

Arlene Greene
N.H.S. '22

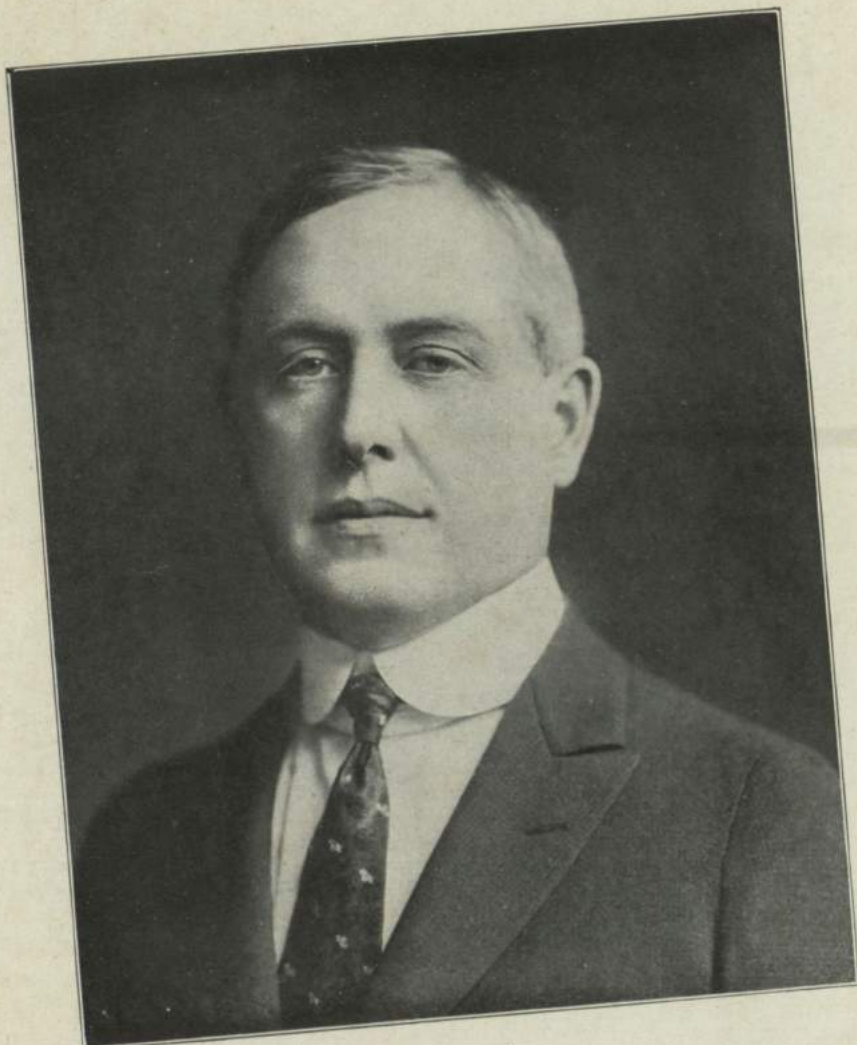
THE KRONICLE

YEAR BOOK 1923



VOLUME THREE

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF
THE NORMAL SCHOOL
KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

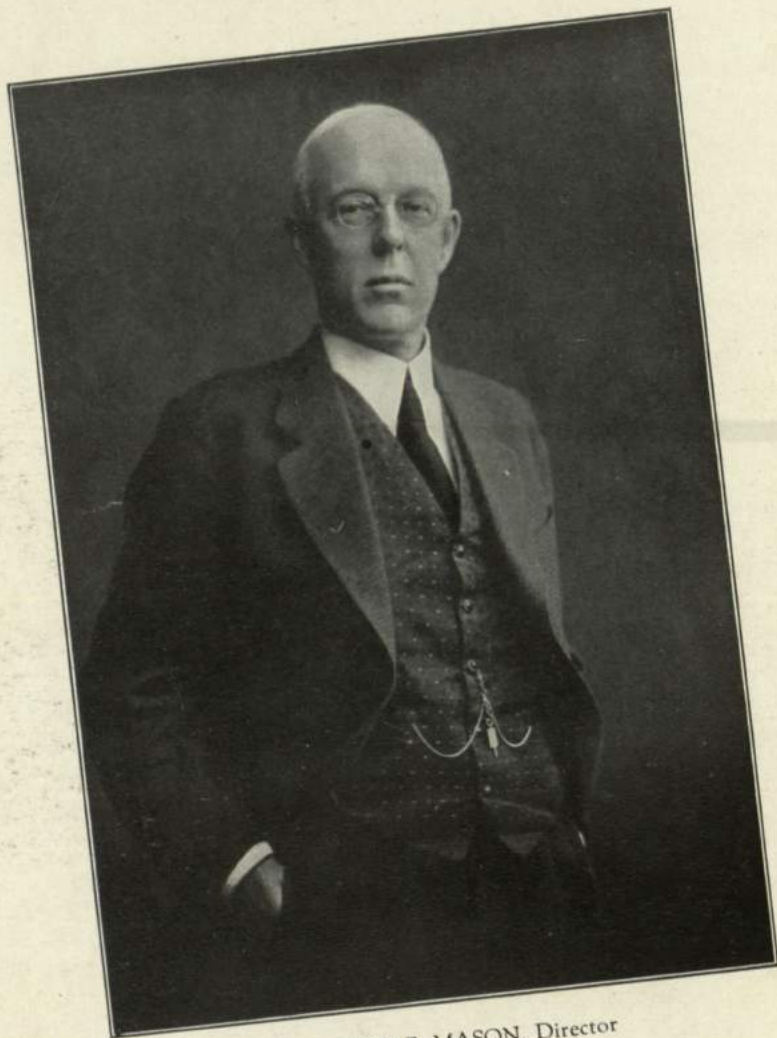


Dedication

This volume is affectionately dedicated to
CHESTER H. C. DUDLEY
whose loyal service and untiring efforts for K. N. S.
have merited the admiration and esteem of all.



ISABELLE UPTON ESTEN, Dean



WALLACE E. MASON, Director

EDITORIAL BOARD




Kronicle Board

Back row, left to right: Evelyn Parker, Marie Tetzlaff, Ruth Walstrom, Eleanor Reynolds, Christine Shedd, Beatrice Malvern, Florence Marston, Margaret Williams. Second row: Helen Ford, Elizabeth Carter, Frances Abbott, Doris Toleman, Jessie Sanborn, Vera Clark, Rachel Stickney. Front row: Mr. Blackington, Miss Randall, Miss Murphy, Henry Dumont.

School Song



OUR PLEDGE

(Music by Maude M. Howes)

All 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.

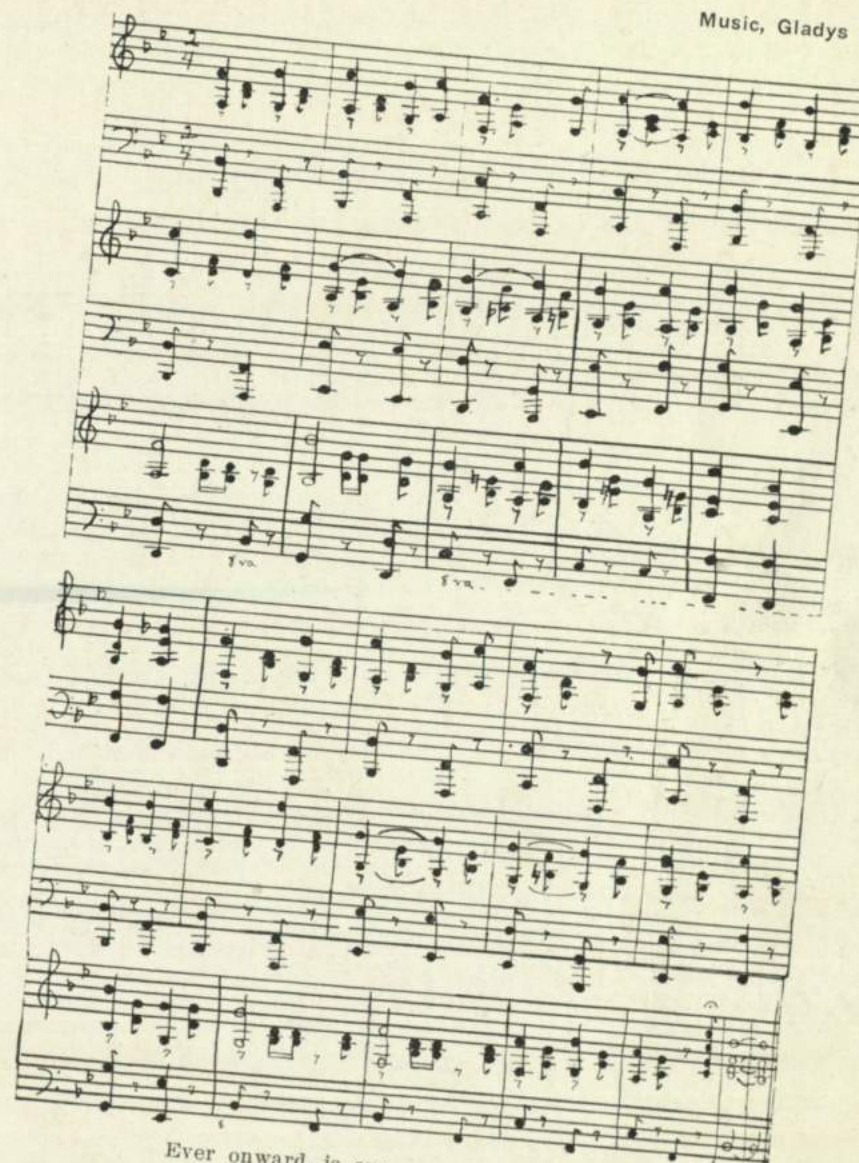
We pledge and prove our faith to Alma Mater,
The debt to her we owe,
We'll recompense with gratitude and service,
Undoubting pride's the only thought we know,
We'll strive to gain the summit whence she beckons,
Our heart's blood throbbing high,
Though perils it involve
We'll make this granite resolve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

Words, Edith Pearson, '23.

Onward

Music, Gladys Snow, '23.



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

Chorus

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



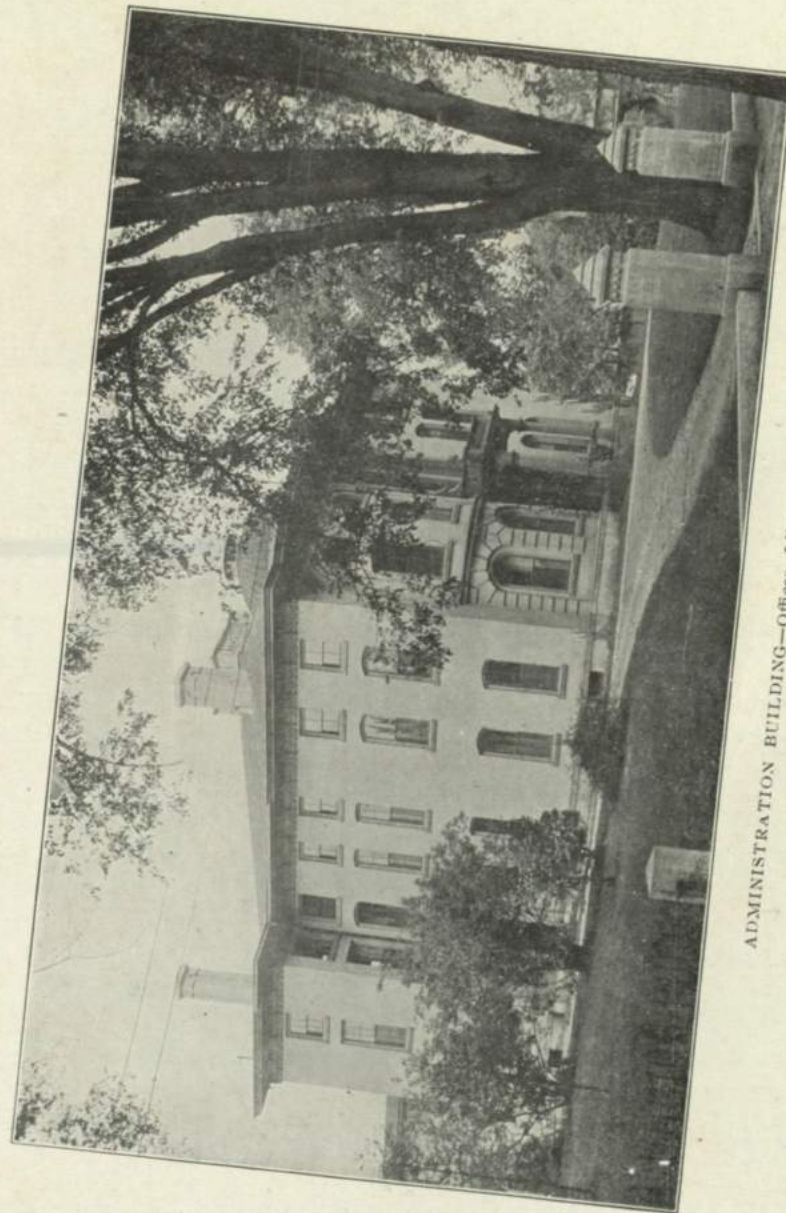
EDITORIAL

In previous years, our Kronicle has been essentially a senior book. This year, in its compilation, we have aimed to accomplish a piece of work equally enjoyable to undergraduates. In the doing of this, we've undertaken several steps in new directions among which the greatest enthusiasm is anticipated for our new smile section. We hope it succeeds in bringing a smile to your willful lips if not to go farther and, for the real humor of the thing, cause you that hilarious expression of emotional glee commonly called the "laugh." Kindly take the personal slams, that you may encounter, in the spirit in which they are intended and consider yourself fortunate to be a part of our additional pages.

Throughout the year, in further attempt to enliven our book, we have had our appointees in constant service amassing a collection of snapshots far more complete than we ever conjectured—though scarcely a fraction of that which we feel assured, with the increase of our numbers, will be published by our successors. We hope these snaps, together with their appropriate titles, will be a pleasant feature and recall to our seniors fond recollections of their Alma Mater.

Our headings, too, through the skillful manoeuvres of our art director and editors have been uniquely designed and planned for which we owe to the originators a great deal of gratitude.

For the rest, except for more generous contributions, our Kronicle is about the same as in previous years. We hope it merits the approval of all and if it carries to old friends some happy memories and to new, some small measure of the spirit of K. N. S., we shall count our work worth while.



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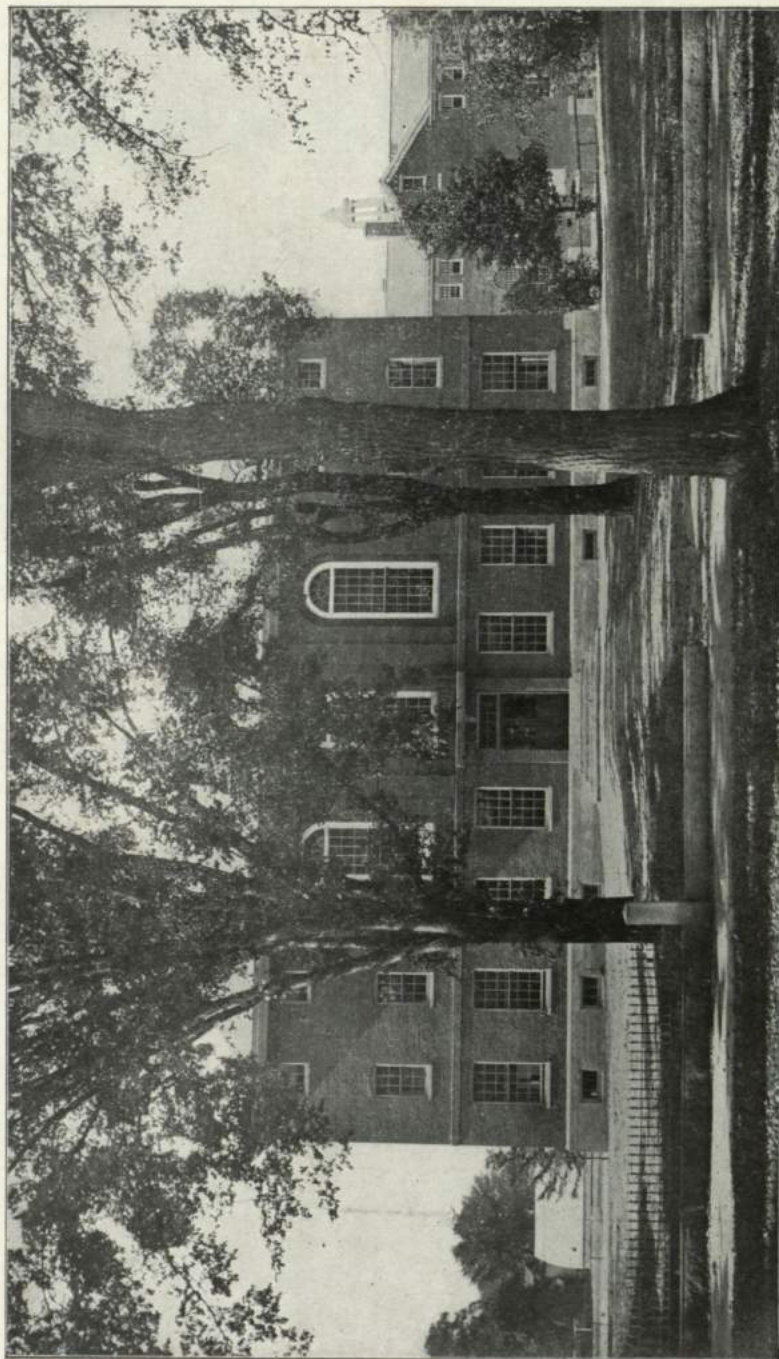
MRS. JULIA CROTEAU
School Nurse



ELMER E. BEARD
Engineer



JAMES BEERS
Head Janitor



PARKER HALL—Assembly Hall and Recitation Rooms

Class Teachers



FRANKLIN C. ROBERTS
Geography and Economics



CATHERINE A. DOLE
Sociology and English



MISS MARION A. MACK '24



VIOLETTE BEATRICE DODGE, Newport
Forum (2) (3); French Club (1) (2) (3);
Spanish Club (2); Chorus Club (2); Athletic
Association (2) (3)

"Down in a green and shady bed
A modest Violet grew."
Perhaps modesty is a characteristic none too
common at K. N. S. But the shrinking violet may
be no less appreciated than the gaudy tulip. Violet
is surely popular with her pupils, as evidenced by
the Hallowe'en incident.

MARION DOW, Pittsfield
"John"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Y. W. C. A.
(2) (3); Le Petit Salon (1) (2) (3); Keene
Chorus Club (3); Class Secretary (2); Dra-
matic Club (3)

"Her face is calm, her eyes demure,
Her every action staid,
And you would say to look at her,
Oh! what a proper maid!"
How Marion brightened those blue Mondays when
apparently no one else was prepared! Watch her
read the "Valley Times" and hear her chuckle. We
wonder why?

ANNE SELENA OSBORNE, Bar Harbor, Me.
"Teed"

Le Petit Salon (2) (3); Chorus Club (3);
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Glee Club
(3); Y. W. C. A. (1) (3); Radio Club (3)
Volley Ball (1) (2) (3)

"She tells you flatly what her mind is."
We wonder? Are all Maine girls such good pals
as Teed? To play tennis she does adore. How dear
to her are the wee, small hours, and what would
East End do without that cozy room of hers. As
for ideals—nothing short of Phi Beta for Selena.

M. VIVIAN PENTLAND, Lincoln
"Viv."

Glee Club (2) (3); Athletic Association (2) (3)
Le Petit Salon (1) (2) (3); Spanish Club (1)
(2); Dramatic Club (3); Varsity Basketball;
Chorus Club (1) (2); Radio Club

"And mistress of herself tho' China fall."
Who art thou—tall, dignified, fair—who hast
won thy deserved success at Junior High "Viv"
will of course be the chorused answer. She is an
all around good sport and ambitious student. Here's
wishing her the best of good fortune next year.

DORIS GERTRUDE TOLMAN, Nelson
"Dimp"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Spanish
Club (1) (2); Le Petit Salon (1) (2) (3);
Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Chorus Club (3);
Class President (1); Kronicle Board Ass't
Editor in Chief (2); Editor in Chief (3);
Y. W. C. A. (1) (2); Class Publicity Editor (3)

"To know her is to love her."
What would we have done without Doris and her
sunny disposition during our three years at Nor-
mal. Truly, has Doris been an ardent supporter of
"responsibility." How Doris loves to sing. May she
sing her way to success through life!

ROSELLA JOSEPHINE WHITNEY, Wilton
"Rose"

Forum (1) (2) (3); Athletic Association;
Radio Club

Courage, enthusiasm, and a persistent desire to
get at the heart of a thing—especially if it be a
problem in math—these are Rosie's salient char-
acteristics.
Her aim is "not to sit still
Or frowst with a book by the fire,
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also
And dig 'till you gently perspire."

MABEL ALICE BARNES, Lebanon
"Barnesie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Y. W. C. A.;
Nu Beta Upsilon; Roomed with Hope
The romance in your heart,
The horse sense in your head,
The iron in your purpose,
These have made us value your friendship.
"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, her
infinite variety."

BERTHA EMMA BELKNAP, Cavendish, Vt.
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Y. W. C. A.
(1) (2) (3); Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3)
Whenever we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm frank words, "Good-bye."

RUTH MILDRED CUTTER, Stoddard
"Ruthie"

Athletic Association (2) (3); Y. W. C. A. (1);
N. B. Y. (2) (3); School Publicity
Committee (3)
"How're ye goin to keep 'em down on the
farm?"

True Ruthie did come from Stoddard but
that sunny disposition with which we all are
so familiar came right along too. As with
Webster "Can't" is an unknown word in
Ruth's vocabulary. Have you ever experienced
that inquiring and innocent glance when she
thinks you're "kidding" her?

NORMA E. GARDNER, Sunapee
"Norm"

Captain Varsity Basket Ball (3); Class Cheer
Leader (1); Athletic Manager (2); President
Athletic Association (3); Secretary-Treasurer
Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3); Y. W. C. A. Social
Committee (1) (2) (3); Ass't Manager Outing
Club (3)

Here's to the girl who's strictly in it
Something doing every minute
Plays well the game and knows the limit—
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH GARY, Hinsdale
"Dot"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Nu Beta
Upsilon (2) (3)

"Oh, tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?"
"And neither one of these," she said,
"But in the cooking Lab instead."
Tell Dot the latest joke—on yourself—then hear
her laugh. Hand in hand with her good nature is
her good sense—two admirable qualities in any
"school marm."

CHARLOTTE R. HAUBRICH, Claremont
"Charlie"

Glee Club (2) (3); Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3);
Y. W. C. A. (2); Athletic Association (2) (3)
"We may live without poetry, music and art
We may live without conscience and live
without heart,
We may live without friendship and we may
live without books
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."





MADELENE AVIS QUINN, West Swanzey
"Quinnie"

Class Vice-President (1); Orchestra (1) (2) (3); Glee Club (1) (2); Nu Beta Upsilon (2) (3); Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Basket Ball (1) (2)

"Happy am I; from care I am free
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

If you want a gay, exciting time with no sad thoughts, go to "Quinnie." She can see the funny side of life and knows how to make others see it with her. Shall we ever forget her keen wit and perspicacity? Her genius as a teacher too has brought her unusual success in her practice work.

MADGE EMILY RIXFORD, West Swanzey
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Y. W. C. A. (1); Nu Beta Upsilon, Vice President (2); President Nu Beta Upsilon (3)

"All the great women are dead and I'm not feeling well myself."

Madge is a thinker—always ready with a thoughtful answer to every question asked of her. In regard to her political inclinations ask her why she's a Democrat. Concerning her favorite amusement we all know very well where to locate her on her "night out."

MARGARET SELLECK, Exeter
"Peg"

Wheaton College '20; Nasson Institute '21-'22; Nu Beta Upsilon (3); Athletic Association (3)

"We wish thee health

We wish thee wealth

We wish thee heaven upon earth

What could we wish thee more?"

ELSIE ADELAIDE FULLER, Winchester
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Chorus Club (1) (3); C. D. C. (2)

"All work and no play is not the life for me."
Elsie's week-end train pulls out about 7.50 P. M. but she manages to enjoy life at the dorm until 7.30. Then she hurriedly packs her suit case. But alas! When flying out the door she finds her gloves a missing quantity.

GLADYS C. SNOW, Claremont

"Glad"

Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Chorus Club (1) (2); Orchestra (1) (2); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3); Athletic Association

Glad is a musician

The piano is he forte

The Orchestra she leads with
grace

Who could but Wish to court
So fair a lady?

MARGARET WILLIAMS, Chester, Vt.
"Peggy"

Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Keene Chorus Club (1) (2); Chairman music committee mid-year dance (3); Kronicle Board (music) (2) (3); Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3)

Oh pray tell me do you know

Why the girls love Peggy so?

Her smile, her voice, her lovely face,

Sweet disposition—charming grace!

RUTH KRISTINE WALSTROM, Keene
"Rastus"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Assistant Art Editor Kronicle (2); Art Editor Kronicle (3); Tennis

Musical comedies, violins, graduates, whole wheat bread, free verse, "stove pipe" hats, wrought iron candle sticks, house parties, this freedom—but in the back of this fascinating facade, however—isn't she just a Human Angel Cake? Like her? Long live Rastus!

CORNELIA PIKE BUSWELL
"Conny"

President of Class (2) (3) Treasurer Class (1); Orchestra (1) (2); Glee Club (1) (2); Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)

Twinkle, twinkle, Great Big Star!

Captain of our hearts you are.

Captain of your whole class too.

President—here's one for you!

HENRY DUMONT, Keene

You see him at the Bon Ton,
You see him at the Spa,
You see his genial smiling face in places, near and far,

His name is Henry Dumont,
He's a member of the school.
When it comes to advertising,
He is sure nobody's fool.

MURA ADELMA EASTMAN
"Demura" "Bright Eyes"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Basketball (2); Glee Club (2); Chorus Club (2) (3); Dramatic Club

Mura may seem very quiet to the girls who don't know her, but ask any of the girls on West End, third floor. They will tell you what a "good girl" Mura is, and how often she goes to church. They used to wonder why but "them days are gone forever"—they know now!!

HAZEL ALMIRA GILMAN, Lisbon
Class Treasurer (2) (3); Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Dramatic Club (3); Spanish Club (1) (2)

"To know her is to love her." And how she can sympathize. When you're feeling blue, take your troubles to Hazel and you will find the old adage "a friend in need is a friend indeed." very characteristic. With such an unusual sympathetic nature, she will win the hearts of many pupils. Did you ever find a happier girl after she has discovered the familiar looking letter on the mail-table?

VIRGINIA GLODE, Littleton
"Jim"

Athletic Association
There is a Virginia named Glode
Whom we have never known to explode
And a good reason is why,
Is because she is shy,
And the dorm has not been her abode.





OLIVE ESTHER HAAPANEN, Newport
"Aili"
Class Vice-President (2); Athletic Association
(1) (2) (3); Dramatic Club (3).
"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Maid of a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face."
"Aili" is a born actress to which she testi-
fied in the "Twig of Thorn." But we need not
fear that she will give up the teaching game
for a stage career when we hear her enthusi-
asm in regard to "those sweet little kiddies"
at Junior High.

AGNES STEIN, Milford
"Aggie"
Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Chorus
Club (1); French Club (1); Vice president
French Club (2); President French Club (3);
Forum (3)
"Nice" is such an inadequate word. But
we all know what it means when applied to
Agnes.
"It's doing your job the best you can
And being kind to your fellowmen."

FRANCES J. ABBOTT, Manchester
"Ted"
Vice President Junior Class (1); Secretary Glee
Club (1); President Glee Club (2); Secretary Man-
chester Club (1) (2); Forum (1) (2); Keene Chorus
Club; Athletic Association (1) (2); President Y.
W. C. A. (2); School Song Leader (2); Assistant
Personal Editor Kronicle (1); Personal Editor
Kronicle (2)
If you think all girls are frivolous
And lack the stuff that wears
You're in need of Ted's acquaintance
To relieve you of your cares.
She's a pal that's there for anything.
A friend that's tried and true
A thinker and a doer—that's Frances through and
through.

CHRISTINE BATES, Pittsfield
"Maggie" "Chris"
Chorus Club (1) (2); Athletic Association
(1) (2)
Her name, her fame, her wit
Has mattered quite a bit
These two school years.
For who in K. N. S.
Would ever have to guess
Why we are in tears?
—at Christine Bates.

FRANCIS LUCILLE BEMIS, Keene
Athletic Association
"Too late I stayed—forgive the time,
Unheeded flew the hours."
Who said it? Francis Lucille, of course.
There are rivals for that class superlative—
the latest! But Lucille never fails to be in
her place in the choir on Sunday morning.

BEATRICE MARY BENNETT, Lebanon
"Bea"
Forum; Athletic Association
"There's is nothing so contagious as pure
openness of heart." She's good-hearted, good
humored, good clean through and as conscien-
tious as ten or a dozen of us bound together.

R. ETHEL BLAIS, W. Stewartstown
"Aunt Mirandy"
Athletic Association (1) (2); Forum (2);
Dramatic Club (2)
Here's to our prophet—Ethel Blais
You get her wit where're you are
Although she's new to us this year
Her prophecy has brought us cheer.

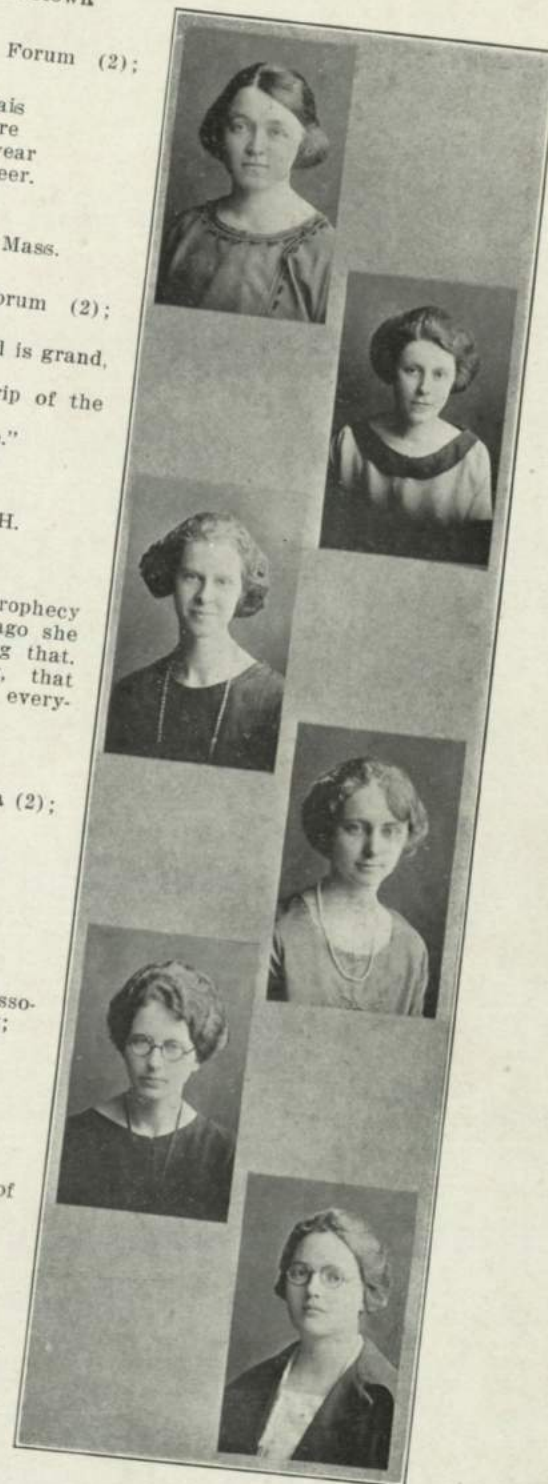
EVA C. BONNETTE, Athol, Mass.
"Eve"
Athletic Association (1) (2); Forum (2);
De La Salle Club (2)
"Oh, the world is wide and the world is grand,
And there's little or nothing new,
But its the sweetest thing is the grip of the
hand
Of the friend that's tried and true."
Long live our "Little Eva."

RUTH BROWN, Hillsboro, N. H.
"Rufus"
Athletic Association
There is no need for such as we to prophecy
any kind of a future for Ruth. Long ago she
promised "Chet" the pleasure of doing that.
But we do know and can say, that
Ruth was everybody's friend and that every-
body was willing to be hers.

KATHERINE CHASE, Deerfield
Class treasurer (1); Athletic Association (2);
Y. W. C. A. (1)
"It's hard for you-uns and we-uns;
It's hard for we-uns to part;
It's hard for you-uns and we-uns,
'Cause you-uns has we-uns heart."

ETHEL M. COLBY, Orleans, Vt.
Vice President Senior Class; Athletic Asso-
ciation; Mandolin Club; Field Hockey;
Dramatic Club
"Here's tow'ds yer an' teu yer!
Five never had met yer
We'd never hey knewed yer!
And that surely would have been a
blow to us all."
"May bad luck follow you all the days of
your life and never overtake you!"

EVA CORLISS
Athletic Association
She's a quiet body, but do you know her heart-
warming smile? May she find success and
good fortune wherever she goes.





ETHEL EDNA CURTIS, Manchester
"Kurt"
Manchester Club; Chorus Club; Athletic Association

Our hats are off, dear Ethel
To you our classmate, friend.
May the joy you've shown at Normal
Be a blessing without end.

MADYLINE FOLEY, Keene
Athletic Association

F is for Foley—a town girl is she
She came to Keene Normal a teacher to be
We wish her success in her work in the state
May it never be hindered by man or by Fate.

EUNICE GADDAS, Hillsboro
Athletic Association; The Forum; Debating Team (1); Class Historian

"In whose heart there is no song
To him miles are many and long."
Therefore, classmate, smile and sing
That all through life your heart may ring
With the joy we wish to you.

JESSIE GOULD
Athletic Association

"Blue be the sky above thee
Oh friend of happy days
None knew thee but to love thee
Nor named thee but to praise."

CORINNE HOLT, New Boston
"Cream"
Athletic Association (1) (2); Y. W. C. A. (2)
She needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself—responsibility, efficiency, amiability, she has them all.
Good luck, good health, good fortune wait on her!

LORETTA JEANNOTTE, Nashua
Athletic Association

"Oh rank is good and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will.
How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then—how it was sweet!"

J. HOPE JOHNSON, Newport
President '21-'22; Forum (1) (2); Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association (1) (2); Chorus Club; Orchestra; Roomed with "Barnesie"
"Whatever the weather may be, says he
Whatever the weather may be,
'Tis the songs ye sing
And the smiles ye wear
That's a-making the sunshine everywhere."
—No other lines so few in number can do justice to our Hope.

BEATRICE MAUDE LAWRENCE, Manchester
"Bea" "Beedee"
Glee Club (1) (2); Chorus Club; Athletic Association (1) (2); Manchester Club (1) (2); Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.
"Sand and grit and a concrete base,
That's Bet;
A friendly smile on an honest face
That's Bea."

An all-round girl is Beatrice, who throws herself wholeheartedly into whatever she does, be it work or play; a true comrade and a staunch friend.

FLORENCE HOLMES MARSTON, Portsmouth
"Ding"
Athletic Association (1) (2); V. President Athletic Association (2); Glee Club (1) (2); Chorus Club (1) (2); Forum (1) (2); Varsity Basket Ball Team (2); Assistant Personal Editor Kronicle (2)

"With such a comrade, such a friend
I fain would walk till journey end.
Through summer sunshine, winter rain
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!"

CATHERINE BARBARA McKAY, Nashua
"MacKey" "Kay"
Forum (2); Chorus Club; Athletic Association (1) (2)

"If a young lady has that discretion and modesty without which all knowledge is little worth she will never make an ostentatious parade of it because she would be intent on acquiring more than on displaying what she has."

RUTH McQUESTION, Litchfield
There is a good comrade called Ruth
Who if we should tell you the truth
Is awfully sweet
From her head to her feet
And everyone likes her forsooth.

EDITH MORGAN, Wilnot Flat
Athletic Association (2); Y. W. C. A. (2)
Rather domestic in her tastes is Edith, yet a lover of nature, a good sport, and a loyal friend.
"Happy are we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and happy meet again."





FREDRICA VOSE NAY, Antrim
"Freddy"
Orchestra (1); Debating Club (1) (2);
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club (2)
A health to you
And wealth to you
And the best that life can give to you.
May Fortune still be kind to you,
And Happiness be true to you
And Life be long and good to you—
The wish of us all for Freddie.

ZELMA NICHOLS, Chester, Vt.
Athletic Association (1) (2)
Nichols and dimes, Nichols and dimes
When a Nichols starts teaching
The world's out o' rhyme
But Zelma was sturdy
And Zelma was strong,
And with grit and endurance
She went right along.

ELSIE L. PAGE, Pittsfield
"Pagey"
Athletic Manager (1); Association (1) (2);
Dramatic Club (2); Chorus Club (2)
"Then who would go
Into dark Soho,
And chatter with dark-haired critics,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay,
And startle the dappled crickets?"
So said Keats, and so said Elsie. That's
why she went to Roxbury.

DOROTHY LOUISE PARKER,
Westmoreland Depot
"Dot"
Athletic Association (2); The Forum (1)
From Westmoreland comes Dorothy
Sure a sturdy lass is she—
"Brite and fare" as ever you see
We are all proud her friends to be!

EDITH L. PEARSON, Hancock
(1) Clergyman's Daughters' Club (C. D. C.).
(1) (2) Chorus Club; (2) Glee Club; (2)
Mandolin Club; Athletic Association
Earnest student, conscientious worker, suc-
cessful teacher—and still human
"May you live as long as you like
And have all you like as long as you like."

GLADYS MAE RABADEAU, Wilton
"Glad"
Chorus Club (1) (2); Glee Club (1); Forum
(1); Orchestra (1); Athletic Association
(1) (2); De la Salle Club (2)
Gladys had a violin,
The violin had a bow,
And everywhere that Gladys went
They both were sure to go.
But that isn't all that Gladys had
For many friends had she
In spite the fact that violins
Do drop from mi to ri.

DOROTHY ELLEN RAMSAY, Claremont
"Dot"
Glee Club (1) (2); Keene Chorus Club (1) (2);
Athletic Association (1) (2)
Long life to you, "Dot,"
May it sometime be true
That bells will be ringing
And singing for you!

ELEANOR LORRAINE REYNOLDS,
Manchester
"Ning" "El"
Glee Club (1) (2); Secretary and Treasurer
Glee Club (2); Chorus Club (1) (2); Man-
chester Club (1) (2); Ass't Athletic Editor
Kronicle (1); Athletic Editor Kronicle (2);
Varsity Basket Ball (1) (2); Cheer Leader (2)
Hi, El! Where you going? How about a
feed up in your room tonight? All right! We'll
get the crackers. Any thing else you want?
So long then. See you tonight.

Somehow El's room was the most popular
retreat for feeds. The solution is El and Co.—
the El of which we are proud to say, "Class of
1923! Long live this friend of ours."

ALICE EVA RICHARDSON, Eastview
"Al"
Chorus Club; Athletic Association
Modesty and unfailing good humor—they're
qualities that do not always accompany the
artistic temperament, but Alice has them.
She has more; a rare smile that will always
win her friends and the steady worth that will
hold them.

JESSIE FRANCES SANBORN, Concord
Forum (1) (2); Debating Team (1); Dramatic
Club (2); Athletic Association; Kronicle
Board; Y. W. C. A.
She's pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think of, too.
In debating she's fine;
Oh, Jessie, we all love you!

DORIS SHEPARD, New London
"Shep" "Dot"
Forum (1); Colby Club; Y. W. C. A.;
Athletic Association
We've proven you a faithful friend and true,
Yet always mindful of your duty too.
May sunlit skies e'er shed on you their glow
And may your cup with gladness overflow.

INEZ M. SMITH, Milford
"I"
Athletic Association (1) (2); Y. W. C. A.
A lot of health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom
With many friends for many ends
And little cause to need 'em.





MARGUERITE J. SMITH, Whitefield
"Peg"
Chorus Club; Glee Club; Athletic Association (1) (2)

Here's to the girl who's bound to win
Her share at least of fun—
With joy, success—may hand in hand
They go, till sinks the sun.

ALTA SNOW, Hinsdale
Athletic Association (1) (2)
There was a young lady named Snow
Who away for the weekends did go.
But when she is here
We think she's a dear
And we like her a lot, don't we though?

MILDRED W. SPRAGUE, Durham
"Min"
Glee Club (1) (2); Chorus Club (1) (2);
Dramatic Club (2); Athletic Association (1) (2)
"Oh where are you going my pretty maid?"
"Oh, I am going to Roxbury, sir," she said.
She's little, yes, but don't call her "kiddish,"
for Min is a real teacher. She has what her
Yankee grandmother would have called "get-
up-and-get" and where she is things must
hum, be it Shedd House, Dormitory, or "dees-
trick school."

OLIVE LAURA STEARNS, Charlestown
"Ol," "Ollie"
Athletic Association; Glee Club (1)
Ain't she neat ha-ha
Sweet ha-ha,
Handsome and fair?
She's a Jim dandy the girls all declare
She's a high, rolling rollicking swell
Here's to our Olive
Say! ain't she some belle!

ALBERTA JACQUETTE STEVENS, Middleton
"Berta"
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Forum
Sunny of hair and heart is she, this Summer
Normal maid. Alberta will smile her way to
success, for her cheeriness rests on the firm
foundation of hard work and good sense.

RACHEL STICKNEY, Keene
Athletic Association (1) (2) Kronicle Staff
(1) (2)
"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought
To teach the young idea how to shoot."
We and Rachel are agreed on that, but
Rachel better than some of us, has mastered
the knack. Keep it up Rachel.

ESTHER SUGHRUE, Nashua
Athletic Association

Not all of us were fortunate enough to know
Esther very well. She lived in town and skipped
home to Nashua during the last nine weeks
to teach. After that we realized that we missed
her. We regret our parting but wish her success
in her chosen field of endeavor.

PAULINE BURTON TAYLOR, Portsmouth
"Pud"
Glee Club; Keene Chorus Club; Athletic
Association; Dramatic Club
Enter Pauline—call her Pud
She's jester of the class
For surely none can touch her wit—
Or shall we call it—"sass?"

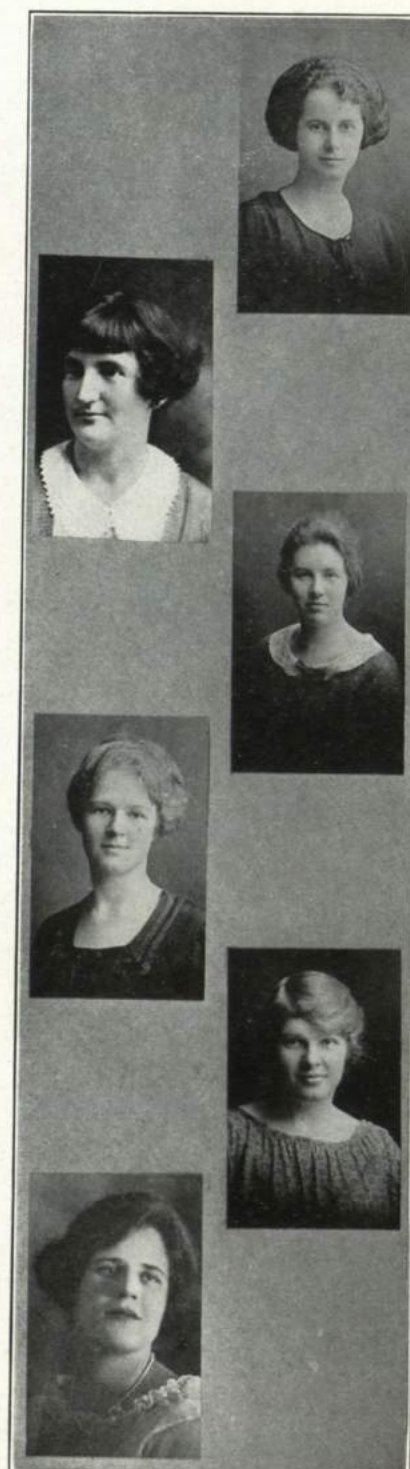
VERONICA TRINITY, Manchester
"Trinnie"
Athletic Association; Chorus Club; Manchester
Club
Trinnie, Trinnie, you're a wonder
And the Keene girls all declare
That there's no one to replace you
Now that you've left here for there.

RUTH MILDRED TURNER, East Jaffrey
Athletic Association; Orchestra
Last year we hardly knew this modest Ruth,
but the dormitory has become quite familiar
with her violin concerts on third floor. She's
a worker as well as a fiddler. Success to her
teaching.

RUTH PARSONS TWOMBLY, Portsmouth
Y. W. C. A.
Ruth has been with us but a year; but who
does not know her melodious laugh and mel-
liferous giggle? One who sees her sporting on
the green with a merry group of children
cannot doubt her success in her chosen kinder-
garten work.

MARY BENA VANCE, Union
"Bean"
Forum (1) (2); Dramatic Club; Clergyman's
Daughter's Club; Athletic Association (1) (2)
Bena is both young and fair
Sweet blue eyes and golden hair
Yet golden hair and sweet blue eyes
Are not where all her beauty lies.
For Bena is both kind and true
And oh, oh, oh, such dimples, too!





ELLEN JANET WATSON, Hinsdale
Dramatic Club, Athletic Association; Field
Hockey; Senior Class Treasurer
The girl that is witty
The girl that is pretty
The girl with an eye as black as a sloe
A teacher—an artist
But the very best part is
She'll make friends where'er she may go.

HELEN WELCH, Nashua
Orchestra; Athletic Association
"We loved you for the buoyant fun
That made perpetual holiday
For all who ever crossed your way,
The highest or the humblest one."
Long life to you, Helen, and something in
the way of a dental success!

RUTH FRANCES WHITAKER, Plainfield
"Rufus"
Athletic Association; Y. W. C. A.; Debating
Club; Varsity Basket Ball
Sweet of face and soft of speech is Ruth,
quick to aid and slow to condemn, a sincere
and winsome maid. May the years bring her
the happiness she deserves.

DORIS JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS
"Dot" "D" "Dorie"
Chorus Club '22 '23; Glee Club (1) (2);
Athletic Association; "C. D. S." K. N. S. of '22
Wholesome is the adjective one instinctively
applies to her, this warm hearted lover of the
open-air, of dogs and horses, games and hikes,
of all that is strong and clean and true.

FANNY PUTNAM WILLIAMS, Candia
"Fun"
Orchestra
Fair and sturdy,
Blithe and bonny,
What a lass she is!

Beneath Fanny's jolly laugh you feel a
strength not easily cast down, and a purpose
that will not be defeated. We're glad she
came to Keene Normal School, as glad as we
can be.

VIVIAN ALICE WOOD, Hampton
Athletic Association; Secretary class '23 (2);
Y. W. C. A.

"Here's to the hand of friendship
Sincere, twice tried and true."
A warm friend is Vivian, and a true one.
May she continue as she has begun—success-
ful and well-loved.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



OFFICERS

Mildred Blanche Murphey, President
M. Blanche Chandler, Vice-President
Vera M. Butler, . . . Secretary

High School Course



High School II

Back row, left to right: Mabel Bruton, Helen Collins, Nancy Knowlton, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Alma Matson, Anita Aldrich, Louise Gelpke, Frederick Mann. Front row: Florence Barden, Ellen Price, Marie Tetzlaff, Alberta Nadeau, Doris Kelso, Elizabeth Carter, Evelyn Parker.



High School I

Back row, left to right: Margaret Woods, Paulina Mannis, Dorothy Moberg, Alice Bartlett, Elsie Pasquill, Alice Brouillard, Hazel Towle, Verle Thurlow, Eloine Woodward, Helen Mayhan. Second row, left to right: Lenore Mann, Marjorie Robinson, Elizabeth Greeley, Frances Togus, Winnifred Chamberlain, Ethelyn Kelley, Marion Turgis, Mabel Suitor, Frances Stafford, Anna Hedman, Dorothy Pearson. Third row left to right: Lorida Kew, Mildred Kimball, Evelyn Starkey, Doris Elliot, Doris Parker, Evelyn Thompson, Charlena Taylor, Winona Vincent, Normandie Rioux. Front row, left to right: Jasper Grigas, Cleon Heald, Hazel Barden, Everett Thompson, John Bergeron.



Nu Beta Upsilon

Back row, left to right: Mildred Taylor, Dorothy Fairbanks, Lucy Belknap, Doris Bruder, Bertha Belknap, Margaret Selleck, Marjorie Sturtevant, Catherine Holland, Helen Kimball, Eunice Houghton. Second row: Alice Eastman, Rosamond Fairbanks, Esther Todd, Ruth Cutter, Dorothy Gary, Mabel Barnes, Helen Ford. Front row: Gladys Ray, Vera Clark, Miss Murphy, Madge Rixford, Norma Gardner.

Nu Beta Upsilon

Colors—Rose and Gray.

Patronesses

Miss Murphey

Miss Esten

Officers

President Madge Rixford
Vice President Vera Clark
Secretary Norma Gardner
Treasurer Gladys Ray

Have you sometimes wondered what the Nu Beta Upsilon is? If you had been a second or third year Home Economics girls, you would surely have found out.

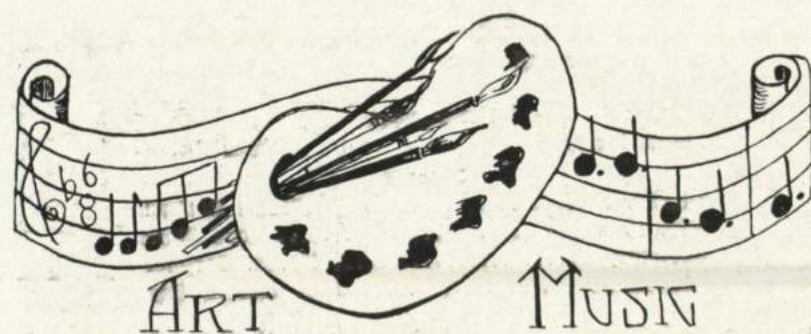
Perhaps you have heard of the delightful time the old members gave the new ones at a Hallowe'en party at Penelope. Hob-goblins and witches can not compete with the senior members. Inventing tricks to play on innocent, unsuspecting mortals seems to be the latter's hobby.

The day when the new members were to be initiated is a memorable one. The evening of the big event was hilarious and profitable as well for Penelope's back door key was found.



Home Economics I

Back row: Martha Gale, Elizabeth Pike, Dorothy Ellis, Gladys Greer, Marion Mack, Dorothy Batchelder, Katherine Paul, Jane Foster, Marion Sweeney, Aida Ericsson, Doris Hough. Second row: May Harris, Margaret Martin, Phyllis Martin, Miss Mildred Blanche Murphy, Ruth Lewis, Ann Larson, Elizabeth Headley, Marjorie Hutchinson. Front row: Esther Neisular, Carolyn Johnson.



Art Students

Standing, left to right: Helen Bronson, Alice Bogeson, Lillian Patnode. Sitting: Ruth Walstrom.

Music Supervisory Course



Back row, left to right: Gladys Snow, Elsie Fuller, Margaret Williams, Madeleine Creamer. Front row: Dorothy Rumney, Beatrice Malvern, Elizabeth Morse, Ruth Holbrook.

"Our School"

In a city in New Hampshire,
There's a dear old school we know,
And we never will forget her,
Wherever, we may go.
And where're our journey leads us,
After many years have gone,
We'll always, always, praise her
And we'll always love her long.

So here's to our dear Keene Normal,
So here's to K. N. S.
Tho' some day we shall leave her,
We'll love her none the less.
We'll be loyal to Keene Normal
And for her we'll stand the test,
And be proud that we can do it
For our dear old K. N. S.

MILDRED E. KIMBALL.



Elementary Course, Div. A

Back row, left to right: Ruth Mannis, Theresa Connors, Julia Broderick, Katherine Hallisey, Velma Call, Harriet Dodge, Gladys Cantlin, Marion Davis, Alice Bliss, Alice Gove. Middle row, left to right: Mae Blanchard, Ruth Cuthbertson, Margaret Dempsey, Rua Fifield, Marie Farrell, Enid Fish, Beryl Dunn. Front row, left to right: Dorothy Arnold, Bernice Fifield, Annie Farwell, Harriett Bergeron.



Elementary Course, Div. B

Back row, left to right: Elizabeth Hewins, Ruth Frye, Ethel Lupein, Beatrice Kendall, Mildred Lowe, Dorothy Flanagan, Edith Hould, Hazel Lombard, Martha Flanagan, Marguerite Hawkins, Arline Greene. Second row: Dorothy Kenyon, Amy Houghton, Pearl Loiselle, Dora Lavoie, Madeline Hayes, Bettie Hemenway, Agnes Record, Elizabeth Mahoney, Rita Farley. Front row: Agnes Leahy, Katherine Gale, Amy Haskell, Diana Cohen.

An Acrostic

Responsibility
Endurance
Service
Patience
Obedience
Nobility
Sincerety
Interest
Bravery
Initiative
Loyalty
Ingenuity
Truth
Youth

DORA LAVOIE



Elementary Course, Div. C

Back row, left to right: Catherine Moore, Zada McFadden, Rachel Merrill, Mabel Marshall, Ruth Nims, Mabel McElhinney, Olive Ramsey, Winnifred Rhynerbergen, Hilda Paulsen, Catherine O'Leary, Mabel Pingree, Filomena Romano. **Front row, left to right:** Elizabeth O'Malley, Doris Robinson, Theda Melvin, Lillian Patnode, Margaret Mertinath, Dorothy Roache, Lillian Plamondon, Irene McNamara, Edna Pritchard.

Current Event Thrills

When it comes your turn to give Current Events,
And that time is not very long,
When your voice sends forth inarticulate words,
While your knees seem far from strong,
Can you think what the end of such a day
Can mean to a worried mind?
May the sun go down with a peaceful ray
As you leave all worry behind.

Well, this is the end of my eventful day;
Near the start of a journey too,
And it leaves a thought that is big and strong
For my followers—that means you,
For memory has painted this special day
In colors that will never fade,
And I'll think at the end of this eventful day,
Of an attempt, at a speech I've made.

HELEN FORD.



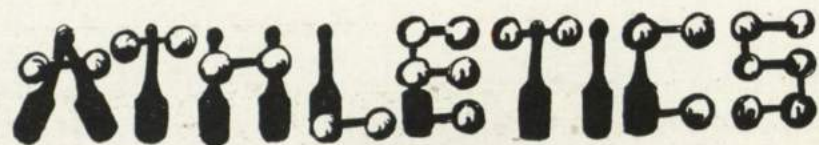
Two Year Elementary, Division D

Back row, left to right: Vivian Cram, Bertha Whelpley, Mary O'Keefe, Elizabeth McNamara, Emily Wood, Beatrix Perry, Christine Shedd, Alberta Taft, Jennie Willard, Alice Taggart. **Front row, left to right:** Glenna Cammette, Annie Corrigan, Rosamond Casey, Norma Weston, Alyce Stevens, Viola Sherwin, Abbie Shea, Beatrice Thayer.

My Sentiments

When it comes your turn to give Current Events
I hope you won't get up here and shake like this,
I crawled up those stairs—they were all too short,
And have stuttered and stuttered in my attempt to talk.
But with the Assembly before me, the Faculty behind,
Just drove all reasons out of my mind.
Now it is over—how happy I am.
Back to my seat with me, as quick as I can!

KATHERINE M. HOLLAND.



Officers Athletic Association

Standing, left to right: Evelyn Parker, Dorothy Moberg. Sitting: Florence Marston, Norma Gardner, Lucy Belknap.

BASKET BALL TEAM



Standing: Miss Cook. Back row, left to right: Mary O'Keefe, Ruth Whitaker, Evelyn Parker, Florence Marston, Dorothy Moberg, Maud Morrow. Front row, left to right: Dora Lavoie, Norma Gardner, Eleanor Reynolds.

Basket Ball

The year of 1923 saw Keene with another strong basket ball team. Although the team was comparatively new, the girls, under the coaching of Miss Cook and Mr. Newell, showed fine team work. The first game played was with the Alumnae. Of course Keene won with a score of 30-18. This was a good beginning and we won our Milford game 16-12. However, we met our Waterloo at Plymouth and with Sargents. Victory again came to us when we played Chester. We were able to score 33 to their 10. Last but not least we met Fitchburg. Ours was the victory with a score of 16-1.



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.



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.

HOCKEY

Colby—Keene

We started out early Saturday morning, Oct. 14, with a good send-off, going by automobile to New London. The Colby girls were wonderful to us, and knowing that it would interest us most, showed us the Hockey field, which is twice as large as ours.

The game began at 3.00 with every Colbyite out cheering and our cheering section also—which consisted of four. Colby got the first two goals but then Keene tied the score until the last quarter, when Colby again got the ball through the goal. They all agreed that it was the most exciting game of the season which ended in a score of 4-2 in Colby's favor. Four of our girls had played on the Colby team before. One of the interesting features of the game was the fight for the ball between our acting coach Evelyn Russell and her sister "Holly"—of course, Evelyn won.

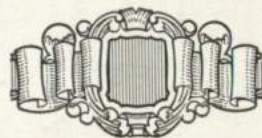
After the game, we were invited into the dining room where cookies, cocoa, and the famous Colby "Mud" were served to us. Then we had to go although every one of us hated to. On the way back, we decided that next to Keene Normal, Colby has the most and best spirit of any school we know.

The disappointment over the score was somewhat allayed by the attitude of the good old Keene girls, and the party given to us at Parker Hall that night. They were surprised we had done so well since Colby had been playing for three years and this was our first attempt.

The line-up was as follows:

Captain, Ruth Lewis, R. C.
Dorothy Arnold, C.
Ellen Watson L. C.
Theda Melvin, L. W.
Dorothea Flannagan, R. W.
Christine Shedd, R. H. B.

Alice Gove, L. H. B.
Evelyn Russell, G.
Elizabeth Headley, C. H. B.
Mabel Pingree, L. F. B.
Catherine Paul R. F. B.



WHERE WE SWIM

ODE TO THE PIMPLES ON MY TONGUE

With Apologies to Amy Lowell

Three of them—
Three blanched gems on a red plush pillow—
Accursed things!
I purchased Error and applied it in erratic faith.
Down coursed the druel from my swollen tongue;
White grew the blighters in hellish glee;
Burned like a fire the hell-bent gems
And—disappeared?
Hardly.
Three of them.

ELSIE PASQUILL.



GYMNASIUM—Keene Normal School

Field Day 1922

This year, June third, was set for Field Day. Almost at dawn committees from each of the classes were out on the Campus in the drizzling rain "decorating"—the Seniors with blue and white. Sub-Seniors and two year Juniors with purple and white and the three year Juniors with green and white.

At seven or thereabouts, the rest of the school turned over, opened its eyes, raised up on one elbow and gazed out upon a deserted campus decorated with moist looking colors—the work of the committees. And so progressed the day—wet and soggy underfoot, damp and chilly round about; cold, gray and moisture-spilling over head. Needless to say Field Day was postponed until the following week when K. N. S., watched and participated in a series of little Field Days even to the betterment of our appetites for dinner, for the games were played off after school.

Here lie a tabulation of results:

Game	Class Winning
Quolts	Senior '22
Volley Ball	Junior '23
Tennis Singles	Juniors '23
Baseball	Senior '22
Races 50 yd.	Senior '22
65 yd.	Senior '22
3 legged	Junior '22
Tug of War	Senior '22



"Mr. Cock"

Who has never been awakened when the day is still fresh by the shrill "Cock-a-Doodle-do," "Who's lazy? Who?" of Mr. Cock as he arouses his sleeping household and lets the neighbors know just how fine his family is? And did it bother you much? Perhaps it made your hair bristle a tiny bit, but you were at peace with the world in general, and could roll over and return to your slumbers.

Such an occurrence seemed trivial. But, on the other hand, half way between day light and darkness, as you went out to hunt for the eggs that this same gentleman's industrious family had laid to satisfy his loud demands, were you ever confronted by Mr. Cock at an entirely different angle? From this angle, he seemed very big, in fact, big enough to crush you with a single blow and you seemed small, much smaller than his concubines must feel when they're suffering their lord's displeasure. Don't be ashamed to admit it, for I have gone through the same ordeal.

I had just reached the threshold of my teens and was standing there, peeping over toward the other side, very happy, but at the same time, a bit timid of everything that lay before me whether 'twas man or beast. About this time, my father owned a big handsome rooster. We had brought him up and had petted him so much that he felt that he owned more of the place than roosters generally do, if such a thing can be possible. His confidence in himself was growing so rapidly, day by day, and mine in myself was weakening so fast that I discovered, much to my dismay, that I was actually afraid of him. I made confidants of Dad and Mother about this, but they failed to understand and only laughed and poohed at me.

Then, came the tragedy! One gray November day, just as twilight was falling, I heard Mother say, "You'll have to gather eggs tonight, for I'm busy." A cold chill went up and down my spine. If she had only asked me to do something else! I trudged sturdily out of the house, however, for I would not show my fear, but those sturdy steps had changed to cautious ones on tiptoe, long before I reached the precincts of Mr. Cock's domain. Everything was quiet when I reached the door. If only I could succeed in my mission without awakening any member of his sleeping family. Those precious eggs were safely in my hands, and I was almost back to the door and safety when I felt something overpowering me from behind. I turned and stealthily coming nearer and nearer, looming to an immense size before my frightened eyes, was Mr. Cock. Before I realized what was happening, he was upon me, with head lowered, pulling at my skirts and picking at my helpless wobbly ankles. How I wanted to run! But something inside me, stronger than the voice that said "Run!", was clamoring urgently, "Face it! Face it! Don't run." Somehow, I know not how, I managed to turn around, and as I turned and looked Mr. Cock squarely in the eye, he sidled around and started backing, backing slowly away, with a rather ashamed expression on his Cock-sure face.

You say you have never had any such experience? Don't be too sure. Perhaps you have not had it with a real, honest-to-goodness rooster, but I know a Mr. Cock whose real name is Discouragement. Now you'll have to admit it. You've all met him.

You've heard him clamoring to you shrilly, in the early morning, just like a real Mr. Cock. He may have clamored about the failure of one of your brightest pupils to pass a test, if you're a teacher; if you're a doctor or a nurse he's clamored many times about the case you've lost; if you're a factory hand, he's clamored about the job you couldn't finish yesterday or the cut finger that means no more work for two weeks or if you're a minister he's clamored very loudly about the time and energy you've put into helping folks, when it seemed to only hinder.

Whenever Discouragement clamored thus, early in the day, you've forgotten about him, and turned over for another snooze.

Let him try it again, later in the day just as twilight is falling, and he'll frighten you, overwhelming you with his immenseness and hurting you with his stinging prods as he reminds you of constant failures. About this time a little voice inside you will put you on your feet again, if you only listen to it, for it will say, "Face it. Face it squarely!" Then, as you turn slowly around in obedience to that voice, Discouragement will grow smaller and smaller, and finally will dwindle away.

ELIZABETH W. CARTER

The Mysterious Village

The day was perfect: a blue cloud dotted sky, fresh moist air, a gentle breeze, wafting to me all the delicious odors of a verdant woodland, of trees, flowers, and fernery. The scenery was unsurpassed; the road shaded with trees, some of tall massive structure with myriad leaves shutting out the warm sunlight; other trees, small birches with leaves a-flutter in the breeze. All contributed to make it a perfect summer day.

I strolled leisurely up the winding road. A trickling brooklet crossed its path, and I turned to follow it, plucking a few tiny violets which massed its banks. I ascended a steep wooded hill and walked only a short distance before I came upon a quaint scene.

Encircled within a wide rustic fence was a group of miniature buildings. They were hardly more than six feet in height and all painted red. It was truly a picturesque little scene, worthy of some fairy tale, and I pinched myself to make sure I had not in my dreams entered the fairyland of the pygmies. But the little village was indeed real. I approached gazing upon it with wonder. One of the tiny buildings appeared to be a dwelling house. It was simply made with a pointed roof, a small doorway and a few windows. Another building stood beside it somewhat like it in structure and of the same size. Upon a little rise of land a small round building rose. It had the appearance of a band stand with its little railing on top. It might well be used as an observatory I thought, because it afforded a pleasant view of the surroundings. The sides of the structure were covered with paper with Grecian woman painted upon it. Last but not least in this little settlement was a tiny church which stood very little above the height of a person. It was complete even to a tiny bell in its belfry. The windows were of stained glass.

I gazed about the little enclosure. It was a very pretty place, a rustic scene, with its rough woody fence and yard thickly wooded except for the path which led between the buildings.

Suddenly the stillness was penetrated by a wierd sounding voice, singing on three notes, accompanied by what I soon thought must be a tiny organ. The bell tolled mournfully and the voice ceased. I waited spellbound and breathless, retreating a little way into the woods.

Soon the church door opened and an old woman in a scarlet cape and pointed scarlet cap hobbled out. She carried a long crooked cane with a huge bow of the same color. A man followed, old and garbed in the same shade of scarlet. They disappeared into one of the little houses.

It seems like a story yet it is real. I found later that the inhabitants prefer to remain unknown and unmolested. They live every summer in this secluded spot. It has come to be known as the "Mysterious Village" and is situated a very little way from the town of Shelburne, New Hampshire.

DOROTHY RUMNEY.





Le Petit Salon

Back row, left to right: Elizabeth Morse, Mabel Bruton, Marion Dow, Selina Osborne, Dorothy Moberg, Alma Matson, Eloine Woodward, Margaret Mertinath, Hazel Towle, Elsie Pasquill, Alice Brouillard, Ruth Holbrook. Second row: Alberta Nadeau, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Marie Tetzlaff, Violette Dodge, Charlina Taylor. Front row: Elizabeth Carter, Evelyn Parker, Mr. Blackington, Agnes Stein, Normandy Rioux.

Le Petit Salon

La Societe Francaise? Oh no, we are "La Petit Salon" now, more "gentil," you know.

Shall we ever forget those evenings in Room 8, our club-room "superbe"! How amusing were those awkward errors, anglicized jumbles, but within our comprehension sometimes, and we have profited thereby.

Realizing the benefit which we have received we can but feel proud to be numbered among "les membres."

How entertaining too are those French readings, impromptu dramatics, and occasional sings! What is more, we have "des grandes artistes" among our number. Remember "Dot" and "Viv"—the dashing heroes of those plays in 1921?

Our seniors can scarcely bear the thought—"Farewell, Petit Salon," for our numbers and our talent are growing from year to year.

Making—193

"Next," and the girl at the typewriter put in another sheet of paper. Two girls who had been sitting on the benches came and sat down beside her.

"What is your name? Your father's name, please?"

The questions came rapidly. There followed a torrent of words in a foreign tongue and then the older, more confident girl spoke.

"She no speak English. Her name is Dika N—. I talk for her."

Dark haired, bright-eyed Dika sat on the edge of her seat quivering in excitement. What a different world she had come to. Only last week she had stood and gazed at the Goddess of Liberty as the ship had come into the harbor. Dika's active mind had been filled with wondrous thoughts and a strange longing. True, her sisters crowded, smelley tenement had been a disappointment, but now, in this clean, busy place she was again feeling that life was good.

What was her sister saying? How she wished she could speak English. But she would learn.

A buzzer sounded and an office boy appeared. "Take them to Mr. Owen's office," was the brisk command.

So Dika joined that great throng of workers that came into the huge rubber factory every day. At seven o'clock in the morning she went through the wide gates holding her little round check in her hand so the watchman could see. Just a round white check with "Making—193" inscribed in black letters but Dika was so very fond of it. You see it was hers.

If one could only describe that Making Room! Rows of tables, darkened with use and rubber, at which women stood all day and made rubbers. Mingled with the smell of rubber was the still worse smell of "rubber cement." It contained gasoline and other inflammable substances and the odor penetrated the workers' clothes and lunches. Of course after a while one got used to it, if one could.

At Dika's table was another young girl and an older woman. All day they chatted in their own language. They were kind to Dika in their way. One couldn't treat Dika coldly. She was too sparkling not to be noticed and too gentle not to be liked.

Rosie was pretty and she knew it. Her hair was bobbed and frizzed and she was very careful to rouge her cheeks just right. In spite of the hard work and late hours she kept her vivacity. No, Rosie wouldn't like a rival, but gentle Dika would be so docile in her hands, and, as it were, set her off. Rosie even felt sorry for Dika. It must be terrible to be so "green" and not know that your dresses should not come to your ankles and that an ivory tinted complexion "didn't go."

"Dika, see that swell fellow over there. Wait till lunch and then he'll come over here. He is crazy about me." Dika looked and saw a Greek god in overalls.

Eleven thirty and the gong rang. Out came the lunches. Of course one must be careful to brush off the cock roaches but what did it matter. They were hungry and their hunks of dark bread and cold meat tasted good. Dika didn't eat much for Rosie chattered constantly and Dika was thinking hard.

"Jimmie, meet Miss N—".

It had happened and Dika blushing shyly, was shaking hands with Rosie's friend. She hardly raised her dark eyes but when Jimmy said, "Say, but you're some chicken" she opened them wide and replied.

"Please, no chicken, Greek," and blushed violently when they both laughed at her.

Days passed and Dika was learning rapidly. One day the boss praised her and Rosie's green eyes flashed. Dika couldn't understand the change in her. When Jimmie came over at noon she was not half so gay and she looked at Dika in such a funny, cool way. Jimmie was nice though and he made up for Rosie's unkindness.

"Rosie used to be the best maker in this room but it looks as if little Dika will soon be ahead of her. Then we'll see who'll get the job as inspector. Jimmie thinks Dika is a winner all right."

Dika didn't hear this gossip. She would have felt bad if she had for she wouldn't hurt anybody for the world so she tried hard to win back Rosie's liking.

Spring was coming! Somehow you felt it even in the crowded, dirty street where Dika lived. Something in the air, something in people's hearts was just a little different, as if hope was being born anew and making them brighter than they had been when winter held sway.

As the gong rang one noon Dika hurried into place at the table, cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling. Even Rosy looked at her with admiration while jealousy was still gnawing at her heart. Only this lunch hour Jimmie had asked her and Dika to walk up the Avenue but his eyes had looked at Dika and Rosy declined with a toss of her bobbed head. If only she could spoil Dika's chances, if she only could!

"Miss M—, your work is not so good. Please be more careful."

It was the boss speaking and Rosie was amazed. This was her first reprimand and it struck deep. She bent sullenly over her work, eyes smarting with angry tears.

She felt in her pocket for her handkerchief and her hands touched a little box of matches. A wicked idea flashed into her head. No, she couldn't do that! It would be too bad! Then she stole a look at Dika. In Dika's hands was the little pail filled with cement. No one was looking. With a quick jerk she struck the match, and in a minute she was enveloped in flames. Her screams rang thru the building and were echoed by a hundred other screams.

In the offices startled faces looked out of the doors. Mr. Owens grabbed the chemicals, someone else rang the Company's fire alarm and all was confusion and fear.

How quickly the fire spread as table after table caught and the flames shot in all directions. No one thought of Dika or Rosie. All were making for the exits or were fighting the fire and no one knew of the little tragedy being enacted near them.

When Dika had reached Rosie's side she had found the girl frantically trying to crush the flames that were catching at her clothes. Dika grabbed a coat hanging near and beat at the flames with all her might. Darting pains shot thru her hands. Once her own dress was blazing but she put it out and fought bravely.

Rosie was almost unconscious now. She was whimpering like an animal in pain and the dull monotonous murmur drove Dika to fresh frantic efforts. With superhuman strength she rolled the coat around her companion and dragged her to a safer spot and then sank in a little heap at her side.

The fire was out, and the factory hospital was working overtime. Men with grim, blackened faces and horribly burnt hands filed in. It had been a dreadful fight but had won.

The gong of the ambulance was heard and all stood aside as white coated attendants brought two unconscious forms out of the building. Just a little while before they had found the two girls lying near the window. Dika had opened her eyes and murmured "Rosie" and lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Rosie died that night without regaining consciousness. The vengeance she had longed for had stretched out its long arms and crushed her.

Two days later Jimmie came to see Dika. He came at a most fortunate time for as the knot of men at her bedside made way for him Dika lifted shining eyes. In her bandaged hands was a small medal. It was round, like her little cheek, but instead of "Making—193" it was inscribed "For Bravery." There had been other things too but they didn't matter.

Jimmie might have been embarrassed before those men, but he forgot them all, exclaiming, as he gazed at Dika with his soul in his eyes, "Gee, but you are some chicken!"

Dika only smiled. She had understood the look in Jimmie's eyes and was happy.

EDITH M. FORSYTH, H. S. '25.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS "TWIG OF THORN," DECEMBER 14, 1922



Manchester Club

Back row, left to right: Beatrice Lawrence, Olive Ramsay, Winifred Rynbergen, Louise Gelpke, Elsie Pasquill, Gladys Greer, Elizabeth Morse, Nancy Knowlton, Theresa Connors, Veronica Trinity, Julia Broderick, Harriet Dodge. Middle row, left to right: Marie Farrell, Mable Bruton, Ellen Price, Mildred Taylor, Ethel Curtis, Hazel Towle, Margaret Mertinath, Ruth Cuthbertson, Marion Tergis, Alice Taggart. Front row, left to right: Edna Britchard, Marie Tetzlaff, Katherine O'Leary, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Agnes Leahy, Miss Murphy, Frances Togus, Alice Brouillard, Doris Robinson, Frances Abbott, Marion Sweeney, Elizabeth O'Malley.

Our Manchester Club

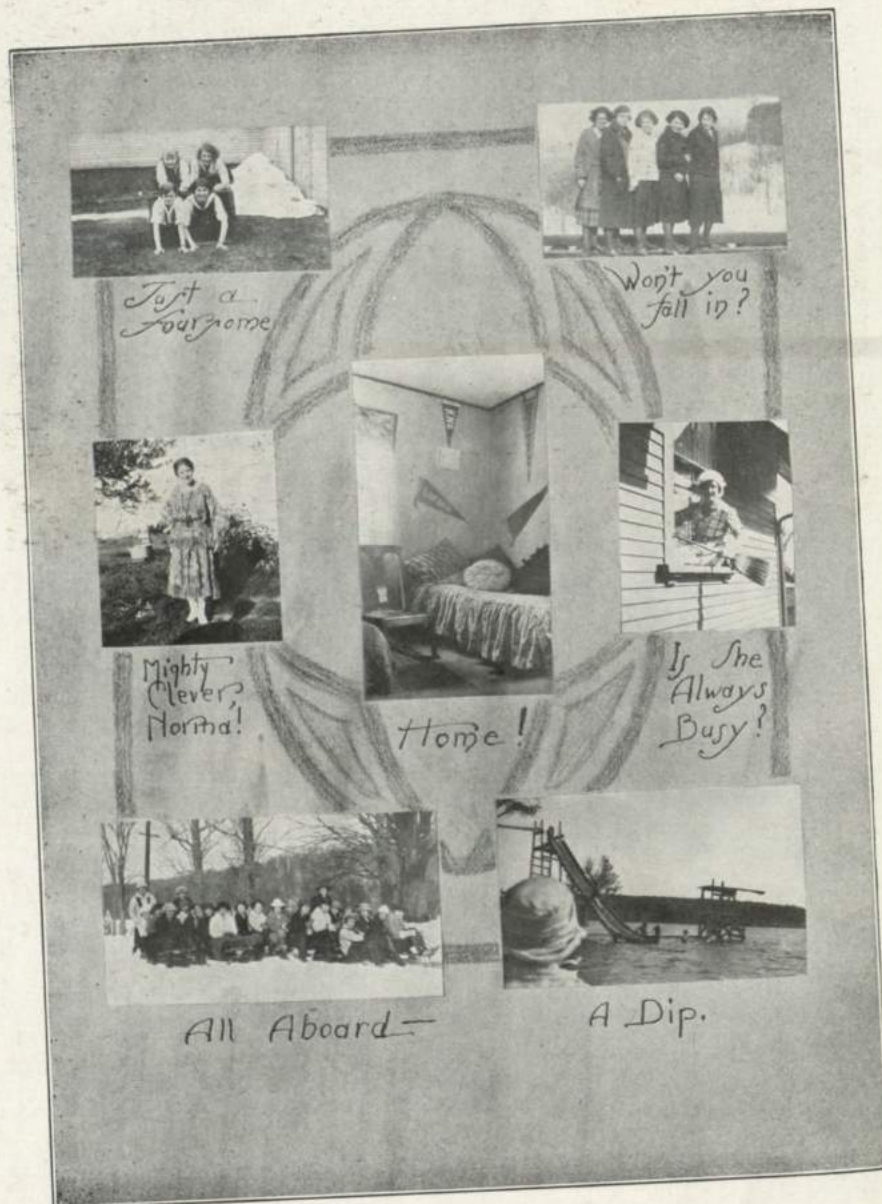
September, 1922.—The Manchester girls met in the Supervisor's room to organize. The following officers were elected, President, Lucy Fitzpatrick; Vice-president, Alice Brouillard; Treasurer, Marie Tetzlaff; Secretary, Frances Abbott. It was decided to give some sort of party to the school later in the season.

November, 1922.—We have decided to have a Masque Ball the Saturday night after the Thanksgiving vacation. Several posters have already appeared.

December, 1922.—Ye Masque Ball was a huge success. The entertainment was excellent and the green and white costumes for the Manchester girls were extremely unique and attractive. It is expected that this is only the first of several pleasant good times planned by the Club.

April, 1923.—The Manchester Alumnae of K. N. S., had their second annual dance at M. H. S. Many of the present members of the Manchester Club were present.

GLADYS GREER, '25



Y. W. C. A.

Standing, left to right: Elizabeth Carter, Anita Aldrich, Marion Dow, Evelyn Thompson. Sitting: Florence Barden, Helen Collins, Frances Abbott, Helen Ford, Alice Bliss, Lucy Fitzpatrick.

"Y. W. C. A."

Was reorganized early in the fall with the following officers:

Frances J. Abbott, President
 Lucy M. Belknap, Vice President
 L. Helen Ford Secretary
 Alice Bliss, Treasurer
 Helen Collins, ... Undergraduate Representative

The reorganization and formation of a new constitution has been a somewhat difficult and tedious problem, but during the interim the Cabinet have tried to keep the interest alive.

Sundays have been devoted to a Bible class under Miss Dole's supervision, and a discussion group under the leadership of Mr. Roberts. Both have been well attended, interesting and helpful. Firelight services on Sunday evenings are held at the discretion of the members. Everybody is invited to enjoy group singing and Miss Esten's readings whose social-moral value have been appreciated. Occasionally short musical programs have been given.

The Dramatic Club has assisted us financially by giving us the benefit of the play, "Neighbors". It was a most successful production and greatly appreciated by our association.

Other successful methods for obtaining money have been by the sale of chocolate bars and hair nets. The "Y. W." owes much to the remarkable sales ladies whom it has enrolled.

Cabinet meetings and impromptu Tuesday night gatherings have also aided in keeping our interest alive.

That our beginning may help the organization in its start next year is the wish of all its members.



Keene Normal Dramatic Club

Back row, left to right: Agnes Stein, Hazel Gilman, Olive Haapanen, Ethel Colby, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Christine Shedd, Pauline Taylor, Marie Tetzlaff, Gladys Cantlin, Violette Dodge, Pearl Ramsay, Gladys Ray. Third row, left to right: Elsie Page, Bena Vance, Jessie Sanborn, Mabel Bruton, Marjorie Hutchinson, Theda Melvin, Mura Eastman, Mildred Taylor, Alice Eastman, Evelyn Parker. Second row, left to right: Madalene Creamer, Helen Ford, Elizabeth Carter, Dorothea Kenyon, Miss Randall, Miss Brown, Alberta Stevens, Florence Barden. Front row, left to right: Mildred Sprague, Margaret Mann, Hazel Barden, Elsie Pasquill, Alma Matson.

The K. N. S. Dramatic Club

The call for the formation of a dramatic club met with what an overwhelming response when the student body one hundred fifty strong assembled in Parker Hall, eager to show their enthusiasm for histrionic art! Then began the problem of selection which required the cooperation of the faculty and our director. In a short time a well organized, progressive K. N. S. Dramatic Club resulted.

The first production, "The Twig of Thorn," revealed the talent of the Upperclassmen, for this presentation was a marked success.

Great suspense for a time reigned among the Junior members for but twelve could be admitted to membership. The fortunate twelve upon election went to work immediately upon the comedy, "Rebellious Jane".

The club has proved its willingness to cooperate with other organizations of the school. March 17 it presented "Neighbors," by Zona Gale, realizing a neat sum for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A., and on April 6, "The Piper's Pay," for the Radio Club.

The progress of our club has been considerable considering its short history, and we bespeak for it a most successful future.

Officers:

Alma Matson '24		President
Elsie Pasquill '25		Vice President
Hazel E. Barden '25		Secretary
Lucy Belknap '24		Treasurer
Margaret Mann '23		Coach
Miss Martha E. Randall,		Faculty Advisor

Concentration

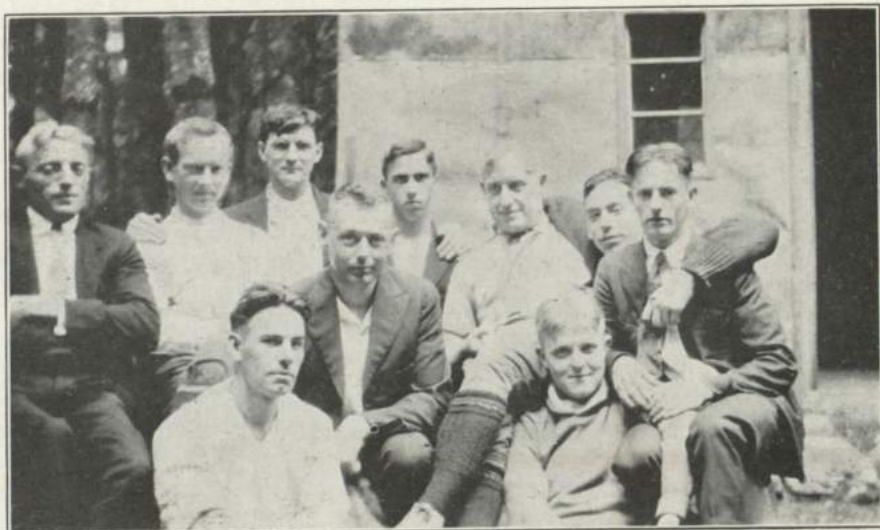
Write something for the "Kronicle". Now let me see—Guess I'll sit here by the window, it's such a wonderful afternoon and the sun makes this corner look so cheerful—I'm afraid the sun's going to fade these cretonne curtains—wish I hadn't bought them, Miss Cox wouldn't think I had had a very good color scheme here.

Oh hum—something for the Kronicle—wish I had a little ability for plots and poetry, I might write something about spring I suppose. It'll be great here in spring, I bet—when the snow's melted and it isn't so slushy and we can go for some good long hikes. How little I realized last year at this time that I'd be here now, I was worrying about graduation then and writing my final essay, and all that stuff and now I am worrying about this English assignment. Life is just one worry after another anyway—there I go again, guess I'm getting morbid or perhaps it's spring fever. I ought to get a letter from Bill tomorrow, wonder what he's doing this afternoon. That reminds me I've got to write some letters this afternoon—but I can't until I finish this, it's got to be passed in tomorrow. I suppose I could wait and do it tonight—but "Procrastination is the thief of time" as Daddy McLean used to say—My but that seems a long time ago. I wonder if Miss Randall really expects us to write anything that could be used—seems rather unreasonable, but then—My bureau is a sight, I'm glad mother can't see it, hope we don't have inspection tomorrow morning. I'll have to clean here tomorrow night after school and I've got to go down town then too, to get that ratine for my dress, I hope I can get the shade I want—wonder how much it costs. I'll have to make it longer than my other dress, I'll have to lengthen my blue one too.

Oh! Hello—come on in.

Me?

Oh! I'm trying to write something for the Kronicle—but I can't think of a darned thing—You'll find some chocolates over on the table—help yourself.



Kappa Delta Phi

Charter Members

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

Faculty Advisers

Director Wallace E. Mason	Chester H. C. Dudley
Franklin C. Roberts	

Members

Fred K. Conant	Harry Newell
Clyde C. Connor	Niel Norling, Jr.
Frederic W. Mann	Philip H. Pike
Philander L. Mann	Raymond B. Staples
Edmund J. Mulcahy	Guy B. Walker

Gamma Chapter of the Kappa Delta Phi Fraternity, a normal school organization for men, was instituted in May 1921.

The Kappa Delta Phi Fraternity upholds the best things in the teaching profession. It desires virile and whole hearted young American men to appreciate the opportunities for service in the teaching field. The fraternity stands for loyalty to Keene Normal School, the Granite State and the United States.

"As members of the Kappa Delta Phi we believe that in the heart of the youth is the finest ideals of the race; and in the hearts of little children the Kingdom of Heaven is established. Therefore, we shield the heart of the child from all evil influences—even our own—and keep it holy."



Banjo Mandolin Club

Back row, left to right: Alice Bartlett, Ethel Colby, Everett Thompson, Beatrice Perry, Hazel Barden. Second row: Evelyn Parker, Diana Cohen, Frances Stafford, Theda Melvin, Dorothy Rumney, Doris Kelso, Madeline Creamer. Front row: Agnes Leahy, Winona Vincent, Charlena Taylor, Alice Bliss, Helen Ford, Edith Pearson.

Time!

Time! Has it ever meant anything to you?

When Fate dictates old friends must part; when necessity demands heavy bargaining within a limited time; When household affairs don't "hold" simply because you're inexperienced hand has been set to the plan; when you're asking your brain how to "get there" in time; when you plan on doing your assignment just before class; when you're trying to say one hundred things in a ten-minute test; when soon it means no more dancing; when you awake at 6:50 a. m., and must either go to 7 o'clock breakfast or be content without; when, before many minutes have died, you must confess, lie, or die; wouldn't you like the clock to tick more slowly?

On the other hand, when, by chance, you arrive at the station before train time; when you feel you *can't* wait even two minutes for meal time; when you are enjoying the privilege of giving Current Events; when you can't find five minutes' worth of material for your debate; when your lecture is not of the required length; when you are bored by unpleasant speeches; when Time is the barrier between you and wished-for happiness; wouldn't you like to have the clock increase its ticking speed?

Indeed, how pleasant it would be to have power to regulate Father Time!



Radio Club

Back row, left to right: Jasper Grigas, John Bergeron, Rosella Whitney, Anita Aldrich, Alice Eastman, Ellen Price, Cleon Heald, Lewis Streeter. Second row: Wilbur Hart, Evelyn Thompson, Anna Headman, Doris Kelso, Elizabeth Carter, Ethelyn Kelly, Maude Morrow, Winifred Chamberlain, Mr. W. Kimball. Front row, sitting: Gladys Ray, Helen Ford, Alma Matson, Everett Thompson.

This set was loaned by Mr. Fisher.

Radio Club

Keene Normal students were unable to escape the magic grip of Radio and during the second semester an organization was formed to make a study of it.

We were sorry to be obliged to confine the membership to twenty-five, but the purpose of the club makes it necessary to work in a small group.

The terms vario coupler, vacuum tube, and audio frequency and many others are no longer meaningless words to our "Radio bugs."

Officers

L. Helen Ford,	President
Everett Thompson,	Vice President
Alma Matson,	Secretary
Gladys Ray,	Treasurer

Faculty Advisors

Mr. Bushnell,	Mr. Kimball,	Mr. Hart
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Honorary Member

Mr. Mason

OUTING CLUB



A "BACON BAT"

The Outing Club

This newly organized club held the first winter carnival in the history of Keene on February 10th. Snow frolics, consisting of relay races upon snow shoes and skis, engaged the excited attention of classes in competition and of enthusiastic spectators. Hilarious fun characterized a baseball game played by a nine on snowshoes when "Jack" Dempsey secured a home run.

After a carnival dance, which was held in the evening, prizes were awarded the winning teams.

The carnival had been preceded by Saturday hikes with delectable lunches partaken in the invigorating, frosty out-of-doors.

Keep a-Tryin'

(With Apologies to Frank L. Stanton)

If at first you don't succeed,
Keep a-tryin'!
A bit of encouragement is what you need,
Keep a-tryin'!
'Tain't no use to sit an' fret
When a lesson you should get;
Find your book 'n keep a-pluggin'—
Keep a-tryin'!

When you feel as if you'd burst,
Keep a-tryin'!
Then's the time you need some "crust,"
Keep a-tryin'!
'Spose you're down, and think you're out,
Just get up, holler an' shout,
Tell the world you're feeling great—
Keep a-tryin'!

When the whole world seems at strife,
Keep a-tryin'!
Just get all you can from life,
Keep a-tryin'!
Make the best of everything,
Joys an' sorrows, hope or sting,
When things go wrong, just start to sing—
Keep a-tryin'!

?

Can Katherine Chase?
Does Frederica Nay?
Has Alice Bliss?
Does Vivian Cram?
Does Harriet Dodge?
Does Ruth Frye?
Is Arlene Greene?
Has Mabel Barnes?
Can Cornelia Buswell?
Is Elsie Fuller?
Is Ruth Brown?

Mid Year Dance

"Bob" Talks to "Junk"

"Junk"

"Hello, Bob. Wher've you been for the last few days?"

"Bob"

"Hi, Junk. Say, I've had the finest little time this week-end. You know my sister Helen goes to Keene Normal."

"Junk"

"Sure. But don't tell me that you've been to Keene Normal to see your sister, and had the jolly good time you apparently have had."

"Bob"

"Now, wait a minute. Helen has a wonderful room-mate, Gladys, and she invited me down to their Mid-year Prom."

"Junk"

"Aha! A dance and a girl!"

"Bob"

"No kidding, Junk. I haven't been to a cleaner, nicer party for years, and I haven't seen a finer lot of girls in my young life, either."

"Junk"

"Huh! A bunch of old-maid school teachers with their hair skinned back from their foreheads—glasses—bah!"

"Bob"

"That's just what I thot, too, but would you call Helen that."

"Junk"

"No-o-o, she must be an exception."

"Bob"

"There are some mighty good-looking, interesting girls, there, take it from me. But let me continue.

The dance was Friday night, and, instead of a tiresome receiving line, the Dartmouth and K. N. S., Glee Clubs and orchestras gave a concert. One girl played a violin solo, and another read several selections. We danced to a peppy Dartmouth orchestra until two o'clock. And, oh the eats! Saturday morning there was an Alumni versus 'Varsity basket ball game, and in the evening an informal dance at Parker Hall. Oh, I almost forgot the tea dance in the afternoon.

"Well, Junk, old man, I've got to cut for class, but if you ever get a chance to go to a K. N. S., dance—take it. I am going to write Helen's room-mate frequently—and here's hoping she'll invite me to the Comencement dance in June."

GLADYS GREER, '25



Forum

Back row, left to right: Eloine Woodward, Ruth Whitaker, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Alice Bartlett, Dorothy Ellis, Louta Kew, Gladys Ray, Florence Barden, Dorothy Parker, Lucy Fitzpatrick, Louise Gelpke, Mabel Marshall, Catherine MacKay. Fifth row: Marion Davis, Gladys Cantlin, Mildred Kimball, Ethel Blais, Emily Wood, Rua Fifield, Margaret Mertenath, Hazel Barden, Elsie Pasquill, Frederika Nay, Eunice Houghton, Anna Hedman, Alice Eastman. Fourth row: Dorothy Kenyon, Mrs. Thayer, Helen Ford, Ellen Price, Alma Matson, Filomena Romano, Helen Collins, Margaret Mann, Elizabeth Carter, Ethelyn Kelley, Eva Bonnett, Frances Abbott, Beatrice Malvern. Third row: Leslie Collins, Beatrice Bennett, Mabel Bruton, Ruth Cuthbertson, Winifred Chamberlain, Bena Vance, Bernice Fifield, Florence Marston, Alice Brouilard, Gladys Greer. Second row: Madelyn Hays, Jessie Sanborn, Mr. Roberts, Alberta Stevens, Gladys Rabadeau, Esther Neissular. Front row: Margaret Martin, Walter Gale, Fred Mann, Jasper Grigas, Cleon Heald, Everett Thompson.

Kappa Phi Omicrom

Founded—1919

President Helen Collins
Vice President Elizabeth Carter
Secretary Alma Matson
Treasurer Jasper Grigas
Faculty Advisor Mr. Roberts

Honorary Members

Miss Randall Miss Dole

Hark! The steady tramp, tramp of marching feet announces the approach of seeking candidates. The muffled drum makes known the omnipotent hour. There in the glimmering spotlight stands the living symbols of Kappa Phi Omicrom. Never has a more impressive initiation been witnessed!

All is not work even in a debating society. The October Frolic, held at the Roxbury Farm, with the beef steak cooked by Mr. Dudley, can not be outclassed, nor the sticky good time at the maple sugar party at Marlboro in April.

Of course, the May Banquet at the Ellis hotel is the affair of the season, rivaling even the Farewell Camp Fire.

Yes, Kappa Phi Omicrom is "it" and let's go onward, never backward!



The Black Culprit

Two elderly sisters lived together in a rambling, old brick house in a small country village. The older, Melissa, was a tiny woman who was very nervous and who possessed a very sharp tongue. The other, Adeline, was thin but unusually tall, possessing humorous blue eyes in which often appeared a mischievous twinkle.

One morning in the late autumn, at about half past two o'clock, when both sisters should have been sound asleep, Melissa suddenly grew alert and listened; instantly she clutched her sister's arm. Adeline, being sleepy and only half awakened, said in her slow way, "What have you had, a bad dream? Let go of my arm if you had just as soon, you're pinching."

"Sh-h-h-h," whispered Melissa in an awed, hushed tone, "Keep still! Can't you?" "Oh, go back to sleep," Adeline said sleepily, "I told you last night when you ate that piece of mince pie that it would make you have night-mares if—" but at that point she felt a small, boney hand pressed over her mouth.

"Listen!" came in a low whisper from her sister.

"I don't hear anything but the mice in the attic. You've the largest imagination of anybody I ever knew," expostulated Adeline; she did not care to be awakened from a sound sleep just to be told to listen to the mice pattering around overhead.

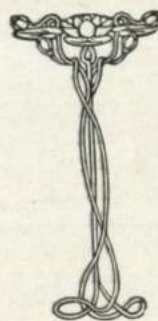
"There's a robber in the dining-room! Don't you hear him? The silver jingles now and then. Do for pity's sake keep still and listen". A short silence ensued in which Adeline consented to listen, if for nothing else than to pacify her nervous sister. "There! I told you so. You heard that didn't you." Melissa's voice was a bit shaky.

"Huh, that's nothing but the wind, but if you won't let me sleep without, I'll go down and look, just to convince you." With this she crawled out of bed and fumbled around for her bathrobe and slippers which she soon succeeded in locating.

"Oh! Don't go down there, he may shoot you!" Melissa half cried.

"I wouldn't go down if you would let me sleep, but seeing as you won't I suppose I'll have to go." Adeline's usual good humor was beginning to get tried, and slowly out of the doorway she felt her way. When she at last found the top stair, a muffled rattle of silver floated up to her ears. A low murmur arose in the bed-room she had just left. Her confidence had been slowly waning ever since she had left the bed, and now it had nearly left her, while fright was entering in its place. However, she would not go back, to hear her sister's cutting words in an I-told-you-so tone, so she slowly and stealthily descended the thickly carpeted stairs. Her foot-steps she was sure could not be heard, but the sound of her pounding heart seemed to fill the whole hall. Finally she reached the bottom and cautiously peeked through the partly closed door which opened into the dining-room. Now the sound of her heart surely didn't disturb her, instead it seemed to stand still, for what she saw filled her with horror. A stream of pale moon beams fell across the center of the table and as Adeline looked, a dark shadow passed through it, accompanied by a tinkle of silver. Stopping for nothing more, she ran upstairs and swiftly climbed into bed, pulled the quilts up over her and stopped not even to remove her slippers and bath-robe. This time it was she who clutched her sister's arm. "It is a thief!" she panted under her breath. "Don't make any sound or we'll be heard."

They decided it would be better to lie still, as they had no way of getting help until morning. Slowly the minutes and endless hours dragged by until finally the sun peeped out of the east. Then they both decided to go down stairs together. When they got to the dining-room they expected to find not a particle of silver left, but to their astonishment they saw that all was about the same as usual except that the pile of knives, forks and spoons, which had been used for supper were not in the exact order in which they had been left, and there were several muddy foot-prints of a cat on the otherwise spotless table linen. On one end of the table lay the culprit, Adeline's new black cat.



"SMILE AWHILE"

Miss Randall—"Mr. Bushnell, would you please hold the librarians after class?"

Mr. Bushnell—"Surely. Who are they?"

(Several hands are raised.)

Mr. Bushnell—"Alright! Which one shall I hold first?"

N. Hawkins—"How is it you are taking Grammar over, Amy?"

A. Houghton—"Well, you see, the Faculty gave me an encore."

K. N. S. order:

"Bring me the nice things I like best."

"What are they?"

"Hash!"

Senior to New Girl—"In what course do you expect to graduate?"

Hopeful New Girl—"Oh, in the course of time."

Miss Sisson—"I'll give you a practical exam next week, and the next week you will go to the hospital."

If you want an example of absent mindedness think of Mr. Roberts who, when he forgets to bring his watch, takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to go home after it.

Dot Moberg (teaching English)—"Miss Brouillard, give me an example of a common noun."

Al—"Louse."

Dot—"Yes, very common sometimes."

Mr. Newell (scratching his head)—"Is this plain?"

Math Shark—"No, it's solid."

Thompson (in Lab.)—"Say, the gas is leaking from this tank."

Mr. Kimball (busy)—"And you come to me about it. Get some putty and plug it. Use your head, boy, use your head."

Teacher—"Have you an excuse for your last absence?"

Pupil—"No, but if you will tell me when it was, I'll get one."

Senior to New Girl—"Do you like Codfish balls?"

New Girl—"I don't know, I never attended any."

Waitress—"Will you have pie?"
 L. A.—"Is it compulsory?"
 Waitress—"Huh?"
 L. A.—"I say, is it compulsory?"
 Waitress—"Why—eh—we're just out of compulsory, but we have some good raspberry."

Miss Cox's opinion of Div. C's drawing "Misster pieces."

Mr. Roberts in Nature Class—"Nitrogen stimulates growth in plants and human beings and gives them a good green color."

Dean—(Absent-mindedly) writing a dinner invitation—"Failure to observe this notice will not be excused".

LESSON IN ENGLISH

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She is, of course, feminine. If she is singular, you are nominative. You walk across to her changing to verbal, and then become dative. If she is not objective, you become plural. You walk home together, and her mother is accusative. You become imperative and sit down. Her little brother is an indefinite article. You talk of the future. She changes to the object. You kiss her and she becomes masculine. Her father becomes present, things are tense, and you become the past participle.

Pet Sayings of Faculty

Miss Vaughan—"Your bluff will surely find you out".
 Miss Murphey—"Girls, what are your standards?"
 "You're sewing with your nose."
 Miss Brown—"Er-er-er I know you'll find this very interesting."
 Miss Blake—"I don't believe it. Oh, let me see, maybe you're right. Oh! Pshaw!"
 Miss Randall—"Pardon me. Am I interrupting someone's conversation?"
 Miss Hodgkins—"Now, just a minute please."
 Mr. Mason—"Girls, show you're responsibility."
 Miss Cox—"What's the matter with this?"
 Miss Fernald—"Have you an Aspirin?"
 Miss Sisson—"As I have said before—"
 Miss Dole—"Well, you poor dears."
 Miss Cook—"Where's your middy?"
 Mrs. Davis—"No, I don't think so."
 Miss Weatherhead—"Don't say I can't; say I will."
 Miss Tenny—"Swing as you go, swing as you go. It amused me so."
 Mrs. Ireton—"Girls! we'll have to have it more quiet here."
 Miss Esten—"Well, what do you girls think about it?"
 Mr. Dudley—"Now people, it's time to clean up."
 Mr. Roberts—"I'll tell you a story to illustrate that point."
 Mr. Bushnell—"Do you really believe that?"
 Mr. Kimball—"Open your books and see."
 Mr. Blackington—"Now let me see, I must not forget to take this up tomorrow."
 Mr. Newall—"We're coming to that in just a minute but—"

Calendar of Events at K. N. S.

Sept. 11. Y. W. Party in the Gym.
 Remember the lollypops?
 Sept. 15. Vaudeville Show at Parker Hall
 Sept. 16. School picnic at the "Rec".
 Sept. 23. Junior picnic. Sunset Rock
 Sept. 30. Wheelock Park, Serenade to Juniors.
 Hamburg steak. Yum! Yum!
 Oct. 6. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's Piano recital
 Oct. 14. Debating Club Picnic
 A jolly hike and a delicious feed.
 Oct. 28. Junior Hallowe'en Party.
 Decorations—Costumes—Doughnuts and Cider
 Oct. 31. N. B. Y. Hallowe'en Party. "The Hall of Curios."
 Nov. 4. Colby vs K. N. S. Hockey. "Tie Game".
 Nov. 10. Party to Incoming Seniors. "The Bachelor's Dream"
 Pertinent scenes from the school-room
 Nov. 20. Passion Play Talk, given by Miss Julia Faulkner.
 Dec. 9. Masquerade given by Manchester girls.
 Green and White—Many beautiful and clever costumes
 A dance, refreshments and a jolly good time.
 Dec. 11. Debating Club Initiation.
 Darkness, suspense, and words of wisdom.
 Jan. 19. Mid-Year Dance.
 Music, decorations, refreshments, gay gowns and Men.
 Tilton game at Tilton.
 Feb. 9. Sliding Party and Supper, Sub-seniors, remember the thrills, oysters and pickles
 Feb. 10. Outing Club Carnival.
 Plymouth game at Plymouth.
 Feb. 17. Valentine Party given by the class of '25. Cocoa, sandwiches, candy hearts and a good time.
 Feb. 19. Sargent vs. K. N. S., in basket ball.
 March 17. Chester vs. K. N. S. and The Dramatic Club play "Neighbors."
 March 24. Fitchburg vs. K. N. S.
 April 6. Dramatic Radio social. "The Piper's Pay"

April 7. Forum. Sugar Party.
Doughnuts and a sticky good time

April 13. Athletic Party given by the Juniors

April 18. Le Petit Salon—Play.

May 11. Manchester Club Minstrel Show

May 17. Forum Banquet

May 18. Dramatic Club Play.

May 23. Glee Club Concert

May 25. Sub Senior Party

May 26. Field Day Preliminaries

May 31. Tennis Doubles

June Play. "As You Like It"

School Picnic

Baccalaureate Sermon

Senior Banquet

Graduation

Class Day Exercises

Commencement Dance

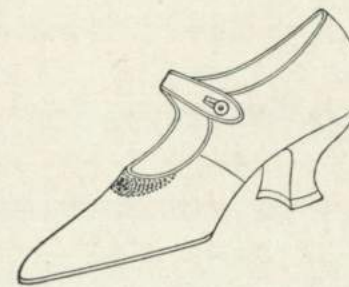
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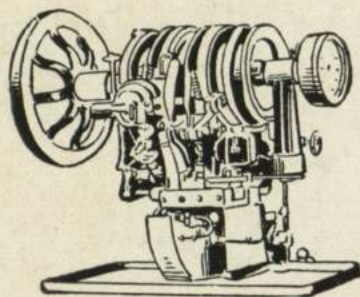
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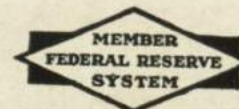
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