



Amos Lewis Riddle



MARGARET GROVES
MARSHALLTON

*"A good temper is like a sunny day,
It sheds its gladness every way."*

CLASS OFFICERS

MARGARET GROVES, *President*
ANNA RITZ, *Vice-President*
BERTHA WELCOME, *Secretary*
EDNA PRATT, *Treasurer*



ALPHONSO ALDERSON
ELKTON

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure,
and wisdom with mirth."*



RUTH EMMA BENNET
WILMINGTON

*"High erected thoughts seated in
a heart of courtesy."*



BRITA SARAH OWENS BUCKINGHAM
NEWARK

*"For she was just a quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary."*



MADELINE HARRIET DIXON
WILMINGTON

*"A noble woman, nobly planned,
To cheer, to comfort, and com-
mand."*



HELEN CHASE FISHER
DOVER

"My heart is like a singing bird."



MARION GRAFFIN
HANOVER, PA.

"Let not your heart be troubled."



WINIFRED HANCHETT
NEW YORK CITY

*"A rosebud set with little wilful
thorns*

*As sweet as English air could
make her."*



MARIE HEARNE LECATES
LAUREL

"I have a great work in hand."



EDNA ELLEN PRATT
CLAYTON

*"Such sweet compulsion doth in
music lie."*



ANNA LOIS RITZ
NEWARK

"We find joy in her every note."



KATHARINE STEVENS
SEAFORD

"A good mind possesses a kingdom."



LILLIAN LEWIS THORNLEY
SMYRNA

*"For manners are not idle, but
the fruit of loyal nature and of
noble mind."*



ANNE VANSANT
GALENA

"Love is love forevermore."



BERTHA LATOUR WELCOME
MILFORD

"Every duty is a pleasure."



MARY CARDELLE WILLIAMS
CRESCENT CITY, FLA.

*"Always in a haste but never in a
hurry."*

CLASS HISTORY

With a slam of baggage and a half-intelligent smile on our faces, we landed,—as green as the bows which the watchful Sophomore class soon tacked on our left shoulders. Green we wisely remained thru "call-ups" before the mighty Sophomore class, and green with fright we continued to remain after our tragic "call-downs." But tragedies couldn't last forever, and in May we brought comedy to our college world with a pageant, "The Fete of the Allied Nations."

With another slam of baggage and an extremely intelligent smile, we again landed—Sophomores, the rightful and wise rulers of our domain, the Freshmen. Of course we ruled wisely and tyrannically. And oh, the joys of song and food and wild stories in our den, "Room 33." We even forgot our freshmen subjects long enough to give a play, "The Man Outside," which won immortal fame for one of our members. And then the Daisy Chain! One who has been a Sophomore can never forget the joy and pain of making the daisy chain! Our greatest pain, however, was alleviated by the joy of carrying the chain for our Sister Class, the Seniors of 1919.

With a gentle hiff of the baggage and a grim smile, we came back to face the responsibilities of Juniors. Our first duty was to introduce the Freshmen boys to their co-sufferers, the Freshmen girls. This we successfully did by giving a Junior Bonfire. Then more urging duties pressed upon us, and with good luck and good will, we gave a Junior Prom to the Seniors of 1920, and edited a never-to-be-forgotten "Blue and Gold."

As an emblem of our strength and devotion to duty, we planted an elm tree in hopes that its spreading branches might bring comfort to future workers.

With a last but gentle lowering of the baggage and a dignified smile, we return to take up our final studies and duties as Seniors and also to enjoy the privileges due us after three years of diligence and unswerving obedience. As yet we are only apprentices in the matter of "Senior Teas," but we aspire to be masters of the art.

There are still so many things we wish to do, so many things to be done, so many left undone, and the time is short. Like Rabbi Ben Ezra we can say, "What I aspired to be and was not comforts me."

Tribute of '22 to '21

*Youthful years and maiden beauty
Joy go with you on your way.
When you leave your Alma Mater
May her ideals guide you every day.*

A CONFESSION

We were wishing and wanting to say it when
As Freshmen you just did enter our ken
We wanted to say it but we couldn't;
We felt that really, you know, we shouldn't;
In fine, as Sophomores we, oh just wouldn't.

Yes, we wished and wanted to say it still
When you as Sophomores climbed up the hill,
But those incoming Freshies needed a friend
So we stuck to the class right up to the end,
And our thought to you was never penned.

But now you're Juniors quite sedate
We'll try to say our thought, tho late,
We thought, we think, we'll ever know
You're full of heart, and brains, and go,
You're quite the nicest bunch we know.

Class of 1921.





DR. FINLEY K. M. FOSTER
NEWARK

*"The majesty
That from man's soul looks through his eager eyes."*

It was near the end of our Freshman year when Dr. Foster made his first appearance before our class to give us an impromptu in the absence of our usual professor. We suppose it was "love at first sight," for it was not long after this eventful day that we asked him to be our honorary member. He has been a faithful "big brother" to us and has helped us out of our many scrapes. The first thing we think of when we meet any trouble is to run to Dr. Foster for advice. It is not only our troubles which we carry to him, but we also share our pleasures with him. We are luckier than most classes, however, for we also have a big sister to share our duties and pleasures. Indeed, our parties wouldn't be complete without Mrs. Foster.





HELEN GROVES



OFFICERS

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MARGARET FINCK, *Vice-President*
MARIAN HATFIELD, *Secretary*
MARGUERITE MITCHELL, *Treasurer*



ELEANOR HARRIS CANNON

Wilmington

"But still her tongue ran on; the less of weight it bore, the greater ease."

To appreciate her you must know her. She is very anxious to have it known that she is studious, so we want to tell you that she studies very hard sometimes. The "Blue and Gold" has had an energetic Business Manager. It is hard work, but no one has ever known Eleanor to flinch at a responsibility just because there is hard work connected with it.

For the last two years Eleanor has made a specialty of cooking, but she says she does it only for pleasure. We have all seen the $\Sigma \Phi E$ "frat" pin, and we hope that cooking will always be a pleasure to Eleanor.





ALICE MABEL FERGUSON

"Ali"

New York City

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

"And Ali can play for us!" You see, Ali and her mandolin are as inseparable as "Mary and her little lamb." Wherever music is concerned, Ali with her faithful madolin is "Johnny-on-the-spot." At least so it used to be. But this year we suffered the pangs of loneliness for our Ali betook herself to the Practice House. Yes, she served her term as housekeeper, waitress, and cook, and has again returned to us. It seems like old times to hear her merry "ha-ha" thru the halls during the quiet hour. "But don't forget the proctor, Ali."





ETHEL FERGUSON

New York City

"Eth"

*"Tell me where is fancy bred
In the heart or in the head."*

Ethel was not in college long before her unusual ability in decorating was discovered. As a Freshman she was the first to volunteer her services in helping to decorate for the Hallowe'en dance. But Ethel's talent was far too great for her to be used as an assistant and in a short time she was planning the decorations for most of our college dances. "Eth" is an enthusiastic worker, and it is rumored that this talented Junior will take up interior decorating when she finishes college. But we wonder—for southern Delaware is so attractive.





MARGARET LOUISE FINCK

Wilmington

"Finckie"

"Meek as a lamb, yet mighty as a lion."

When Finckie came to college she became distinguished by her interest in chemistry. Everybody wondered why, but the bids to those chemists' dances solved the mystery. Finckie has other interests than chemistry, however, for she goes at each new task with the same vigor. Whether it is ordering refreshments for a dance, decorating for a play, or earning a "D" in hockey—she is always to be depended upon.





DOROTHY MARY FORD

Wayne, N. J.

"Dot"

*"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity."*

Some are of the opinion that Dot is quiet and serious, but those who know her well are inclined to think otherwise. In fact, she possesses a keen sense of humor and a willingness to help in whatever is needed to be done. In Y. W. C. A., Athletics, and Dramatics, Dot is always "on the job."

Dot has the same winning smile for acquaintances as for intimate friends. And although she is silent on certain matters, we have observed that she wears a medical fraternity pin which tells its own story.





SARA LOUISE FRANCIS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"She's a wee, tiny thing."

Louise has left the sheltering walls of W. C. D. and the Junior Class misses her. She's gone, but not forgotten—as most anyone can tell you who sees a certain long and lanky youth straying about up town. Anyway, she has gotten her A. B. and that's what most of us are striving for. So why shouldn't she leave college, having attained the most important thing? We'd almost venture to tell the public Louise is matrimonially inclined if we didn't know so perfectly that she wears the jewelled frat pin "just because its pretty." Louise can "trip the light fantastic," too. What will the future Greek plays do without her as the Première Danseure?





HELEN GROVES
Marshallton
"Groves"

"Those who think they can conquer, conquer."

When Helen established herself as a Freshman, she declared she could never stand it, but she is becoming accustomed to it. Indeed, she stays with us now from Monday morning until Friday afternoon. And she finds time not only for lessons, but for outside activities such as Dramatics, hockey, letter-writing, and telephone courses. And she has achieved fame in all of them. Her first appearance in dramatic work was "way back" in our Freshman year when she recited "Little Willie." Then and there we prophesied fame for her, and already our prophecies have come true.

We were so pleased to have her on the advertising staff of "The Blue and Gold," for she seems especially well qualified in handling "Bills." Come on now, wear the ΣΦΕ frat pin just for fun.





MILDRED MORGAN HALEY

Wilmington

"Tow-head"

*"Blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to day."*

Mildred hails from Wilmington, but of course you all know that, for she strays idly about the halls telling everyone, even the Dean, that she's left her love in Wilmington. Now we cannot tell how strongly the "Marks" of love have cast their spell over her, for so often she changes her tune. To-day she talks of a "Studebaker car" and a "Full moon"; while to-morrow we hear whispers of—Harold, did you say? There, you've guessed it!

But Mildred's a sweet kid; just the kind who smiles when the sun shines, and smiles brighter still when a gray day comes. And we're sure you'll agree with us when we say, "None know her but to love her."





MARIAN HATFIELD

Wilmington

"Hats"

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

When Marian first came to college she entered as an innocent minded "Arts and Science" girl, but since then she has learned the "nearest way to a man's heart" and has changed to the Home Economics course. Even our little three year old "class boy" has fallen for her vamping ways and calls her "his girl." And when it comes to vamping "ads" for The Blue and Gold, she is there in all her glory.

If you would like to secure her own booklet on "How to Grow Thin While Eating at W. C. D.," just send ten cents in stamps and you will receive your copy by return mail.





HANNAH HOLLINGSWORTH

Fairville, Pa.

*"So gentle, mild, and staid,
She seems a modest maid."*

After graduating from West Chester Normal School and teaching for one year, Hannah decided to continue her studies at our college. Most of her time Hannah can be found diligently applying herself to her lessons. But there is another side to her school life. It has been proven that she can play as hard as she can work. It is Hannah who thinks up the tricks to play on the girls in her hall. She often tries to play innocent, but she can't fool them forever. She declares she has never found anyone yet that she really disliked. This accounts for her sunny disposition and kind heart.





NELLIE HUGHES
Felton

*"Love me little, love me long,
Is the theme of my song."*

Nellie came to college a perfect lady—that is, she did not dance. But after a few weeks of close observation she shocked a classmate by asking her to teach her how to dance, and now she is jazzing around—indeed, a master of the art. In spite of this fact, she manages to maintain some of her old habits, and goes to Sunday School once in a while. Nellie is quiet, studies hard, and gets homesick. But regardless of this, she has managed to stay with us for three years, at least.

Alas!

Too Late!



MILDRED FAIRLAMB JEFFERIS
Wilmington
"Bullet"

"I can love no more, my heart is full."

Bullet hails from our neighboring city of Wilmington. But who wouldn't know that for not one single week-end this year has she honored us with her company. As we have always had great faith in Bullet's ability and judgment, we did not inquire into matters too hastily, and finally the whole mystery was cleared up when Bullet came back to school after the Thanksgiving holiday proudly displaying a ring. Bullet was to be our Editor-in-Chief you know, but since "it is hard to be in love and be wise" she felt it necessary to resign the weighty responsibility.

The class of '22 thinks a great deal of you, Bullet, and we wish you every happiness when you are established in your "cottage with shutters."





ELEANOR HITCHENS MARSHALL

Lewes

"What she thinks, she says."

Eleanor is our artist. She is always hunting for some object to paint or sketch. Just take a peep at her Biology note-book and you will discover her ability along this line. Whether it is a bee, a frog, or some intricate system she wishes to represent, Eleanor "gets the effect." We suggest that she might spend the summer painting the beauties of Lewes, for she says it is beautiful and we take her word for it.

Eleanor is always busy, but she is never too busy to help a friend out of any difficulty. The Freshmen were not slow to find this out, and so our classmate can vie with any member of the English Department in the number of themes she has read.





GRACE TURNER MARVIL

Laurel

"Gracy"

*"There is pride in her head that she carried so high,
Pride in her step, and pride in her eye."*

Gracy came to us in our Freshman year with her good old Sussex ways. She's a true Delawarean and ready to back her college at any time. Like the rest of us, she has her faults, her good points, and her pet hobby, which, as far as we can make out, is curling up to take a nap at any time during the day. But we can forgive her for that for she is usually present at all the "jazz" parties, and she must get her sleep sometime. Don't get the impression she is lazy—because, when she does wake up she's a hard worker, and hard to beat.





ELIZABETH MARGUERITE MITCHELL

Millsboro

"Mitch"

"The blush is beautiful, but it is sometimes inconvenient."

When Mitch left Mission to come to college the town lost four-fifths of its population. She never lets the folks forget her though, for she takes a trip "down home" every chance she gets. Marguerite can tell you anything about a farm and all about "down state," and you don't even have to ask.

Her particular hobby is dancing and, sometimes, cooking. In fact, we will recommend her to any good man as a first class cook, seamstress, and house-keeper—especially after her course in Home Economics.





ANNA MARGARET MOFFETT

Smyrna

"Muff"

*"It is decreed by heaven above
That sooner or later we all must love."*

We are proud to say that Marg is one to whom the class of '22 looks up to as one of their champions in Athletics, and as their renowned editor of "The Blue and Gold." Marg has won fame in basket-ball, hockey, and judging from the trophy which she wears faithfully around her neck, we might add foot-ball.

Now she is Editor-in-Chief, and spends her time from Monday to Friday chasing "write-ups" and all sorts of scandal for that book. But when those week-ends come, Marg forgets book and all, and strays to Smyrna to seek information about "Bud"—no, not Wilbur's buds. Never mind, Marg, we have already said that sooner or later we all must love.





WINIFRED ETHEL PENCE

Newark

"She looketh well to the ways of her household."

When we first came to college we often wondered how Mrs. Pence could manage her household and keep all those English assignments up to date. But she soon proved to us that she was capable of doing both. And even that wasn't all, for we'll always remember those delicious cakes that she made for our dinner parties. Even though she isn't a resident student we never forget that she lives "just across the campus."



AUGUSTINE LOUISE PHILIPS

Wilmington

"Louiser"

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Independence, that's Louise all over! From the day when she entered college as a "peppy" little Freshman, she has always relied on her own plans. She always welcomes a good time, even at the expense of others. Louise is a good student, but she prefers athletics to lessons any day. In hockey, basket-ball, and base-ball, she is always on the job, and in tennis—well, she's a star.

But we wonder why Louise has abandoned, to a certain degree, the interesting college activities, and has taken up a new and mysterious activity which demands her attention in Wilmington? Time alone will tell.





VIVIEN WINIFRED PORTER
Washington, D. C.

"It's hard to be in love and be wise."

Although Vivien is the "best-hearted girl in the wide world," she always did things without thinking twice. But this year she has never even thought once. Ever since Hallowe'en night Vivien has been different. She was probably bewitched by some concoction brewed by the witches that night which carried her away. Oh no! She isn't gone, but her heart is, and that's about as bad if not worse. Sh! That's a secret, though. Of course, we really don't know anything about it, but let's make a few guesses—in a few years from now our Vivien will probably be back in good old Delaware again. At Newark? No! Guess again!





MARIAN RODNEY

Laurel

"Caesar"

"There is no wisdom like frankness."

Caesar is always in a hurry. Don't ever get in her way for if you do you will feel as though a "20th Century Limited" had struck you. We wonder why Caesar doesn't go out for track. It is lucky for us that she doesn't, for her daily practice would give her an unfair advantage. She has fallen into some bad habits since her sojourn with us. Among them are excess crimping of her hair, doing all of the latest jazz steps, and darning stockings on Sundays.

Strange as it may seem Caesar is also interested in her academic work. Her particular field is chemistry, and she spends many hours in the laboratory working out problems which to us seem intricate and uninteresting.





ELIZABETH REBECCA TAYLOR

Dover

"Liz"

"There is not a moment without duty."

"Oh ask Liz, she knows!" seems to have become a class slogan, and a well-founded one it is too. Due to the tact, diplomacy, and forethought of this wonderful classmate of ours, the class of '22 came through its Sophomore year with flying colors. Since she played the part of the "School Marm" in her Freshman year, she has been a true and faithful guide to '22. This year she has been playing "mamma" to the Sussex Hallers, and a better "mamma" could never be found among us. But with all her duties she still finds some time to give herself over to being "just our Liz."





MABEL KATHARINE TEBO

Dover

"She from whose lips divine persuasion flows."

Whenever we think of Mabel we think of dramatics—not so much because Mabel is dramatic but because she is President of the Dramatic Club. We never know just whether to be real glad to see Mabel or to be real sorry, for she either gives you a big earful of perfectly fresh gossip, or manages to get you to do some hard piece of work by her tactful little saying, "You're a clever girl; you're just the one to do this." And even the best of us can't always refuse.



GLADYS WILCOX

Wellsboro, Pa.

"Glad"

*"And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow."*

What a ray of sunlight flooded the Junior class when Gladys descended upon us in our Junior year. We wonder now how we lived through two years of college life without her. She always greets you with a smile and drawls out "Hel-lo" in a voice that could belong to no girl except Gladys. She is happy-go-lucky—yes, but still a "good pal."

But Gladys is not all smiles and frivolity. She struggles diligently over Biology, loves and appreciates really good music, and we have promise of one more champion when tennis season rolls around.





ELSIE LENORE WOOLEYHAN

Cecilton, Md.

"Wooley"

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

When Elsie came to college wearing short dresses and black curls, we wondered if the child was really ready for a college course. But we didn't have to wait long for Elsie soon showed us that her mind was more than grown up. Even though Elsie loves to study, she is not selfish with her time. She sees that each issue of The Reporter reaches its owner, and that the Browsing Room is in "apple-pie" order.

Another evidence that Elsie is growing up is that she has a beau. It was such a shock to us, and now we are prepared for almost anything. Indeed, we are expecting to hear, "Elsie is learning to jazz."





Just some of us



The "33" bunch



Painters

JUNIORS



Beware of germs

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Monday evening

My dear Hazel,

Don't you remember when you were a child how you used to read and re-read certain books; they were among your most precious possessions. The covers parted from them, but their value decreased not a whit. I well remember a copy of Henty's "Under Drake's Flag" (having been a mere boy, I must plead ignorance of the "Elsie Books") which I literally read to pieces. I am sure you can parallel that experience with one of your own.

I am wondering tonight whether you now have any books which are as precious to you today as those of yesterday were in their time. Have you made a little collection of books which really mean something to you, books which you can re-read not only with pleasure but also with gain? If you have not such a group, let me urge you to start one; if you have already made a beginning, let me encourage you to continue.

Of the content of such a group I have nothing to say. Let me warn you, however, against sets of books for living room display which mean nothing to you but the satisfaction of seeing a group of uniformly bound books standing in its proper place.

The books which you must put in your collection—you may call it your library, for even if it consists of two books only, it is a genuine library in that it represents real treasure—you must find for yourself. Try some of the books which the world has called great: if any one has a real appeal for you, put it in your treasure trove; those that do not interest you now, lay aside for a few years and then try them again. If on this reading you find nothing, throw them out: all books are not for all people. Other books you may find by chance; indeed, some of my choicest possessions I have hit upon by accident. Try the recommendations of your friends honestly and keep those that really fit you.

Above all things be not ashamed of your own collection if you find it differs radically from those of your friends. The books in it are as much an expression of your character as your words and actions are. You may never write a book but you certainly will find plenty of opportunity for self-expression in selecting your own library.

Sincerely yours,

Finley M. K. Foster.

Belmont Cottage on
The King's Highway.

THE ARRIVAL

We are the Class of '22
And twenty-four of us in view,
In September we were summoned by an exhorter
On the "2.38," Vivien acted as "Porter,"
Grace made it a "Marvil-ous" trip
And in Newark we gave our "Marshall" a tip
For it was a privilege and pleasure
To be led by a "Ford," a world-wide treasure.
We acted like regular soldiers
For our "Cannon" and "Bullett" marched shoulder to
 shoulder;
Caesar Rodney led the parade
Philips and Moffett acted as aids,
At the corner was our "Groves"
And in the rush, Nellie stumped her toes,
Finckie to the rescue came

Liz, our "Taylor," did the same,
The cotton was bought by the "Pence"
And the damage was fixed for a few cents,
Then we were met by "Alis' " band,
Haley, Hats and Mitch were singing on the sand,
There were two sopranos and one alto
With Miss "Wilcox" leading just so,
Her assistants were filled with mirth—
Both Wooleyhan and Hollingsworth.
And on the brand new gravel walk
Stood "Mabel" with her usual line of talk;
And Eth with her camera a picture took
For she was an editor of the Year Book.
And so we landed, and soon we leave
But we are happy, you may believe.

CLASS HISTORY

Let's see — 'way back in the golden age of our extreme youth, what is the first and most important events that pops into our heads? Am I not right, sister '22's, in saying it was our first revolt — namely, the time when we, in righteous indignation, committed the awful and unheard-of deed of removing our little green tags? But by all that was good and holy, including parliamentary law, we knew we were right, e'en tho, perforce, we had need to gracefully submit to the law of the college. How well I remember the solemn and thoughtful council the class of '22 held to decide the fate of us all!

The year we entered college was an eventful one. There was the Flu, when we were carefully herded to-gether in the confines of the W. C. D. campus, until they gave us a month's vacation. We'd no sooner returned than the soul rousing event of the Armistice stirred us to our very depths — depths which had hitherto lain unsuspected in our youthful souls. Then there was the Country School House, the St. Patrick's party, etc.

Last, but not least, came Field Day, the very first event in college history when D's and numerals were given. And '22 was the victor of the meet.

Exams followed Field Day, and then we were all saying our goodbyes, leaving for vacation. That the end of our Freshman year had arrived meant little

then—but oh, the friendships, the gay parties, and the irresponsibilities of that year! Ah me, it seems but yesterday.

Women's College,
February 17, 1921.

Dear Catharine:

So much has happened since you left at the end of our Freshman year. We came back in September to find ourselves surrounded by Freshmen, but we did our duty and took care of them not only the first week, but the entire year. Indeed, our duties were many.

And have you heard about our dances and dinner parties? — when our guests from the other end of the campus advanced in army formation to battle with those W. C. D. potatoes, and how "The Jazz Babies from the Old Ladies' Home" migrated to the neighboring town to dance the weary hours away. And then came Field Day and Commencement. But I won't try to tell you about these for you have already subscribed to our "Blue and Gold." There you'll see what we have done, what we are doing, and what we wish to do.

Lovingly,
HELEN

GONE, BUT WHY?

Marie Simon

Marie stayed only a short while
For she was called forth by the voice of style,
And now Chevy Chase claims this maid
Who missed our parties, teas, and parade.

Gladys Harvey

The business world called her away,
She answered the call, and went to stay,
She was with us only a year or so
And we regret very much that she had to go.

Elizabeth Conwell

This young lady hailed from Dover
She stayed only long enough to look the place
over,
She decided to go back to the farm
For there, the Sophomores could give no alarm.

Catharine Woodman

As Freshmen we had tasks aplenty
And President Catharine's duties were many,
But she steered us safely through that year
Now we regret she's in Wisconsin instead of
here.

Helen Hudson

Helen was our chemistry shark,
In basketball she was like a lark,
She stayed only a year with '22
And success with music, we all wish you.

Louise Francis

Our fairy Louise won fame at W. C. D.
When she danced for you and me,
But her health caused her to leave
For you, Louise, we all do grieve.

Mayme Statnekoo

It was a question of go or stay
But finally "go" won the day,
Now Mayme is studying at Penn
But we see her every now and then.

Mildred Jefferis

Bullet has "fallen by the wayside,"
And with us, she'll no longer abide,
A voice calls her elsewhere
For little red shutters are swining there.

REPLY TO DR. FOSTER'S LETTER

Thursday evening.

Dear Dr. Foster:

Your interesting letter brought back to me memories of those happy, carefree childhood days—the days without responsibility when Year Books were unknown. Oh, those pleasant days when I could spend hours reading and re-reading my shabby copy of *Alice in Wonderland*! Even though it has lost its cover I still keep it among my treasures, and at that time little did I realize that it was the beginning of my library. Not all books do I consider worthy to share the shelf with my coverless "Alice," but as I look back over my college life I realize that I have added several to my collection. After the novel course last year, I consider Meredith's "Richard Feverel," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Kipling's "Kim" worthy of a place on my shelf. And I can't forget Emerson with his gentle ways and shrewd commonsense. Certainly "Hamlet," the drama by which all others are judged, appeals to everyone. Some of us

like Ibsen, some Maeterlinck, and surely we all like the fanciful mood of Strindberg's "Swanwhite."

Then I turn to American Literature, to the stories of Cable, Hawthorne and Page. What could be more interesting? Some of these stories have been made more real by my personal acquaintance with the author, for I'll never forget Thomas Nelson Page as he strolled about our campus last June talking with different groups of girls. He seemed the hero of one of his own stories: the true southern gentleman. And how much better did we appreciate the play "Abraham Lincoln" after hearing John Drinkwater tell us just why he wrote it.

And so, books bring friends and friends make books, and we'll always keep "The Blue and Gold" of 1921 among our treasurers, for only those who have helped with it know its TRUE value.

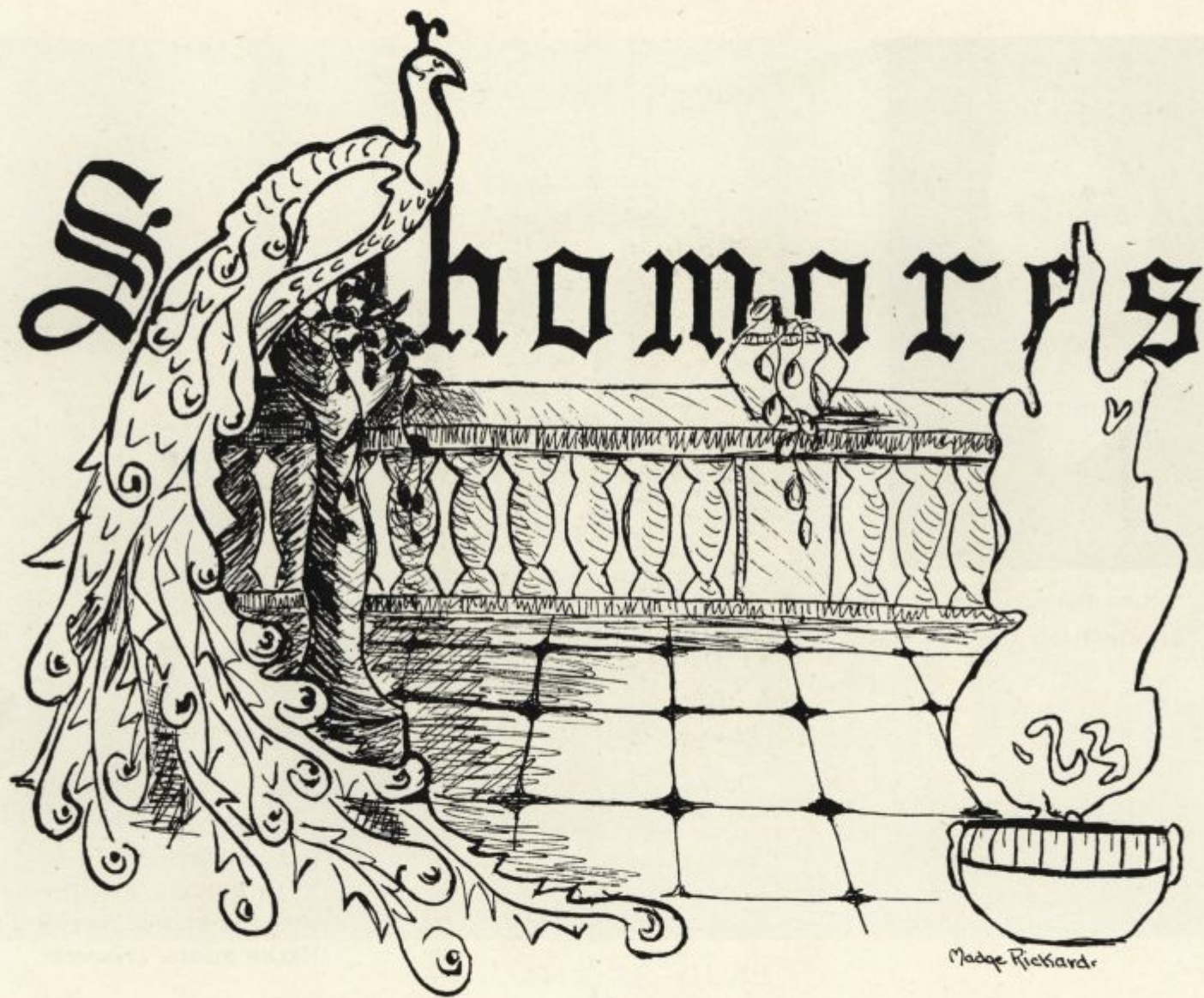
Sincerely yours,

Hazel.

CLASS BOY



"BUDDY" PENCE





ROSE ROBERTS
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

CLASS OFFICERS

ROSE ROBERTS, *President*
RUTH RUSSELL, *Vice-President*
VIRGINIA BROWN, *Secretary*
HELEN SHORB, *Treasurer*



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Cummings

Pages from a Sophomore Diary

Sept. 18, 1919—Of course its nice, but I never thought the trouble with the Sophs would start so soon. What wouldn't I give to see the family to-night?

Sept. 20—The Sophomores never seem to tire of laughing at us. Tonight we—all eighty-five—had a circus. As a reward our audience gave us "little rattles" to be worn every day without fail.

Oct. 3—Juniors gave us a bonfire to-night. Delaware College appeared en masse, and they didn't frighten me half as bad as I expected.

Oct. 28—Called up by the Sophs to-day for wearing pink hose. Had to learn the rules by heart. Just for spite I broke two more (walked out the front door and cut campus). Of course I had to go back.

Nov. 18—Puzzle—Where are the rattles?

Nov. 19—Puzzle solved—Back on again. We have decided that the only course to follow is that which the Sophomores point out.

Dec. 13—Most exciting open night we've had. While Miss Robinson was "speeding the parting guests," we snake-danced around the Hilarium waving the remnants of our rattles now off for good.

Feb. 1—Midyears are over. Hurrah! passed everything but Math., but who wants to know any thing about that?

Feb. 21—Alumnae Banquet, some spread!

Mar. 31—Such a day! Woke up this morning to find big red '23's painted all over the campus. Had to fight all day to keep them there.

April 1—Big time last night. About two o'clock we sneaked out to the flagpole and raised our numerals. We giggled so much we thought Harrington would fire his cap-pistol at us.

May 1—Forgot to set alarm, so was almost caught while hanging my May basket on Sallie's door at 7.25.

May 22—Field Day—shield went to '22.

June 14—Commencement, and now I'm a Sophomore.

Sept. 15, 1920—It's so nice to see all the old gang again, but oh that mob of Freshies we have to keep straight.

Oct. 6—Beat the Freshies in a fast basketball game today.

Oct. 30—Founders' Day. Thought I'd die when Rose, while making a beautiful speech about a birch, planted a maple.

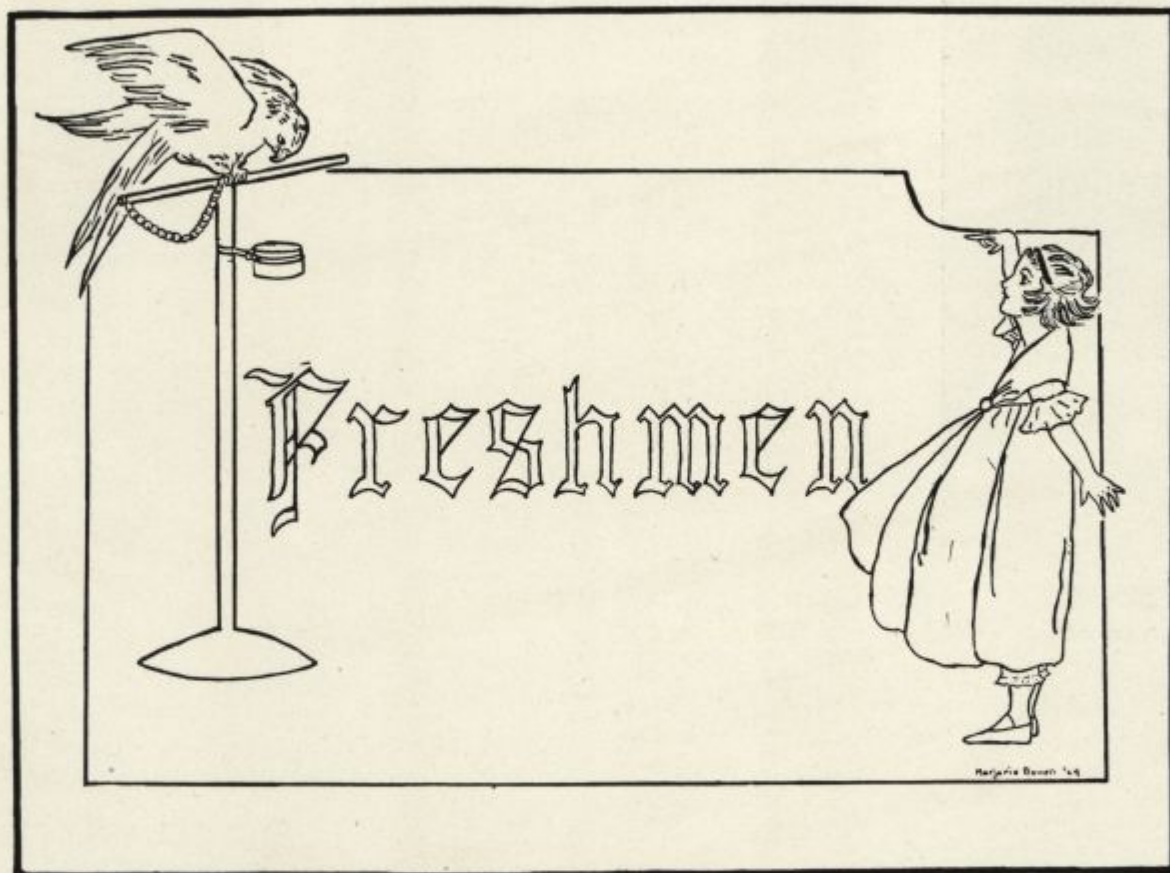
Nov. 12—Tell you, we have some sister class. Who would ever have thought a weenie roast in the Hilarium could be such fun?

Nov. 19—Now we're showing them—won the hockey game today. Rah for '23.

Jan 10—More bobbed heads. The fad is as catching as the measles.

Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday! John Drinkwater at our own W. C. D., and Professor and Mrs. Dutton at our own dinner party.

H. G. R. and R. R.





LUCILE PETTIBONE
NEW MILFORD, CONN.

CLASS OFFICERS

LUCILE PETTIBONE, *President*
ELIZABETH MACINTIRE, *Vice-President*
EMILY ROE, *Secretary*
ROBERTA BURTON, *Treasurer*



FRESHMAN CLASS

Cummings

CLASS HISTORY

In the fall of 1920, the Women's College welcomed the advent of the largest Freshman Class ever entered. Most of us were disappointed to discover that the "New Building" was as yet a myth; so we were scattered to the four winds.

Some of us were quite horrified and not a little daunted to find that our lot had fallen among Sophomores. Our fears were soon abated, however, when we learned how earnestly those Sophomores desired our complete comfort and absolute contentment. How unitedly and tirelessly they worked to dispel those persistent blues. And here we, the Freshman Class, do truly thank the Class of Nineteen Twenty-three for the hearty welcome they gave us. The

Juniors were lovely to us, albeit with a more kindly friendliness.

We were so great in number that it was found advisable to enlarge the dining room. Yea—even to almost twice its original size.

So here we are at the first milestone of our college career. Half of our Freshman days are gone; half still lie before us. We've loved being Freshmen. Green armbands, black and white stockings, and a two handed salute have all been something that we'll never forget. We cannot exactly regret that the "days of our youth" are so nearly over as we look anxiously forward to the day when we, like the class of '21, are almost ready to take up our work in the world.