

BOOK II

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OUR YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The first few weeks of college were busy ones for the upperclassmen of the Christian Association. Each of us had written to our "little sisters" of the Freshman Class before the term began, promising to meet them at the station, to help them find their way about their strange new home, to help them become acquainted with all the old girls and also their new classmates. Then in a couple of weeks, the whole college was invited to the Y. W. party, given for the further welcoming of our "little sisters." We came in gay attire to a Cabaret Party in the Hilarium, and enjoyed a spicy little entertainment intermingled with dancing and such light refreshments as punch, cakes, and ice-cream cones.



An influential part of the work of the Association is carried on through various kinds of meetings. Beginning with the very impressive Candle Light Service, when the new



members join the Association, and continuing throughout the year, a vesper service is held each Sunday evening. Some of these meetings are in the nature of a story hour. The girls, sitting around the fireplace, listen to an appropriate story told by one of the girls. The other meetings which the Association conducts

are the Bible, Mission and Social Service Classes. The series of Bible Classes, planned and arranged for by the Bible Study Committee, last for six weeks in the fall. In the early spring the Mission Classes are started and likewise last for a period of six weeks. A novel arrangement has been made for these last classes this year. Instead of having formal meetings, a group meets around the fireplace in the Common Room in Sussex Hall and listens to the most interesting of personal stories and letters from the mission fields of China and India. The last series of classes is devoted to the



study of social service work; and this work is often followed up by the girls in their home towns during the summer months.

Perhaps one of the best things our Association accomplishes is to send a large delegation to the East Central Conference at Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania, every year. Last year twelve of our girls attended the conference and returned to college in the fall literally full of the inspiration and the fun which are so characteristic of the conference. The girls who went last year were Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret

Moffett, Louise Philips, Eleanor Marshall, Helen Groves, Brita Buckingham, Emily Ledenham, Blanche Derrickson, Grace Brady, Marie LeCates, Cardelle Williams, and Grace Marvel. They had a cottage all to themselves, and spent a never-to-be-forgotten week attending worth-while classes, lectures, and forums, and enjoying athletic contests, long walks, and intimate acquaintances with girls from a great many other colleges. This truly great opportunity is open to every girl in college. Let us have the best and biggest delegation ever this year!



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DOINGS OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

"Masters, spread yourselves," chortled Bottom gleefully, and that is exactly what we did when we presented "A Midsummer Night's Dream" last May on the very broad steps of Wolf Hall. The night was perfect; the great golden moon smiled delightedly over the tip-top of the shadows just as the overture of crickets and their gauzy winged accompanists drowsed off into silence. The night was dark enough to allow the lovers to wander dis-



consolately in the forest, to enable the "players to meet secretly at the duke's oak and yet light enough to show everyone of the sixteen lithsome fairies dancing attendance upon Titania. The costumes, the music, the dancing, the lighting, the acting and the financing are all points of which we, as a club are justly proud.



"Amateur Night," that momentous night on which the prospective members become real, active club members, was observed Nov. 11 in the Hilarium. The incoming members presented to us, almost extemporaneously, the hardships of the woman voter, the sorrows of the retiring political party and the inner workings of a matrimonial bureau, (thought by some to be an advertisement of the H. E. course). To prove their modernity and thorough sophistication they even presented a scene from the South Sea Isles, redolent of balmy breezes, jasmine flowers and missionaries. The old members of the Dramatic Club discovered that the new members were good actors; clever, original and resourceful.

With the enrollment of 156 members our club became a real,



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM



The Elves



The Lovers



Fairies



Snapped



The Fairy Ring



democratic institution, it became moreover, an active and energetic organization. We established a reserve shelf in the library and subscribed to two dramatic periodicals. Twenty-five dollars to be used for the purchase of standard dramatic works was given to us by the class of 1922. To this nucleus Prof. G. E. Brinton added a splendid collection, 38 volumes, of Modern Dramas and several illuminating books on play making and giving.

Two plays were chosen to be presented in Wolf Hall, Dec. 10, 1920: "The Man Who Married a

Dumb Wife" by Anatole France, and the First Act of "Les Romanesque" (in French) by Edmund Rostand. But difficulties immediately arose: the Hall possessed neither scenery nor a curtain for its great high stage. Like Lewis Carroll

"When we were thinking of a plan
To dye our whiskers green
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen,"

Dr. Foster, as usual, came to our rescue with a very ingenious plan



which materialized into a set of stage scenery that may be set up quickly and be easily decorated or knocked down and stored away. Then through the kindness of Mr. George Carter and several Wilmington friends we were liberally assisted in purchasing a dark-blue velour curtain for Wolf Hall. Of course the plays justified our efforts and we were proud of the results. Helen Fisher, as the dumb wife; Teddy Foster,

the long suffering husband; Elizabeth Taylor, as the friend who advised the cure, and Edith Leonard, as the Doctor who effected it, were very clever and amusing.

"Les Romanesques" coached and directed by Prof. Brinton, was the first French play ever given at W. C. D. and it was so enthusiastically received that everyone hopes "The French Play" will be an annual affair. The cast included:

Ethel Ferguson,
Bergamin
Anne Kane,
Pasquinot
Rose Roberts,
Straforel





Dorothy Ford, Percinet
Gertrude Rouse, Sylvette

Our next play, "Manikin and Minikin," by Alfred Kreymbourg was presented on March 5, 1921, on the broad mantle-piece of the Hilarium. Evelyn Spruance, as Manikin, and Hila Brown, as Minikin, looked very fragile and charming and succeeded in giving us a

fine bit of inanimate philosophy.

Later this spring we are planning to give two one-act plays in the Hilarium and a larger production in Wolf Hall.

As we are all young and giddy, at least in art, we must have our flowers and playthings. Flowers gathered along the "Road to Old Japan,"

"The road where restful Time forgets
His weary thoughts and wild regrets

And calls the golden year
back in a fairy dream to smile
On young and old a little while."
This is the reason for our "Playthings," ten or fifteen minutes presentations held in the dining room every Wednesday evening



after the pudding. Here we act because we want to act and not because we must. Here we strive for originality, not new materials. Consequently, one finds fables, poems, nursery rhymes and bits of philosophy wise enough even to confound the foolish. Understand, friends, a Plaything is not art, but is a favorable expression.

Who so loves art can achieve the impossible,—
Who so loves life must be taught to love art.

And so our Dramatic Club is at least a living organization. We are handicapped by the lack of a suitable stage. We have tried so many; the outside of Wolf Hall, the inside of Wolf Hall, the Hilarium, the Chapel, and even the Hilarium mantle-piece. Even though the latest staging fad is to bring the play out into the audience we unfortunates have not even sufficient space to hold the audience. So we earnestly plead for a place in the new Student Endowment Building.



Our aims are true and sincere. We believe that
"the play" is the thing through which we can get
more of life and consequently more of happiness.

"The growing drama has outgrown such toys
Of stimulated stature, face, and speech;

It also, perchance may outgrow
The stimulation of the painted scene,
Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight and costume
And take for a worthier stage the soul itself
Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
With all its grand orchestral silences
To keep the pauses of its rhymic sounds."

WOMEN'S COLLEGE REPORTER



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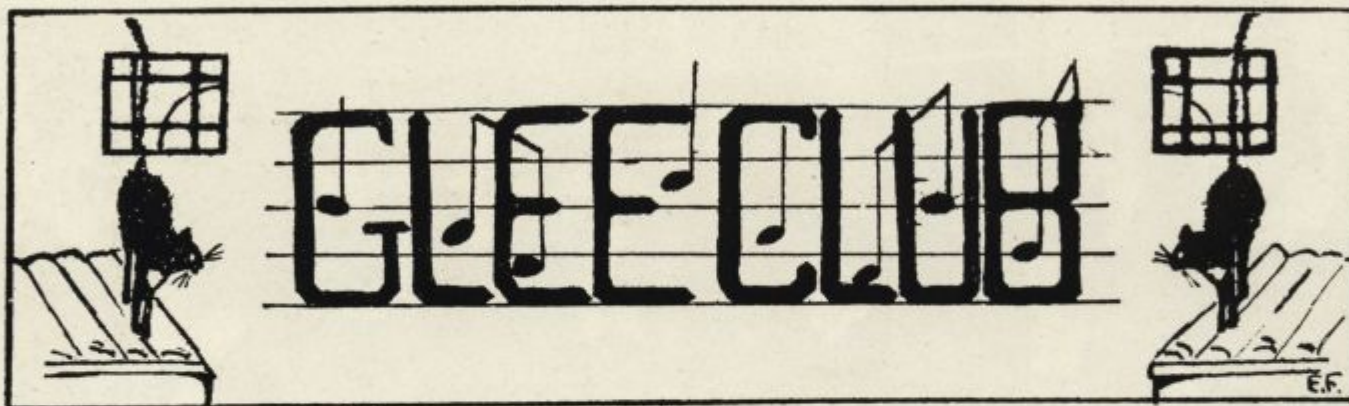
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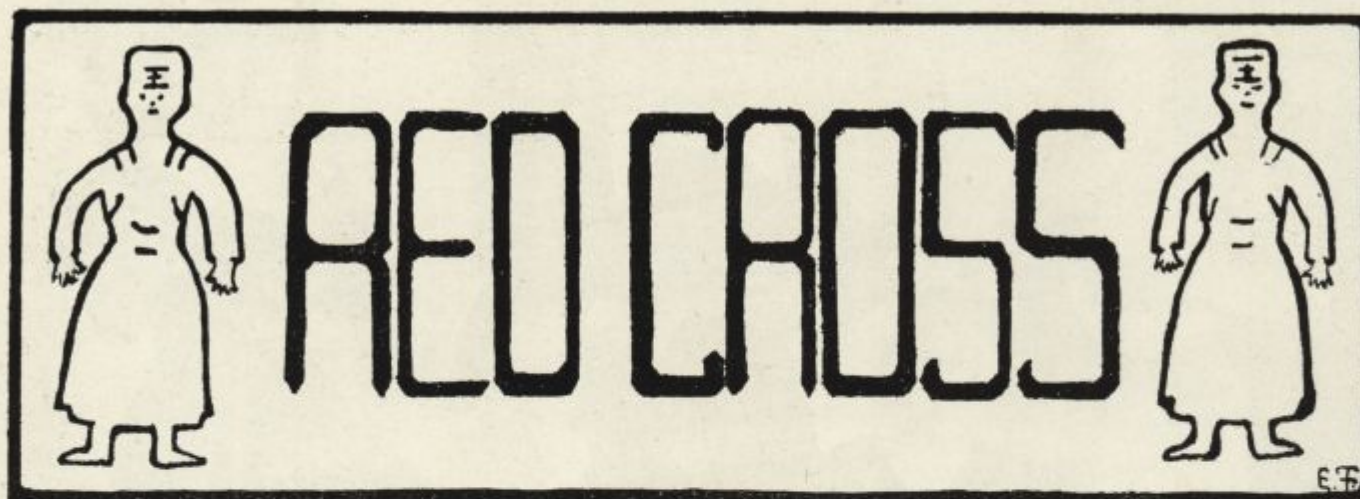
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OUR ALUMNAE

To be an alumna of the Women's College is to be a participant in various pleasant things in the way of banquets, reunions, and the like. As undergraduates we thought perhaps that was ALL it would mean; that immature conception brings blushes to our cheeks today. Though some of us are so far away that we may only return, like the perennial dandelion, for a few brief days in June, we have no feeling of estrangement. Our good times, our friends, our achievements link us so closely to the dear old place that we can scarcely realize the one, two or possibly three years that have elapsed since we handed in our last themes and proceeded to pack our trunks.

It is difficult of analysis, that feeling we have for college. It includes loyalty, but more than that,—interest. We have a far deeper interest in the present student body, its pursuits, and its progress than the usual alumna feels for the classes that succeed hers. For the work that the undergraduates are carrying on is OUR work; their Student Government originated

with our Pioneers, their Dramatic Club with our first two classes, and so on through the list of college activities. Undoubtedly, the expansion of these organizations is due, in great part, to the present student body, yet we can not help but feel that a small measure of credit for their progress belongs to us, their creators. A pleasant thing it is to see the astonishing results of our modest efforts.

The best that we can wish the Alumnae of the future is the sympathy and complete understanding that exists between graduates and college today. But this feeling of partial ownership that exists among us today we scarcely hope to bequeath, for such intimacy is possible only for the alumnae of a young and small college, and alas!—too soon our Alma Mater will be neither. We glory in her growth, however, and rejoice in our incoming sister classes, even though they may never know the precious delight of creation which belonged to us.

A. D. S.

ALUMNAE BANQUET

The Alumnae Banquet, which was held February 19, in the dining-room, was the very nicest one in the history of the Association. Many people gave reasons for its success but Dean Robinson, who alone knows the true reason, told us that it was to commemorate the seventh year of Women's College and that seven is a mystic number which the fairies always delight to honor. After she told us that we understood why seventy-seven old girls answered present to the roll call. And it was such a cordial, friendly roll call! We all met in the Hilarium and passed by classes down an informal receiving line to meet President and Mrs. Hullihen, Chancellor Curtis and the Hon. Everett C. Johnson. After which we chatted with our guests and each other until dinner hour.

In the dining-room some very thoughtful fairies had been at work for on every table bowls of beautiful yellow jonquills nodded from between tall blue and gold candles, which twinkled from sparkling glass candle sticks. A dainty menu card and a picture of the completed dormitories were found at each plate. We were seated by classes with the speakers' table in the center of the room. Everything and everyone looked so festive; Miss Churchman's carefully arranged menu tasted so delicious that we just had to sing to everyone and everything.

Before the speeches we carefree ones who had only to enjoy ourselves, wondered if those old girls

at the speakers' table were having as good a time as we were; now we know that they were enjoying it doubly because each one of them might be likened to the man of whom Kipling writes: "He's the Lord of us all—The Dreamer whose dream came true!"

After the salad, the Toast Mistress, Madeline Dixon, president of the Student Body, welcomed the guests and fittingly introduced Dr. Hullihen, our new President. He drew for us a picture of true cooperation and showed us how we may become—if Fate so wills—an important part of "The University of Delaware."

Selma Bachrach answered to the welcome and brought the good wishes of the Alumnae Association, of which she is president, to every girl in college.

Edith McDougale, first student president of our college, brought a message replete with love and good fellowship. Helen Mackay, student president, 1919, explained how our college activities really fit us for the world outside.

Prof. Q. C. Drake, always a good friend to W. C. D.-ers, told us of the value of graduate research work, to the world, and of its charm to the individual. She mentioned some of our girls who are pursuing graduate work and advised us to consider college again when we leave dear old W. C. D.

Lillian Butz, student president 1920, spoke enthusiastically of the joys of an alumna. Edith

Spencer, Chairman of the Endowment Committee told of ways we may all help with this important phase of our growing college life.

Miss Mary E. Rich, Field Secretary, gave interesting bits from her experiences relative to the great need of earnest teachers throughout the State. She showed us that if we would have our hand of education succeed we must be good salesmen.

Helen Fisher, speaker for the class of 1921, bequeathed certain valuable traits of the Senior Class to the College; foremost among these splendid characteristics was the habit of going to breakfast.

Helen Groves, 1922, spoke for the Juniors; their unity, responsibility, high scholastic standing and general "pep."

Nellie Blair, 1923, and Miriam Carll, 1924, speak-

ing for the Sophomore and Freshman classes, gave us the idea that we upper classmen must "look to our laurels" for they are crowding close behind, brim full of love and good deeds for the Alma Mater.

But our wise Toast Mistress had saved the best till the last. What could be more in keeping than to quote her introduction of Dean Robinson: "Traditions, present activities and future plans have been presented showing the life of the College. Sometimes an individual epitomizes the life of an institution. Certainly this is true at the Women's College. There is no one who more truly claims our deep respect, admiration and love than does Dean Robinson."

And so it ended as all good things do,

With smiling lips and a prayer for you,

Our Alma Mater.