

The Junior Promenade



MARY T. BOLGER



The old gymnasium was converted into a beckoning spot of beauty for that biggest social event of the year, the Junior Promenade. Softly illuminated, just as if filled with the light of a summer moon, the Prom Garden was supremely appointed. Hidden in the shadows of tall, stately columns, there were garden seats built especially for those affected by the lassitude of the vernal season; while arbors and rose laden trellises captivated the dancers and led them farther into the realm of roses and white. Drawn from her hiding place in the depths of the garden, the Queen of the Promenade, Mary T. Bolger, appeared through the unfolded leaves of a rose bud and was introduced to the assembled merrymakers by that Prince of Speakers, Dean Chandler. Then the Queen was seized by her admirers and the dance went on, only to break up with the lassitude that comes with the early dawn.

