



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

1953



Francis G. Shepard  
Emerson College of Oratory  
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Boston Massachusetts

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HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, Dean

## DEDICATION

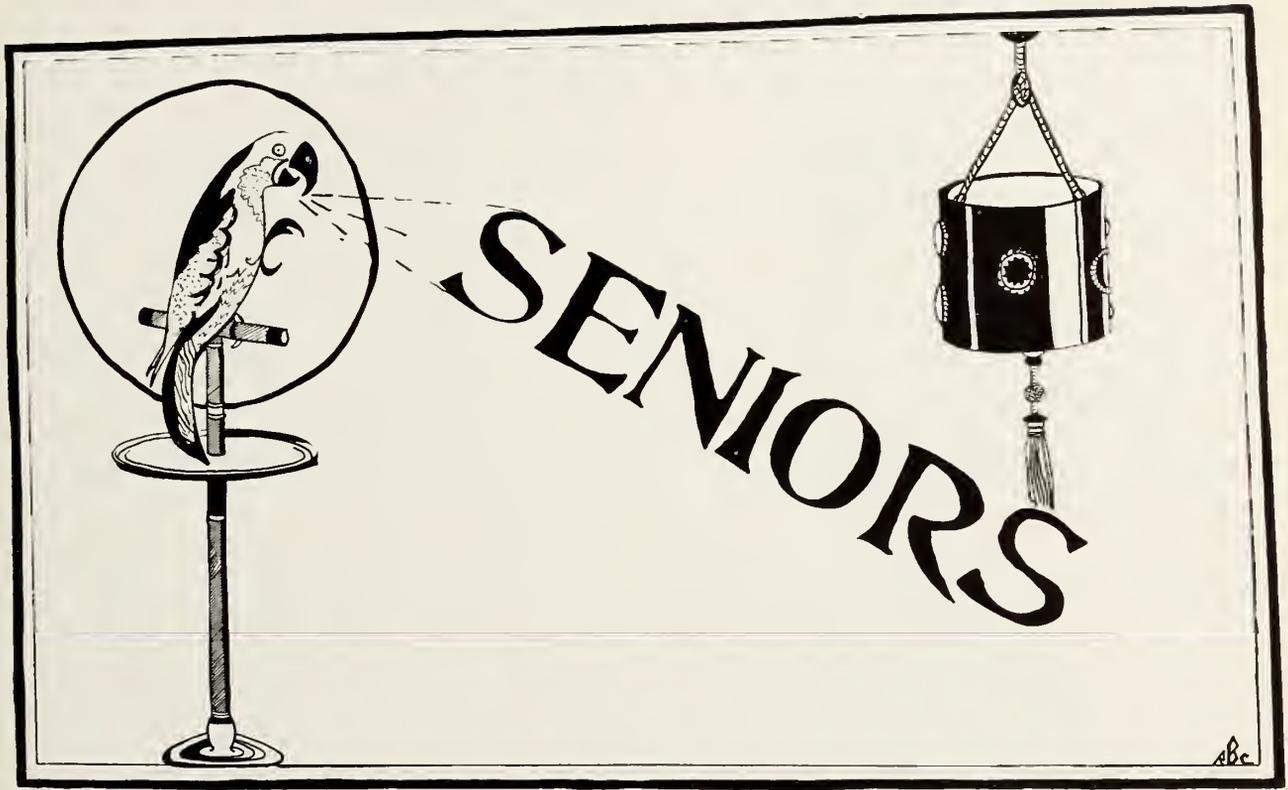
“That best portion of a good man’s life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.”



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OFFICERS

President . . . . .	Ellen M. Stapleton
Vice-President . . . . .	Frances A. Scott
Secretary . . . . .	Frances Hueston
Treasurer . . . . .	Charles Joralemon
Student Council . . . . .	{ Helen Heath } Charlotte Meserve



RUTH ALLEN

Φ Μ Γ

Gainesville, Texas

President Southern Club ('23); Member E. C. A.

*"Among ten million one was She."*



MABEL-LOUISE AREY

Hopedale, Massachusetts

Senior Recitals; Debating Club; Junior Song Committee ('22); Assistant Art Editor Year Book ('22).

*"One lesson of two duties kept at one,  
Of toil unsevered from tranquility."*



ONEITA PATTON BARNES, B.A.

Φ Μ Γ

Coshocton, Ohio

Junior Stunt.

*"Youth had been a habit of hers for so long,  
that she could not part with it."*

*luck and  
it wished to  
you - 5  
to give to have  
know you.  
Oneita!*



ESTA LE ROI BARNETT

Dorchester, Massachusetts

President Menorah Society.

*"A book of verses underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou  
Beside me singing in the wilderness—  
Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow."*



RUTH CANDEE BASSETTE

Z Φ H

New Britain, Connecticut

Art Editor Year Book ('22); Debating Club;  
Junior Play ('22); Junior Prom ('22); Sen-  
ior Play ('23); Junior-Senior Debate ('23).

*"How talent doth multiply talents."*



ALICE GERALDINE BIGGERS

St. Louis, Missouri

Southern Club; Ribbon for Excellency in Car-  
riage; Junior Stunt; Senior Recitals.

*"The long bazaar will praise, but thou—  
Heart of my Heart—have I done well?"*

one  
in sweet  
bride  
like my  
best  
Braly



MARIAN BRALY

Z Φ H

Spring Lake, New Jersey

Stunts ('20, '21, '22); Senior Play; Song Leader; Graduation Play; Assistant Editor Year Book ('22); Member E. C. A.

*"Voice of sweet song, so sweet we know not we are listening to it."*



IRENE BREHM

K Γ X

Rochester, Pennsylvania

House President ('22); Debating Club; Junior Week ('22).

*"She doeth little kindnesses  
That most leave undone or despise."*



EDITH MARGUERITE CANAVAN

Z Φ H

Somerville, Massachusetts

Sophomore Stunt; Junior Stunt; Junior Song Sketch; Debating Club.

*"There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies blow."*

To one of the  
dearest of  
our new  
zetas - I  
know you  
will be happy  
for one could  
not live in  
zeta's garden  
and be sad  
The best of  
luck to you  
dear girl  
Loveingly,  
Dorothy C.



DOROTHY CASWELL

Z Φ H

Winter Hill, Massachusetts

Freshman Stunt; Sophomore Stunt; Junior  
Stunt; Senior Play.

*"Let me see; what think you of falling in love?"*



INEZ COMBS

Z Φ H

Waynetown, Indiana

Senior Recitals.

*"I'll be an artist, and I'll do things."*



MARY FRANCES DAVIS, B.A.

Z Φ H

Garrettsville, Ohio

Literary Editor Year Book ('22); President  
Student Association ('22).

*"And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent."*

The best of  
everything  
you  
Francis  
dear  
you



VERONICA DICKEY, B.A.

Reno, Nevada

Senior Play; House President.

*"With such a comrade, such a friend,  
I fain would walk till journey's end."*



GLADYS A. FERNANDEZ

Dorchester, Massachusetts

Freshman Stunt; Founders' Day Play; Senior Play; Endowment Dance.

*"To see her is to love her,  
And love but her forever,  
For nature made her what she is,  
And ne'er made such another."*



OLIVE LORRAINE FOAT

Z Φ Η

Ripon, Wisconsin

Sophomore Recitals; Senior Recitals.

*"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"*

*Good luck on "Shuff"  
happiness to Mary*



MARTHA B. FREED

Φ Μ Γ

Henderson, Tennessee

Phi Mu Gamma Play; Southern Club; Junior Stunt; Southern Club Play; Senior Play.

*"And she was a damsel of delicate mould,  
With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold."*

*Best of  
everything for you  
K. U. Grant*



JESSIE ULRICA GRANT

Κ Γ Χ

Beverley, Massachusetts

Junior Stunt; Debate Club; Senior Play.

*"She was immutable as the hills."*



HELEN HAZEL HEATH

Κ Γ Χ

Killingly, Connecticut.

Student Welfare Committee; Junior Week; Business Manager Year Book ('22); Debate Club; Student Council; President E. C. A.

*"What's the use of argifyin?"*



## MAREE GERTRUDE HILLYER

Renova, Pennsylvania

House President ('23); Student Senate ('23);  
Senior Play; Phi Mu Scholarship.

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,  
An excellent thing in woman."*



## FRANCES L. HUESTON

Westbrook, Maine

Freshman Stunt; Sophomore Stunt; Junior  
Week; Senior Play; Press Club; Debating  
Club; Secretary of Class ('23); E. C. A.;  
Cabinet; Junior-Senior Debate.

*"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height."*



## MARY ELIZABETH HURLBUT

Oswego, Kansas

Junior Stunt; House President ('22).

*"Her mirth the world required,  
She bathed it in smiles of glee."*



*Carry the memories of things there  
always, always something says.  
Best of anything  
to you.*

CHARLES EDWARD JORALEMON

Φ A T

Troy, Pennsylvania

Class Treasurer ('23); Junior-Senior Debate;  
Endowment Play, "Debbie" ('22); Freshman  
Stunt.

*"He inquire if this marrying idee was right.  
I would not say, because it was not me dot was  
going to be married."*

*Charles Edward Joralemon*

HELEN KING

Φ M Γ

Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania

Junior Stunt; Junior Play; Debate Club; E.  
C. A.; House President ('23).

*"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In Springtime from the cuckoo bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Beyond the farthest Hebrides."*



DOROTHY E. LEITH

Φ M Γ

New Rochelle, New York

Debating Club ('22, '23); Junior Prom, Chair-  
man ('22); Junior Stunt; Endowment  
Dance ('21).

*"The floating clouds their  
state shall lend to her;  
For her the willows bend."*



MADELINE MACKECHNEY

Φ Μ Γ

Wichita Falls, Texas

Southern Club.

*"And we, within its fairy bowers,  
Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
Where not a pulse would beat but ours,  
And we might live, love, die alone!"*



FAY MCKENNON

Φ Μ Γ

Dumas, Arkansas

Senior Recitals; Junior Stunt; Southern Club.

*"Queen rose in a rosebud garden of girls."*



CHARLOTTE B. MESERVE

Ζ Φ Η

Penacook, New Hampshire

Student Council ('20, '21); House President ('21); Senior Class Secretary ('23); Undergraduate Representative of Y. W. C. A.

*"What other woman could be loved like you,  
Or how of you should love possess his fill?"*

VESTA I. NELSON

K F X

Watertown, Massachusetts

Junior Stunt; Author Junior Play; Sophomore Recitals.

*"Love like ours can never die."*



DORIS WINIFRED PLAISTED

K F X

Bangor, Maine

Class Vice-President ('20); Class President ('21); E. C. A.; Cabinet; Endowment Play; Junior Week Committee; Freshman Stunt; Sophomore Stunt; Junior Stunt; Student Council.

*"She was a dainty little maid  
And he was very tall."*



RUTH L. POTTER

Lanesboro, Pennsylvania

Senior Play; Junior Stunt.

*"The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self reliance."*



MARY EMILY REID

Z Φ H

Bucyrus, Ohio

Senior Play.

*"World—how it walled about  
Life with disgrace,  
Till God's own smile came out;  
That was thy face."*



DOROTHY H. ROBINSON

Woolwich, Maine

*"There was no one like her. . . . Everyone  
adored her, and in return she was pleasant and  
courteous to everyone."*



MYRREL RODNEY

Z Φ H

Kansas City, Missouri

Student Council; Class Secretary ('22); E. C. A.; Cabinet ('22); Student Welfare Committee ('22); Endowment Play ('22); Editor-in-Chief Year Book ('22).

*"I have no doubt the devil grins,  
As seas of ink I splatter;  
Ye gods! Forgive my literary sins,  
The other kind don't matter."*



SILVIO SANTAYANA

Providence, Rhode Island

*"My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure."*



MYRTLE E. SAVIDGE, B.A.

Racine, Minnesota

*"The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew;  
And good thoughts, where her footsteps  
pressed  
Like fairy blossoms grew."*



FRANCES A. SCOTT

Z Φ H

Lowell, Massachusetts

Class Secretary ('21); Senior Vice-President;  
E. C. A. Cabinet; Member Debating Club.

*"A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet."*

*Frances is the one and only  
shepherd girl as sure as the  
world - there never could be  
another. Neaps' love  
"S. Scott"*



EMILY LOUISE SEABER

K Γ X

Wellesley, Massachusetts

Freshman Stunt; Sophomore Stunt; Junior Class President ('22); Treasurer Y. W. C. A. ('22); Endowment Play; Press Club; Debating Club; Student Senate; E. C. A. Cabinet; Song Leader.

*"A wilderness of sweets."*



RUTH CHAPMAN SEAMAN

Bellmore, New York

Junior Stunt.

*"Vex not thou the poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit;  
Vex not thou the poet's mind  
For thou canst not fathom it."*



DOROTHY V. SLEEPER

Z Φ H

Binghamton, New York

Sophomore Stunt; Junior Stunt; Junior Song Committee.

*"She was a good girl, and handsome, and in her way very clever."*

*wish I could claim you as my friend. but  
since I cannot, I trust I may count  
you as one of my dear friends.*



ELLEN M. STAPLETON

*much love and the greatest  
success. &*

Geneva, New York

*my dear "Frank"*

Class President ('23); Student Senate; House  
President ('23); Year Book Staff ('22);  
Sophomore Recitals; Junior Recitals.

*Ellen*

*"Her kindness and her worth to spy  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye."*

*to my Zeta sister  
with every virtue of  
our friendship -  
I have enjoyed  
knowing you and  
its met my aim.  
Love in ZPhi  
Nita*



MARY VERNITA STEWART

ZPhi

Junior Recitals; Senior Recitals; Southern  
Club; Junior Stunt.

*"With many a social virtue graced,  
And yet a friend of solitude."*

ALICE McKEVETT TEAGUE

ZPhi

Santa Paula, California

Student Senate; Senior Play; House President  
( '23 ).

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command."*





EUGENIA GORDON TERWILLIGER

K F X

Highland, New York

Freshman Stunt; E. C. A. Cabinet; E. C. A. President ('22); Junior Week; Endowment Play ('22); Recitals ('21, '22, '23); Senior Play; Song Leader.

*"Such apt and gracious words  
That aged ears play truant at her tales."*



RUTH DUNSMORE WALCH

Z Φ H

Boston, Massachusetts

Author Freshman Stunt; Sophomore Stunt; Senior Play; Class Secretary ('20).

*"Wouldn't 'ear no reason,  
Went an' done it blind;  
We know all about 'em,  
They've got all to find."*



MARY F. WALSH

Dorchester, Massachusetts

Freshman, Sophomore, Junior Stunts; Year Book Staff; Cheer Leader; President Debating Club; Secretary-Treasurer Emerson Student Association; Student Senate; Senior Play.

*"And still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all she knew."*

## SENIORS' FAREWELL

"The time has come," the Prexy said,  
"To speak of many jobs,  
From Hong Kong to Jamaica Plains  
For teachers, stars, and mobs;  
For teachers of the Spoken Art,  
Tall, short, fair, dark, and 'bobs'."

They trotted in from Kenney's "Tech;"  
They sprinted up the stair  
From "Hist. of Ed." and Trippie's "Imp."  
To get each one her share—  
They flocked to that keen call of jobs,  
The Seniors, plump and spare.

The time has come indeed, they thought,  
(If so, they spake it not),  
When we must step forth from these halls  
Which we so long have sought,  
And forth to trips by trains or ships  
Or trolleys, we must trot.

But oh, to leave this sounding hall  
Means leaving all that's in it!  
Rehearsals, oh! and chapel cuts!  
Recitals every minute!  
And teachers fond! and Juniors, Sophs,  
And Freshies, all within it!

We've ate with them their apple pies,  
We've shared the Greasy Spoon;  
With them we ran to Hood's for lunch  
When class came not too soon;  
With them we rose at eight-thirteen,  
To eat the breakfast prune!

When will we meet Jim's smile, when we  
Would elevate or sub?  
When play again with George's cat  
Or join chapel hubbub?  
How can we do these things, and still  
Be jobbing?—there's the rub!

The time has come to talk good-byes,  
And trunks and trips at last  
For oh! the day of play has went—  
At least is going fast!  
But with us, always, you will stay,  
Dear memories—of the past.

M. F. D., '23.

---

Bon voyage, Seniors. Take with you our love;  
Hold aspiration high; you cannot fail;  
And as you lead we follow close behind,  
Proud to have called you friends but for a while  
In this, our Spring of Life. And faith leaps strong  
That some day in the Book of Time we'll read  
Your deeds in gold upon the fairest page.  
The sands run fast—time here is short—Adieu!

A. N. D., '24.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

“SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER”

By Oliver Goldsmith

The presentation of Goldsmith's "She Stoops To Conquer" by the Senior class on Thursday evening, January 25, in Huntington Chambers' Hall marked the fourteenth annual production of Old English Comedy. Produced, as it was, under the direction of Professor Tripp, the play was most artistically presented to an unusually large audience, showing that enthusiasm for old English comedy has not waned, and that its revival is a welcome innovation.

The Cast of Characters:

Squire Hardcastle . . . . .	Veronica Dickey
Mrs. Hardcastle . . . . .	Ruth Potter
Tony Lumpkin . . . . .	Marian Braly
Kate Hardcastle . . . . .	Martha B. Freed
Constance Neville . . . . .	J. Rica Grant
Slang . . . . .	Ruth D. Walch
Mat Muggins . . . . .	Gladys Fernandez
Amenadab . . . . .	Maree Hillyer
Stingo, landlord . . . . .	Eugenia Terwilliger
Young Marlow . . . . .	Mary Emily Reid
George Hastings . . . . .	Ruth Bassette
Diggory . . . . .	Alice Teague
Dick	} Servants to Hardcastle {
Roger	
Thomas	
Maid . . . . .	Mary Walsh
Jeremy . . . . .	Eugenia Terwilliger
Sir Charles Marlow . . . . .	Frances Hueston

Out of these days of laughter and play—  
 The days of our strong young growing,  
 Soon—ah, soon—we'll be drifting away,—  
 Bitter-sweet is our going!

Oh you we have tried and found so true,  
 Pals of these years, out yonder,  
 In success and strife we will dream of you,—  
 Will you think of us, and wonder?

M. F. D., '23.

## THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Once upon a time, numerous moons ago, there lived a Pilgrim. Now this Pilgrim was a strange personage of drab appearance and unrenown—"a violet by a mossy stone." To him duration was composed of three hearty meals a day and rest a-plenty. Little did he dream of the great adventure which would be his when one luminous morning he set forth with a brave heart and serene spirit for an unfamiliar land and a new existence. He had seen the light and could rest no more until he answered its call and satisfied his soul which was craving for higher learning and the evolution of expression.

Thus it happened that on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nineteen, the Pilgrim reached his destination with a great hope of future happiness—and an empty stomach. What mattered that? He was at last in Boston—the land of opportunity—safely launched toward his eminent career. A most fortunate being he was, for this year marked the beginning of a novel proceeding. The grave elders called it "dormitory" and it was here that the Pilgrim began to acquire knowledge. He learned many things that first year and numerous were the activities into which he entered but the greatest of these was his mighty tribute to Father Chaucer. The first milestone loomed into sight and his drab appearance had changed to beautiful green.

The days dragged on, as days will and as the snake sheds his skin and the canary enters his molting season so did the Pilgrim slowly but surely turn from a light green to a pale yellow. It was not a pretty color, but at least it was not green, and, even that sturdy philosopher Kenney must admit there was now hope, even though it be the faintest ray, toward a future for the Pilgrim. With this encouraging thought to spur him on, he saw, beheld and passed the second great milestone which brought much joy and rejoicing to his hungry soul.

The third year was one of glory, and again our Pilgrim changed. He was indeed worthy of notice in his garb of lavender, and the wise Elders bestowed upon him a new name, far more worthy than that of Freshman or Sophomore, and full of significance—Junior. It was at this time that philosopher Tripp deemed fit to smile upon the Pilgrim and he gave thanks for this blessing which few received. History will record the deeds of our hero and among them will be a seven days' festivity known as "Junior Week," which was and shall be unsurpassed in its mirth and worth. The Pilgrim passed the third milestone with

quicken pace and long strides for he was nearing the end of his journey and his goal was already in sight.

He had gone only a short distance past the third milestone, when a strange thing happened. His color of lavender darkened to a deep purple and the pale yellow brightened into burnished gold. He hurried onward with leaps and bounds and where'er he went he was proclaimed by all a "Senior," and many were the honors heaped upon his head. For he had "Stooped to Conquer" and his reward was won. The last milestone stood with abrupt dignity before him and beyond was the vast world. Why did he turn to look back? What had happened to him? He slowed his steps and a tear glistened in his eye. For one last moment he gave vent to a mighty longing to retrace the path that he had trodden; then he was gone. The vast world had beckoned and he had followed. Behind him he left the green, the yellow and the lavender. Here, too, was the scene of many an unforgotten frolic and a happy episode. But the greatest treasure of these were the Wise Elders and the cherished friendships. He bade farewell to them all in turn and after wishing them blessings and happiness unending he carried away these fond memories which he will hold forever sacred. Thus the Pilgrim reached his journey's end. He had found the light in his B. L. I. and it will be as a torch to guide him ever onward. Who is this grave Pilgrim, you ask? He is the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three!

RUTH BASSETTE, '23.

# JUNIORS



## OFFICERS

President . . . . .	Kathryn Kelchner
Vice-President . . . . .	. Florence Bates
Secretary . . . . .	. Mary Danforth
Treasurer . . . . .	Margaret S. Dow
Student Council . . . . .	{ Mildred M. Kindly
	{ Arline Bussell



MARJORIE L. ASHLEY  
New Bedford, Massachusetts



C. WESLEY BATCHELDER  
Billerica, Massachusetts



KATHRYN BLUME

Φ Μ Γ

Macomb, Illinois

*So the little  
friend of a very  
dear sister -  
everything for you in  
the coming year  
stay*



VIVIAN BURTON  
Hillsboro, Georgia



ARLINE H. BUSSELL

Z Φ H

Pittsfield, Maine



VESTA L. CLARK

Φ M Γ

Weston, Massachusetts



MARION COBB

Calais, Maine



NORA A. CONNORS

Medfield, Massachusetts



*to found a mighty  
when she found  
I am looking for  
you must get  
together in 2-3  
West Hill St.  
Boston, Mass.*



ADELE NEILL DOWLING

Z Φ H

Boston, Massachusetts



*Love and the best of luck to me we  
are proud of claiming as a pledge.  
Have a fine Z Φ H vacation & get  
rested up so you'll be in trim for all  
the big things planned next year.*

MARY SHEPPARD DOWLING

Z Φ H

Boston, Massachusetts



ANNA DUNKEL

Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania



VIVIAN H. EFFINGER

Seattle, Washington



ERNEST FRANCES EMBRY

Z Φ Η

Nowata, Oklahoma



THELMA M. EVANS

Z Φ Η

Rome, New York



MILDRER E. FORRESTER

Mansfield, Massachusetts



NORMA A. FRISBIE

Elkland, Pennsylvania

*Shep, you've been most  
awfully nice to me this  
year and love you.  
Here's hoping we may take  
our trip together some  
time. Come down to see me.  
We might find Wilson.  
Frisbie*



EDITH GWIN

Φ Μ Γ

Newton, Massachusetts



SARA E. HARRINGTON

Κ Γ Χ

Hazleton, Pennsylvania



VEV VILLE HOSMAN

Akron, Indiana

*A jolly good time I  
wish for you this summer  
Be a good Shep. Will.*



HAZEL MAY HUGHES

South Manchester, Connecticut



SARA HARDING HUNTER

Wilmington, Massachusetts



CARLOTTA HUTCHINSON

Oyster Bay, New York



KATHRYN M. KELCHNER

Lebanon, Pennsylvania



MILDRED M. KINDLY

KTX  
73 - Border Ave  
Tyler, Texas

"Things equal to the same thing  
are equal to each other" or some thing  
like that - knew we were to  
be friends from the first because  
you're such a really sweet girl  
and Doris is a really good friend  
of mine."

*Dear: I love  
and wish you  
each look and  
grace. Marcella*



MARCELLA G. KLEIN

Ossian, Iowa



HELEN GOULD KRAFT

Φ Μ Γ

Clarksburg, West Virginia



EDITH I. LEGER

Nashua, New Hampshire



MARGARET REID MacLAREN

Z Φ H

Gloversville, New York



*She's, you're seen in the  
- check and I like you  
just seen - has in the  
you or to - another year.*

CHRISTINE McWHORTER

Buckhannon, West Virginia



*It always  
be the same  
with love from  
me.*

MARY E. MERRITT

Φ Μ Γ

Americus, Georgia



ANNA M. MORRISON

Memphis, Tennessee



ALLETTA K. PLANK

Hendersonville, North Carolina



AMY PLASTRIDGE

New Hampton, New Hampshire



ANNA MAYBRY RALSTON

K Γ X

Weston, West Virginia



LESLIE ROBINSON

Φ M Γ

Gainsville, Georgia



GROVER C. SHAW

Lowell, Washington

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text]*



WINIFRED SHEDD

K F X

Boston, Massachusetts



VIOLA MAE SIMONDS

Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts



"Brau" dear I'm looking forward  
 so much to next year, when  
 you will be my "sister".  
 "Phil"

PHILA E. STROUT

Z P H

Billerica, Massachusetts



DOROTHY DODGE TAYLOR

Lynnfield Centre, Massachusetts



HAZEL CLARA TREADWELL

Grafton, Vermont



SYDNEY TRESSLAR

K F X

Montgomery, Alabama



ELSIE EATON VAN NESS

Littleton, New Hampshire



ANNETTA LOIS WOOD, B.A.

Decatur, Illinois



RUTH MARGARET WYATT

Menlo, Georgia



*Next to the best but I love you  
dearly & will always remember  
the happy times.*

MARJORIE YOUNG

Buckhannon, West Virginia



RUTH CUMMINGS

Dorchester, Massachusetts

## "IN THE SPRING"—A JUNIOR'S FANCY

"Geniuses are born, not made," the lackadaisical Junior comforted herself on that May morn as the rising bell collaborated with a few other bells to shake off that downy sleep, death's counterfeit; alas! she had said good-night till it was morrow and here were chapel and classes and all such boresome things! The Junior yawned and looked about her. "Do I dream or have I dreamed till now?" I do not sleep, I see, I hear, I speak. I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things." She was interrupted by soft, maudlin, lugubrious tones (for the tone is the vehicle on which the word rides) floating in from an adjoining room—"but soft—what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun—"

"From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!" cried our Junior, and rising from her truckle bed she thought again of her former bit of consolation—the usual attribute to genius. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "it can't be! Professor Baker refutes that argument in Dramatic Technique, saying that playwrights must **write** and **write** and **write**. Mr. Kenney argues constructively that the reason we must drive and keep plugging away is that the most of people are born to mediocrity and if we would be a Paderewski, we must work—eight hours a day!—yes, and Dr. Black says so often that genius is just the art of taking infinite pains, while Mr. Tripp proves that the statement is a fallacy under hasty generalization for the relative size of the unobserved part of the class is so large as to discredit the generalization, and he adds: 'What are you here for? God only knows!' Oh, yes, I must go to school, I suppose, but still, 'love goes toward love like schoolboys from their books, but love from love toward school with backward looks.'" And so, the Junior rose and dressed, the birds singing in her heart and the lovelight dancing in her eye, for out beyond the city it is Spring. Spring in the country lanes where lovers stray—Spring, and the Public Gardens white with May. After breakfast a letter ("I will omit no opportunity that may convey my greetings, love, to thee") was given to our Junior, and so after all, 100% fit, "a goodly vessel that shall laugh at all disaster and with wave and whirlwind wrestle" the Junior arrived at chapel. I fear too early(?) for my mind misgives some consequence, yet hanging in the stars, shall, bitterly begin his fearful date—but no! that man of sorrows looked so pensively languid and absent that he almost forgot to mark our Junior tardy, and she marvelled, saying unto herself: "The bee to the wind swept clover, and the heart of a man to the heart of a maid ever the wide world over." Had Mac, too, fallen under the magic

of Spring, season of love and dreams when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But with so many charming Freshmen girls hovering about, pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous and sweet as Springtime flowers, who could blame our hero of the hour (9.00 A. M. to be exact).

It was Saturday, so the Junior went at once to George and Nick's, to order a Saturday evening Transcript from which she would make a small clipping to be pondered over all that week-end, and finally with numerous, revelatory and illuminating comments of her own read before the Dean on the following Tuesday—for the Dean he leads a jolly life—jolly life! Then she set about to find that illusive, yet ubiquitous head of the Dramatic Department, for alas! only five of her cast had said unto her: "My business asketh haste, and every day I cannot come to rehearsal." Then that man of many moods gave our Junior five new actors and she said: "I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, and now I find report a very liar."

In Story Telling class, she spake unto them in parables, saying: "Once upon a time—oh, a very long time ago, there was a little girl, and she lived all alone in a curious, rambling garden, set with sweet-briar roses—" And then the bell rang.

"One, two, three, four; rise, two, three, four," she heard herself leading a group of factory girls in the Physical Culture exercises. "I beg your pardon," she said to one, "are you chewing gum?" "Yes," replied the girl nervously. "May I have a stick, please?" anxiously queried our Junior.

And then whether it was the strenuous exercise involved in the mastication of the gum or her roommate's inconsiderate: "Breakfast bell! Gee, I wish that window were down!" the Junior was brought back to earth and consciousness. It was a radiantly bright Sunday morning (the morning after the night before) and as our Junior wended her way to church, in her heart of hearts she said with that first warbler: "Farewell my books and my devotion."

A. M. D., 24.

## JUNIOR WEEK

MARCH 6-10, 1923

## JUNIOR WEEK COMMITTEES

*Song Committee*

Viola Simonds, Chairman  
 Mildred Forrester  
 Mary Danforth

*Stunt Committee*

Adele Dowling, Chairman  
 Mildred Kindly  
 Dorothy Taylor

*Prom Committee*

Thelma Evans, Chairman  
 Harriet Diven  
 Kathryn Blume

TUESDAY, MARCH 6

SONG DAY—THE JUNIOR MINSTREL

*Juniors' Opening Song*

Oh, we are pleased that you're here this morning,  
 Was it the Juniors that got you out?  
 For the hardest job of all is to hear the breakfast call.  
 Oh, it's oatmeal and milk, it's oatmeal and milk,  
 It's oatmeal and milk and—*Prunes*.  
 And now it's  
 In the Hall of the Emersonians  
 We've come to dance, we've come to sing and other things.  
 We are glad you're here, we will give you all good cheer,  
 Have no fear, shed no tear in the Hall of Emerson.

Wesley Batchelder  
 Air adapted

---

*Juniors*

Juniors, Juniors,  
We're glad that we're Juniors;  
We know we are  
Marv'lous scholars  
And gifted in every sort of way.  
Oh, yes! We're proud we're  
Juniors, Juniors,  
Our talent who'll gainsay?  
We're bright and gay,  
We're brilliant and clever;  
You'll never, no, never,  
Find anyone to match the Junior Class.

Words and Music by Viola Simmonds

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*To the Seniors*

Smiling all around, smiling all around, smiling all around you see them.  
Let us tell you why, let us tell you why, let us tell you why,  
The class of Twenty-Three  
For the first time you see  
Clad in all dignity  
In cap and gown.  
Oh, see them!  
That's the latest thing, that's the latest thing, that's the latest thing at  
Emerson.  
Don't you think it's great, don't you think it's great, don't you think it's  
great?  
Come, let us cheer them,  
Let us revere them;  
With this we pledge our loyalty  
With sincerity to the Class of Twenty-Three.

Words by Mildred Forrester  
Tune—Stumbling

*Emerson*

Emerson,  
 Of the schools you surpass all the rest.  
 Your aims and ideals are highest and best.  
 You have inspired us with love for the finest,  
 Emerson,  
 For you love awakens anew.  
 We'll be loyal and true,  
 All the years through,  
 Here's to you, dear Emerson.

Words by Mildred Forrester  
 Tune—Daddy, You've Been a Mother to Me

*Roundelay*

Merrily stroll the Senior Class,  
 As they go to play.  
 The Juniors must go with them or they will go astray.  
 Kee-i, Kee-o, Kee-i, Kee-o, Kee-a.  
 Kee-i, Kee-o, Kee-i, Kee-o, Kee-a.

Words by Viola Simonds  
 Tune—Anon

*Rehearsals*

Rehearsals at morning, rehearsals at noon,  
 Rehearsals far into the night,  
 'Twill make me or break me—I don't know which one,  
 Pray tell me, do you think it's right?  
 Breakfast's not thought of, for rehearsal calls me  
 At dawning from out of my bed,  
 And when lunch comes around, tis the same tale I've found,  
 Rehearsal is scheduled instead.  
 Oh, I am not one to be lazy,

But rehearsals are driving me crazy;  
 In twenty-four hours rehearsing eleven—  
 I pray that there won't be rehearsals in Heaven!  
 I count up the days to vacation,  
 And wonder if I will survive,  
 But I'll buckle down to it,  
 And try to grin through it,  
 And hope that I'll come out alive.

Words by Adele Dowling  
 Tune—The Yanks Started Yanking

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*The Seniors and the Juniors*

The Seniors have the Junior Class, Junior Class, Junior Class,  
 The Seniors have the Junior Class  
 A-camping on their trail.  
 The Seniors think their tricks are mighty cute, tricks are mighty cute,  
 tricks are mighty cute,  
 The Seniors think their tricks are mighty cute,  
 But the Juniors know them all.  
 We know the way they bluff and dodge, bluff and dodge, bluff and dodge,  
 We know the way they bluff and dodge  
 When rehearsal dates are called.  
 We know the way that Trippy looks, Trippy looks, Trippy looks,  
 We know the way that Trippy looks  
 When the scene is bound to fall.  
 We know the way they put on airs, put on airs, put on airs,  
 We know the way they put on airs  
 To make us think they're wise.  
 They don't fool us—no, not a little bit, no, not a little bit, no, not a little bit,  
 They don't fool us—no, not a little bit,  
 And yet we like them all.  
 And we'll follow in their footsteps neat, footsteps neat, footsteps neat,  
 We'll follow in their footsteps neat  
 When they are gone next Fall.

Words by Viola Simonds  
 Tune—Mary Had a Little Lamb

*Warning to the Sophomores*

Now you Soph'mores listen to the warning  
 Of these bright, illustrious Juniors ;  
 No one could be smarter, keener, wiser,  
 Or more clever than these Juniors.  
 You're above the Freshman  
 Only by one year,  
 So don't you be conceited,  
 For you've a lot to hear.  
 Gesture, vocal technique, physical culture,  
     rhetoric, you've only started ;  
 Normal, Kipling, literary crit., debate  
     have got to be perfected.  
 Then of course you've got to have some talent and grit,  
 Or with the world you'll ne'er make a hit,  
 Finally, we advise you all to make a model of the gifted Juniors.

Words by Mildred Forrester  
 Tune—Carolina in the Morning

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*Advice to the Freshmen*

Juniors may be more clever ;  
 Seniors may be more wise ;  
 Sophomores bolder than ever  
 As they the poor Freshmen despise.  
 But just pull, pull together—  
 Next year you'll be Soph'mores too—  
 Just pull, pull together  
 And your spirit will pull you through.  
 You may be frightened silly  
 If your voices are high and weak ;  
 But listen to Mr. Kenney  
 And practice your Vocal Technique.  
 And just work, work together  
 If you'd good little Freshmen be ;  
 Then good Sophomores and Juniors  
 Some day you will be like we.

Words by Marie Demuling  
 Tune—Eton Boating Song

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*To President Southwick*

There's a man we know in dear E. C. O.  
Who works for the school every day.  
We love this man just the best we can;  
He gives to us words of great cheer.  
His hair is gray, but yet come what may,  
His youth will be with him day by day.  
Prexy, to you we'll sing,  
Dear you'll be to us always;  
In thoughts we turn again  
Back to the things you taught us.  
Though we may seem thoughtless at times,  
Still we love to see your sweet, kindly smile,  
For we know we're forgiven again.  
Prexy, we love you true.

Words by Kathryn Kelchner  
Tune—When Shall We Meet Again

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*To "Trippy"*

There is a man at Emerson you know,  
Who really likes us but won't tell us so.  
In "As You Like It," though we did our best,  
He seemed to think us a jest.  
In Dramatic Training we are rare;  
Still he gives us the icy stare.  
Trippy, Mr. Trippy,  
We've but one year more,  
You think us rather dippy  
Which certainly ought to make us sore.  
But in the year remaining  
You'll see we cannot help but you adore.  
Maybe, although you think us rotten,  
We'll be not very soon forgotten,  
Seniors of Twenty-Four.

Words by Mary Dowling  
Tune—Maybe

*To Dean Ross*

Oh, dear old Dean,  
 For you we're keen,  
 We know you're always true.  
 Your smile is kind,  
 We'd never find  
 Another friend like you.  
 When troubles seem to come our way,  
 You're always there to save the day,  
 And day by day in every way  
 We grow to love you more.  
 We like your tact,  
 And you, in fact—  
 Within the class-room door.  
 We'll e'er on you depend,  
 We know that you're our *friend*;  
 So, dear Dean Ross, here's to you.

Words by Viola Simonds  
 Tune—November Rose

*To Mr. Kenney*

There's a man at E. C. O.  
 Loves to hear us holler "whoa!"  
 He'd have us practise all day long like this:  
 M-m-m-m-m! Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah,  
 Ah-o-ah-o-ah-oah!  
 What's his name? Oh!  
 Kenney is his name,  
 And great is his fame  
 As a teacher of Vocal Technique.  
 So all you at Emerson,  
 Before your work is done,  
 Must knowledge of this great man seek.

Words and Music by Viola Simonds

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*To Emerson*

At the end of the year when we take our leave  
Of the ones we have met and loved,  
And we say good-bye with a heavy sigh,  
And depart for our many homes,  
Then comes a thought of the friendships true  
And the pleasures we have had,  
But of all our dreams the brightest seems  
The one of Emerson.  
The school of our dreams is dear Emerson,  
Of all the schools the best.  
Each teacher here gives a word of cheer  
To guide us on our way.  
The Freshies and Sophs and the Juniors, too,  
And the Seniors every one,  
Add a bit of fame to her wonderful name,  
The name of dear Emerson.

Words by Ruth Wyatt  
Tune—Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

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*Farewell to the Seniors*

The gates of the future  
Are opening once more  
And taking the sister class  
Of Twenty-Four.  
We've stood together  
In fair and stormy weather.  
Memories fond  
Will strengthen the bond  
With Class Twenty-Three.  
Fare thee well, dear Seniors,  
May life be kind and true;  
Storm clouds ne'er o'ertake you,  
Darkening the blue.  
You'll be our inspiration  
In all the years to come.  
The best life holds we wish for thee—  
Good-bye, good-bye, dear Class Twenty-Three.

Words and Music by Thelma Evans

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7

STUNT DAY—A FACULTY REHEARSAL

By Mildred Kindley and Dorothy Taylor

*Time*—Present

*Place*—E. C. O.

*Characters*—All of Them

It seems that while in an unusually pensive, reminiscent mood, looking backwards to a memorable Faculty Vaudeville show presented in dear old Huntington Chambers Hall last year, two Juniors caught a vision of what in all probability might have been a rehearsal for this same inimitable vaudeville show. This, like those immortal men who saved Shakespeare for posterity, they preserved for us, and more indelibly to stamp it on our imagination, presented it in the same Huntington Chambers Hall on the morning of March 7, 1923.

*Cast of Characters*

Francis J. MacCabe	Mary Dowling
Joseph E. Connor	Dorothy Taylor
Patricia Connor, infant daughter to Joseph E. Connor	Mildred Kindley
Priscilla C. Puffer	Elsie Van Ness
Dean H. S. Ross	Hazel Hughes
Pres. Henry L. Southwick	Kathryn Blume
Gertrude McQuesten	Margaret MacLaren
Lilia S. Dusseault	Marie Demuling
Walter B. Tripp	Ruth Wyatt
William H. Kenney	Wesley Batchelder
Son to Mr. Kenney	Thelma Evans
Charles W. Kidder	Grover Shaw
Jessie Southwick	Mildred Forrester
Elsie R. Riddell	Kathryn Kelchner
Margarette J. Penick	Norma Frisbie
Mary A. Winn	Phila Strout
Agnes Knox Black	Marian Cobb
Robert H. Burnham	Mary Cooper
Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick	Mary Danforth
Mrs. Imogen H. Putnam	Arline Bussell
Mrs. Annie T. Monteith	Vesta Clark
Juniors—Anna Rallston, Helen Kraft, Edith Leger, Alletta Plank, Vivian Effinger.	
Freshmen	Christine McWhorter, Sara Hunter

THURSDAY, MARCH 8

RECITALS

1. An Abandoned Elopement . . . . . *Joseph Lincoln*  
Helen Kraft
2. Jimsie . . . . . *Nell Hansen*  
Marcella Klein
3. The Black Blue Grass Widow . . . . . *W. Ben Hare*  
Kathryn Kelchner
4. Behind the Beyond . . . . . *Stephen Leacock*  
Viola Simonds
5. Rose of a Thousand Years Ago . . . . . *Mabel Wagnals*  
Mildred M. Kindley

FRIDAY, MARCH 9

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK

“Creativeness”

SATURDAY, MARCH 10

PLAY—“THE GIRL WHO WANTED A FAIRY PRINCE”

An Adaptation by Adele Dowling

*Cast of Characters*

Aislinn O'Rourke	Mildred Forrester
Padraic Corcoran	Mary Dowling
Teig	Mary Danforth
Mr. O'Rourke	Marie Demuling
Mrs. O'Rourke	Annetta Wood

Village Maids	{ Margaret MacLaren Phila Strout Harriet Diven
Village Men	{ Thelma Evans Ruth Wyatt Vivian Effinger
King of the Fairies	Sara Hunter
Fairies	{ Dolly Quanjer Mary Cooper Marjorie Young Christine McWhorter
Devils	{ Vivian Effinger Thelma Evans
Teig-of-the-future	Vivian Effinger
Aislinn-of-the-future	Margaret MacLaren
Travelers	{ Thelma Evans Ruth Wyatt
Workingman	Ruth Wyatt

*Coach*—Adele Dowling

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 10

THE JUNIOR PROM—HOTEL SOMERSET

*Patrons and Patronesses*

President and Mrs. Southwick  
Dean and Mrs. Ross  
Mr. and Mrs. Kenney  
Mr. and Mrs. Willard  
Mr. and Mrs. Connor

*Here endeth the story of Junior Week*



# SOPHS

## OFFICERS

President . . . . .	Helena Cook
Vice-President . . . . .	Sally Coulter
Secretary . . . . .	Mary Dusenbury
Treasurer . . . . .	Hannah Kerwin
Student Council . . . . .	Anita Richardson

All good things to  
K. H. Council



SOPHOMORES

*[Faint handwritten notes in the top left corner]*

*[Faint handwritten notes in the bottom left corner]*

*[Faint handwritten notes in the bottom right corner]*

## SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

The tiny Stream of dancing Waves broke through the intervening stretch of land and joined the swift steady Current beyond. Merged in the rushing Force that swept along high banks, the Streamlet felt a change — an added Responsibility — a new and great sense of Duty. For if the Older Waves each did his part in making the unified strength a Force, could they fall behind? No! They too would add each his Little Share and some day perhaps it would grow and grow until it would no longer be a Little Strength but real power that roared and rushed past all Obstacles. Such is the power of example.

The tiny, helpless Waves were what each little Freshman felt himself to be when he entered the fine, big, rushing Stream, going ever onward—Emerson. The thing each Freshman felt was the radiant Influence exerted by those already imbued with E. C. O.'s spirit. And the Force that sweeps on was the—the Spirit of Emerson.

It is almost two years since "Freshman we came, timid and tame," and by this time that Newness has given way to a certain Dignity, which inevitably accompanies a successful completion of two years of Emerson work. And in the transition of such a period there came also another Transition, not to be passed without comment. Come back for a moment with us and let your critical eye run hastily over the array of assorted youngsters, Freshmen from a hundred odd, various and varied "prep" schools scattered the length and breadth of the land. See here a Tom-boy, who except for sex and dress reminds you of Tom Brown's school days—there a wide-eyed little blonde with quivering lip as if any moment a "homesick" whimper would break forth—and in modified pattern greets us a score or more of every known degree of the two. "Hopeless!" you say? Not a bit!

As Proof you will please let your critical eye rest on those same Freshmen today—after a period of two years has elapsed.

"What!" you exclaim. "These cannot be the same girls!" There is no childish ungainliness in the quiet poise of these young ladies. The change is marvellous—incredible! The same girls—marvellous,

yes; incredible perhaps, and yet credible in face of the calibre of the Workers who did the Deed. Such a development can be the Handiwork of none save an Artist. In this was entered the Work of Many Hands, guided by Many Minds, but all impelled by the Unifying Force of an Ideal. Just as the Artist may use many Brushes and many Colors, yet all function in the realization of his great vision, so the growth development—the final Product which is moulded—is the result of an Ideal which takes on in the end Warmth and Color, Life and Spirit—the Handiwork of the Ideal and Great Heart of Mother Emerson—the Master Artist!

E. Henrietta Ronay, '25.

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#### SOPHOMORE RECITAL

The following Sophomore recital was presented in Huntington Chambers' Hall on Thursday, April 12:

- I. Captain January . . . . . Laura Richards  
Lois Rishell
- II. Where But in America . . . . . Oscar M. Wolff  
Zepherine Jones
- III. Penelope and the Poet . . . . . Frances M. Hart  
Ethel Scagel
- IV. A Proposal Under Difficulties . . . . . John K. Bangs  
Gladys Hiller
- V. (a) The Secrets of the Heart . . . . . Austin Dobson  
(b) Tu Quoque . . . . . Austin Dobson  
Helen Brown
- VI. The Traveling Man . . . . . Lady Gregory  
Florence Day

## SOPHOMORE STUNT

## COMMITTEE

Helena Cook

Dolly Quanger

Evelyn Schneider

Kenneth Hunter

For a number of years the Sophomore Class has produced a pantomime as its annual stunt. The Sophomore Class of '25 also adhered to this custom and on May 10 presented a number of pantomimes as its stunt. The following pantomimes were given:

Pandora's Box—An arrangement of Greek pantomimes.

The Harlequinade—By Kenneth Hunter

The Locked Heart—By Dolly Quanger

Beauty and the Beast—By Harriet Peiser

King Cole—By Kenneth W. Hunter

## SOPHOMORE DANCE

The Sophomore Class dance was held at Hampton Court, Brookline, on December 15. The patrons and patronesses were: Mrs. Monteith, Mrs. Storrs, Mr. and Mrs. Connor, Mr. MacCabe. The committee in charge included: Helena Cook, president of the class; Melba Alling, Mary Ready, Hannah Kerwin, John Davoren.

Sheep -  
It's alright to go  
to the Police Station -  
go as often as you wish  
to so long as you don't  
stay - Florence.



# FRESHMEN

## OFFICERS

- |                           |                               |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| President . . . . .       | Greta Brown                   |
| Vice-President . . . . .  | Elizabeth Buchanan            |
| Secretary . . . . .       | Margery Brash                 |
| Treasurer . . . . .       | Rudolph Friedrich             |
| Student Council . . . . . | { Hildred Craig<br>Anne Byrne |



## "ON—AND ON!"

One beautiful day in September when the sun shone brightly and all the green depths of the great salt sea lay calm and glassy, the good ship Emerson tugged at her ropes, eager to be under way. The passengers setting sail for the land of Sophomores had assembled on board and were waving their handkerchiefs to mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and—(?)—with joy and sorrow intermingled. The whistle blew, the gang plank was lifted and we were off on a journey which proved both perilous and delightful.

That evening when I went to my stateroom to rest and think a bit I was confronted by a roommate. Heretofore roommates were to me just roommates and needed no particular attention, but this one was different. That is what every passenger on board said when she had met her roommate.

We had been at sea for some time and had become more or less acquainted with our fellow-passengers when a suggestion was made by Captain Ross that we organize for the purpose of insuring ready action in case of necessity. Accordingly a meeting for the election of officers was called on October 26, at which Miss Mary Frances Davis, president of the passengers' association of the good ship Emerson, presided. In the course of time we came to know these officers well. Greta Brown, a girl who looks like a Pennsylvania Dutchman, but swears she comes from New York, was chosen president, and Betty Buchanan, a blue-eyed imp, also from New York, was elected vice-president. Margery Brash was chosen as secretary, and for treasurer we elected a young man from the South, Rudolph Friedrich, who was destined to play a large part during our voyage. As representatives of the passenger government in the council of which Miss Davis was president, Miss Anne Byrne and Miss Hildred Craig were chosen. Both of these were large passengers, chosen especially because of this, so that their shoulders might bear more easily the heavy burdens placed upon them. Miss Craig struggled hard to say, "whoa" with the proper vim and vigor for the shipmate, Bill Kenney. This shipmate was an eccentric character who concerned himself about the well-being of the passengers. He was often seen lining them up on deck and making them snap their chests, call "kitty, kitty," or continue "whoa" indefinitely. Yet Bill was a good old salt.

So far the trip had been a pleasant one. In our promenades we had stopped often to gaze at splendid sunsets or to look far into the

shining depths of sea. However, one evening while watching the early stars appear, Captain Ross joined us in our conversation.

"Not such good sailing soon," said he.

"No?"

"No." He shook his head. "Clouds in the distance." We looked where he pointed.

There were clouds in the distance! The passengers looked worried. The next day, Nov. 17, Miss Brown appointed a committee to handle the coming crisis. It consisted of Misses Cass, Wallace, Sanders, Mulchurn and Himrod. They held consultation, but to little profit. Finally, Miss Sanders consented to ward off the approaching panic by writing a play called, "A Blind Date." This was designated as the "Freshman Stunt." The storm broke on the Captain's birthday, Thursday morning, April 5. "A Blind Date" proved a success through the combined efforts of Miss Sanders and Mr. Connor.

Then the passengers endeavored to aid Captain Ross and Pilot Southwick in building a stronger ship for future voyages. A committee was formed consisting of Misses Corbett, Loeb, Sargent and Roberts, who arranged an Endowment dance and vaudeville. Miss Corbett presented a very attractive program in which many took part.

For many days after this the sea remained still as glass, the sky overhead was very blue and the weather warm and sunny. By day we worked and played and grew strong. At night when soft breezes blew and the great waters lay dim in the moonlight we dreamed dreams that carried us far beyond the land of Sophomores. Soon we noticed birds flying about the ship, and discovered that we were nearing land.

"Rocky shore, sudden storms, danger," the pilot was saying in low tones. The black clouds that loomed so massively above us seemed shot with thunder and lightning. Deep rumbles were heard, sudden crashes—the air grew thick and murky. People ran about the decks crying, "The exams are upon us—the exams!"

"Sink or swim!" cried the Captain. I made up my mind to swim. What happened after that is hard to say. I have an impression of howling winds, swirling, swishing waters, hoarse voices and desperate appeals for help. When I awoke I found myself and fellow-passengers basking in the sunlight upon a shore of golden sands—all the world new with morning freshness. Thus it was the dawning of May 26 found the passengers of the good ship Emerson sailing on with greatest joy and happiness to the land of Sophomores, and thence—"On and on!"

BEATRICE HIMROD, '26.

## FRESHMAN STUNT

## "A BLIND DATE"

A synopsis of it—By Alice Sanders

Scene: A dormitory parlor. General confusion of Emerson methods floating in from behind scenes.

Time: Present.

Discovered, Margaret and Zola. Zola is pretending to read, while Margaret is trying to stretch a little higher in an Emerson exercise.

Margaret: Such a bedlam! When one person in this house begins to practice, seldom as it is, everyone else seems to join in by way of celebration. I hope Don enjoys it when he calls.

Zola: Don? Is he that good-looking one in the frame on your dresser? (Margaret nods) Oh, I want to meet him! Is he nice? Can he dance? How long have you known him?

Marg.: One at a time! Well, I've known him most of my life. He dances when he remembers to take the time, and he's very nice when he isn't thinking about something else. He's so frightfully studious that he comes to see me just about once in an age, and then he gets quite peevish if I happen to go around with anyone else.

Zola: Oh, that's just the masculine nature.

Marg.: Child, where did you get your education?

(Bell rings. House mother opens door and stalks through to the hall).

Marg.: I wonder if it can be Don.

Don's Voice: May I see Miss Margaret Adams?

House Mother: Yes, she's here, but she's been very busy, and I really don't think she should receive callers. (Coming into parlor). Margaret, here's a guest to see you.

Zola: Don has a moustache!

Marg.: Oh, hello Don. (To house mother). Mrs. Daley, I think you've met Don.

Mrs. Daley: Yes, my dear. (She marches out, pausing at the door to say): Remember, this is a girls' dormitory.

Marg.: As if we could forget! Miss Robinson, may I present Mr. Steele?

Zola: I'm so glad to know you.

Marg. (to Don): Perhaps we ought to go into the library.

Zola: Oh, no, let's stay here. (The three sit).

Marg. (studiously ignoring Zola): Don, it's been years since I've seen you. What have you been doing?

Don: It's been only two weeks, and I've been hard at work on a special course, but you probably haven't pined away during that time.

Marg.: Now, Don, don't begin that again. You know that I said I didn't intend to stay home like a bump on a log, and I meant it and I intended that to be the last of our discussions.

Don: Now, Marg, you know I don't want you to stay home all the time, and I do want you to have a good time, but when you go out with a fellow like Charles Joralemon—

Marg.: Don't be foolish, Don. (But Don is wound up).

Don: First thing I know, you'll fall for Mr. MacCabe.

Marg.: Don, you are mistaken, and I wish you would stop your nonsense.

Don: Well, I wish you would stop yours.

(Door bell rings. Matron walks through).

Masculine Voice: Is Miss Adams in?

Matron: Yes, she is, but I don't know whether she can see you or not. Margaret, Mr. Joralemon is here. (Donald looks vicious. Zola is delighted).

Marg.: Tell him I'll see him in the library in just a little while. (Exit matron.)

Don: How gallant of him to save you from my boring company.

Marg.: Zola, won't you go out and entertain Charles for a little while?

Zola: Oh, he fusses me so. I'd rather entertain Don.

Don: Sure, go on and see him. Take him to the Prom tonight, too, seeing you are so keen about him. (Exit Marg. angrily. Don turns helplessly to Zola. He fidgets and looks at his watch).

Don: It's getting late, isn't it?

Zola: Gracious no! It's early!

Don: I really must go home and study.

Zola: Why, Don, I haven't had time to get acquainted with you yet.

Don: Why—I—er—I'm sorry, but I may see you again.

Zola: I'm sure I'd love to. (Exit Don as if escaping).

Zola sings "Proctoring." (Georgette.)

Oh me, oh my, I'm proctor today.

This job is surely very far from gay.

I sit and read until there is need

To answer the phone—"I'm sorry, sir, but she's not home."

And then the door—a dozen calls more

Oh me, oh my, but still it's not a bore.

I get to see all the men and know who calls up girls then—  
It's really quite a sin.

(Enter Marg.)

Marg.: What am I going to do? Charles has broken his ankle and can't take me to the Prom tonight. Oh, *what shall I do?*

Zola: Can't you call Don and make peace?

Marg.: Call Don? I wouldn't let him see me in this plight for any money. He'd get beautifully sarcastic. Oh, I wish I'd never seen a man! I just knew something awful would happen. Oh, goodness! (Zola begins to be touched).

Zola: Oh, Marg., don't feel so bad. Run along and I'll try and find you a man. I'll ask Hal to bring someone.

Marg. (hugging her): Zola, really? You're a *dear!* I'll never finish thanking you. If you only will. (Exit Marg.)

Zola telephones.

University 13013. . . . Hello, what? No, I wasn't calling the fish market. (To herself, "poor fish"). University 13013. Hello, is this University 13013? Is Mr. Johnson in? . . . Is his roommate in? . . . Is Dick Baldrige there? . . . Well, where are they all? . . . Is anyone on the fourth floor? . . . On the third? . . . What was that? Mr. Johnson has just come in? Yes, let me talk to him. . . . Hello, Hal, attention, old dear. I need your help quite sadly. It's this way, a very nice friend of mine, at the last minute, hasn't a man. Can't you think of someone to fill in? Oh, no, not Jeff. He's such a prune! Yes, Duffey might do in a pinch, but can't you think of someone else? What? Say that name again! Don Steele! Why, he's an old friend of hers, but they've been on the outs. It would be great to get them together again. Have him come early and tell him he's to go with me, and don't for a minute let out that he will even see Marg. Then you can come for me, and we'll all four go to dinner. You're great. Goodbye. (She dances in an ecstasy of fun).

(Enter four girls).

First Girl: Why the festivity?

Zola: I was just thinking what a funny thing a blind date is.  
They sing "A Blind Date."

You're in an awful lurch,  
Left waiting at the church.  
Try a blind date!  
You can't locate a man,  
Perhaps your roommate can,  
Try a blind date!

If you find yourself in deep and dark vexation,  
You can save the day and win the situation,  
Use the phone, oh killing, wild and just too thrilling,  
Go up and curl your hair, fix up to look most fair,

For your date.

Powder up your nose, touch up your cheeks with rose,  
For your date.

While you wait you wonder if he's nice and handsome,  
When he comes the girls will all look o'er the transom,  
But that is nothing new, that's what they always do  
With a blind date.

(A doorbell rings. Zola motions girls off stage. Enter Don).

Zola: Don, it was awfully good of you to come.

Don: The pleasure is all mine. I've been working so hard lately that I have to get out and enjoy myself. I've decided to go out more anyway.

Zola: If you'll excuse me now, I'll put on a few finishing touches. (Exit Zola).

Don: I wonder if I'll see Margaret tonight.

(Enter Margaret): Don! I guess there must be a mistake. Zola told me that my escort had come. Perhaps he's in the library.

Don: Wait a minute please, Marg. You're going to the Prom? Then, may I have a dance, please, Marg? I know I don't deserve to be forgiven—but—

Marg.: Why, Don, do you really mean it? You know I love to dance with you. But goodness I've got to locate the other man somewhere.

Don: Aw, come on, Marg., let him wait. I haven't had a real talk with you for ages. Why can't Zola go with your man?

Marg.: Drop the idea, Don, it's impossible.

(Enter Zola): Marg., did you like the man I got for you?

Marg. and Don: What! (All the girls come in and sing "A Blind Date").

(Matron enters): Have a good time, but remember you live in a dormitory.



FACULTY



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK, President



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PLATFORM ART

Oratoric and Dramatic Delivery

Extemporaneous Speaking

Debate

Public Speaking

Forensics

Platform Deportment

Recitals

Lyceum Course

## A NOTE ON ORAL INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE

By Dr. E. Charlton Black

The truth of two contentions grows clearer to me the longer I teach literature and the wider becomes my range of experience: first, that by virtue of its emotional-element qualities all great literature—every contribution to what DeQuincey called the literature of power as distinct from the literature of mere information—demands to be read aloud, and can only be seen in its full beauty and truth when interpreted in this way; and, second, that one of the chief stimulating forces and vital impulses to creative work in noble literature comes from the intelligent, sympathetic reading aloud of great literature in prose and verse, deep calling unto deep, greatness begetting greatness.

That poetry gains by being read aloud may seem to many obvious enough, but this plain, simple truth is in serious danger of being forgotten and its significance wholly ignored when we go into our libraries and begin to pore over "The Canterbury Tales" or "The Faerie Queene" in some variorum edition overlaid with the pedantries of generations of commentators. In such circumstances we too easily forget that all the world's great creative literature has been dedicated to the human voice, and that it made its appeal primarily to the ear. Higher criticism and a study of the conditions in which the great literary works of bygone ages were given to the world, show that they were intended to be heard rather than read. This is not more true of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" than of Herodotus and all the other classical Greek authors. Herodotus cannot be appreciated to the full today, cannot be truly understood, if we fail to keep in mind that he wrote to be heard as truly as either Socrates or Demosthenes. All the great Latin writers were in the habit of reading their works aloud in public and in private.

The world's great religious books, the Hebrew Scriptures from the Law to the Prophets, the New Testament from the Sermon on the Mount to the Pauline Epistles, the Sacred Books of the East, yield up wondrously their inner meaning when interpreted by intelligent, sympathetic reading aloud. For these books are surcharged with that rhythm of nature and of life which, as Theodore Watts-Dunton has said, can only be expressed as it is expressed in the melody of the bird, in the harmony of the entire bird-chorus of a thicket, in the whisper of the forest leaves, or in the song and wail of wind and sea. The profound impression which the Founder of Christianity made upon the Nazareth villagers was through his reading aloud in the synagogue a

passage from one of the old Hebrew prophets. "And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened upon him." In this connection it is worth while to recall the comprehensive and satisfactory characterization of good reading in the eighth verse of the eighth chapter of Nehemiah: "So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading."

My second contention is that a vital impulse to creative work comes from oral interpretation, the reading aloud of great literature.

When Bishop Berkeley, over one hundred and fifty years ago, propounded the question whether half the learning and talent in England were not lost because reading was not taught as an art in schools and colleges, he had reference not so much to its practical use in after-life to those whose profession demands public speaking as to the fact that by this means, more than by any other, may be fostered in the minds of the young a taste for poetry and high literature. This taste for noble literature is really universal among the young. Generally, where it appears wanting, it is only dormant; and it is dormant because nothing has ever been done to cultivate the sense of rhythm, and to make the beauty and delectableness of words in fair, ordered sequence understood. You will remember in this connection the old saying that we all carry within us a sleeping poet whom the touch of the true teacher will start into noble activity. There can be no better means for storing the mind with a choice vocabulary than the practice of reading aloud; there is no more effective way of developing and strengthening the imagination; and certainly there can be no more admirable guide and inspiration to creative work in composition. In the great days of ancient Greece and Rome, practice in public speaking and reading was a regular part of composition drill; and the two most masterly treatises on the subject of composition ever published in England—Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric" and Whateley's "Rhetoric"—recognize elocution and eloquence as the basis of instruction in the art of writing. As one turns over the old pages of Campbell today, one wonders how the vital connection between interpretative reading and composition could ever be lost sight of—interpretative reading of noble literature in prose and verse, with full understanding of the purport and meaning of every word, and under the excitement and impress of the feelings, imaginations, and passions, in which is the real life of the poem, the story, or the oration. In this way a pupil comes into living touch with the greatest and best of the world's expressers; he catches the spirit of the noblest authors—personality explains personality, and thus is revealed a new world with ever-widening horizons of thought and ever-broadening

possibilities of hope and faith. Do you wonder that one of the most influential college professors of English in reply to a school superintendent's question as to what would better the preparation of secondary-school boys in composition and English subjects, said, "For heaven's sake, teach them how to read!"

Each one of the great prose writers of the nineteenth century has left on record—in letters or autobiography—his indebtedness to vocal interpretation as a means of liberating the creative impulse, and each one of the far-shining band was himself an interpreter of literature through vocal rendering. DeQuincey never wearied of declaiming the impassioned prose of Hooker and Sir Thomas Browne; Macaulay was not more effective as a writer than as a speaker; Carlyle and Ruskin were most impressive lecturers and readers; and surely everyone knows of the marvellous tones of Emerson's voice as described by Lowell and Dr. Ames, or Newman's as described by Shairp and Matthew Arnold. What magnificent readers and interpreters were the three latest of the great novelists of England—Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot! The principle informing these significant facts is that intelligent, sympathetic reading gives us the true vision of a writer's meaning, and thereby are stirred into activity those ideas which respond to the ideas enshrined in great books. It is from the power of true appreciation—the appreciation which can be developed only by contact with the great—that good and noble expression comes. This is the secret of how to write well; this is the key to composition of the best kind. The more intelligently and sympathetically we read the works of great writers, the easier it is for ourselves, when we speak or write, to say with life and distinction what we mean. Vision is the parent of all true expression.

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HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK

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1922

## — P R O G R A M M E —

October 23

King Richard III . . . . . Shakespeare  
Henry Lawrence Southwick

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Margarette J. Penick

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Parallelism in Poetry and Music  
Laura Huxtable Porter

November 13

Macbeth . . . . . Shakespeare  
Jessie Eldridge Southwick

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Joseph E. Connor

November 27

Cymbeline . . . . . Shakespeare  
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### LITERARY INTERPRETATION

Evolution of Expression	Hamlet	Macbeth
Outline History of Literature	What Is Literature?	Rhetoric
Advanced Interpretation	Critical Analysis	Merchant of Venice
Eighteenth Century Literature	Versification	Study of Dickens
Study of Kipling	The Rivals	Othello
Browning and Tennyson	Bible	Faust
		Lyric Poetry
		Literary Criticism
	Play Writing	

## PUCK HIMSELF

Puck with his little wizened, old-young face is one of the most delightful characters ever born. His fluent Celtic tongue, and the bit of the blarney stone in his craw make a fine combination to thrill the hearts and enchain the imaginations of any group of children from Dan and Una up, proudly including ourselves if we have the above prerequisites. To give a really Puck-like description we must go back to Kipling.

The bushes parted. In the very spot where Dan had stood they saw a small, brown, broad-shouldered, pointy-eared person with a snub nose, slanting blue eyes, and a grin that ran right across his freckled face. The children looked and gasped. The small thing—he was no taller than Dan's shoulder, stepped quietly into the ring. Still the children stared at him—from his dark blue cap, like a big columbine flower, to his bare, hairy feet. At last he laughed.

"Please don't look like that. It isn't my fault. What else could you expect?" he said.

"We didn't expect anyone," Dan answered slowly, "this is our field."

"Is it?" said their visitor, sitting down. "Then what on Human Earth made you act *Midsummer Night's Dream* three times over, on Mid-Summer eve, in the middle of a Ring, and under—right under one of my oldest hills in Old England? Pook's Hill—Puck's Hill—Puck's Hill, Pook's Hill! It's as plain as the nose on my face."

"By oak, ash, and thorn!" he cried, still laughing, "you've done something that Kings and Knights and scholars in old days would have given their crowns and spurs and boots to find out. If Merlin himself had helped you, you couldn't have managed better! You've broken the Hills—you've broken the Hills! It hasn't happened in a thousand years!"

"We—we didn't mean to," said Una.

"Of course you didn't! That's just why you did it. Unluckily the hills are empty now, and all the People of the Hills are gone. I'm the only one left. I'm Puck, the oldest Old Thing in England, very much at

your service if—if you care to have anything to do with me. If you don't, of course you've only to say so, and I'll go."

No, Puck was certainly not one of those namby-pamby rainbow-winged fairies named Virtue or some other such inanity; he was spice and sugar and all that's nice, you might say "peppy," and he spoke with the pride of a man for his race when he said:

"Can you wonder that the People of the Hills don't care to be confused with that painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar and shake your head set of imposters? Butterfly wings indeed! I've seen Sir Huon and a troop of his people setting off from Tintagel Castle for Hy-Brasil in the teeth of a south-westerly gale with the spray flying all over the castle and the Horses of the Hills wild with fright. Out they'd go screaming like gulls, and back they'd be driven five good miles inland before they could come head to wind again. Butterfly wings! It was Magic—Magic as black as Merlin could make it, and the whole sea was green fire and white foam with singing mermaids in it. And the Horses of the Hills picked their way from one wave to another, by the lightning flashes! That was how it was in the old days."

The little man usually appeared with a rustle just when the children were least expecting him, brought in the most important old characters from history with a nonchalant grace, and droll dignity, and when their tale had been told, or seemingly acted out to their breathless hearers, he hustled them off under cover of a wounded duck dropping perhaps, and as the children were borne off to the nursery by old Hobden, Puck slyly and wisely dropped three leaves of Oak, Ash and Thorn upon them; and they forgot—until the next time.

SALLY COULTER, '24.



William H. Kenney



Gertrude McQuesten

*"Reflexive laws bring  
us into the realm  
of Art:"  
Sincerely yours  
Gertrude McQuesten*



Charles W. Kidder



Jessie E. Southwick

VOICE

Vocal Physiology	Hygiene of the Voice	Acoustics
Technique of the Voice	Voice Culture	Articulation
Technique of the Voice		



Elsie R. Riddell



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PHYSICAL TRAINING

Gymnastics

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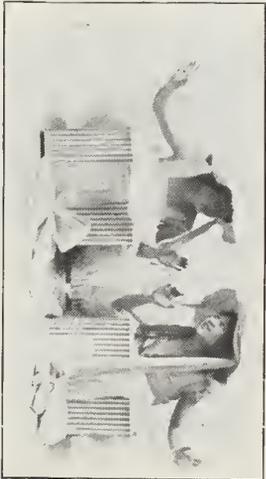
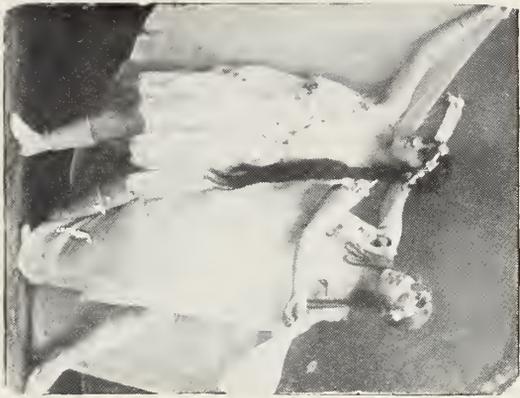
Aesthetic Dancing

Anatomy

Physiology

Physical Culture

Gesture



THE DOWLING SISTERS

## THE DANCE IN DRAMATIC EXPRESSION

Hand in hand walk these two sister arts—Dancing and Drama. And yet the Dance remains a buried treasure to the average dramatic coach! Dancing has, of course, been used extensively and to a high stage of development in professional theatrical productions as well as to some extent in amateur work but in the latter case practically only with those coaches who consider themselves especially adapted to dancing themselves or who have called in a bona fide dancing teacher. If only the Dramatic Coach would realize the extent to which her work would be aided artistically by making use of the dance!

All pageants, nearly all pantomimes and many plays, especially children's plays, call for dancing of some kind. And in numberless cases, even when not specifically called for, the discerning coach will realize how materially that form of embellishment will add to the play. Is it not therefore obvious that this working knowledge of dancing is bound to become more and more a requirement of the dramatic coach?

One is apt, however, to meet this objection: "But how can I acquire a working knowledge of dancing? I am naturally awkward and clumsy and have never had any dancing before in my life. Moreover, I have always understood that to be a dancer one must begin during childhood and adhere rigidly to strenuous daily practice." And so one must, provided one is studying to be a dancer. Merely to use it as an embellishment to dramatic art requires no such drastic measures. It has been said that in order to be truly learned one must know "everything about something and something about everything." In this case, then, dancing is one of the things about which to know "something."

To begin with, one should have a pretty thorough knowledge of fundamental dance positions and the more simple steps. These steps must be worked with as if they were letters of the alphabet, putting them together in various combinations and fitting them to different kinds of music until facility has been obtained in their handling. The rest is ability of the individual. She must develop a sense of the fitness of things, that is, what type of dance to use for such and such a situation. She must know how to adapt her dance to suit the ability of the

---

person or persons doing it. She must know how to make the simplest steps most effective, for in nine cases out of ten, she is dealing with wholly or partially untrained people. She must have at her finger tips national types, period types, fairy, ballet, novelty, Greek and many other different types.

As the dance is to dramatic expression, so is dramatic expression to the dance. In its inception the dance was necessarily dramatic. It portrayed the vivid phases in the life of a people—birth, death, marriage, famine, plenty, seed-time and harvest, etc. In its more recent development it has withdrawn somewhat away from the pure dramatic or interpretive form, becoming more in the nature of a physical stunt. Now it is veering back from high kicks, splits and toe work—abnormal eccentricities—to the natural and the true. It is interesting to note in an experience of a number of years' entertaining that in most cases the type of dance that "goes over" best with the average mixed audience is the pantomime dance—the dance which tells a story or portrays a definite idea—the dance originated for the teaching of children five years of age!

So if one must choose between technique and dramatic expression in the dance there can be but little doubt as to where the choice must lie. Espinosa, one of Europe's leading exponents and teachers of dancing, has said: "Which is preferable? An imperfect execution with a wonderful grace of body, charm, meaning, expression, etc., or an excellent execution of the legs, correct in every detail, but a total lack of the other qualities? I favor the former, for Dancing is a thing of joy and should please the onlooker as well as the executant. Enjoy your dancing; let others see your enjoyment, and they will participate in it. There is nothing pleasant to watch in a correct execution without charm or grace."

ADELE NEILL DOWLING, '24.



A "GYM" CLASS IN ACTION



Lilia S. Dusseault



Jessie E. Southwick



William G. Ward

#### PEDAGOGY

Philosophy of Expression    Psychology    Ethics    Normal School  
Management                  History of Education

## WHY I TEACH

LOUIS BURTON WOODWARD

(Copied from Emerson Quarterly.)

Because I would be young in soul and mind,  
    Tho' years must pass and age my life constrain;  
And I have found no way to lag behind  
    The fleeting years, save by the magic chain  
That binds me, youthful to the youth I love,  
    I teach.

Because I would be wise and wisdom find  
    From millions gone before whose torch I pass,  
Still burning bright to light the paths that wind  
    So steep and rugged for each lad and lass  
Slow climbing to the unrevealed above,  
    I teach.

Because in passing on the living flame  
    That ever brighter burns the ages through,  
I have done service that is worth the name;  
    Can I but say, "The flame of knowledge grew  
A little brighter in the hands I taught,  
    I teach.

Because I know that when life's end I reach  
    And thence pass through the gate so wide and deep,  
To what I do not know, save what men teach.  
    That the remembrance of me, men will keep,  
Is what I've done; and what I have is naught,  
    I teach.



# DRAMATICS



Joseph E. Connor



Walter B. Tripp



Francis J. MacCabe



Robert H. Burnham



Imogen H. Putnam

### DRAMATIC TRAINING

Dramatic Art	Make-Up	Impersonation	Community Drama
Twelfth Night	History of the Drama	Romeo and Juliet	
The Taming of the Shrew	Pantomime		

## ODE TO DRAMATIC ART

By a Senior

Oh, for a song of Dramatic Art,  
Of the greatest Tripp of trips!  
'Tis Trifles and things, of which he sings  
But his song is upon our lips!

Yes, we moved in a Trifling atmosphere,  
With a Pot and a Dickie-bird;  
And we struggled with pistols and heavy "leads"  
For the sake of A Dollar, absurd.

We were trained by Gastoni at Billy's hands;  
With Bassette we hunted a Hat;  
And for ages outside of a Glittering Gate  
With two souls in torment we sat.

We enjoyed M. Freed play the charming lead  
Of a Woman too Good to be true;  
And we watched son Fay To The Sea Ride away,  
While the anguish of old Maura grew.

We were glad to see May, in her winning way,  
Gain the Set of Turquoise blue;  
Next we peered through the night, with Shaw's wit for our light,  
At the Dark Sonnet Lady so true.

Ah, The Potboiler's prance, and Marie's glove-like pants;  
And the page that was really H. Heath!  
Weren't we stirred to the depths by The Boor's epithets  
Which our Hueston *would* hurl at our Leith!

We've paraded in paint as villain and saint,  
And grown prodigiously in every part (!?)  
But our song is now sung; down the curtain has rung  
On our year of Dramatic Art!



SENIOR PLAY -- "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"



Elvie Burnett Willard  
Story Telling



Mary A. Winn  
Director of Children's Theatre

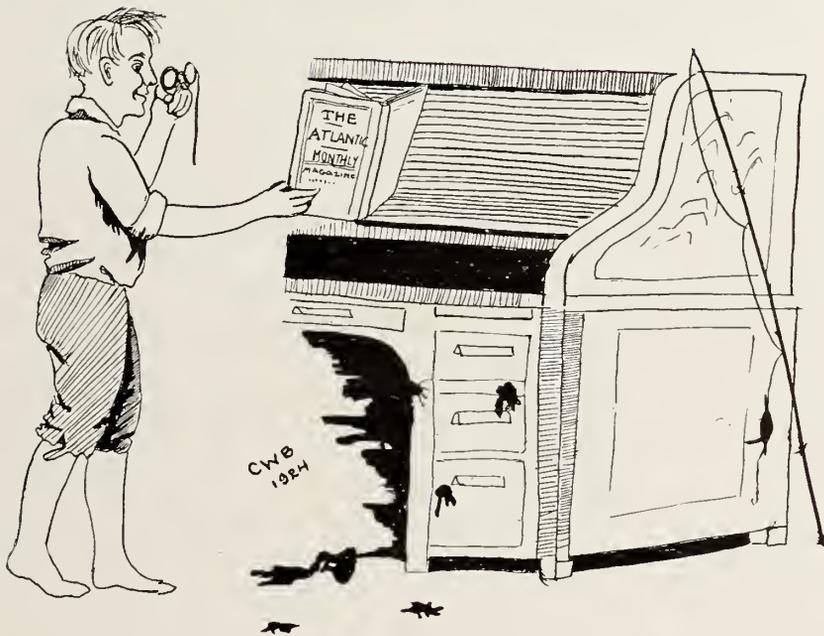
#### CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND STORY TELLING

The Children's Theatre was founded five years ago by the Senior class with Miss Imogen Hogle in charge. Incidentally, Emerson was the first school to organize a children's theatre; she now has a company numbering one hundred and twenty-five. Its purpose is primarily to instruct through entertainment. Six plays are presented in a year, ranging in nature from "Little Red Riding Hood" to "Rip Van Winkle." Stories are told between the acts and the children are taught songs. The Massachusetts Normal Art School designed the costumes for the plays this year. Among the plays presented are: "Jack the Giant Killer," "The Runaway Brownie," "Treasure Island," "The Steadfast Princess," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Seven old Ladies of Laverder Town," "Singing Leaves."



SCENE FROM CHILDREN'S THEATRE—"THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK"

# LITERARY



## OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,  
 I lost them yesterday,  
 Among the fields above the sea,  
 Among the winds at play,  
 Among the lowing of the herds,  
 The rustling of the trees,  
 Among the singing of the birds,  
 The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,  
 I cast them all away  
 Among the clover scented grass,  
 Among the new mown hay,  
 Among the hushing of the corn  
 Where drowsy poppies nod,  
 Where ill thoughts die and good are born,  
 Out in the fields with God.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

## NATURE'S APOCALYPSE

It is my belief that every person has a rendezvous with God; a place so sacred, because for him God is in this place that he would not breathe it to another. He is righteously selfish about it; such divine intimacy cannot be shared. It is the place where he meets, walks, and talks with the Infinite. It may be in the quiet village church-yard, the little white church on the hill embosomed in Heaven's gentle serenity; it may be in the roughly frequented district of a great city—the top floor of a shabby tenement and a broken pane where the moon and the stars disdain not to shine; it may be in His first great temples which after man He loved most, where there is no mundane pride or material ends, where all may enter and walk with Him as man walked at the beginning when the morning stars sang together—seeing His love revealed in manifold phases to man. It is to these that I go when weary, disappointed and discouraged with the world, cynically surveying my brother's weaker nature, selfishly seeing only his duty toward me, languishing in mine; or it may be in victory—the excess of joy and triumph; however I may feel on going there, I am sure to come back happy, radiantly so, cheerful, kindly, loving more, understanding better, generous where I do not understand. What is the cause of this harmony in

my nature and why is it not always there? Must I go to the fields and woods in order to understand and love my fellowmen? Perhaps the murmuring of distant waters symbolizes to me eternal truth, beautiful, changeless, enduring forever, the only rock to which humanity may cling, unafraid; the short life of the flowers about me bespeaks man's brief existence here before the greater one and the sweetness and beauty it may be to the world though brief; the majesty and strength of the sunlit hills proclaims the dynamic power of righteousness, their great rocks the patience that perfects the noble nature; the cheerfulness and persistency of the tiny rill as it leaves the mountain for the plain; the courage and untiring zeal of the mighty river that overcomes all things; the tenderness and little kindnesses of the great tree—all these teach me that first grand lesson: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. And God? They serve Him best who serve His creatures. I come from my rendezvous with Him a new being, seeing and realizing, ready to love and to serve.

A. M. D., '24.

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### BOSTON

There is an old dreamer who says cities have souls—and so they have. However, one may encounter such spirits in only rare places. For instance, we met the soul of Boston at a second-hand bookstore where books with a Past hid their tired selves in their ragged old age. There was a musty atmosphere suggestive of faded days of noble dignity, and a musty man who lived his life in his books. He was bent and aged, too, dressed in shabby clothes, with his skull cap pushed on the back of his bald head, his pen behind his ear, his dim, blue eyes peering over his spectacles. It was quietly unaggressive and apart from the clanging streets, the rush of people always going somewhere and never ceasing. The soul smiled as though he understood our innermost thoughts and approved.

He led us through narrow, winding streets with high buildings on either side, forming a solid wall, the hives of man's industry. He showed us great piles of architecture, massive monuments to modern art, the temples of learning. He fluttered proudly over ancient, time worn tabernacles, the sanctuaries of man's god.

Dusk had come and we were weary. The soul made his way to a calm, winding river and halted on its bank. Opposite us stood the homes of many people rising in the half light like so many fancies of a leisure hour.

As we stood the dusk deepened, the moon came from behind a veil of clouds and shone full upon them. Lights twinkled in their windows rivaling the stars of heaven. A line of lamps hung suspended across the river where a continuous stream of people passed to their hours of tragedy and their hours of play. In the distance lonely church steeples held their heads high above the flow of life.

A cloud passed over the moon. The soul looked at all that lay before him. Love and quiet understanding lived in the depths of his eyes. Softly he rose in the air and passed over the city.

Yes, one may encounter such spirits in but rare places.

BEATRICE HIMROD, '26.

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#### BIRD'S EYE MEMORIES OF BOSTON

Old bookstores—  
 Church spires silhouetted against the twilight sky—  
 Brick sidewalks—  
 Boston bags—  
 Lights on the Esplanade—  
 Newsboys—  
 Galoshes—  
 Nan's Kitchen—  
 Flower vendors—  
 The swanboats in the Public Gardens—  
 Hurdy-Gurdies—  
 Boylston Street in the afternoon—  
 Football games—  
 The soft rustle of programmes in the theatres—  
 Beacon Hill after a snowfall—  
 The dome on the State House—  
 Easter Morning  
 Silk Hats—  
 Commonwealth Avenue in Spring—  
 Tulip beds—  
 Students everywhere.

T. M. E., '24.

## AT SEA

An old Spanish ship sailed far at sea, sailed into the purple horizon where dark clouds hung and gold melted into cold December night. It was a lonesome ship lost in the greatness of space far from man, perhaps forgotten by God. In its cabin sat two men with grizzly beards and greasy clothes. Their hair was matted and their eyes were dull, their teeth yellow and their hands horny. These were the cronies of the sea who spent their lives sailing into the horizon to bring strange things from those dark clouds and the gold melting into night. These knew the sea in its calmness when scaly fish played in the sun, and they knew it in its anger when green waves and white foam threatened to swallow the ship from Spain. These men did not love nor did they hate, but emotions surged through them as tremendous as the moods of the waters.

This night they drank. "Queer," muttered one, "tomorrow men celebrate."

"What?"

"The birthday of the son of their god."

"Huh!"

"They say that angels sang and a strange star led shepherds over plains."

The other mocked. "Angels sang! Tonight there is but the voice of the sea."

"Men say he walked the sea and controlled its waves. The winds obeyed his voice."

"The sea and the winds obey no man. The sea is master and the winds his breath."

"But this god is said to have poured the sea upon the earth and to have sent the winds from the stars. His son was powerful, but his power lay not in might."

"In what then?"

"In love. Through love he worked miracles and bade men love."

The other shuddered. "Men know not love. They fear, they hate and they destroy. Men fight and cringe tonight."

"Ah! But men yearn to love and so they celebrate."

Each filled his mug and drank.

The ship hung out its lights. The moon hid behind her clouds and the stars were hazy. The waters slapped the side of the ancient ship and sailors slept.

For long the cronies of the sea sat silent. Memory was stirring the heart of one.

"When I was a lad my mother talked of that."

"Yes," said the other.

"She—loved. Man's god was hers."

The other nodded. He raised his mug. "Here's to the Son of the God of Love!"

They drank. The moon came from behind her clouds and the ship sailed on.

BEATRICE HIMROD, '26.

### THE SOUL OF THE ARTIST

*"I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house."*—Tennyson.

Latent in every human heart is a love and longing for that sublime revelation of truth and beauty which is the soul of art. It is inherent in our nature, being placed there by the Greatest of Artists who said: Man shall not live by bread alone. The whole universe, fitting the external world to man, He fashioned to move in harmony and melody, the manifestation of beauty and truth: Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Shakespeare expresses the same beautiful thought: "There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst but in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim; such harmony is in immortal souls." The poets, painters, singers of all ages have declared man's need of the spiritual against the material; they have taught that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment, they have cried out against the materialism of the ages, the wasting of life in the search of the ephemeral. Mahomet's advice was that of the Galilean: "He that hath two loaves of bread, let him sell one and buy the flower of the narcissus; for bread is food for the body, but the flower of the narcissus is food for the soul." Who shall not say, then, that since love of truth and beauty exists in the embryo in man's nature, since it is essential to his very being, a necessity, not a luxury, he should strive to cultivate it and use every native faculty and genius to assist its growth, just as for his material welfare he aspires to a more beautiful home, a more dazzling automobile?

We are not delivering a sermon on the text, "all is vanity," nor in any way seeking to disparage the normal desire of everyone to live in as much of ease and opulence as he likes, but when we hear one say, feeling that his soul has been lifted beyond the dark edges of the sensual ground by a

poem, a song or a painting: "Oh, I wish I could write poetry! Oh, how I wish I could sing like that! What wouldn't I give to be able to paint such a picture!" we want to answer as the air-born voice did Matthew Arnold when he sent his passionate appeal to the stars: "Wouldst thou *be* as these are? Live as they." Here we recall (but we do not wish to reply facetiously), the German photographer's reply to the girl who thought her pictures not so beautiful: "Vel, you can't take vat isn't." The joys of accomplishment are great; greater still is the innate, spontaneous joy we know when we can feel a kinship with the true and beautiful, enduring things of life; when we claim as a part of us the great principles which underlie all art, all that is good, beautiful and eternal in the world. Not everyone can express the music of his nature in song, the noble thoughts of his mind in a book, the beautiful images of his soul in a picture, but everyone can possess that music, those thoughts, those images. We cannot all be Mozarts, but we can all love the things he loved.

A love for the beautiful is born with us; as a child we believe with Wordsworth that every flower enjoys the air it breathes; our hearts leaped up when we beheld a rainbow in the sky—"so was it when my life began"—but is it now I am a man? The fairy-land days of our childhood should lead us into the days of a mature, perfected conception of truth and beauty—beautiful days in the land of universal brotherhood where art, that great humanizer, bound each to each by natural piety. It is the development in man of the love of the beauty of life rather than the love of the particular manifestation of beauty that is the great thing; for if he has not the love of beauty in himself he will not know it in others, he will for all time be blind. And, says one, those who bring beauty to the heart of man shall yet stand the peer of those who bring knowledge to his mind, for so Plato says, "beauty is the splendor of truth."

If our minds and hearts are void of the aesthetic sense—this love of the beauty of life—is it not because we have failed in giving them the proper nutriment? The grandest literary pabulum of the ages lies undisturbed on our table while the modern sex novel is taken to bed with us, read at that intimate hour when suggestive, meretricious characters can influence us most; when the wholesome meditations and beautiful emotions of a character can purify, sweeten most; calling forth a response from only the best that is in us; testing the measure of that.

"Better to have the poet's heart than brain;" sings a poet, "feeling than song;—better still to be a song—a music of God's making." The poet, singer, artist, is essentially a lover. He loves mankind; he loves nature; he loves his God; he loves little children. God is the supreme artist; who ever loved so much? Love seeks expression; hence the lover, the artist, seeks one way by which he can tell the world of his love, his joy. He

loves mankind so much that in Kipling's lines we can hear his thoughts everywhere:

"Where there are fires against the cold,  
Or roofs against the rain,  
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,  
Take them my songs again!"

Imagination—the artist of the mind, the builder of beautiful forms, is a great humanizer; in the imagination we can live all lives, think all thoughts, feel all emotions. Imagination brings us to understand our brothers, of whatever race, color or creed; understanding brings us to love. The broad charity and love of Shakespeare—was it not the fruit of wonderful imagination? A Beethoven sonata—does it not throb with the emotions of mankind straight from a heart that imagination had made to love.

If we would develop the soul of an artist, then, whether or not we are ever to give it out in a poem or painting, we must develop first of all that great power, imagination, and we must plus it with a quick eye, a ready heart, a disciplined mind. For imagination, be it remembered, is logical in all its work; it builds its forms according to fact and reason, that truth and beauty may shine through.

The artist, loving mankind, babes and sages, through nature loves man the more, for like nature's greatest interpreter, he hears oft-times the "still, sad music of humanity . . . of ample power to chasten and subdue." Through nature he comes to know man better; one impulse from a vernal wood teaches him more of man, of moral evil and of good than all the sages can. She teaches him to love all her creatures, to feel a close kinship with her; her beauty teaches him the love of God. William Lyon Phelps says: "One reason why I love God is because the beauty of the universe came from Him."

Another great characteristic of the artist is manifested in Him also. He loved his work; he took intense delight in it. So, too, does the human artist. It had been said that there is something divine in the act of creation. If this is divine how much more so is that inward, harmonious perfection, *sweetness* and *light*, which made possible the creation. The creator is greater than his creation, and if we would know the true joy of accomplishment, the real delight in the work of our hands, we must first be what we wish to express in our poem or painting; we must have in our own heart that divine music, that love of man and of all things lovely, honest, pure and true which is always innermost in the depths of the artist's soul.

A. M. D., '24.

## EDUCATION OF THE WOODS

We are all students of life, life the master of masters, inviolate and incomprehensible, omnipotent key to wisdom. There are a few, a very few moments in our separate existence, when we realize what life means, for a short period we understand its demands. We are ever asking, "What will life give me? How shall I attain success?" We understand in a dim sort of way that the first step is in gaining wisdom. There is plenty of incentive to this, the first step, for competition is the key to wisdom.

The world has ceased to be a world of dreams, of true hopes and aspirations, our society is money minded—the almighty dollar is our God—even our hearts are for sale, we are specialists in an incessant routine of war, politics, selfishness and greed. We must first remember in seeking for wisdom, that our educational policy should be to train our lives through a medium of character-building, on education affecting first the source of thought and action. In this, the beginning, the effect is a liberalizing and humanizing influence beyond comprehensive understanding.

The solution is an alliance with nature. The world wants of us the truth of nature, a manifestation of the love of humanity. It is the beauty of nature that is the creator of life, a song that should be in all our hearts. If we cultivate a love for her, her fields and woods, the result is bound to be an A+ mark in the record sheet of endeavor.

By education of the woods I do not mean that we should stuff our minds with a certain amount of knowledge and prosaic facts about the seasons of flowered shrubs, nor yet the art of destroying nature's handiwork in a prodigiously Adam-life effort to prove that to live, one need not depend on a payroll or a time schedule. Perhaps I should be anticipatory and say in a confidential manner, that we all are really educated in the ways of nature—our primitive natures of long ago are only slumbering dormant, requiring only necessity and circumstance to revive them. If this is so, let a Divine Providence send a circumstance, for we are cutting away altogether too much from the wonderful world of nature, its universal lessons are being shoved aside for an artificial antidote, and the results, as we all know, are fairly well represented in our newspapers at large. Wordsworth's admonition might be well for us to heed: "the world is too much with us. Late and soon, getting and spending we lay waste our powers. Little we see in nature that is ours; we have given our hearts away—a sordid boon. The sea that bares her bosom to the moon, the winds that will be howling at all hours and are uprooted now like sleeping flowers. For this, for everything, we are out of tune . . . Great God, I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn—so might I, standing on this pleasant lea, have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—have sight of Proteus rising from the sea or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!"

We must bring more of the natural, of nature, of the great out of doors into our lives, and especially aid the youth of our country in nature associations. Kinsmanship of the woods is not the all in life, a complete educator, but unless one has a good percent of early youthful contact with the out-of-doors, his life is not complete; the first essential is lacking, for it is absolutely needed as a sympathetic background for the glory of his soul, teaching him to see with more than the eye, and to work with more than the hand.

All the things that make up, in so far as possible, the ideal existence that we strive for, long for, love, are lacking their true worth to us if we have not an innate, developed love for the beauty, the greatness of the woods. The joys of life had their beginnings there, the dreams of our future are centered there. It is song, and sigh and dream. The dreams in your today are those of yesterday. Your dearest memories are those of your childhood—they call back vivid scenes of a bubbling brook, an old apple tree, a wood grove, at least a few dozen mud pies. They are the secret key to the gateway of your soul, that makes you of pure, clean mould. They represent truth and beauty, leading life toward a love of the pure and true.

Out in nature's havens, one gets the lessons of life in allegory; the law espousing "survival of the fittest" is a tonic, an elixir of hope compared to our modern standard of justice, as practiced in the world of affairs. It is safe to say, that if we could apply nature's law to ourselves in the literal sense of the word "fittest" that a mad scramble would ensue in breasting the three-mile limit of conscience.

If we could heed the call of the Infinite there would not be the need of an evolution, mechanical mind and body, but more of the poet, possessed of finer grades of feeling, of thought vibrant with instinctive sympathy. Our minds would be co-ordinated from a battered machine of sordid facts, fears, schemes, the dross of money warnings, into an instrument of enduring service.

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good  
Than all the sages can."

As destined leaders of society, we are striving to find our way back into nature's realm. But the determination to do so is not sought through an emotional and imaginative grasp on life, but rather through a true, American style of aiming a kick in the general direction and raising a howl because the ends gained do not adequately serve. We partially satisfy the call in patronizing the games of sport. In the game of football an almost

primal outlet is given way to; in the old days of primal law, beast crashed against beast, and today eleven jersey-clad men, in the words of their voracious coach follow his instructions:

“Hit the line hard, men, tackle 'em low,  
Pull 'em to earth wherever they go,  
Follow the ball, men, keep in the game,  
Think of the school and fight for her fame.”

The gymnast does everything that the monkeys do, except speak their language, and he'd do that too if he felt that in so doing he would exercise the tongue. Even the jovial old grandfather who wouldn't ride in an automobile or even beat a rug, in the dodge game of checkers, feels something of the spirit Daniel Boone must have felt when he “crowned” Indians in the woods of Kentucky:

“Do you ever have a longin' to get out and buck the trail;  
And to face the crashin' lightnin'  
And the thunder and the gale?  
Not for no particular reason  
But to give the world the laugh  
And to show the roarin' elements  
You still can stand the gaff.

Don't you ever have a longin' just to try your luck again,  
Down the rippin', plungin', rapids  
With a bunch of regular men.  
Don't you ever sort of hanker  
For a rough and risky trip,  
Just to prove you're still a livin'  
And you haven't lost your grip.

Can't you hear the woods a callin'  
For to have another try  
Sleepin' out beneath the spruces  
And a roof of moonlit sky.  
With the wind a sort of singin' in the branches overhead,  
And your fire a gaily crackin'  
An' your pipe a glowin' red.

Don't you ever get to feelin' sort o' cramped an' useless there,  
A makin' figures while you shine your pants upon an office chair?  
Don't you long to get acquainted  
Once again with life and God—  
If you don't—then Heaven help you  
For you're dyin' in your pod."

If I were father of a daughter, I would prefer her marrying a hill man imbued with the lessons that nature offers than a theological student who had missed the calling of the out-of-doors. Also, if I had a son, and he cared not for God's great out-of-doors, I should certainly have him examined for a mental deficiency. I am further convinced that if the divine principles of nature were properly administered in equalizing and conducive measure to the world in general, that there would, some day, be found no necessity for violent death, prisons or one-half the laws of the land.

Then, and then only, will our several aspects of religion be found to be one creed, under one creator, one divinity.

C. W. B., '24.



# ACTIVITIES



Emerson College of Oratory  
Junior Prom - Class of 1924 - Hotel Somerset - Boston, March 10, 1923.

### JUNIOR PROM



A GROUP OF ENTERTAINERS

## COLLEGE CALENDAR AND RED LETTER DAYS

- Sept. 24 College opens with a bang! Many and various shades of green prevail.
- Oct. 5 Freshmen begin to feel at home.
- Nov. 4 "The Runaway Brownie" elopes to Huntington Chambers Hall.
- Nov. 23 Public Readers Course Students entertain.
- Nov. 28 Florence Bates attends all her classes. Dean Ross overcome by shock.
- Nov. 29 "Batesey" absent. Dean recovers.
- Dec. 9 Kappa Gamma Chi tea dance for Endowment.
- Dec. 10 Students snow-shoe to school. Mary Mustard buried in a snow drift.
- Dec. 17 College closes for the holidays. "Ring out, ye belles!"
- Dec. 27 Miss Smith is no more—but we have a blushing Mrs. Dusseault in her place.
- Jan. 4 Students return to recuperate from the effects of strenuous holidays.
- Jan. 25 "Marraine de Guerre" presented in chapel by the advanced French class.
- Feb. 7 Emerson night at the Copley Theatre.
- Feb. 22 Emersons play bridge at the Phi Mu House for E. C. O. Endowment.
- Mar. 1 Channing Pollock addresses the college.
- Mar. 6 Song Day opens the best Junior Week in the history of the college. (With apologies to the Seniors).
- Mar. 7 Junior Stunt.
- Mar. 8 Phi Mu Gamma play.
- Mar. 10 Junior Play and Prom.
- Mar. 13 Juniors come back to earth.
- Mar. 14 Zeta Phi Eta "Toy Theatre."
- Mar. 15 Junior-Senior Debate. Juniors in clouds again.
- April 5 Dean's birthday and the Freshman Stunt. Many budding geniuses discovered.
- April 11 Emerson night at the Copley Theatre.
- April 17 Mary Walsh and Margaret Nolan appear in "The Fool" at the Selwyn Theatre.
- May 2 Prof. Tripp in behalf of Zeta Phi Eta presents a set of books to the college.
- May ? Senior Day. When? That's what the Faculty would like to know.
- May 20-24 Commencement! And Finis.

In memory of mutual  
suffering in Analysis  
class, and much success  
attend you every effort.  
Love.



With much love  
and best wish  
from an Emersonian  
to another.  
K

EMERSON ENTERTAINERS

## DEAN'S BIRTHDAY

"Oh, it's nice to get up in the mornin'—but it's nicer to stay in bed." April fifth is the one morning in all the year when Emersonians disapprove that theory. Why? Dean's birthday, of course!

Every year Dean Ross tries valiantly to keep secret the fact that April fifth is one of Emerson's red letter days—and each year his efforts are frustrated.

This year, out of gratitude to Scotland for all she has given us, the program was as "Scotch as the heather." Mary Frances Davis, president of the Students' Association, welcomed the students and guests and wished Dean Ross a happy birthday in behalf of us all. A "wee bit o' heather" with a tiny envelope concealed in it was presented to Dean, who thanked the students in a few words tinged with the brogue no doubt induced by rekindled memories of his old home.

Betty Buchanan danced the Highland Fling and gave impersonations of Harry Lauder. Marie Demuling read several of Bobby Burns' poems and now we know that she "likes him real well—oh, she likes him real."

Because of the short time allotted, the students were unable to present a longer program—but if we could we'd make a holiday of April fifth—with banquets and bonfires—topped by everyone drinking a toast to "dear old Dean."

## EMERSON PUBLICATIONS

# The EMERSON Quarterly

A renaissance came in the year 1922, transposing *The Emerson Quarterly* from its literary realms to a professional sphere. With Sands Chipman as editor, it has been made a practical, educational working magazine. There are contained in it articles by representatives of other phases of education, and as a result, its circulation has increased eighty-seven per cent.

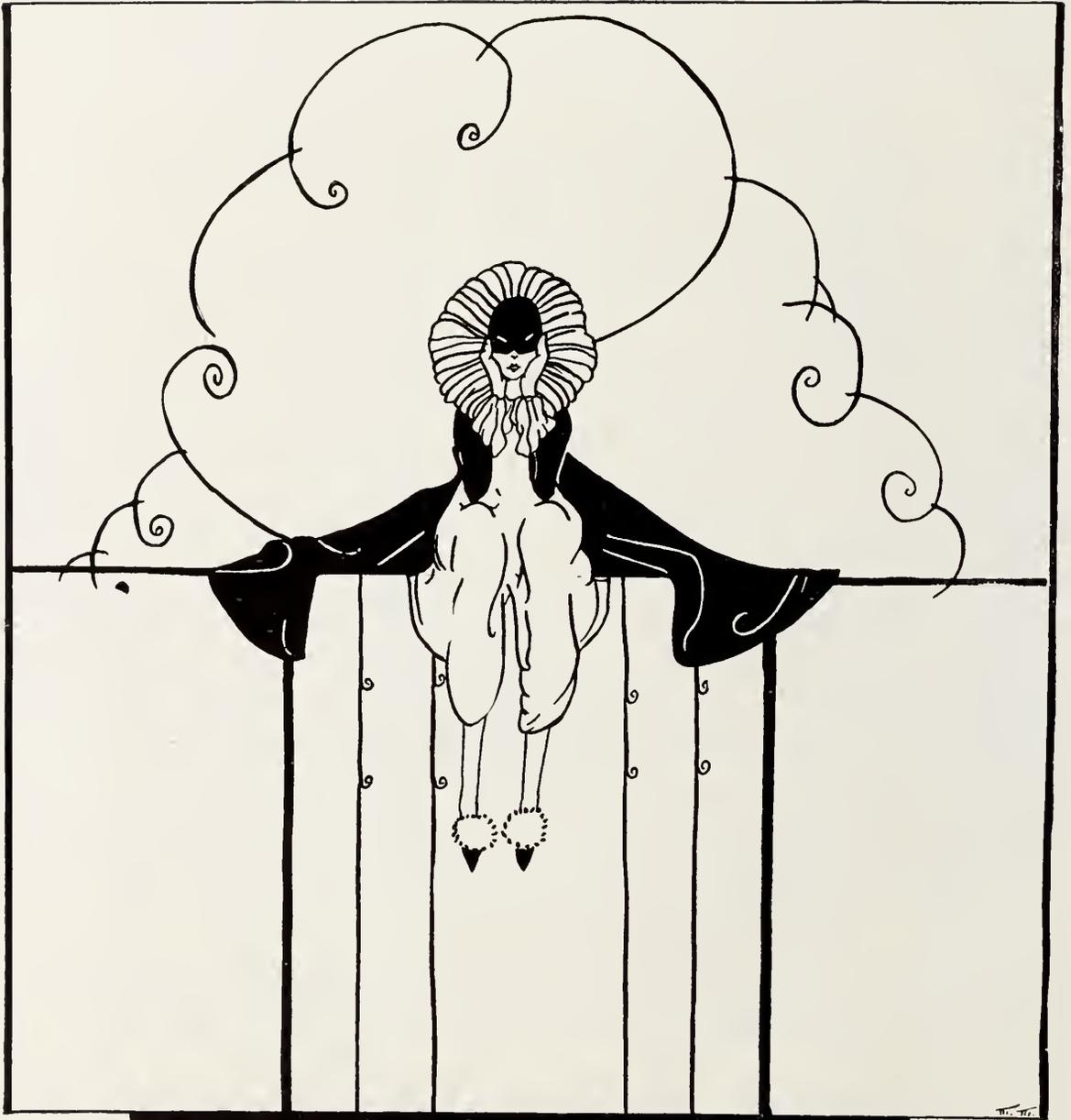
## EMERSON COLLEGE NEWS



*The Emerson College News*, with Dean Ross as editor, is inherently imbued with the spirit of Emerson. The students look forward to it with eager anticipation each month, and the Alumni hail its coming. It contains the most "newsy news" and pervading it all is "the glory that is"—Emerson.

*The Alumni Bulletin* takes all its Alumni back to old Emerson with the good fairy Memory as a most companionably happy guide. Many Emersonians subscribe to the *Quarterly* primarily to get the *Alumni Bulletin*. What finer, better trio could there be: *Emerson College News*, *The Emerson Quarterly*, *The Alumni Bulletin*?

A Press Club has been organized this year under the direction of Sands Chipman, and a correspondent represents Emerson on seven of the big Boston dailies. The *Traveler* is represented by Mrs. Mary B. Naylor; the *Monitor* by Emily Seaber; the *Post* by Winifred Shedd; the *Globe* by Frances Hueston; the *Herald* by Mildred Metcalfe; the *Transcript* by Anna Dunkel; and the *American* by Sally Coulter.



# SOCIETIES



STUDENT SENATE

## STUDENT ASSOCIATION AND STUDENT SENATE

In April, 1908, a Students Association was organized by the members of Emerson College for the promotion of a closer relationship in the student body as a whole, and to further the interests of the college. This association has waxed strong, increased in wisdom and understanding, and with this marvelous growth and effort has come the great reward: Student Government. It has been weighed in the balance this year and found not wanting. Loyalty, pride, enthusiasm—*esprit de corps*—this is the creed and spirit of the Students' Association.

## OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	Mary Frances Davis
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	Emily Seaber
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	Mary Walsh

## STUDENT SENATE REPRESENTATIVES

*Freshmen*

Greta Brown	Hildred Craig	Anne Byrne
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*Sophomore*

Helena Cook	Helen Clark	Anita Richardson
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*Junior*

Mildred Kindly	Kathryn Kelchner	Arline Bussell
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*Senior*

Ellen Stapleton	Helen Heath
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## HOUSE PRESIDENTS

*Southwick Hall*

Veronica Dickey (1)
Norma Frisbee (2)

*Zeta Phi Eta*

Ellen Stapleton (1)
Marian Barclay (2)

*Ross Hall*

Maree Hillyer (1)
Hazel Hughes (2)

*Kappa Gamma Chi*

Irene Brehm (1)
Anna Rallston (2)

*Willard Hall*

Alice Teague (1)
Charlotte Crocker (2)

*Hicks Hall*

Elsie Van Ness (1)
Veville Hosman (2)

*Phi Mu Gamma*

Helen King (1)
Fay McKennon (2)



EMERSON CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION CABINET

## EMERSON CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The officers of the Christian Association for this year have been: President, Helen Heath; Vice-President, Marian Braly; Secretary, Sydney Tresslar; Treasurer, Sara Harrington; Undergraduate Field Representative, Charlotte Meserve. The members of the Cabinet are: Frances Hueston, Helen King, Frances Scott.

During the winter months a course of Bible studies was conducted by Mr. Shroeder of the Central Congregational Church of Cambridge.

Mrs. Francis B. Sayre spoke to Emerson students on "What Y. W. means to a college." Later, Miss Gertrude McQuesten spoke to the Association and students on the subject, "Gifts," and in Junior Week, President Southwick made the address. Four of the weekly meetings were in charge of the different classes.

Last Summer, Helen Heath and Frances Hueston attended the Maqua Student Conference in Poland, Maine. Many members are eager to attend the 1923 Conference.

## THE MENORAH

## OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	Lillian Silerstein
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	E. Henrietta Ronay
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	Miriam Berkowitz
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	Dora Cramer
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	. . . . .	Agnes Knox Black

The Menorah is a movement for the study and advancement of Jewish culture and ideals in the community, and for the preparation of college men and women for intelligent service. It presents plays of Jewish life, concerts of Jewish music, and many varied entertainments.

This year the Menorah Society has been busy with its many activities. A joint meeting of E. C. O. Menorah with M. I. T. Menorah was held at which the E. C. O. Menorah afforded the entertainment. The Menorah secured Professor Taylor of Boston University to lecture at Emerson on Rochelle and Bernhardt. They will hold a formal dance at Riverbank Court Hotel, Cambridge, on April 21.

The members are: Harriet Peiser, Henrietta Ronay, Lillian Berman, Miriam Berkowitz, Lillian Silverstein, Esta Barnett, Arabella Kelson, Bella Slotnick, Helen Goodman, Dora Cramer, Ruth London, Dora Mitnick, Ethel Rich, Bessie Spectre, Anne Rollins.



of Capt. 1913  
Emerson

EMERSON DEBATING CLUB

Present to S. H. ...  
The ... of ...

## EMERSON DEBATING CLUB

The first debate of the year was the Senior debate on January 11, the question being, "Should the United States abandon her policy of non-recognition of the Soviet government of Russia?" The affirmative was upheld by Rica Grant, Ruth Bassette and Frances Hueston; and the negative by Frances Scott, Helen Heath and Charles Joralemon. A decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

On February 21, in Huntington Chambers Hall, Emerson debated Boston University Law School, the subject being the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill. The Emerson debaters were Helen Heath, Elsie Van Ness and Frances Hueston; the B. U. team comprised Andrew MacLaughlin, Maurice Splaine, Harold S. Goldberg. Prof. Francis J. MacCabe presided, and Ellen Stapleton, president of the Senior Class, acted as time keeper. The judges, Patrick D. Walsh, Herbert Hyde, and Dr. William Ward, rendered a unanimous decision in favor of the Emerson team.

The Junior debate, "Resolved, that the United States abolish the Ku Klux Klan," took place on February 15. The victorious affirmative was upheld by Irene Brehm, Ruth Potter, Wesley Batchelder; the negative, by Grover Shaw, Sara Hunter, and Elsie Van Ness.

The final public debate between the Juniors and the Seniors, "Resolved, that the Harding administration is responsible for the present coal crisis," was held on March 15. The winning affirmative was upheld by Grover Shaw, Ruth Wyatt, Sara Hunter; the negative by Helen Heath, Frances Hueston, Mary Walsh. The following members have been added: Vivian Burton, Sally Coulter, Margaret Dow, Norma Frisbie, Marcella Klein, Elsie Van Ness, Irene Brehm, Mary Danforth, Hazel Hughes, Anna Dunkel, Annette Wood, Mildred Kindly, Helena Cook, Ruth Potter, Minnette Townsend, Dorothy Hill, Dorothy Taylor.

## SOUTHERN CLUB

## OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Ruth Allen
<i>Vice-President</i>	Madeline Mackechney
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Geraldine Biggers
<i>News Reporter</i>	Mildred Kindley
<i>Faculty Member</i>	Margarette J. Penick

*"Oh, North is North, and South is South,  
And at last the twain have met."*

(With apologies to Kipling)

The Southern Club distinguished itself on Thursday, March 1, when its annual entertainment was presented in the Hall. Miss Margarette Penick delighted everyone with her charming poems and negro impersonations. Then a pantomime, "Uncle Remus," written by Carolyn Cobb, of Atlanta, Ga., an Emerson graduate, was presented. Miss Hogle, teacher of Pantomime in the College, and Vivian Burton, of the Junior Class, coached the entertainment. The animal characters, made famous by Joel Chandler Harris, were played as follows:

Uncle Remus	Mildred Kindley
The Boy	Mary Mustard
The Girls	{ Martha Freed Marjorie Young Fay McKennon
Peter Rabbit	Christine McWhorter
The Ram	Ruth Allen
Little Bear	Lillian Loeb
The Fox	Harriet Peiser
Brer Wolf	Ruth Wyatt
Sis Wolf	Dorothy Hill
Bull Frog	Helen Kraft
The Cow	Leslie Robinson
Lion	Frances Vaudrie
The Dog	Marjorie Young



SOUTHERN CLUB

MEMBERS

Vernita Stewart  
 Madge Debendarfer  
 Matilda Hoskins  
 Rudolph Friedrich  
 Ruth Allen  
 Geraldine Biggers  
 Mary Cooper  
 Mary Dusenbury  
 Martha Freed  
 Dorothy Hill  
 Helen Kraft  
 Madeline Mackechney  
 Frances Vaudrie  
 Lillian Loeb  
 Dorothy Maldeis  
 Anne Morrison  
 Evelyn McClung

Mary Mustard  
 Fay McKennon  
 Anna Rallston  
 Nell Searcy  
 Katherine Stafford  
 Ruth Wyatt  
 Christine McWhorter  
 Leslie Robinson  
 Harriet Peiser  
 Mildred Short  
 Sydney Tresslar  
 Anne Williams  
 Marjorie Brash  
 Vivian Burton  
 Ernest Embry  
 Marjorie Young

*Ship down - won't  
 we have Rupa's for  
 next year. How  
 you - someone  
 they next year  
 unless*

## KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Founded 1890

*Alpha*—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.*Colors*—Green and White*Jewels*—Emerald and Pearl*Flower*—Lily of the Valley*Honorary Members*

Mrs. Henry L. Southwick	Mrs. George Duseault
Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross	Mrs. E. Charlton Black
Mrs. William H. Kenney	Miss Margarette Penick

*Officers*

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	Mary Danforth
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	Emily Seabor
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	Mildred Kindley
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	Irene Brehm

*Active Members*

1923

Irene Brehm	Vesta Nelson
Jessie Grant	Doris Plaisted
Helen Heath	Emily Seabor
Eugenia Terwilliger	

1924

Florence Bates	Sara Harrington
Mary Danforth	Mildred Kindley
Madge Debendarfer	Anna M. Ralston
Marie Demuling	Winifred Shedd
Sydney Tresslar	

1925

Helena Cook  
Sally Coulter  
Eleanor Crane  
Zepherine Jones

Clare MacIntyre  
Geraldine Reynolds  
Katherine Stafford  
Kathrena Williams

*Pledges*

Bernice Standish  
Florence Day  
Ruth Wyatt  
Audrey Winter  
Elizabeth Wellington  
Ruth Day

Phyllis Rivard  
Virginia Robard  
Edna Smith  
Marjorie Leary  
Greta Brown  
Ruth Sargent

CHAPTER HOUSE—247 Newbury Street, Boston

Kappa opened her doors in hospitality to the college and her friends early in October by a tea in the studio at the Chapter House.

The first of the Kappa studio tea dances for Emerson Endowment Fund was held on December 17. A second tea dance was given on February 24.

The Christmas holidays were made festive by a dinner dance on December 25.

The annual Kappa birthday party was given on January 13 at "247" and consisted of a formal dance.

Alpha Chapter was the guest of the Kappa Gamma Chi Club of Harvard University at a formal dance on March 17.

The Kappa Concert Company, which consists of Emily Seabor, Vesta Nelson, Doris Plaisted, and Eugenia Terwilliger, has filled numerous engagements and re-engagements in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The proceeds of their programs went to swell the Emerson Endowment Fund.

The Chapter's annual gift to the College was a contribution to the Endowment Fund, as has been the custom for a number of years.



KAPPA GAMMA CHI



ZETA PHI ETA

This is the "Zeta Phi Eta"  
 sorority at the University  
 of Maryland - 1917  
 - 300 -

## ZETA PHI ETA

Founded: Phi Eta Sigma, 1893

Zeta Phi Eta, 1908

*Alpha*—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.*Beta*—Cumnock School of Oratory, Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill.*Gamma*—Drake University, Des Moines, Ia.*Delta*—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.*Epsilon*—Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.*Zeta*—Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex.*Eta*—University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.*Colors*—Rose and White*Jewel*—Pearl*Flower*—LaFrance Rose*Honorary Members*

Edward Philip Hicks	Agnes Knox Black
Ella G. Stockdale	Claude Fisher
Mary E. Gatchell	Henry L. Southwick
Rev. Allen A. Stockdale	Walter Bradley Tripp
E. Charlton Black	Elizabeth M. Barnes
Bertel Glidden Willard	

*Associate Members*

Maude Gatchell Hicks	Gertrude Chamberlaine
Gertrude T. McQuesten	Elvie Burnett Willard
Elsie R. Riddell	

*Active Members*

1923

Ruth Bassette	Mary Emily Reid
Marian Braly	Myrrl Rodney
Edith Canavan	Frances Scott
Dorothy Caswell	Dorothy Sleeper
Inez Combs	Nita Stewart
Mary Frances Davis	Ellen Stapleton
Lorraine Foat	Alice Teague
Charlotte Meserve	Ruth Dunsmore Walch

1924

Adele Dowling	Thelma Evans
Mary Dowling	Margaret McLaren
Ernest Embry	Phila Strout

1925

Marian Barclay	Mary Dusenbury
Helen Brown	Evelyn McClung

*Pledges*

Rosemary Allen	Dorothy Malteded
Elizabeth Buchanan	Mary Mustard
Arlene Bussell	Frances Shepherd
Anne Byrne	Mildred Adella Shook
Edna Cass	Helen Thompson
Charlotte Crocker	Minette Townsend
Esther Hershfield	Frances Vodrie
Dorothy Hill	Elfieda Vose
Beatrice Himrod	Marjorie Young

Gladys Evans

CHAPTER HOUSE—16 Exeter Street, Boston



ZETA TOY THEATRE

THE ZETA TOY THEATRE

The sixth anniversary of the establishment of Zeta Toy Theatre was celebrated by Zeta Phi Eta in the Chapter House on the evenings of March thirteenth and fourteenth. The following program was given:

COLUMBINE—By Colin Campbell Clements

Minnie . . . . . Margaret McLaren  
 Sally . . . . . Nita Stewart  
 One Unseen

NEVERTHELESS—By Stuart Walker

A Boy . . . . . Thelma Evans  
 A Girl . . . . . Evelyn McClung  
 A Burglar . . . . . Charlotte Meserve

The faculty and student body were the guests of the fraternity, and the evenings were of social as well as professional interest.



PHI MU GAMMA

## PHI MU GAMMA

Founded February 1, 1921

*Chapter Roll**Alpha*—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.*Beta*—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.*Gamma*—Drake University, Des Moines, Ia.*Colors*—Blue and Black*Jewels*—Turquoise and Pearl*Flowers*—Sweetheart Roses and Forget-me-nots*Honorary Members*

Mrs. E. Charlton Black

Pres. H. L. Southwick

Mr. Joseph E. Connor

Dr. E. Charlton Black

Mr. Walter B. Tripp

Mr. Francis J. McCabe

*Active Members*

1923

Ruth Allen

Martha Freed

Helen King

Oneita Barnes

Mary Merritt

Lucile Hicks

Madeline Mackechney

Fay McKennon

Leslie Robinson

Dorothy Leith

1924

Mary Cooper

Helen Kraft

Vesta Clarke

Kathryn Blume

Edith Gwin

Vera Hills

1925

Alice Shaw	Dolly Quanger
Kathryn Speckman	Matilda Hoskins
Elizabeth Woolridge	Gladys Hiller
Helen Clark	Beatrice Smythe
Gladys Uttley	

*Pledges*

Vivian Effinger	Marian Blewer
Christine McWhorter	Norma Frisbie

CHAPTER HOUSE—302 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston

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PHI MU GAMMA PLAY

For a number of years, Phi Mu Gamma Sorority has presented an annual scholarship play. This year the play chosen was "The Marriage of Kitty," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. It was directed by Prof. Walter B. Tripp and presented in Huntington Chambers Hall on March 8.

*Cast of Characters*

Sir Reginald Belsize . . . . .	Ruth Allen
John Travers, a Solicitor . . . . .	Dorothy Leith
Norbury, a Man Servant . . . . .	Mary Merritt
Hampton, Travers' Clerk . . . . .	Elizabeth Woolridge
Katherine Silverton ("Kitty") . . . . .	Martha Freed
Madame De Semiano . . . . .	Fay McKennon
Rosalie, a French Maid . . . . .	Mary Cooper



PHI MU GAMMA PLAY



PHI ALPHA TAU





# JOKES



© Wesley Batchelder '24



## THE PERFECT GIRL

A garish noise broke the early morning silence enveloping an Emerson College Dormitory. It was the rising bell, mercilessly and lengthily rung by the cruel but well-meaning hand of the dusky hired-maid.

There was no response but muffled groans and muttered curses from the various rooms. But no—here is where our heroine enters—

From a room on the top floor a sweet, girlish voice, slightly addicted to tremulo, cried: "Good morning, Elizabeth." This to the room-mate, whose reply is unfit for publication. The cheery herald of the new day was no less than Ima Myth, the Perfect Girl.

She skipped joyfully over to the open window where the cold breezes of Boston welcomed her, and closed it. (None but the Perfect Girl would have done this. She would have waited for her room-mate to perform that painful operation). Tiptoeing softly out of the room, Ima went to the lower hall, where (being a faithful follower of Mr. Camp) she touched the floor with the palms of her hands numberless times, and seemed to delight in turning endless somersaults over the groaning, protesting hall floor.

The next ten minutes found her under an ice cold shower—dreamily repeating Coue's always-helpful "Day by day in every way I am growing better and better."

Returning to her room, she dressed quickly and methodically. Never would our Perfect Girl sink so low as to wear "odd" hose, or well-broken-in bedroom slippers to breakfast. She brushed her long, stright locks straight back, pinning them firmly with a few of her hairpins, rescued from Elizabeth's pilferings. Her bright, beaming face shone from the combined efforts of soap, water, and a clear conscience. Nor did she dim this shining glory with powder surreptitiously applied from her room-mate's \$2 an ounce box of Tuelque Fleur—and as for a touch of rouge—the very thought was profane!

Ima turned a virtuously deaf ear to Elizabeth's profanity, and made her bed with an almost religious fervor and zeal. During the next five minutes her concentration on her studying was so intense, that she failed to hear her room-mate's mad scrambling to become at least decently (in a dorm. sense), attired, in five short minutes. But a well-aimed shoe finally disturbed her, and gently disengaging it from her coiffeur, she "turned the other cheek"—or, in other words, made Elizabeth's bed for her—truly a noble character.

Ima was nothing if not punctual, and the breakfast gong had barely ceased echoing when she slipped quietly and unobtrusively into her seat at the table. She neither blinded the girl next to her with grape fruit juice, aimed with malice afore thought, or took the last "hot" huffin. Nor did she read her mail at the table. Indeed, Ima was a book of etiquette itself.

After breakfast she put on her overcoat and hat and then her galoshes, buckling every last buckle, and sallied forth, a neat pile of books in her Boston bag. Her sweet influence was felt by all on her way to college. Even traffic stopped for her, for was she not the Perfect Girl?

Arriving ten minutes before Chapel hour, she entered the deserted edifice and studied. During Chapel, she neither read letters or the latest copy of the "Voo Doo"—but took notes on everything said by the dean.

In classes, Ima was a model student. She didn't knit, write notes, or compare fraternity pins, but made "A plus" recitations. Nor was she given to laughter in the halls between classes. At noon she attended the 19— class meeting and refused to sell her vote. Of such stuff are heroines made!

After school, instead of going to the matinee, our Perfect Girl stayed for Children's Theatre rehearsal, until six o'clock, tried on numberless musty costumes, redolent of the costume room, and what is more, seemed to like it. Then, as a climax, she gave half of her last check to the Endowment Fund. I feel that here, Gentle Reader, you will of one accord award the palm to Ima.

After dinner, our heroine had what is termed in the vernacular—a date. Ima arrayed herself in her Sunday dress—and the thought never occurred to her to borrow her room-mate's hat or gloves, for a beautiful soul such as hers needed no adornment. The "date" was a timid young Tech Freshman, who had met Ima through his sister. Needless to say he knew few people in Boston.

She was on time to a second, and when young Technology asked the Perfect Girl where she would like to go, she at once replied that she had always wanted to see the glass flowers at Harvard. Of course the young man was delighted, for there is such a bond of affection existing between Tech and Harvard, and his voice quivered with emotion as he thanked her for the suggestion.

It was Ima's idea that they walk to Cambridge. You see, Walter Camp had made her very "fit," but pushing a slide rule is not conducive to great endurance and the mile trip might almost have been called the "three mile limit," for the poor man. But knowing he was with the Perfect Girl buoyed him up, nor did even their thoughts stray to the Esplanade, but their feet trod firmly on the uneven surfaces of Beacon Street until they reached Mass. Avenue and the bridge.

The beauties of the glass flowers proved to be almost too much for Henry, for that was his name, and in his last breath, he begged Ima to go home in a taxi. But she had heard vaguely of girls who squandered all of a man's substance, and fearing lest she be called a "gold digger," firmly insisted on riding home in a surface car.

Henry didn't drop dead before he got home, but he prayed that he would. Ima came in at exactly eleven o'clock. She remembered her key—only the Perfect Girl would have done that—signed in, and went upstairs where she undressed in the dark, as lights must be off after eleven. (See Rules, Article 6).

After fixing her room-mate's bed for her, she said her prayers, opened the window and fell asleep. But alas! she never wakened. Ima was too good for this world.

T. M. E., '24.

## SPECIAL !!!

## FACULTY PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY HALL, FEBRUARY 29

The Emerson College Faculty, inspired to action by the sacrificial examples of the students, presented the following program for the benefit of Emerson Endowment Fund in Symphony Hall on the evening of February 29.

## PROGRAM

## Dramatic Readings—

A Without a Chaperon . . . . . *Anon*

B Your Little Wife . . . . . *Anon*

Margaret J. Penick

Ode to Roosevelt . . . . . Original

Henry Lawrence Southwick

## Poems—

A The House by the Side of the Road . . . . . *Foss*

B The Wild White Rose . . . . . *Anon*

Agnes Knox Black

Story Telling—Two Kinds . . . . . Original

Elvie Burnett Willard

## Impersonations of Rudolph Valentino—

Francis Joseph McCabe

How to be Happy Though Married—A philosophic and psychological study of married life—

Lilia E. Dusseault

## The Sheik—A dramatization made by Myrtle Savidge—

The Sheik . . . . . Walter B. Tripp

The Girl . . . . . Priscilla C. Puffer

Arrangement of "Three Weeks" . . . . . *Elinor Glyn*

Dr. William G. Ward

## Dancing Number—Pipes of Pan

Elsie R. Riddell

Billy Brad and the Big Lie . . . . . *Ellis P. Butler*

Charles Winslow Kidder

Sleep Walking Scene from Macbeth . . . . . *Shakespeare*

Mary A. Winn

Selections—

- A The Bear Story . . . . . *Riley*
  - B I Ain't Gonna Cry No More . . . . . *Riley*
- Dr. E. Charlton Black

An Arrangement from "Babbitt" . . . . . *Sinclair Lewis*  
 Harry Seymour Ross

Poems of Kipling—

- A On the Road to Mandalay
  - B Gunga Din
  - C The Ladies
- Gertrude McQuesten

Hezekiah on Horseback . . . . . *Anon*  
 Robert H. Burnham

Poems—

- A Bingen on the Rhine . . . . . *Anon*
  - B Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight . . . . . *Anon*
- Jessie Eldridge Southwick

Poems—

- A Route Marchin' . . . . . *Kipling*
  - B Paternal Lullaby . . . . . Original
- Joseph E. Connor

Pantomimes—

- A Little Jack Horner
  - B Little Miss Muffett
  - C Scene from "Just Married"
- Imogen Hogle Putnam

Selections—

- A The Ocean . . . . . *Byron*
  - B Little Brook . . . . . *Riley*
  - C Mad Scene from "Hamlet" . . . . . *Shakespeare*
- William Howland Kenney

Solo—"Tomorrow"

Mary A. Winn

Solo—"At Three o'Clock in the Morning With Patsy in My Arms"

Joseph E. Connor

The program ended as it began—a mighty triumph, many declaring it to be the supreme achievement of Emerson College, while Boston newspaper critics acclaimed it an artistic and literary feast—decidedly a rich repast.

*For the Prom?*

Peg MacLaren reads Riley's "Old Sweetheart of Mine" in ladylike manner in Gesture class.

Mrs. Puffer—"Get your man! Get your man!"

*O Gene!*

Freshie—"There's a new man in school!"

Soph (eagerly)—"Are you sure?"

Freshie—"Positively; I heard them read his name in class today—Mister Williger."

*Ye Prospective Pedagogues!*

"Charity" Cobb, reciting "Midsummer" in Normal class—"Through all the long, midsummer day the meadowsides are sweet with hay."

Carlotta H. (pupil teacher)—"Now, I want you just to smell that hay."

"Charity" (meekly, yet defensively)—"I can't smell; I have a cold."

Mrs. Southwick, calling roll—"Davoran—"

John—"I pass."

Mr. Connor, in Debate—"If you must ramble, ramble to the point."

Sara Hunter, reading Petruchio in a Petruchian way that would have delighted the heart of his creator William—"Tush! tush! Fear bugs with boys."

Some people say 'tis a habit bad,  
 For two to sleep in a dorm single bed,  
 "Not so," say I, for I really think  
 It's a very great art instead!

Found in an Emerson coed's Bible—A picture of Rudolph Valentino!

*For Ladies Only!*

Now I'll bet a new hat to a doughnut,  
 That there's something each boy has read,  
 I knew he'd get at it some way,  
 If he had to stand on his head.

Miss Smith—"What do people usually do when they meet?"

Sara Hunter (being wooed by Morpheus)—"Bump."

*'Twas Never Thus—At Emerson!*

The two Juniors stretched and yawned.

“What shall we do tonight?” said one.

“I’ll toss up a coin for it,” said his chum. “If it’s heads, we’ll go to the movies; if it’s tails, we’ll call on Nan and Bess; and if it stands on edge, we’ll study.”—*The Spirit*, Ames H. S., Iowa.

Soph (at rehearsal)—“Now, why do we have to stand around here waiting like fools?”

Miss Winn—“I’m sorry you have to wait, but I’m not responsible for the rest.”

Nora Connors (teaching in Normal class)—“Now, Miss Hutchinson, what are you going to do?”

Carlotta (thinking of a chapter in Evolution)—“Slide?”

Mr. Tripp (taking the roll in his exclusive Junior Playwriting class, consisting of seven)—“How many are absent today?”

Junior—“Two. Five are here.”

Mr. Tripp—“Nay, we are seven.”

*O Tempora, O Mores!*

His Father—“When I was a boy, my best clothes were made from my father’s old ones.”

Bobby—“An’ I gotta wear sis’s ole knickers. An’ that’s worse.”

Daisy—“What is the hygienic value of the chest exercise?”

Mildred—“It prevents abominable breathing.”

Mary—“Who’s that fellow with the long hair?”

Anne—“He’s a fellow from Yale.”

Mary—“Oh, I’ve often heard of those Yale locks.”—*Pantograph*, Kansas City H. S.

Dorothy Leith (in Physical Culture)—“Sometimes I’m conscious of my head not being right.” So say we all of us!

*Isn’t This Trippesque?*

Mr. Tripp (in Dramatic Training)—“He has just asked (slide on ‘asked’) her for a kiss—that was some (slide on ‘some’) years ago.”

*Oh, These Teachers!*

Kay Blume (appointed by Miss Smith to correct Normal students' rhetorical errors)—“Well, all I noticed was that different members of the Faculty made the following grammatical errors. I have a list here.” (We exceedingly regret, gentle reader, that we are unable to publish this list; it has since been lost, strayed or stolen).

*We submit for your consideration*

Miss Southwick—“How would you begin teaching your first day of school?”

Madge D.—“Take the roll and send them home.”

*One On William (Listen, Joe)*

From an Iowa student's exam paper:

“Shakespeare was married when eighteen, and became the father of twins, Romeo and Juliet, at twenty-one.”

*Heard Over Phone*

“Is this the Colonial? I'd like to reserve two good seats in the second balcony for this evening, please.”

On the principle that the pen is mightier than the sword, we present:

Our “Mame”  
 Is sure some Jane,  
 She sure knows how  
 To play the game.  
 Works all day—  
 Gads all night—  
 But in the mornin',  
 She's just as bright!  
 Rehearsals, rehearsals,  
 Is all we hear,  
 But just the same,  
 She's a dear!

—Author unknown.

Miss Penick—“How much time did you spend on your selection, Anne?”

Anne—“I spent an hour—‘Crossing the bar’.”

Miss Winn—"What was the prevailing note of the costumes in the Prehistoric Age?"

Wee Small Voive—"Brevity."

---

Emerson Junior—"Answer for me in Normal class."

Junior's Friend—"No; you go to class."

Emerson Junior—"Now, please do, 'cause I've just got to take a bath."

---

*Values! (See Evolution, Volume ? ?)*

"My Queen!" fondly exclaimed the fiery youth.

"My Jack!" softly cooed the blushing girl.—*Boston Transcript.*

---

Mildred—"One of Wesley's main points in the debate on Immigration is Agriculture."

Hazel—"Oh, he's got it mixed up with Irrigation."

---

*Hiawatha (From the want ads)*

By the shores of Cuticura,  
 By the sparkling Pluto water  
 Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet,  
 Danderine, fair Buick's daughter.  
 She was loved by Instant Postum,  
 Son of Sunkist and Victrola;  
 Heir apparent to the Mazda;  
 Of the tribe of Coca Cola—  
 Through the Tanlac strolled the lovers,  
 Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered,  
 "Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet,"  
 Were the Fairy words of Postum,  
 "No Pyrene can quench the fire,  
 Nor any Aspirin still the heartaches,  
 Oh, my Prestolite desire—  
 Let us marry, little Djer-kiss."

---

Miss Smith—"Do you know, Cicero believed and practiced these principles of Dr. Emerson."



If you  
like a beautiful  
season and  
winter  
with  
your notes  
to Helen

*Junior Nightmares*

1. Being in a dramatic training scene with Florence Bates and "Billie" Harrington.

2. Junior—"I dreamed last night that Rudyard Kipling was the editor of the *Boston Transcript*. He wrote me a letter saying the *Transcript* would have to discontinue its school and college page unless we sent in more news from Emerson.

3. The wild sensation we experience the day we are up in Debate on hearing that our colleagues are suddenly taken ill.

4. Or when a scene goes up with but one (?) full (?) rehearsal!

5. And when "Trippy" comes down the aisle smacking his lips at the sight of work well done, or at the chance work to be undone, looking from right to left, then heavenward as if for help and guidance, and finally beginning "the scene as a whole"—you may fill out the space, if by the greatest stretch of imagination you can recall the day when you were "up" and clung, as it were, to those soft, emerald curtains in this your hour of need.

*A Fable in Slang*

I met her in the ballroom,  
Looking sweet, demure and shy—  
"Ah, here is the kind they *used* to have—  
An innocent girl," said I.

Here is a Jane who is girlishly sweet,  
Naught of this world she knows,  
Ah—this must be her very first Prom  
Or she couldn't be looking so.

I hardly knew how to approach her,  
I could think of nothing to say—  
"How divinely you dance," I stammered,  
She: "How do you get that way?"

"Your voice is just like the music,  
When with you all else I forget."  
But here came her prompt interruption,  
"You ain't heard nothin' yet."

"Your shimmying's divine—superb—  
You set my head in a whirl,  
You have old Irene in the shade."  
She chirped, "I'll tell the world."

And when the dance was all over,  
 I ventured, "You're some dancer, Ruth."  
 But somehow that line did not reach her,  
 For she answered, "Ain't it the truth?"

And when she danced off with another,  
 And I turned to go out the door,  
 She babbled a fond, "Good-bye, old dear,  
 That's all, there ain't any more."

So I wandered back to the womanless throng,  
 And stood there, feeling quite dreary,  
 The fellow who said, "Ruth's a simple coed,  
 Surely didn't know the half of it, dearie."

H. K., '24.

---

Harriet—"Now, if anyone calls me up, you answer the phone, Lillian,  
 but don't talk *too* much to him."

---

Dick Dull—"I say, Bill, who's this fellow 'Anon' whose name we see  
 signed to so many clever things?"

Bill Bright—" 'Anon'? Oh, that's the pseudonym of I."

---

*How Times Do Change!—The Weekly Epistle*

FRESHMAN

Emerson College,  
 Boston, Mass.

My dearest mother and father:—

Here I am at E. C. O., and like it ever so much. Everyone is *so* nice to me, and the work isn't *so* awfully hard. Have been to lots of parties and seen so many new things. It is *so* different from anything I expected. Of course there could be some changes, but taking everything into consideration I am perfectly satisfied.

A world of love,

DAUGHTER.

SOPHOMORE

Dearest parents:—

School has changed a *lot* this year. There seem to be a *lot* of unnecessary rules. Am taking a lot of dry subjects. There's a lot of green Freshmen. Am spending a lot of money.

Much love,

DAUGHTER.

JUNIOR

They're working me to death. They expect so much. They keep us at rehearsals morning, noon and night. Send money.

Love,

DAUGHTER.

SENIOR

Check received. Well but busy.

DAUGHTER.

Charity (returned from Spring vacation)—“You know, Helen, I packed you the loveliest box.”

Helen—“Oh, oh! Where is it?”

Charity—“Oh, I left it on the train.”

*Ten Hints to Amateurs*

1. When cast for a part in Dramatic Art, the first thing to do is to give evidence of great despair. This will call forth from Trippy a seething, withering glance.

Note—One of these will be sufficient.

2. Next, avoid the captain of your scene as far as possible.

3. Do not look in mail box.

4. When it is no longer possible to escape, make up your mind to befriend the weary captain and go to all rehearsals.

5. Attend at least one of them.

6. When cast for a man's part, it is well to practice with cigarettes. The use of these to be determined by captain.

Note—Use them anyhow.

7. If wearing beards, it is well to arrange them heavily, so as to cover as much of face as possible. It is sometimes well to feel hidden or in complete disguise.

8. If at a loss to know what to do with hands put them behind back or in pockets.

Note—Never step on them.

9. If you forget a cue be sure to ask the prompter in a loud tone, “what's the line?” Make it aggressive enough so that both she and the audience will hear you. Then wait for a few tense moments while she finds the place. Never forget *yourself*.

10. If feeling weak, you will always find furniture over which to drape your angular personage. It is always comfortable to grasp the back of a chair.

RUTH BASSETTE, '23.



My best wishes  
to Betty from  
Sue

*Emerson's New Department—Matrimonial Bureau*

The diamond ring circle and the plain band club, in collaboration with the willing workers, realizing the active service and success of Emerson in the past in fitting her students for a career of Household Expression, and foreseeing the future of a great cause met on April 1, 1923, in Room 510 for the purpose of founding a matrimonial bureau at Emerson which should outline a more intensive course, guaranteeing more definite results. The meeting was opened with the Maiden's Prayer, led by Miss Margarette J. Penick, which was followed by a hymn, "Almost Persuaded." The question at issue was introduced by Professor Walter B. Tripp, who explained and discussed the question before the house; calling for discussion from the floor. Mrs. Donald Walsh made a comprehensive address heartily supporting the measure, which was also upheld by Mrs. Ann Morrison, in a forceful and convincing manner. Misses Vesta Nelson, Emily Seabor, Mary Dusenbury, Alice Saunders, and Amy Plastridge then spoke briefly of their confidence in the proposed institution, pledging their most earnest co-operation. Professor Joseph E. Connor thereupon made a unique address in which he discussed the difficult situations and complications arising from such an institution. Mr. Connor's opinion was not upheld by the house, and Mr. Connor sat down. Dean Harry Seymour Ross then arose and declared it his belief that if tact, sympathy, infinite patience and perseverance were practiced the plan might work out, as in the case of student government. Finally, a motion was made by Mrs. Priscilla C. Puffer that such a bureau be established at Emerson under Faculty control, but with active student participation. This motion was seconded by Miss Elsie R. Riddell. The Chairman then asked for a rising vote and the motion was carried almost unanimously, there being but one dissenting vote. Plans were then laid for the work to be taken up by the institution, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. George Dusseault; Vice-President, Mrs. Charles Putnam; Secretary, Miss Mary A. Winn; Treasurer, Francis J. McCabe. Refreshments were then served and the meeting adjourned. The following week Bulletins describing the methods and work of the Bureau were sent to the various students and alumnae, the returns of which advertisement amply rewarded the effort. The officers have worked untiringly in bringing together lonely, romance-deprived souls and the results have been most gratifying both to the Bureau and the contracting parties. During the first month of the Bureau's activity the following statistics have been compiled:

Total number of applications received—12,647.

Applications refused because of lack of good faith—154.

Satisfactory contracts consummated—10,397.

Applications now pending—2097.

The Bureau also conducts a department of advice and information free of charge which answers all questions sent to the Bureau provided the following questionnaire has been carefully and truthfully worked out.

Name?

Sex?

Married, single, divorced or engaged?

Height? Weight? Waist measure? White or colored? Size of shoe? Size of hat? Color of hair? Color of eyes? Complexion? Natural?

Disposition—retiring, aggressive, vivacious, bored?

Do you suffer from artistic temperament? Or do you cause others to suffer?

Are you subject to one or more of the following diseases: Insomnia? Somnambulence? Monomania? Kleptomania? Hydrophobia? Ennui?

Are you a follower of Coue, Henry Ford or Bryan?

Do you own an automobile or are you paying for one?

Define the following terms: Pineapple; Dumbbell; Thrill; Esplanade; Coed; Jazz; Flipper; Oilcan; Apple Sauce.

Are your intentions purely matrimonial or merely philanderous?

Are you fond of children or are you addicted to Pomeranians?

Have you reconciled your career with matrimony?

Are you a moving picture fan? If so, why?

The following excerpts from the "Busy Bulletin" illustrate the work of the bureau:

Dear Editor—I am a young girl of thirty-seven; considered very attractive by my friends. I have dark, wistful eyes, olive complexion and cupid bow lips. Last leap year I took advantage of a woman's prerogative and asked a young man five years my senior to marry me. He consented and the day of the wedding was set, but at the last minute he did not appear. Since then I have searched everywhere for him, but cannot find him. At last almost mad with grief I decided to write you. Dear Editor, what shall I do? How shall I seek for him?

Broken Hearted Hattie.

Answer—B. H. H.—Don't seek for him; look for the missing link instead; he is not worthy of your attention or consideration. Let us know if you find it.

Dear Editor—I am a man eighteen years of age, considered good looking. I am a serious minded man and do not approve of the modern flapper. My ideal girl is the sweet, modest, retiring kind, like my mother. Where can I find a girl who does not smoke cigarettes, swear, try to vamp every good-looking man she meets, and who does not expect a good-night kiss? Trusting you can help me as you have helped so many others, I am

Anxious Archie.

Answer—A. A.—We would advise you to write the Reverend William A. Sunday, or Mme. Elinor Glyn. We will procure their address for you. Our hearts are with you, Archie.

Dearest Editor—I am a lonely, attractive widow and should like to correspond with a serious young man in the hope that we could at least be friends, if not more, as I am very lonely. Could you not give me the address of some one whom you know would write to me and perhaps be interested? I have a little money, enough to take care of two comfortably, and am not extravagant, as I do not dress, or act, or in any way resemble the flapper. Please help me, dear, dear editor.

Lovingly and trustingly, your sister in distress.

Lily Bell.

L. B.—Write to Archie. We will send you his address immediately. Be brave. We will do our best for you.

My dear Editor—I am a girl sixteen years of age, very pretty. I have rosy cheeks, large brown eyes, and white, even teeth. Dear Editor, I am in love with a movie star, but he does not know it. How can I tell him? Do you think he will return it? I love him to distraction. I can't even study or sleep at night. What can I do to make him love me and how can I keep him when I get his love?

Brown-Eyed Susan.

B. E. S.—We're sorry—You can't!

---

*Now, What Did He Mean By That?*

Mac (enthused)—“Now this speech should take you right off your feet.”

Edith Leger (not so enthused)—“I wish it would.”

Mac—“It will if you will be a good girl.”

---

Miss Penick (sentimentally)—“I just love ‘That Old Sweetheart of Mine.’”

---

Anne D.—“I think the ending of that play needs to be made clear.”

Mr. Tripp—“That last line—‘the way of a woman’?”

Anne—“Yes.”

Mr. Tripp—“That never will be.”

---

Junior drops vanity case in Dramatic Training class.

Mr. Tripp (after few minutes during which Junior decides he has not heard it)—“Make-up hour is 2.15.”



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Editor-in-Chief



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Asst. Editor-in-Chief



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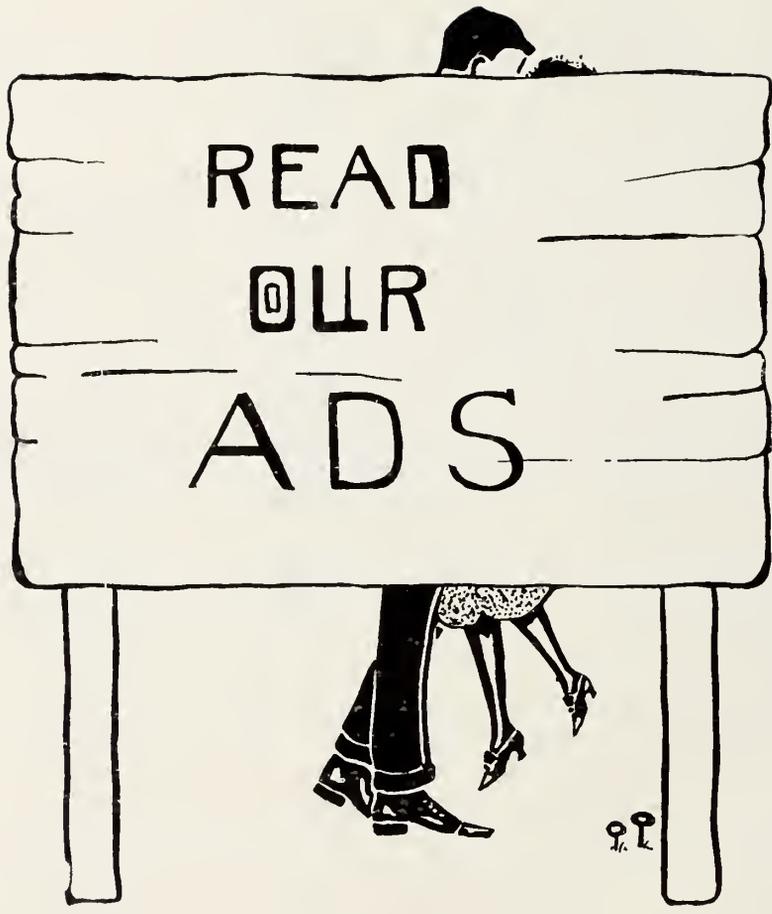
MILDRED KINDLY  
Advertising Manager

YEAR BOOK STAFF

I feel like  
you are a real old soul  
I think and hope some  
Mr. Will be. Grace  
Galle



We hope that we have pleased you,  
We've tried with all our might;  
We wish you all a very happy Summer  
And—good-night!



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Mary my dearest,  
 I certainly have  
 enjoyed having you  
 with us all year & I don't  
 need to tell you how  
 much I love you because  
 I have tried to show  
 you all year. & if you  
 ever come to Boston  
 again. 401 Beacon St  
 more than welcome you  
 I would love to hear  
 from you some time  
 & I wish you all the  
 best in the world.

Compliments of

**SOUTHWICK HALL**

Load & Loads of  
 love  
 Father:

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**KAPPA GAMMA CHI**

---

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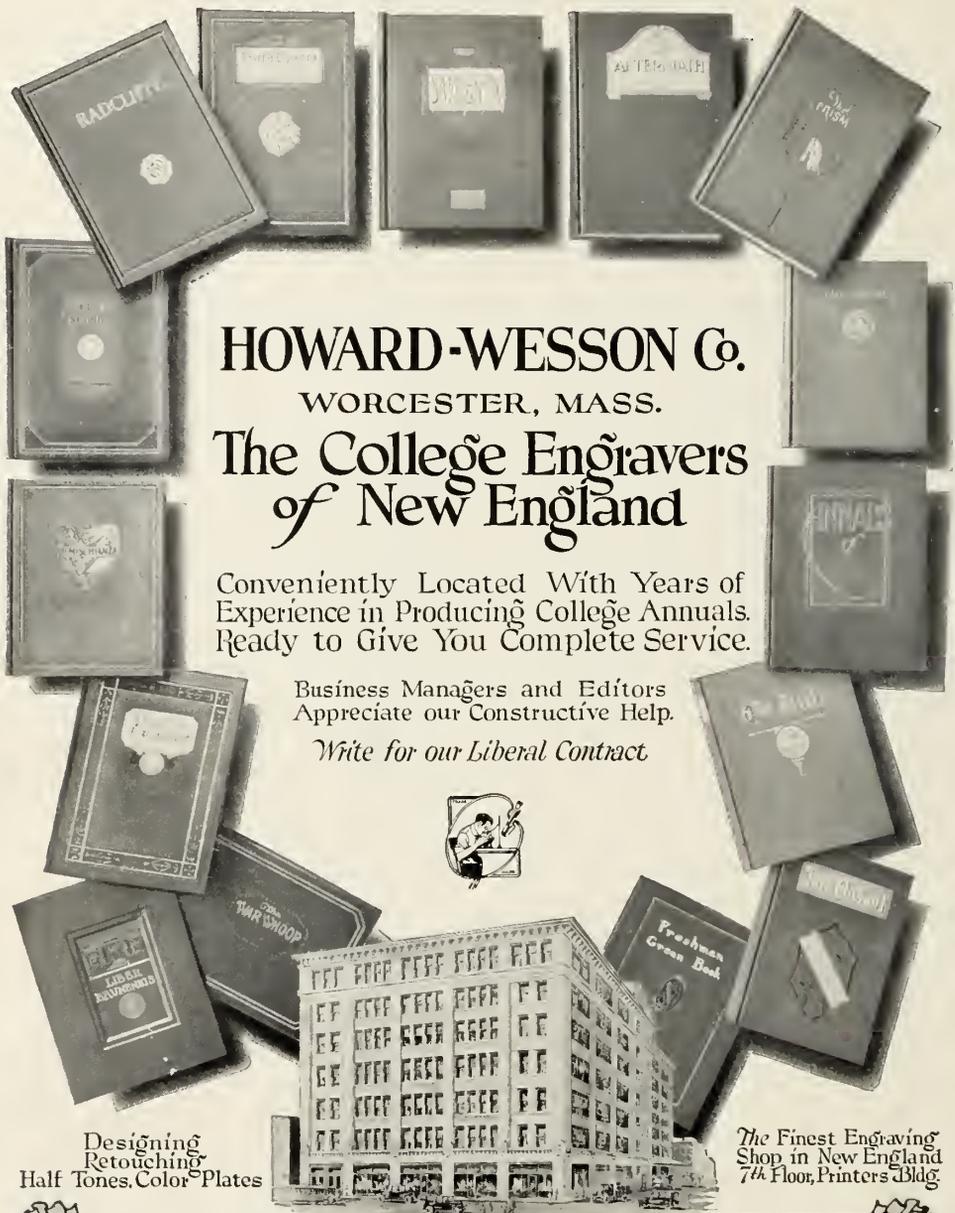
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