as she humbly returned the book to Athena. And she murmured as she slowly moved to the door, "Why didn't you tell me that being educated was so much fun?" "It isn't too late, Venus dear." "I know it," said Venus with determination, "But there's only one place to which I shall go."

So Faculty and fellow students, remember when Venus arrives at Connecticut College next fall that it was through the example of 1920 that she gained her inspiration.

CLASS POEM TO 1920

Like Cortez on a peak of Darien,
The wonder of the dawn still in our eyes,
We scan, today, the unknown sea that lies
Dim-shadowed by the distant hills that rise
Forever challenging adventurous men.

Behind us where the trail comes marching, free,
We turn to laugh at disillusion, fears,
As one who laughs at dreams when day appears,
And, breathless, sees the Cavalcade of Years
Come sweeping by in grim Reality.

Those wistful dreams beneath the magic trees,
A part of Youth's sweet wizardry and lure—
Are woven, on Life's loom, to Faith secure.
A winged Faith that gazes, Vision-sure,
Beyond the meadows and the inland sea.

The secret treasure-chest that Wisdom shares,
Lies open to us now, if we but know
The path where Sympathy and Knowledge go,
Led far by Truth's pale taper's glow.
The key is his, who greatly gives and dares!

With chastened hearts we lift again our eyes;
The dreams that built our college still shall live!
To us, the granite of her walls shall give
The strength that makes all life interpretive;
Of inspiration born in eastern skies.

—Kathryn Hulbert.

LAST DAYS AT C. C.

With a long-drawn sigh of distress you turn away from the bulletin-board, hoist your faithful umbrella and start up the stairs. Still beneath its friendly, but superfluous shelter, under full sail, you enter the library, whose inmates regard you with bulging eyes of unbelief. So might Diogenes with his lantern be regarded.

And what has wrought this havoc within the depths of your cerebellum formerly almost the peer of all other cerebellums of the institution? The answer comes—lucid, satisfactory—Exams!

You, unfortunate mortal, have just returned from one of these daily tussles, a sadder and a wiser woman, for your frail craft of Knowledge has been dashed to pieces in the cruel rocks. In the last two hours you have drained the bitter cup of Disappointment to the dregs. Judged according to your wisdom and mental ability as illustrated in the truths set forth by you in the Blue Book, you compare favorably with the orang-outang and its sister the gorilla. You have been weighed and found wanting.

A few days before, you airily informed your instructor that you expected at least a C, but now, in the excess of humiliation, you scarcely dared hope for an F.

You palpitated for thirteen minutes while she hastily reviewed your inglorious career of the second semester; while she juggled the figures which would spell ruin or honor to you, you held your breath. And then, somehow from the chaos, a humble but now highly desirable D was finally extracted.

The days pass in feverish succession, and the returns begin to come in. It is born in upon you that you are not one of the shining lights, or at least the Powers that be, seem not to regard you as such.

Between battles you attend to correspondence. The couch in the sun-room is the receptacle upon whose bosom are scattered all of the invitations and announcements. These are unto you as the apple of your eye, and as such have been hitherto cherished under lock and key. Twice you have driven the small black and white canine from his favorite lair, the aforementioned couch, but his insistence is that of an inspired soul standing up for its rights. At last, seemingly discouraged, he wags a dejected stub-tail and quits the scene, while you again begin your task of addressing envelopes. There is a sudden bound of a small determined body; with glorious indifference to your wishes, four muddy paws stalk through the piles to rest contentedly in the very center of the sanctum sanctorum!!!

While righteous indignation chains you to the spot, and causes the shedding of a few crocodile tears, the tiny culprit, totally unaware of the enormity of his offence, is ungently ejected into the cold world outside the sun-room door whence issues from time to time a plaintive request for re-admittance. But you are as adamant and granite.

And so, as orators say, in the course of events, Commencement day dawns hot, and in the vernacular, "sticky." The leaves hang motionless; no breeze relieves the oppressive atmosphere. Three hours beneath a torrid sun have transformed your lily complexion into one of plebeian redness.

You all march into the gym. and seat yourselves. The exercises begin. By closing one glassy orb at a time you are able to survey the adjacent sides of your Roman nose. You discover that the left phalanx has absorbed more of the rays of heat so

(Continued on Page 7, col 2)

"PEP" DINES OUT

Pep being a very unusual pup is particular about his eating place — therefore, in order not to hurt his tender feeling, or inconvenience him in the least degree, the Class of Twenty decided that his last meal as an undergraduate should be eaten at the Mohican. Seated royally on the class banner, Pep watched the proceedings from a high window seat in the Dutch room. He wagged his little old stubby tail in joy when he saw that it was to be a different kind of a feast—not the usual kind of a stiff banquet where everyone tends strictly to his plate and only dares lift her eyes while the courses are being served.

Except for the fact that all his classmates were "dolled up" and in his own slang "pepped up" it might have been another class meeting in its informality.

Al Horrax doing double duty as president and toast mistress, was very careful to have the proper proportion of class business taken up along with the fun. In turn our Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior years were recalled and after the History of the year 1916-1917 was read we sang some of the first songs we had acquired. Then came Sophomore year—Kay Hulbert, president of the class for the 1917-18 took us back over the years when she spoke of the pleasant days we had had together; and the class history was read. Teed Lindholm, president of the Class of Twenty during its Junior year, made a short speech, (The activities of Junior year brought to mind many good times when the History of the class was read.)

The class voted to elect officers for a period of five years. Frank Barlow was elected president, and Pep barked so loudly for a speech that she simply had to talk to please him and the Twentyites.

Edith Smith and Marjorie Doyle became our secretaries (we'll need two now that the class is scattering to the far ends of the U. S. A., and even farther). To be sure of good times in the future the class elected Perry to be Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

There was much cheering for both new and old officers, and then we sang to Al, our Freshman and Senior president. Then Pep, realizing the strenuous days that were ahead of him, wanted to go home, but that couldn't be done until he had been given his degree sent by the Class of 1919. Tiny likenesses of Pep, clad in his blue sweater with 1920 printed upon it, became the property of his classmates; Pep himself was escorted by Frank (keeper of the Barlow kenne!) and the poor sleepy dog was glad that his friends were going home so that he could think and dream of a last happy party with the Seniors.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

(Continued from Page 1, col. 4)

in Greek, divided equally between Marjorie Doyle, '20 and Esther Watrous, '21.

Jane Bill Prizes for excellence in Fine Arts, \$15 awarded to Dorothy Gregson, '21, \$10 awarded to Abby Gallup, '21.

Acheson Prizes in Biblical Literature—Old Testament Literature, \$15 awarded to Kathryn Hulbert, '20; \$10 awarded to Marion Hendrie, '20; New Testament Literature, \$25 awarded to Edith Smith, '20; \$10 awarded to Marion Hendrie, '20.

"THE TITLE" REPEATS ITSELF

Saturday evening, June 12, was the second occasion of the Seniors' clever presentation of Arnold Bennett's most successful play, "The Title." As a part of the Commencement program it proved a great success, and the guests who thronged the College gymnasium showed their appreciation by their enthusiastic applause. The play is full of witty lines and amusing situations, and the difficulties of poor Mr. Culver, who very much wants to refuse a baronetcy and yet dares not displease his charming but ambitious wife, occasioned frequent bursts of laughter and applause.

Helen Perry impersonated the much harrassed but still good-natured Mr. Culver, with the ease and fine expression which always characterizes her interpretation of male roles. Marion Hendrie, as Harmione Culver, whose heart yearns for a title in the family, lived up to her reputation as a performer of great talent. Hildegard Culver, who apparently writes only nonsensical cooking articles for Mr. Tranto's "Echo," but in reality publishes slightly radical political views therein, was played very naturally by Helen Collins. The part of Mr. Tranto—the clever intriguer, for the hand of Hildegard—was taken by Mary Hester, a very dignified Mary Hester who yet amused the audience immensely by her droll remarks. And who could resist a smile over the attempts of the seventeen-year-old John Culver (Helen Gage) to impress the family with his serious views on war and politics! Fanchon Hartman made a very business like secretary as Miss Starkey; and Marion Gammons as Sampson Straight shows that, although she lacks the experience, she possesses no little dramatic ability.

On the whole the production reached a very high standard for amateur work. Its success is largely due to the thorough, persistent coaching of Mrs. Avery and the co-operation with her, of the entire cast. The college surely loses a great deal of dramatic talent with the departure of 1920.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The Baccalaureate exercises of the Class of 1920 were held in St. James Episcopal Church on Sunday, June 13. President Benjamin T. Marshall delivered the Baccalaureate sermon on "Trial and Triumph," taking as his text John 16:33; In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer for I have overcome the world. "There are problems and trials, which await us, for our path cannot always be smooth. But we must rush on towards the goal confident of victory because Jesus has promised it. These trials are mere stepping stones to victory. We press on to the triumph by the counsels of friendship, convictions, and confidence.

In performing our task as we step out into the world, the first essential is faith followed by love and loyalty. Thus we dedicate ourselves to service.

Woman has contributed finely her service in the past. We believe that the Class of 1920 will by its fine determination, faith, convictions, assurances and courage, fight the good fight and win the goal.

And with these closing words President Marshall terminated his sermon: "May God bless you in every tribulation, may He give you His highest triumph."

"AL"



Freshman and Senior President of 1920

"Want someone to talk to the Freshmen; to give them the proper spirit? Oh yes, Al Horrax's the girl you're after.

Hostess to a Tea? That's Al's pet indoor sport. Go ask her.

Who's in the reception line at Trexy's party? Dunno, except Al Horrax; she hasn't missed one yet.

Another party at Yale? Oh, Al, is one of the girls, that is certain.

Who was it made that dandy speech at the banquet? You mean Al Horrax. Yes she always takes the girls by storm when it comes to speech making.

Playing tennis with the faculty? Al of course. She's the only one who can beat them.

Won't someone please offer to help Al Horrax? She can do it alone, all right, but it's a crime to let her do everything."

It would be a crime if it were any one but Al. She, however, was efficient in every art—a regular Jack-of-all-trades—that we were always sure of getting it done when we "let Al do it."

During the last four years the News has acquired such a habit of writing up Al, that this last copy for the Class of 1920 would not be complete without some swell tribute to its splendid leader. They say that history is merely the deeds of greatness, and although we found considerably more in Hayes Volumes I and II, we do admit if we followed the career of Alice since 1916 we would have most of the important history of the Class of '20.

Al started in her Freshman year to prove the saying "the way to make a friend is to be one, and we need only note her great number of followers from all classes to show us what a friend she has been. The class was never sorry they chose her for president during the first year, for with her splendid executive ability, college spirit and sympathetic understanding, she started it on the "Peppy" career for which '20 was so popular. The last honor conferred by the class that of Senior Class President, too, was unanimously given to her this year and we feel certain that the girls leaving C. C. are starting out inspired with the same enthusiasm that Alice gave them four years ago and they will make just as great a

(Continued on Page 7, col. 3)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Births

To Dr. and Mrs. David Lieb, a daughter, Harriet Ellen Lieb.

The Class of 1919 is happy to announce the birth of its class baby, Marylin Morris, born Thursday, June 17, to Dr. Frank E. and Mary Chipman Morris.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. James Stoddard Williams of Glastonbury announce the engagement of their daughter, Jessie to William Whitaker Buck, Trinity, 1911.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Schwartz of Norwich announce the engagement of their daughter Dora Mathilda Schwartz to Louis Y. Gaberman, an attorney of Hartford.

Marriages

Class of 1920 — Isabelle Rummy to John Poteat. Henrietta Coatigan to Stavros F. Peterson.

ATHLETICS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN

Those alumnae who expect to be in New York City next winter will be interested in the athletic evenings held under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Alumnae Athletic Association.

The purpose of these evenings which have been conducted for college women for a number of years is to provide healthful exercise under congenial and inexpensive conditions and to further friendly relations among the alumnae of various colleges.

Next winter's program includes plans for horseback riding, basketball, baseball, dancing, swimming, diving, bowling, fencing, gymnastics, jiu-jitsu, tennis and week-end hikes.

Graduates of women's colleges of recognized standing and students who have completed two years of academic work leading to a degree are eligible to membership. Membership dues are \$2.00 a year. The fees for the separate activities cover maintenance cost only.

All who would like to receive announcements of plans may be placed upon the mailing list by writing to Miss Jean Earl Moehle, 490 Riverside Drive, I. A. A. A., 490 Riverside Drive, New York.

LAST DAYS AT C. C.

Continued from Page 6, col. 1)

that it is of pale cerise, while the less exposed right is several shades less brilliant. Fate ordains that the tropical half of your visage shall be most in evidence to the audience. You trust that they will attribute it to the right cause.

"By their nose shall ye know them."

It becomes more and more oppressive inside. Within the fiery furnace of your heavy robe you seeth and steam. Once in a while you loosen its death grip on your throat.

As your crisp organdie melts, it clings more lovingly to your perspiring self. From the highly-polished surface of a prickly, burning forehead, you continually whisk away miniature pools of moisture. And ever your countenance waxes redder. You envy your sister classes in their cool, white garbs.

As the time draws near, maidenly agitation increases, convulsive swallowing, nervous whispering are visible tokens thereof.

And now the Great Moment is at hand. You stiffen with resolve, clutch your flying courage with both hands, and file up toward the platform. Heat, discomfort—everything is forgotten in the exquisite satisfaction of having attained a long sought goal and of holding in your hand the blue and white symbol of four years of happy toil.

You are an Alumnae.

—Emma Wippert, '20.

ART EXHIBITION

The annual exhibition of the art department opened formally on the afternoon of June 5th with a reception in the gymnasium. Here was hung an exhibition of paintings by the Guild of Boston Artists which Mr. Selden was fortunate enough to secure. This guild includes the best painters of Boston some of whom are America's best painters—artists of international fame. The canvasses were truly noteworthy and attracted many interested people in the ten days during which they were on exhibition.

In Miss Sherer's art room in New London Hall was exhibited the work of the art students of the College. This included portraits in oils by Mr. Selden's class in painting and some splendid charcoal sketches of statuary, very fine examples of bowls, vases, bookends and tiles with new and attractive combinations of glazes by Miss Watrous' classes in pottery and the work of Miss Sherer's classes in design and interior decorating. This work was particularly worthy of note. It ranged from truly remarkable Freshman problems of plate designs and dainty lamp shades to printed fabrics, period furniture, and elevations in Old English, Italian, Pompeian, Adam and modern styles. These problems included two designs sold to the New York firm of Graffin and Dolson and the work upon which the scholarship to Miss Child's school of art in Boston was awarded to Clarissa Ragsdale, '20. The exhibition remained open until Commencement Day meeting high praise for the standard and quality of work which the instructors maintained.

"AL"

(Continued from Page 6, col. 4)

success from this start as they did of those years in college.

A large part of college life consists in its outside activities, but if one devotes some of her time to a worth while cause she has a feeling of contentment and satisfaction that party or dance cannot give. This we discovered after Al had shown us what to do through the Service League of which she was the founder and first president. Enough is said of the organization and its noble principles when we say it has become well known in all of the foremost colleges for women, and its broad activities have been discussed for several years at Silver Bay. Do not infer from the above that Al does not like dances. She is too much of an all 'round sport for that. In fact, we wonder if she ever missed any of the C. C. dances, not to mention dances at other colleges say, for instance, Yale.

We who haven't yet finished college can never hope to do better than to "carry on" the splendid spirit that she has given us, and to follow Emerson's advice, just as she did "to make yourself necessary"—for Al was necessary to Connecticut.

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CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Continued from Page 1, col. 1)

thusiasm and Dr. Sykes song "There's a College on the Hillside," was particularly appreciated. The prophecy was witty and funny because in some cases so impossible. The class poem and class history each received their merited share of applause and the exercises closed with the singing of the new Alma Mater of our College.

This Class Day of 1920 will not be soon forgotten by the now graduates, the guests, or the Alumnae who so thoroughly enjoyed this always pleasing part of the Commencement program.

The members of the Class Day committee were: La Petra Perley, Margaret Davies, Mildred Howard, Margaret Milligan and Clarissa Ragsdale.

CLASS SONG

Tune: Williams College—"Yard by Yard
Come all ye classmates, gather here,
True pioneers are we;
In this our college by the sea
Always we'll raise a cheer.
Our class will always stand as one
Through all the years to come;
Gather ye classmates, sing,
And let old Twenty's praises ring.

(Chorus)

So here's to our 1—9—2—0,
Strong, ever true;
Long as winds their breezes blow
Waves the buff and blue.
Loud and clear our song you hear,
Faithful all are we
To our college on the river,
And our class at dear "C. C."
Basket and baseball bring us fame
Look what our crew can do;
And as for hockey on the field,
We make our rivals yield.
We back our teams through every
game,
Always a spirit true;
Victory shall crown the shield
Of 1920's buff and blue.

(Chorus)

—Words by Alice G. Horrax
and Edith V. Lindholm

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Bachelor of Science

Harriet Higham Allen, Saybrook; Frances Fifield Barlow, Chicago; Helen Amina Browne, Chester; Henrietta Louise Costigan, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Florence Mary Edwards, New Haven; Helen Marie Gage, Plainville, O.; Mildred Standish Howard, Wethersfield; Margaret Reinhart Milligan, Cynird, Pa.; Clarissa Ragsdale, Pulaski, Tenn.; Katherine Helen Schaefer, Middletown; Dora Matilda Schwartz, Norwich; California Adella Smith, Middletown; Edith C. Smith, Wethersfield; Helen Hope Sturges, Shelton; Grace Colman Waller, Gaylordsville; Marion Elmira Warner, North Woodbury; Elizabeth Wolcott Williams, Hartford.

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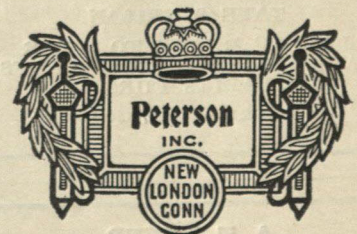
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