



THE
KRONICLE

KEENE
NORMAL SCHOOL
1922

THE KRONICLE

YEAR BOOK 1922



VOLUME TWO

(SENIOR EDITION)

PUBLISHED BY

THE NORMAL SCHOOL

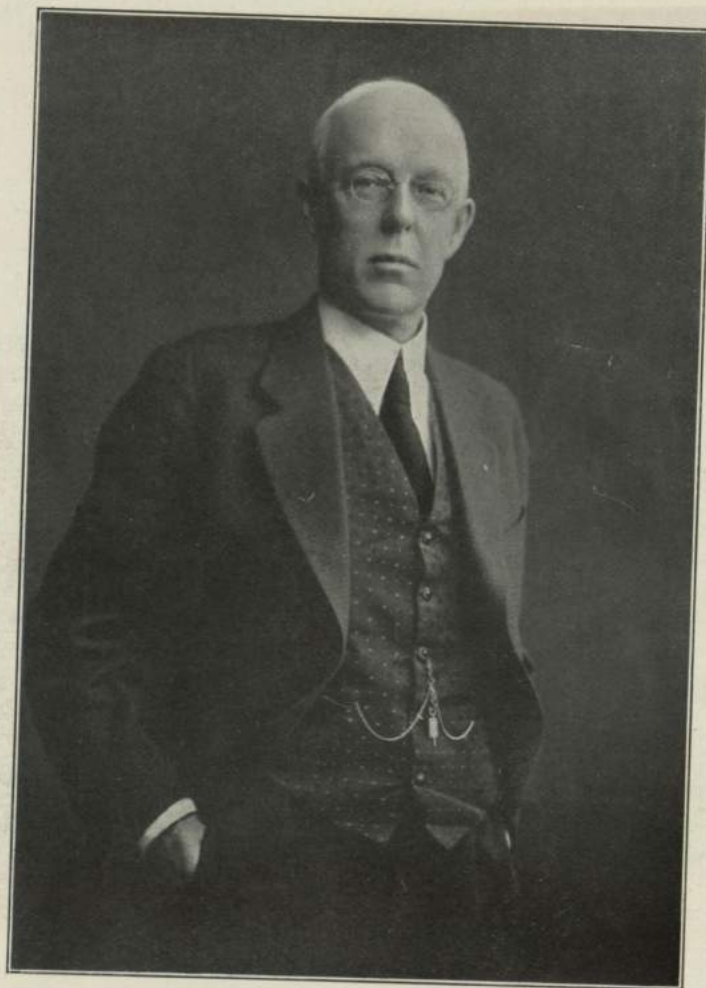
KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

TO
ISABELLE UPTON ESTEN
OUR DEAN

A helpful friend and sympathetic counselor,
whose faithful and untiring work has been an inspiration
to us at Keene Normal,
this book is most affectionately dedicated




ISABELLE UPTON ESTEN, Dean



WALLACE E. MASON, Director

EDITORIAL BOARD




Back row, left to right: Frances Abbott, Eleanor Reynolds, Helen Collins, Grace Crosby, Dorothy Dunlap, Helen Clark, Mary Clough, Ruth Walstrom, Doris Tolman. Middle row: Ingeborg Norling, Rachael Stickney, Marion Halladay, Margaret Williams, Helen Ford. Front row: Helen Stanley, Miss Murphy, Winifred Watts, Miss Randall.

School Song



OUR PLEDGE

(Music by Maude M. Howes)

Girls up and fight, fight, fight for old Keene Normal,
Our loyalty proclaim!
In every contest we must strive to conquer,
For there must be no limit to her fame.
Her honor, ever our inspiring genius,
Upon our strength relies,
So let our hearts knit near,
To raise a rousing good cheer;
Victory's laurels be her fadeless prize.

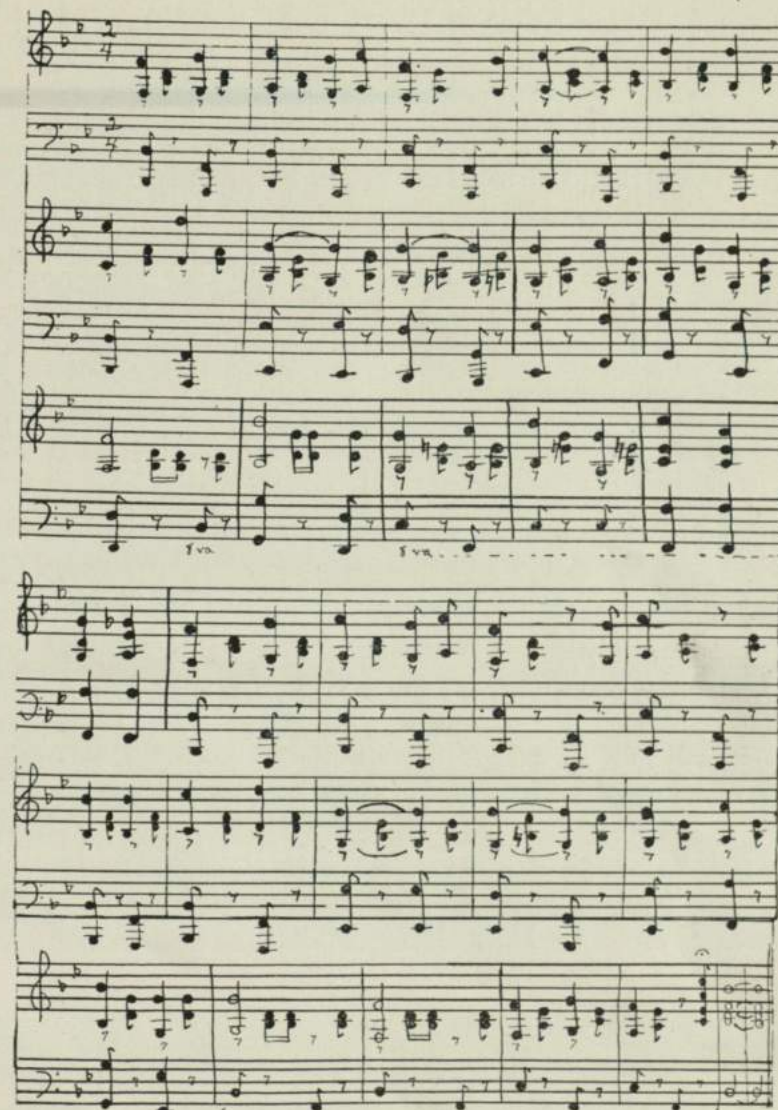
We pledge and prove our faith to Alma Mater,
The debt to her we owe,
We'll recompense with gratitude and service,
Undoubting pride's the only thought we know,
We'll strive to gain the summit whence she beckons,
Our heart's blood throbbing high,
Though perils it involve
We'll make this granite resolve
In protecting her, we'll do or die.

So kindle bright the fires upon her altar,
To burn while time shall last,
In future years its flame may be the emblem
Of courage, strength and vigor unsurpassed,
She reigns supreme the loved and honored sovereign,
That through our lives shall rule
Unfurl the red and white, the only colors in sight,
As we hail our dear Keene Normal School.

Onward

Words, Edith Pearson, '23.

Music, Gladys Snow, '23.



Ever onward is our cry,
Students, teachers, too;
We will strive to conquer
Girls, its up to you, Press onward.

Chorus

Onward, ever onward.
Loyalty our rule.
Fame and love and honor
For Keene Normal School.



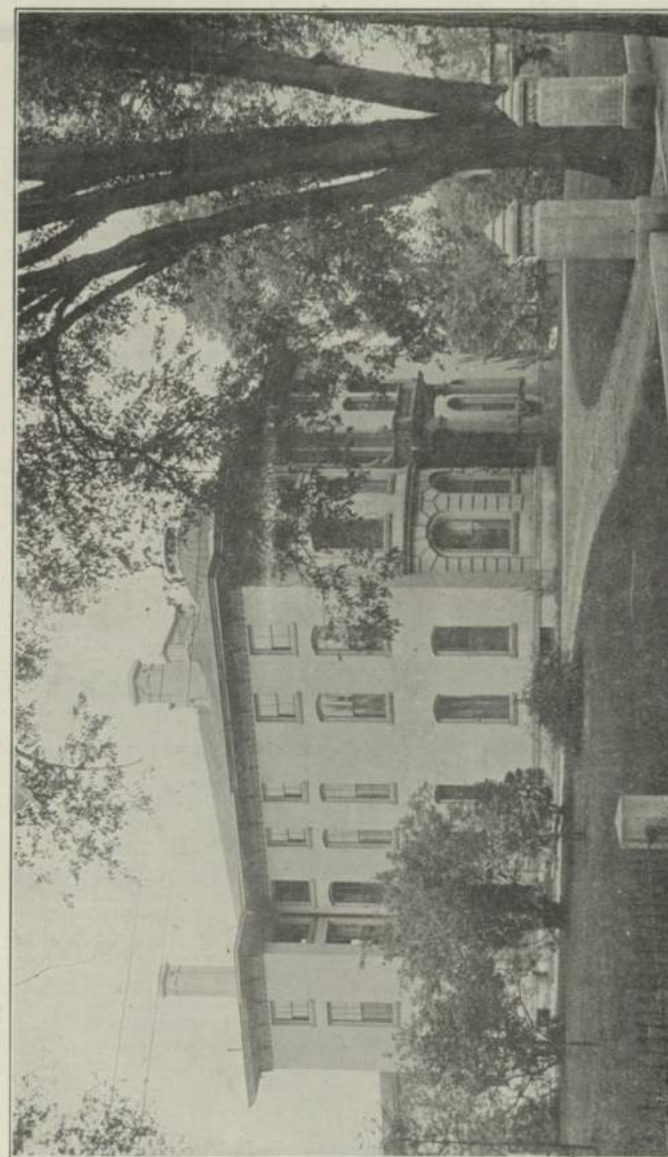
Editorial

"Go little book, and if anyone would speak thee ill, let him bethink himself that thou art the child of one who loves thee well.

So said Eugene Field and so would we ask you to judge us leniently. We have endeavored to make this a real Keene Normal book. If it serves its purpose it should always remind you of happy years spent in acquiring some small measure of responsibility, and in learning the true meaning of our glorious watch-word "Service."

To everyone, faculty and students, who have helped toward making this edition possible, we extend our gratitude. May you not be disappointed in the results.

We hope you will all be pleased with our new cover which was designed by RUTH WALSTROM, Art Supervisory Course '24, and printed in the Normal print shop.



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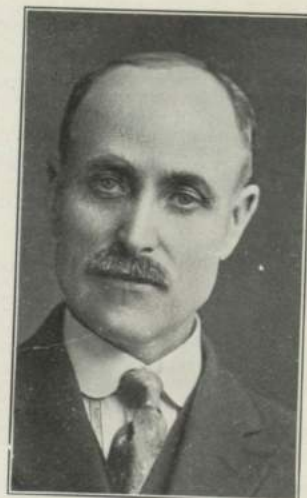
DR. A. A. PRATTE
Medical Inspector



MRS. JULIA CROTEAU
School Nurse



ELMER E. BEARD
Engineer



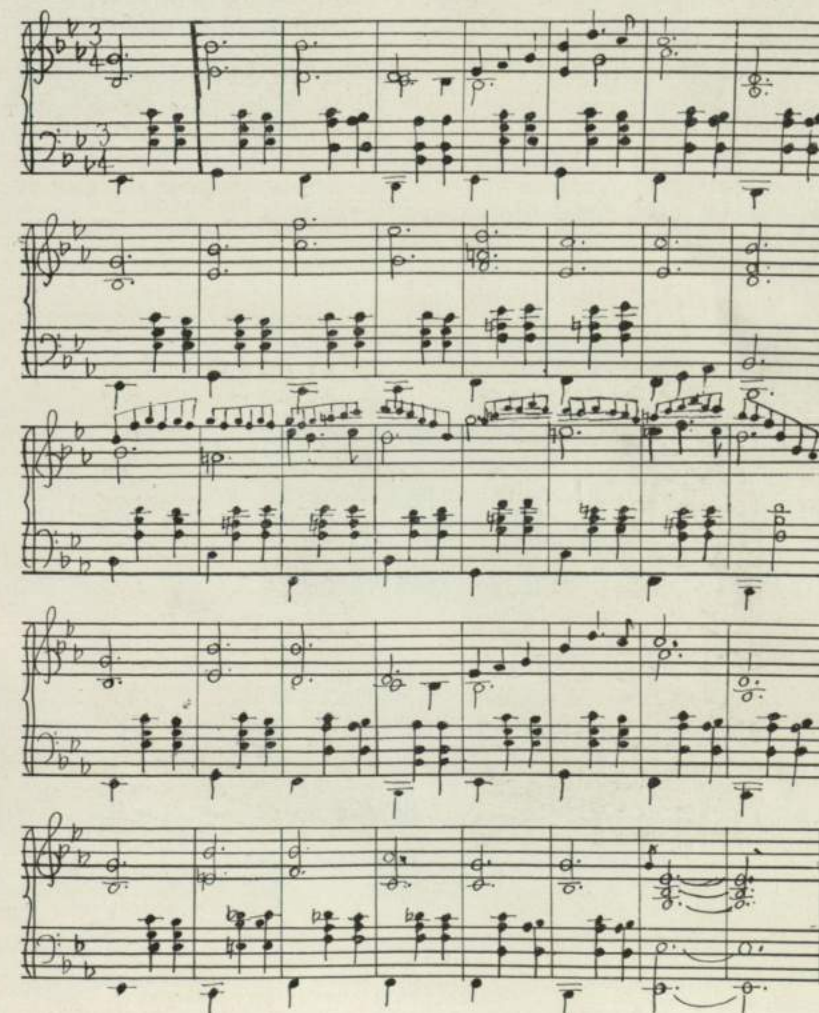
JAMES BEERS
Head Janitor



Words by Miss Dole.

Song for Seniors

Music by Miss Nourse.



I.

Seniors! Seniors!
Glad thought and sad thought,
We're Seniors!
Our goal, long sought
Now we draw near.
Our school days nearly past.
Can we teach school, at last?

Obligato:

Pedagogy: preparation, presentation, motivation,
Organizing, summarizing, supervising, socializing,—
If we can't teach, it's surprising!
If we can't teach, it's surprising!

Chorus:

Look up! Stand back!
Forward they're moving, the seniors,—
Your trained champions,
Dear Normal School!

II.

Children, Children
For us they're waiting, the Children
We must train them,
Guide, restrain them!
How can we teach them all.—
Bad, good, large ones and small?

Obligato:

Large ones, small ones, short ones, tall ones,
Glad ones, sad ones, mad ones, bad ones,
Clumping, bumping, stumping, thumping,
Or advancing, prancing, dancing,
Still all children are entrancing!
Yes, all children are entrancing!

Chorus:

Look up! etc.

III.

Like young knights now
Keep we one last vigil holy;
Hopeful, prayerful,
Watch we our arms.
We must champion the right;
Are we fit for the fight?

Obligato:

Purposeful determination,
Generous cooperation,
Scorning all dissimulation,
In our loyalty unswerving,—
Thus we hope to be deserving,—
Oh, we hope to be deserving!

Chorus:

Look up! etc.

CATHERINE A. DOLE.



Class Teachers



ALMON W. BUSHNELL
Head of Department of Education, Psychology,
Chemistry



INEZ VAUGHAN
Pedagogy, History and Grammar

Class Marshal



MISS OLIVE STEARNS '23



Mildred Connor
French

Ingeborg Norling
Swenson

Evelyn Perkins
Curtis

RUTH GERTRUDE CHISHOLM, Keene, "Chisie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Chorus Club (2) (3); Orchestra (2) (3)
Y. W. C. A. (2) (3); Glee Club (1) (2) (3)
The Forum (1) (2) (3)
President French Club (2)
As a "tickler of the ivories" and a parlez-vouser, we'll have to go some to find Chisie's equal. Even when she sleeps she "parlez-vous!" There is one thing she never could understand and that was why the school didn't have any "Ophelia Bumpus" to go around collecting the town girls.

MILDRED ETHEL CONNOR, Henniker

Class president (2) (3); Glee Club (1) (2)
Chorus Club (1) (2); Tennis (1) (2)
Baseball (1) (2); Volleyball (1) (2)
Basketball (1) (2) (3)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Debating Team (3); The Forum (1) (2) (3)
Camp Moqua Delegate (2)
To those who know her little Mildred seems a quiet and demure lass, but there are many who appreciate the mischievous twinkle which peeps forth from her brown eyes. She has been keenly interested in school activities and "to play tennis she did adore."

MARY ROCHE CYR, Littleton, "Cereal"

Basketball (1) (2) (3); Baseball (1) (2) (3)
Volleyball (1) (2) (3); The Forum (1) (2) (3)
Spanish Club (1) (2) (3)
French Club (1) (2) (3)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Who will ever forget the day Mary arrived? The baby of the class for all the world. But what a surprise she gave us when out she came in her athletic togs. The only youngster she resembled then was "Babe" Ruth.

LORETTA DWYER, Rochester, "Retta"

Baseball (1) (2) (3); Volleyball (1) (2) (3)
Basketball (1) (2) (3)
Vice-president of The Forum (2)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Athletic Manager (2); Spanish Club (1) (2) (3)
Who can forget Loretta's merry brown eyes when she successfully bluffed Miss Vaughn in the Witham Test? See those baskets? The best athletic player and all-around sport is this same "Retta," for who could race over the floor as she did?

INGEBORG ANE NORLING, So. Hampton, "Bob"

The Forum (1) (2) (3)
Spanish Club (1) (2) (3)
Chorus Club (2) (3)
Class Vice President (2)
Asst. Personal Editor Kronicle (2)
Personal Editor Kronicle (3)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Travel Club (3); School Debating Team (3)
Y. W. C. A. Membership Com. (2) (3)
Class Historian
"Bob" isn't a bad "actor." She's good! Her interpretation of "Carrie pro tem" proved that and also that she is a competent teacher. She has stacks of friends—each of us is one.

M. EVELYN PERKINS, Pittsfield, "Perk"

Y. W. C. A. President (3)
Y. W. C. A. Vice-president (2)
Secretary of The Forum (3)
Spanish Club (1) (2)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Basketball (1) (2) (3); Baseball (1) (2) (3)
Volleyball (1) (2) (3); Athletic Manager (1)
"That's Perk." She's one of our "originals," for who can forget her drawing on the board of "el cuerpo del humano" the day she taught that lesson in Spanish?

B. RUTH RAYMOND, Keene
"Rufus"

French Club; Athletic Association

The class is topsy-turvy.

Oh! just you bet its so;

When a honey-bee is up above,

And "Rufus" down below.

Friday is her favorite day—maybe! No classes from ten-thirty to two forty five. So much time to—waste(?)

MARION JULIA SWEATT, Contoocook
"Julia"

Assistant Editor Kronicle (1)

Editor in Chief (2); Chorus Club (1) (2) (3)

French Club (1) (2) (3)

Secretary of Y. W. C. A. (2) (3)

Assistant Class Treasurer (3)

School Debating Team (3)

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)

The Forum

If you are in search of information ask Marion Julia, especially anything concerning the disadvantages of the "closed shop."

"Marion is a thinker and a doer,

'Tis true we're glad we knew her."

KATHLEEN M. BRADLEY, Manchester
"Kath"

Manchester Club (3); Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)

Travel Club (3)

Some say "Kath" is very shy.

But knowing her we it deny;

Appearances sometimes deceive—

One has to know her to believe.

Of course she'll love her cap and gown but—

You ought to see her in a cooking uniform.

GRACE ELIZABETH GILE, Pembroke
"Gracious"

Quoits (1) (2) (3); Baseball (1) (2)

Volleyball (1) (2)

President Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)

Y. W. C. A. Social Committee (2)

Y. W. C. A. Treasurer (3)

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)

The Forum (3)

"And where are you going my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Pembroke, sir," she said. Yes, Grace is fond of that little town, but she's fond of Normal too, or at least she should be for she's popular with everyone.

MARION DOROTHY HALLADAY, Hillsboro

Y. W. C. A. Membership Committee (2) (3)

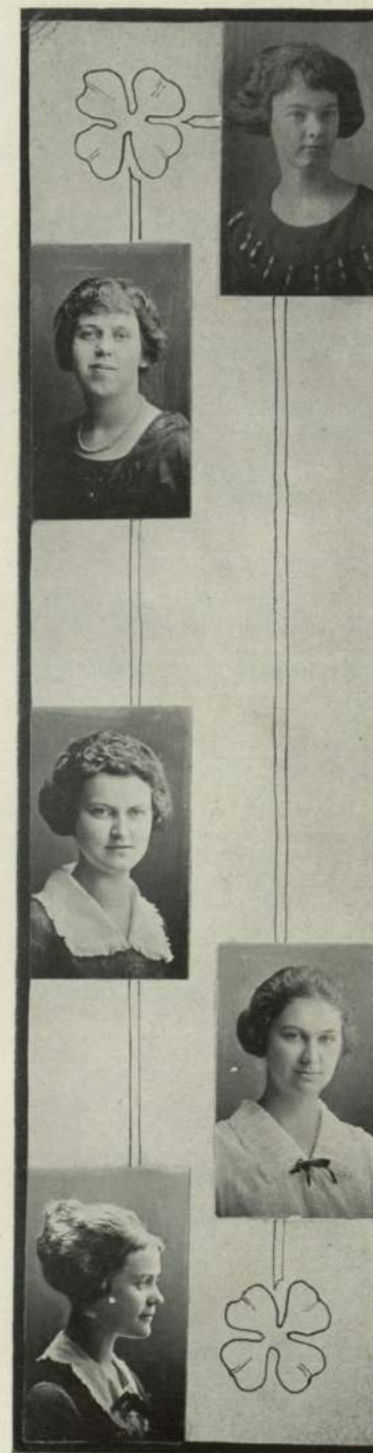
Nu Beta Upsilon, Treasurer (2) (3)

Chorus Club (3); Volleyball (1)

Literary Editor Kronicle (3)

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)

To what happy accident do we owe Marion? Truly good things come in small packages as we may all plainly see. She looks like an innocent little one, but don't be surprised when it's whispered that she's extremely clever, too.



Marion Sweet
Duffy

Marion
Halladay
Kief



*Helen
Osgood
Learner*

JENNIE JUILLETTE HOWE, Lebanon
"Juil"

Chorus Club (2)
Vice-Pres. Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Picture to yourself a tall, Titian-haired girl with blue-grey eyes and a stately walk. That's Jennie. Long ago we were convinced that altho she looks so serene and dignified, underneath it all was a right jolly sense of humor.

AVIS MERIAM NYE, Bellows Falls
"Birdie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)
Sometimes, girls, isn't it a relief to have a good friend who talks not too much, but just enough? That's Avis. The nickname "Birdie," is of course a Latin derivation, but she's so small and so companionable that she lives up to her sobriquet.

HELEN MARIE OSGOOD, Pittsfield
Volleyball (2); Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
"Always ready for a good time."

That's Helen! Have you ever hiked with her? A most enjoyable companion is she if you're out for laughter and fun. Perhaps her list of activities is short but that doesn't mean Helen's not active, for she's one of the liveliest around.

EMILY GLADYS PAGE, Keene
Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3); Glee Club (2) (3)
Chorus Club (2) (3); Orchestra (2) (3)
Remember Emily playing the part of a green gawky boy? Green gawky boy roles are not the only ones she plays well. She sings in Chorus and Glee Clubs and her constant attendance at orchestra rehearsals denotes an excellent violinist.

MARJORIE SIMENOE, Keene
"Marj"

Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3); Baseball (1) (2)
Volleyball (1) (2)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Marjorie's life particularly seems to be like a play. Who dares to say she's not K. N. S.'s favorite actress? And just as she has been successful in school playlets we wish her success in life's drama—with "happy ever after" as a fadeout.

GERTRUDE SPRAGUE, Durham
Glee Club; Chorus Club

Nu Beta Upsilon; Athletic Association
"We were friends from the first moment. Sincere attachments begin at the beginning."
In this case however, it was the beginning of our third year, for Gertrude didn't join our ranks until then. Her first two years were spent at New Hampshire state. Her excellent voice has been a great asset to our Glee Club.

ORA ANNA SWAIN, Nashua
"Orie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)
School Cheerleader (3)

All hail to our cheer leader! She dances well, leads cheers marvelously acts most humorously—that is, on the stage and is the best company imaginable. Let's cheer her! All ready, begin, "Ain't she neat ha! ha! sweet ha! ha!"

MARION ELIZABETH WATSON, Hinsdale

Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)
Y. W. C. A. (2) (3)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)

Says Marion, "I know for me my work is best." If you want to tease her call her "Jane." You'll succeed. Marion aspires to be the head of a millinery establishment, and indeed she will be if she lives up to her K. N. S. reputation.

WINIFRED MAY WATTS, Lebanon
"Win"

Class Secretary (2); Ass't. Secretary (3)
Associate Editor Kronicle (2)
Editor in Chief of Kronicle (3)
Glee Club (2); Chorus Club (2) (3)
Y. W. C. A. Social Committee (2)
Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)

Someone left the door of K. N. S. open in 1919 and who should breeze in but Win Watts. She certainly has been one of our live wires—except early in the morning. One thing in which she especially excels is in securing a host of friends.

EVA MacDONALD WHITE, Keene
"Bob"

Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)

Since Eva is a town girl we have seen little of her. But in classes she's a good sport and a good friend. It is her dignity that seems to set her apart. How long will she keep her club pin?

PAULINE BUTLER, Keene
Athletic Association

Would that we could have seen more of Pauline these years for we know that she'd make an excellent comrade. Do you remember her "History of Keene" which she gave in chapel once? That delivery assures us of her future success.





MARY BLANCHE CLOUGH, Lancaster
"Cloughy"

Class Treasurer (1)
Business Mgr. Kronicle (3)
The Forum (2) (3); Spanish Club (2) (3)
Chorus Club (2) (3)
Baseball (1) (2) (3); Volleyball (1) (2)
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
Y. W. C. A. (2) (3)

You may have said at first, "She looks forbidding" but having been favored with one of her special brand of smiles your mind was changed. Quiet? Somewhat! But a good sport every time. Ask East End about her singing ability.

Vera Alpha Craig
VERA ALPHA CRAIG, Bradford
"Vee"
The Forum
Y. W. C. A. Publicity Committee, Chairman (3)
Baseball (2); Volleyball (2)
Travel Club (3)

People who don't know her call her quiet. They're mistaken. Conscientious? Of course; she is a New Englander. Serious? Only when occasion demands. Cheerful? There's no one readier for a jolly good time. That's Vera, a good friend and a true pal.

MARION ABBIE FOSS, Ctr. Strafford
"Abbie"

Athletic Association
"I shall present Abbie to you,
A girl who is honest and true.
Any hour of the day
Any day of the week
Our dear Abbie is ready to eat."
Here's success to you, Marion!

Alice M. Herlihy
ALICE HERLIHY, Wilton
Athletic Association; The Forum
Secretary The Forum
Yes, "Al" comes from Wilton! You've heard of it maybe? You've probably heard of other things about "Al," too. Her mandolin, for instance; her fondness for Junior High; her willingness to help anyone who needs done a little—or much typewriting.

AMY MILLS, Troy
Athletic Association
Amy is one of our Troy girls and a good representative. She "commuted" most of the time but spent the last nine weeks trying out life in the "dorm." It seemed to agree with her and certainly did with her neighbors.

MADELYN AUGUSTA ALDRICH, Keene

Glee Club; Chorus Club
Athletic Association

A purely instinctive burst of applause and exclamatory "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" always anticlimax. Madelyn's ever-successful piano-forte performances. But that's not all. She smiles when she meets you, she smiles when she greets you, we'll wager she smiles when asleep!"

HELEN MARGUERITE CLARK, Walpole
"Clarkie"

Chorus Club; Glee Club

Some will say, "I know Helen pretty well and she is a peach." The rest of us will answer, "No doubt about it. I've heard her play the piano and watched her teach a class, and if they mean anything she must be."

EDGAR EDSON HOWE, Lebanon
"Ed"

Boy's Basketball Team
Secretary of the Kappa Delta Phi

"All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them." He has shown his ability for carrying things through as chairman of the Mid-Year Ball. "Ed's" ambition is to invent something and live on the royalty.

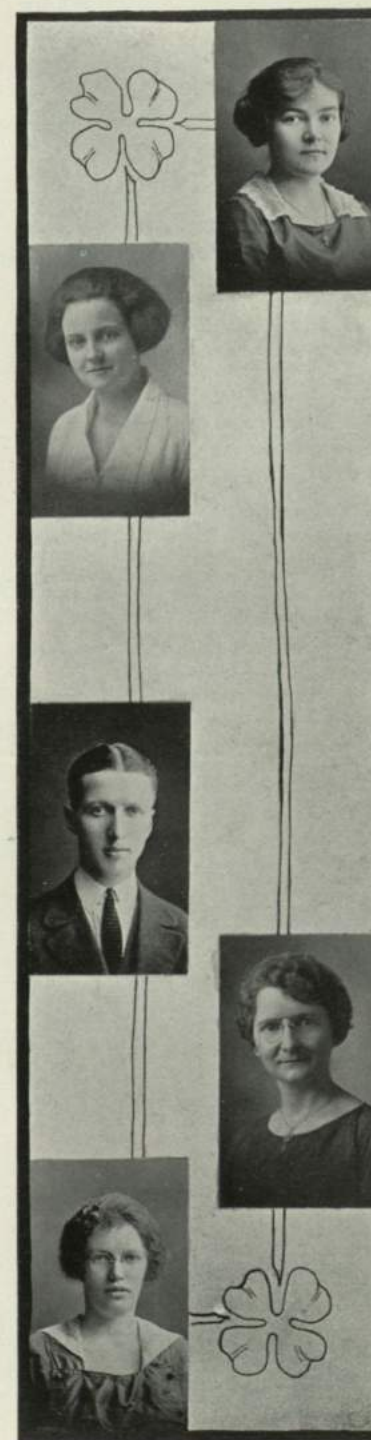
HELEN STANLEY, Antrim

In years the oldest of our classmates—but at heart among the youngest. She's a heroine of each natural situation, being ever present for the rescue of some lost question or argument. She is versatile—a doer of all things and a helper to mankind.

ALICE WINSLOW WETMORE, Keene

Glee Club; Chorus Club
Nu Beta Upsilon; Athletic Association

It's hard for us to say "Alice" without saying "Emily" also, for it sounds so natural, as they are always together. "Al" is never grumpy, always ready to help, and always on deck for a good time.



Bladep Young



MARY CATHERINE BARRETT, Troy, N. H.
"M. K."

Athletic Association
"Still waters run deep."
This applies to M. K., for when you know her she is anything but quiet. Every morning she arrives from the big town of Troy. It is not often that one has the pleasure of meeting a friend like Mary Catherine.

MILDRED R. BEAN, Hanover
"Tommy"

Glee Club; Athletic Association
A popular and happy young lady is "Tommy." She is always ready for fun, especially dancing. However, that's not all, for when it comes to studying she does that too. The splendid ability which she has exhibited during her practice work is remarkable.

MARION AUGUSTA BENNETT, Amherst
"Slim"

Travel Club; Athletic Association
The Forum; Basketball
"Come on out to the 'gym' and dance!" "Who's that?" Marion Bennett, of course. While dancing, movies and letter writing use up a great deal of Marion's time, she always finds opportunity to "cram" pedagogy, etc., as her rank cards show.

GERTRUDE ESTHER BOLLES, West Swanzey
"Trudy"

Athletic Association
"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes one healthy, wealthy and wise."
Gertrude ought to be able to testify to the early rising part for as a commuter from Swanzey she cannot spend many blissful mornings wrapt in slumber. Do you admire American authors "Trudy?" We've noticed "Irving" with you.

ESTHER AGNES CONNOR, Nashua
Glee Club; Chorus Club
Baseball; Volley ball
The Forum; Debating Team
Athletic Association
Cheerful, thoughtful, capable, and reliable is Esther. She sings so well and debates so well that we wonder why she doesn't sing her debates—and debate her songs. Where one sees Esther he is sure to see Mae also. Mae who? Mae Jackson.

GLENNA MAE CRAINE, Hillsboro
"Glen"

Athletic Association
"Listen my people and you shall hear, not of the midnight ride of Paul Revere"—but of the equally interesting morning travels of Glenna out to the little red (?) school-house at Four Corners. Did she enjoy it? We'll say she did!!

GRACE MILDRED CROSBY, Hillsboro
"Gooseberry"

Athletic Manager, '22; Baseball
Volley-ball; Captain Basket-ball, '22
Athletic Editor Kronicle

Now athletes is a topic that's sure to introduce Grace Crosby, for when it comes to "gym" work "Goose" is right there. Whatever her ambition may be she's certain of winning if she plays the game as she has at K. N. S.

IDA MAY CUSHING, Pembroke
"Idare"

Athletic Association
Glee Club; Chorus Club

Who's making all the noise on third floor? Must be Ida trying to get somewhere on time—she's already ten minutes late. But we never mind, for if by chance we happen to be a bit tardy there's never a sarcastic remark from "Idare."

FANNIE ALMA DAVIS, Keene

Fannie stays with us during the day, but packs her books and hies homeward when the shadows begin to fall, after spending more time in the library than the average "Normalite" spends in a week.

REGINA ADELAIDE DAVITT, Manchester
"Ad"

Manchester Club; Travel Club
Athletic Association

"Ad" always sees the funny side of things, and no one can tell a joke better than she—nor appreciate one. She's certainly a live wire in the school, for wherever she is there is sure to be something doing.

DOROTHY BACON DUNLAP, Manchester
"Dot"

Society Editor Kronicle
Manchester Club
Athletic Association

"Dot" has won considerable fame at K. N. S. as an aesthetic dancer. When she's enjoying herself her rippling laughter betrays her. Optimism and efficiency are her two wonderful assets. May "Dot" ford any obstacles which she may encounter upon her life's journey.

MARY A. FANNING, Nashua
"Maizie"

Glee Club; Athletic Association

Maizie's ambition is the only thing that excels her ability. She manages to disturb the peace, especially at night. When she speaks her impetuous voice certainly fills the "dorm." For real liveliness she has all competitors beaten.



Grace Crosby here
(82) Angle are
Winter Park
Hla.
May 1972

Dot Marcy



MARY F. FITZGERALD, Manchester
"Fitzie"

Manchester Club; Athletic Association
Travel Club

How's the weather up there Fitzie? Please to meet one of the quiet but mischievous members of our class. Of late months she has become famous as a jazz expert. To see her dancing in the "gym" would put our dancing master to shame.

MURIEL WATKINS FRIZZELL, Keene
"Frizzie"

Baseball; Athletic Association

Wandering down Main street you may see her each morning, hastening along to the call of duty. She should be a firm advocate for the art of walking, and her rosy cheeks might well inspire all Normal girls to "go and do likewise."

MIRIAM ELLEN GARDNER, Sunapee
"Mim"

Y. W. C. A.; Publicity Committee
Baseball; Volleyball

Here's wishing "Mim" every success for next year. We hope she will find time to win that game of checkers. And most of all, we do hope she won't get extravagant in going to the movies.

MARION GUILD, Walpole
"Beguird"

Y. W. C. A. Publicity Committee
Athletic Association

"Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can."

That's just what "Beguird" does, the lassie we lo'e best! She may be little but oh, my! Marion knows how to enjoy a good time. The best of success be yours, "Beguird."

HELENA KATHERINE HATCH, North
Conway
"Ellen"

School Basketball team; Volleyball
Athletic Association; Travel Club

We all know "Ellen" is fond of sports and in basketball—oh my! She is some guard! If you want to hear "Ellen" talk, just mention the Carnival at North Conway. Where is she when "second center" has a caller at 10:30 p. m?

NORA CECILIA HURLEY, Wilton
"Alibi"

Athletic Association

In Nora we find a modest, kind and thoughtful girl. If need for hilarity arises, she is on hand and does her share. With her amount of good sense and good humor, we wish her the best of luck in the use of it.

MARY JANE JACKSON, Portsmouth
"Mae"

President of "The Forum," 1922
Baseball; Volleyball; Athletic Association
"I can't !!!" Who said that? Mae Jackson, of course. It makes little difference what she says because Mae always works steadily and conscientiously until excellent results have been obtained. She is one of our clever debaters and we expect to see her in congress.

VIOLA JOHNSON, Reeds Ferry
"Vi"

The Forum; Chorus Club
Glee Club; Baseball; Volleyball
Tennis

Vi is small but that does not hinder her advancement in the chosen work. When "Vi" accompanies us on our hikes, we never need worry about carrying food home. Her attractive personality and her vivacious manner will win for her a host of friends.

MARY THELMA KEENAN, Berlin
"M. T."

Athletic Association

Mary is inclined to be retiring and quiet until you know her but then you learn the humorous side of her even disposition. Altho' she isn't a grind, she is conscientious and from reports we feel that she will have a successful career.

LOUISE DOROTHY KELLEY, Manchester
"Kel"

Senior Class Treasurer
Athletic Association Treasurer
School Basketball team

Baseball; Volleyball; Manchester Club

Kel's understudy, if there be one, will never get a chance, because like all good athletes and friends she is always, "Here." Kelley, each of us says, "Je vous aime, je vous adore, que voulez vous danc encore?"

MARION KENDRIGAN, Manchester
"Ken"

Manchester Club; Travel Club
Athletic Association

At first one thinks "Ken" quiet but when she is known as well as she is at K. N. S., opinions will be altered. "Ken" has a faculty for getting something to eat when others are starving. How does she do it?

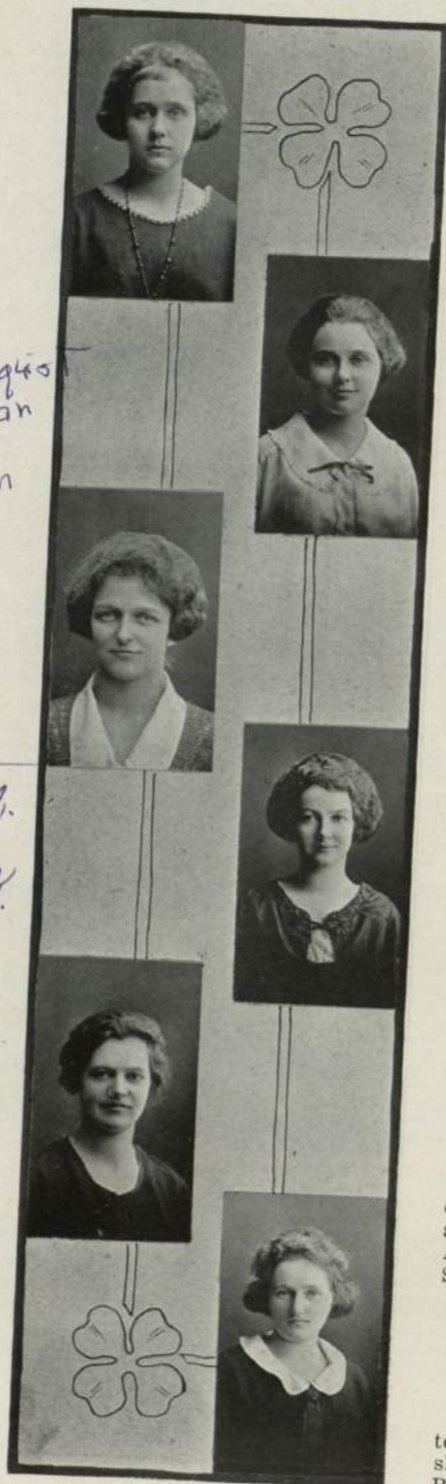
ORA MARY LAVOIE, Glencliff
"Drowsy"

Athletic Association; Travel Club

"Oh how I hate to get up in the morning."

You'd never guess it if you saw her dance. Member back last year when dancing in the living room was in order? Member Ora? Of course! The two are inseparable. When it comes to entertaining Amherst men at Mid-Year's she's a real star.





Ruth Lindquist
Chapman
1922-50th
reunion

Margaret R.
Madden
Winchester
1922 M.H.
50th

HELEN L. LEWIS, Westminster, Vt.
"Louie"

President Athletic Association
Vice President Senior Class
Baseball; Volleyball; Quoits
Athletic Manager, 1921

How dull our school life would have been if "Louie" hadn't come to K. N. S. to cheer us up when we are blue! Popular? Yes, indeed! Her hobby is doing things—and doing them well. Why does she wear that peculiar ring? Ask her.

RUTH ELIZABETH LINDQUIST, Manchester
"Linky"

Senior Class Secretary
The Forum; Vice President Manchester Club
Y. W. C. A. Membership Committee

We shall not soon forget "Linky" with her ready smile and sunny disposition. Although she enjoys a good time, she never forsakes duty. "Linky's" impersonation of Rebecca still lingers. We hope her future pupils will absorb some of her conscientiousness.

LILLIAN HELEN LOCKE, Barrington
"Tillie"

Chorus Club; Glee Club
Orchestra; Travel Club
Athletic Association

"Happy am I, from care I'm free.
Why can't they all be contented like me?"
She plays the violin for us willingly. That music together with her smiles, certainly scatters the sunshine everywhere.

MARGARET R. MADDEN, Derry
"Peg"

Glee Club; The Forum; Chorus Club
Travel Club; Cheer Leader, '22
Basketball; Athletic Association

Being possessed of an amiable nature, "Peggy" has won many friends. She aims to get the most out of her studies and unlike some of us she is successful in everything.

ALICE P. MAXFIELD, Pittsfield

Keene Chorus Club
Athletic Association
Travel Club; Glee Club

Altho she may seem quiet at first, you ought to hear her on second floor, east end, and you might change your mind. Why does Alice go down to the Dairy Lunch so often? Such a foolish question, of course its for pie!

BERTHA ANN MCGARY, Lancaster
"Bert"

Debating Club
Athletic Association

If you are ever looking for advice go to Bertha. She's modest and quiet but when she does say anything it's worth hearing. Bertha has for a hobby "Responsibility."

MARY CATHERINE McGETTIGAN, Wilton
"Begin-agin"

Volleyball (1) (2); Varsity Team (2)
Travel Club; Athletic Association

Who is it on second center who never screams, is always studying and is always in bed at ten with her lights out? "Begin-again?" It certainly is not. She may appear shy and timid but looks are,—you know the rest! Ask Miss Hobbs!

MARY ELLEN McGRATH, Wilton

Volleyball; Glee Club
Athletic Association

Mary's smiling countenance and helping hand has helped her friends along many times. And judging from her success so far we feel sure that as long as Mary wishes to continue in the profession she will be successful.

MARY G. MORIARTY, Nashua
"Nazie"

Glee Club; Athletic Association

Nazie is one who tho not fond of studying, just loves to dance. At one time, however, she devoted herself to studying nature along the Ashuelot. We wonder why?! One feels honored to be included as one of Nazie's friends.

MARY E. MOYNIHAN, Walpole
"Nelly"

Glee Club; Chorus Club
Athletic Association

"Nelly" hails from Bellows Falls and came to us with hopes of becoming an expert director of young minds. Did you ever hear her sing? It is not often one hears such a melodious voice in such a small person.

ALICE RUTH MUCHMORE, Keene
"Muchy"

Baseball; Volleyball
Athletic Association

"But to know her is to love her."
Pardon us for being personal, Muchy, but we love your eyes. Such alluring eyes! And such a circle of friends you have made in these two short years, and such pleasure you have given them! For real success you have all competitors beaten.

MADELINE I. O'CONNELL, Manchester
"Mad"

President Manchester Club
Athletic Association; Travel Club
"And she has hair of auburn hue
Take care!"

But such hair—it is magnificent! Yes, that's what we said. And does she vamp? Well, did you ever see a pretty little miss who didn't? But enough of such frivolity for when "Mad" works she does, as Miss Hazzard will tell you any day.



Mary McGettigan
KSC 1922
Stella miss

Mary McGrath
Fitzgerald
1922
50th

Mildred
Pearson
Dutton

Ruth Rideout



VERONICA O'MALLEY, Manchester
"Vonnie"
Manchester Club; Baseball; Travel Club
Athletic Association

"Vonnie" is known for her happy smile and rosy blushes. Although she believes that carrying books home is detrimental to anyone's health, she is not slow in her studies. "Vonnie" is of the opinion that walking is invigorating exercise. No wonder!!

MILDRED W. PEARSON, Hancock
"Billie"

Class President, '21
Athletic Association
Keene Chorus Club (1) (2)
Secretary of C. D. C.; Travel Club
Orchestra; Class Historian

She may appear bashful when you first meet her, but wait until you see those dimples and hear that jolly laugh then you'll know her. Can you imagine her separated from her roommate and their fiddles? Oh! those agony duets!!

MAYBELLE F. PERKINS, Hampton
"Perkie"

Keene Chorus Club; Travel Club
Athletic Association

Did you hear that terrible scream? Oh, don't get excited—that's only "Perkie." Wasn't it strange that when she was "Proctor," there came a dash through the corridor about ten thirty and snap went the lights. What would East end be without her?

NANCY D. RICH, Windsor, Vt.
"Nan"

Athletic Association; Travel Club

Who is Nancy Rich? She's one of those rare girls who can appreciate a joke and make everyone else do so. She finds time to do school work, help someone else, and have fun as well. Here's wishing her the best of luck!

RUTH SADIE RIDEOUT, Wilton
"Rideout"

Athletic Association; Y. W. C. A.

Rufus hails from the metropolis of Wilton. She is often conspicuous because of her silence, but she never makes a sarcastic remark. While many of us are forced to worry and weep over a forthcoming "exam" not so does Ruth, for she is always prepared.

EVELYN L. SHEDD, Rochester
"Sheddie"

Baseball; Volleyball
Athletic Association

"Sheddie" is a most vivacious member of our class and is a "super-expert" at driving the blues away. She always is jolly and care-free, so, although her middle name seems to begin with "L", we're sure it ought to be "Optimism."

KATHLEEN LEAH SHERIDAN, Berlin
"Kath"

Debating Club; Athletic Association

A good student and affectionate chum is "Kath." Her interest, although she did not always participate in every activity, was plainly shown. Her cheerful smile lights on friends and strangers alike. I say "Kath," how about passing around that little bag of chocolates?

CAROLYN LOUISE SIBLEY, Temple
"Carolina Sunshine" "Sybil"

Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association
Chorus Club; Minister's Daughters Club

Carolyn is a faithful attendant of the Y. W. C. A. and does all kinds of helpful and kind things for all. It takes a long time to really feel you know her, but after you do, you are glad of her acquaintance.

RACHEL PALMER SMITH, Amherst
"Smithy"

Athletic Association

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and Program Committee
Minister's Daughter's Club

Enter Rachel, the minister's daughter, whose smiles and sweet, winning ways have torn down many a barrier erected around a lonely heart. And what a success she made of her practice teaching! With such a background won't she be a star teacher?

EVELYN DORIS STEARNS, Charlestown
"Stearnsy"

Athletic Association

Evelyn is shy and sedate,—that is until you are acquainted with her happy smiles and then—those rosy blushes! She is a most excellent student but is especially fond of nature when it includes her one hobby, forests.

SYLVIA ELIZABETH STERLING, Rye
"Sterling Silver"

Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.
Orchestra; Athletic Association

Here is our Sylvia, the only Sylvia the class contains. She is a jolly good sport, and life ceases to be a dull grey affair when she makes her appearance. Now list' while we tell you! She has talent! She played in the orchestra!

RUTH CLEORA WATSON, Lynn, Mass.

Chorus Club; Athletic Association

"For many you search e're you will find
One so good, so generous, so kind."

Doesn't this sound just like Ruth? Did you say mail? When it comes to mail that's where Ruth leads. We'd have to have another mail table if she stayed next year. Why does she go home so often? Ask her and she'll tell you—maybe!





GERTRUDE ADELIA WHEELER, Everett,
Mass.

"Little Gertie"

Athletic Association
Glee Club; Chorus Club; Travel Club
The Forum

If there's anything you want to know ask
"Little Gertie." Does she read all of the
time? No! She loves to skate and snowshoe
too. She never plays Quaker meeting but
occasionally when all is dark you can hear
her pussy-footing down the corridor.

MARION L. WHELPLEY, Henniker
"Muffet"

Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Chorus Club
Athletic Association

Our own dear "Muffet,"
Sat on a tuffet
Gathering schoolmates about her.
Old friends and new friends
Near friends and dear friends,
Juniors! What shall we do here without her?

MARGARET MAE WILSON, Tilton
"Peg"

Athletic Association
Travel Club; Clergyman's Daughter's Club
Have you ever danced with Peg? Well if
she dances thru life as she has danced
with us in K. N. S. she'll be first at the top
of the ladder. She bobbed her hair! But—
sh—it's the best looking bob!

CHARLOTTE REBECCA WOODBURY, Troy
Athletic Association

Charlotte is one of our commuters from
Troy. We do not know her as well as we
wish we might but from her class work we
judge that she is diligent and conscientious.
Her persistency makes her successful in all
that she attempts.

Response

Class of 1922, at this Commencement time you accept the challenge of the future. While we rejoice in your power to answer it gladly and willingly, we are sad indeed to have you go, for you are our friends, and in your friendship we have been richly blessed.

Your optimism, honesty, and squareness have helped us when we have been discouraged. We have never found you lacking in sportsmanship, while your fine spirit of loyalty to our dear school has been an inspiration to all undergraduates. We will go forward with more steadfast zeal because we have known you and your example is before us.

As you answer New Hampshire's call to service, may the ideals to which you have been so true, during the years you have been with us, still lead you on, through honest effort to success. The memory of happy school days and a sense of love and responsibility to your Alma Mater, will keep you valiant and faithful. May she "reign supreme, the loved and honored sovereign," that through your lives shall rule.

Seniors, as you leave this school to face the battles of life, and to carry on the standards of service here set for you, may you go with the realization that the loyalty, faith, and abiding friendship of us all, are with you, forever.

J. HOPE JOHNSON.

Superlatives

Oh, 22's a splendid class,
Her girls they all are glorious,
They've fought their battles bravely thru
And now go forth victorious.
But as is sure to be the case
With best and worst of classes,
Some girls stand out as best or worst
From all the other lassies.
These girls of qualities so marked—
Superlatives we call them—
Will never mediocre be
Whatever may befall them.
Most Popular of three-year grads
Grace Gile, the class has voted;
And Winnie Watts, Most Capable
Is by the class denoted.
And then the Most Attractive girl—
Winifred Watts, I do declare!
'Tis plain that of superlatives
W. Watts will have her share.
Best All-Around girl, next we read,
Is our Loretta Dwyer;
She is our Most Athletic, too,
No other can come nigh her!
The Cutest, Marion Halladay;
The Bossiest, Mary Cyr;
As Most Loquacious, Helen Osgood
no-one can come near.
And here is W. Watts again!
The class vote her the Prettiest

And give the palm to Ora Swain
 As this bright class's Wittiest.
 Most Independent, Helen Clark,
 'Borg Norling, Most Deliberate;
 Most Optimistic, E. Perkin's
 The Class from gloom will liberate.
 As Most Original, we see
 M. Halladay again,
 Class Bluffer and Class Jester
 They say is Ora Swain.
 The Neatest, Marjorie Simenoe
 Man-hater, Avis Nye;
 The Class Grind is Ruth Chisholm—
 You can see it in her eye!
 Our "independent" Helen Clark
 Appears as Gerty Gloom
 And Happy-go-lucky Mary Cyr
 As Laziest we boom.
 Madelyn Aldrich is Most Musical;
 Best Dressed, M. Simenoe.
 The Busiest is Marion Foss
 Most dignified, Jennie Howe,
 The Cleverest is W. Watts,
 (We've had her name before!)
 And Les Inseparables, we find,
 Are Page and her Wetmore.
 Pauline Butler, voted the Class Flirt
 Is the Best Dancer, too.
 Mary Clough's the Most Obliging—
 Most kind to me and you.
 The last, Most Enthusiastic,
 Is Mildred Connor, we're told,
 But we're all with her for '22
 Until we all are old!
 Of the splendid Two-year Seniors
 Helen Lewis heads the row;
 She, they say, is the Most Popular—
 We had guessed that, long ago.
 Madeline O'Connell, Most Attractive,
 Most Capable, Nancy Rich
 Best All-around Girl, Helen Lewis—
 She gets that without a hitch.
 The Most Athletic is Grace Crosby
 The Cutest, Johnson, Vi;
 And pretty Louise Kelley
 Is Bossiest, they cry.
 Most Loquacious, Marion Bennett
 Ida Cushing, Prettiest
 Evelyn Shedd, Most Independent,
 A. Davitt, Wittiest.
 Caroline Sibley's Most Deliberate
 Evelyn Stearns, our Optimist;
 And Mary Moriarity

Has the Most Original twist
 The Class Bluffer, Mildred Pearson
 And the Jester, Lillian Locke.
 All agree that M. Fitzgerald
 Neatest is in any frock.
 Caroline Sibley, Gertrude Wheeler
 As Man-hater we fined tied
 But as Class Grind our Mae Jackson
 Is our sole and only pride.
 Happy-go-Lucky cure is "Tommy,"
 Sometimes known as Mildred Bean;
 And the class say Sylvia Sterling
 As Gerty Gloom is often seen.
 O. Lavoie, they say, is Laziest
 And I really do not see
 How in spite of being lazy
 The Best Dancer, too, is she,
 Most Musical, Viola Johnson
 Ruth Watson, voted the Best Dressed.
 They call Margaret Madden Busiest;
 Helen Stanley, Cleverest.
 M. Bean and M. Moriarty
 As Class Flirts are gaily tied
 And in contrast to these flappers
 Ellen Hatch, Most Dignified.
 For the most enthusiastic
 Here we have another tie,
 Rachel Smith and Helen Lewis
 In this quality rank high.
 Mary McGrath and Nora Hurley
 Are Inseparables they say
 Will you ever find them parted?
 No, not for a single day.
 Marion Whelpley, Most Obliging,
 Closes up the noble line.
 Never will you find "superlatives"
 Finer—No, nor half so fine!

Class Will

We, the third year class of 1922, of the Keene Normal School, State of New Hampshire, who are about to leave this place, being of lawful age and of a sound and disposing mind, do hereby constitute this our last will and testament, thereby revoking all former wills by us made.

Mr. Mason, to you do we leave our undying gratitude and affection, for we realize that we owe to you a debt that can never be paid.

To Miss Esten and Miss Fernald we tender our heartfelt thanks for all that you have done to make our three years at Keene Normal such pleasant ones.

In the hands of the Faculty we leave our precious "professional attitude" in order that you may bestow it upon next year's Seniors, should the need arise.

Class Teachers, your friendship and counsel has done much to smooth the rough spots for us and we leave to you the sum total of our esteem.

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 As this bright class's Wittiest.
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 Most Optimistic, E. Perkin's
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Class Teachers, your friendship and counsel has done much to smooth the rough spots for us and we leave to you the sum total of our esteem.

To the new Senior class, a higher and fairer goal than we have yet reached, and when you attain it, may you still press onward.

Anita Aldrich, upon you do we bestow our sunny and mirthful dispositions trusting that you will put them to good use next year.

To Florence Barden we leave the right to make all the noise she desires, with her saxophone or by her natural means. Use your ability with discretion, however, Florence.

Pauline Brown, to you we leave our powers of attraction, for, "Tis thine Sweet gift to charm the heart."

To Marie Mannis and Lorena Browning we will an airship in order that you may not have to waste so much time between here and Hinsdale.

Mabel Bruton, yours shall be the exclusive right to make announcements in the dining room regarding the A. A. and basket-ball practice.

Priscilla Carpenter, to you we will continued success in the many lines of activity in which you participate.

Elizabeth Carter, upon your shoulders rests the responsibility of always doing and saying the right thing at the right time. Our natural abilities in this line we give to you, but we doubt if you are overburdened.

To Madeline Creamer, a new pair of bed slippers, should your blisters return to trouble you next year.

Lucy Fitzpatrick, to you we will an automatic burglar alarm, whereby you may be warned of any chance visitors reclining beneath your bed.

To Marjorie Gale we leave full charge of the special music in chapel next year hoping that you may be able to find people capable of filling the places left vacant by us.

Louise Gelpke, we give to you a certified list of all the acceptable and eligible young men in Keene so that you may never be lonely or lack for amusement.

To Doris Kelso, the task of making the new Juniors feel at home next September, for as you well know, "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Nancy Knowlton, the privilege of spending your week-ends at Keene Normal, provided that you can find no other place to go.

To Fred Mann, all of our common sense, to be used sparingly in order that the supply may never run out.

Alberta Nadeau, to you do we will Mary Cyr's propensity for being the last one to reach the class room.

To Ellen Price, the privilege of giving extemporaneous current events in the absence of any student. We call that a golden chance, Ellen.

Marie Tetzloff, to you we will another year's membership in the Chorus Club, for we feel sure that you have enjoyed that privilege this year.

Nellie Abbott, as good a time at Mid-years next year, as you had this.

To Katherine Barker, the right to wear your diamond ring, wherever and whenever you please, even if this leads you to the cooking class.

Lucy Belknap and Eunice Houghton, in your charge do we leave the serving room. Please see to it that no one is allowed to do anything that we didn't do.

To Alice Eastman, a leave of absence to be effective one week before each vacation.

Our sense of responsibility, which is very great, we will to Hellen Collins and Vera Clark. Please treat it kindly, girls.

To Dorothy and Rosamond Fairbanks, we give, devise and bequeath a Ford Coupe in order that you may not have to walk the long distance to your classes.

To Annie Flanders, a recipe for homesickness, which you may try out on the Juniors next fall.

Helen Ford, to you we grant safe passage between Keene and Danbury in order that you may retain full possession of all your faculties.

Alice Goulette, a nice room at Penelope, where, surrounded by all your friends, you may play nurse to your heart's content.

To Katharine Holland, better health in order that you may continue your school work.

Helen Kimball and Doris Leavitt, in your care do we leave the library. Please see to it that all books are left on the bookshelves.

The position of first violinist in the orchestra goes to Beatrice Malvern. Success goes with it, Beatrice.

To Alma Matson, an opportunity to use your skill in penmanship in whatever way you may desire.

In the hands of Zelma Nichols, Alta Snow, and Esther Todd, we leave our dignity, for we feel sure that you are eminently fitted to carry it off.

To Irene Peabody, some of our athletic skill, that you may do credit to your Alma Mater.

To Harriett Randall, a permanent room so that you may know one day where you are to stay the next.

Gladys Ray, to you we will opportunity to try your culinary skill in ways best suited to yourself.

To Mildred Taylor, a certain friend of yours as a roommate, in order that you may not have to spend so much time on first floor, East End.

Henry Dumont and Dorothy Roche, to you we leave the right to go unprepared to class on Thursday and Monday so that you may enjoy the privilege of each other's society on Wednesday and Saturday nights.

To Doris Bruder, a position playing the reveille in the dormitory in place of the familiar rising bell.

Marjorie Sturtevant, to you we leave a room in the dormitory in order that you need not miss so much of the school life.

To Ruth Beverstock, a parachute, to enable you to descend to earth more easily.

Evelyn Parker, to you we will the tennis championship for 1923. You may have to work hard, Evelyn, but yours be the victory.

To The Class of '23

Violette Dodge, since you so much enjoy writing themes on the "Justice of Injustice" and kindred topics, we leave you the right to write all themes for your classmates next year.

To Marion Dow, we will an automobile, thinking that, as you have had so many rides this year you might wish to extend the favor to others less fortunate than yourself.

Selena Osborne, to you we leave a mail box at your residence so that your letters may reach you more quickly than when left at the "dorm."

To Vivian Pentland, we will an armband bearing the inscription K. N. S. '23, to be worn next September as a means whereby the new Juniors arriving need not mistake you for a member of the Faculty.

Doris Tolman, to you we leave an extra hour in the day and also an extra day in the week, that you may not always be so rushed for time.

To Ruth Walstrom we will all of our artistic ability so that you may fill the position of Miss Hazard's assistant next year.

To Rosella Whitney, a "Big Ben," so there will be no necessity of your borrowing one as you did last Thanksgiving. We won't say what you did with it, Rosella.

Phyllis Barrett, your interest in Mathematics being so great, we leave to you a position teaching Mathematics in Junior High as part of your practice work.

To Gladys Young, we will the combined force of our voices trusting you will have no difficulty in being heard should you ever chance to speak.

Mabel Barnes, may you make as many good friends next year as you have this.

To Bertha Belknap, a position as matron on third floor next year so that you may study in peace and quiet.

Ruth Cutter, Norma Gardner and Dorothy Gary, to you we leave the positions of first baseman, second baseman and shortstop, on the baseball team, and we feel sure that your team will win all games.

To Hazel Lorentson, we will the privilege of being on the opposite side whenever an argument is started.

Madeline Quinn and Madge Rixford, you may serve as the school seamstresses next year, for we know that your ability is unexcelled in that line. Do not hesitate girls, to call upon them!

To Cornelia Buswell, we will a book by the eminent author, Mr. Thomas Quiz entitled, "What to Say and How to Say It in the English Language." (We trust this will be most useful to you in your work next year.

To Mura Eastman, we leave some means whereby you may sort the laundry by absent treatment.

Hazel Gilman, we will you a radio set so that you may be in constant communication with New Hampshire State College.

To Virginia Glode, we leave some of our sociability in order that you may become better acquainted with the girls at Keene Normal.

Olive Haapanen, you shall have a set of permanently sterilized table silver so that you will not feel called upon to perform that office so frequently.

We have always been an obliging class and to you, Agnes Stein, we leave the privilege of doing all the extra typewriting for parties, games and so forth.

Elsie Fuller, Gladys Snow and Margaret Williams, upon you devolves the whole honor of upholding the music supervisory course and so to you we wish the best of luck in all your endeavors.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal, this sixteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1922.

Witnesses signed,

HEZEKIAH HOPKINS

JEREMIAH JENKINS

ARABELLA DOOLITTLE

Class of '22,

MARION J. SWEATT.

THREE-YEAR CLASS PROPHECY

Dear classmates, before I tell you of your future I have just one excuse to make. Inclosed in my darkened room in which I always sit when reading the fate of famous people, I let my mind wander over your names and faces. To my utter amazement it refused to work and in my distress I sought help. Now you know that the future of all of you was to be kept a secret until this very moment, so I knew not where to turn for aid, for fear my secret would be disclosed. All of a sudden an idea came to me and seemed to say, "Ask the daisies for daisies won't tell." I wandered through the fields until I had gathered these and to each I whispered one of your names. Together we decided what was to become of each and everyone of you. If you are disappointed in your future please don't blame me entirely but let a little of it rest upon my helpers.

To the first daisy I whispered the name of the first lady of our class, Mildred Connor, and the tale it told was strange. Mildred, you will always aim higher. Your motto will be "up." In your flight you will touch Columbia, then Oxford, and still you will continue until finally the only thing that will get you high enough will be a French aeroplane. You will be a successful driver nevertheless, and will spend your time aiding students who wish to rise.

Marian Sweatt ah! what fortune lies in store for you. You are not going to teach long, but will fall in love with the young minister in the first town that you strike and in later years you will be the proud mother of ten husky youngsters—all boys.

The daisies, Mary Cyr, love you, and are going to keep you in their sacred grove forever. In the foothills of the White Mountains you will begin your career and from there you will advance into the very heart of the hills until you finally become a guide. Your summers you will spend displaying your favorite nooks to wealthy travelers. You will be called by all "The Mountain Teacher."

Ora Swain, your life will be one of worth and charity. You will teach just two years in Epping. (While there you will meet a W. C. T. U. worker, and she will influence you to join the society. You will become a famous stump speaker and in years to come critics will say that you did more than any other woman to stamp out the vile habit of cigarette smoking.

Ruth Raymond, you are going to flutter here and there until finally you find your true profession—a dancing teacher. You will give exhibitions at all the large theatres and cabarets and will finally have a school of your own on the shores of Dublin Lake.

To Ruth Chisholm the daisies foresee a life of happiness in the teaching profession. You will become one of the most successful teachers in the state and will be a noted speaker at conventions. The foremost educational magazines will demand your articles. In short, all of your classmates will be proud of you.

At the mention of Ingeborg's name a big beautiful daisy straightened upon its stem and nodded vigorously—when it revealed your future. You are designed to be one of the famous ones. You are leaving K. N. S. but not for good because the daisies believe that the school could not exist without you and that in five years you will be back again in Miss Vaughn's position.

A graceful, charming, modest flower was the spokesman for Winnie Watts. Winnie, as usual, is to be the model. From a successful teacher in the winter you will become in the summer a model for one of the largest stores in New York. People from all over the country will flock there to see you display the fashionable gowns.

How few of us are really going to cling to the profession that we chose here. Alice Wetmore is to be one of the faithful ones. You will teach school Alice until you become one of these grand old women who have inspired hundreds of youths and maidens.

The modest daisy dropped her head at the future of Grace Gile and Marian Watson. Both of you girls will become interested in the movies, Grace to play vampire, and Marian villain's parts. Your pictures will be pasted on billboards all over the country and no one will mistake the two great stars.

Pauline, you seemed to puzzle the daisies. Your life is not what we expected, but you are to become especially fond of farming and after a few years of teaching you will buy a little farm in Gilsom and will work it yourself. Your potatoes and cabbages will take all the prizes from A to Z at the county fair.

There was a great commotion among the daisies at this point. They realized the wonderful revelation they were about to make. Avis, altho you are the baby in

Phyllis Barrett, your interest in Mathematics being so great, we leave to you a position teaching Mathematics in Junior High as part of your practice work.

To Gladys Young, we will the combined force of our voices trusting you will have no difficulty in being heard should you ever chance to speak.

Mabel Barnes, may you make as many good friends next year as you have this.

To Bertha Belknap, a position as matron on third floor next year so that you may study in peace and quiet.

Ruth Cutter, Norma Gardner and Dorothy Gary, to you we leave the positions of first baseman, second baseman and shortstop, on the baseball team, and we feel sure that your team will win all games.

To Hazel Lorentson, we will the privilege of being on the opposite side whenever an argument is started.

Madeline Quinn and Madge Rixford, you may serve as the school seamstresses next year, for we know that your ability is unexcelled in that line. Do not hesitate girls, to call upon them!

To Cornelia Buswell, we will a book by the eminent author, Mr. Thomas Quiz entitled, "What to Say and How to Say It in the English Language." We trust this will be most useful to you in your work next year.

To Mura Eastman, we leave some means whereby you may sort the laundry by absent treatment.

Hazel Gilman, we will you a radio set so that you may be in constant communication with New Hampshire State College.

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this class of ours you are going to come out on top! In ten years you will receive the nomination for president of the United States on the Socialist Ticket and you will be elected by an overwhelming majority. We shall all be present at your inauguration ball and we hope that you will be pleased to see us.

In our midst, we have a girl who dislikes to travel, Amy Mills. You Amy, will have a school house built underneath your boarding house. One of the rooms of the schoolhouse will be used for a church and the school hall for entertainments. After leaving here you can rest in peace. No more coming and going for you because in that model dwelling you will spend the rest of your life.

Like Wardsworth's daffodils, at this point the daisies danced to the rythmical music of the breeze and I guessed the reason why. There is a great musical career before Madeline Aldrich and Helen Clark, tho it is not the kind of life that we should imagine Helen and Madeline to choose. You girls will both become tired of teaching music in the grades and will spend your savings for a hand organ. From town to town you will tramp, Marjorie turning the crank while Helen sings and passes around the tin dipper. You will both do remarkably well in this business and in later years will invest in a "cute" little monkey.

Evelyn dear, yours is to be a romantic life. From lines and angles and degrees, you will turn to bones and skulls and spinal trees. You will be the assistant of a very famous man named Gil and will be especially happy.

The daisies are always proud of lovers and because you are such a man-hater, Mary, they do not seem to approve of you. You will teach school all your life and will receive proposals of marriage at the rate of one a year. You will flatly refuse them all. As I said before Mary, the daisies do not approve of such a life.

On some things the daisies and I didn't agree. To Alice Herlihy they foretold a maiden school teacher but I foresee quite a different career. Alice, you will write a book in a few years but agents will be scarce so you will canvass it yourself. A successful book agent is your lot with loads of money. The books will be entitled, "The Art of Speaking Slowly."

The daisies insisted that your two lives should not be separated Marian Foss and Helen Osgood. In your long chats during your three years here, you have conceived the idea of running a model girls school. In this you will be very successful. Very.

History shows that the progress of the world moves westward, and so will you, Vera, after three years of teaching in the grades of the Granite State. When once you arrive there your name will no longer be Craig for you also will have advanced with the world.

Yours Jennie, is one of the few married lives that we foresee. You will meet, next year, a young army officer and will both fall in love at first sight. He will be tall, handsome and fair in his military bearing. He will be stationed at Honolulu and will take you there with him.

Your life, Marjorie Siminoe, the daisies adore. It is somewhat similar to Jennie's but you will have a bungalow in Keene as well as a charming husband. He will desire an automobile but you will object strenuously because of the added cost of licenses for college students. It will all work out right in the end, however, and you will have your little roadster.

Emily Page and Marian Halladay were desired by the same little daisy so your lives are linked together. In two years, you will drift together, leave teaching and enter the dressmaking business. Your shop will be a high-priced one and only the very fashionable people will patronize you. We caution you both not to quarrel too much. Emily, if you desire short skirts and Marian, you prefer long ones for the

season's style you had better compromise somehow for this topic will always be a dangerous one.

Kathleen, you are going to leave the good old United States and accept a government position in Porto Rico. You will fall in love with the little dark kiddies and spend the rest of your life doing missionary work.

Our last famous member is Gertrude Sprague. Perhaps that is because you came to us last, Gertrude. In line with your Home Economic study, you will become vastly interested in a new way to fry frankforts and will have a booth at the "Rec" every summer. Your new method, which will be a great invention, will be greatly appreciated by the Keene dancers.

I should like to tell you more but the daisies refused me further help. Each of you has her special little flower. Keep it always for it will be a reminder of this day, and perhaps in years to come it will be interesting to peep into the little envelope and see how near the daisy seer came to telling the truth.

LORETTA M. DWYER.

History of the Class of 1922

It is a wonderful age in which we live, but far more wonderful will be the age one hundred years from now. Then telephones will be unknown and even the wireless will be a part of history, for mental capacities will be so developed that people will be able to communicate and have long mental conversations with people anywhere. Thousands of aeroplanes will travel the busy thoroughfares overhead and the automobile will be a curiosity to be found only in museums. All children will be taught through play in outdoor schools and their favorite game will be that of the fourth dimension. Everywhere people will live by the Golden Rule and be happy.

And the larger part of these marvelous attainments to come will be the result of the efficiency and exploits of the Keene Normal School Class of 1922.

The history of all great nations and great classes has been written; for this reason, it was decreed that I should record the life history of this class.

It was on September thirteen, (a lucky thirteen), that we first came to Keene to be the Junior Class of the Keene Normal School. How timid we felt! With what awe we gazed upon the seniors who met us! We felt, and no doubt looked, very much like the comic pictures entitled, "When a feller needs a friend."

But we soon looked and felt happier for the Y. W. C. A. welcomed us warmly and the next morning we endeavored to find our rightful places in the class-rooms. Hoping to demonstrate to our teachers the best quality of work of which we were capable, we started in to study hard for we were at once impressed with the fine faculty who were to direct us.

Our first social experience here came with a real K. N. S. picnic the next Saturday and from this time on I am sure the seniors began to have more respect for us. We certainly proved that some members of our class are unsurpassed when it comes to eating picnic lunches.

Applying ourselves diligently to our studies time passed swiftly and smoothly. We rose with the bell. We retired with the bell. But one night our sleep was destined to be broken. Many voices seemed to be calling, "Juniors, come out and play with us." But how could we? It was after ten o'clock. Sleepily we huddled at the windows for we could dimly discern below us a group of girls who were singing sweetly. They were jolly seniors who wished to serenade us and we certainly enjoyed their late concert.

After organizing as a class we decided to give a Hallowe'en party. We hope that our guests had as good a time at that party as we had in planning it.

In November, much to our delight, the faculty gave a Minstrel Show and it was then that we found that they are not only wonderful teachers, but remarkable actors and actresses. It was an evening brimful of fun.

Also in this same month the Four Weeker's arrival brightened our life and our enterprising class at once planned a party for them. They proved a jolly "bunch."

When our Division C, to show what they were doing in literature, presented a dramatization of the "Flag Raising," from Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, they contributed a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

This was quickly followed by our Christmas vacation and how glad and excited we were! Then upon our return, no less exciting was the anticipation of the "man dance" to be held the last of January.

One of the special privileges we as students here have enjoyed, and which we appreciate is that of belonging to the Keene Chorus Club. Its annual May festivals have been truly wonderful revelations of the beauty and the power of really fine music.

During our first spring we watched superintendents come and go. We heard the seniors discussing their graduation and too soon found to our sorrow that we must take our part, for we Juniors had the privilege, (if it can be counted such), of making the caps and gowns that the worthy seniors were to wear. The hours we spent thus are memorable ones.

During the last week of our Junior year very exciting contests took place. On field day, our athletes exhibited their prowess but the final reckoning disclosed that the seniors had won the cup. The other big event of the last week was our pageant which was held in city hall and showed the progress of New Hampshire and the success which comes through service.

Swiftly summer came and passed. During this vacation, we received our marks and we are sure that;

Reports may come,
Reports may go,
Reports may go on forever;
But the ranks we brilliant Juniors got
We'll ne'er forget, no never!

How different was our arrival the following September! We were the Seniors of Keene Normal School. Then truly we did our best to impress upon those around us our importance. Just how well we succeeded in this is rather doubtful.

To make the Juniors feel at home we welcomed them at a reception one evening. Also we welcomed them one morning. Long before light we arose. We marched through the corridors singing to these Juniors and then we serenaded the outside dormitories.

Those longed for and yet dreaded first days of practice teaching! What an epoch in the senior's life! They will never be forgotten. We celebrated our first nine weeks of practice teaching by a party given by the "seniors in" to the "seniors out." Later, when the second division came in, this party was returned.

Most of us succeeded in procuring a man for the Mid Year Ball and the big event occurred February third.

After this our interests centered in basketball, for on March eleventh occurred the all-important game with Plymouth. After a most exciting struggle, victory crowned the efforts of our sister school. However, we won from Milford.

Our class was much saddened this month for the death-messenger robbed us of our most talented and popular members, Mildred McDowell.

Many very enjoyable events have occurred during the spring months. Among these have been the Season Party, the Debating Club Banquet, the Masquerade Party, the Manchester Play, and the Minstrel Show. One of the most interesting events was the Debate between Plymouth and Keene. In this contest honors were even. We lost at Keene but we won at Plymouth.

The all important conferences with Superintendents deserve a place in our history. These have not always been classed as enjoyable but they have made us realize our responsibility and the fact too, that our life as students is almost over. Evidently the Juniors realize this also for I overheard, one day, something like this:

The senior's time is nearly run;
Next year we'll put on airs,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints just as large as theirs.

Our time is truly nearly run. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Mason, to Miss Esten, to our class teachers, Miss Vaughn and Mr. Bushnell and to all our other teachers and friends for their continual interest in our welfare.

It is with mingled feelings of happiness and of regret that we realize that the day of our graduation has arrived. We are glad because we have successfully completed our course. We are sad because we must part from friends and teachers. This is the last time that we shall probably be together as a class. Our two happy years here that have passed so swiftly can never be repeated.

We have made the history of the class of 1922. Our last lesson has been mastered, our last victory won. Tonight will record our parting.

We have been held together as the largest graduating class by a wonderful spirit and although in the future we shall have only memories of our pleasures as classmates, yet many of our friendships will be life long.

"Though our sad farewells are spoken
Let our friendship last unbroken
True and faithful to the end,"

that the work and reputation established by the class of '22 shall not soon be forgotten.

MILDRED W. PEARSON.

Three-Year Class History

Three years at Normal School have flown like the wind, yet they have been stored with the wisdom of centuries * * * with the truths of sociology, psychology, mathematics, languages and science * * * with here and there hours full of fun and frolic. Come, three year seniors, the spirit of the past is upon me and the glories of the three years' achievements are fast flitting through my memory—come, join me in my reverie and backward look upon your past at K. N. S.

How eager, yet how sad we were the day of our arrival in Keene! Many of us had never been away from home before and we knew nothing about Keene and still less about our room-mate. What excitement that first day! Did you ever meet so many people in all your life! The roomers from the outside cottages, the stray middlers, and then finally hordes of those superior beings who came to see of what freak specimens the Junior Class might be composed. When these superior beings informed us regarding the stiff course we three year students were venturing upon,

our peace of mind was greatly troubled. However, our settled determination was not altered. Although we had felt the spirit of the school through the under-graduates, we were not introduced to the inner circle of the school until the next day, when we attended the assembly exercises. Then we found out that co-operation, work and happiness would carry us to a successful end.

Our first few days were full of general information but it was not long before we were able to adapt ourselves to the routine of the Normal School. Do you remember the first morning you heard the rising bell? And the first meal in the dormitory? In our various courses—home economics, commercial, high school, music and drawing supervisory, we soon found our places, and it was then that we began to realize that our profession called for thorough preparation.

On Friday evening of the week we arrived, however, came our first relief from vivid impressions of the vast knowledge to be acquired. How much we admired those Seniors who entertained us so efficiently with their vaudeville! It took us but a short time to get into the spirit of the school, after we had been cordially welcomed by the Seniors. The following week everything seemed less strange to us and we could actually find our recitation rooms alone!

In the classroom certain characteristics of the institution of our choice impressed us; for could we not easily perceive that we were under the influence of a variety of teachers whose untiring zeal would strengthen us not only in teaching power but also in our faith in humanity.

Many of us realized the advantages which were in store for us by joining some of the various school clubs. The "Forum" drew many of our class, and we, who have belonged to this club three years, can truthfully say that not only have the meetings been interesting but they have also been of immense practical value. The height of our ambition was reached this year when we debated with Plymouth. And what members of the "Forum" can forget the fine banquets we have had. It is to Mr. Roberts that we owe our gratitude for the efficiency obtained through his untiring efforts. Those who were studying the languages joined the French and Spanish clubs. Members of both these clubs enthusiastically spoke their language. Those who were musically inclined realized the advantages in the Glee Club and Chorus Club. The choral training which we have had under Mr. Coffin, and the great musical privileges which we have enjoyed, through the May Festivals will be of lasting benefit.

At the beginning of the second year our home economic students organized a club called Nu Beta Upsilon. It was founded in order to create a closer fellowship among the two and the three year home economic students and to develop individuality. Penelope is the home of this club and no doubt the girls have obtained practice in the real problems of household management there. Throughout the three years we have had numerous parties and plays, dramatizations and dances. At the beginning of each year, we have had "get-acquainted" frolics with the Juniors interspersed with the plays. Do you remember when the last of January or the first part of February came and brought two exciting factors—those all important envelopes containing our first marks with the subsequent relief or despair, and the mid-year ball! Old gowns were remodeled, new gowns exhibited, latest style in hair dressing tried and approved or rejected, nails immaculately manicured—all this for the big event. Each year we have seen the individuality and ingenuity of the various classes shown by their efficiency in managing such affairs.

Outdoor activities have not been neglected by our class. When we first came to Keene Normal, we were informed of the "Rec," not a wreck left by the waves, but a place for recreation at Wilson Pond. There we have enjoyed many bountiful picnics. Every year we have had a "Mountain Day" and surely our desire for climbing higher

not only to obtain knowledge, but also to obtain wider views of nature was clearly shown when we climbed Mt. Monadnock. During the winter months we have delighted in snow shoeing, skiing and skating, but weren't we glad when the campus became green and dry again so that we could play baseball and tennis! We have had many exciting inter-class games but the athletic climaxes were reached when we played Tilton, Milford and Plymouth. Throughout these games could be heard yells, excited shrieks, disappointed groans, cheers and songs of victory.

The success and growth of a school depends upon the stimulation and interest instigated by its director. We who have been here three years have watched the progress of Keene Normal under the careful guidance of Mr. Mason.

Perhaps some of us will take advantage of the greatest achievement obtained this past year, that of returning for a degree.

Two years behind with dignity plus practice teaching ahead—and we were at last Seniors. Together we have shared the joys and sorrows of our experiences while practice teaching and have indulged in the problem, project method and supervised study.

Now that is past and we have reached our goal. Together with the prospect of starting out upon our own resources and attempting to realize our ambitions comes a sorrow at leaving those whom we have come to know so intimately and to whom we have become deeply attached, yet we joy in the host of happy memories connected with our three years in Keene. With eager faces and unfaltering steps we will go courageously onward, facing bravely the future with confident faith and unflinching purpose.

INGEBORG A. NORLING.

Class Prophecy of 1922

After graduating from K. N. S., I taught in Reeds Ferry for five years, where I received a large salary of \$2500 a year. I saved so much money that I thought I would follow Miss Dole's advice and travel. I bought the finest aeroplane and had it equipped with radio, so I could talk with my friends once in a while. I started my trip from Amherst, and although the people were afraid I should break my neck in one of those 'er big flying things, they did not discourage me at all. I had planned to travel south along the coast, over across the southern states, and up the Pacific coast, back through the Great Plains coming up by the Great Lakes and home again.

The first day I went over to Keene, there seeing Daddy Mason, Miss Brown, and a few other teachers. As I was talking with Daddy, Miss Vaughan appeared. She was very much interested in my idea and said she would like to go with me. Finally she decided to go, as of course, I really would need a chaperon. As we were about to leave Keene, I saw a girl walking along the street. Miss Vaughan said it was Alice Muchmore, and that she was taking Miss Twining's place in the Wheelock school. Imagine "Muchy" a critic teacher.

From there, we went down to New York. The first thing we did was to go to a hotel. While we were sitting in the dining room, I noticed a girl talking with a fine looking young man. I overheard her say, "Ed," and it sounded so familiar. As she turned, I saw that it was Glenna Craine. I might have known she would have been in New York by this time.

After dining we thought we would go to the theatre. There was to be an extra good show, as the famous dancer, "Dotty Dimples," was to be the main feature. She had traveled abroad and all over the United States, giving the money she made to girls who wished to go into the teaching profession. Who was this charitable danseuse but Dorothy Dunlap.

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In the classroom certain characteristics of the institution of our choice impressed us; for could we not easily perceive that we were under the influence of a variety of teachers whose untiring zeal would strengthen us not only in teaching power but also in our faith in humanity.

Many of us realized the advantages which were in store for us by joining some of the various school clubs. The "Forum" drew many of our class, and we, who have belonged to this club three years, can truthfully say that not only have the meetings been interesting but they have also been of immense practical value. The height of our ambition was reached this year when we debated with Plymouth. And what members of the "Forum" can forget the fine banquets we have had. It is to Mr. Roberts that we owe our gratitude for the efficiency obtained through his untiring efforts. Those who were studying the languages joined the French and Spanish clubs. Members of both these clubs enthusiastically spoke their language. Those who were musically inclined realized the advantages in the Glee Club and Chorus Club. The choral training which we have had under Mr. Coffin, and the great musical privileges which we have enjoyed, through the May Festivals will be of lasting benefit.

At the beginning of the second year our home economic students organized a club called Nu Beta Upsilon. It was founded in order to create a closer fellowship among the two and the three year home economic students and to develop individuality. Penelope is the home of this club and no doubt the girls have obtained practice in the real problems of household management there. Throughout the three years we have had numerous parties and plays, dramatizations and dances. At the beginning of each year, we have had "get-acquainted" frolics with the Juniors interspersed with the plays. Do you remember when the last of January or the first part of February came and brought two exciting factors—those all important envelopes containing our first marks with the subsequent relief or despair, and the mid-year ball! Old gowns were remodeled, new gowns exhibited, latest style in hair dressing tried and approved or rejected, nails immaculately manicured—all this for the big event. Each year we have seen the individuality and ingenuity of the various classes shown by their efficiency in managing such affairs.

Outdoor activities have not been neglected by our class. When we first came to Keene Normal, we were informed of the "Rec," not a wreck left by the waves, but a place for recreation at Wilson Pond. There we have enjoyed many bountiful picnics. Every year we have had a "Mountain Day" and surely our desire for climbing higher

not only to obtain knowledge, but also to obtain wider views of nature was clearly shown when we climbed Mt. Monadnock. During the winter months we have delighted in snow shoeing, skiing and skating, but weren't we glad when the campus became green and dry again so that we could play baseball and tennis! We have had many exciting inter-class games but the athletic climaxes were reached when we played Tilton, Milford and Plymouth. Throughout these games could be heard yells, excited shrieks, disappointed groans, cheers and songs of victory.

The success and growth of a school depends upon the stimulation and interest instigated by its director. We who have been here three years have watched the progress of Keene Normal under the careful guidance of Mr. Mason.

Perhaps some of us will take advantage of the greatest achievement obtained this past year, that of returning for a degree.

Two years behind with dignity plus practice teaching ahead—and we were at last Seniors. Together we have shared the joys and sorrows of our experiences while practice teaching and have indulged in the problem, project method and supervised study.

Now that is past and we have reached our goal. Together with the prospect of starting out upon our own resources and attempting to realize our ambitions comes a sorrow at leaving those whom we have come to know so intimately and to whom we have become deeply attached, yet we joy in the host of happy memories connected with our three years in Keene. With eager faces and unfaltering steps we will go courageously onward, facing bravely the future with confident faith and unflinching purpose.

INGEBORG A. NORLING.

Class Prophecy of 1922

After graduating from K. N. S., I taught in Reeds Ferry for five years, where I received a large salary of \$2500 a year. I saved so much money that I thought I would follow Miss Dole's advice and travel. I bought the finest aeroplane and had it equipped with radio, so I could talk with my friends once in a while. I started my trip from Amherst, and although the people were afraid I should break my neck in one of those 'er big flying things, they did not discourage me at all. I had planned to travel south along the coast, over across the southern states, and up the Pacific coast, back through the Great Plains coming up by the Great Lakes and home again.

The first day I went over to Keene, there seeing Daddy Mason, Miss Brown, and a few other teachers. As I was talking with Daddy, Miss Vaughan appeared. She was very much interested in my idea and said she would like to go with me. Finally she decided to go, as of course, I really would need a chaperon. As we were about to leave Keene, I saw a girl walking along the street. Miss Vaughan said it was Alice Muchmore, and that she was taking Miss Twining's place in the Wheelock school. Imagine "Muchy" a critic teacher.

From there, we went down to New York. The first thing we did was to go to a hotel. While we were sitting in the dining room, I noticed a girl talking with a fine looking young man. I overheard her say, "Ed," and it sounded so familiar. As she turned, I saw that it was Glenna Craine. I might have known she would have been in New York by this time.

After dining we thought we would go to the theatre. There was to be an extra good show, as the famous dancer, "Dotty Dimples," was to be the main feature. She had traveled abroad and all over the United States, giving the money she made to girls who wished to go into the teaching profession. Who was this charitable danseuse but Dorothy Dunlap.

Upon leaving the theater we went up to the Club, and who should greet us but a very dignified lady, Mae Jackson. They were having a special dance. All of a sudden someone shouted, "Slim." It was Edson Howe dancing with "Nazie" Moriarty. You remember how they used to dance together out in the gym. I turned around and there was Adelaide Davitt with an excellent partner—as usual!

The next day we continued our journey. When we came to Philadelphia we landed right in front of the cutest little bungalow. A woman was sweeping off the piazza. Why, it was Mary McGrath! She had been married three years. As we were about to leave, a lady came up the walk. She was a book agent, and if it wasn't Peg Madden selling the "Standard Dictionary of Facts."

As we wanted to take in Washington that day, we didn't stay long in Philadelphia. When we were going through the Capitol, I heard a voice, which sounded very familiar. Soon I discovered that it was Muriel Frizzel. She was our representative from New Hampshire.

We then went south, along the coast. As we were going over North Carolina, we heard the most beautiful singing, so we landed. There was a little negro school and Mary Keenan was the teacher. I always knew she liked to teach music. I was wondering why she was down there all alone, when I came across an auto from the cotton fields. Evelyn Shedd was the driver, and because she owned a plantation, she said she did not have a thing "to take joy out of life."

Then we went on to Florida. As we came to our hotel, there on the veranda enjoying themselves with afternoon tea, were Bertha McGary, Kathleen Sheridan, and Evelyn Stearns. A very eccentric old lady had visited their schools, fallen in love with these three girls and left them her entire fortune. They had come South to live in order to be near Mary and Evelyn.

While we were resting on the piazza a man and a girl came up the steps. Mary McGettigan and Joe! They had come down here for their honeymoon, in Joe's motorcycle.

On our way to New Orleans we were summoned to our radiophone. Someone had evidently recognized us, Marion Kendrigan and Mary Fitzgerald talking a tour through the South in their new car. We landed and Mary told us that May Fanning was a noted pianist, and with her income she helped poor children. She was interested, of course, in their education but what she most concerned about was that they should have enough to eat. Remember how Mazie was always eating in Normal School.

When we came to New Orleans, we saw a large ship coming into port. As the crew landed we noticed a young man and girl. He was the ship's captain and the girl was Sylvia Sterling or "Jazzbow." They had returned from a trip to South America.

After leaving New Orleans we planned to fly right over to California, but we had an accident. Just as we crossed over into New Mexico something broke in our engine, and we landed in front of a little district school. We were stunned for a while, and when I became conscious, I noticed Miss Vaughan talking with two school teachers, Nancy Rich and Ruth Rideout. They were remodeling this western school, and they certainly had done a good job; the result of their efficient normal training was apparent. I had quite a bad cut from the accident so Miss Rich had the district nurse dress it for me. Who do you suppose that nurse was? Carolyn Sibley. They told me that Margaret Wilson was teaching "the Daily Dozen" in a school system in Texas. Remember Peg doing the "Daily Dozen" in K. N. S. to lose weight?

When we recovered from the accident we had our plane repaired and continued our journey. It was rather late when we got to California so we stopped at a very beautiful house in the suburbs of Los Angeles. Rachel Smith was living here and

she had married Markus. She told us that Marion Guild was a missionary in Turkey.

The next morning we started to tour the country. Just before we came to San Francisco, we stopped at a tea-room. We were greeted by Gertrude Bolles, and then up walked Nellie Moynihan and Gertrude Wheeler. The three had gone into business. They said that Mary Catherine Barrett was the preceptress of some girls' school in California, and that Fannie Davis was the physical ed. teacher in the same school. I wonder if she was teaching the "Daily Dozen," too.

As we came to the harbor at San Francisco, I was hailed again as "Slim." This time it was Helen Lewis and Dana. They were waiting for the boat to take them to Hawaii. Helen had taught her two years, but finally decided she had had enough of school teaching.

We were now about to turn back and complete our journey. We planned to cross the desert of Arizona. As we were flying over this we noticed some people traveling on donkeys. As we were interested, we landed in the desert. Among the party was Louise Kelly. They were traveling for their health; you know Kelly was a delicate little thing in school. She had a position where she was boss of everything, for she was the leader of the party. She said that Tommy Bean had been married to a very wealthy Dartmouth man, and that they now were traveling with a band of minstrels as both of them enjoyed this better than settling down. Remember Tommy in the minstrel show?

After this we started back over the Rocky Mts. As we were about to land on the top of one of the mountains, we saw a lookout house. There was a party of girls climbing the mountain. If one of the girls wasn't Ruth Watson! You know she always was high in the world. Along with her were Maybelle Perkins and Alice Maxfield and their husbands. Maybelle didn't teach long as she had so many beaux on the string at once. She finally married one of them. Alice was married to Dell.

From here we went to Denver. There was a crowd around one of the churches. Among the crowd were Miriam Gardner and Ida Cushing. Miriam was teaching in the Denver high school. Ida was there visiting. She had just graduated from college and was to become Dean at dear old K. N. S. I wondered how they happened to be here, and was very much surprised when I heard that there was to be a wedding. Helen Stanley, the famous artist, scholar and musician was to be the bride; she was to marry a well-known dancing teacher. They were going around giving dancing lessons to girls in colleges and normal schools. Of course I had to stay to the wedding and afterwards I noticed a pretty girl talking with the minister. It was Charlotte Woodbury and she was his wife. I knew her highest ambition was to be a minister's wife.

As we left here Miss Vaughan overheard the following on the radiophone: "Ora Lavoie the aesthetic dancer is to be in Chicago Saturday to give an exhibition." This was only Wednesday so we planned to be there if possible.

We traveled a while longer and came to the real wild western states. All we saw for miles was low flat land, not even a tree. Finally we saw a fine ranch with a roomy house and thought it would be fun to stay there all night. The maid who met us at the door was very neat; the house was immaculate; and the person I thought at once of was Ruth Linquist. Sure enough the mistress of the ranch was Linky herself. She had been married a year. I was interested to see the pictures of K. N. S. girls in all parts of the house. Linky had evidently not forgotten us.

As I sat waiting in the den for supper, I noticed a pamphlet on the table. On the cover was a picture of a girl who looked quite familiar. It was Esther Connor, and the pamphlet was the program of a recital, in which she was the most prominent soprano soloist. She was now making thousands of dollars singing instead of teaching school.

I looked up from reading Esther's program and before me stood a small girl with

dark hair, red cheeks, black eyes, wearing riding breeches and a plaid blouse, a bandana around her neck, a big hat on her head and a belt of cartridges around her waist, with a revolver. It was Buggy, or Viola Johnson. She was one of Linky's best cow-girls. We always thought she would make an attractive western girl. Linky said that two girls who were visiting her would show us over the ranch the next morning.

When morning came we were surprised to find that our guides were Madeline O'Connell and Veronica O'Malley. Madeline had become an artist and most of her pictures were of scenes in the west. Veronica was a fine milliner in New York, but because of too strenuous work had come here for a rest.

That P. M. we continued our journey. We stopped in Chicago to see Ora, and she certainly danced better than ever. We took in a baseball game while we were there. There were two girls on this championship team. As soon as I saw one of them bat a ball, I thought of Grace Crosby. She took the position of first baseman in the next inning, and I saw that it really was Gooseberry. Who ever would have thought that she would be a noted baseball player.

Who should own the attractive inn where we stayed but Nora Hurley! She had left the teaching profession, as she thought there was more money in hotels. She also owned a palatial hotel in Florida.

Our journey was nearly over now so we went right on to New York. We had not been there fifteen minutes when we met Mildred Pearson, much to our astonishment. She was a noted Educator and had written several books on supervised study. She said that Lillian Locke was there with her. Tilly was a noted medium, and everyone who wanted to know his future went to her to have his fortune told.

We were very tired so we retired early. The next thing we heard was a terrible noise. It was an alarm clock going off, and only four o'clock in the morning. It kept repeating. I did not want my rest disturbed so I proceeded to go out into the hall. I knocked on the door next to mine; it was promptly opened and there stood Marion Whelpley. She was still at her old tricks of setting alarm clocks at all hours of the morning, but being a traveling saleslady, I suppose she had to get up early.

Our journey was practically over but as we came down through the White Mountains, we stopped at that most noted summer resort, North Conway. There we met Ellen Hatch. She is a wonderful swimming teacher, and at all the carnivals and exhibitions she demonstrates her marvelous courage, skill, and endurance. In the Fall she returns to her school teaching in Conway.

Our journey is now ended and we are back in Keene, having seen everyone of my old classmates in K. N. S. Is it any wonder that my thoughts turn back to the class of 1922?

MARION A. BENNETT.

Two-Year Class Will

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two, Keene Normal School, of the City of Keene, County of Cheshire and State of New Hampshire, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby revoke on this, the sixteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred twenty-two, make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

Our class, individually and as a whole, has been extremely economical, with the result that we have an exceptionally large fortune to distribute. After having paid all our just debts we do give, devise and bequeath the remainder of our said fortune as follows:

To Mr. Mason:—You, to whom we are greatly indebted for all the patience, en-

couragement and help, as well as for the best of watchful and loving care which we have received, we leave our thanks. But, in our actions, next year, when we are trying to do our work to reflect credit on our Alma Mater, we will do our best to show our appreciation.

Miss Esten and Miss Fernald:—You to whom we've turned for relief and advice, during these past two years, we also leave our thanks.

Class Teachers:—We leave our desire that another class may be as fortunate as ours as to have you hold the same position with them as you have held with us and filled so efficiently and beneficially for us. Words cannot express our gratitude for all your work with us and help to us.

Senior Class:—All the dignity pertaining to your new name and as happy a year to close your school life, as we have had this year.

Frances Abbott:—Continued success in your singing. In the list of artists, may your name soon appear next to "Galli-Curcie"!

Christine Bates:—An artificial method of manufacturing snow, to save you running around with pail and shovel in hand on Saturday morning when it comes time to sweep.

Lucille Bemis and Madelyn Foley:—A "real" machine, such as a—Ford, which we hope will aid you in going back and forth next year, especially while you are practicing.

Lucille Beaudette:—A diploma permitting you to exhibit your artistic ability in any state in which you may choose.

Ruth Brown and Loretta Jeanotte:—An electric curler that the "artificial handicaps" which you have assumed may be as beautifying as possible.

Sarah Cohen:—All the kindergarten work that your heart desires.

Ethel Curtis:—Knowing Ethel's responsibility in regard to being punctual when its time to ring bells, we feel sure we could do nothing better than to let her resume her task only a little burdened next year, by being responsible for all the bells and lights in the Dormitory for the entire year.

Eunice Gaddas:—Six nicely composed debates which will save your time preparing them next year. These will be on subjects that will presumably be discussed just as much next year as they have been this year, "Open Shop," for instance.

Corinne Holt:—The honor of being captain of an enthusiastic baseball team next year, with Beatrice Lawrence as your assistant.

Hope Johnson:—A mixture of Evelyn Shedd's, Lillian Locke's and Louise Kelley's ability to digest and appreciate jokes quickly.

Florence Marston:—A contract stating that you may, with a different companion each night, go for the mail.

Catharine McKay:—Esther Connor and May Jackson's ability to enter into and carry on a lively conversation.

Edith Morgan:—The title of being chairman on the reception committee next fall, to make the Juniors feel they are glad they have decided to come here.

Maud Morrow:—More time for participating in our pleasures.

Frederica May:—A program permitting you to spend every week-end at home.

Elsie Page:—A stick of dynamite which we hope you'll use, if necessary, when trying to arouse interest in athletics.

Dorothy Parker:—Material with which to buy a larger house that you may be able to show your generous disposition by taking more people home with you next year than you did this.

Edith Pearson:—The most convenient article which you could possibly use,—my permit to enter the dining room with the teachers.

Gladys Robadeau and Doris Williams:—Marion Guild's soft pedal for her voice. When you're practicing you'll find it especially helpful and valuable in eliminating the problem of discipline.

Dorothy Ramsey:—Continued expectations of the joys of teaching.

Eleanor Reynolds and Pauline Taylor:—As much real pleasure and enjoyment as Seniors as you've apparently had while Juniors.

Alice Richardson:—Our desire for the arrival of meal time.

Jessie Sanborn:—Every possible opportunity for you to show your ability to read, as well as speak.

Doris Shepard, Eva Bonnette and Katharine Chase:—A place on the committee of which Edith is chairman.

Inez Smith:—As good a place to spend week-ends as you have had this year. They are not always as easy to find, Inez!

Marguerite Smith:—A medal as a reward for good behavior in classes.

Mildred Sprague:—As much fun as can be found living anywhere except in the Shedd House!

Olive Stearns:—A more prominent place in next year's graduation than you have in this.

Rachel Stickney:—A position as supervisor of geography for, at least the entire year.

Pauline Taylor:—The happiest years of your life in your new environment.

Veronica Trinity:—The privilege of having current events once a month and oftener if it can be satisfactorily arranged.

Ruth Turner and Ellen Watson:—A program arranged especially for your benefit; no classes before chapel.

Bena Vance:—Plenty of opportunity for choice of that long looked for rural school. We wish you all the joy you have anticipated.

Helen Welch:—Increased ability to play the cello. You will be of as much service in music appreciation as you have been in our orchestra.

Vivian Wood:—Ruth Watson's mail box.

We do appoint one of our beloved teachers, Catharine A. Dole, to be the executrix of this, our last will and testament.

In testimony whereof we have set our hands and seal and declare this to be our last will and testament.

CLASS OF 1922.

Signed and sealed in the presence of these witnesses, who have in our presence and in the presence of each other, subscribed their names hereunto, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two.

LOUISE KELLEY
KATHLEEN SHERIDAN
MARY McGRATH



XVIII

Farewell Address

It was a spring sunset slowly and wonderfully fading in the west; a sleepy robin caroled his cheery lay to a dutiful mate; the buttercup which had smiled so brightly all day, nodded its golden head. Across the meadow and upland came the sweet song of a thrush sending forth her clear note heralding the approaching evening hour. Gradually the sun disappeared as if eager to be on its way giving light to the countries of the orient. Twilight and shadows descended. Nightly from every little heart comes a farewell, sincere and true as Mother Nature bids her children a fond "Good-night."

Always men have been engrossed in the busy life of going hastily from one occupation to another. They are eager to investigate new devices. Anxious to roam and discover, they become dissatisfied with their immediate surroundings. Why cannot we like the robin thrush and buttercup be content to remain in our little sphere and live close to the heart of kind Mother Nature. It is that instinct to seek farther and higher, which comes to us. How often we have loved just one little spot for the associations, yet we cannot always remain; we have a purpose in life, which calls and to whose voice we must respond.

Dear underclassmates, teachers and our beloved director, we have come to the time when we can no longer stay under the shelter and guidance of dear Keene Normal School. We have not been roaming. For two memorable years we have been guided and encouraged by the stimulating spirit of love and loyalty which here inspires us to do our best. What a privilege to have known and felt this. It has kept us united; has cheered us when everything seemed to go dead wrong and has entered into the lives and hearts of each one of us.

The twilight hour is nearing and turning from our smiling role of student, like the little buttercup, we pause for a moment to realize that the golden sunshine of school days is o'er and the beautiful evening hour is at hand. The thrush sings her sweetest notes at evening, when hearts seem nearest. The sadness of the thrushes' song is in our hearts as we think of leaving Director Mason, just our dear Daddy, for you have been every bit of that to us. How lost we felt when you were not present at chapel to tell us some witty story or to give us courage and eagerness "to be up and doing," when our tasks seemed too hard and burdensome. Our playing seemed to lack real enthusiasm when you were not there to cheer and coach us. When the clouds of despair and decision hung over us, with patience and prudence you guided us safely out into sunshine and happiness again. As we call to mind your thoughtful words and your constant endeavor to provide for our comfort we realize what it means to bid you "farewell." May we still be your girls, for we shall ever be striving to make our achievements worthy of your ideals. We believe that only thus can we manifest our real appreciation and love for dear K. N. S.

Words cannot express our gratitude dear teachers, for what you have given us. We would show our appreciation by our works. We thank you most heartily and shall strive to reach for these high ideals which you have set before us.

To you, dear undergraduates, the day is yet at dawn. To you we leave its golden hours. Uphold the noble standards of your school, carry them onward and upward, ever reach for the highest summit of achievement.

Dear Juniors, we are proud of you, proud to have been with you for one short year, and we would that we might prolong our companionship, but the sun is setting. We bid you "Good-Night." On the morrow when we meet again may our work be acknowledged as a genuine profession.

Sub-seniors, spread the spirit, inspire the minds and hearts of those who come,

XIX

make them feel that it is worth their while to make sacrifices for our school. You know how much we love her, prove loyal and honor her always.

Dear classmates, for two joyful years we have climbed together to the heights of happiness. We have sometimes descended into the valley of despair, but now we go forth to guide little feet along the stepping stones of knowledge. It is our conquest. Let us, with vigorous enthusiasm mingled with undying love go eagerly and joyfully to the work which awaits us. Wherever we may go, to whatever corner of our beloved state we will carry the royal standard, with its motto, "Service." As the robin, thrush, and golden buttercup, at the twilight hour say their farewells, so, as the sun is slowly fading on our happy schooldays, we bid you one and all the fondest of farewells.

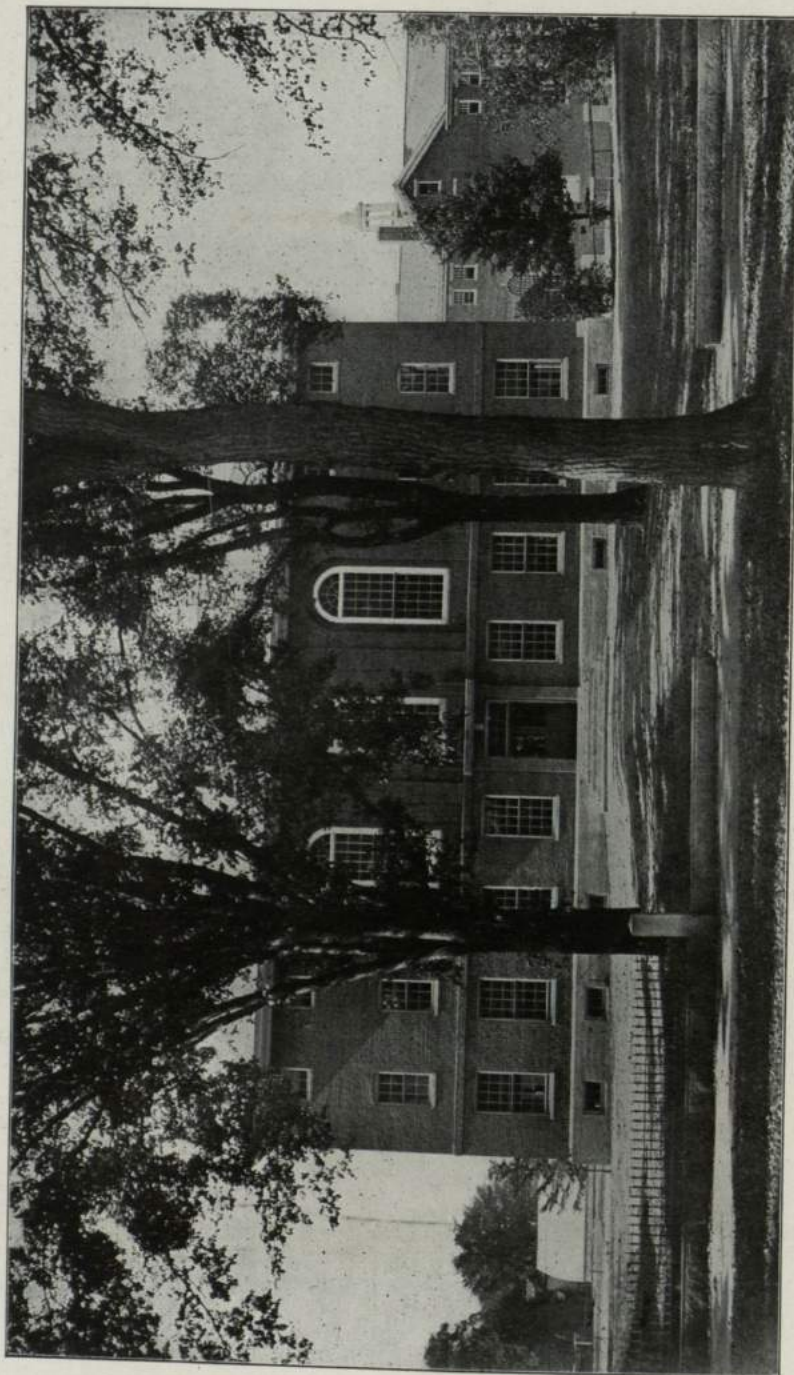
May God go with you; May He bless and keep you always.

RACHEL SMITH.

In Memoriam



MILDRED McDOWELL



PARKER HALL—Assembly Hall and Recitation Rooms *The house of knowledge*

High School Course



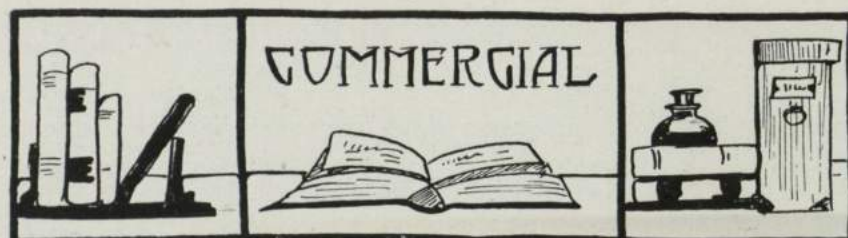
Second Year

Back row left to right: Rosella Whitney, Vivian Pentland, Ruth Walstrom. Middle row: Doris Tolman, Selina Osborne, Marion Dow, Violette Dodge. Front row: Phyllis Barrett, Gladys Young.



First Year

Back row left to right: Louise Gelpke, Marie Tetzlaff, Pauline Brown, Anita Aldrich, Priscilla Carpenter, Evelyn Parker, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Nancy Knowlton. Front row: Mabel Bruton, Florence Barden, Elizabeth Carter, Madeleine Creamer, Doris Kelso, Ellen Price.



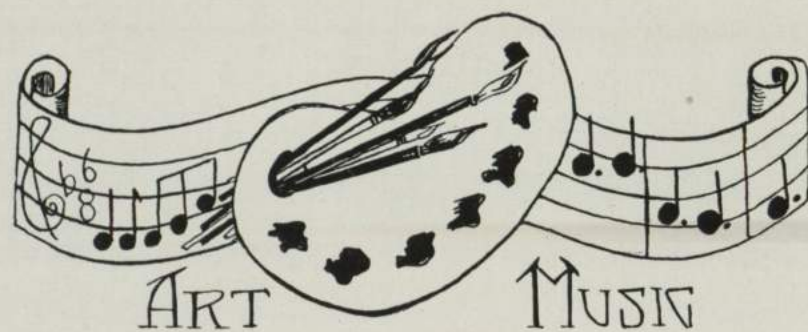
Left to right, back row: Olive Haapanen, '23, Hazel Gilman, '23, Vera Craig, '22, *Alice Savard, '23, Mary Clough, '22, Dorothy Daniels, '23, Margaret Madden, '23, (changed to elementary course). Middle row: Amy Mills, '22, Pauline Butler, '22, Henry Dumont, '23, Agnes Stein, '23, Alice Herlihy, '22. Front row: Cornelia Buswell, '23, Mura Eastman, '23, Virginia Glode, '23, *Genevieve Rice, '23, Marion Foss, '22, *Ruth Gup-till, '23.

*Left school.



First Year

Back row: Mildred Taylor, Annie Flanders, Rosamond Fairbanks, Harriet Randall, Mildred Sturtevant, Dorothy Fairbanks, Lucy Belknap, Doris Leavitt, Gladys Ray, Vera Clark, Beatrice Malvern. Middle row: Helen Kimball, Alice Goulette, Dorothy Roche, Alta Snow, Zelma Nichols, Esther Todd, Irene Peabody, Katherine Barker, Eunice Houghton, Nellie Abbott. Seated: Helen Collins, Helen Ford, Alma Matson.



Art Supervisory Course

Back row, left to right: Ruth Walstrom, Lucile Boudette, Oliva Barnett. Front row: Madeline O'Connell, Helen Stanley, Miss Hazard.



Music Supervisory Course

Left to right, back row: Elsie Fuller, Helen Clark, Madelyn Aldrich. Front row: Gladys Snow, Margaret Williams, Harry W. Davis, (absent when photograph was taken).



Elementary Course, 1923, Division "A"

Back row, left to right: Christine Bates, Eunice Gaddas, Ruth Brown, Catherine McKay, Lucile Boudette. Middle row: Katherine Chase, Madyline Foley, Helen Welch, Ethel Curtis, Lucile Bemis. Front row: Eva Bonnette, Sarah Cohen, Frances Abbott, Mildred Sprague.



Elementary Course, 1923, Division "B"

Back row, left to right: Dorothy Ramsay, Elsie Page, Edith Morgan, Dorothy Parker, Hope Johnson, Corinne Holt, Fredrica Nay. Front row: Eleanor Reynolds, Beatrice Lawrence, Florence Marston, Maude Morrow, Edith Pearson, Gladys Rabadeau.



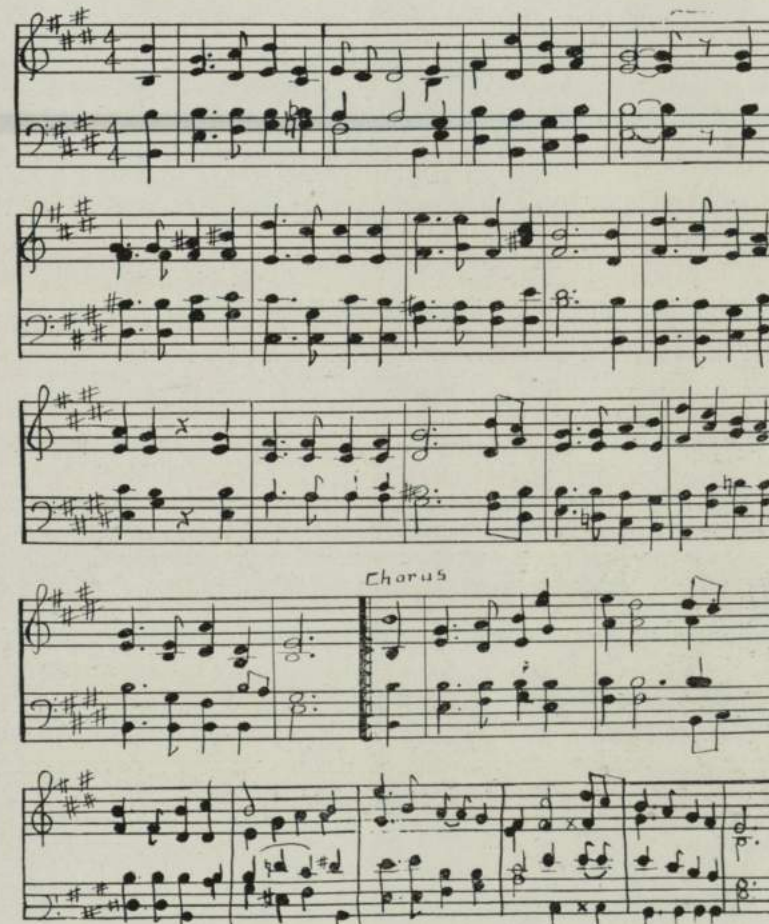
Elementary Course, 1923, Division "C"

Back row, left to right: Veronica Trinity, Pauline Taylor, Olive Stearns, Alice Richardson, Doris Williams, Vivian Wood, Inez Smith, Ruth Turner. Front row: Marguerite Smith, Rachel Stickney, Ellen Watson, Jessie Sanborn, Bena Vance, Doris Shepard.

New Hampshire

Words by Catherine A. Dole.

Music, Madeline Aldrich, '22.



O, crowned by glorious mountain heights,
A princess, august, grand;
Thy lovely lines, the changeful lights
On river, vale and strand;
Thy jewel lakes adorn thy breast,
Soft green, thy drapery—
New Hampshire, thou'rt in beauty dressed,
From White Hills to the sea!

O, rich in all that labor wrests
From sea or stubborn land!
Thy purpose lays in stern behests
On toiling head and hand,
Till granite halls, in distant climes,
And proud ships, on the sea,
New Hampshire, hail, ten thousand times,
Thy tireless industry.

O, mighty in thy will to reach
The world's unmeasured need,—
To feed, to clothe, to heal, to teach,
To serve by word and deed!
Thy hardy folk, with tool and pen,
To thy great will give power,
New Hampshire, thy strong-hearted men
Are still thy proudest dower!

So beautiful, so rich, so strong,—
Fare on, dear little state!
Still prove thy lovers never wrong
Who call thee, "Small, but great!"
Stout heart within, and God above,
Undaunted, proud and free,
New Hampshire, thou shalt have our love,
From White hills to the sea.

Catherine A. Dole.

Sociology Dept., Keene Normal.

The Alumni Association

President Mildred B. Murphy
 Recording Secretary Vera M. Butler
 Home Secretary Mrs. Blanche M. Chandler

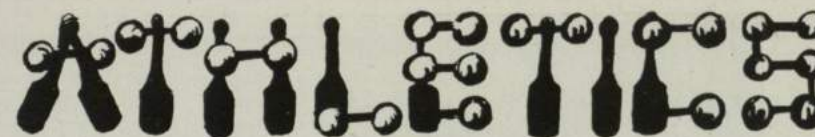
The Alumni Association held its first banquet in connection with Commencement Week, June 11, 1921. It proved a most enjoyable affair for every one present. It meant a long dusty trip over the roads for the majority of the girls, and they certainly did prove their loyalty to their Alma Mater by coming. The Class Teachers, being also the Honorary members of the Association, were present with a few exceptions. The tables were arranged by classes and one table was reserved for a group of girls from the graduating class. There were 114 people present. The following program of toasts was carried out with "Father" Mason as Toastmaster:

The Alumnae Mildred B. Murphy, '15
 Memories of Older Days Gertrude Kingsbury, '11
 Our Youngest Irene Cornelius, '21
 Joys of a Class Teacher by One Who Knows .. Nahum Leonard
 K. N. S. Spirit Athleen Brien, '20
 Athletics Isabel Robertson, '20
 The Campus Margaret McGuinness, '18
 The Engaged, by One of Them Lillian Pike, '15
 Our Husbands Mrs. Alma Warne Wyman, '19
 Our Babies Mrs. Joe Landers Helff, '16
 "Almost" Marjorie Cummings, '21
 The Future Vera M. Butler, '17

At a short business session, after the banquet, it was voted to hold a banquet reunion once in three years. It was also voted that the present officers should hold office for three years with an election at the next reunion. The Presidents of the classes were elected to serve as an Executive Committee to aid the officers in any way.

The Annual Keene Dinner held each year at the time of the State Teachers' Institute was a gathering of many many friends this year. Summer School students joined us and boosted our number to 150. During the dinner Mr. Mason spoke of the growth of our Alma Mater, and several "Grads" spoke impromptu. The Annual Keene Dinner was originated several years ago by Mr. Mason, and is an affair looked forward to each year by all Keene girls. It is the one reunion where all girls, whether graduates, undergraduates, or summer students, get together and enjoy the Keene spirit.

A branch association of the Keene Normal Alumni Association has been formed in Manchester, N. H. It is to be known as the Keene-Manchester Alumni Association. The club organized very enthusiastically and have had several good times. The officers are: President, M. McGuinness; Vice President, B. McKenna; Secretary, M. Bemis; Treasurer, V. Parsons.



Athletic Association

Top row, left to right: Bruton, Class Manager, '24, Peabody, Ass. Mgr., '24, Dwyer, Crosby, Class Managers, '22, Page, Class Manager, '23. Front row: Carpenter, Treasurer, Daniels, Secretary, Lewis, President Young, Vice-President.



School Basketball Team

Back row, left to right: Ellen Hatch, Grace Crosby, Marion Bennett. Front row: Priscilla Carpenter, Louise Kelley, Eleanor Reynolds, Mary McGettigan.

Plymouth Game

March 11, 1922, could well be termed one of the red letter days in the history of Keene Normal, because on this day the "varsity" basket ball team played Plymouth Normal school. Since Plymouth and Keene are "sisters" much excitement was aroused in both schools, particularly in Keene, for here the game was to be played. The game started at eight. When the ball was topped off at the center it was a tense moment. Our opponents were the first to get a basket, but the Keene team was a close second. The score was tied. The whole game was played as it started; first our opponents scored and then we. The final score was 18-16 in their favor. Had we had but one minute more the score would have been tied. The players were well matched and the team work on both sides was excellent. Every member of the Keene team played her best. The steadiness of the players was an outstanding quality and their team work and good spirit could not have been excelled. We must not forget the marvelous cheering from the side lines. The gymnasium fairly shook. Good sportsmanship was in evidence during the entire evening. We are proud of our basket ball team and here's hoping that we make as good a showing next year.

Keene	The Line-up	Plymouth
Ellen Hatch, rgrg,	Elizabeth Andrews
Helen Lewis, lglg,	Lillian Fifield
Loretta Dwyer, cc,	Katherine O'Keefe
Louise Kelley, lflf,	Cecil Sylvain
Priscilla Carpenter, rfrf,	Ruth Caswell

Basket Ball—Tilton and Plymouth Games

On Friday morning, the tenth of February, the school team, chaperoned by the physical director, Miss Cook and Miss Robertson of the training school, left Keene on the early train bound for Tilton. The team was given a rousing send-off by their fellow students, who accompanied them to the train, in spite of the early hour. During the long wait in Concord the State Buildings were visited. Arriving in Tilton soon after twelve, the afternoon was spent in resting and visiting.

The game was played in the evening in the splendid gymnasium of the seminary, and it was an exciting one. The Tilton girls out-passed out team but couldn't make the baskets. By the use of the long pass Keene was able to send the ball to their forwards. At the end of the second period the score was a tie. Our team was able to make a basket and thus won the game, with a score of 14 to 12.

On the following evening the team played Plymouth and here the odds were against her for the game was too one-sided to be interesting; Keene being out-passed and out-played from the beginning. The spirit was fine, and although the score was 47 to 14 the girls all declared that they enjoyed "playing the game."

The Plymouth girls were splendid entertainers. A "fire-light" and light refreshments made a pleasant day's ending and on Sunday afternoon a snowshoe hike was enjoyed.

The team left Plymouth early Monday morning after a good send-off by the Plymouth girls. Most of the day was spent in Manchester.

The girls met us on our arrival in Keene, and oh! how glad we were to get back to dear old K. N. S.!



Senior Volley Ball, Elementary Course

Back row, left to right: Grace Crosby, Louise Kelley, Mary McGettigan, Alice Muchmore, Miriam Gardner, Ellen Hatch. Front row: Mary McGrath, Mae Jackson, Helen Lewis, Esther Connor, Evelyn Shedd.



'22 Volley Ball, (Three Year Courses)

Top: Evelyn Perkins. **Back row:** Vera Craig, Loretta Dwyer, Mary Clough.
Middle row: Gladys Young, Marjorie Simenoe, Mary Cyr. **Front:** Alice Herlihy.

Athletic Association Dance

A Season Dance was held March 18, 1922. Parker Hall was prettily decorated with red and white streamers in a semi-canopy. The plants on the stage carried out the color scheme, red and white. Members of the school orchestra furnished the music. At eight o'clock the fun commenced with the grand march led by Miss Vaughan and Mrs. Dudley. During the grand march the dance orders were distributed. These were quite different from the ordinary, being circular pieces of white cardboard divided into twelve parts, a division for each month of the year, and a dance for every month. Fastened to the center of the cardboard was an arrow. Thus the Season Dance was furnished with a convenient clock. Favors distributed by six attractive maids:

January: A folded paper inside of which were written two resolutions.

February: Red paper hearts, a part for each favor, to be matched for partners of the dance.

March: St. Patrick green hats.

April: A piece of folded paper inside of which were the words, "April Fool."

May: Small paper baseball hats.

June: A tiny diploma, tied with the school colors. During this dance confetti and serpents were thrown among the dancers.

July: A miniature flag. During this dance the large American flag upon the stage was made to wave gracefully by means of an electric fan concealed from view.

August: Miniature paper tennis racquets.

September: A small pencil.

October: Halloween favors.

November: Thanksgiving favors.

December: A paper Christmas tree.

To make the evening complete there arose a severe snowstorm in the midst of the December dance. Upon investigation it was found that boxes of snow had been cleverly attached to a string which, when pulled, caused the storm.

During the evening Miss Dorothy Dunlap gave a very pretty solo dance and Misses Reynolds and Abbott sang a humorous selection, "The Big Brown Bear." Refreshments consisting of Esquimaux pies and cookies were served between the June and July dance.

Halloween Party

There were whispers and rumors quite mystifying to the Seniors, while members of the Junior Class went about with wise looks on their faces until Mr. Mason read in Chapel an invitation from the Junior class to the Faculty and members of other classes to a Halloween party, Saturday evening, October 29th.

The invited guests met, as by request, in the living-room at eight o'clock, and were escorted out of the dormitory by the front door around and in again by the side-door. The party was guided through black darkness down a stone stairway and through a narrow passage, along which, at various intervals, were stationed horrible ghosts. The darkness, the shrieks and the narrowness of the passage contributed to the gruesomeness of the atmosphere. The brain reasoned that it was only the corridor by the laundry, but it was hard to quiet the rapid pulsations of the heart. Were they passing through the Catacombs?

The next scene on the stage of events took place at the gymnasium. This place was in deep darkness like the innermost chambers of a cave. It seemed that many ghostly forms had their abode here. There came a glimmer of light and the company that had groped their way into this strange spirit land, was welcomed by the hollow rasping voice of a ghost who spake thus.

"This is the night we call our own,
 We ghosts and goblins all invite you;
 If not afraid of sigh and moan
 We're sure our antics will delight you.

For you our caldron bubbles o'er
 So do forget your troubles now.
 If not, the Juniors will be sore
 And feed you to the brindle cow.

By Jack-O-Lanterns gleaming bright,
 By creepy, crawly snakes and frogs,
 By bats and owls in gruesome flight,
 By slimy toads and pollywogs.

By goblins small and goblins tall.
 By all the witches ever seen,
 By ghosts that moan, and cats that yawl,
 [We wish you joy, this Hallowe'en."

A playlet, cleverly introducing individual peculiarities of members of the faculty and students, brought forth peals of laughter. This part of the program was so cleverly planned that the most sensitive could not take offense.

Songs and stunts had a prominent place on the program and were much enjoyed, especially the song entitled, "Did You Ever Think When The Hearse Rolls By?" Refreshments and dancing concluded one of the most interesting and delightful parties of the season.



GYMNASIUM—Keene Normal School



'22 Baseball, (3 year course)

Back row, left to right: Loretta Dwyer, Evelyn Perkins, Mary Clough, Vera Craig.
 Front row: Gladys Young, Alice Herlihy, Marjorie Simenoe, Mary Cyr.



Sub-Seniors Basketball

Left to right: Madeline Quinn, Dorothy Daniels, Rosella Whitney, Mabel Barnes, Mura Eastman, Margaret Williams, Norma Gardner.



Junior Basketball

Back row, left to right: Florence Marston, Vera Clark, Eleanor Reynolds, Doris Kelso, Mabel Bruton. Front row: Lucy Fitzpatrick, Priscilla Carpenter, Inez Smith.



1922 Baseball, (Elementary course)

Back row, left to right: Louise Kelley, Evelyn Shedd, Miriam Gardner. Second row: Mae Jackson, Alice Muchmore. Front row: Helen Lewis, Grace Crosby, Esther Connor.



Quoits

Left to right: Helen Lewis, Grace Gile, Agnes Stein.



Tennis

Back row: Gladys Young, Grace Crosby, Mildred Connor. Front row: Margaret Williams, Cornelia Buswell, Viola Johnson.



Volley Ball, (Three Year Course, '23)

Back row, left to right: Rosella Whitney, Madeline Quinn, Madge Rixford, Hazel Gilman. Middle row: Margaret Williams, Olive Haapanen, Norma Gardner, Mura Eastman. Front row: Mabel Barnes, Dorothy Daniels, Agnes Stein.



Baseball, (Three Year Course, '23)

Left to right, back row: Mabel Barnes, Margaret Williams, Cornelia Buswell, Madeline Quinn, Agnes Stein. Front row: Mura Eastman, Rosella Whitney, Dorothy Daniels, Norma Gardner.



Service



Up girls, and cheer for Keene Normal!
 To her colors be true.
 Never forget to be loyal,
 Think what she's given you.
 Your hearts she's filled with a yearning
 Onward to move with zest,
 Upward to strive for learning,
 Giving the state your best.

SOCIETIES



Y. W. C. A.

Back row, left to right: Miriam Gardner, Gladys Young, Mildred Connor, Mary Clough, Rachel Smith, Alice Eastman. Middle row: Marion Guild, Norma Gardner, Madge Rixford, Grace Gilé, Ingeborg Norling, Winifred Watts. Front row: Ruth Rideout, Evelyn Perkins, Marion Sweatt, Marion Halladay.

The Young Woman's Christian Association

President Evelyn Perkins
Vice President Doris Tolman
Secretary Marion Sweatt
Treasurer Grace Gilé

"Follow, follow, follow the gleam,
Banners unfurled, o'er all the world,
Follow, follow, follow the gleam
Of the chalice that is the Grail."

Can't you see them coming? Thousands of girls of every color, creed and race, Yet bound together with the strong chain in which the Keene Normal of Y. W. C. A. is but a tiny link!

Our meetings have been of a very quiet nature. We have tried to place the right values of living before our girls, and, in the quietness of the evening hours, before the open fire-place, we have laid aside the cares of a busy life for a few moments and have felt the comradeship and inspiration which comes only at times like these.

We are much interested in sending several delegates to the Maqua conference this summer, for we feel that it is necessary to our growth. We are depending upon you for support. Is our trust well founded?

The Haskell

The Haskell were Crandale's most pious, loyal and regular churchgoers. They liked the plain, rather imposing structure which was Crandale's house of worship. They liked the people and they liked to don their quaint garbs on a Sunday morning and to drive one and a half miles to the house of God.

One such morning in early February, Jonathan and his two sisters, Eliza and Jane, all who remained of the Haskell family tree, rose early for they were always punctual in their attendance at the Sabbath service. The day had dawned a glorious Cheshire County day and the air, though bitter and cold, filled one with invigorating vitality. It was a typical winter's day in Southern New Hampshire.

Having finished their early breakfast, the Haskell trio set about their morning work. Jonathan busied himself with his multitudinous outdoor tasks while Eliza and Jane were industriously occupied indoors making preparations for the usual Sabbath noonday meal. A roast was carefully placed in the oven but in their haste they entirely forgot to replenish the fire. The preparation of the roast and other household duties finished, the two spinsters hastened to don their Sunday vestments. Soon they heard Jonathan's familiar "whoa!" as he stopped Flossy, harnessed to the brightly polished sleigh, by the side door. Silence ensued for a moment. Then in impatient tones their brother's voice broke the calm.

"Liza! J—Jane! Ain't you ready yet? Seems to take you gals a mighty long time to tog up this mornin'."

"Yes, yes, Jonathan, we'll be down in a minute," called one of the sisters.

One characteristic which the Haskell possessed above all others was their extreme consideration for one another. Thus, their family life ran smoothly and pleasantly.

The maidenly sisters appeared just as Jonathan had made up his mind to throw aloft another urgent call. Although the style of their coats and bonnets dated back nearly ten years, they became the little ladies to such a degree that they appeared almost youthful as, with radiant and glowing faces, they took their accustomed places in the sleigh. With Jonathan's cheery "Gid-dap" they were off.

The sleigh glided swiftly down a steep declivity, along a level space of smooth road, up again and down, until in a trice Flossy's swift legs had brought them in front of the church portals. Jonathan, leaping to the ground as the sleigh came to an abrupt standstill, gallantly assisted his charges to alight, taking care that their Sunday frocks contracted no particle of dust, though not a sign of the latter was anywhere apparent on the spotless vehicle.

"Now, Liza," drawled her brother, "you an' Jenny, just go right in an' set an' don't be standin' 'round waitin' fur me this raw day. Arter I hitch Floss, I'll slink into one o' them back pews an' I won't be disturbin' nobody."

"Well, it is a mite cold, John. I guess we will be goin' in," and the prim little ladies disappeared within the church doors to be followed directly by their devoted brother.

The church service over, Jonathan was urged to action by a brotherly thought. "I'll do the gals a bit of a good turn today by just walkin' 'long home now and startin' dinner. It'll be a big sight easier fur Liza an' Jane to ride without me crowdin' them, tew," and off he started at a brisk pace. Arriving at the farmhouse in good time, he built the kitchen fire, put potatoes on to boil and then sat down to enjoy his weekly paper, awaiting the return of his sisters.

Meanwhile, during the recess between the sermon and Sunday school, Liza and Jane were enjoying detailed gossip with their neighbors. Thus busily employed, they had not missed Jonathan, believing him engaged, as was his usual custom, in

his Sunday argument with Cap' Sanburn, a noted town talker and his equal match. The shrill ring of the Sunday school bell suddenly called the gossipers to order, but when everyone was comfortably settled and nearly through a lengthy and thorough discussion of the lesson, Jane remembered the roast, and that in her hurry, she had forgotten to rekindle the fire. Deciding to go home, she slipped quietly from the class. Unobserved, she made her way to the horse-shed, but not finding Jonathan she told no one of her intentions.

"They will understand," she thought, "and then, besides, it's no use to crowd them when I can just as well walk." So the embodiment of kindness, the thoughtful Jane, trudged her way homeward.

A short time after Jane's leave-taking, the Sunday school class was dismissed and the gossip was resumed. So interested was Liza in her conversation with a group of village cronies that she was apparently unaware of her sister's absence. But suddenly becoming seized by the self-same thought which had been entertained by her sister, she slipped from the circle and thinking to get home first, decided to scorn any means of transportation.

"The exercise will do me heaps of good," she said to herself, "I will walk and leave the horse for the others."

Twenty minutes later she opened the kitchen door. To her surprise and amazement she found herself confronted by an astonished and indignant man and woman.

"Liza and Jonathan! Am I seeing ghosts?" she thought.

The three stared at one another open-mouthed! Jonathan was the first to speak.

"Well, I'll be danged!" he exclaimed, "Did ye ever think we wud be sich fules? Flossy is back there tied up in them horse-sheds. I give Jane one bit of a scoldin' fur not bringing her, but seein's she said she left her fur you, I didn't worry none. I'm beginning to see that one of us hes been just as much a fule as t'other. Well, I'm goin' to fetch Floss and until them towns-folks' tongues die down 'bout this ere piece o' business, I'm not goin' to church. Do you understand? That prob'ly means we're not goin'."

The horror-stricken sisters hearing this threat uttered by their usually placid brother were seized with a desire to admonish him but something in his tone made them refrain. They could not remember ever having heard him speak in such an angry manner. If his threat were carried out, it would mean the breaking of a Haskell precedent. But Jonathan had flung himself from the kitchen door and was on his way to "fetch Floss."

The story had spread rapidly through the town and many eyes twinkling with humor saw Jonathan's humiliated figure plodding toward the horse sheds. He found Flossy contentedly dozing. She appeared not in the least pleased to have her slumbers disturbed. The homeward trip, though a speedy one, was interrupted by Cap' Sanburn.

"Hello—o—o!" he shouted. Flossy was pulled to a sudden standstill.

"Well," he said as Sanburn approached, "what d'ye want?"

"Nothin' much, I was just awonderin' about that ere horse. Did ye find her singin' "Day of Rest and Gladness, Jonathan?"

Jonathan's face flamed angrily but he controlled an impulse to express his feelings and spoke calmly as he touched up Flossy to a comfortable trot.

"Well, Cap, I ought t'be proud o' her if she was, and I'm mighty sure that a singin' hymns is more'n yours hes hed a chance fur."

DORIS TOLMAN, '23.



La Societe Francaise

Back row, left to right: Marion Dow, Mabel Bruton, Louise Gelpke, Vivian Pentland, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Doris Tolman, Selena Osborne. Middle row: Marie Tetzlaff, Violette Dodge, Elizabeth Carter, Miss Fluet. Front row: Marion Sweatt, Ruth Raymond, Mary Cyr, Ruth Chisholm, Agnes Stein.

"La Societe Francaise"

"La Societe Francaise" was established in 1919. Its meetings are held once in three weeks. Admission to membership in the club necessitates an average semester mark of 80%. New members are admitted, upon application and approval by the club, at the end of each semester. The purpose of the club is to gain a better appreciation of the manners and customs of the French people of today. The business meetings are carried on entirely in the French language. Many interesting phases of French life, manners and customs have been portrayed through literary, dramatic and musical entertainments.

Organization for 1922.

Officers

President Ruth Chisholm

Vice-President Agnes Stein

Secretary Elizabeth Carter

Director Wallace E. Mason, Honorary member, Miss Rita Fluet, Faculty Adviser.



The Manchester Club

The Manchester Alumnae Club held its first party in the Manchester High School April 28th. The Manchester undergraduates presented an original and amusing play, based on the life at Normal. Following the play, dancing was enjoyed by over two hundred girls and their friends. The high school hall was decorated with the school colors. The chaperones of the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. Wallace E. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Taylor, Miss Mildred B. Murphy and Miss Frances Abbott. The proceeds will form the beginning of a scholarship fund, for the purpose of sending one Manchester girl each year to the Normal.

DAWN.

The pale dawn-maiden stands upon the hill
 And gazes o'er the land
 That, sleeping, lies so very calm and still
 Yet seems with rapture of her gaze to thrill.
 She raises her fair hand,
 And with her rosy fingers shades her eyes
 So soft and full of dream-like mysteries
 That none can understand.
 Darting rays of golden light burst forth
 Scattering vestiges of the night.
 She stands so still, no wonder that the hush
 Grows more and more profound.
 A dainty, crimson flush creeps o'er her face;
 The wak'ning earth turns round.
 The ambushed-sun springs forth to find her;
 Lo! she has fled without a sound.
 Thus Aurora ushers in the morn.

EVELYN PARKER, '24.

And After All

It was a perfect night, that twenty-fourth of June. There was not a cloud in the hazy blue above, and the moon sent a mellow glow over the lake. Over from the point came the soft strummings of a banjo.

Jean Wayland was to leave on the morrow, to return to her hot, dusty office in the city. Many of her evenings were spent thus, with her banjo and Jack.

Little conversation was needed between these two, so perfectly did they understand each others moods and thoughts. And so tonight, although it would be long ere they met again, the silence was broken only by strains from Jean's banjo.

"Jean, will you ever forget this wonderful month? Can June ever come around again without bringing thoughts of the time we have spent together?"

For a moment she did not answer; she could not.

"No, Jack," was all she said finally.

Another boat passed by them, idly drifting along. In it were two who had just found a paradise of their own.

Jean's banjo lay still at her feet. Her heart was too full of sorrow now at the thoughts of tomorrow's sadness and loneliness.

"But Jean," Jack spoke hopefully, "In a few more weeks I too shall return to the city. My contract holds me only until the end of next month. Will you be waiting for me then?"

Jean raised her eyes to meet his. "But Jack," she faltered, "There is Phil!"

"Phil?"

"Yes, Phil Spencer."

"Jean, do you love that—Do you love Phil Spencer?"

"What right have you to ask me that question?" she demanded.

"Every right in the world. Do you?" he insisted.

For a few seconds Jean did not reply, then, looking across the water she said:

"No Jack, I do not love Phil—yet."

Jack uttered a sigh of relief. Phil Spencer was all right but—well he just wasn't for Jean.

As the boat neared the shore they again fell into a silence which was not broken until they reached the hotel piazza, where all could witness the parting.

"Remember," he murmured, "I'll be back the last of August. Good night," he added, as he boldly kissed his sister farewell,

ELSTE FULLER, '23.

MY SONG.

Were I a Poet, I would sing
Of all the loveliness of spring,
But, as I am a feeble bard
I fear I'd find it very hard.

I'll sing instead of slush and snow
Thru which I flounder as I go,
Of roaring winds and pouring rains
Which seem to deaden all my brains.

But as I slowly drudge along
Trying to make this little song,
I fear my efforts have been vain.
Some day perhaps I'll try again.

PHYLLIS BARRETT, '23.



Nu Beta Upsilon

Back row, left to right: Marion Watson, Marjorie Siminoe, Mabel Barnes, Emily Page, Alice Wetmore, Bertha Belknap, Jennie Howe, Madalene Quinn, Winifred Watts, Kathleen Bradley. Middle row: Avis Nye, Ruth Cutter, Dorothy Gary, Gertrude Sprague, Helen Osgood. Front row: Grace Gile, Marion Halladay, Miss Murphy, Norma Gardner, Madge Rixford.

Nu Beta Upsilon

Colors—Rose and Gray.

Patronesses

Miss Murphy

Miss Esten

Officers

President Grace Gile

Vice President Madge Rixford

Secretary Marion Halladay

Treasurer Norma Gardner

Do you remember hearing, last year, something about a society called Nu Beta Upsilon, and wondering what it was? Perhaps too you occasionally heard of strange doings by its members. This society still exists and shows every evidence of living to a good old age.

Last September when we came together it was to find that two of our members were not to return to Keene; one was teaching and one was learning the millinery trade. But in spite of our loss we have managed to have some very enjoyable times.

The day came when we realized that the time had come to admit new members. After considerable discussion, a suitable method of procedure was decided upon, and the old members, upon their last meeting together, solemnly dedicated themselves to the duty which they were about to perform. That the new members might become acquainted with our good intentions, we held a "bacon bat" at the "Rec." Did we have a good time? From the hike to the picnic grounds, through the bacon, "hot dogs," coffee, doughnuts, sweet cider, with other good things, fun reigned supreme.

On the evening of November seventeen the new members were duly initiated into the secrets of our organization. The evening was enjoyable and perhaps profitable as well, as useful information came to light, such as Barnsie's ambition for grand opera, Madge's fondness for the latest type of "motor" vehicle, and Norma's liking for worms as an article of diet.

Nu Beta Upsilon is still alive, and it is growing. *+ we have our pins!!*



K. N. S.

Say you went to Old Keene Normal?
Glad to hear it. Shake a hand.
My heart's there this very moment
'Tis the best school in the land.

When you're tired and sick of living
Pack your grip and go to Keene.
Join the girls in merrymaking;
It's the worry makes you lean.

Just remember when you get there
What good times you've had before.
You'll forget about your heartaches,
When you've entered the open door.

You will find in all your teaching
Things go wrong, but don't complain.
Do not blame it to your training
Keene's the best school just the same.

HELEN FORD, '24.

The Profile

Daniel Webster once said,—“Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades; shoe makers hang out a gigantic shoe, jewelers a monster watch, and the dentist hangs out a gold tooth; but up in the mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that He makes men.”

Thus it happens that New Hampshire has her Profile, “The Old Man of the Mountain,” sublimely outlined against the western sky; a sign unique, distinctive, and inspirational, calling attention to the kind of men the sons of the Granite State should be.

The Profile was formed during the glacial period. The great North American ice-sheet covered the Franconia Mountains as it did all others in New England, and has left distinct record of its passage over their summits.

The far-famed Profile, on Profile Mountain, is supposed to have been brought forth partly as the result of the melting and slipping away action of the ice-sheet, and partly by the action of the frost and ice in crevices, forcing off, and moving about certain rocks and ledges into profile-forming positions.

Although we have yet to hear of any traditions left by the American Indians concerning the Profile, it would seem most unreasonable to think that they knew nothing about it for, in their wanderings on the shores of Profile Lake they must have noticed it. It must have seemed to them a personification of the Great Spirit.

The Profile was accidentally discovered by white men in 1805. Late one afternoon a party camped for the night at the southern end of the little lake at the foot of the mountain. In the morning one of the party had gone out early with his gun, along the shore, to look for partridges for breakfast. He happened to look up at the precipitous cliff above him when he beheld the most gigantic and wonderful face he had ever seen. So amazed was he that he forgot about the birds he was after, and hastened back to bring his companion to see and confirm his discovery. So far as is known, it was in this accidental way that white men first viewed this amazing spectacle, which has since become the main attraction of the White Mountain region, and the most famous of all natural Profiles known to man.

The phenomenon is formed on a shoulder of Profile Mountain, which juts out abruptly into space some 1200 feet above Profile Lake and is composed of five layers of granite ledge, one exactly above the other. Of these five layers one forms the chin, another the upper lip, a third the nose, while two layers make up the forehead. The “Old Man” measures forty feet from the top of his forehead to the bottom of the chin.

The sublime eastern gaze of “The Old Man of the Mountain” justifies the question asked in verse by Laura Gray:

“Is he watching for the
morning
When these hills shall
pass away?
Is he waiting for the
dawning
Of the Grand Eternal Day?”

However this may be, we believe that the Profile will remain always—an awe-inspiring figure, prophetic of Daniel Webster's strong men.

MARGUERITE SMITH, '23.

Maggie



El Circulo Espanol

Estamos aqui! Los Espanoles de la Escuela Normal de Keene. Our aim—to familiarize ourselves through study with the language and customs of Spanish-speaking people.

President Doris Tolman
Vice-president Rosella Whitney
Secretary Violette Dodge

Back row, left to right: Violette Dodge, Ingeborg Norling, Vivian Pentland, Loretta Dwyer, Doris Tolman. Middle row: Mary Cyr, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Miss Fluet. Front row: Dorothy Daniels, Evelyn Perkins, Mary Clough, Hazel Gilman.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere from a far, far Country,
My Father is calling to me;
I can only feel His presence,
His face I can not see.

Somewhere in the tiniest garden,
From the poorest kind of sod,
Springs a flower of rare perfection;
'Twas planted there by God.

Somewhere in the crowded city,
In the heart of slums and fraud,
A babe grew up and was famous;
'Twas planted there by God.

You may live in town or city,
Your station be narrow or broad,
But in life you will find a purpose;
'Twas planted within you by God.

You may not be sought among people,
You may not be famous at all,
But you can be alert and ready
To answer His every call.

And oft from His far, far Country
He looks down on you and me.
We can only feel His presence,
His face we can not see.

MARION S. GUILD, '22.

Insurance

Insurance is protection. Why not have it? You can. The cost is slight. Worry will make hair gray and shorten your days. Protect yourself now against these things and live long and happily.

We insure you against seeing rats either living or dead, mice in closets, snakes, crawly worms or fuzzy caterpillars in school teachers' desks, longbilled mosquitoes, June bugs at seasonable parties in Parker Hall, moths, aphids on cut flowers or lettuce, pediculosis, ants in cooking "labs."

Young girls, don't ruin your good times. Have protection against damp weather, mussing organdie dresses, taking the press out of plaits, or straightening beautifully curled hair, also against soiling of light dresses and white shoes, runs in silk stockings, catching and tearing hairnets, leaving stray hairs and loose powder in too obvious places, faulty makeup, freckles, sun or wind burn, chapped lips or hands.

Don't worry about the style's changing to long, full skirts, choker-necked dresses, conscientiously buckled galoshes, or "two of a kind" articles in wearing apparel.

Miscellaneous items: Snapshots and photos not better than the original, breaking glasses used neither for reading or drinking purposes, losing fountain pens, lack of ink in rapid note-taking, freezing radiators, poor movies, poor cakes baked in school ovens, damage to corn crop while dancing in Parker Hall.

Insure now. Be safe. Don't wait till something happens to you.

EMILY G. PAGE, '22.



Glee Club

Back row, left to right: Katherine Barker, Lucile Bemis, Beatrice Lawrence, Marguerite Smith, Dorothy Ramsey, Pauline Taylor, Doris Tolman, Margaret Madden, Sylvia Sterling, Mary McGrath. Second row: Mura Eastman, Emily Page, Alice Wetmore, Mildred Sprague, Gertrude Sprague, Doris Kelso, Maud Morrow, Madeline Creamer, Viola Johnson, Margaret Williams. Third row: Vivian Pentland, Doris Williams, Elsie Fuller, Florence Marston, Mildred Bean, Doris Leavitt, Marjorie Gale, Alberta Nadeau. Fourth row: Francis Abbott, Eleanor Reynolds, Cornelia Buswell, Marion Whelpley.

Kappa Delta Phi

Charter Members

Sheldon Barker	Henry C. Dumont
Albert J. Brooks	Edgar E. Howe
Harold F. Mayette	

Alumni Advisers

Franklin Roberts	Nahum Leonard
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Gamma Chapter of the Kappa Delta Phi Fraternity, a Normal School organization for men, which has chapters established at Bridgewater and Salem, Massachusetts Normal schools was established at Keene Normal school May 7th, 1921. A degree team from Boston came to Keene to assist in instituting the local chapters.

It is expected that the establishment of the chapter may be an inducement for young men to enter the Normal School. The organization has in the past been influential in creating and preserving an interest in teaching and a professional spirit in educational work.

Loyalty

Words, Miss Ruth Nourse.

Music arranged by Miss Nourse.



Loyalty is the word today
Loyalty to our school alway.
We will try to do our best
With honesty and zest.
Now's the time for our endeavor
To shirk our duty never.
Loyalty to Keene Normal School
Loyalty to Keene Normal School.

THE FORUM



Back row, left to right: Marion Bennett, Ruth Chisholm, Eunice Gaddas, Vera Craig, Alma Matson, Mary Clough, Esther Connor, Evelyn Perkins, Grace Gile, Hope Johnson, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Sarah Cohen. Middle row: Doris Shepard, Jessie Sanborn, Priscilla Carpenter, Violette Dodge, Ingeborg Norling, Alice Eastman, Gertrude Wheeler, Frances Abbott, Mildred Connor, Ellen Price. Front row: Marion Sweatt, Florence Marston, Alice Herlihy, Mr. Roberts, Mae Jackson, Mary Cyr, Gladys Young.

President Mae Jackson
 Vice President Helen Collins
 Secretary Evelyn Perkins
 Treasurer Eunice Gaddas

The Forum has become one of our foremost school organizations. This year it was increased by thirty-five new members. Weekly meetings are held at which there is always a debate or discussion. Every member of the Forum has the opportunity of participating in one or more debates during the year. Through work of this sort some very excellent speakers have been developed.

The banquet held last spring by its members proved to be very enjoyable, and we hope that the custom of an annual Forum banquet may be established.

This year for the first time, two teams have been chosen to represent us in inter-school debates. Much credit should be given Mr. Roberts, our faculty advisor for his untiring efforts to help us and to promote interest in the Forum.



Clergymen's Daughters' Club

Back row, left to right: Miss Esten, Mildred Pearson, Elsie Fuller, Doris Williams. Front row: Edith Pearson, Bena Vance, Katherine Barker, Margaret Williams.

DO IT NOW.

Did you think perhaps you'd start it,
 Then resolved to wait and see
 If the other fellow'd do it
 In the place of you and me?

Oh, you did! Well then I'm sorry
 For the thing will not be done.
 What we leave friends to do for us,
 As a rule, is ne'er begun.

MARION SWEAT, '22.



Suits and Hats Made in Home Economics Course



Millinery Opening, Home Economics Course

Field Day, 1921

"Rain, rain go away;
Come again some other day;"
K. N. S. girls want to play.

This was the sentiment of every Keene Normal girl on the morning of June thirteen as she gazed from her window at the steady downpour. Nevertheless this did not prevent gold, green, purple and blue from adorning every conceivable place around and about the campus, nor were the cottage dormitories forgotten. We must confess that green predominated, due to the efforts of the male members of the Senior Class.

The preliminaries had been played before Field Day, the Juniors proving themselves superior in everything except tennis, in which the '23 Juniors won over their opponents. Tennis was played on Saturday with Seniors carrying off final honors.

Owing to the unfavorable weather the sports were postponed until the following day. Much to our delight Mr. Sun favored us with his presence in the afternoon, consequently the baseball game was played at three o'clock. This proved to be one of the most exciting games in the history of the school for the results were doubtful until the last minute. However, the Seniors carried off the honors with a score of 38 to 36.

Perhaps the lingering thought in the heart of every girl was the wonderful spirit manifested by the Juniors, not only after the game but that evening at dinner.

The next morning the different classes assembled on the campus once more striving for the much sought-for cup. First came the volley ball game with laurels for the Juniors.

The quoits' honors fell to the class of '22, this was won by ^{Yours Truly} Marguerite Davis. Grace Gile, '22, Agnes Stein, '23, Helen Lewis, '22, were the other contestants. Following this were the dashes with Loretta Dwyer and Doris Miner carrying off the honors. The three-legged race afforded much amusement for the big crowd of on-lookers.

It was quite evident that the Seniors had taken advantage of their two years' training at K. N. S. when they pulled the Juniors across the campus in the tug-of-war.

What was meant by the hilarity and unusual cheering among the Seniors as the final event came to a close? Only this—they had won the cup and they justly deserved it!

Music and Art Appreciation Entertainment

On December 9th the Art Appreciation and Music classes gave a very interesting entertainment in Parker hall. Good taste and bad taste in dress, music and home decoration were clearly brought out.

One number of the program was given by Mademoiselle Neige, another musical selection was given by the Normalkeen orchestra. The main feature of the program was "The Vog," with Mr. and Mrs. R. U. Artistic and Mr. and Mrs. Moore Artistic playing.

During the entertainment the audience was shown some of the works of art which are in our library, mainly pictures done by New Hampshire artists. After the entertainment dancing was enjoyed by all.

The Mid Year Ball

Did you go to the Mid-Year Ball? For days we had been looking forward to the great event of the season. Thrice daily, at least, I perused the paper on the bulletin board at Fiske Hall to see how many names had been added since the day before, and thrice daily I determined that nothing but the lack of a man would prevent my presence in Keene "Opera House," ("What's in a name,") on Friday evening, February third.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," and I was there nervously awaiting my turn to go through the receiving line. At last the dancing began, and such a pretty sight as the girls made as they floated around the hall in their light fluffy gowns.

Did you notice the cosy corners? I did, but I also noticed that they weren't occupied except between dances, for the music was so entrancing no one wanted to lose a dance.

Of course you enjoyed the refreshments and did you also notice that some enjoyed them so much that they risked losing the first dance after intermission in order that they might finish them?

Tired out after a happy evening, I sought my downy pillow to dream of dancing on and on until the rising bell rudely awakened me.

*Nothing like going as an usher to make you homesick
Never again!!*

Whist Parties

Early in the fall, under the direction of Evelyn Perkins, Viola Johnson and Gladys Young, two progressive whist parties were given in Parker Hall. At the first one, held on the evening of November five, there were seven tables. The first prize was won by Alice Eastman, Maybelle Perkins claiming the "booby."

There was a larger attendance at the second party, on November nineteen. This time Edith Pearson won the first prize and Glenna Crane the "booby."

On both these occasions a jolly good time was enjoyed. We have some expert whist players as in many other "sports."

Christmas Carol

An unusual and appropriate Christmas entertainment was given in Parker Hall at the Normal School Thursday evening, December 15, 1921, when Miss Randall's English classes presented a dramatization of Dicken's Christmas Carol.

The scenes showed Scrooge and Marley's office in London, the coming of Marley's ghost, the Christmas celebration at Bob Cratchet's, and at the home of Scrooge's nephew. At the close of the scene Scrooge resolved to make every day, a day full of Christmas spirit. The costumes corresponded very well with the times which they represented.



Orchestra

First Violins: Cornelia Buswell, Emily Page, Lillian Locke, Beatrice Malverne, Miss Fernald. Second Violins: Mildred Pearson, Sylvia Sterling, Madalene Quinn, Alma Matson, Helen Stanley, Ruth Chisholm. Cellos: Sarah Cohen, Helen Welch. Flute: Doris Bruder. Clarinets: Alberta Nadeau, Helen Collins, Irene Peabody. Saxophone: Florence Barden. Cornet: Hope Johnson, Priscilla Carpenter. Pianists: Fredrica Nay, Gladys Snow. Trombone: Mr. Bushnell. Drums: Margaret Williams, Henry Dumont. French Horns: Dorothy Fairbanks, Harry Davis. Director, Miss Nourse.

Ladies' High Grade
Shoes



Duffy's

32 and 34 Church Street

Students and Teachers

When you want your
SHOES SHINED in the best manner possible, come to the

KEENE SHOE SHINE PARLOR

Also Straw Hats Cleaned

You're O.K.

NICK

104 Main Street Keene, N. H.

H. R. BEALS, D. D. S.
Keene, New Hampshire

Eastman

KODAKS AND FILMS
Developing and
Printing

where has the blonde gone?
FARR'S PHARMACY

BUY

Schrafft's Chocolates

You have some pickles chocolates. They're

The Kind you all Like
at

GEO. E. HOLBROOK & CO.
U. S. Food Administration License
No. G10021

Watches Jewelry

Optical Work and
Engraving



W. E. WRIGHT

City Hall Block Keene, N. H.

W. P. Chamberlain Co.

The Department Store

Keene, N. H.

was it every day I was in here or just every Sunday?
Our Stocks Were Never Better
Equipped to Cater to your
requirements than
at present.

SILKS

DRESS GOODS
WASH GOODS

SILK UNDERWEAR

SILK HOSIERY

GLOVES and
RIBBONS

SUITS

COATS

WAISTS

Come in and make Selections for
your present needs without
further delay

Notice!

For Refreshments
and Sweets

My name is Peter Peter

Remember

The Puritan

*I wonder who will be
the next one to ask you
to my yard.*
Dr. ROBERT H. BARNARD

Dentist

9 Central Square, Keene, N. H.

*Just time send
in your bill
if you want
it paid.*
Students

Good Things To Eat

Come to

Callahan's Bakery

Main Street

Town Talk Store

Over

Howe's Jewelry Store

COTTON YARD GOODS

HOSIERY DRESS APRONS
NOTIONS, Etc.

The Home of Good Values

H. C. HOLDEN, Prop.

THE BEST CANDIES IN EVERY WAY

That's What We Offer You
Agents for

Russell & Fish's Chocolates

We carry a Full Line of
Pure Drugs and Chemicals

The Central Pharmacy

4 Central Square Keene, N. H.

*Did
not
make
the
acquain-
tance
of
either*

Established 1813

Here's where you spend half your money the first day you come to N.H. see the place write books paper etc.
G. H. Tilden & Co.

**BOOKSELLERS
AND
STATIONERS**

39 Central Square, Keene, N. H.

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That Normal Students Like

Best and Promptest

KODAK

Developing, Printing and Enlarging

Ye ALCOVE LIBRARY

Always Has the Newest Books
at only Two Cents per day

SPORTING GOODS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Don't is looking over all the fishing tackle. How about it Marion?
Union Hardware Co.'s

SKATES

Draper & Maynard's

ATHLETIC GOODS

Free Catalog
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Spencer Hardware Co.

The Ladies' Dry Goods Exchange

Ladies' and Children's
Furnishings, Dry Goods, Notions

Palmer's

6 Central Square Keene, N. H.

When they're nice they're awfully nice when they're bad they're—

M. G. ROCHE

Millinery

Y. M. C. A. Opp. Post Office

C. E. JENKINS, D. M. D.

Dentist

101 Main Street Keene, N. H.

Telephone Connection

Hells! Miss Whitney. Clean my teeth for me?

GO TO

Cutler's Studio

—FOR—

Photographs

Bridgman's Block
Keene, New Hampshire

When You Arrive in Keene

the first place to locate is, of course, the Normal School

The next place to get acquainted with is The Rexall Store

That's what they all do.

WE appreciate the Students trade and are desirous of serving you in every way. Feel that our store is your Drug Store home during your stay in Keene and ask us for any kind of help we can give you. May success attend your years of endeavor at Keene Normal.

The Bullard & Shedd Co.

The Rexall Store

The Hall Mark Gift Store

Where you are sure to find
some thing to please

Come in and browse around

Full Line of Greeting Cards

FRANK F. STEARNS

Jeweler

27 Main Street Keene, N. H.

Have the pins come???

M. E. DANIELS

Registered Druggist

18 Main Street Keene, N. H.

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TO BE FOUND IN A WELL STOCKED

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ADAMS COMPANY

Headquarters for

"Gordon Dye" Hosiery and Gloves

Domestic House Dresses

Muslin Underwear

Essex and Forest Mills Underwear

Bon Ton Corsets

Royal Worcester Corsets

Let's have some hot chocolate.

**You Will Always Find
Here the Best**

Buy all your paper here. They'll deliver it.

STATIONERY
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
DENNISON'S GOODS
GIFT NOVELTIES
LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOKS
SOUVENIR POST CARDS
GREETING CARDS
for all occasions

**Spalter's
Book Store**

FILMS

Developing and Printing

24 Hour Service

Dodge's Pharmacy

Marcou's Kandy Shop

Home Made
Ice Cream

29 CENTRAL SQ., KEENE, N. H.

Here's the place to come.

Cheshire
Clothing Company

**Men's and Boys'
Outfitters**

They have good straw hats here.

Ask Lawrence Everett if you don't believe it.

**The Home
of Society Clothes and
Styleplus Brand**

Frank W. Perry
Optometrist

Specialist in the Examination
of Eyes for Glasses

Over Keene Gas & Electric Co.
Keene, N. H.

How did you like the place win?

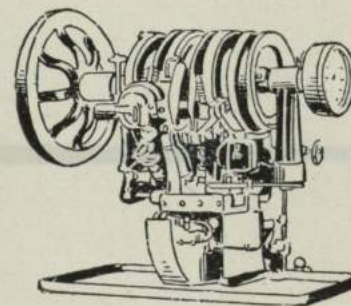


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for every
occasion:
Street,
Sport or
Evening
Wear

\$7.00 to \$7.50

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FRANK OCCHIPINTI



Shoe Repairing

Goodyear Welt System

Neolin Composition Soles & Heels

All Work Guaranteed

Corner Main and Railroad Sts.

I like your method in your shop.

Occipinti's but truly they are not fit for children's shoes.

L. C. ELLSWORTH

Successor to
Whittemore Shoe Co.

FINE SHOES

Why don't you have tennis shoes with heels on them?

18 CENTRAL SQUARE

The Woman's Shop

99 Main Street

Keene, N. H.

Be careful and don't cheat your self again.

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Meat and Provisions**

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Brookfield and Hero Butter
National Biscuit Cookies
Tait Bros.'s Ice Cream
Home-made Doughnuts

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Occipinti's isn't profitable.

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You Have Trouble With Your Shoes
Bring Them To

QUEEN CITY SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Where You Can Get

The Best Service in the City

Special Shoe Shine

for all Kinds of Shoes, Sport and Suede

JOYCE AND DEDO

31 Central Square (Next to Erwin's Grocery)

Shall we go in here to get our soap?

**You Will Always Find
Here the Best**

Buy all your stationery paper here. They'll deliver it.

STATIONERY
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
DENNISON'S GOODS
GIFT NOVELTIES
LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOKS
SOUVENIR POST CARDS
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for all occasions

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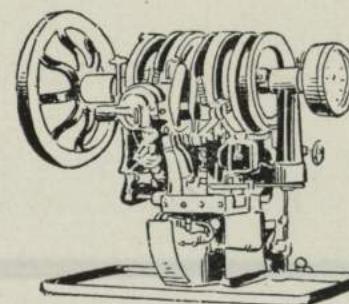


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Wear

\$7.00 to \$7.50

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FRANK OCCHIPINTI



Shoe Repairing

Goodyear Welt System

Neolin Composition Soles & Heels

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in here to get
our soap?*

Quality Shoe Repairing

All our work is done with one aim:

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All Ladies' Shoes stitched by hand, the welt not being strong enough to stand the needle of the stitching machine.

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CAPITAL \$200,000.00
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—THE—

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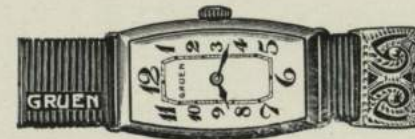
THIS is under new management, where their experience and qualifications are their principles, as this is the place of quality, service and satisfaction, a visit will prove this to you.

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We Thank You

1 dog. ham and egg sandwiches please!

yes! Come and wait on your self. One spoon for the four of us.



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she will be proud to own
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And "Hosi" was sure to make the acquaint of all the Hosiery.

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A BOX OF

Candy?

DON'T FORGET IT AGAIN
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YOU CAN GET IT AT

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***It is not the Price
which is medium
but the Value
which is extraordinary
which distinguishes
our Footwear***

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Beef and Produce Co.
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All kinds of
Fruits & Vegetables
in season



Try our Hero Brand Butter
which has taken first prize
at the Eastern States
Exposition

Also HERO Brand Eggs

Umbrellas are made in a dry factory
for wet weather and a
Bank Account is an umbrella fund
accumulated before the Rainy Day

The Keene National Bank
National Savings Department



