







Class of 1922



Catherine Woodman

CLASS OFFICERS

CATHERINE WOODMAN, President MILDRED JEFFERIS, Vice President DOROTHY FORD, Secretary ELEANOR CANNON, Treasurer

Freshman Class

ELEANOR H. CANNON	MILDRED F. JEFFERIS
- ALICE M. FERGUSON	- ELEANOR H. MARSHALL
- ETHEL FERGUSON	- GRACE T. MARVIL
MARGARET L. FINCK	E. MARGARET MOFFETT
- DOROTHY M. FORD	MRS. W. E. PENCE
S. LOUISE FRANCIS	- A. LOUISE PHILIPS
	- VIVIEN W. PORTER
MILDRED M. HALEY	- MARION RODNEY
GLADYS M. HARVEY	- MAYME STATNEKOO
- MARION HATFIELD	- ELIZABETH R. TAYLOR
-HELEN O. HUDSON	-CATHERINE T. WOODMAN
- Nellie E. Hughes	- Elsie L. Wooleyhan

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History of the Freshman Class

The Class of '22 entered the College under circumstances which may be described in the following lines:

> The day was cold and dark and dreary, It rained and the wind was never weary.

And the gloomy weather did not tend to lighten our spirits or cheer our hearts. Everything was new and strange; every girl we met we promptly pictured in our minds as a Sophomore; every glance cast in our direction made us jump. In those first few days we were glad to flee to the seclusion of our rooms whenever the opportunity offered. But the Sophomores saved us from ourselves, and cheered us up to such an extent that we decided to unpack our trunks and stay. And right here we Freshmen unanimously join in thanking the Sophomores for the hearty welcome which they extended to us on the first three nights of our college career. We wish the class of '21 to know that we enjoyed playing the actors at the parties as much as they enjoyed playing the audience. We forgot that we were homesick and lonesome, that we were strangers in

a strange land, in the excitement of the moment. And when the parties were over, we felt that we were a part of the student body and a part of the College.

Then came our little green tags—so generously bestowed upon us by the Sophomores. And this is how they did it:

> "Tags, tags, tags!" The reverend Sophies cry. The valiant Freshies stand amazed; We do not wish to buy.

"Come, come, come!" One Sophy condescended. "You must buy these tags from us!" And on us they descended.

"Why? why? why?" Asked the quite indignant Freshmen. "The Freshies must be tagged," they said, "Or how, how can we ever find them!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Cried the Freshies in a trice; "To distinguish a Freshie from a Soph, These tags will well suffice."

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And now, when the first term is completed and the second well under way, we are beginning to realize that our Freshman days are rapidly becoming history. And we look with apprehension upon the time when we shall be Sophomores; we are sorry that our Freshman days are nearly past; we regret that the happiest days of our college life are nearly over. As we go on through the upper classes and out into the world, we ever shall feel the sentiment of these lines:

> When we come to the end of our college days, And our Senior days are past,
> Do you think we'll forget those gay old times That we had in the Freshman class?
> We'll be looking back with a longing free To these times in our college true,
> And the W. C. D. will ever be The home of '22.

How to Spot the Classes

A Freshman knows not and knows not that she knows not; A Sophomore knows not but knows that she knows not; A Junior knows but knows not that she knows;

A Senior knows and knows that she knows.