

EMERSONIAN





THE
EMERSONIAN

1934

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS
OF EMERSON
COLLEGE
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS



THE 1934 EMERSONIAN
Published by Howard-Wesson Co.
From Emerson College of Oratory
130 Beacon Street
Boston, Massachusetts

FOREWORD

It is the privilege of this class to be the first to go out from our new home carrying the spirit of progression that was founded on the faith of our predecessors. May the loyalty and devotion of true Emersonians be radiated through the personalities who represent our cherished Alma Mater.

T H E E M E R S O N I A N

T H E E M E R S O N I A N 1 9 3 4



DEDICATION

This book is dedicated in grateful recognition of the generous and splendid spirit of those to whom we owe the beautiful building that is now the home of Emerson College:

JESSIE ELDRIDGE
SOUTHWICK

and

MR. and Mrs. D. C. TRONDSEN





Emerson's New Home

For years every loyal student, alumnus and faculty member of Emerson has shared a common dream—to see the college established in a permanent home of its own. This fall, that dream was gloriously realized when President Harry Seymour Ross announced the purchase from Harvard College of the Brownstone residence at 130 Beacon Street which we have come to know so well and of which we are so proud.

The new building was made possible by two gifts to the college: one from Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, as a memorial to our beloved "Prexy" who was president of Emerson for nearly a quarter of a century; the other from Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Tronsden, as a memorial to their daughter, Alfild Tronsden, an Emerson alumna. These gifts, together with Emerson's endowment-building fund, financed the purchase.

The big, brownstone building is on the river side of Beacon Street and commands a beautiful view of the Charles with the Esplanade for campus. Its four stories have been made over into the class-rooms and executive offices of a college, but they have retained their air of high-ceilinged, spacious aristocracy. The key-note of the building is set by the wide staircase which winds upward from the ground floor to the third with its cream-white wood work and deep wine paneled walls.

In contrast to the ancient staircase is the modern broadcasting studio, for the college, recognizing the need of skill in radio address, has installed a studio resembling in every detail that of a professional broadcasting station.

The library occupies the entire fourth floor so that its well lighted rooms and wide shelves offer every incentive to study. For relaxation, the "browsing room" offers literature other than that of class assignments.

Any casual visitor must needs feel the worth, the beauty, and the artistic taste which this building represents as a professional college of Emerson's character, but only to us, who as students are privileged to use and to know the building intimately, is given the power to appreciate it fully.



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Remembering belated manuscripts, proof reading, lost pictures, and days when we wondered whether there would ever be any EMERSONIAN; yet, in spite of it all, recalling with pleasure the interesting experiences of editorship.



FACULTY

“ 'Tis not the gale, it's the set of
the sail,
That determines the way we go.”

William H. Kenney



John G. Hill

THE EMERSONIAN 1934



Faculty of Instruction

1933-1934

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, A.M., *President*
Oratory.

- | | |
|--|--|
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Public Reading, Literary Inter-
pretation. | |



SENIORS

“Let each new temple, nobler than
the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a
dome more vast.”



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President, GORDON DUFF Secretary, LOUISE STEVENS
 Vice-President, JEANETTE JACKSON Treasurer, FRANCES MILLS LUMSDEN

Senior Class History

We're graduating from Emerson. A lot has happened since we came in as freshmen. Gee, we were funny. All freshmen are funny. And now we're "the graduating class." We are the ones who are expected to go out and conquer the world. Well, we'll try it, anyway.

Now that we've tried on our caps and gowns, our minds are full of hopes, ambitions, final exams and memories.

Memories of our freshman year . . . Bob Freeman was class president . . . We put on a stunt called "Gold In Them Thar Hills, or The Dead Sister's Secret" . . . Gordon Duff played the heavy, and the audience booed him . . . We had a debate with the sophomore class, but we lost. . .

Then there was sophomore year . . . Lorena Mowitz was president . . . We did skits from different countries—Negro, Irish, Japanese and American— . . . We called it, "Sketch of the Nations" . . . The Florodora Girl made a big hit . . . Nobody could afford a Hop. . .

Nora Marlowe was junior president . . . What a year! . . . We published the Year Book and paid a hundred dollar deficit for the last class . . . Jeanette Jackson wrote a clever stunt about the faculty in heaven . . . She called it, "Those Who Are Good Shall Be Happy" . . . Lorena Mowitz and Gladys Hanson arranged the music for Song Day . . . We all wrote the words . . . We had Prom out at Longwood Towers . . . Johnny McAteer's Orchestra . . . On May Day Jackson was crowned May Queen . . . Wightman and LeVeille got posture ribbons. . .

Senior year at last . . . Gordon Duff was president . . . Gerry LeVeille was president of Student Government . . . The college moved onto Beacon Street . . . For Revival Play we did "The Wild Goose Chase" by John Fletcher . . . Duff played "Mirabel" and Beatrice Ensher played "Oriana" . . . We hired the Repertory Theatre instead of using the college auditorium . . . Jackson published "The Bored of Education" to cover the last of the Year Book bills . . . Rebecca Angoff got the highest average in the college for first semester marks. . .

We're doing Sierra's "The Romantic Young Lady" for Commencement Play . . . The Tea and Debate are under way . . . Walter Pritchard Eton, director of the Yale "Workshop," is going to be the commencement speaker.

We're graduating from Emerson.



Art just
 this pen & try
 to think of
 something which
 will express my
 very best wishes,
 Barbara. But
 without unique
 phrasing I'll
 just say "adieu"
 & goodbye.
 Miss Stevens.

Do you
 remember
 scenery
 Workshop
 Days?

Gordon

THE EMERSONIAN 1934

DOROTHY ABEL
Φ M Γ

Averette Junior College

"Let me see. What think you of falling in love?"

Class President 1, 2. Prairie-Plantation Club. Stunt 1. Phi Mu Gamma Scholarship Play. Revival Play. House Committee President 4.



ZELDA COTTON

Turners Falls High School

"Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate."

Student Government 3. Recitals 3. Menorah Society Secretary 3. Stunt 3. Song Day. Prom Committee Chairman. Year Book. Commencement Recitals.

REBECCA ANGOFF

Dorchester High School for Girls

"Such gentle ways, such winning charm; she made no enemies."

Student Government Vice-President. Class Vice-President 3. Recitals 3, 4. Dean's List. Menorah Society. Forensic Union. Stunt 2. Song Day. Year Book. Commencement Debate.



GORDON DUFF

Φ A T

Dorchester High School for Boys

"Is in the very May-morn of his youth, Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

Class President 4. Recitals 3. Stunt 1, 3. Song Day. Fraternity President 3. Revival Play. Year Book. Commencement Play.

IRMA ELIZABETH BAKER
K Γ X

Jermyn High School

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow, Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow."

Student Government Secretary. Stunt 2, 3. Song Day. Revival Play. Sorority Treasurer 3, 4. Choir. Year Book. Commencement Play.



THERESE DUPUIS

Φ M Γ

Academy of the Sacred Hearts

"Why then, the world's my oyster Which I with swords shall open."

Stunt 2, 3. Song Day. Sorority Vice-President 3. Sorority President 4. Phi Mu Gamma Scholarship Play. Prom Committee.

MINERVA GERTRUDE BUGEN
Phillipsburg, New Jersey

"Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance and flourishing in an immortal youth."

Dean's List. Recitals 3, 4. Menorah Society Secretary 4. Forensic Union. Stunt 3. Song Day. Year Book. Commencement Play.



BEATRICE A. ENSHER

Howard High School

"Much she knows, yet to know all is her ambition."

Recitals 3, 4. Dean's List. Song Day. Revival Play. Commencement Play.

You will always get by if you continue to get up as early each morning as you have been for the last three years.



GLADYCE FREEDMAN
Girls' High School

"A decent boldness ever meets
with friends,
Succeeds, and even a stranger recom-
mends."

Menorah Society. Commuters'
Club President 2, 3, 4. Year Book.
Children's Theatre.



GLADYS HANSON
Mansfield High School

"She taketh most delight in mu-
sic, instruments, and poetry."

Commuters' Club. Stunt 2, 3.
Song Day. Prom Committee. Year
Book. Senior Paper.



IDA GASS
Chelsea High School

"There is more true happiness in
the folly of love than in all the
wisdom of philosophy."

Menorah Society. Commuters'
Club. Stunt 3. Song Day. Re-
vival Play. Year Book. Commence-
ment Play.



LOUISE HEATON
K I X

Brenau College Conservatory

"To a young heart everything is
fun."

Prairie-Plantation Club. Chil-
dren's Theatre. Commencement
Play.

*So really on not to
God of look
Hanson*



RAGNA HAGEN
Braintree High School

"The time is never lost that is
devoted to work. Work produces
virtue, and virtue, honor."

Menorah Scholarship 2. Stunt 1,
2, 3. Revival Play. Assistant to
Miss Bailey. Commencement Play.

MARJORIE HICKS
Upper Sackville School

"Seest thou a man diligent in
his business—he shall stand before
kings."

Canadian Club Secretary-Treas-
urer 3. Commencement Debate.
Emerson Scholarship 2. Dormitory
Fire-Captain 4.

*Best of luck from
the ones who admire you
Marjorie*

CLEDA PEARL HALLET
Chatham Collegiate Institute

"So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet so
refined."

Recitals 2, 3, 4. Dean's List.
Canadian Club President 3. Com-
muters' Club Secretary 4.



SIBYL HOWE
Edmunds High School

"Wisdom of what herself ap-
proves makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common
voice."

Stunt 3. Song Day. Revival Play.
Year Book. Senior Paper. Com-
mencement Play.

*Best of luck
all ways, always,
Ida Gass*

*I'm proud, proud,
proud of you
Ida Gass*

*Terms is rather
a good game,
isn't it??? At
least it taught
me how to win.
I wish you all the luck
in the world
Cleda*



THE EMERSONIAN 1934

MARY D. HUGHES
K F X
Waynesburg College

"In all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity."
Children's Theatre. Year Book.



GERALDINE LEVEILLE
K F X
Winona High School

"A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights,
And the sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice."

Student Government President.
Recitals 3, 4. Dean's List. Forensic Union. Stunt 1, 2, 3. Song Day. Sorority Secretary 2. Sorority President 3. Year Book. Commencement Play.

*Best of wishes
Beth Gerry*

JEANETTE JACKSON
Φ M Γ
Ayer High School

"Talent is a gift which God has presented to us secretly and which we reveal without perceiving it."

Class Vice-President 4. Dean's List. Forensic Union. Stunt 2, 3. Song Day. May Queen. Year Book. Commencement Debate.



ELIZABETH LOCKERBIE
Regina College

"What's true beauty but fair virtue's face,
Virtue made visible in outward grace?"

Canadian Club Secretary-Treasurer 4. Recitals 3. Commencement Recitals.

*Lots of love to you, Barbara. It was nice knowing you.
Beth.*

Hope you will remember how ready love.

MARGARET JUST
Dunbar High School

"You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels."



FRANCES MILLS LUMSDEN
K F X
Sodus High School

"And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

Class Treasurer 4. Forensic Union Treasurer 4. Stunt 2, 3. Song Day. Prom Committee. Revival Play. Sorority Secretary 3, 4. Year Book.

MARION LESLIE
K F X
Mount Ida

"The maid improves her charms with inward greatness, unaffected wisdom, and sanctity of manners."

Recitals 3, 4. Dean's List. Sorority Vice-President 4. Commencement Recitals.



EDNA PATRICIA MCGUIRE
Φ M Γ
Cambridge High and Latin School

"She is happy who knoweth not herself to be otherwise.
Cheerful company shortens the miles."

Recitals 2. Stunt 2, 3. Sorority Historian. Commencement Debate.

*Best wishes
Pat M. G...*

*All success in your work
Marion*



BEATRICE MULCAHY
Fitchburg High School

"Good sense which only is the gift
of Heaven,
And 'though no science, fairly worth
the seven."

Newman Club. Stunt 1, 2. Song
Day. Year Book.



ROSE SOLOMON
Medford High School

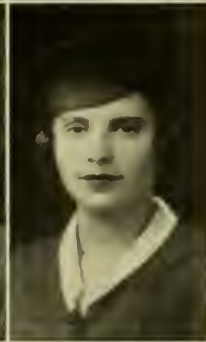
"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er
a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair
and smooth."

Menorah Society. Commuters'
Club Vice-President 2. Commuters'
Club Treasurer 3. Stunt 3. Revival
Play. Year Book. Commencement
Play.

ROBERTA NORTHRUP
Fort Dodge Junior College

"Heart to conceive, the under-
standing to direct, and the hand
to execute."

Student Government 4. Recitals
4. Dean's List. Forensic Union.
Stunt 1, 3. Revival Play. Year Book.
Commencement Recitals.



NELLIE SPOTNIZ
Girls' High School

"'Tis good to be merry and
wise. 'Tis good to be honest and
true."

Menorah Society. Commuters'
Club. Children's Theatre.

WAI-NONG QUONG
Regina High School

"Though sprightly, gentle; though
polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe."

Groundlines Treasurer 3, 4.
Stunt 3. Revival Play. Chinese
Friendship Scholarship.



ELEANOR STEVENS
Alma College

"'Tis from high life high char-
acters are drawn."

Canadian Club. Song Day. Re-
vival Play. Commencement Play.

ALICE SCHUYLER
Z Φ H
Skidmore College

"She in beauty, education, blood,
holds hand with any princess of
the world."

Sorority President 3. Prom Com-
mittee. Revival Play. Commence-
ment Play. Stunt 2. Song Day.
Year Book. Pan-Hellenic Secretary
3, 4. Recitals 4.



LOUISE STEVENS
Alma College

"Her merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit and
taste."

Class Secretary 4. Dean's List.
Canadian Club Vice-President 3.
Forensic Union President 4. Stunt
2, 3. Song Day. Prom Committee.
Year Book. Commencement Debate.

*Best wishes
to you
and your family
from
Alice Schuyler*

*Best Wishes
Roberta*

*I sorry we could not
have spent four years
together instead of only
three - I've enjoyed being
a sister of yours - love
Alice*



all in love to Barbara - she's a sweet girl! Hope she wins always! Morristown

THE EMERSONIAN 1934

MORWENNA C. TELLIER
Z Φ H
Woonsocket High School

"In her was youth, beauty, with humble Bounty, richness, and womanly feature."

Dean's List. Debate 1. Commuters' Club Play. Stunt 2, 3. Revival Play. Prom Committee. Year Book. Commencement Play.



JANICE WIGHTMAN
Φ M Γ

Morristown High School

"Loyal to duty and to friends sincere To hearts that have known her she has proved most dear."

Student Government Treasurer. Class Treasurer 3. Song Day. Revival Play. Sorority Treasurer 4. Phi Mu Gamma Scholarship Play. Commencement Play.

Best wishes Jan Wightman

FAITH HARDING VARNEY
Somerset High School

"The maid who modestly conceals Her virtues, while she hides, reveals."

Student Government 4. Commuters' Club. Athletic Club. Stunt 2, 3. Song Day. Prom Committee. Year Book. Minne Maddern Fiske Scholarship.



ELEANOR YOUNG
Φ M Γ

High Point College

"Think of her worth and think that God did mean This worthy mind should worthy things embrace."

Dean's List. Stage Manager Phi Mu Gamma Scholarship Play.

Lots of luck to Barbara, Eleanor

MARY WALKER

Dorchester High School for Girls

"Of softest manners, unaffected mind, Lover of peace, and friend of human kind."

Athletic Club. Commuters' Club. Stunt 2. Song Day. Prom Committee. Year Book.

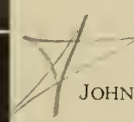


JOHN W. ZALANSKAS
Φ A T

University of New Hampshire

"He has I know not what of greatness in his looks and of high fate that almost awes me."

Dean's List. Fraternity Treasurer 4. Men's Club President 4. Men's Club Play.



LEOLA REUTER Waterbury High School
Z Φ H

"Coquet and coy at once her air; Both studied, 'though both seem neglected."

Stunt 1, 2, 3. Revival Play. Sorority Treasurer. Zeta Toy Theatre. Zeta Zamboree. Year Book.

BEATRICE ROSENBERG Girls' Latin School

"In my own city my name, in a strange city my clothes procure me respect."

Class Secretary 3. Dean's List. Menorah Society Executive Committee 3. Menorah Society President 4. Stunt 1, 3. Prom Committee. Year Book. Commencement Debate.

"In memoriam" to swell times in Penny's classes - good luck Beatrice

ELEANOR ROBINSON Waterbury High School
Z Φ H

"Let the world slide—Let the world go, A fig for care—a fig for woe!"

Dean's List. Stunt 2. Sorority Secretary. Zeta Toy Theatre. Zeta Zamboree. Year Book.

EDITH STONE Carbondale High School

"Nothing hinders me or daunts me."

Menorah Society. Stunt 2, 3. Children's Theatre.



Lots of luck, Barbara - Remember Emerson

Sincerely Edith Stone



The President's Message

HIS STORY OF OUR HISTORY

In 1630 John Winthrop marched his little band of men and women out on this neck of land called Shawmut or Trimountaine and started a settlement that he named Boston after the town in Lincolnshire, England. They had no auto road maps, or even college year books to guide and cheer their wandering ways.

The band were Puritans, not Separatists. They were reformers; but as there was nothing here to reform they had to create new laws for beating Hades. History records that their first pious act was to fall on their knees; after which they fell on the Aborigines. They did other acts as godly as the first, and as godless as the second: such as establishing town meetings, and fixing taxes—which would not stay fixed but have been skyplaning ever since, even unto the reign of our last Grand Sachem. They banished unruly members, ducked gossips, put bibulous men in the stocks, executed witches, cut down the maypoles of merrymakers, and raised Cain, generally.

Time passed: a way it has. Then exactly three centuries later, when Boston had grown to man size in 1930, came another band who trod the devious and winding paths that Goodman Winslow's wandering calf marked out in its wobbly progress from Faneuil Hall to Copley Square; and there they camped. First they fell on their knees, on the marble steps of Huntington Chambers; and then they fell on the faculty, whose hair they have raised ever since. From far and near they came to this—

home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And Lowells speak only to God.

Then in the last year of their sojourn they moved their encampment bodily and permanently to the Promised Land on the bank of the Charles, where they left it in the capable hands of the sponsors of this book; a company no less distinguished for its creative purpose than those who came in 1630 and 1930. Just what history the class of 1935 will start remains for a more prophetic and worthy recorder than the humble and happy writer of these lines, who closes the first year of his leadership, as 1935 pushes 1934 off the embankment into very deep water.

Ave to one, Vale to the other!

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS,
President.



JUNIORS

"A man's reach should exceed his
grasp

Or what's a Heaven for?"

—Browning.

*Alfred
Punk* →



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	LOUISE MONROE
<i>Vice-President</i>	JUNE HAMBLIN
<i>Secretary</i>	BERNICE JAINCHILL
<i>Treasurer</i>	CATHERINE GEORGE

Junior Class History

*"And this class, thirty-five, will be,
As you will see,
Eternal pride of E. C. O."*

The class of '35 approached the junior year—the hardest and the happiest of our college career—with high hopes and plans for making our Year Book and our Junior Week the best in the history of Emerson. Under the able direction of our president, Louise Monroe, we appointed committees and set to work. Alas for our confidence! The seniors escaped us on Sneak Day, and we had to admit defeat.

Determined to wipe out the black mark, we opened our Year Book campaign with a tea dance which somewhat redeemed our reputation. From there, we plunged into Junior Week and completely reestablished our position with a mock opera, "The Mystery of the Wax Museum," and a memorable Prom. The Prom, held at the Crystal Ball Room of the Hotel Kenmore, contrived to be that happy but rare combination, a social and a financial success. By way of climax, our class achieved a record number of students on the Dean's List.

If we may "judge the future by the past" our senior year should be one of merit.

Elizabeth M. Rogers





J
U
N
I
O
R
S
"ME"

Good Luck
Sweet

Good luck
should follow
you, you, do-
kerel's & this for

To my Pal,
Barbie F.
from -
Barbie B.
Sweet Mamma
dot dot

Good luck
Sweet Mamma
dot dot

Here's lots of
joy in living
and lots of
fun in life!
May you find
it always
Barbie
Love, Alice

Here's to
the best
people
- my Helen
(meaning combit)

Lots of luck
and happiness
- Betty

Good luck
to you,
Barbara
June

Best wishes
from Betty
to you!

Mrs. Frances Allen
Barbara Bates
Mildred Beck
Alice Cass
Helen Cohen

Dorothy Dean
Felice Edmondson
M. Jeanne Fairhurst
Helen Fardy

Barbara Fillebrown
Beryl Fine
Elise Fine

Mrs. Esther Fox
Catherine George
June Hamblin
Louise Harris

Selma Harrison
Lois Huff
Betty Hughes
Bernice Jinchill
Betty Johnson



I shall never forget
your kindness to me Louise Harris

You and the Northwest Mounted!
I love you just the same.
Love
Helen

402 Watts St.
I will be
[23]

THE EMERSONIAN 1934



Clara Jones Lynnette Martin Louise Neily Marie Robinson Adele Sirkin
 Gertrude Kirkpatrick John McLaughlin Esther Nelson Daniel Rousharden Elsie Taylor
 Edna Lewis Lauree McNamee Freida Nevler O. Daniel Rutstein Sylvia Uman
 Dorothy MacArthur Louise Monroe Vera Page Dorothy Seltzer Mariette Whittemore

Janet Brown
 Natalie Murch

Mary Hickey
 Katharine Sullivan

Li Kai Ying
 Pandora Voyatzis

Please tell me another story. Best wishes Gertrude Best of luck to you & Bart. I'd better not take up any more time but - Lauree

"By my Zeta stop - Dullie How my friend John B. ..."

Remember your Best wishes and good wishes

Remember your Best wishes and good wishes

Remember your Best wishes and good wishes

Remember the ...

Remember the ...

Remember the ...



SONG TO PRESIDENT ROSS

To the tune "Thanks"

We thank you, Dean, for all that you've done
 In helping us along
 The road to happiness and fame at
 E. C. O.
 And thanks again, from all Emerson.
 We surely won't be wrong
 To say it's you who've showed us just
 the way to go.
 Through each year
 You have been a friend that's true,
 And one that we could count upon.
 Through each year,
 We have always turned to you,
 And so to you today
 We owe more than we can say.
 We thank you, Dean. The place that
 you fill
 No one could ever take.
 We can't repay, but still we would con-
 vey our thanks.

SONG TO MRS. PUFFER

To the tune "This Little Piggy"

This little gesture means to reveal,
 This little gesture accepts,
 This little gesture means to conceal,
 This little gesture rejects.
 We recall dear Mrs. Puffer showing us the
 way
 We had a drill each day—So now we
 know how to say—
 This little gesture is a bad little gesture
 and means terrible pain,
 But perfection we all have tried to attain,
 Some day we hope and pray, we can say,
 in a confident tone,
 That thanks to Mrs. Puffer we can ges-
 ture,
 And express all the feelings that are
 known.

SONG TO MR. KENNEY

*To the tune "Who's Afraid of the Big,
 Bad Wolf?"*

Oh, there are three realms of voice,
 And you can take your choice.
 You can speak up high

You can speak down low,
 You can speak in a middle voice.
 Then he makes us holler whoa
 With an open throat you know,
 With a ma, za, ska
 He feeds us blah
 And boy how he can blow.
 When the freshmen come along
 He hands them all the same old song
 And tells them that they don't belong
 In dear old E. C. O.
 But when a squelching comes our way,
 We deserve it any day.
 For when a feller needs a friend,
 Mr. Kenney, you're O. K.!
 And so we go to class each day
 And ah-ah-ah, and now we say,
 Who's afraid of big bad Bill
 Big, bad Bill, big, bad Bill?
 Who's afraid of big, bad Bill?
 Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah.

SONG TO MISS DOWLING

To the tune "The Day You Came Along"

Our hearts went leaping, the day she came
 along
 Forgot our weeping, the day she came
 along.
 Almost before we knew it, we hummed a
 little song.
 The day she came along.
 We only drifted, until she came along.
 The whole world shifted, the day she
 came along.
 We knew Miss Dowling it is right where
 you belong,
 We knew the day you came along.
 We have conquered bowing, you have set
 our walking free
 Sitting down is now a cinch.
 We can turn the pages of a play that is
 to be
 And find that we can do directing in a
 pinch.
 Juniors were hated, until you came along.
 We never rated, until you came along.
 One glance convinced us, we knew that
 we weren't wrong.
 The day you came along.



SONG TO MRS. KAY

To the tune "Easter Parade"

In her purple bonnet
 With all the frills upon it,
 She is the grandest lady in Emerson today.
 We'll be all in clover
 If when she looks us over
 We are the ones she chooses for a part in
 her play.
 From Stanislausky—Stanislausky,
 To Maeterlinck and Tchekov,
 You'll find that she knows them like A
 B C.
 Oh, we could write a sonnet
 About her lovely bonnet,
 And of the lovely lady whom we call
 Mrs. Kay.

SONG TO MISS BAILEY AND
 MR. BURNHAM

To the tune "Paper Moon"

It's only a putty nose
 Stuck over a bearded chin,
 But it's make-up that does the trick,
 Mr. Burnham can always win.
 It may be only some yards of gauze
 Stuck together with a bit of glue,
 But when Miss Bailey gets through with
 it,
 It's a credit to Monsieur Patou
 Without these two, our dramas could
 never be played.
 But with these two, it's like the latest
 rage
 On a Broadway stage.
 It's a Burnham and Bailey world,
 Without them where would we land?
 To our costume and make-up guides,
 We think you're simply grand.

SONG TO MR. CONNOR

To the tune "You've Got Everything"

Jo's got everything, everything we're wild
 about.
 Jo's got everything, things that we can't
 do without.
 He's got that twinkle, that cute little wink.
 He's got those ties, too; Jo keeps us right
 in the pink.
 Jo's got everything, smile and style and
 class in clothes.

Jo's got everything, this and that and
 these and those.

We forgot to mention, that indefinable
 something,

That's what Jo's got—everything.

SONG TO MRS. ROGERS

To the tune "H'yah Duchess"

Wake up Emersonians,
 Look who's sitting there.
 Why, it's Mrs. Rogers!
 H'ya Mrs. Rogers, old pal, old kid, old
 sock, old thing, old gal.
 Let's get sentimental, girls,
 Give this one a cheer.
 After all it's Mrs. Rogers.
 H'ya Mrs. Rogers, old pal, old kid, old
 sock, old thing, old gal.
 She's a pal in trouble.
 She will help when you've lost your check.
 Her good deeds come double,
 And we'd miss her here, by heck!
 And before we go back to sleep,
 Here's one thing we'll say,
 Hurrah for Mrs. Rogers!!
 H'ya Mrs. Rogers, old pal, old kid, old
 sock, old thing, old gal.

SONG TO THE SHAWES

*To the tune "The Girl in the Little
 Green Hat"*

There's a street in the city,
 There's a school on the street,
 There's a couple in the school on the street
 in the city,
 And the couple in the school on the street
 in the city
 Is the couple whom we call the Shaws.
 And each day after nine
 That's when we fall in line,
 And we start getting life for the man and
 the wife,
 And the man and the wife for whom we
 all get life
 Are the couple whom we call the Shaws.
 Oh, there's no reason why you can't,
 We know it can be done.
 We'll take no failures now at all.
 Yes, we know we won't say can't.
 We admit it can be done.
 But still we try so hard to stall.



So we go through the hours trying hard
to succeed.
In developing our powers they've got just
what we need.
So thanks to the couple
In the school on the street—
The couple whom we call the Shaws.

SONG TO THE CHIPMEN'S!

To the tune "Marching Along"

Marching along together,
Always boosting E. C. O.
Marching along together,
Mr. and Mrs. Chipmen go.
Loyal and faithful to Emerson
Their hearts are imbedded here—
Favorite daughter and favorite son,
A pair without a peer!
Marching along together,
Keeping pace with Emerson.

SONG TO MISS RIDDELL

*To the tune "Did You Ever See a Dream
Walking?"*

Did you ever see the juniors prancing?
Well, we did!
Did you ever see the juniors dancing?
Well, we did!
Did you ever have Miss Riddell thrill you,
With, "Oh, but that spine!"
"That's simply grand—such a gorgeous
Greek line!"
Did you ever see the juniors fencing?
Well, we did!
Did you ever see the juniors advancing?
Well, we did!
Did you ever hear the juniors saying
"Prime" and "Seconde,"
Meaning numbers like plain one and two?
Well, the juniors that were dancing and
the juniors that were fencing
Miss Riddell, owe it all to you!

SONG TO DR. ROCKELL

To the tune "You're an Old Smoothie"

He's an old smoothie,
We're old softies,
We're just like putty in the hands of a
man like him.
When Dr. Rockell comes in
We all start to sing,

"We're just like putty in the hands of a
man like you."

For you, we would work all day long.
For you, we sing this little song.
For now we think it's time you knew
That we'd do just what you wanted us to,
You're an old smoothie,
We're old softies,
"We're just like putty in the hands of a
man like you."

SONG TO MR. EDES

To the tune "Barbasol"

Radio, radio,
Turn the dial, here we go.
Station W. E. C. O.
Arthur Edes, Arthur Edes,
He's a teacher we all like,
Shows us how to use the mike,
Radio, radio,
Graham McNamee ain't got a thing on us.

SONG TO MRS. BLACK

*To the tune "Take Me Where the
Daisies"*

Take us back to your class,
Where Carlyle and Ruskin reign.
We'll take notes when you dictate,
We'll recite once again.
We'll try to live in Browning,
You won't have taught in vain.
We'll take notes when you dictate,
We'll recite once again.
From "Sesame and Lillies" down to Bar-
rie,
And the poetry of dear old Alfred Tenny-
son,
We will work along and never tarry
In your classes at Emerson.
Take us back to your class,
Where Carlyle and Ruskin reign.
We'll take notes when you dictate,
We'll recite once again.

SONG TO MR. HALL

To the tune "Where's Elmer?"

We want that man of parts,
Who's won all of our hearts,
Where's Elmer, our Elmer?
We want the one who knows
How to run our shows,
Where's Elmer, our Elmer?
With paint and gilt, he's made and built



THE EMERSONIAN 1934

All of our scenery,
There's no one here can quite compare
with Mr. Hall, Oh Gee!
When it comes to stage technique,
There's no one can compete
With Elmer of Emerson.

SONG TO MR. KOZOL

*To the tune "Annie Doesn't Live Here
Any More"*

Kozol will not teach here any more.
We guess we're not the class he waited for.
Don't know what we'll do without him
day after day,
We feel that in this case we'll be the one's
that will pay;
But we can tell you truthfully that we
hate to say—
Kozol will not teach here any more!
No, Kozol will not teach here any more.
It's too bad we didn't know before
All the things that we have missed by stay-
ing away;
But he says for him to go is the best way,
And we hope he doesn't mind if we have
to say,
Kozol will not teach here any more!
It was fall and the chill in the air wasn't
all,
For we had a little call and it was he,
And we all were blue as blue as we could
be,
There was reason!
Kozol will not teach here any more.
We're sorry that he has to leave our door.
But it's good psychology to have your own
way,
And it makes no difference what we all
have to say,
So when time has passed and it has rolled
around to May,
Kozol will not teach here any more.

SONG TO MRS. SOUTHWICK

To the tune "Love is the Sweetest Thing"
She is the sweetest thing.
What else on earth could ever bring
Such happiness to everything as Mrs.
Southwick?

She is the sweetest thing.
We love her more and more each day.
She's dearer far than we can say, our Mrs.
Southwick.

And as the years roll by us,
She sweeter grows all the while.
No one on earth could take her place,
The warmth and the love of her smile.
She is the sweetest thing.
The best we have we bring to her,
And that is why we sing to her, as our
own sweetheart.

SONG TO THE SENIORS

To the tune "Don't Forget"

We won't forget the friendship of thirty-
four,
The friendship that's been so true,
We won't forget.
We won't forget, whatever the weather,
Good friends stick together,
We won't forget.
We promise to uphold traditions that you
gave us,
Promise to be ever true to you.
When you are gone, we always will love
you,
We'll always think of you,
We won't forget.

SONG TO THIRTY-FIVE

To the tune "Heidelberg"

Here's to the class that claims our praise,
Here's to our friendship strong.
Here's to our merry college days
Of laughter and of song.
Here's to our college best on earth,
Here's to Emerson.
Here's to our rare and sterling worth,
Thirty-five, here's to thee!
Oh Emerson, fair Emerson,
Thy daughters can't forget
The golden haze of student days,
Unshadowed by regret.
Our college days may pass away.
But ever more will be
The thought of you, so good, so true,
Our best loved Emerson:
The thought of you, so good, so true,
Our best loved Emerson.



SOPHOMORES

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die."

Thank you
to the
Ladies of
Belgium
France
Spain





SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	EDITH NORRIS
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARJORIE SPRIGGS
<i>Secretary</i>	DORIS MACDOUGALL
<i>Treasurer</i>	THELMA TUCKER

Sophomore Class History

Although, in actual numbers, the present class is considerably smaller than when they entered as freshmen, the sophomores are in evidence. As freshmen, they presented Dickens' "Christmas Carol" at the Christmas season, and later, for their stunt, "McCarty," a take-off on "Macbeth," written by Geraldine Dondero.

This year, in the traditional pantomime stunt, three were given, two of which were written by Bernice Guterl and Albina Miglin, members of the class as freshmen.

The Sophomore Hop is, as yet, in the offing, for no definite plans have been made. However, we are hoping.

In appreciation of our new home at 130 Beacon Street, the sophomore class pledges itself to back any principle which will make Emerson College a greater college.



Sophomore Roll Call

Athalie Baldwin	Edith Norris
Betty Bunce	Mary O'Keefe
Eleanor Conley	Julie Quigley
Hester Dinnerman	Ione Robertson
Geraldine Dondero	Madeline Rubenstein
Adassie Duke	Bernice Shutzer
Eilene Fernald	Evelyn Sisson
Miriam Goldman	Erma Southard
June Green	Lucile Spencer
Allee Hamilton	Marjorie Spriggs
Virginia Hamilton	Marguerite Stribel
Li Kai Ying	Dorothy Taylor
Helen MacDonald	Thelma Tucker
Doris MacDougall	Theodora Turner
Julia Matison	Mildred Waid
Beulah Moore	Hilda Warner
Norma Morse	Ruth Wilder
Irene Nevins	Helen Wintersteen
Joyce Newcomb	Elaine Zimmerman



FRESHMEN

"Good to begin well:

Better to end well."

—*Proverb.*

den



Virginia
Newark



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	KENNETH HOUSEMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	JEANNETTE HERSHBERGER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	EMILY BROADDUS

Freshman Class History

Without a doubt every one of us was thrilled to death to look into his home town paper some time during the beginning of last June and see, after his name, the words "Emerson College of Oratory"! And no wonder! We had just received the news that we, the class of '37, would be the first freshman class to enter Emerson's new home. We have learned to love it and feel that we should express unending gratitude to those who have made it possible.

Upon entering our new home we had that insignificant feeling that only a college freshman can have. It wore off, however, and soon we felt ourselves "really in things." And indeed we were, with our open throats, our pantomimes, and last but not least, our little red books! After we had convinced everybody that "we had power," and had learned how to reel off themes at the rate of one every fifteen minutes, we began to feel as though we had always lived at Emerson.

We have tried to cooperate in keeping up the standards set by those who have gone before us. It is our sincere wish that the friendships which we have made in this, our freshman year at Emerson, may be lasting, and that the class of '37 may never fall short of that noble motif, the "Emerson Spirit."



Freshman Roll Call

Betty Alden	Jeannette Hershberger
Shirley Banquer	Kenneth Houseman
Frances Berger	Marjorie Kemp
Vivienne Bond	Lillian King
Nancy Bosworth	John Lawton
Natalie Bressack	Sylvia Lieff
Emily Broaddus	Hazel Lourie
Eleanor Campbell	Barbara Lumsden
Rosemary Caswell	Robert Mann
Edith Cohen	Virginia Marshall
Eva Cohen	Corinne Mason
Harriet Copeland	Pearl Massirman
Ruth Cranmer	Marguerite Morgan
Lyda Cryder	Sylvia Nataupsky
Marietta Curran	Florence O'Gara
Jan Dines	Virginia Rice
Betty Evans	Albert Richardson
Margaret Evans	Dorothy Ryan
Rose Freedman	Sylvia Shycon
Betty French	Sylvia Shapiro
Henrietta German	Sadye Shepatin
Margaret Gilman	Lucile Soule
Marjorie Gissler	Virginia Temple
Minnie Gootman	Ruth Walch
Joyce Gottsegen	Beatrice Weiner
Eugenia Griffin	Doris Weir
Mary Griffin	Etta Wunsch
Nora Hallisey	Janet Yorston



SORORITIES

*"Life has no pleasure nobler
than that of friendship."*

—Garrick.

*Will I do star, you grow
lonelier every year. Quinn*

*7/11/34
Lover
Went
to the
club
with
him*

*Louise + Bob Welles.
Barbara - who's
you - have you
enjoyed it. Don't
worry they won't
spank will be
over for ever next
year.
Cecilia
"Home in Zeta"
Wanda*



*"Always Miller"
ZPH*

*Best of Luck
to the Best of
Gals Day.*

Zeta Phi Eta

National Professional Speech Arts Fraternity
Founded 1893

CHAPTER ROLL

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| ALPHA—Emerson College of Oratory | IOTA—University of North Dakota |
| BETA—Northwestern School of Speech | KAPPA—Washington University, St. Louis |
| GAMMA—Drake University | LAMBDA—Michigan University |
| DELTA—Syracuse University | MU—Washington University, Seattle |
| EPSILON—Brenau College | NU—University of California, Southern Branch |
| ZETA—Southern Methodist University | XI—University of Alabama |
| ETA—University of Southern California | OMICRON—University of Wisconsin |
| THETA—Coe College | PI—University of Minnesota |

HONORARY MEMBERS

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| JANE COWL | ELIZABETH GRIMBALL |
| ELLA STOCKDALE | AGNES KNOX BLACK |
| LOUISE DRESSER | SARA NEIL DOWLING |
| CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER | EDWARD PHILIP HICKS |
| LUCILLE GLEASON | REV. ALLAN A. STOCKDALE |
| MARY E. GATCHELL | CLAUDE FISHER |
| MAUD MAY BABCOCK | KATHERINE JEWELL EVERETTS |
| DR. SARAH STINCHFIELD HAWK | MARGUERITE JONES |
| MRS. WILLIAM KOEHLER | HENRIETTA PRENTISS |
| DR. ELIZABETH MACDOWELL | GLADYS BORCHUS |
| DR. VIRGINIA SANDERSON | WIDA SUTTON |

JANE DORSEY ZIMMERMAN

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| GERTRUDE CHAMBERLAIN | *MAUDE GATCHELL HICKS |
| ELVIE B. WILLARD | ELSIE RIDDELL |
| KLONDA LYNN | MAUDE SEWELL |

* Deceased





OFFICERS

Archon	CLARA JONES
Vice-Archon	CATHERINE GEORGE
Recording Secretary	MILDRED WAID
Corresponding Secretary	MARJORIE SPRIGGS
Treasurer	MORWENNA TELLIER
Marshal	ELSYE TAYLOR

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1934

ELEANOR ROBINSON	ALICE SCHUYLER
LEOLA REUTER	MORWENNA TELLIER

1935

FRANCES ALLEN	CLARA JONES
JANET BROWN	VERA PAGE
ALICE CASS	ELSYE TAYLOR
BARBARA FILLEBROWN	MARJORIE SPRIGGS
CATHERINE GEORGE	KATHERINE SULLIVAN

1936

VIRGINIA HAMILTON	MARGUERITE STRIEBEL
JULIE QUIGLEY	MILDRED WAID

PLEDGES

VIRGINIA TEMPLE	DOROTHY MACARTHUR
NORA HALLISEY	LYNETTE MARTIN

HELEN FARDY

Alpha Chapter of Zeta Phi Eta has sponsored this year several teas for the active alumnae and faculty of the college. In January the annual Toy Theatre was presented at the college residence for a large and appreciative audience. Three one-act plays were given: "Overtones" and "The Pot-Boiler," both by Alice Gerstenberg, and "'Op-O'-Me-Thumb" by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. The production has been taken on tour, and the proceeds are to be used toward a memorial scholarship fund to Maude Gatchell Hicks who passed away March fourth of this year.





Kappa Gamma Chi

Founded 1890 at Ohio Wesleyan

Established at Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

ALPHA—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

Colors—Green and White

Jewels—Emerald and Pearl

Flowers—Lily of the Valley

HONORARY MEMBERS

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK
 ELLA MCDUFFIE ROSS
 AGNES KNOX BLACK
 ETHEL VIENNA BAILEY
 GRACE BURRAGE KENNEY

SARAH MCCRYSTAL KELLEY
 ADELAIDE PATTERSON
 MARJORIE KNAPP
 MARGARET PENICK LEITNER
 GERTRUDE BINLEY KAY

MARGUERITE CONNOR

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MILDRED BECK
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARION LESLIE
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANCES LUMSDEN
<i>Treasurer-Corresponding Secretary</i>	IRMA BAKER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	FELICE EDMONDSON





ACTIVE MEMBERS

1934

IRMA E. BAKER
LOUISE HEATON
MARY HUGHES

MARION LESLIE
GERALDINE LEVEILLE
FRANCES LUMSDEN

1935

MILDRED BECK

JEANNE FAIRHURST

FELICE EDMONDSON

1936

EILEEN FERNALD
ALLEE HAMILTON
BEULAH MOORE
EDITH NORRIS

LUCILLE SPENCER
THEODORA TURNER
HILDA WARNER
HELEN WINTERSTEEN

PLEDGES

VIVIENNE BOND
NANCY BOSWORTH
EMILY BROADDUS
BETTY BUNCE
ELEANOR CAMPBELL

JAN DE CYN DINES
BETTY FRENCH
JEANNETTE HERSHBERGER
BARBARA LUMSDEN
RUTH WILDER SEACORD

DORIS WEIR

The Alpha Chapter of Kappa Gamma Chi sorority throughout the year entertained extensively the faculty of the school.

By means of dances the members of Kappa are contributing to the endowment fund by maintaining an insurance policy on the life of Lois Teal Owen. A Christmas dance was given, and also one on the evening following Junior Prom.





Phi Mu Gamma

National Professional Fine Arts Fraternity
 Founded 1898 at Hollins College, Virginia
 Established at Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—Emerson College of Oratory	IOTA—University of Oklahoma
BETA—Northwestern University	KAPPA—New River State School, Virginia
GAMMA—Drake University	LAMBDA—Northwestern School of Speech Arts, Minnesota
DELTA—Kansas State Teachers' Col- lege	MU—Kansas City Teachers' College
EPSILON—Simpson College	NU—James Milliken University
ZETA—Kansas City Horner Conserva- tory	XI—Chicago Musical College
ETA—University of Washington	OMICRON—Horner Conservatory
THETA—Lombard College	PI—Sally Sharp School of Speech

NATIONAL HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. EDITH J. R. ISAACS	HELEN HAYES
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT	SIR CARL BUSCH
RUTH ST. DENNIS	OTIS SKINNER
JULIA MARLOWE	FRITZ LEIBER
CONRAD NAGLE	GLEN HUNTER
CARL SANDBURG	HERBERT WITHERSPOON
PEGGY WOOD	ALFRED LUNT
HELEN GAHAGEN	LYNN FONTANNE

LOCAL HONORARY MEMBERS

JOSEPH E. CONNOR	DR. AND MRS. H. JAMES ROCKEL
GROVER SHAW	AGNES KNOX BLACK
MR. AND MRS. JOHN C. SCAMMELL	FRANCES S. POTE
EDNA SHAW	BELFORD FORREST





OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	THERESE DUPUIS
<i>Vice-President</i>	ESTHER NELSON
<i>Secretary</i>	LAUREE MCNAMEE
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANICE WIGHTMAN
<i>Historian</i>	PATRICIA MAGUIRE
<i>Chapter Editor</i>	LOIS HUFF

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1934

DOROTHY ABEL	PATRICIA MAGUIRE
THERESE DUPUIS	JANICE WIGHTMAN
JEANNETTE JACKSON	ELEANOR YOUNG

1935

JUNE HAMBLIN	LAUREE MCNAMEE
LOIS HUFF	LOUISE MONROE
BETTY JOHNSON	ESTHER NELSON

MARIETTE WHITTEMORE

1936

GERALDINE DONDERO	MARY O'KEEFE
NORMA MORSE	DOROTHY TAYLOR

ATHALIE BALDWIN

PLEDGES

BETTY ALDEN	ELIZABETH EVANS
ROSEMARY CASWELL	MARGARET EVANS
CORINNE MASON	HENRIETTA GERMAN
MARIETTA CURRAN	MARGUERITE MORGAN

DOROTHY RYAN

Alpha Chapter of Phi Mu Gamma began the year 1933-34 with a tea dance in honor of its pledges. The success of the dance was an omen of the success of the year's social season which included teas, tea dances, and formals.

Dr. and Mrs. H. James Rockel were initiated into the sorority as local honorary members.

The annual play for the Minnie Maddern Fiske Scholarship was presented—"When Ladies Meet" by Rachel Crothers—and the proceeds assured the scholarship for the year.





Sigma Delta Chi

Sigma Delta Chi in the seventh year of its existence maintained its purpose of preserving a well-balanced social and scholastic sorority which has entered with elevated spirit and identified itself with the ideals of the college. A series of informal dances given throughout the year together with the formal given the night after the Junior Prom are high lights in the social life of the sorority.



THE EMERSONIAN 1934



Founded 1928 at Emerson College of Oratory
 ALPHA—Emerson College of Oratory
 Colors—Orchid and Green
 Flowers—Red Rose and Lily of the Valley
 Jewel—Pearl

HONORARY MEMBERS

LOIS TEAL OWEN	AMELIA GREEN WYNER
BELFORD FORREST	HARRY KOZOL
JOSEPH CONNOR	ARTHUR EDES

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	BERNICE JAINCHILL
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELISE B. FINE
<i>Secretary</i>	DOROTHY L. SELTZER
<i>Treasurer</i>	BERYL E. FINE

*Just a poor
 secretary
 Dorothy Seltzer*

ACTIVE MEMBERS

1935

BERYL E. FINE	BERNICE L. JAINCHILL
ELISE B. FINE	DOROTHY SELTZER

1936

BERNICE SCHUTZER	ELAINE ZIMMERMAN
------------------	------------------

PLEDGES

SHIRLEY BANQUER	JOYCE GOTTSEGEN
NATALIE BRESSACK	SYLVIA SHAPIRO
BEATRICE WEINER	





Phi Alpha Tau

The Alpha Chapter of Phi Alpha Tau fraternity has confined its social activities during this year to a series of stag dinners. These dinners, which have been held at various restaurants in the vicinity of the college, have been of a purely social nature. We regret the fact that the fraternity has omitted its annual play.

Phi Alpha Tau is the only fraternity in the college, and as such has a reputation to uphold. May we hope that the future will provide material by which we may carry on our traditions.





Founded 1902, Emerson College of Oratory

- ALPHA—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
- BETA—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
- GAMMA—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
- DELTA—Leland Stanford University, Berkeley, Calif.
- EPSILON—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
- ZETA—Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis.
- THETA—Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.
- IOTA—University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
- KAPPA—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
- LAMBDA—University of Texas, Austin, Tex.
- MU—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
- NU—Pacific University, Forest Grove, Ore.
- OMICRON—State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan.
- PI—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
- XI—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

HONORARY MEMBERS

ALFRED E. LUNT

New York Theatre Guild

CHARTER MEMBER

WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP

ACTIVE MEMBERS

GROVER C. SHAW

JOHN ZALANSKAS

ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM

JOHN McLAUGHLIN, *Vice-President*

ELMER E. HALL

GORDON DUFF, *President*

JOSEPH E. CONNOR, *National Secretary*



Alma Mater

I

Alma Mater, we love you true;
Days of gladness we owe to you.
Full of pleasure, of work and of fun,
First in our hearts is dear Emerson.

CHORUS

So hail, school of knowledge, great hall of fame.
Emerson College, we'll always love thy name,
And though we may wander o'er hills and oceans wide,
Our hearts will always turn to thee,
With honor, with love and with pride.

II

Royal purple for nobility,
Golden background for honor, you see.
When together, a standard most high,
For gold and for purple to live or die.

III

Classmates, and teachers who help us along,
Come let's join in a cheer loud and long.
Ev'ry day like a star all aglow
Shines in our mem'ries of E. C. O.

MADLINE MCNAMARA, '19.



ACTIVITIES

*"Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers func-
tions."*

—Shakespeare.



Student Council

<i>President</i>	GERALDINE LEVEILLE
<i>Vice-President</i>	REBECCA ANGOFF
<i>Secretary</i>	IRMA BAKER
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANICE WIGHTMAN

The Student Government Association was organized by the student body of Emerson College in 1908, to try to promote closer relationships between students and faculty and among the students themselves. This year the Student Council endeavored to revise the cutting system, and did succeed in procuring unrestricted lecture cuts for Dean's List students.

The Student Council has also presented some very enjoyable chapel speakers, among them Gen. Smedley D. Butler, and Clayton D. Hamilton.

It is the desire of the Student Council to seriously consider the wishes of the student body, and thus bring about a finer spirit among the students.





Forensic Union

<i>President</i>	LOUISE STEVENS
<i>Vice-President</i>	VERA PAGE
<i>Secretary</i>	MARIE ROBINSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	FRANCES MILLS LUMSDEN

Of necessity, Forensic Union Plans were considerably changed when we moved to 130 Beacon Street. It was therefore decided to use this as a reorganization year.

Now that nine new members have been elected, having been chosen for their oratorical and scholastic records, we feel more firmly united and ready to embark on a successful debating season next fall.

At present there is great enthusiasm over the coming competition with New Hampshire University. The representatives of Emerson College Forensic Union will maintain the negative side of the question: "Resolved: That the President of the United States should be given substantially increased powers as a settled policy."





The Groundlings

<i>President</i>	JOHN W ZALANSKAS
<i>Secretary</i>	JOHN McLAUGHLIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	WAI-NONG QUONG

The Groundlings is a men's organization founded for the purpose of fostering good fellowship among the male students of Emerson College. It has been in existence for many years and has been a means of giving the men an opportunity to do something as a unit and so represent the male element of the college.

This year the college has given the organization the use of a club room in the basement of the new building. Here the members hold their meetings and spend the few leisure hours which an Emerson schedule affords.





The Canadian Club

<i>President</i>	DORIS MACDOUGALL
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARJORY HICKS
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	BETH LOCKERBIE

The Canadian Club of 1933-34 boasts of an enrollment of eleven members, residents of various provinces of the Dominion of Canada—from the extreme west to the extreme eastern coast.

The activities of the club this year have been in the form of teas, banquets, and theatre parties. It was the pleasure of the members of the club to attend a performance of Eva Le Galliene's presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." In December the club sponsored a banquet at the Jay Wong Low restaurant in Chinatown. Chinese delicacies served in typical Chinese style with an explanation of the various ingredients of each dish provided a most enjoyable and amusing evening for members and friends.

The Emerson Canadian Club is affiliated with the Woman's Auxiliary of the Canadian Club of Boston. At their April meeting several members of our club provided entertainment with plays, readings and musical selections.

The senior Canadians extend every good wish for the success and prosperity of Emerson's Canadian Club.





always
Kays

The Newman Club

<i>President</i>	ELSYE TAYLOR
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE SULLIVAN
<i>Delegate to Convention</i>	CATHERINE GEORGE

The Newman Club has been very busy this year in the activities of the local club as well as taking a vital interest in the Federation Activities.

Emerson has a representation in the Federation of Catholic College Clubs of New England, and is also a member of the National Federation of Catholic College Clubs. The Federation members meet each month at different schools that have a Newman Club. After the business meeting, a guest speaker addresses the students.

The Federation supports charity, sponsors lectures, and provides entertainment for children at the Welfare and Orphanage Homes.

Each year the Federation, which has representatives in fourteen New England colleges and universities, holds its annual week-end. This year the activities began with a formal dance at the Hotel Statler, on Friday evening, April sixth. On Saturday afternoon the regular business meeting was held, followed by a tea dance at Longwood Towers. On Sunday the annual Communion Breakfast was served at the University Club.

Miss Elsy Taylor, who is president of the Emerson Chapter, was also the recording secretary of the Federation for the past year.





The Menorah Society

<i>President</i>	BEATRICE ROSENBERG
<i>Vice-President</i>	ESTHER GOOSE FOX
<i>Secretary</i>	MINERVA BUGEN
<i>Chairman of Executive Committee</i>	REBECCA ANGOFF

The Emersonian Menorah Society began the year with a welcoming tea for all the new students. It proved a most successful affair and many of the guests became active members.

Our annual scholarship formal was held at the Barclay Club in January. Following this, our members attended Menorah intercollegiate affairs at Harvard and Tech. We are planning another formal to be held in April in order that we may be able to give our annual Walter Bradley Tripp Award.

Our president, Beatrice Rosenberg, has proved herself an interested leader and the Menorah Society feels that it has had a very successful year.





Children's Theatre

The Children's Theatre group, composed of members of the junior class, under the direction of Mrs. Kay, opened its fifteenth season on November fourth with the production of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" by Eleanor Gates.

A. A. Milne's "Toad of Toad Hall" was the second offering. This play, based on Kenneth Graham's enchanting story, "Wind in the Willows," had not been done in this country before.

On February tenth a new version of Materlinck's "The Blue Bird," presenting scenes not done before, was put on in the children's playhouse.

"The Scotch Twins" by Eleanor Perkins on March seventeenth, and "The Wicked Witch and the Dancing Shoes" on April twenty-eighth will complete the season's program.



FEATURE
SECTION

"Motleys the only wear."

—Shakespeare.

John Henry Lawton

TO THE SENIORS

(From Conrad Aiken's "Bread and Music")

Lessons we learned with you were
more than lessons,
Good times we shared with you were
more than fun,
Now that you are gone, we all will
miss you,
We're sorry that your schooldays
here are done.

Your voices all have echoed through
our hallways—
And we have heard your tread upon
our stair.
These things do not remember you, O
Seniors,
And yet, to us, you all still linger
there.

For it is in our hearts you are among
us,
And in a memory that never dies,
This thought we will cherish with us
always—
"We knew you once, O Beautiful and
Wise!"

TO THE FRESHMEN

(From Sara Teasdale's "When I am Gone")

Now you are here, and over you the
teachers
Shake "Crits" beyond compare;
'Though you should come a-crying
broken-hearted,
They shall not care!

You now have peace as Germany is
peaceful,
You never see an "A"—
But just remember, as you now are.
Freshmen,
So once were they!

TO MYSELF

(From Carl Sandburg's "Grass")

Give me poetry or prose—Shakespeare, Teasdale, Poe.
Hand it over and let me work.
I'll burlesque it.
I don't care what.

And give me lovely things of Amy Lowell,
And give me Keats and Shelley and Millay.
Hand it over and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and you will say to your children,
"She's better than Minsky,
I knew her when—"
I burlesque things,
I don't care what.

GERALDINE DONDERO, '36.



H. H. H. ^{کوهن} Happy Days - Hickey

(This title, dear reader, means absolutely nothing to you, but rest assured it hides many a "double entendre." Under the "dear reader" insult, I include not only those who have paid for their own copy by the sweat of noble brows, but also those who look over someone else's shoulder and those who happen to pick it up in the front-parlor of ——— to see how dear ——— has made a show of herself at Emerson.)

Regardless then once again of the reader's fine, sensitive nature, I shall proceed to discuss a few phases of humor which have suffered the slings of outrageous fortune, to my mind, most undeservedly.

First I refer to what has been termed, "The lowest form of wit." What folly! It is my firm belief that this definition was instituted by some imbecile incapable of the subtle art of punning. The right pun in the right place is often more useful in establishing friendly relations than, for example, a neat quotation from Browning or Shakespeare. There are, of course, different classes of puns. Some undoubtedly are lower than others, but, in punning as in most things, the student of the art must start at the foot of the ladder. Therefore when you would knife the person who puns at you, withhold your blows—make the punishment fit the crime—pun yourself. If you can't do this, look deep into your own heart—clear out the verbiage which clouds your vision, and start at the bottom of the ladder yourself. Peace be with you!

From puns, we advance with a purposeful gleam upon stories of this ilk: "Why are Hoover and Lindbergh alike?" The answer of course being: "They're both tall and blond except Mr. Hoover." Very much the same effect can be gained by using Santa Claus in place of either of the gentlemen, and inserting a long white beard in the reply.

This latter is old stuff, but there is another series which is still progressing: the Little Audrey stories. Everyone has heard some of them—no one has heard all of them because they are still in the making. This is a fairly recent one I believe, and one typical of the series. "Little Audrey's mother was away for the day, and when she came back she found that Little Audrey had squeezed a whole tube of toothpaste all over the new oriental rug, and Little Audrey's mother laughed and laughed because she *knew* Little Audrey would never be able to get it all back in the tube again." Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes and a cup of coffee!

Not exactly in the same category come the "Bigger" family stories. You must have heard of them. There is Papa Bigger, Mama Bigger, and Baby Bigger. The question is which is Bigger. And the only answer is, Baby Bigger, of course, because he is a "little Bigger." And so on 'til the foam choked her.

These are just a few words of exhortation to those who really desire to fit themselves for the S. C. C. (Snappy Come-back Club.) Beware if you are not made of stern stuff, for the S. C. C. accepts no slackers. It requires a steady hand, fast to the draw and quick on the trigger. Its one requirement after the difficult initiation into membership is this: "Death by slow torture to the ——— who says to you, 'Be Funny!'"—

MARY HICKEY, '35.



TO BE -



I'm no angel!



Sic Transit Gloria Mundi



The Bobsey Twins
Aptel mit Achere



Cradle snatcher!



Du bist wie eine blume



I've got you in the palm
of my hand!



Practicing on the back steps



Should she ask him in?



Evolution?



Ya fascinate me!

OR NOT TO BE



Foot loose?



Power



Poise



Coming?



Siamese?



Overlooked?



Whoops!



Comic Relief



Bacchus



To Let



Sold



Proteus

"The Past Recaptured"

By MARGARET JUST, '34

The eminent French philosopher and psychologist, Marcel Proust, produced a book several years ago which bore the intriguing title, "The Past Recaptured." Perhaps it was Monsieur Proust's psychological prowess which prompted him to name the book so, for what being wouldn't be enchanted at the idea of recapturing the past? Whether one would prefer to relive the past, or remake the past, or simply review the past is a matter of personal taste—the fact remains that recapturing the past, in any manner of form, would be perhaps the most enchanting thing in the world. Think of the amazing and awe-inspiring, the whimsical and fanciful, the beautiful and charming scenes, events and peoples we should meet and know! Think of recapturing the joy of past triumphs, of reliving with the people of bygone days their hopes and despondencies! Think of being a silent and invisible spectator of the past—yet realizing the actualities of the present.

Just suppose we could, for example, stroll down Beacon Street in the late nineties—silent, invisible onlookers—allowed to recapture a bit of the past. Just suppose we could—

It is a crisp cold morning in December. There aren't many people out at this early hour—at least not many are out on fashionable Beacon Street. We find ourselves at the outskirts of the Garden, and we hesitate, for we cannot decide whether to stroll down Marlborough Street or Beacon, but we decide on Beacon because there are more huge mansions on that street. We hurry across the street, for a carriage is coming down the street at a furious pace, and unless we manage to get to the other side we shall find ourselves in danger of being knocked down—the horse must have been going at least twenty miles an hour!

We saunter along, for although the weather is sharply cold we are eager to see as much as possible. How fortunate that we are not seen, for our appearance would surely label us "lunatics." We are wearing no veils—Ladies on Beacon Street almost invariably do, my dears—and we have on silly low shoes—no need to try to pull our skirts down for they won't come. The mansions aren't numbered, but we know the one that is now one hundred thirty. Ah! Here it is! We hasten our steps. Oh, if only we don't find ourselves back in the Present before we see the inside!

There is a very fashionable carriage at the curb, and even as we stand on the sidewalk gaping, the door of the house opens and—not Mrs. Rogers—but a stately looking butler is to be seen holding the door as a tall and extremely distinguished looking man comes out. Here is our chance. We dash up



the steps and into the house while the unsuspecting butler shuts the door gently. To our right is a charmingly appointed room. We peer in. There is a blazing fire in the fireplace that looked "merely ornamental" in the Present. But this fireplace isn't flanked on the left by files and on the right by a desk. At a tiny rosewood desk there is a delightful looking white haired lady writing. She is sitting near the window, and she looks very contented as the winter sun casts its cold rays on the soft folds of her grey morning frock. She has looked at us directly—and we think she has seen us—but it is the butler to whom she has spoken. Her voice is low and extremely pleasant. (A worthy forerunner of Emerson, we reflect.) The butler has announced breakfast. We follow them into the huge dining room.

Here we see quite a large group assembled. There are three tall boys—home from school we glean from the conversation—a very small girl of about twelve, two young ladies of about seventeen and eighteen, and a very beautiful young woman of twenty-one or two. At the head of the table is a perfect example (we think) of the Boston gentleman. "And how is Grandmother?"—this from one of the girls. "Better, my dear," says the lovely lady in grey, "the doctor just left, and he said that she might get up for the wedding this afternoon."

The eldest daughter looks more radiant than before and says that that makes everything perfect. We listen to a little more of their chatter and then go on to the next room. A den, it is. It is the back room of the first floor, and from it we get a magnificent view of the river. But the place is simply overloaded with gifts. Beautiful pieces of silver, priceless sets of china, and rare old paintings are displayed. We chuckle—the bride's mother was probably helping her daughter out on the thank you notes when we saw her a bit earlier.

From the study we take a hasty trip to the butler's pantry—we can't resist seeing what our bookstore used to be. Into the pantry pop five heads—invisible, but nonetheless overlarge for the opening afforded them. We manage, however, to see the whole pantry, and to note—to our extreme disappointment—that there is nothing to be seen beyond a few carving knives, a number of decanters of wine, some glasses and a pile of linen. We proceed from here up the back stairs and in a second we are on the second floor. Such exquisitely furnished bedrooms—ornate, perhaps, to our sophisticated gaze, but lovely nevertheless. A brisk looking maid is scurrying up the stairs with a pile of garments on her arm; the butler is going down the hall with a silver salver loaded with telegrams; a nurse appears from the third floor carrying a tray. Such excitement!

We peer hastily into the front room. It is evidently the "Master Bed Room" for its furnishings are definitely masculine, and there is a musty smell



of tobacco about the place. (Though nowadays, notes one of our companions sagely, that wouldn't mark a room as a man's any more than a woman's!) The second room must belong to the "lady of the house," for it is all pink and frilly. We admire the furnishings in a speechless way, touch the silver respectfully, sniff the hot-house flowers appreciatively and hastily adjust our garments before the mirror. (We just can't remember that we cannot be seen!)

The back room is the eldest daughter's room. It is delightfully furnished in blue. But we ignore the details, for our attention is riveted on the gown that is laid on the bed. It is a richly trimmed affair of heavy white satin. A veil of foamy lace is laid beside it, while piles of soft white tulle and lace lie at the foot of the bed, and we know that that will form the train. We wonder what time the wedding will take place. What luck if we get to see it!

Up stairs again, and all the doors on this floor are locked except one. (Guests in the others, we decide.) In the front room we see the old lady who must be "Grandmother." She is an aristocratic old lady—very small and very decisive even in illness. She is talking to the prospective bride in loving, but no uncertain terms. We watch her and then turn back down the stairs.

In the basement there are two kitchens, and in each there is confusion and excitement. Caterers and extra servants are tumbling over each other and the various concoctions that are the results of their labor, while the housekeeper bustles in and out talking a lot and accomplishing nothing. Where can we go, we wonder? We decide to dash back upstairs and sit in the library for a while, and perhaps we may see the wedding.

In the library once more we sit quietly and think about what we have seen. It was fun, we muse, to recapture a bit of the past. More than fun, it was exciting; we recognize that ours was a rare privilege. We have actually turned back years of time, and found ourselves in another day. But somehow we are disappointed. What we had expected, we cannot say, but something we have not found. Had we expected romance? Or something akin to the ideal life? Perhaps. Perhaps we had attached too much illusion to the past. Interesting—from a purely scholastic point of view, but hardly much different from our own Present. The same fundamental routine, we reflect—schooling, wedding, dying or fighting death, it was just the same. Our curiosity was appeased, but we weren't as exhilarated as we might suppose. Ours was just the old, old story of the anti-climactic feeling that descends in one who attains a goal long anticipated. Or—better—we were suddenly aware that too much illusion is attached to the unknown. Life, of the Present or the Past, is akin. We simply have a shifting of scenes and a passage of time. And realizing this kinship, we can anticipate the future happily.

So it was that we reasoned—and presently we left the house and walked slowly down the street.



Senior Prophecy

"SACRIFICE TO ADVANCE OF SCIENCE"

Editor's Note: This journal was picked up in the Rocky Mountains on February 7, 1954, and is evidently a transcript of the tragic trial flight of a new rocket-plane. No trace of the rocket or its occupant has been found.

"Contact! My rocket left its base with a sickening heave (I use the word 'heave' advisedly), and I was off—literally and figuratively.

"There had been dozens of newspaper men and women, getting my last words for their papers. Both Zalanskas* and I were amazed. We had kept the launching of the Zalanskas Mystery Rocket a secret, telling only about six of the papers and Nellie Spotniz—I suppose we really owe it all to Nellie. Among the newspaper reporters I noticed one particularly violent woman, climbing toward me on the shoulders of her fellow journalists and shouting as she came—it was Beatrice Mulcahy. We weren't able to get together because just as she came within gasping distance someone closed the outer shell of the rocket and started the blast that sent me on my way.

"For the sake of posterity I think I'll keep a journal of my flight. Perhaps the Emerson Quarterly will publish it under 'What Our Alumnae Are Doing'—(I hope it won't have to be in a black box).

"FIRST DAY—Haven't been feeling very well. Nothing decent on the radio. Picked up some short wave length advertising from the new Emerson station, WECO. Heard Marion Leslie doing 'the voice with a smile' for little children. Turned off radio because Beatrice Ensher began talking about cheese—didn't feel very well.

"SECOND DAY—Feeling little better—got out the X-ray telescope that Clede Hallatt had invented—but had an awful time putting it together because the fourth chapter of Alice Schuyler's autobiography had been used for packing, and the X-ray had become quite attached to it. With the perseverance characteristic of my temperament I set it up and turned it on. I was worried for a few minutes until I discovered that the X-ray was turned backward into the rocket and that what I had diagnosed as appendicitis was just a bottle of seasick pills, a gift from Ida Gass whose husband is a druggist, they tell me.

* *Evidently the inventor of the rocket.—Ed.*



“When the X-ray was properly adjusted, I shut my eyes and gave the indicator a shove. I was sure that something was wrong again when I saw Irma Baker lying comfortably on her back at the foot of a flight of stairs. I was astounded to see her get up, apparently at the command of a harassed looking man, climb the stairs, turn, and gracefully fall down them, landing this time a little to the right of her previous position. I turned on the sound transmitter just in time to hear the harassed man, decide that Irma wouldn't have to fall again and that now the star could go on with the scene. She was a professional stair-tumbler. ‘There's no future in it,’ I cried as I gave the indicator a sharp twist to the left.

“The building into which the ray penetrated was the scene of some sort of a contest. It was all very confusing. In the center of a large hall on a huge throne sat Jeanette Jackson. Rose garlands and trailing arbutus spelled out the fact that she was Queen of the May forever more. (She really looked rather discouraged with it all.) In one corner Edna Patricia McGuire was selling a cream, of her own invention, which, she guaranteed, would take twenty years off your age. I was aghast at the number of children around this exhibit. Could it be possible that—? Just as I was arranging my parachute I noticed that the children were being herded off by Leola Reuter, and Eleanor Robinson, dressed in grey uniforms and carrying placards announcing that this was a group of contented children from the Freedman Orphan Asylum*. What I laughingly refer to as my mind was once more at ease and I let the parachute slip from my shoulders and continued to look into the great hall. On a stage in front of the May Queen sat Gladys Hanson playing the piano while Sybil Howe with six or seven veils did an interpretive dance that drew comments of Rid-iculus, colossal, amazin'. Mary Hughes is trying vainly to draw some of the crowd to see her tap dance, but there is something about Sybil's performance that makes it the cynosure of all eyes. I even feel the spell myself. I feel that I am falling . . .

“THIRD DAY—I must have fainted. I came to early this morning. The hall on which the X-ray had been turned was empty. With a sigh I set my course once again and was dreamily recalling a particular figure in Sybil's dance when I felt a jar. I went to the forward observation window and saw Beth Lockerbie sitting in the basket of a balloon and studying the constellations, with a particular concentration on Leo. She hadn't felt my presence and I couldn't bear to break in on her preoccupation, so I sailed sadly south.

* *Apparently so-named in honor of the nationally famous club woman, Gladyce Freedman.—Ed.*



“For consolation I turned on the radio just in time to hear Frances Mills Lumsden, the advertising manager for Gerry LeVeille’s road company. They were touring the country with three plays, ‘Elizabeth, the Queen,’ ‘Mary of Scotland,’ and ‘The Barretts of Wimpole Street,’ and Frannie was urging Emersonian Alumnae in the different districts to cooperate with them and give the company a big send-off. In the company there were several Emersonians of note. Gordon Duff—who has, by the way, taken the place in drama formerly held by John Barrymore—was playing the leading male roles, and Rose Solomon was progressing famously as a tragedienne.

“At the close of Frannie’s pep talk there was a short announcement to the effect that a wrestling bout under the management of Ragna Hagen would be held at the Arena in one week—tickets to be procured either at the box office or from Miss Hagen. Rebates being given to Emersonians.

“As the next twenty minutes were to be given over to a lecture on Greek and Roman History in our Educational System, to be given by Morwenna Teller, I turned quickly to another station to hear Zelda Cotton, a member of that now internationally famous debating team of Angoff, Bugen, and Cotton, finishing an enlightening rebuttal on the affirmative side of the question ‘Prohibition, a Noble, or an Ignoble Experiment.’ Therese Dupuis was acting as judge of the debate, and knowing that she is president of her local W. C. T. U., I had little doubt as to the decision.

“At the end of the debate Eleanor Stevens made a heart-breaking appeal for workers at North End Union where she is taking Mrs. Bloom’s place. She sounded rather worried, but I surmised that she was really worrying about Louise, who was doing another of her daredevil stunts. This time I believe it was to be the feat of the century—walking over Niagara Falls on a tight rope, balancing all her papers from her Shakespeare Survey courses. It must be a great trial to Eleanor to have her sister so constantly in the glare of publicity.

“FOURTH DAY—Time grows apace, (Strange Interlude). I feel so out of it all. I forgot to ask Zalanskas why I should be making this flight. I don’t know what I’m supposed to be doing—I don’t even know how to stop this thing—not that it matters. Oh to be indifferent, now that April’s here. Why didn’t I get a good job like Hicks for example—Councillor at a year round camp in Canada. Or modelling clothes like Bee Rosenberg at Wanamakers—but on second thought that’s too definitely out. I wonder if Margaret Just would take me on at her School of Southern Cooking. I could try to get into Quong’s ‘Bureau for Directing the Activities of Chinese Students in America’—but I can’t speak Chinese. I probably couldn’t even learn to speak Chinese. I



don't even want to think about it. I'd just turn into a professional 'Yes-woman' like Edith Stone—she couldn't help it, poor girl, I suppose—but it's a decidedly unpleasant prospect. (End of strange interlude.)

"The food supply is running low and it was supposed to last a month—to face starvation alone as Faith Varney and Mary Walker did looking for each other in Radio City.

"The X-ray will help me to forget my hunger—perhaps—

"Interesting—this must be Jan Wightman's Greenwich Village Villa. The furniture is gorgeously modernistic. I hear Eleanor Young made every square inch of it. Dorothy Abel is leaving there now with all her children, marshalling them all into her car where Louise Heaton is waiting to give them a diction lesson—southern style.

"Some sort of signal seems to be coming over the radio, but I don't know what it means. Here's a new lever that I haven't pushed yet—Whoops, my dear—is that Northrup that I see? It's a television machine. What gestures! No wonder she's teaching expressive action! She seems to have a message for me but I can't hear her. I gather that I'm supposed to come down—Oh, would that I could! I guess I better drop these memoirs overboard—they at least shall be saved for posterity.

"To the lucky person who finds this journal—please bring it to the editor of the Emersonian. Tell her I hope it isn't too late—that all is forgiven—. She will reward you beyond your wildest hopes. Thank you, kind friend.

"Goodbye, Cruel World—!"





“The Scotch Twins”

By ELEANOR ELLIS PERKINS

From the Book by LUCY FITCH PERKINS

CAST

<i>Angus Neil, the gamekeeper of Glencairn</i>	June Hamblin
<i>Barney, his assistant</i>	Esther Goose Fox
<i>Jock Campbell</i>	} Bernice Jainchill
<i>Jean Campbell</i>	
<i>Sandy Crumpet, the twins' friend</i>	Barbara Lumsden
<i>Alan McRae, the new boy</i>	Dorothy Dean
<i>Robin Campbell, the shepherd of Glencairn</i>	Dorothy Seltzer
<i>Mrs. Crumpet, Sandy's mother</i>	Barbara Bates
<i>Mr. Craigie, the Auld Laird's Factor</i>	Freida Nevler
<i>Her Ladyship</i>	Lois Huff
<i>People of Glencairn</i>	Vera Page, Felice Edmondson, Beth Lockerbie, Jeanne Fairhurst, Sylvia Uman, Lynnette Martin, Beryl Fine, Elise Fine

ACT I THE KITCHEN OF THE WEE GRAY HOOSIE.

ACT II IN GLENCAIRN FOREST BY THE WATERFALL.

ACT III IN GLENCAIRN FOREST.

ACT IV THE GREAT DOOR OF THE CASTLE.



The Drama of China

BY LI KAI YING, '35

The oldest part of the book, "Shu King," tells us that the Master of Music in the reign of Emperor Shun said, (23rd century, B. C.) "I smite the musical stone; I gently strike it, and the various animals lead on one another to dance." This dance probably was the first appearance of the Chinese play-acting. Today the monks (lamas) at Peiping and Tibet celebrate the New Year by a dance in which they wear animal masks.

Then the "Record of Rites" ("Li Ki") tells of a play invented by Emperor Wu (140 B. C.) in commemoration of his overthrowing the wicked Shang Dynasty. The play was done in pantomime to illustrate his successful march towards the capital, his conquest of the wicked monarch, the reward of his allies and the restoration of peace under him. In this same record, Li Ki, we find that in the ancient worship of God, companies of mimes were employed to dance, to act and to pantomime to the orchestral music.

Up to this time I find no record of any theatrical performance or drama for people's amusement. I would fix the time of the first appearance of theatrical drama about the year 700 A. D., in the Tang Dynasty. Emperor Ming (713-756 A. D.) and the Cleopatra of China, Yang Kuei Fei, maintained a court of extravagance and revelry. The Emperor would gather the poets, artists, and musicians around him, seeking laughter and pleasure. Li Po would write his verses and some musician would put them into music and then someone would sing or act. These were carried on in a "Pear Garden," so to this day the actors are still called the "Members of the Pear Garden."

Many commentators have regarded the literary achievement in Sung Dynasty (960-1278 A. D.) as an improvement of that of Tang Dynasty. Two hundred and seventy plays of note have been preserved from this Sung Dynasty.

Then further improvement was made during the years between 1115 A. D. and 1234 A. D. Real technique and refinement began to show in some one hundred and twenty plays which we retain today. Although a great many plays (about six hundred and ninety) were known at that time, I find no trace of the others.

The highest development in the art of playwright and playacting was made in and after the year 1260. I hesitate to number the plays that were written at this time, but from that time on until 1912 A. D., at least fourteen hundred notable plays were written and many of these we have preserved. With the appearance of the Republic of China and with the influence of the West, the play, the stage, the actor and the theatre are showing a slow transformation.

THEATRES

The typical Chinese theatres, which are fast disappearing, are of two kinds—rural and urban. The rural theatre is usually a temporary platform



with a covered stage and dressing room. It is usually built at the foot of a hill so that the audience can seat themselves on the hillside and can easily see the stage. Sometimes this stage is built in front of a public building or monastery. It is a fresh-air show and no admission is charged. All comers are welcome. Usually the expenses are to be taken care of by the community through the elders by public or private subscription. In the city, large buildings have to be built especially for this purpose. The typical stage is without scenery except a few hangings and some curtains at the stage entrances. A real actor is one that can suggest to you all the necessary background and scenery in the play. He has to depend on his talents and his costumes and nothing else.

ACTORS AND PLAYS

Until the appearance of the Republic, very few women appeared on the same stage with men.* Youths or men had to take the female roles and these actors or impersonators had to be trained from their very boyhood. In the past, actors were not considered to belong to the better class, but this prejudice is disappearing. The plays can be classified under three headings: the Moral, the Historical, and the Comedy or Farce.

As a rule, all the notable plays have a high moral tone. Many of these are just short of sermons—"Virtue always has its reward," "Be good and you will be happy," etc. Love-making on the stage was considered quite indecent. A friend of my aunt's actually collapsed when she, for the first time, went to a moving-picture house and witnessed a kiss between Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Filial piety is a favorite subject such as the national heroine who took her father's place in the army when her father, a general, was too old and sick to answer the Emperor's summons. Mu-lan, the heroine, stayed in the army for twelve years without betraying her sex.

The historical plays deal chiefly with the heroes and heroic acts in history such as the victories of General Kuo Tzu-i, who saved the Dynasty of Tang after the notorious Chinese Cleopatra, Yang Kuei Fei, had almost ruined it. Another is the romance of the three Chinese Musketeers who took an oath of brotherhood in the War of Three Kingdoms. These plays are well known to men, women and children. I read them before I was sixteen, and many boys and girls of that age can easily recite these plays word by word. Quite a few plays were written about the courts of different emperors and kings not unlike those novels written by Dumas about the French court.

Comedies or farces are very popular with the mass. Fickle women or widows are favorite subjects. To those who doubt the humor of the Chinese and the prowess of the Chinese women, many plays about hen-pecked husbands are convincing.

* Although very few women appeared on the stage with men actors, there were, at different times, dramatic companies that consisted of women only. I was deceived many a time by some masculine actresses who filled their male roles so well that I hesitated to believe it possible.





Social Calendar

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|----------|----|---|
| October | 19 | Mary Ward—"Eva Le Gallienne's Contribution to the American Theatre" |
| November | 4 | Children's Theatre—"The Poor Little Rich Girl" |
| | 6 | Zeta Phi Eta Tea—Miles Standish Hotel |
| | 7 | Phi Mu Gamma Tea—Ritz-Carlton Hotel |
| | 8 | Kappa Gamma Chi Tea—Copley-Plaza Hotel |
| | 11 | "The Poor Little Rich Girl"—Presented at Filene's |
| | 16 | Gen. Smedley Butler—"Our Crime Problem" |
| | 23 | Sophomore Pantomimes |
| | 28 | Artist's Recital—Joseph E. Connor—"The Dover Road" |
| December | 7 | Founder's Day—Dr. Daniel Marsh, President Boston University |
| | | Senior Revival Play—"The Wild Goose Chase" |
| | 9 | Children's Theatre—"Toad of Toad Hall" |
| | 14 | Dr. Arthur Lee Kinsolving—"This Good Age" |



T H E E M E R S O N I A N 1 9 3 4

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| January | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 4 Ben Ames Williams—"How Journalism Has Helped Me as a Fiction Writer" 9 Artist's Recital—Mrs. Blanche Urick—"Selections from Great Literature" 11 Rev. Carl Heath Kopf—"Outworn Proverbs" 17 Zeta Toy Theatre 18 One-act Plays—Public Performance 20 Canadian Club Banquet 25 Senior Recital |
| February | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Year Book Tea Dance 8 Senior Recital 10 Children's Theatre—"The Bluebird" 13 Dr. W. N. De Berry—"Recent Trends in Negro Poetry" 14 Artist's Recital—Edward Howard Griggs—"Monna Vanna" 15 Clayton Hamilton—"The Theatre of the Imagination" 16 Revel Beach—"The Evolution of Type" 17 Werner Frederich—"Hitler and the Nazi Movement" |
| March | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Junior Stunt—"The Mystery of the Wax Museum" 2 Junior Prom—Hotel Kenmore 6 Artist's Recital—Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick—"The Merchant of Venice" 8 Junior Recital 15 Junior Recital
Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead—"The Present Crisis in Europe" 21 Phi Mu Gamma Play—"When Ladies Meet" |
| April | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 7 Drama Day 26 Freshman Pantomime 28 Children's Theatre—"The Wickedest Witch" |
| May | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 10 Sophomore One-Act Plays 17 Sophomore Recital 18 Open Day in Physical Education |
| June | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Baccalaureate Service—Old South Church 4 Debate
President's Reception 5 Alumni Association Meeting
Alumni Luncheon
Commencement Play—"The Romantic Young Lady" 6 Commencement Exercises |



Drama Day

Massachusetts Drama Day was held at the college on April 7. For three successive years Emerson has been the scene of a one-act play tournament in which high schools from all over Massachusetts compete. This tournament serves as a state elimination for the New England contest where the two plays winning at Emerson compete with the winners from other states for the final cup. This year the New England competition is to be held at Portland, Maine, on May 11 and 12.

Emerson played host to the visiting high school drama students, entertaining them at luncheon in the College Residence on Commonwealth Avenue, and providing each cast with student hosts and hostesses to meet any individual need that might arise. The class in Scenery Workshop, under the direction of Elmer E. Hall, instructor, furnished the stage setting for the plays presented in the tournament.

The judges of the contest were Professor William Morse of Tufts College, Miss Helen Bartel, an Emerson graduate, and Professor Leon J. Sturtevant of the New Rochelle, N. Y., High School.

In addition to the first and second awards, the College presented a medal for excellence in acting to the individual winner in each high school cast, and the new Emerson scholarship, sponsored by the Zeta Phi Eta sorority, was awarded to Irene Prevost of the Durfee High, Fall River, with Caro Grace of Everett High and Philip Stoddard of Hingham High as alternates.

The committee in charge of the play contest comprised Miss Barbara Wellington of the B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River, chairman; Miss Lillian McLeod of the Hingham High School, (both Emerson graduates), and Mrs. Helen Matthews of the Arlington High School.

The winning casts were those from Hingham High, in "Submerged," directed by Miss McLeod, and Arlington High, in "Bimbo, the Pirate," directed by Mrs. Matthews.



BEACON HILL DOORWAY

Secure in mellow twilight
The Doorway stretches itself
To its full height
And frowns on the inquisitive passer-
by

BROWNSTONE FRONT

Plain, squat and solid,
The grimy Brownstone front
Jealously guards vast halls
And high-ceilinged chambers.

Its dull face denies
The brilliant light
And glistening walls,
Which hide behind the ugly brown
mask.

OLD BOOKS

I like the smell of old books.
Their worn leather covers
Smell of dim-lit libraries and Time.
Their strong, smooth pages,
Have the mellow tang
Of old ink and Humanity.
I like the smell of old books.

NOVEMBER SUNSET

Stark black trees
Etch sharp silhouettes
On the molten gold
Of the sky.
The lingering pungence
Of pale wood smoke
Seeps through
The wine-sharp dusk.
A November sunset
Is an end
And a beginning.

NOSTALGIA

The sharpest loneliness
Is the nostalgia
For those who understand.

You feel it most
When lights are brightest
And people gayest;

Bows and smiles are transparent
For nobody listens to you,
And no one cares about you.
Somehow, you know it
All the time.

Yet you keep it to yourself
For fear they will call you Fool.

JOHN W. ZALANSKAS, '34.



Getting A Head

(A Study in the Evolution of an Expression)

Did you ever wonder how seniors get that expression of serene, benevolent dignity? It is a long process, four years, to be exact. From the first day when you are told to hold your head against the measuring rod to determine your true height without the aid of high heels, or the collapsability of the spine, until, with a careless yet graceful wave of the hand, you flip the tassel, which previously obscured your right eye to a position obscuring your left, you must work constantly on your head.

The first year is taken up with working on the head as a whole. Heads bowed down with the griefs and inertia of some eighteen years must be lifted permanently from hollow chests. Heads capable of moving only in short horizontal or vertical lines must strive to increase their range without becoming dizzy. What a panic stricken wavering of the eyes one sees, when a freshman, finding it possible to rest her head on the first cervical without losing it down her back, looks out for the first time on her classmates.

So it goes until by the end of the years, the head is almost free from the body. Almost but not entirely. All this while heavy facts have been pouring in through the ears and eyes, and a few on their way out the other ear or eye have lodged and have formed a sediment to be exuded on examination papers. You perhaps have heard of girls who lost their heads at examination time. That was because the head was completely exhausted of ballast.

During the sophomore year we work entirely on the parts. The eyes, the nose, the mouth go up and down, from side to side, round and round. They rove together; they move separately. One eyebrow will go up; the other down. One nostril vibrates; the other remains stationary. With crayons, rouge and false hair, beards appear and vanish; eyebrows are drawn skyward or together in the center; eyes are given an Oriental quirk or droop like a St. Bernard dog's. Mouths lose their lips in an ascetic pucker.

By the beginning of the junior year the danger of losing heads is frightfully apparent. An orchestra leader with St. Vitus dance seems as stolid as a snow man compared to a group of juniors greeting each other after the summer vacation. They are extremely conscious of their public (the other underclassmen) and their public is extremely conscious of the fact that they have not forgotten anything of their previous year's work.

Very different are they at the end of that year. Facts, heavy and bulky have been poured into those heads, many of which never had a chance to see an examination paper. All the superfluous movements have been removed as a photographer retouches a portrait. Eyebrows, which previously could not be



raised in disdain without the ears wiggling in sympathy, noses that would wrinkle in spite of a romantic atmosphere, mouths that would gyrate all over the face, all these have been corrected and toned down. A new permanent, a fresh finger wave, and the time has come for the ceremony. Radiating magnanimity of atmosphere, the senior steps forward for the parchment signifying that she has acquired a head and attained the desired expression thereon.

IRMA SOUTHARD, '36.

"Satisfied"

Let me be a vagabond and roam the seven seas.
 Let me feel the wanderlust while hiking o'er the leas.
 I wish to see the world at dark, hear church bells with the dawn,
 The singing of a happy lark, waking the country at morn.

I could dance to a Spanish tango, laugh in the face of death,
 Fight a hundred devils, die for a lack of breath,
 Sing an ancient love song to a dear one sweet and fair,
 Cross the sands of a desert on the back of a fiery mare.

Let me sail the stormy ocean, with friend Death at my side,
 Paving the way to heaven, with the portals high and wide.
 Let me freeze in the Arctic by moonlight, roast in a broiling sun,
 Starve when I'm minus rations, fight when I wish to run.

But after my travels are over and I've lived my glamorous life,
 When my brain has grown ragged and weary, not quite as keen as my knife,
 If I could say that I've not lived in vain, been honest, and never lied;
 If I've lived my life as God willed I should, then I'll die satisfied.

DOROTHY MACARTHUR, '35.

A Musical Drama

Mother: Where are you *Hayden*? It's getting *Kohler*, and I want you to put on your overcoat.

Sonny: I'm not hidin'. I'm in the living room.

Pa: What are you doing?

Sonny: I'm taking the radio apart.

Pa: Don't you *Mendelssohn*!

Sonny: Now, don't fly off the *Handel*, dad. (Runs out, leaving radio in pieces.)



Pa: You come right *Bach*. (Sonny goes faster) All right then, you'll take a *Czerny Schmitt* me to the woodshed.

Sonny: Don't be so *Bossi*. (His *Foote* strikes a rock and he falls. Dad overtakes him.)

Pa: Now are you coming with me?

Sonny: Yes. Ouch! You give me a *Paine*. Ouch. Etc. (And another licking has gone down on Sonny's *Liszt*)

Author's Note: This is a musical drama, not an operetta. An operetta is a girl who says, "Number Please?"

DOROTHY MACARTHUR, '35.

Jokes

In Boccacio, it's frankness;
In Rabelais, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever,
And in a college comic, it's smutty.

Mr. Kozol: "I will lecture today on liars. Have you all read Chapter 25 in the text for today?"

Class (in unison): "Certainly!"

Mr. Kozol: "That's fine. You're just the people I want to speak to. There is no Chapter 25."

Edith Stone: "My dad is an Elk, a Moose, a Lion, and an Eagle."

Beatrice Rosenberg: "How much does it cost to see him?"

"Well," said the professor, "I believe that's all. And now are there any questions before the final?"

There came a voice from the back row: "What's the name of the text book in this course?"

Well, of course they acquitted the prof for shooting him.

"How do you keep your roommate from reading your letters?"

"Easy; I just stick 'em in his books."

We hear so much about school spirit that we're beginning to think the school is haunted.



"Test Time"

(With apologies to William Shakespeare)

To crib, or not to crib—that is the question:
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outraged parents
Or to take arms against a sea of questions
And by cribbing answer them? To pass; to flunk
No more; and by a sixty-five to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
The cards are heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pass; to crib;
To crib; perchance to be caught! Ay! there's the rub!
Thus conscience doth make flunkers of us all.

K. HOUSEMAN, '37.

Conclusion

We've tried to be as careful here,
As careful as could be,
And only let the printer print
The things you'd like to see.

The copy we have edited
With all our might and main—
We've made you rather charming,
With "something of a brain."

Be not too quick to criticize
But for a while reflect
On all the matter we received
To sanction or reject.

Then stand a moment in our place!
Sort this material through!
Would you have done as well by us
As we have done by you?

Just one word more, before we part,
About the things you've read;
If they occasion your complaints,
Think what we might have said!



WHERE TO WRITE

ABEL, DOROTHY B.	1610 So. Taylor Rd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio
ALDEN, BETTY	21 Maple St., Braintree, Mass.
ALLEN, FRANCES	23 Richardson Rd., Belmont, Mass.
ANGOFF, REBECCA	110 Floyd St., Dorchester, Mass.
BAKER, IRMA	117 Gibson St., Jermyn, Pa.
BALDWIN, ATHALIE	Bainbridge, N. Y.
BANQUER, SHIRLEY	448 George St., New Haven, Conn.
BATES, BARBARA	18 Conant St., Danvers, Mass.
BAURER, RUTH	937 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.
BECK, MILDRED	The Edgemere, East Hampton, Conn.
BERGER, FRANCES	47 Gardner St., Chelsea, Mass.
BOND, VIVIENNE	135 Princeton Rd., Audubon, N. J.
BOSWORTH, NANCY	1 Lake Ave., Natick, Mass.
BRESSACK, NATALIE	24 Beacon Ave., Holyoke, Mass.
BROADDUS, EMILY	85 Notch Rd., North Adams, Mass.
BROWN, JANET	East Broadway, Salem, N. Y.
BUGEN, MINERVA	326 Warren St., Phillipsburg, N. J.
BUNCE, BETTY	402 Laurens St., Olean, N. Y.
CAMPBELL, ELEANOR	9 Vincent St., Cambridge, Mass.
CASS, ALICE	367 Prospect St., Woonsocket, R. I.
CASWELL, ROSEMARY	70 W. Barney St., Gouverneur, N. Y.
CHERNIS, FLORENCE	20 John St., Chelsea, Mass.
COHEN, EDITH	33 Woodlawn St., Randolph, Mass.
COHEN, EVA	32 N. Pleasant St., Taunton, Mass.
COHEN, HELEN	46 Poplar St., Gloucester, Mass.
CONLEY, ELEANOR	887 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Ctr., Mass.
COPELAND, HARRIET	1512 Kemble St., Utica, N. Y.
COTTON, ZELDA	84 L St., Turners Falls, Mass.
CURRAN, MARIETTA	254 South 6th St., Fulton, N. Y.
DEAN, DOROTHY	229 North St., New Bedford, Mass.
DINES, JAN DE CYGN	6711 Lakewood Blvd., Dallas, Texas
DINNERMAN, HESTER	48 Orchard St., Portsmouth, N. H.
DONDERO, GERALDINE	107 Congress St., Portsmouth, N. H.
DUFF, GORDON	11 Elmton St., Dorchester, Mass.
DUKE, ADASSIE	115 Chatham Rd., Brockton, Mass.
DUPUIS, THERESE	46 Dryden Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.
EDMONDSON, FELICE	27 Rutland St., Hudson, Mass.
ENSHER, BEATRICE	175 Lincoln St., West Bridgewater, Mass.
EVANS, ELIZABETH	1860 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.
EVANS, MARGARET	1860 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.
FINE, BERYL	Laurel, Miss.
FINE, ELISE	Laurel, Miss.
FILLEBROWN, BARBARA	Harrubs Corner, Kingston, Mass.
FAIRHURST, M. JEANNE	Goffle Hill Rd., Midland Park, N. J.
FERNALD, EILENE	49 Wadsworth Ave., Waltham, Mass.
FREEDMAN, GLADYCE	8 Hosmer St., Mattapan, Mass.
FREEDMAN, ROSE	24 Rogers Ave., Lynn, Mass.
FRENCH, BETTY	157 Middlesex Ave., Medford, Mass.
FARDY, HELEN	54 Lambert St., Medford, Mass.
GASS, IDA	27 County Rd., Chelsea, Mass.



T H E E M E R S O N I A N 1 9 3 4

GEORGE, CATHERINE	323 North 9th St., Lebanon, Penn.
GERMAN, HENRIETTA	23 Evans St., Waterbury, Conn.
GILMAN, MARGARET	35 Orchard St., Belmont, Mass.
GISSLER, MARJORIE	123 Park St., Newton Centre, Mass.
GOLDMAN, MIRIAM	1666 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.
GOOSE, ESTHER	291 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.
GOOTMAN, MINNA	169 Nichols St., Everett, Mass.
GOTTSEGEN, JOYCE	1495 Boulevard, New Haven, Conn.
GREEN, JUNE	15 Parkman St., Brookline, Mass.
GRIFFIN, EUGENIA	Harvard, Mass.
GRIFFIN, MARY	2307 Mass. Ave., No. Cambridge, Mass.
HAGEN, RAGNA	279 Hayward St., E. Braintree, Mass.
HALLATT, CLEDA	285 Victoria Ave., Chatham, Ontario
HALLISEY, NORA	486 Warren Ave., Brockton, Mass.
HAMBLIN, MARION	10 Clisbee Sq., Revere, Mass.
HAMILTON, ALLEE	18 Ingersoll Rd., Wellesley, Mass.
HAMILTON, VIRGINIA	96 Livingston St., New Haven, Conn.
HANSON, GLADYS	75 Park St., Mansfield, Mass.
HARRIS, LOUISE	402 S. Nattie St., Terrell, Texas
HARRISON, SELMA	223 Conner St., New Haven, Conn.
HEATON, LOUISE	809 Maurey Ave., Gastonia, N. C.
HERSHBERGER, JEANNETTE	1502 Seventh Ave., Altoona, Penn.
HICKEY, MARY	52 Main St., Peabody, Mass.
HICKS, MARGERY	Upper Sackville, New Brunswick
HOUSEMAN, KENNETH	156 Olive Ave., Lawrence, Mass.
HOWE, SIBYL	46 No. Willard St., Burlington, Vt.
HUFF, LOIS	Wakefield, Mass., R. F. D.
HUGHES, BETTY	304 Atlantic St., Atlantic, Mass.
HUGHES, MARY	54 East St., Waynesburg, Pa.
JACKSON, JEANETTE	Central Ave., Ayer, Mass.
JAINCHILL, BERNICE	750 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, Conn.
JOHNSON, BETTY	184 Wentworth Ave., Edgewood, R. I.
JONES, CLARA	1413 Hamilton St., Wilmington, Del.
JUST, MARGARET	412 T St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
KEMP, MARJORIE	American Consulate, Moncton, N. B.
KING, LILLIAN	20 Alton Place, Brookline, Mass.
KIRKPATRICK, GERTRUDE	682 Third Ave., Woonsocket, R. I.
LAWTON, JOHN HENRY	5 Grant St., Concord, Mass.
LESLIE, MARION	11 Hoover St., Burlington, Vt.
LEVEILLE, GERALDINE	Lake Drive, Winona, Minnesota
LEWIS, EDNA	139 No. Main St., Attleboro, Mass.
LI KAI YING	60 Lung Chong St., Canton, China
LIEFF, SYLVIA	129 Garfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
LOCKERBIE, ELIZABETH	1941 McIntyre St., Regina, Saskatchewan
LOURIE, HAZEL	54 Ellison Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.
LUMSDEN, BARBARA	33 Horace Rd., Belmont, Mass.
LUMSDEN, FRANCES MILLS	Sodus, N. Y.
MACARTHUR, DOROTHY	31 Elvir St., E. Lynn, Mass.
MACDONALD, HELEN	33 Spring St., Malden, Mass.
MACDOUGALL, DORIS	35 Parker St., Lexington, Mass.
MANN, ROBERT	Wauregan, Conn.
MARCUS, SYLVIA	331 Seaver St., Roxbury, Mass.



T H E E M E R S O N I A N 1 9 3 4

MARSHALL, VIRGINIA	24 George St., Newton, Mass.
MARTIN, LYNETTE	93 Monica St., Rochester, N. Y.
MASON, CORINNE	13 Euclid Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
MASSIRMAN, PEARL	57 Kimball Rd., Chelsea, Mass.
MATISON, JULIA	96 Naples Rd., Brookline, Mass.
MCGUIRE, EDNA	26 Gray St., Cambridge, Mass.
MCLAUGHLIN, JOHN	44 Hancock St., Everett, Mass.
MCMAMEE, LAUREE	326 Allen St., Hudson, N. Y.
MONROE, LOUISE	63 Bellevue Ave., Melrose, Mass.
MOORE, BEULAH	615 E. Greene St., Waynesburg, Pa.
MORGAN, MARGUERITE	Noroton Heights, Conn.
MORSE, NORMA	124 Oakdale St., Portland, Me.
MULCAHY, BEATRICE	9 Spring St., Fitchburg, Mass.
MURCH, NATALIE	341 Garden Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
NATAUPSKY, SYLVIA	30 Elm St., Chelsea, Mass.
NEILY, LOUISE	84 Trevally Rd., Revere, Mass.
NELSON, ESTHER	335 Reedsdale Rd., Milton, Mass.
NEVINS, IRENE	24 Forrester St., Newburyport, Mass.
NEVLER, FREIDA	65 Westminster Ave., Roxbury, Mass.
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NORRIS, EDITH	358 Center St., West Haven, Conn.
NORTHRUP, ROBERTA	829 So. 18th St., Fort Dodge, Iowa
O'GARA, FLORENCE	Tiverton, R. I.
O'KEEFE, MARY	47 Pemberton St., No. Cambridge, Mass.
PAGE, VERA	82 Strong Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.
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QUONG, WAI-NONG	261 High St., W., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan
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RICE, VIRGINIA	70 Robin St., West Roxbury, Mass.
ROBERTSON, IONE	215 No. Peterboro St., Canastota, N. Y.
ROBINSON, ELEANOR	450 Woodstock Ave., Stratford, Conn.
ROBINSON, MARIE	52 Linington Place, Lockport, N. Y.
ROSENBERG, BEATRICE	318 St. Paul St., Brookline, Mass.
ROUGHGARDEN, DANIEL	1 Haledon Ave., Patterson, N. J.
RUBENSTEIN, MADELINE	292 Tappan St., Brookline, Mass.
RUTSTEIN, DANIEL	190 Poplar St., Chelsea, Mass.
RYAN, DOROTHY	37 Madison Ave., Greenwood, Mass.
SCHUYLER, ALICE	23 Crescent Rd., Pawtucket, R. I.
SCHYCON, SYLVIA	149 Cove St., Morris Cove, N. Haven, Conn.
SELTZER, DOROTHY	8 Colborne Rd., Brighton, Mass.
SHAPIRO, SYLVIA	Jasper, Alabama
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SHUTZER, BERNICE	49 Kilsyth Rd., Brookline, Mass.
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SISSON, EVELYN	871 Salem St., Malden, Mass.
SOLOMON, ROSE	31 Emmons St., Milford, Mass.
SOULE, LUCILE	241 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.
SOUTHARD, ERMA	4 Middle St., Claremont, N. H.
SPENCER, LUCILE	12 Church St., Phoenix, N. Y.
SPOTNIZ, NELLIE	91 Stratton St., Dorchester, Mass.
SPRIGGS, MARJORIE	47 Whitfield Terrace, New Rochelle, N. Y.



T H E E M E R S O N I A N 1 9 3 4

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STEVENS, LOUISE	453 Princess Ave., London, Ontario
STONE, EDITH	47 Spring St., Carbondale, Pa.
STRIEBEL, MARGUERITE	50 Holmes Rd., Pittsfield, Mass.
SULLIVAN, KATHERINE	165 Washington Ave., Providence, R. I.
TAYLOR, DOROTHY	59 Bishop Parkway, Pittsfield, Mass.
TAYLOR, ELSYE	81 Glenwood St., Lowell, Mass.
TELLIER, MORWENNA	41 Fifth Ave., Woonsocket, R. I.
TEMPLE, VIRGINIA	140 Woburn St., Reading, Mass.
TUCKER, THELMA	220 Blue Hills Ave., Hartford, Conn.
TURIN, ELEANOR	106 Devon St., Roxbury, Mass.
TURNER, THEODORA	19 Williams St., Ayer, Mass.
UMAN, SYLVIA	23 Washington St., Dorchester, Mass.
VARNEY, FAITH	246 Lincoln Ave., No. Brighton, Mass.
VOYATZIS, PANDORA	3 Mifflin Place, Cambridge, Mass.
WAID, MILDRED	4 Davis St., Turners Falls, Mass.
WALKER, MARY	65 Hemingway St., Boston, Mass.
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WEINER, BEATRICE	77 Columbus Ave., Waltham, Mass.
WEIR, DORIS	15 Stetson Ave., Plattsburgh, N. Y.
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WUNSCH, ETTA	99 Bynner St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
YORSTON, JANET	Beyvista Place, Cowsette, R. I.
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ZALANSKAS, JOHN	19 Alden St., Lawrence, Mass.
ZIMMERMAN, ELAINE	249 Central Ave., New Haven, Conn.

SPECIAL STUDENTS

BARNSTONE, BEATRICE	9 Gibbs St., Brookline, Mass.
BROOKS, ESTELLA	Lincoln, Mass.
BROWN, JANET ELIZABETH	42 Common St., Providence, R. I.
BYER, ESTHER	114 St. Paul St., Brookline, Mass.
CONWAY, FRANK	25 Calvin St., Somerville, Mass.
DOW, DOROTHY	4 Lake St., Natick, Mass.
DOYLE, ESTHER	17 Hinckley St., Dorchester, Mass.
FOPIANO, TERESA	27 Newburg St., Roslindale, Mass.
GREENWOOD, IDA	14 Wiley St., North Andover, Mass.
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