

Connecticut College

Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

1920-1921

Student Newspapers

7-8-1921

Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 30

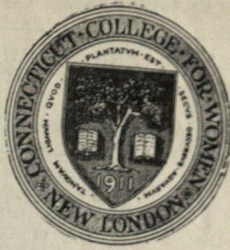
Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1920_1921

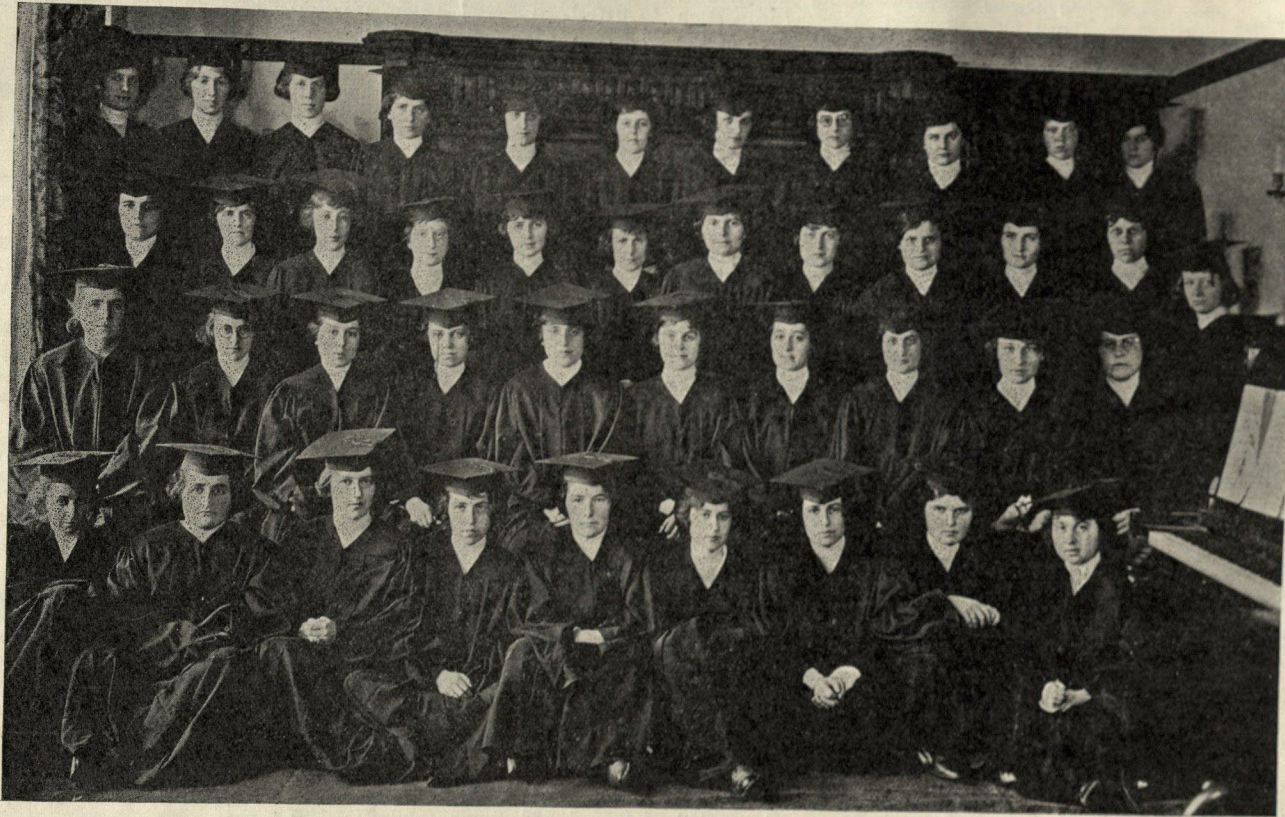
Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 30" (1921). *1920-1921*. 3.
https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1920_1921/3

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1920-1921 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.



COMMENCEMENT ISSUE



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1921.

TWENTY-ONE HOLDS CLASS DAY.

Fleat of Good Fairy a Feature.

For the third time in the history of our campus this fall has been the scene of a Class Day procession. The Seniors in their gowned dignity solemnly marched from the gymnasium to Branford House between the ropes of laurel held by the white-clad Juniors. There by the walls of Branford, Twenty-one planted its ivy.

The procession wound its way diagonally across the quadrangle to the south-east corner of Blackstone House. After the singing of the College Hymn, the class greeting was given to the assembled guests by Esther Watrous, president of Twenty-one. Then the words of the class song floated out on the air, followed by those of a song appropriate to the Seniors, "Live and Laugh." Rachel Smith reviewed the wide and varied history of all their four years at Connecticut College in a most entertaining fashion. This was followed by a very unique feature. What should appear before the astonished eyes of all beholders but a float, drawn by the black-robed Seniors, bearing a living statue of the Good Fairy, who has so faithfully watched over and guided all the adventures of Twenty-one! Glorious praises of the Good Fairy were poured forth in song by Catherine Cone. The class poem, to "Our Alma Mater," was read by Olive Littlehales. Ann Slades' "Alma Mater" was beautifully rendered by a Senior Quartet composed of Lydia Marvin, Olive Littlehales, Catherine Cone and Charlotte Hall. Margaret Jacobson then read the prophecy much to the delight and consternation of the gowned Seniors. The Class Day of Twenty-one was brought to a close when all joined in singing the Alma Mater.

ANNUAL ART EXHIBIT PROVES INTERESTING.

Old Lyme Artists Are Represented.

The exhibition was the third of the annual exhibits of pictures which have been held at Connecticut College. This year the pictures were by a group of artists of Old Lyme.

Several of the artists represented are in the front rank of American painters, and a large number of the pictures have been shown in the important annual exhibitions in this country, and a number of them deserve special mention at this time. William S. Robinson's *Connecticut Landscape* is a composition of breadth and dignity, which holds much of the very essence of our New England country. Another Connecticut picture, *Meeting House Hill*, by Gregory Smith, gives us with much sensitive feeling, the sparkle of sunlight as it plays over the fields and hills in early summer.

Monhegan Headlands, by Charles Ebert, is placed, as it deserves, in the center of the side wall. This beautiful canvas, which was awarded the silver medal at the Panama-Pacific exposition, shows a great stretch of calm sea and rugged coast, the whole bathed in a delicate effect of light, and expressing with truth and charm a very lovely mood of nature. Near by is Everett Warner's *Falling Snow*, which, in many ways, is one of the most satisfactory of all the pictures. It gives one first of all a sense of simple truth; the tone quiet, the arrangement perfectly natural and yet chosen with great art. Mr. Warner's handling seems to lend itself very aptly to expressing the textures which are involved in the subject. Altogether it is a very convincing picture. Perhaps the most brilliant canvas

(Continued on page 2, column 3.)

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTS COMMENCEMENT PLAY.

Charming Comedy by J. M. Barre Given.

Everyone agrees that the Dramatic Club's presentation of "Quality Street" was a huge success. The setting of the play is a small town in England, and the time is both before and after the Battle of Waterloo. The first act takes place in the sitting-room of Miss Susan Throsel's home where the old maids of Quality Street meet for informal social gatherings. Miss Phoebe Throsel, who is the pretty young sister of Miss Susan, is greatly admired by the dashing Mr. Brown. In fact all the inhabitants of Quality Street, especially Miss Susan, and her sister, are expecting his proposal to Miss Phoebe, but to their surprise he announces instead his sudden determination to go to the war.

During the ten years of his absence Miss Phoebe and Miss Susan are forced to keep a school to earn a livelihood because of the unfortunate termination of an investment made at Mr. Brown's advice, and the pretty Miss Phoebe loses her youthful looks and ways. When the dashing Mr. Brown returns he is shocked to find her so changed, but he rises to the occasion beautifully and remembering his old admiration, asks her to attend the ball that evening. Miss Phoebe declines on the pretense of a headache, but after Mr. Brown has gone, she is tempted to prove to herself that she is not really as old as the schoolmistress looks, so she takes off the demure cap that goes with age, dresses in her prettiest gown, arranges her hair again in the charming curls of long ago, and dances 'round and 'round the old sitting-room. Without any warning whatever Mr.

(Continued on page 4, column 5.)

CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

- I. Grand March
- II. Ivy Planting (Ivy Song)
- III. Song—"College Hymn"
- IV. Class Greeting
Esther H. Watrous, President of '21
- V. Class Song
- VI. Song—"Live and Laugh"
- VII. Class History
Rachel Smith
- VIII. Float—Good Fairy (Song)
- IX. Class Poem
Olive Littlehales
- X. Quartet
Lydia Marvin, Olive Littlehales,
Catherine Cone, Charlotte Hall
- XI. Class Prophecy
Margaret Jacobson
- XII. "Alma Mater"

D. A. R. ENTERTAINS SENIORS.

Reception at Shaw Mansion.

The commencement activities of the third graduating class of Connecticut College, were very pleasantly begun by a reception given to the Faculty and Seniors by the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, on Saturday afternoon, June 11th, at the Shaw Mansion. The Colonial atmosphere was greatly enhanced, by the hostesses who greeted their guests in Colonial gowns. Many are the fascinating relics of those stirring times. There is the bed in which Washington slept and the sword which Benedict Arnold carried when he led the conflagration of New London. In the garden is the historic summer-house, the trysting-place of lovers for many generations. This was the third reception which the D. A. R. has given, each year this custom proving more delightful, as twenty-one will readily testify.

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.

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Miriam Taylor '22

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Elizabeth Hall '22
Caroline Francke '23
Helen Avery '23

NEWS EDITOR

Blanche Finesilver '22

REPORTERS

Helen Clarke '22
Katherine Francke '23
Mildred Donnelly '24
Louise Hall '24
Marion Vibert '24

MANAGING EDITOR

Ruth Levine '22

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

Helen Drew '24

BUSINESS MANAGER

Gertrude Traurig '22

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Evelyn Cadden '23

ART AND PUBLICITY EDITOR

Helen Peale '22

ASSISTANT ART AND PUBLICITY EDITOR

Leslie Alderman '23

FACULTY ADVISOR

Dean Nye

ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTOR

Entered as second class matter at New London, Connecticut, August 5, 1919, under act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription price: Per year (30 issues), \$1.25; by mail, \$1.50.

Printed by The Bulletin Company, Norwich, Connecticut.

Material for the News should reach the News Editor or be left in the News Office before 8 a. m. on Thursday. The name of the writer must accompany every manuscript. The article may also be signed as the writer wishes it to be printed.

THE DRIVE FOR ENDOWMENT GOES FORWARD.

On Thursday, June 2nd, the faculty and students of Connecticut College together with many townspeople of New London, including a large number of the business men, gathered in the college gymnasium to hear Dr. Lyman Powell. President Marshall in opening the meeting welcomed the people of New London as those whom the college loved, honored and depended on. He stated the purpose of the meeting by saying that on March 24th at a luncheon given at the Mohican Hotel, a group of friends of the college recommended that the college make a drive for two million dollars. Because of the unfavorable conditions in the country at large, they suggested quiet action. This meeting was to revive and prosecute that purpose by disseminating knowledge of the college and by getting its own people to work for it. President Marshall then read the words of Mr. Palmer, president of the board of trustees, spoken at that time. Briefly, Mr. Palmer said that he considered the interest of Connecticut College the most vital one for the rest of his life. He would spend the remainder of his life to the best advantage by working for the good of the College. The State of Connecticut is now at its greatest height of prosperity and the only question was how to get hold of only one per cent. of the increased profits of Connecticut. The difficulty lies in getting people in touch with the College. Connecticut needs educational development now as never before, and the most important part of education now is the education of women. Teachers are wanted in large numbers as many schools are closing for lack of instructors. Mr. Palmer concluded by saying that the support of this college should be the most valuable interest of the State of Connecticut at the present time.

President Marshall introduced Dr. Powell as a general councillor to colleges, and a very active man in educational lines. Dr. Powell pronounced

this moment as the most solemn moment in the life of the college. He spoke of the wisdom in postponing the campaign since so many colleges have failed in their drives. The needs of this college are unique was his diagnosis. He has visited many colleges in the past three years and has learned to diagnose colleges and their conditions. No women's college has made such a wonderful appeal as Connecticut College, and no other college has so successfully combined the cultural and the vocational. Dr. Powell heartily praised the town of New London when he said it stands alone in its relationship to the college and in its generous support. From inception it has given support, and in proportion to its size and to the shortness of the life of the college, it has not been matched by any other city. Herbert Hoover was quoted as saying that the needs of the children of Central Europe are but temporary, whereas the needs of American colleges are permanent for the needs of civilization. The objective of the drive is to put the college into the heart of everyone in Connecticut, for Connecticut is rich not only in money, but in its willingness to do its best when called upon. In Northampton the business men regard Smith as almost essential to the business of the town. So will New London find this so. as the college grows more and more. The fame of New London will go out, not only for its business enterprise, but for its generosity and goodness in building up the most promising of women's colleges in the country. The more they do for Connecticut College, the more they do to make New London famous. As to the faculty, Dr. Powell said there must be hearty cooperation and they must keep the whole thing on an academic basis. They have as much at stake as the students or the president. "Have faith in Connecticut" should be the slogan of the College. Students must be afire with the enthusiasm of the work. Dr. Powell suggested that every church within a radius of a hundred miles give up one Sunday to the college, and have the girls preach of the advantages of the college. He said the students should in every way possible spread information about the college. Articles should be taken to editors, and everyone should take advantage of summer dances and fetes to spread news of the college.

After Dr. Powell's address movies of the college in its various aspects were shown. The wildest enthusiasm was shown by the students as they recognized their friends and their dwellings. The pictures were pronounced a complete success by all those present.

Dr. Marshall then spoke of the bonds the students and faculty were signing to raise money. Miss Dorothy Gregson, president of Student Government, in a short speech, gave the total pledged so far as twenty-one thousand dollars. However, this report is very incomplete. She spoke for the students in saying that even though some could not sign the bonds, yet they had the interest of the college at heart. The meeting closed with a conference of a group of townspeople, faculty and students at which President Marshall and Dr. Powell answered many questions regarding the college.

Most of those present certainly feel the success of this initial attempt in the endowment campaign of Connecticut College. Every student present made a mental vow to do all in her power to help the college and to spread information regarding it. Everyone echoed heartily the words of the President of the New London Chamber of Commerce that he would do all he could to further the interests of the college.

We hope the Alumnae will take as great an interest in raising their share of the Endowment Fund as the students have, and will consider the college still the most vital thing in their lives.

Miss Faries will take a course in summer school at the University of Pennsylvania.

ANNUAL ART EXHIBIT PROVES INTERESTING.

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

In the whole exhibit is Will Howe Foote's *Bamboo-Bermuda*. The sparkling flicker of light on the bamboo leaves forms a delicate tracery of pattern over the whole arrangement which is echoed in a secondary pattern of leaf shadows playing over the house, and the whole decorates and enlivens the simple underlying design of the white house, brilliant blue water, and distance, with a delightful little figure of a child in the foreground. It is a very accomplished piece of work and an altogether delightful picture.

Utterly different and yet having many of the same qualities is this artist's *Girl Sewing*. The whole delicate scheme holds together beautifully and the relation of the different tones has been felt and recorded in a sensitive manner.

Harry L. Hoffman's large canvas, *Out Islanders-Nassau*, is an interesting picture and October Sunshine by Clark G. Voorhees is a picture particularly pleasing in its composition. Other artists represented are Lucian Abrams, who shows two canvases reflecting in a healthy manner something of the present day tendencies. Wilson Irvine has two convincing landscapes and George Burr, two small canvases having much charm of color. Carleton Wiggins is represented by his fine picture of cattle called *Summer Morning*. William H. Howe sends *Spring Day* in his characteristic manner. A small canvas but one of great beauty is Guy Wiggin's *Honey Hill*.

A number of very lovely interiors represent the work of the late Woodhull Adams. Mr. Adams has been a much loved member of the group and his recent death will be very deeply felt by all who knew him.

By no means the least interesting part of the exhibition was the group of small sketches. Here again Mr. Foote's brilliant sketches of Bermuda are of especial interest. There was also a charming group by George M. Bruestle. These little paintings have much of the quality of large pictures. Among the sketches one also saw some fine studies of sheep and cattle by Carleton Wiggins and several small landscapes by William H. Howe.

The exhibit opened with a reception in the afternoon after which it was open to the public.

COLLEGE PIN CHOSEN.

A meeting of the first four classes in college, who selected the college pin, was held in the gymnasium on the morning of June 13th. Miss Dorothy Gregson presiding. At this time the matter of either changing the pin or re-establishing it as the official pin was discussed. A motion to keep the design as originally chosen with whatever improvements in workmanship might be feasible, was passed with only a few dissenting votes. Members of 1920 and 1921 will now soon be able to order their college pins.

ABBY GALLUP.

For four years Abby Gallup, Editor-in-Chief of the *News* during the past year, has been dividing her time and talents between the literary and the artistic. Although she once played on a Volley Ball Team, too, she scored more of a success on the *News* where she reported Freshman and Sophomore years, was Junior Associate Editor, and finally held the position of Editor-in-Chief during the past year. As a *News* delegate, she was sent to Silver Bay in 1920 and to the News Conference at Baltimore last fall. Among the Gallup laurels in Design are the Jane Bill second prize in 1920, and a scholarship to Miss Child's School of Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design in Boston for the year 1921-22. This literary artist is also serving as chairman of the College Ring Committee and is a member of the Alumnae Pin Committee.

Miss Lovell will take a summer course at the Michigan University.

CLASS POEM.

Our Alma Mater.

The tribute which we brought was but our dreams,
Like towers they rose into the deep blue sky;
Ideals indeed they were, the best we knew.
The only boon which we had learned to seek
Fulfillment was of these our dreams.
Gracious, you took us to your kindly heart,
Fostered and gave us of your treasure chest
Of knowledge.
And then with sorrow did we come to know
How trivial were the hopes we deemed so high.
But ever with your patient kindness was given,
To take the place of dreams unrealized,
A truer thing. And this it is:
The power to build up character from dreams
That rise above the towers that touched the blue;
And see our fondest hopes go unfulfilled;
With quickened souls,
Supreme the courage with which we brave the sea,
Where mists of life enpurple golden west,
Because of your great gift fixed in our hearts,
And leave with you our glorious dreams
To place with others in your treasure chest,
Together with our love and loyalty.
Of these we beg you make another hope
For those who, after we have gone,
Shall know your love,
Oh, Alma Mater.

OLIVE N. LITTLEHALES.

ANNUAL ALUMNAE MEETING.

The third annual meeting of the Connecticut College Alumnae Association was held Monday, June 13th, at 10 o'clock. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer having been read and accepted, the President called for a report from the Sykes' Fund Committee.

Miss Winona Young, as Chairman, said that at the present time between \$1,400 and \$1,500 had been turned over to the Fund from the Classes of '19, '20, and '21, respectively. This money was raised while the classes were in college. Miss Young stated that the Committee believed that the Association should first adopt some definite goal toward which to work as a permanent memorial to Dr. Sykes. The ideas of a college room in the college library or an organ in the college chapel had both proved impracticable. The Chairman of the Committee asked the Association to present some suggestions in the way of a permanent memorial before she presented the suggestion of the Committee. Upon the request of the meeting that the Committee's plan first be submitted, Miss Young announced that they had agreed upon a student-alumnae building as a fitting tribute to the memory of Dr. Sykes. After some explanation of student-alumnae buildings in general and their value and purposes, the Association passed the following motion:

Voted: That the Association approve the suggestion of the Sykes' Fund Committee and adopt as its plan for a permanent memorial to Dr. Sykes, a student alumnae building.

It was explained that the Sykes' Fund was in no way connected with the Endowment Fund and that the Committee would take no steps that would in any way detract from the Endowment Fund Campaign. The matter of the Endowment Fund Campaign was then presented, and the part of the alumnae in the Campaign discussed.

Voted: That the Association approve and adopt the signing of the

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

THE DIARY OF MISS SAMUELLA PEPYS.

June the thirteenth.

This evening at the hour of nine did the Class of 1919 convene in its fine cloathes to sup at the hostelry in the Towne of New London. As it entered upon its feast of good food and good thoughts, it was cheered on by the Class of 1920, to which '19 did feebly reply. As '19, in days gone by, did uphold and abide by the regulations of the Students' Association Government, so now did it uphold and abide by the regulations of the United States Government and did imbibe of a cocktail of fruit only. Thence all became jolly and youthsome. Midst the supping was much singing with its child's cradle before it, did '19 rock Marilyn Morris to sleep; and then did page suspicious members but a few of whom did admit that the year had enclosed a sparkling circle about their fingers. Miss Prentis did ably commend '19 to hear the discourse of many high members of things past. Mrs. Sadie Coit Benjamin did talk concerning how deeply those members associated to '19 are beholden to the College. Miss Esther Batchelder did extend to the Mother of '19's babe the greatest love and confidence of Marilyn's old-maid aunts and in their behalf did, present to her a set of utensils of silver, which Mistress Frank E. Morris did gratefully accept. The Honorary Miss Louise Howe was charming in her surprise, regretting that she had not been born late enough to be a regular member of '19. Dean Irene Nye did read extracts of letters concerning "The Chip" who doth show great promise of being as brilliant and as entertaining a personality as her mother, Nann Clark Barr Mavity. And to close the eve of joy and merriment, the most cherished member of '19, Mrs. Frederick Henry Sykes did use '19 kindly with good discourse and did rouse in each member the old spirit and enthusiasm of C. C. with an admonition that each one should really create an "oeuvre" and make of her life something of beauty and art. Without doubt, she hath the best manner of speaking in the world.

At a late hour, '19 did raise its voice in singing "Dear C. C." and then did part to be summoned together again for three years. Home in speeding vehicles and to bed very late.

1920'S CLASS BANQUET.

Monday evening at eight o'clock, "old twenty's praises" rang out "loud and clear" in the ball-room at the Mohican Hotel. Although every one of the Commencement activities had associations that will be cherished by those who came back for their first reunion, yet none could mean quite so much to the members of '20, as the class supper did. The singing of class songs brought back such vivid memories of four happy years together that it was hard to realize that twelve whole months had elapsed since the last class banquet.

After a pleasant hour of getting reacquainted, Teed, with her characteristic charm and graciousness, acted as toastmistress. Twenty was delighted to hear from the well-loved honorary members and Mrs. Marshall. Of course no class affair could seem just right without a word from Al and Perry and Jess, the Campbell kid, Edith Smith, who preferred to let her fingers rather than her tongue speak for her, provided a musical treat. A splendid letter from Frank Barlow and a telegram from Gage were read. Those members of the class who were guilty of having become engaged, namely, Teed and Al, had to run around the table. Alberta was so modest that she would only go around her chair. Then, with a toast to the honorary and absent members, and to the spirit of '20, the banquet was almost over. However, not until '19's baby had been serenaded, was the joy of the evening complete.

Miss Snevely will spend the beginning of the summer at The Dunes, Lake Michigan. Later she intends to make a stay at Salt Lake City, Utah. From there she will go to a ranch in Idaho for the rest of the vacation.

"THERE IS A GIRL"—



DOROTHY GREGSON.

Dorothy Gregson, graduating president of Student Government, has been an active office-holder during her entire college career. Freshman year she demonstrated her executive ability in the office of class president. In her Sophomore year she was a member of Student Council, while in her third year she held the office of vice-president of Service League, later acting as President of that organization during the absence of Leah Pick. The same year she was awarded the Jane Bill Prize in Design. As a culmination to her honors Dorothy Gregson was elected President of Student Government for this past year and has won a scholarship to Miss Child's School of Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design in Boston for the year 1921-1922.

TRUSTEES' LUNCHEON FOR THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

Trustees, faculty, guests, the old and the new alumnae gathered in Thames Hall at noon on Tuesday, June 14th, for the annual luncheon given by the trustees in honor of the alumnae association. The program of speakers opened with remarks by Mr. George S. Palmer, chairman of the Board of Trustees, who introduced the toastmistress, Miss Esther Batchelder, 1919, after a few words of challenge and encouragement as to the possibilities of Connecticut College with its great reservoir of well-trained talent and genius.

Miss Batchelder divided the college as it first appeared to the entering class into three groups: the trustees, who made the college possible; the faculty, who guide the students with so much care and skill throughout the four years; and the girls whose friendship and loyalty help to make college days such a joyful memory.

Mr. F. Valentine Chappell, former chairman of the Board, spoke in behalf of the trustees, dwelling on their confidence in the college and their firm intention of keeping college standards at the very top.

A parallel between Connecticut College and radium was drawn by Miss Mary Holmes, first speaker for the Faculty, who indicated the limited amount and superior quality of the two and their almost unlimited possibilities as a cure and benefit to mankind. Like that of the rarest of elements, the game of the college cannot be hid, but will reach to all corners of the world.

Dr. David Leib, second faculty speaker, was concerned with the tendency noted in recent course elections to choose a subject because it was easy. However, Dr. Leib assured the assembly that Connecticut College as a whole was decidedly not afraid

of work. As a matter of fact, the graduating class while smaller in number, had surpassed the preceding classes in the quality of their mathematics.

The classes of 1919 and 1920 were particularly delighted that 1921 should have the opportunity of hearing Mrs. Frederick H. Sykes, who was closely associated with them as adviser, teacher and friend during the first two years of the college. Mrs. Sykes urged the girls to bear in mind the necessity of finishing a task, not merely making a fine beginning; of working toward and achieving a masterpiece. Connecticut College in the beginning was small and not so hard to manage, but every year increases the difficulties and the strain, and the need for specialized skill, inspiration, and hard work in handling the problems.

Miss Marenda Prentis brought the greetings of 1919 to trustees and faculty, to Mrs. Sykes, to 1920, and to the sister class 1921, closing with a particularly fitting quotation,

"I would be true, for there are those who care
I would be humble, for I know my weakness,
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

Nineteen-twenty greetings were brought by Miss Alice Horrax, who assured her hearers that Pep 1920 was going to bark for all he was worth and do his level best to help raise the two million dollar endowment fund by next Thanksgiving.

Miss Esther Watrous, president of 1921, gave a graceful appreciation of all her class has received in its four years on the hilltop.

Reversing the natural order which thinks of the head first, President Marshall was reserved for final speaker. Agreeing with Mrs. Sykes that the problems of management increase with every year, he gave his assurance that the college would face the next years with redoubled energy and determination. Just as the human organism undergoes a complete change every seven years, so the college would begin its new span with renewed faith and courage, and endeavor to live up to the splendid ideals which have been C. C.'s from its inception.

President Marshall urged the alumnae to live purely, to do the best they are capable of, to fulfill the demands of duty to their utmost, not because he, or the faculty, or the trustees ask it, but because the college expects it of them.

In response to his challenge, the girls rose to their feet and sang the new Alma Mater.

CLASS HISTORY.

One of the charming things about this democratic world of ours is that there are certain experiences no one can escape. You can't avoid breathing, you can't avoid falling in love, and even the lowliest bit of human protoplasm cannot avoid making a history, any more than he can avoid talking about it a great deal. In fact, *the lowlier the more*, which is a sister epigram to Mary Hester's famous flash about "The higher the fewer". We know that we are not only not lowly, but even highly, and we would fain preserve a proud silence, but the world must not be deprived. And so you will understand that, bearing this motto in mind, '21 is sharing its class history from purely philanthropic motives.

The story of '21 is not exactly a history, it is more like a fairy tale—too good to be true—but we hope it will not be put to the ordinary uses of fairy tales—namely, lulling the children to sleep.

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall, there was on this hill of the Mohicans a great christening. Several stars fell out of the heavens, becoming human as they reached the earth, and collectively they were known as the Constellation of 1921. Our magnetic power brought several comets and one planet down with us, who on earth were regarded respectively as queens and a perfect prince; or, in ordinary parlance, Miss Blue, Miss Sherer, and

President Marshall. With the adoption of another queen, already on earth, as a sister class-mate, our title to royalty was proved beyond doubt, and the fairies, good and bad, felt justified in taking an interest in the christening ceremony.

The Wicked Fairy decreed that we should sleep soundly thru our four college years, while the Good Fairy decreed that we should be accomplishing so much that we would never have time to sleep at all, and vowed solemnly that at the end of four years she would triumph. It is the opinion of Branford House that she has triumphed, particularly at the end of the fourth year. Being young and over-confident, however, we failed at that time to recognize the presence of the Good Fairy, and she departed sadly, leaving as guardian angel, Mr. Elwood, the heroic defender of the reservoir.

We fully realized that we might as well be living on Achilles' heel as living near the reservoir, the spot where the Germans would be sure to strike first, but we mustered our courage and faced the danger. Mr. Elwood looked so big and strong silhouetted against the sky as he went on his perilous rounds, and we further fortified ourselves by seeking naval protection. Naval protection later proved to be of exceeding great economic value, for youth must have its fling, you know, and after the Student Friendship Fund Drive began, we found that even the Crown—that rendezvous of the elite—was too high a fling for a self-supporting damsel. Dignified and creaking of joint as we are now, we sigh for those days of glorious youth when we enthusiastically dusted books, sold hair-nets and toothpaste, and even tutored sublimely from the blissful heights of ignorance, to raise the money for our pledges.

The greatest event of that fall was the coronation of our most revered brother, the Prince of Dartmouth, now King of Connecticut. College presidents and famous people whose names we breathed in awed tones flocked eagerly from far and near to do honor to one from the Class of 1921. We were a bit flattered, but, ever-modest, we tried to take our honors in a non-chalant fashion.

Generously we gave of our talents. In the French play we starred that invaluable cosmopolitan, Anna Patricia Flaherty, guaranteed to be a perfect Frenchman, Turk, Old King Cole, or even reversion to type. Lydia Marvin, whose repressed, classical quality was recognized at once, condescended to appear in "Trojan Women", and Pat told remarkable—in fact, unique—fortunes at the Belgian bazaar.

Of Freshman Day we hesitate to speak again. We have spoken so often that the subject becomes quite delicate, and we fear someone might almost accuse us of getting conceited. Suffice it to say that in founding Freshman Day, if in nothing else, we consider ourselves worthy of membership in the pioneer classes, and may Heaven and Mother Nature forgive us for the havoc we wrought upon violet beds that day, in order to feature the royal purple.

By the end of the year our importance was so well established—particularly in our own minds—that we arrogated unto ourselves the privilege of electing all our officers before the Student Government officers—an honor which no other class had ever received. This slight error, however, was merely a compliment to our innate worth, showing the anxiety of the Wicked Fairy to have us for her own. And so the rivalry for the possession of our souls increased in vigour.

After we had bade a teary farewell to college and the Submarine Base, some of us went back to the soil with Miss Blue, Miss Woodhull, and Miss Black. In fact, it was a case of not merely back to the soil but face to the soil as well, and after a summer of dirty but purifying labor we returned, sadder and wiser patriots, to enrich the college with songs about "weeding, hoeing, planting, growing, everything that's etc."

It was well that something inspired

us to lift our voices in song that fall, for, before we even had time to go to Solomon's in pursuit of blotting-paper, picture-wire, and other vulgar materialistic necessities, quarantine descended like manna from heaven for forty days and forty nights—yea, more, and the children of C. C. were sorely tried. The retreat in the gym was a perfect fairyland, and the addition of a stray palm or two satisfied the nomadic cravings left unfulfilled by the necessary ban on Burton Holmes' travelogues. One minute we played ukeleles and thought we were roaming the sands of Waikiki, and the rest, as we combed our flowing locks by the mirrors appended to the potential palm-leaf fans, we were transported to the land of the Lorelei. We were quarantined every now and then all during that year. The Faculty conceived of this brilliant scheme in order to avoid a continual over-crowding of the Social Calendar, and finally we resigned ourselves to the inevitable, and became slaves to the slightest whim of those invisible spirits, the germs.

However, someone always carries a good thing too far, and when one Freshman, jealous because she was not invited to Sophomore Hop, registered diphtheria and put the whole college in quarantine at three o'clock on the afternoon of the dance, we rose in mighty wrath and vowed vengeance on the Wicked Fairy. By the fame of our vaudeville show, whose professional qualities were undoubted after Billy Rich kicked her slipper out on unsuspecting heads of the audience, and by winning the A. A. cup did we prove to the Wicked Fairy, that, beautiful princesses though we were, she could never hope to put us to sleep, even in an opium-laden bower of golden poppies.

During our third year of existence, our brains developed just a wee bit, if there was room for development, and, realizing that it was not possible that such continued and brilliant success could come to a class unaided by supernatural help, we recognized our indebtedness to the Good Fairy. And so, one wintry night, we gathered round the festive board and with merrymaking and great ceremony we hitched to a star to remind us of our ancestry, and adopted the Good Fairy as our mascot. The wisdom of this move was proven by the overwhelming success of the Junior Prom, the most brilliant social event of the season, where each Junior acquired at least two fraternity pins apiece.

And then, at last, passing all exams with perfect ease, we entered upon our Senior year—very few but so impressive—at least to ourselves. As a matter of fact, we were so much impressed with our dignity that we carelessly inaugurated on several occasions the delicate custom of preceding the Faculty in academic processions. For this and all other sins, we duly apologize now. 'Tis not that we love the Faculty less, but that we love ourselves more.

The Wicked Fairy did her best to spoil our stone-wall sings by hiding the moon and gradually disintegrating the stone-wall in mysterious fashion. Suspicious Seniors had pipe-dreams of a new dormitory built from the Senior wall, and spent several days looking for it, but to no avail. The mystery is still a mystery. However, no Wicked Fairy could spoil our singing. It holds now an established place in C. C. tradition as the most melodious harmony that has ever been known to campus, particularly when we all sing in the same key.

Our harmonies were especially alluring on Senior Day, when with bird-like spirits we warbled at breakfast, at chapel, at luncheon, and then decided it was about time to leave campus. On Fishers Island we warbled again—we were so light-hearted with nothing to hinder our degrees except exams that we could not control our spirits—and here our efforts were appreciated. Mildly speaking, we drew a crowd, and we understand that James was approached by a Fort Wright hero on the subject of Swatty's hand but refused to give his consent. After this episode we went into a

cocoon-like seclusion, completely fulfilling the Good Fairy's prophecy in regard to sleep. Then, with exams forever behind us, we appeared as gorgeous butterflies at the Class Banquet. Here we indulged in mirth and jollity and the light exercise of playing tag around the table. We may as well publish to the curious outer and underworld the fact that the entire Senior class with the exception of Marion Lyon, ran around the table, and Marion was so much impressed by the prominence of her position in the fairy circle that she promptly took vows of eternal celibacy. We are not sure whether all these heart-burnings are the work of the Wicked Fairy or the Good Fairy, but we are far too old to indulge in the freshman vice of cynicism, and so hope for the best.

And now, with the world at our feet, we stand on the brink of graduation, hoping that we shall all fall gracefully over this brink tomorrow morning. If any one knows any good reason why this should not be, speak now or forever hold your peace.

As we have said before, there is no distinction in making a history. That is inevitable. Neither is there particular distinction in our particular history—a poor thing—but our very own, and we love it. Our one claim to distinction lies in the fact that, besides the belief in eternal realities with which every C. C. graduate is imbued, we graduate with the added gift of a firm belief in fairies, and particularly in the ideal of joy and the open heart and the eager spirit that we have learned from our own Good Fairy.

RACHEL SMITH.

ANNUAL ALUMNAE MEETING.

(Concluded from page 2, column 4.)

"Declaration of Purpose Bonds." and that the Secretary of the Association should attend to the distribution of the forms.

In connection with ways and means of assisting in the Endowment Campaign, the President announced that several groups of C. C. girls in different localities had requested that they might organize as official groups under the Association. The Executive Committee had considered the matter and voted to present the following recommendation to the Association:

That groups of six, or more, alumnae should be allowed to organize as local chapters of the alumnae association upon application to the Secretary of the Association. The Secretary shall then see that each group is provided with the correct list of alumnae members in that district. That a constitutional committee be appointed to draw up a form of charter for local chapters of alumnae, same to be presented to the Association at its next meeting.

Voted: That the Association accept the above recommendation of the Executive Committee for chartering local groups.

The matter of joining local branches of A. C. A. was discussed and the members of the Association were urged to join college clubs in their own towns.

The alumnae contributor to the "News" presented the following proposition to the Association:

That the "News" would be willing to accept \$150 in payment for subscription to the "News" for the approximately 200 members of the Association. The Executive Committee had considered the matter, and had decided that if the dues were raised from \$2.00 to \$2.50 a year, the Association could afford to pay the required amount for the subscriptions. The "News" would then become an official organ of the alumnae, and the plan would be mutually beneficial to the staff and the Association.

Voted: That the Association dues be raised to \$2.50 to cover subscription to the "News."

The President asked the members to approve the recommendation of the Executive Committee that the Association be incorporated so that it might handle trust funds, bequests etc. It would be particularly helpful in connection with the work of the Sykes' Fund Committee.

Voted: That the Association be incorporated.

Miss Hendrie brought up the question as to whether or not the alumnae should be in cap and gown in the academic procession at commencement. So far they have not worn cap and gown at this time.

Voted: That the Association send to the College Administration an expression of the desire of its members to wear cap and gown in the academic procession at commencement.

The meeting adjourned at 11.30 A. M. Respectfully submitted.

VIRGINIA C. ROSE,
Secretary.

PRIVATE CLUB PRESENTS COMMENCEMENT PLAY.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

Brown arrives. He cannot believe his eyes when he sees the beautiful little figure. The quick-witted Miss Phoebe realizes the situation and masquerades as "Olivia," the niece of Miss Susan and Miss Phoebe. The fickle Mr. Brown is immediately infatuated by her loveliness, and a week later he asks her to go to another ball with him. Just as "Aunt" Susan and "Little Livy" are ready to start, the old maids of Quality Street arrive to spend the evening and they all seem rather skeptical of the existence of a niece. Needless to say "Livy" was the belle of the ball. The conceited Ensign Blades, a former pupil of Miss Phoebe, flatters himself that he can win her heart, as does Lieutenant Spicer. During the evening Mr. Brown tells her of his love for her "Aunt" Phoebe who was always so ladylike and so different from her flirting niece. In the last act Miss Phoebe discloses her identity, and consents to marry Mr. Brown.

Miss Eggleston as Miss Phoebe, and Miss Mason as Miss Susan were unusually good. Miss Eggleston played her difficult role in the second and third acts with a great deal of ease and charm. Miss Sperry as Mr. Brown was most "dashing," and as everyone said "was better than a real man." The humorous parts were well taken by Miss Ramsay, as Patty, the maid and M. P. Taylor as Ensign Blades. The old maids of Quality Street added much to the spirit and atmosphere of the play. The acting of the children in the school was especially commendable. To Mrs. John E. Wells goes the credit of the play, for without her splendid assistance such a creditable performance could not have been given.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

"The Old Maids of Quality Street."

- Miss Willoughby, Helen Clarke, '22
- Miss Fanny Willoughby,
Jessie Bigelow, '23
- Miss Henrietta,
Eileen Fitzgerald, '24
- Miss Harriet,
Elizabeth, Hall, '22
- Miss Susan Throsel,
Katherine Francke, '23
- Miss Phoebe Throsel,
Melvina Mason, '23
- Patty, maid to Miss Susan,
Virginia Eggleston, '24
- Alice Ramsay, '23
- Miss Charlott Parratt,
Margaret Call, '24
- "The Dashing Mr. Brown,"
Jeanette Sperry, '22
- Ensign Blades, Miriam P. Taylor, '22
- Lieutenant Spicer,
Elizabeth Merry, '24
- The Recruiting Sergeant,
Elizabeth Holmes, '24
- Ladies, Officers, Guests at the Ball, etc.
Children.

Isabella, Henrietta Hull
Arthur, Paul Kellogg

In the Minuet:
Lorna McGuire, Harriet Sullivan, William Fitch, Francis McGuire

Other Children in School:
Eleanor Bowen, Katherine Eggleston, Jane Fitch, Eleanor Hull, Eddie Morgan, Richard Prentiss

Mr. H. W. Lawrence and family will spend the summer on a farm near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Miss Mary Jane Walters will take a course in Physiology at Woods Hole this year.

THE LAST SENIOR GATHERING.

Senior Supper Ends the Year's Activities.

The last Senior Supper was held at Pequot Manor on Thursday evening, June ninth, at eight o'clock, in a most attractively decorated room. In the center of the table stood the Good Fairy surrounded by many colored flowers. The past, present and future of the Class were cleverly presented. The Class History represented the past; the present was brilliantly disclosed by several searching questions asked by Olive Littlehales; and the future was guessed at when three girls (engaged, but not announced) ran around the table. There is much curiosity about the identity of said three girls, but the Class is sworn to secrecy, and their names shall be kept dark until that day when they announce it to the world at large.

The Class of 1921 also decided their future by deciding what to do for the Class baby. If the baby is a girl, she will have a college education at any institution she desires at the expense of the Class. The first baby boy is to be presented a sum of two hundred and fifty dollars.

For souvenirs each girl had a silver bracelet with 1921 on it, and 1919, their sister class, sent them darling little bathhouses. When the Seniors finally wended their singing way homeward, the college in general knew what it was going to miss, and Dean Nye in particular knew it, and was presented with a huge bouquet of roses to ease the parting.

The Alumnae Committee chosen by the Class is as follows:

- President Dorothy Gregson.
- Vice-President, Rachel Smith.
- Secretary, Laura Batchelder.
- Treasurer, Dorothy Wulf.
- Chairman of Decorating Committee, Roberta Newton.
- Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Olive Littlehales.
- Cheerleader, Ruth Wilson.

EVELENE TAYLOR.

Evelene Taylor is a dynamo of energy when it comes to achievements—whether they be the directing of Freshman Day or of Senior Day. As vents for her energy may be cited the various offices which she has held during her college life. Besides being chairman of Freshman Day, she was a reporter on the *News* and an active member of the Dramatic Club during her first year at C. C. As a Sophomore, she served again as *News* Reporter, was an officer in both the Literary and Dramatic Clubs, became a member of the Service League Cabinet, and represented the Service League at Silver Bay. In her third year she held the offices of Class Historian and Vice-President of Service League (latter half of year), was on the Koiné board, and again represented Service League at Silver Bay. The past year Evelene Taylor has been President of Service League and Chairman of Senior Day.

OUR ALUMNAE.

Miss Harriet O. Rogers, 303 Williams Street, New London, a graduate of the class of 1919, and for two years Curator and Research Assistant in the Department of Chemistry at Amherst College, has been appointed Deficiency Disease Research Assistant at Yale University. She will work on research problems under the direction of Dr. Lafayette B. Mendel, Professor of Physiological Chemistry and Dr. Frank P. Underhill, Professor of Experimental Medicine. Miss Rogers will also take courses in the graduate school of Yale University.

Miss Dorothy R. Dart of the class of 1919 is now in the Library of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace at Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

Miss Mildred White will act as councillor and instructor of photography at Camp Kineowaka, Witon, Maine, during the month of August.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1921.

To Whom It May Concern:

My life has been a sad one. However, I began it with a flourish since I could read and write four languages at the age of three. Consequently when I went to college I was frightfully intelligent, and much more advanced in academic standing than my classmates. And when I took my degree, the faculty found it necessary to give me one which was worth considerably more than anybody's else. Naturally you can understand why my classmates hated me, and made my life miserable. To add to their spiteful acts, they refused to admit me into their *ideal community* which they founded in the year 1922. For three years I have made vain attempts to break into their exclusive dwelling place. Just recently I conceived the brilliant plan of disguising myself as a vendor or hot-dogs (the "old reliables" of all students and "profs").

It was a wise move. No sooner had the gatekeeper, Lydia Marvin, spotted me than she exclaimed "You are welcome, vendor of warm canines, you make me think of my college days."

"Why do you guard the gate?" I asked Lydia.

"Well, you see, I made such an excellent goal-keeper in hockey when I was in college, that my classmates gave me this position in our community."

Overcome by such a display of modesty, I wandered down the main street of the community secretly gloating over my entrance into the place from which I had so long been excluded. My attention was suddenly caught by a sign hanging out in the street from an office window. It said in large letters "Matrimonial Bureau." A bit curious, I wandered into the place. I had great difficulty in restraining a "Why, Marion dear, how are you?" for there was Marion Lyon as young and jovial as ever, juggling a bunch of names in a hat. Instead I said coldly: "Why, my good woman, do you shake that hat?" "Oh, sir," she said with the well-beloved Lyonian smile, "I am trying to see who the lucky man is going to be. Roberta Newton is trying a fifth husband! The other four were very successful, but Roberta will have another!"

I asked Marion to tell me about Roberta. She informed me that Roberta was noted in the community for her instance upon the unique. Her latest fad was painting silhouettes by moonlight on the outside of houses.

I left Marion and continued on my way. My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by loud cries of "Henkle Theatre—opening night—the Henkle herself!" Imagine my astonishment upon hearing such loud tones from our own Loretta Roche! "Young woman", I said sternly, "will you explain your shoutings?" Miss Roche then explained to me that she was town-crier (and incidentally that in her spare moments she wrote novels) and that she was announcing a performance at the Henkle Theatre. She, also, informed me that Miss Henkle wrote and produced the plays given at her theatre and she had been known to

take thirteen parts at once. From the town-crier I obtained the following information:

1. That Miss Silver runs a fashion show at the Bright and Breezy Hotel every summer, and her gowns are remarkable creations both from the point of view of originality and workmanship.

2. That Ella McCollum runs the community kitchen and that she has never been known to serve string beans. She is beloved by every one. (She serves ice cream daily.)

3. That Agnes Leahy runs a circus in which Lydia Lord Jane Marvin and Ruth McCollum are the stars.

Thanking Loretta for this interesting information, I continued on my way. I was somewhat startled by the approaching of what might be termed a vision of ancient Rome. Our esteemed President, Esther Watrous, garbed in a Roman Toga and flowing robe and tightly clutching a scroll, came sauntering down the street. I asked a passerby whom I recognized as Olive Littlehales to explain this strange costume. "Well", said Olive, "Esther was an excellent Latin student in college. She has become so fond of everything Latin that she even wears Latin clothes." Then I made inquiries concerning Olive's occupation. She informed me that she was inventor of the "Tell 'em a story" method of education. It seems that she is a firm believer in simple methods of teaching and has only to tell the children in her ideal school, a bewitching little tale, in order to have their eyes look like saucers, their ears stand at attention and their tongues wag intelligently. We believe that she owes her interest in educational methods to a certain master of hounds. Before leaving me Olive presented me with a circular of which she had a large number. On the cover were C. C.'s immortal room-mates, Anna Mae Brazos and Dotty Wulf. They were posed in the act of lifting a thousand pound weight between them. (Team-work always is their motto.) In large letters above them I read:

"Brazos-Wulf Physical Culture.
Be beautiful, young, and strong like these two women."

Olive also slipped me a copy of Laura Dickinson's book, "Tales and Tidings of North Amherst," with an advertisement on the front page for "Tales and Tidings of Deep River."

As I traveled on (the main street, by the way, was in the shape of a square), I was attracted by a large sign tacked upon a telegraph pole which read:

"The Ideal Community wishes to announce that its esteemed inmate, Barbara Ashenden, upon reaching Heaven the day after the last Judgment Day, was unable to get in. She was considered too good to be sent to the lower regions, and consequently has no place to go. If any one has any suggestions to make for a permanent resting place for Barbara please notify Anna Flaherty, Medium, who has just received this woeful message from the spirit land."

I went straight to Anna Flaherty
(Continued on page 6, column 2.)

Give a Thought to Books

We carry a comprehensive line by the old masters and modern writers in subjects of all classes for Children, Boys, Girls and Grown-ups.

THE CHAMBERLIN & SHROPSHIRE CO.
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

240 STATE ST. NEW LONDON, CONN.

TATE & NEILAN

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats

Corner STATE and GREENE STREETS
New London

"Oh, So Delicious!"

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY AFTER TRYING ONE OF THOSE

Fresh Strawberry Sundaes

"With Whipped Cream"

AT

THE COLLEGE PHARMACY
393 Williams Street

"'Tis a Good Place to Meet and Treat"

VANITIE SHOP

SHAMPOOING, HAIRDRESSING
MASSAGING and MANICURING

Room 317 Plant Bldg. 'Phone 313
New London, Conn.

LOOSE LEAF BOOKS
DIARIES AND STATIONERY

SOLOMON

44 MAIN STREET

MADAME POLLY'S
TOILETTRIES

SOLD BY

—THE—

SINCLAIR & LITTLE CO.

WATCH US GROW

33 MAIN STREET

STRAUSS & MACOMBER

WATCHES, DIAMONDS
and JEWELRY

100 State Street, New London, Conn.
Fine Watches Repaired and Adjusted

UNION BANK & TRUST COMPANY

STATE STREET

FELLMAN

Tel., Store 2272-2. House, 2272-3

The Florist

DESIGNER—DECORATOR

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

J. TANNENBAUM

Fine Stationery and Imported Novelties. All Office Supplies
Whiting's Stationery by the Pound or Box

156 STATE STREET

GEO. N. BATES, D. D. S.

Manwaring Building

Rooms 13 and 14

COMPLIMENTS OF

ISAAC C. BISHOP
PHOTOGRAPHER

'Phone 403 Manwaring Bldg.

FORDHAM LAW SCHOOL
WOOLWORTH BUILDING

CO-EDUCATIONAL

CASE SYSTEM
THREE-YEAR COURSE

AFTERNOON CLASS
EVENING CLASS

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "W"

CHARLES P. DAVIS, Registrar
WOOLWORTH BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

A SHORTER SHORTHAND SYSTEM IN TEN EASY LESSONS

This course covers ten easy lessons which will enable the Student, Professor, Journalist, Doctor, Lawyer or anyone seeking a professional career, to go through life with 100 per cent. efficiency.

THIS COURSE

Is short and inexpensive, and is given with a money back guarantee if not satisfied.

SEND THIS CLIPPING TO-DAY

PYRAMID PRESS: PUBLISHERS
1416 Broadway,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed herewith is \$5.00 for which kindly send me your shorthand course in ten easy lessons by mail. It is understood that at the end of five days, I am not satisfied my money will be gladly refunded.

Name

Street

City and State.....

Telephone 2055

Cleaners and Dyers
CITY DYE WORKS
Efficient—Prompt

46 Bank Street, New London

The Specialty Shop

MANWARING BLDG.

Hosiery, Underwear

Waists, Neckwear, Corsets

Get It At

STARR BROS., Inc.
DRUGGIST

110 STATE STREET

GROCERIES and MEATS
A. T. MINER

THREE STORES

381 Williams St. 75 Winthrop St.
Crystal Ave. and Adelaide St.

Alling Rubber Co.

Best Quality

Tennis Shoes and Rubbers

162 State Street, New London, Ct.

**THE NATIONAL
BANK OF COMMERCE**

OF NEW LONDON

New London, Connecticut



and New London, Conn.

**CONFECTIONER
AND
CATERER**

A Store of Individual Shops

Rockwell & Forester

Barrows Building, New London

Carefully
Selected
Ultra-fashionable
Ready-to-wear
for

Women and Misses
MODERATE PRICES

COOK-EATON COMPANY, Inc.

"New London's
Busy Cash Specialty Store"

Suits	Knit Underwear
Coats	Hosiery
Skirts	Waists
Dresses	Petticoats
Bath Robes	Corsets
Muslin and Silk Underwear	

70 State Street, New London



N. M. RUDDY

JEWELER and OPTICIAN
C. C. COSTELLO, Mgr.
52 State Street
NEW LONDON, CONN.

DAVIS & SAVARD

Regal Shoes for Ladies
134 STATE STREET

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1921.

(Concluded from page 5, column 3.)

and was admitted to her private rooms. It seemed at first as though Anna had lost her sense of humor but gradually she began to talk like her old self.

"Have you seen Fenelon and Paul at the Lyceum?" she asked me. "They have a wonderful skit. It consists entirely of such scintillating humor that daily their audiences grow weak and faint with laughter.

"And you should meet our celebrity, Miss Evelene Taylor. But she is so hard to get hold of I doubt if you will see her. You see, she is writing a book 'How to Reform the World in Three Years' and refuses to be disturbed. Naturally, since the whole world awaits the disclosure of this secret of the source of all our sorrows, we think it best not to disturb her. I know, you must see Joe Hall. She keeps an open house for travelers and knows everything that is happening."

I found Joe at home. Without any hesitation and drawing but one breath during her entire speech, she burst forth with the following news:

1. Jeanette Letney Skinner, to quote a late visitor to our college, "has made her home a benediction." Her youngest daughter's favorite remark is: "When I grow up, I can go to C. C. without having to raise my tuition—I am the class baby of '21."

2. Dorothy Pryde is chief architect, engineer, statistician, and fire-chief in the community.

3. Charlotte Hall is unable to take life seriously. She can not be kept in the community for any long period of time because of her frivolous attitude in the most serious crises.

4. Eleanor Haasis is an architect and is greatly embarrassed at times when she finds it necessary to stand on a step ladder to reach the top of the plans she is drawing.

5. Alice Purtil teaches Grammar in the "Tell 'em a story" school.

6. Catherine Cone is the "Mary Pickford" of the Community. She is starred twice a week and is famous for her smile.

7. Jenny Hippolitus is seldom seen because she is constantly stringing on a silver chain the A's she got in college.

8. Louise Avery is very fond of all people but we all have our favorites, in fact she spends most of her time with her little favorites.

9. Marion Bedell's chief pastime is playing "My Little Gray Home in the West" on the typewriter.

10. Gladys Beebe has been devoting a large part of her time to devising a scientific system of "How to Catch the Norwich Trolley Regardless of Irregularities."

Here Joe took a breath and upon my registering great interest, continued:

1. Nellie English travels around Europe as a tutor of 15 languages. She is continually startling the community when she returns to it with her Parisienne wardrobe.

2. Abby Gallup is editor of the *Gallupe Gazette*.

3. Ruth Pattee is Assistant Editor of the *Gallupe Gazette* and is noted for her impartial judgments of people.

4. Hattie Goldman is owner of the "Missing Link" but has denied for four years the existence of such an article.

5. Deb Jackson spent years making slides in the Yale Medical School Lab.

but one day she took a big slide and landed in the community.

6. Louise Lee is known as "the girl who can accomplish anything, from going through college to writing an encyclopedia, in two years."

7. Ethel Mason is called the Napoleon of the Library. She affectionately calls every book in the Community Library by its full name.

8. Rose Myrowitz, Connecticut College's most elusive member, was once blown into the community by a great storm and has been forced by her friends to stay there indefinitely.

9. Mildred Pierpont is assistant town-crier, and in her spare moments is Premier Darscuse at the Henkle Theatre.

10. Ruth Wilson left community after a year's residence to teach the Hawaiians how to play the ukelele.

I thanked Joe profusely for this extensive information. I found myself getting extraordinarily hungry, and not wishing to dine on hot dogs, I went into the nearest hotel. I sat down at a table just in time to hear the following conversation at a neighboring table:

Rachel Smith: "You know, Batch, this business of running an 'ask me any question' column in a daily paper isn't all it might be. However, I haven't been stuck yet."

Batch: "Well think of me, Rae, having to solve all the heart problems of the community. If I get another letter today addressed to 'Billy Batch-fax' I shall go mad."

I approached these estimable young journalists and asked them if they knew of a certain Dorothy Gregson.

"Indeed, yes!" they chimed, "she is the Good Fairy of the community. With a magic touch and a mischievous eye, she rules us all."

In closing let me remind you of 21's class colors, one of which has a promise for the future. Purple, you remember, stands for the sacrifices of the war, but gold stands for the golden days which for us are not far away.

MARGARET JACOBSON.

Miss McKee expects to spend the summer in her home in Pittsburgh.

SONG OF THE WOODS.

Come, O come away with me,
Lassie, sweet lassie,
Far from the world-weary
Crowd's mad thronging;

Far from the city's din,
Turmoil without—within;
Far from its hidden sin—
And deadened longing.

To woodlands still and green,
Gilded with golden sheen
Where winds which stir unseen
Are softly saying:

"O, lassie, fling away
Old cares of yesterday.
Follow the wood-sweet way.
Come, oh, come a-Maying!"

E. M. S. '24.

GIVE THE CHILD A CHANCE

Soph., explaining the Mendelian Theory of Inheritance—It's this way. If both parents had blue eyes, the children's eyes would be blue; but if one parent had blue eyes and the other had brown, the children's eyes would be crossed.—*Goucher College Weekly*.

The Quality Drug House of Eastern Connecticut

The NICHOLS & HARRIS CO.

ESTABLISHED 1850

119 STATE STREET

NEW LONDON, CONN.

TELEPHONE 193

LYON & EWALD

Hardware

88 STATE STREET

NEW LONDON, CONN.

THE BOSTON STORE

463-5 Bank Street, New London

**WHITE SPORT
OXFORDS**

Black or Tan
Leather Trimmings

\$8 upwards

Featured in the Flat or
Military Heels

—THE—

Gager-Crawford Co.

PURE FOOD STORE

New London, Conn.

Freshest Stock

Greatest Variety

Lowest Prices

Largest Output

ALL KINDS OF

WOMEN'S

FURNISHINGS

VISIT THE

James Hislop Co.

153-163 State Street

FOR

DRY GOODS

—THE—

S. A. Goldsmith Co.

131 to 143 STATE STREET
NEW LONDON, CONN.

"The Store for Service"

THE BEE HIVE

WALK-OVER

BOOT SHOP

237 STATE STREET

SPECIAL

DIE STAMPED

COLLEGE and DORMITORY

STATIONERY

50 cents a box

CHIDSEY'S

115 STATE ST., NEW LONDON, CONN.

THE STYLE SHOP

LADIES' and MISSES'
APPAREL

Lawrence Hall Building

17 Bank Street