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Seniors Plan Commencement Week Ceremonies

Addresses, Honors, Tree Planting Inaugurate Senior Class Day Events

Mass Opens Day; Chaplain To Speak

Baccalaureate exercises will open on Sunday, June 2 with Mass offered by the Very Reverend Irving A. Georges, O.P. in the college chapel at 11 a. m.

Seniors will march in procession down the grand staircase to their places in the chapel. The baccalaureate Mass will be sung by members of the Freshman class. Father Georges will give the baccalaureate address.

Following the Mass which will be attended by the parents of the seniors, dinner will be served in Ochre Court.

Toastmistress for the day will be Miss Carol Radcliffe. Toasts will be given by the following seniors: the Misses Wilma Meagher, Cathleen Earley, Mary Nerbonne, Sheila Dugan, Mary Jane Murphy, Vivian Massouda, Mary Lou Costa, Margaret Gomez, Alfredine Schiavulli and Mrs. Virginia Palombo.

Father Flannery Preaches Senior Day of Recollection

Reverend Edward H. Flannery conducted the annual Day of Recollection for the members of the Senior class on Thursday, May 30. Father Flannery, chaplain at Elmhurst Academy, is assistant editor of *The Providence Visitor*.

Ordained to the priesthood on May 22, 1937, he served at the Cathedral parish in Providence, at St. Joseph's parish, Pawtucket, and has been a member of the Social Action Institute, as well as moderator of the Catholic Laymen's First Friday club.

Besides his parish duties, Father has found time to translate "An Essay on Christian Philosophy" by Jacques Maritain and "Words of Faith" by Francois Mauriac.

Father Flannery's theme for the retreat was *The Need of Reintegrating Life and Faith in the Church Today*.

The traditional class day ceremonies will be held on Friday, May 31 at Ochre Court. The Sophomore laurel chain will escort the Seniors from McAuley Hall to Ochre Court to open the ceremonies which will close with the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, after the tree planting and the turning of the tassel.

The academic procession led by Miss Caroline Swetnam, Marshal, will go first to the terrace. Miss Joan Vaillancourt will lead her class in the singing of the class song, and Miss Caroline Swetnam will address the assembled group. Her address will be directed to the administration, faculty, parents, underclassmen, and classmates.

On this day Miss Maureen O'Rourke will be class historian, Miss Mary Liz McAlice will read the class prophecy, and Misses Eleanor Hall and Jean Caya will promulgate the class will. Following this Miss Sheila McEnness, class poet, will read her ode.

As a part of the day's ceremonies, the honors of Sigma Phi Sigma and Kappa Gamma Pi will be conferred; Glee Club pins will be awarded; and for the first time on class day, academic hoods will be conferred on the seniors. Mother Mary Hilda, R.S.M., president, will confer the honors and express her congratulations to the seniors.

Immediately following these honors, the procession will move to the west campus for the traditional tree planting ceremonies. When representatives of the administration and faculty, and each senior has placed some dirt around the tree Miss Patricia MacDonald will deliver the tree oration. After this oration Miss Patricia Wood will present the spade to Miss Barbara O'Gara, junior class president.

Mother Mary Hilda, R.S.M., president, will then turn the tassel of the student body president, Miss Caroline Swetnam.

Miss Swetnam will then turn the tassels of the class presidents who, in turn, will do the same for their respective classes.

Bishop To Confer Degrees; Msgr. Hochwalt To Speak

The Seventh commencement exercises of Salve Regina College will be held June 3 at 3:00 p. m. on the terrace of Ochre Court. The Most Reverend Russell J. McVinney, D.D., LL.D., will award the degrees.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Frederick G. Hochwalt, Ph.D., LL.D., will deliver the commencement address.

Born in Dayton, Ohio, Msgr. Hochwalt received his A.B. from Dayton University; his A.M. and Ph.D. from Catholic University; and several

honorary degrees from such colleges and universities as St. Mary's College, Dayton University, Villanova, and Manhattan.

Ordained to the priesthood in 1935, he served as the arch-diocesan director of youth; he was a U. S. delegate to UNESCO in its mission to Paris in 1946, to Mexico in 1947, to Florence in 1950, and again to Paris in 1952. He also served as a part of the U. S. educational mission to Japan in 1946 and 1950.

At present he is secretary general of the National Catholic Education Association and a member of the National Catholic Welfare Council, Washington, D. C. He has held both positions since 1944 when he was also designated papal chamberlain with the title Very Reverend. In 1947 he was designated domestic prelate with the title Right Reverend Monsignor.

The Reverend John T. Shea, A.B., Marshal, will lead the procession to the terrace, following which the Most Reverend Bishop will confer 51 degrees.

In the course of the exercises the Very Reverend Irving A. Georges, O.P., M.A., S.T. Lr., S.T.M., will extend the greetings of the administration and faculty to the assembled guests. His Excellency Dennis J. Roberts, Governor, will bring the greetings of the State of Rhode Island, and His Honor John J. Sullivan will extend the greetings of the city of Newport.

Michael E. Walsh, Ed.D., Commissioner of Education, will present professional teachers' certificates to the Education Majors.

The commencement activities will end with an address and benediction by the Most Reverend Bishop followed by the recessional.



Msgr. Hochwalt

Commencement Ball Ends 'Senior Week' Activities

The Great Hall—Ochre Court will be the setting of the Senior ball on June 1, and the State Dining Room will be the scene of the buffet lunch.

Co-chairmen of the dance are Mary Jane Murphy and Sheila Dugan. The committee consists of: Lillian Igo, Rydia Almy, Eleanor Hall, Mary Liz McAlice, and Joan Vaillancourt. Also included in the committee are Maureen O'Rourke, Sheila McEnness, and Marjorie Burns.

Continuing from 8:00 to 12:00 p. m., the music for this last formal affair of the Senior class will be rendered by Ken Reeves and his orchestra.

Appropriate favors of the Ball will be given to the Seniors and their escorts. There will be a buffet lunch in the State dining room, catered by the Viking Hotel.



Miss Caroline Swetnam

Kappa Gamma Pi Honors



Miss Sheila McEnness



Miss Jean Caya



Miss Maureen Lynch

Class Will

Eleanor Hall

There are two wills which rank of considerable importance in our universe today: the Will of the Human Spirit, and . . . the Will of the Class of 1957.

To Reverend Father Georges—we leave our tired intellects and our thankfulness for St. Thomas and the Jesuits.

To Reverend Father Shea—we leave our scholarly theology notes and our warm regards for the quiet, steady loyalties you have so graciously given us.

To our President, Mother Mary Hilda, R.S.M., we leave our gratitude for your faithful guidance in all our school activities.

To Sister Mary Antonine, R.S.M., our dean, we leave our sincere appreciation for your interest in our academic life.

To all our teachers we leave the results of your untiring efforts to instill in us a deep love for "the true, good and beautiful," and our humble thanks for your unselfish devotion to us as students of Salve.

To our parents and to those friends who have struggled, worried, and prayed for this momentous occasion, we can leave little for we owe you so much; for without your support we would never have been able to glory in our successful college venture. With love, gratitude, and devotion we give you the promise that with the help of God we will live up to your just expectations. Oh, yes, and one more thing. . . ! We made it!

To the unsuspecting Freshmen, we leave you our "peculiar luck."

To the challenging Sophomores, we leave you our "social whiff"; be careful of your hearts.

To the carefree Juniors, we leave you our left-over spaghetti.

Rydia Almy leaves her voice box to anyone who simply "can't take it easy."

Mary Ann Barrett leaves her charms and phone calls to—true love.

Kay Braney leaves her school bus service for De La Salle Boys, to an underclass Good Samaritan.

Margie Burns, Shelia Dugan, Jeannie Caya, and Joan Vaillancourt leave to mankind, the capacity, the propensity, and the necessity to function in the basic unit of society, i.e., the family.

Eleanor Claffey, leaves a moving van to the next occupant daring enough to live in her room favored by ghostly winds.

Angie Cantore Chaves, leaves the dual role of housewife and college student to every brave under-class Mrs.

Mary Lou Costa, leaves her accident insurance to future car-smashers.

Ellenjane Cox, leaves her unbending finger to those who find it difficult to write letters to their loved ones.

Anna Damiano, leaves her theme song, "Cross Over The Bridge," to Pat and Pat.

Ruthie Davison, we leave on the "Heights" as Salve Olympian Queen.

Kay Early, Ginny Saccocia Palumbo, Pat Wood and Ann McGowan leave the happy memories of their "vacation" at St. Joseph's Hospital to the eager student nurses.

Terry Gegg, leaves her British loyalty to a staunch Irishman.

Margie Gomez, leaves Salve's challenge to her sister, Dorothy.

Shirley Lopes, leaves her "little minks" to "Maurice Minor."

Maureen Lynch, leaves her loyalty to the Democratic Party to the "elephant fans."

Pat MacDonald, leaves the cleaning of the smoker to the next bell-ringer.

Vivian Massouda, leaves her serene love of peace to the noise-makers.

Shelia McEnness, leaves tattered bermudas and a straw hat to those with a passion for calypso.

Mary Jane Murphy, leaves her curly hair to the Pat Creccas of Salve.

Rita Murtha leaves her mechanical ability to anyone with a mixed-up Mercury.

Joan Murphy, leaves her ability to give an intramuscular injection to anyone with sufficient courage to follow in her footsteps.

Mary Nerbonne, leaves a multi-colored tee-shirt to a future student teacher in care of Miss Coutts.

Carol Radcliffe, leaves her skies to the next organizer of SNO parties.

Madeline Robinson, leaves her quiet manner to the "campaigner".

Alfredine Schiavulli, leaves her immaculate phobia to the members of "Dogpatch".

Sandra Stein, leaves the title "Femme Fatale de Notre Classe" to Annick Janicot.

Joan Vargas, leaves to Jackie Vargas her reputation of possessing the fidelity of a postman for her early morning snow train out of Somerset, Mass., during her Freshman year.

Caroline Swetnam leaves "Missouri" to 'memory lane' and her philosophy to 'heaven'.

Maureen O'Rourke, leaves her fighting spirit to a future "Joan of Arc".

Liz McAlice, under weak protest, leaves her letters to the Army.

Lillian Igo, leaves her voluminous notes to Shirley Perry, Betty Myette, and any teacher who might need them . . . for lectures.

To Sister Mary Constance, all we can say is "thank you" for your loyalty, patience, and motherly concern for us, the class of 1957.

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EBB TIDE

June 1957

Published by

The Seniors

Class Prophecy

'57

Lyzbeth McAlice

The 1967 summer social season was ushered in throughout the United States and London last weekend with gala parties attended by all the top-ranking personalities. The most outstanding affairs were held in a Southern style mansion outside Washington, the Desert Inn Hotel in Las Vegas, a Spanish villa in London and a sprawling country estate in Scituate, Massachusetts.

Washington's foremost hostess, the former Caroline Swetnam, and her husband entertained various diplomatic officials and noted educators Friday evening in their Southern-style mansion where pink ladies flowed freely. Among the guests were Ellen Jane Cox and her husband Gen. Croke, Department of Armed Forces advisor now engaged in a top secret project at the Pentagon. The U. S. good-will ambassador to Ireland, Maureen Lynch was also present deep in discussion with Wilma Meagher and Eleanor Claffey. At present Wilma is coaching the arts of choral speaking and square dancing while Ellie conducts a class in the art of correct social laughter at the exclusive "Miss Mary Lou Costa's Finishing School for Young Women". Her school is a must for all social butterflies who are victims of fits of giggling. Mary Nerbonne and the doctor who opened the leading dental clinic in the East outside Brockton, Mass found a common topic of conversation—children—to discuss with Mary Jane Murphy and her husband, the President of the Yukon Flight Lines. Mary Jane lives in Fairbanks where she is introducing Fredley's and Brooks Brothers to the Eskimos. A noticeable enthusiasm ran through the crowd with the arrival of that T.V. personality Maureen O'Rourke, reviver of the grueling sport of debate. Maureen laid aside her career for the evening however to exchange recipes with Vivian Massouda. In this field it was Vivian who came out on top. She is not only famous as a home economist but as the owner of the nationally known Massouda's Kosher Restaurant.

While things were jumping in Washington they were swaying in Las Vegas, Nevada at Sheila McEnness' Desert Inn, which she took over after her smashing success as Harriet O'Belafonte a few years back. The accepted attire at this affair was Bermuda shorts and rope belts. Coming in from the desert where she was obtaining information for the last chapter of her latest

book, *Native Snakes: Their Behavior and Habitats*, Rydia Almy was picked up by Anna Damiano, on her way from Indianapolis after winning first prize. In order to make the party, Eleanor Hall planned her tour of the nation's universities where she has been lecturing on the Life and Works of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Although she misses her Southern California home and her six small children, Eleanor feels she owes it to dozing students to spread her knowledge. Even at this celebration Mary Ann Barret found it difficult to break away from M. G. M. agents eager to sign her for the female lead in "This Is Love!" She is still undecided as to whether she can afford the time from her world famous Parisien School of Modern Dance. Joan Murphy who is operating a Skin Diving Company in the Pacific Islands managed to make it as did Sheila Dugan who has combined sociology and dramatics to produce a sort after group of Thespians among the younger set. Sheila was voted mother of the year in '66 by her three hundred young charges. The dry humored comedienne, Marguerite Burns and Aldo Anderson, known for the successful morning broadcast from their Park Avenue penthouse arrived with Kay Earley. In college Kay was chief pill distributor but in later years changed to the distribution of marble household furnishings. Luckily, this year's Electrical Engineers' Convention was held in Nevada making it possible for Shirley Lopes, Mary Chaves and their hubbies to stop in at the party. The Palumbo's (she is the former Virginia Saccoccia) were with them. It seems they have worked out a three way business partnership. Rich builds, Big Jim and Joe do the electrical work and the ladies do the interior decorating.

Back East in Scituate, Mass. things were in full swing at the sprawling country estate of Lillian Igo, a whiz on the stock market. As treasurer of General Motors Corporation she is able to utilize the theories she expounded in her book, *The Art of the Spoken Word*. Patricia MacDonald, breeder of canines for showing at her kennel in the hill country of R. I. ran through a piano rendition which she claims has a very soothing effect on her animals. The author of the column "Contract Bridge," which appears in all the nation's leading newspapers, Aurora Texiera mixed a little business with pleasure when she arranged to do a feature on the extraordinary collection of antique church keys owned by Rita Murtha who, you will remember, received wide acclaim last year for outstanding accomplishments she achieved in the field of remedial reading.

Representing the medical profession were Patricia Wood Ph.D., Administrator of the Naval Hospital and Ann McGowan, a director of nurses. The Administrator of St. Joseph's Hospital, Sister Mary Jamesine and Sister Mary Ellenice who has charge of the dietary department stopped in for a while also. Besides her hospital activities Pat has been training to enter the swimming meet in the Olympics and Ann has been coaching her three red headed boys for the track team. Another sports enthusiast in the person of Kathleen Braney, woman's golf champion, flew in from Puerto Rico. As an exchange teacher Kay rarely gets home to the high life in Fall River. Ruth Davison also left home many years ago for a trip in the Pocono Mountains and stayed there to open a fashionable summer resort. Ruth gives free advice on the side as to how to keep a salary down so you won't go into a higher income tax bracket. This vicinity seems appealing to Carol Radcliffe, too, who spends her summers in the nearby estate, Mouse Hill. Carol's main interests however lay in a R. I. beverage company.

For a quick look at international society we go to Terry Gegg's Spanish villa in London. Terry spends most of her leisure time at the reviews of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry Regiment. Joan Vaillancourt, heiress to the Newberry fortunes, fresh from realizing her desire of hearing the performances in La Scala, stopped before going on to New York and Carnegie Hall. She had flown from the continent with Alfredine Schiavulli who has a salon on the Rue de la Paix where she set the style of braided hairdos. Alfi's discovery of a gelatin formula to strengthen fingernails has been a life saver for millions of women. The showing at the Royal Academy of her landscapes in oil brought wide acclaim to Madeline Robinson but she managed to get away for the night to be a part of the festivities. She brought Margaret Gomes who was touring the art galleries, with her. Marge, you will remember established the Gomes Part-Time Job Agency in Newport, R. I. which

mushroomed overnight. Sandra Stein crossed the seas for the purpose of continuing her scientific study on males to see if she can make up her mind in these greener pastures. Enjoying life on the continent Jean Caya encountered numerous sociological problems and gave up her touring spree to publish extensive sociograms. The party was complete with the arrival of Joan Vargas, an instructor of nurses here in the states, a bit fatigued after an exciting day on a fox hunt.

And that friends is the panoramic view of society's first whirl this Spring. Remember for the first and best news of important people stay tuned to Station WSRC.

S.R.C. Pays Tribute To You Chief Justice Flynn

as

- ... our first commencement speaker
- ... a member of our advisory board
- ... a friend
- and in the words of Ecclesiasticus as the man
- ... found without blemish
- ... that has not gone after gold
- ... nor put his trust in money
- ... who has done wonderful things in his life
- ... who hath been tried thereby
- ... who could have done evil things
- ... and hath not done them therefore
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- ... his goods are established in the Lord
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Class History

Maureen O'Rourke

The curfew tolls at day's end. Slowly the parting sun creeps westward as night begins to spread its wings. The glimmering landscape fades and the air is still in solemnity. Behind are left the thoughts of a cheerful day as the broad sun sinks down in its tranquility. It for a brief moment hesitates and lets twilight invade the sky. A kind of neutral grey-blue infuses its way into everything as the sun takes that one long look behind.

It was a year of firsts! In the innocent brightness of a new born day we waited, some happy, some lonely, and even some with tears. But the brightness of Junior sisters, campus tours, handbook quizzes and hot-dog roasts soon turned us into bouncing, exuberant frosh, carefree and curious as only youth can be. Junior sisters lifted our spirits and showed us the ropes. Little did we know that their generous help would prove useful a week later when we were subjected to the Soph's pranks. However, we managed to emerge somewhat glorious as we defended one another against their punishments . . . Who said you can't become a lawyer overnight? Poor Sister Mary Constance must have thought us an arrogant crew to mould, but without much ado, our midnight snacks and early morning visiting hours quickly came to a halt . . . for a while anyway.

With all good intentions we plunged our way a little farther down the golden path and waded our way through history quizzes and term papers. What no one realized was that it would get worse before it got better. Thursday mornings found us with heads high, eyes opened wondering why a three-hour English course took four hours.

Once settled, things moved on almost smoothly. In the month that followed we experienced the happy day of investiture and with it came the proud feeling of being a part of a whole. At last, we thought, we are out of the depths . . .

Busy hands and contented minds left little time for dreaming. A small cloud invaded the sky and crept slowly toward the rising sun, darkening our joyous spirits. It is most fitting that we pause and pay tribute to a wonderful classmate who left us at that time. Theresa Fisher had gone and with her went our fond friendship.

The path of light straightened and before us the vision of good times lay ahead. We eagerly rushed on . . . the children's party, the candlelight ceremony,—the all-night

party that followed—, our first holiday ball all came and all ended too soon.

Probably the biggest first that will always be remembered was the first set of exams, or better still, our first set of marks! As we realized our purpose we buckled down, but not completely. Uncle Sam would have been downright proud if he had seen Salve's own ROTC—but S. M. C. had other drills in mind. Easter holidays and the anticipation of our very own formal, the Court Cotillion, spurred us on. Spring weekend followed close behind and we went cruising down the river. In Queen-like fashion we made our first invasion into the Officers' Club.

But in spite of the dust that flew here and there we found ourselves standing proudly under the rising sun as our tassels were turned to the next notch. The warmth of summer came, sending our future nurses to St. Joseph's Hospital. The year of firsts had ended . . .

Once again we quickened our pace down the golden way. The sun is nearing its peak. It beats down on us as confidently we move on. The Mission bazaar increased this confidence as we proudly boasted about the profits. And for the first time since our arrival, not one Soph was seen borrowing cigarettes.

Mercy Hall brought the glories of dorm life and broken desk lamps. Our warden kept cell block 11 intact—little did she know that classes began at 2:00 a. m. The spirit of holidays once again filled our hearts and we eagerly helped our roommates to pack—what one poor soul failed to realize was that you couldn't take the drawers with you. Not long after we ushered our future nurses off to St. Joseph's Hospital with shoe laces and shoe polish in hand and stomachs that ached from a certain Surf party.

Settling down to a long winter—how we wished it were a nap—to a long winter's study, we found that Homer was a pretty interesting character after all. The holy season of Lent was interrupted only by St. Patrick and once again we joined our brother colleagues, S. M. C. with a knowing twinkle in her eye signed overnights and we were off to the old stamping grounds.

We had our hands in everything, eager as we were to make the best of every moment. We even tried acting as you parents will remember the "Smoker Scene" that followed the parents' dinner. Well, you must admit, it was a try . . .

This was a year of glory for us Sophs. Unbeaten we walked off the gym floor with the basketball trophy . . . Yes, off the gym floor right into another bridge game where a rule was an unmentionable word. The year was quickly coming to its

end and with it came the Sophomore-Senior dinner and the daisy chain. We danced to the strains of "Greensleeves" as only daisies could.

The beginning of a new day with its eager winds and tender dew now lay under the warmth of the earth, emerald and gold. With eyes uplifted we saw the sun dance on tiptoes. Our tassels were turned another notch and quietly each one of us realized, probably for the first time, that it was half over. We became Juniors, young enough to follow Seniors, yet old enough to have and care for Freshmen sisters. Freshmen Week came eagerly and left, taking with it our voice boxes . . . Who said we weren't getting old?

October 31st always meant a good show and an even better party. We had Sister Mary Jean in a stew . . . she should have known we wouldn't let her down . . . A football team at Salve? Impossible, but true. We walked away with first prize, but the best prize was the smile on our little moderator's face.

Ring Day—it was a long hard struggle, but we had made it. Probably the most exciting moment experienced thus far was the feeling of that blue and gold slipping over our fingers. And in our hearts we felt more keenly than ever the love and loyalty for this, our home. That night we danced to the strains of our favored tunes and proudly stepped through the gargantuan replica of our Star Sapphire.

Sherlock Holmes had nothing on us . . . signs appeared on each door and the "boxing ring girls" set about to investigate. Eight "Dead-Eye-Dicks" solved the Rosa T.V. case, but the mystery of making and stripping beds for two hours still lay unsolved.

Irishmen donned their prettiest frocks and were off to familiar grounds, dancing to the Clovers. March 17th—every girl was an Irish Colleen . . .

Major and minor fields were no longer in the dark future. We burned the mid-night oil and explored books we never thought existed. Some of us became observing teachers and we learned to cope with printing that was never quite right. Johnny's questions that we couldn't answer, and criticisms that weren't always easy to bear.

Up at St. Joseph's our nurses were being trained in the operating room where they got used to 2:00 a. m. calls . . . Yes, up at six a. m. and back at one a. m. . . . all this and shoe polish too.

Back at the main building Dante took the spotlight, and, the problems of the living fell on the shoulders of our sociology majors.

It was a long tedious winter but with the coming of spring, flowers bloomed and bees buzzed. The sun moved on westward cooling the air. Sunlight crept through once again and invaded our spirits . . . we waited for the big weekend, the Junior Prom. Moonlight cruises and the beach party got us into the spirit. The prom fulfilled all our expectations and we danced and sang our hearts free. Slowly the sun began to lower. Our tassels were turned to the last notch. We were Seniors with just one year left. Twilight invaded the heavens as we planned the gathering of those last strings that must be tied.

Some of us left the beaches early that year and came back to these ivy halls. Before long we had fallen in love with thirty little ones whose innocence was our job to mould. Miss became Mrs. to the children and we wondered *Who*—was going to answer . . .

The first half of the year rushed by, leaving us just a little too tired to face the last mile down the fading golden way. That last thought was quickly put out of mind as we joined together for the first time in two years, for our retreat.

Labs till five and class till six . . . We were too busy to watch the skies . . . Easter holidays found many of us with books in hand and worried faces. Yes, you guessed it. Comps were just around the corner, but we knew we were going to pass . . .

Calendars with the days marked off were put away now . . . no one wanted to watch it rush by. Underclassmen called us "lucky". We smiled at them and kept our eyes on the dimming twilight. Quickly now the sun has turned away. Darkness rushes up in a last farewell—for in darkness and in daylight there is a clearness that comes from a day well spent.

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