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MAY 1924
GREETING

Since those oldest living graduates left C. C. the message has come from time to time to send greetings, write greetings or give a word of greeting. When this time our noble editor wrote and demanded "a short greeting, not at all wordy" the temptation was great to take her at her word and write "Greetings—Just Prent"—but having the reputation of the Alumnae Association to maintain, it is more becoming to "Say it with dignity." If it has to be short, why not an Alumnae-gram which being interpreted means a lame attempt to be unwordy and yet to say something?

"Hearty greetings and best wishes to every graduate. Note two new alumnae projects in 1924. Alumnae Annual in your hand. Alumnae Day 'in the brush' (if you missed it). C. C. days of first things not yet over. You missed a treat—joy, pep, revival of old memories in fact and song. True C. C. girl must have a visit to the hill often. College and undergraduates need you. You need the College and undergraduates. 'In unity is strength.' Messages from some who attended: 'Thrills' 'Elexir of life', 'Great idea', 'Advise any who are weary in well-doing to return to campus and be revived.' Secret—you straightway learn 'that college days will never seem to be a dream of long ago.' Joy to you all in your work. Keep the college and the Alumnae always alive in your thoughts."

Cordially and loyally,

MAREnda E. PRENTIS.
TO THE ALUMNAE:

THERE is, I suppose, no assurance the Alumnae of Connecticut College would like so much to have as that the College is proceeding honestly and faithfully in the direction that the spirit and the vision of the first years promised. I believe we can faithfully report to the Alumnae that the trend and development of the College is obedient to the standards and expectations of the founders and pioneers of the early days. The College is still distinctive in its spirit, industrious and alive, and the old thrill of the site and the purpose and the comradeship of the place is steadily and daily felt by all.

We steadfastly remind ourselves that we are a College for Women, and the curriculum will be so conducted and, as conditions may permit, will be so expanded or modified as to keep faith with our declared purpose to fit women for those likely and congenial occupations, whether in the home, in business or professional or social life, into which they are more and more coming.

There have been some strong accessions to the Faculty in recent years. It would scarcely be fair to name them, but we are all conscious of them, and happy in them. The quality of the undergraduate body steadily improves,—and this without any reflection upon the splendid, substantial women of the early years. The standards of the College are constantly advanced, but not unjustly or in hurried fashion. The fact is that many more girls apply than we can possibly accommodate. We, therefore, are justified in choosing them with much care, and taking only the best. The methods of the Committee on Admissions and their judgments are each year more and more sustained, in view of the fact that so few falter and are dropped for low grades. Girls are chosen for staying power and potential quality as College investments, and, to a degree that is not surpassed by any other college, our girls reveal this quality.

When you come back for Commencement the beginnings of a new dormitory will be apparent to you, at the West end of the soccer field, where a building in Colonial form will stand, in part dormitory, and on the main floor providing accommodations as a social center, with a large social room half again as large as our present Gymnasium, and adjacent parlors, coat-rooms and a dining-room with serving rooms and kitchen, beside a suite for a Fellow.

You will find many signs that the work and the life of the College is sound and wholesome and right, and the spirit of the College is the same brave, rugged, determined spirit that you knew; that we still aim to do things "beautifully" and give place to none in our purpose to make this College the equal of the best.

Into my office come continually signs and tokens and assurances that the spirit and worth of the College is becoming known far and wide. Parents, teachers, educators have all graciously commended us. We have a great task, and none of us can be turned aside from it.

With greetings, and eager hopes to see many of you, if not all, at Commencement, I am

Faithfully yours,

Benjamin T. Marshall,
President.
REMINISCE! That is what Juline's letter said—a very much delayed letter which had gone to El Paso and then come trotting down to Mexico to me, so that it did not arrive until the great St. Patrick (late of Ireland) was having his birthday. I began to reminisce immediately. To myself at first, but reminiscences are not things you can keep to yourself. So that evening at a St. Patrick's dinner, I told them about the letter—and then naturally I began upon our doings in C. C. There was the story of Mac and the suitcase, which I don't think is commonly known. I had bought Mac a bag for his Christmas present, and I couldn't think how to deliver it without exciting the interest of most of the college, so I threw it out the window to him, one night when he was going home. He didn't know what was coming, and the bag was heavy, and it almost, but not quite hit him on the head. If any amazed inmates were looking out of the windows at the proceeding I suppose they must have thought it was an elopement—it certainly must have looked like one: suitor, suitcase, and romantic maiden.

And then I told the dinner about the night we went to the charity ball with the cadets. There were a whole crowd of us. Mid and Jake and J. P. Brockett, and Mavis, I think, unless she was home with a cold. Anyway, Dr. Rondinella chaperoned us, and on the way home Rondi's cab got stuck in the snow, and simply refused to go up the icy hill. Somebody (fortunately I have forgotten who the terrible creature was), saw what had happened and hurried up in her own taxi to tell us, and we all sat there in the parlor of Plant laughing, until we heard Rondi's car wheeze up. Then—but the rest of the story is better not told! We had been particularly pleased at our revenge as Rondi had insisted that all of the cadets go down in bunches and that all of the girls, and especially I, should go down in another taxi, sans escorts.

I think that I might have provided Connecticut College anecdotes for the rest of the dinner if Mac hadn't been there to remind me that somebody else might like a chance to talk, and my dinner partner had been waiting a chance to tell his own experience at "Tech" reunion.

Afterward we went to the club to dance, and I felt almost as thrilled as I used to in New London, for I was half way convinced that I was going to a dance at the Fort, or the Mohican or at Thames Hall. I began to think about the dance we had for the French Relief Fund, a masquerade, and that reminded me of the "Vanity Fair" we gave and the vaudeville. It was Jake, wasn't it, who was the knight-errant who stood below the castle window while his lady love leaned out, and sang, "It comes out like a Ribbon, a R-i-b-b-o-n, And lies flat on the brush." I have just re-read the above sentence and I gather that any of the latter members of C. C. who were to read that would suppose that the lady in the castle had carolled about lying flat on a brush. Not so, it was the knight himself.

Now all this sounds as though reminiscing were an easy and pleasant pastime. It is, except on paper. But what follows is the true and terrible story of my disasters.

I began this work of literature in what is technically known as my front garden. It is a pleasant place to write at this time of the year because it is sunny, and walled-in, and nobody theoretically can bother you. If I get tired of writing, I can watch the mountains at the head of the village, and the mountains fascinate me. They are a deep brooding blue. At sunset when all of the low houses, which scuttle up and down the hills, turn pink, and the smoke hangs over them, and beyond, the mountains are mysterious purple with black
shadows, and the little goats come down over the hills, it looks like a Maxfield Parrish picture, or an enchanted scene, which might vanish in a moment, as it does, when the sunset is gone.

In the daytime there is the road to the village, Santa Barbara, (by the way, the camp is Tecolotes). On the road there is always something interesting to see; burros with panniers of pottery, and hay and vegetables; men in bright serapes and great sombreros; women with black rebozos over their heads, walking or riding sideways on the backs of horses, carrying umbrellas to keep off the sun; dozens of ragged children, and now and then a shrieking Ford, which stirs up the gray dust in a constant procession.

I had no sooner finished arriving in New London on a drenching Sunday evening, with the lights of State Street drowned yellow beacons, and the river a thing of dreary gray shadows—this was of course in my reminiscences, and I was feeling proud of my description—when I heard a frightful clatter at the back door. I would not go. I was determined. I went on. I described Miss Proctor, and the supper we had together in Thames Hall. I am not likely ever to forget the lovely lettuce and mayonnaise we ate that night. I was growing eloquent over the empty dorms, over the smell of paint and the damp feel of fresh plaster, and how even I who am never homesick was beginning to feel—let us say lonesome, when the clatter increased. Still I would not go. My reminiscences had reached the next morning, with the Thames an Italian blue, and the Sound glistening beyond the gray steeples of New London, and the trees in Bollerswood russet and gold. I had arrived at this point when I heard the clatter coming toward me. There was no escape. It was Ali Baba. Ali Baba brings the water every morning. As he, what shall I say, conveys it on the backs of two mules, and pours it into jars which look like the ones Fatima filled with boiling oil, and as the aguador himself has a certain resemblance to the hero of the “Forty Thieves”, we call him Ali Baba.

Ali and my little fat criada were having a terrific argument in high pitched Spanish. My criada, which means maid, is given to verbosity. She wears earrings and resembles a plump Carmen. She has a disposition which at times seems not to be much milder than Carmen’s. I parted Ali Baba and Carmen, and went back to my antique Corona. I was working on the second day, my second day, everybody else’s first, at Connecticut College. I had walked up to a group who were all talking about the girl from Texas. One of them was saying, “I’d surely like to see her. She must be awfully funny looking. I’ve seen pictures of girls from Texas, and they always wear short skirts, and cowboy hats, and I think they always carry pistols.” I remember, I electrified the group by announcing that I had seen the creature and she was almost as bad as they supposed.

“Senora, Senora.” I pretended deafness. “Oh Senora, come quickly! Kewpiecita has fallen out of the top of the mulberry tree!” Kewpiecita is my daughter. Her real name is Margery Lilla Morriss Mac Collom, but Kewpiecita seems to be a good deal easier. We call her Kewpie. I realize that is terrible, but it is Virginia Rose’s fault because she sent my child a Kewpie powder can when she was six months old. Kewpie immediately adopted it and we realized that she resembled the Kewpie more than she did any of her relatives. At present Kewpie is three and a half and she can climb like a cat. She was not hurt,—in fact, I think she had enjoyed her experience, but we had to have a lecture on tree-climbing and kiss the bump, which took time.

But let’s get back to C. C. My discussions remind me that there is a Radcliffe girl down here who used to know Miss Sutton. I can see Miss Sutton striding along in white with her eternal scarf, and that enigmatic expression. I half way suspect that Miss Sutton and Mona Lisa must have vibrated on the same plane in one of their incarnations. And there was Dr. Barr, always in green. I saw the other day that Nancy Barr Mavity had published a book of poems, and I had to announce to all of my acquaintances that she had once struggled through English classes with me in the front seat. And Pinkie Crandall,
whose suavity made me go gauche that I was always fearful of beginning to chew the corner of my hankie. And I can remember when Dr. Sykes would send for me to come to the office, or I would have to go for some cause or other, how excited, and awed, yes awed, I always was. I think I came nearer to hero-worshipping Dr. Sykes than I ever have anyone.

But Kewpie has just come in to show me her knee, and to tell me that she didn’t cry when she scratched it, not a bit. Which reminds me that Jessie Wells’ mother kept me from crying for homesickness by telling me that I must see that Jessie didn’t get that way! And I might as well confess that at this very moment, I am just as near a hard attack of that malady as I have ever been. Reminiscing is no fun if you have to do it alone. I have been thinking of the feeds in J. P.’s room with all of us in our best kimonos, and thrilled to pieces because we thought we were doing what girls always did at college. And Sunday night suppers at Katherine Barry’s, and the fudge cake she used to give us. And weekends at the Culverts, with “Mother Culver” as all the cadets used to call her, coming in and welcoming the whole bunch, and sometimes there was a bunch. Vacations, at Stamford with Mid or Jake or Billie Williams or at Cora’s or Mid Wells’ in New London, and class meetings and rowing on the river, and tea dances, and all the things that you remember afterward so vividly, such as swapping clothes and meeting each other down town in one another’s duds, and movies at the Crown, and Jake and Mid and “Dew Drop Inn,” and the time Rose Quinn asked me how I ever in the world learned how to eat properly! She thought knives and forks were a bit ultra for Texans.

If I keep on I shall believe I am seventeen again, and that in a few minutes Juline will come rapping on my door, and when I open it she will poke her head in and say, “Shhh, Tommy, please, it’s quiet hour.” But instead of Juline I hear the children shrieking on the other side of the wall. They are playing bandit and soldier. I suppose even children absorb local color. And one of them is shouting,

“Sing a song of mozos,
A pocket full of pesos,
Four and twenty burros,
Standing on a hill.

When their packs were opened,
The gold began to spill,
Wasn’t that a sight to thrill
A bold bandido.”

Mexico City—Pride of the Aztecs
DOROTHY MATTESON GRAY, ’20

BREAD! Butter! Salt! Pepper! Oh! you remember it, don’t you, the old trick of associating ideas? Only natural, then, was the thought of “revolution”, that popped into my mind when I first contemplated “Mexico” as a suitable place in which to try out my bundle of “C. C.” knowledge. Truly, the prospects did look bright to a New England school ma’m out for adventure.

Moreover, after I had crossed the border at Laredo, Texas, my imagination was stimulated by occasional glimpses of human skeletons strung up on telegraph poles and minus the lower extremities which had been chewed and gnawed off by coyotes as far up as they could reach. However, excepting for newspaper accounts of trouble in Mexico, sent by anxious friends in the States, this was practically the only sign of disturbance of a war-like nature that I saw while in Mexico.

For a night and two days we climbed steadily upward until, with the sun shining brightly on our second morning, across the border, we passed numerous villages,
and pueblos on our way into Mexico City, the land of flowers and—as I soon learned—of fleas.

Built on a plateau seventy-five hundred feet above sea-level, la ciudad de Mexico—the city of magic, exceedingly cosmopolitan, is a delightful blending of progressive modern life and ancient civilization. With an approximate population of two million, the capital of the republic has an American colony of about five thousand, a large English and Canadian colony, a fair-sized German settlement, an even smaller group of Frenchmen and a sprinkling of widely diversified races—Danish, Chinese, Peruvian, and of course, citizens of Spanish-speaking countries.

Unfortunately, these groups do not mingle with any degree of intimacy. The Americans are not inclined to associate with “that vulgar English set” while the “vulgar English set” has little patience with “those barbarous Yankees.” The Germans are in high favor with the Mexicans who, not without reason, frankly dislike the Americans. Too often the latter assume a condescending attitude toward members of fine old Spanish families, and a natural resentment follows.

Nothing of all this bothered me, however, when I took my first walk in Mexico City—the Paris of Central America. At the fashionable hour of four o’clock on a Sunday afternoon, I strolled up the Paseo de la Reforma, the ancient causeway of the Indians, to Chapultepec Park. This driveway though short, is a fairy-land of beauty. Flanked on either side with magnificent palms or giant eucalyptus trees, it is in reality a pictorial history of Mexico with its statues of practically every historical figure and event.

Just beyond the statue of Independence lies Chapultepec Park, inviting the tired pedestrian to rest beneath its mammoth cypress tree from whose branches droop grey masses of Spanish moss. Fatigue was not for me, however, with the presidential castle glowing in the sun upon the cliff.

Following a by-path I scrambled up the steep road and was delighted with my good fortune at finding an open gate to the palace yard. But my emotion was quickly changed when a militant-looking individual with a healthy-appearing gun in his hand poured out an excited torrent of words. Of course I can’t tell what he said. I myself don’t know. I undoubtedly was being arrested. At any rate I did not pause to find out.

When I reached the bottom of the hill again I was told about the castle. Built by the Aztec Indians and redecorated by the Emperor Maximilian, it is said to be more beautiful than the White House. Americans do not find admittance easy since some of their kinsmen indulged in the practice of cutting out pieces of brocade from the chairs for souvenirs. In its walls are the American bullet holes which lodged there in 1848 when the skirmish took place between the two opposing countries. I was living the battle over again in my mind when suddenly a marvelous military band began to play.

Almost immediately the people began to swarm. From every quarter came pedestrians, equestrians, automobiles and carriages—and Mexico City, the show place of the republic, was on parade. A Russian ex-countess in a stylish victoria dazzled the eyes as she passed, while at her side rode a brilliantly dressed caballero, gorgeous in silver and gold trimmed Mexican clothes. Mexican Señoritas in Paris gowns rode on past a ranchero who had stopped his mule to listen to the music. The stream of moving life was endless, and I turned my attention to the curbstone.

A bare-footed peon in a picturesque serape was drinking in every note that the band played, while his wife sat at his feet, happily munching a piece of sugar cane. By her side played a half-naked child with protruding stomach,—a deformity caused by the consumption of sand and dirt, eaten to help the burning from highly seasoned foods.

On nearby streets, ever darting in and out between trolley cars, raced the “jitneys” of Henry Ford. Each driver a speed law unto himself, his manana habit of procrastination for the moment forgotten, he cared little about reaching his destination alive. If he arrived safely? Bueno! If not? What matter? He must die. If not today,—tomorrow.
One of my first visits in the capital was at the National Museum off the Zocalo, the central square where the Aztec religious ceremonies took place. Here I saw the huge sacrificial stone upon which the annual demand of human sacrifice had been given up each year to the great Indian god, Malinche.

When Cortez conquered Mexico, he imposed upon the people the religion of the old world,—Catholicism. With no alternative, a conquered nation, they adopted a form of worship which they did not understand, accustomed as they were to a religion of savage gods. Is it any wonder, then, that to-day the Indian carries out scrupulously every ceremony the church demands, and yet has little knowledge of what he does or why he does it?

Some of these rites are primitive, indeed. There is the day upon which all animals from cats and dogs to chickens and cows are painted with gay colored stripes and fantastic designs and taken to the priest to be blessed.

Of course I could not neglect the chance I had to witness a bull-fight, the national amusement of Mexico. In the second largest arena in the world, I had an opportunity to see Rodolfo Gaona, a famous toreador. Six bulls were killed in succession in a most spectacular fashion. At the conclusion of the performance, the matador was the king of the Mexican world. Presented with a house and automobile, in addition to the fortune he had made, he was the most popular man in the republic. The bull-fighter alone has the privilege of wearing the distinctive toreador’s hat. Should any other man don this particular head-gear, he would be shot at sight. Nor would he bear the label of the political prisoner killed during one of the revolutions, “Shot by mistake.”

Occasional attempts have been made by the government to turn the love of bull-fighting into enthusiasm for foot-ball. But the stand has invariably been taken that the American game has more fatalities to its credit than the popular Mexican amusement. Moreover, the climate is not conducive to violent exercise.

In every way, however, the weather is ideal in the capital. The crisp evenings come as a refreshing delight after the warm mid-day, which in its turn has driven away the chill of the early morning. Nor does one have to reckon with a chance storm to spoil a day’s plans and pleasures. Two rainy seasons occur each year—one in the autumn and the other in the spring. If a May day party is arranged, no qualification has to be made for “weather permitting.” At the same time each day the shower begins and at the same time each day the shower ends. Plans are made accordingly.

With such desirable conditions, Mexico naturally becomes a land of flowers. They grow everywhere. Houses are covered with them—cheerful pink geranium vines or royal purple bougainvillias,—or perchance, the restful green English ivy.

Flowers—bushels of them—are purchased for next to nothing. At one corner of the zocalo, the central square, is the flower market, in truth a fairy-land on Sunday mornings. Here my chief delight was to bargain for five dozen Easter lilies for a dollar or for ten dozen roses, asters or chrysanthemums for the same amount.

Foods of a certain class, of course, are also found in abundance. Strawberries in January cost no more than strawberries in July and fresh vegetables and fruits are at hand the year round. The charge for some articles, however, which are imported from the States and purchased in sealed packages, actually reaches the point of robbery.

Robbery, however, is not out of place with the Mexican law. When Cortez destroyed the old Aztec form of worship, he supplanted it with a higher plane of religion,—crude as the Indian idea of it was. When Cortez destroyed the old Aztec form of government, he supplanted it with what virtually amounted to slavery. The result is evident in the Mexican peon of today.

 Barely able to exist, unfit for self-government, he can not see how a mere revolution can make his plight worse, while there is always a chance of its helping. So he has upheld first one party, then another, trying to obtain laws which might make his life a trifle easier.

Taking advantage of this tendency on the part of the peon, from time to time, different presiding factions have used
their power of law-making to gain their own particular ends. Consequently today there are in existence some peculiar and interesting laws.

The measures dealing with the thief are most extraordinary. No such thing as a suspected robbery exists. The stolen article must be on the person of the accused man at the time of his arrest. Otherwise he can turn the tables by arresting his accuser and the court can collect a fine. This particular state of affairs is extremely popular with the pickpockets. By working together one thief can pass on his stolen goods to his partner—nor can the partner be arrested as he did not commit the theft.

Such a law encourages dishonesty. And there is dishonesty. An honest servant is seldom found. Occasionally a mozo will be treated with confidence and trust. Almost invariably, disaster results.

One chance of recovery of lost articles, however, always remains. That lies in the pool where one can often buy back at a small price the goods which have been stolen. This property usually finds its way to the Thieves' Market which occupies a whole block off the Zocalo. I have spent many fascinating hours at this place, searching for real prizes. Occasionally a good diamond—mistaken for a rhinestone—is sold for a peso or two. Tapestries, old books, rare bits of stolen ornamentations from cathedrals,—everything from old clothes and furniture to hand-hammered silverware or daggers and disks, is for sale. Often the true values are unknown to the salesman who will take a low price for some costly possession. For twenty centavos he can buy enough pulque to get comfortably drunk for the day, and that is sufficient. As for tomorrow—Quien sabe? He may die before then.

The hope of Mexico lies in the education of the masses. The upper class takes care of its young in the matter of schooling. There are always tutors at hand or private schools, either Mexican or foreign. Many times a child is sent to the German school until he masters the language which is used exclusively, then to the French school for the same purpose. He ends up at the American school which ranks highest academically of any in the city. With several hundred students of varying nationalities, it carries a child from kindergarten through high school, and prepares for college.

The education of the peon is unfortunately different. Although laws exist regulating the matter of schools for children, they have not been enforced. Schooling has been spasmodic and irregular. This fact is partly due to the cost of uniforms and books required for all children. Recently, however, the situation has been clearing. A survey of conditions has been made under government auspices and steps have been taken toward more effective public schools.

Most assuredly Mexico needs all she can get in the way of education. The big obstacle in her way now is her own ignorance. From the advent of Cortez to the present time, the conquered Indian has been constantly repressed and oppressed, his natural development thwarted and retarded by a ruling minority composed of tyrants or tyrannical bodies, while he has had only a few outstanding friends such as Porfirio Diaz.

To-day a champion is at hand to help the people to help themselves. Will they, crushed and indifferent with the memory of previous unfulfilled hopes and aspirations, reject and destroy the aid within their reach? Or will they, recognizing their opportunity, claim as their own their hero, the leader who can lift them out of the depths, their president, General Obregon?
An ocean voyage is quite eventful, especially the first few days. If one is afflicted with the usual malady, the interest is necessarily quite personal. However, the fun which comes afterward makes one totally forget the first unpleasant sensations.

The most interesting part to me is the wonderful chance to study human nature at close range. Of course, on the boat you meet a great many Americans going abroad for the first time. They are generally in tours of some description and think anyone who is not travelling by means of a tour surely is going to be lost or, to say the least, is extremely out of fashion. Four college girls quickly decided that they would overcome the difficulty by announcing that they were all the "Statue of Liberty Tour" signifying total independence in all matters.

On stormy days, eating in the dining room furnishes all the excitement one could wish for. If the chairs weren’t chained to the floor, you would have to have a progressive dinner, soup from one table, main course at another,—the direction depending upon the lurch of the boat,—salad at another, and so on. Progressive bridge would be very slow in comparison with the rate at which you would whirl around the dining room in bad weather. You never need to reach for the salt and pepper, as they will run toward you willingly, provided you wait for the right plunge!

Upon our arrival at Glasgow, we went immediately to London. Instead of hiring an ordinary taxi, Mother and I preferred an old-fashioned, two-wheeled cab, with the "cabby" sitting up in the box at the rear. When we had asked the fare, we were quite astonished to hear, "The fare is two shillings, mum, but you can pay what you like." Tipping, all over the Continent, as well as here, has become a dreadful nuisance. The "cabby" had an ingenious way of hinting at it!

In London we saw St. Paul’s Cathedral, the Guild Hall (originally built in 1411), where the election of the Lord Mayor took place; the Parliamentary buildings, and Westminster Abbey, wonderful structures of art (the latter, the building which I enjoyed most of all that I saw on the trip); and the famous Tower of London. The wardens of the Tower are very distinctive in a costume designed by Edward VI—dark blue trousers, a three-quarter blue coat trimmed with red, and a wide-brimmed hat with a square crown. The Tower, commenced in 1078 by William the Conqueror, contains many of the racks, nail screws, and other forms of torture once used upon prisoners. It was very interesting to see the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, and to realize that in this small space he had ambition and courage enough to try to write a history of the world.

Outside the Tower, some huge, black ravens, as large as chickens, strutting about, dragging their tails on the ground, their mouths continually open, impressed me fully as much as the Tower itself. These particular birds were supposed to be over fifty years of age.

Our most interesting day in England was the one on which we visited Sulgrave Manor, the home of the Washingtons before they came to Virginia. It is now a museum, containing souvenirs of George Washington. The British government restored it to its original condition, and is now expecting Americans to endow it. The Manor is fully as interesting as Mount Vernon itself.
We continued our drive to Stratford-on-Avon, to visit the birthplace of the immortal Shakespeare. Words cannot express the feelings with which one treads that sacred ground.

The spaciousness of Paris, the most striking feature of the city, is noticeable as soon as one enters. Descriptions of the beautiful, wide streets which I had read in French books and didn't believe a word of, are not exaggerated in the least. As it was Monday, some of the buildings and stores were closed. The Parisians seem to use Monday as a day to clean things after the week-end.

We spent one day in Versailles—mainly in the palace. The most amusing part of travelling is the people one encounters. We went through the palace in company with some other Americans. Some of them had never travelled before and clearly showed their ignorance. Upon seeing the huge palace of Versailles with its beautiful exterior and painted interior—each room having a different picture on its ceiling—it seemed rather incongruous to hear such remarks as the following: “My, it must have cost a lot of money!” “That man went crazy painting that picture! Ain’t that awful?” “Say, how many kings lived here at one time, anyway?” “Who was this Louis anyway? What did he do?”

One room was pointed out as the royal dining room where, on certain days, the king and queen ate and allowed the populace to walk through to watch. No wonder they revolted, after seeing such pomp and show while they were in such poverty! Even now the palace is a great drain upon the people of France who pay taxes for its upkeep.

The first night of travel in a train on the continent was never to be forgotten. In the compartment with us was a Frenchman who immediately proceeded to take off his shoes and put on slippers. An elderly French woman of the peasant class sat opposite and talked continually. Another French woman had a bag containing nothing but bottles. I think she was trying to evade the customs officials by putting new cologne into old bottles. Playing with the various bottles occupied most of her time. She next proceeded to put her hair up in curlers. Everyone seemed to be perfectly at home. The two other occupants as well as the above-mentioned, imbibed freely of wine, but I am thankful to say, didn’t roll around during the night.

Lucerne, Switzerland, is a beautiful country place, in the heart of the Alps. The town consists mostly of hotels. The lake is even bluer than any pictures of lakes on vivid post cards. All the Swiss houses are conspicuously neat, with cement or stone for the main part of the building, red-tiled roofs, and nearly all of them adorned with flower-boxes of red geraniums.

Venice was the city which interested me most. After rushing about the other cities, we found the gondolas most leisurely as well as picturesque. Venice is most beautiful at night, when people in their gondolas fill the Grand Canal. It is so restful to have nothing to do, but to lean back, and enjoy the very fine singing of several operatic companies from their boats along the Canal.

In Florence we spent all our time in viewing the art in which the city abounds. While on our way to visit Dante’s house, again I overheard one tourist ask another, “Say, who is this Dante, anyway? What did he ever do?”

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Q. E. D.

You will say I am lacking in ability—perhaps I am. You will even say I am odd, or crazy—that too has its possibilities. Talk if you will, but I am firmly determined to write for the “Annual”. But although I am not one of the “oldest living graduates” of this institution, I find that my pen has become covered with moss and lichens since last I wielded it. I find myself tearing my hairnet as though experiencing an orgy—my determination waxes and wanes, giving the sensation of fever and chill. I cannot even find a subject worthy of discussion—the literary resolve has faded.

I lack ability; I am crazy.

V. P. E., '23.
PARIS! On one of the hottest July days a poor American tourist ever tried to draw breath. Paris, the Hotel St. Anne, Rue St. Anne, and we, three New England females, Vassar '22, Maine '18, and C. C. '19, my sister, our travelling companion and I were stretched out on our bedroom floor, very much en negligee, hunting frantically through our French conversation booklets. One phrase would procure us relief from the sweltering heat; just a few little words could bring a tub and gallons of ice-cold water.

"Bother it all, why didn't I keep up my French the way I said I was going to", I chided myself. "Mary", addressing my sister, "You're almost just out, you ought to remember. B, b, b, I know it begins with 'b'," I fretted. Then, tout d'un coup, the very word came drifting into my mental processes, crossed one of those synapses Dr. Morris always used to be talking about, and I shouted in triumph, "Bain, bain, bain! Connecticut College vanquishes Vassar. Mary, you're a dumbbell. So are you, Connie. And I'm going to have the first tub."

Ten minutes later I was reveling in the coolness of the tub, forgetful of the heat outside, wilfully negligent of my restless travelling companions. My thoughts, propelled on their way by that one faint suggestion, went drifting back to the old days in C. C. by the sea, when I didn't have to earn my own living, checks came from home on regular occasions, and the most important hours out of the whole twenty-four were those between ten P. M. and one A. M. when we talked ourselves sleepy night after night, and settled to our own satisfaction the origin of the universe, the morals of our fellow-creatures, the ultimate end of all things, material, mental, spiritual.

I was back again now on the third floor Winthrop, tumbling out of my single cot, dressing in the customary rush, dashing over to Thames with Brader for stewed prunes and a long brown roll and coffee. Then across the top of the windy hill, breezes from the ocean beyond the river freshening body, mind and spirit anew with the zest that only sea air can bring. Across the hill in the sunshine, with the groups of girls hurrying towards New London Hall. Notebooks. Pencils. Swinging doors. Classrooms. Lectures. Back trailed my thoughts to things specific. A tiny room on the third floor front. French 1 and 2. "Guess I'll write Mlle. Cary a note", thought I, "Tell her I did recall at least a phrase or two for the glory of my elective."

How the Yankee Thames used to glimmer in the morning sunshine! Even from that small, one-windowed room we could see its shining blue, now splashed here and there by the sodden gray-black of towboat or barge, now lifted and lightened with a white sail moving down to the Atlantic.

Our Connecticut river far surpasses its English elder sister in length and breadth and beauty. Before crossing to the continent we had tea-ed on the London Thames embankment; a cold, gray day, though it was June in England. Our table sat so near to the river that a hand, reaching through the stone balustrades might dip and trail in the waters of age-old legend and history. That was one of the red-letter days in our all too brief excursion. We were guests of Sir William Joysson-Hicks, M. P., Financial Secretary in Stanley Baldwin's Conservative cabinet. We
had visited the House of Commons, listened to the harangues, watched the speaker wield his golden mace, laughed at the members, making ducking bows to its authority as they left the House and sought the Terrace on the Thames embankment, eager for their talk and tea. Ramsay McDonald came out to walk and talk, a picturesque person, strong features topped by heavy black brows and iron-grey hair. A real honest-to-goodness Lord, (who looked like a very ordinary person), sat at our table, and I shook in my shoes and called the grace of Emily Post to aid me as I passed him scones and currant cakes and urged more strawberries and cream upon his titled palate. Oh, those English strawberries!

My mid-morning reminiscences were interrupted. My companions roused me, and I yielded illy comfort to the next, not without a murmured litany, "The bathtubs must not be used before 6:30 A.M. or after 10 P.M. Students are asked to leave them after using as they would like to finish them."

Is the phraseology different now, wondered, or does Edna still tack up the warning pasteboards on Winthrop walls?

Paris, in the intense heat of a July day! Never was any city hotter. As we walked down the Avenue de l'Opéra, heading for the American express office we perforce forgot the 100°F in our primordial instinct for self-preservation. Those diabolical Parisian taxi-drivers! Dapper fellows, neatly moustached, merry-eyed, gleeful. As long as time and taxis are, in Paris, they will take the same delight in the squawk and cry of their motor horns as they tool and tear round any corner, on any side of the street, chuckling at the frantic scramble of the pedestrian in their path, relishing the maledictions following their course. Our lives were at a premium when we crossed the Place de l'Opéra.

We were always limp as rags after that excursion to the American Express in the Rue Scribe. So we took our time there, mopped our brows and powdered our noses in leisurely fashion, then called for mail from home.

"I've got to get a card to send Mlle. Cary in New London", I remarked to my sister, after we had gathered in the letters. And as we descended the stairs from the letter room Mlle. Cary and her mother were coming up! Register sufficient surprise for a cinema production. The Mademoiselle was even prettier, more radiant, more vivacious than I had remembered her. We talked a long, long time.

"Oh, yes," she told me, while we discussed various C. C.'s, substantiating news which had floated to me from afar, "Loretta Higgins is studying in Paris and getting along famously. She's going to climb to the top some day."

After reunion Mary and Constance and I sought luncheon at Bernard's, where we had feasted the previous day. Hot, or tired, or peevish, we could always eat in Paris. Lunch and our attempts to reckon the price of the meal in francs and bewildering centimes over, we strolled undaunted though near to melting, down past the intriguing windows along the Rue de Rivoli, parting with our worldly wealth in sudden bursts of enthusiasm, gloating over the new acquisitions, rejoicing in the fat, unexpected value of the American dollar.

Four o'clock came quickly and with it thirst. We reached the Cafe de la Paix warm and weary but with eyes as wide-open as ever. "Typical French" I registered, as a dashing young woman in black almost collided with me on the sidewalk in front of the cafe. Then I gasped, "Loretta". Loretta it was, garbed in unmistakable Parisian street costume of neat fitting black, silk nude hose, cloche black hat; skin pale except where the intense heat had brought a little flush. And, could I believe my eyes, discreetly followed by an attentive maid. Visions of the Loretta of New London days flashed through my mind. What passing years can do! Middy blouse, streaming locks, glowing cheeks, Yankee twang of 1919 and 1920. Now 1923, and a subtle modish garb, close coiffure, cosmétique, and—but yes, even an alluring French accent so undeniable one might assume a Parisienne striving to attain the English tongue.

Loretta did not remember my name at first; I did not expect that, so much had
filled her conscious and subconscious since college days. So I established my identity and soon we were chatting away as easily as in the days when we jangled knives and forks, fought for clean napkins in Thames Hall and meticulously doled out asparagus stalks, six buttery delights to each hungry student. Glib reference to "my work", "my maid", "l'Opera Comique" awed Yankee me. What a world of benefits pluck and perseverance and personality can attain!

As I said good-bye to Loretta and sought Mary and Constance at the table where they had established themselves to watch a cosmopolitan world roll by, I emitted my third and last gasp for this eventful day. For seated with them, sipping frothy demi-bieres while the girls drank lemon-ade, chatting casually as could be, were two tall lads we had danced with until daylight only a fortnight ago in Oxford town.

Hope

Marguerite Mills Murphy, '22

What do I wait for, each night and all day?
Is it thy coming I wait for alway?
Why do I find myself dreaming by night?
Drifting in thought in the mystic moonlight?

They tell me Death stole you away in your sleep,
And now you are happy while I wait and weep.
But why should I long for you now that you're gone?
This life is but passing and Death is but Dawn.

The Angel of Death, the kind bearer of Life,
Who leads forth the soul from this sad vale of strife,
Has taken you off on the wings of the dawn,
And shown you the path where the night turns to morn.

You walk in a world free from earth's tawny hue,
Where moonbeams and shadows are mingled with dew,
And life in its fullness is ever thy boon.
With hope in my soul, Love, I come to thee soon.
From Our Syrian Sojourner

[Editorial Note:—Miss Hulbert returned last fall after three years spent in the University of Beirut, Syria.]

Dear Alumnae Annual:

Because I have been so very far away from our C. C. family for three years, I have come back to you much more eager to hear of all that you have been doing and thinking while I was across seas, than I am to rave of the wonders of “far Cathay”. I am warming my hands by the fire, and am trying to get re-adjusted to the “home” atmosphere, and I feel horribly undone when you write and say——“We want to hear all about Everything——” before I have quite recovered my U. S. A. breath, again.

It was Connecticut College that gave me the opportunity of realization of adventure in the Near East——and the incentive to serve C. C. with the equipment she offered of sane, helpful, varied courses in education, and her world vision of international fraternity. It was a direct preparation for the life I was to live in a University whose student body was made up of Syrians, Egyptians, Armenians, Greeks, Persians, Turks, Malayans, Tartars, and Abyssinians: where the religions were not two or three but six and seven, Moslem, Druze, Bahai, Jewish, Catholic, Orthodox, Protestant——; a University which, 7000 miles removed from Western civilization has departments of medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, nursing, commerce, arts and sciences, and a preparatory school of 500 boys. Our A. U. B. Brotherhood was a C. C. Service League on a vastly larger scale. Our religious gatherings were Winthrop House discussion groups on an intensified plane. In every branch of college activity in Beirut, I saw visions of what Connecticut College might and can some day reach out to.

But how I longed to have our girls transplanted to Syria, en masse, to show those Orientals what woman’s place in modern civilization ought to be——to tear off those black Moslem veils forever from the faces of women——to clean up the homes and the morals, and strengthen the ideals of manhood and education. When I shut my eyes and imagined C. C. girls swinging out over the New England hills, in knickers and sweaters, and low-heeled shoes——and then opened them, to the facts about me in Syria——black-veiled, long-skirted Moslem women hobbling across the filthy narrow Oriental streets in high-heeled clob-clob——ideals, life, thoughts suppressed for centuries behind the latticed windows of sequestered harems,—oh, girls, can you understand how I prized my American heritage, my American education, my American outlook——and longed to have you there to prove to them that you do exist? To them, your liberty and freedom is a dream.

“The education of the women of the world” is, or ought to be, the slogan of our American college girls today.

Is Connecticut College living up to the high ideals of her founders and leaders? Are Connecticut College girls realizing and assuming the responsibility they can shoulder? Are they preparing for the leadership and guidance of American politics and American ideals, of American homes, and American education? The eyes of the world are looking more and more to America for leadership in world affairs, we are assured every day. Are we as college girls realizing that what we do and what we do not do, will live after us when the sun goes down?
The words of a poem written by our best beloved Dr. Nann Barr Mavity, of 1915, 16, 17 days on the hill-top, have been in my memory often—-

"Not alone to New England skies
Shall thy voice arise,
But o'er the uniting sea, to the winds of the world,
Be thy flag, o my college, unfurled."

But we do not need to cross the ocean to unfurl our flag. Each of us here in our own unique way can do our best to develop all of the finest of the ideals that our college and community are fighting for. And always, always, to keep that first fine careless rapture that we felt in the comradeship and joy on the heights above the Thames, where our college is planted "like a tree by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season,

Whose leaf also doth not wither,
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

KATHRYN HULBERT, '20.

A Visit to Spelman
Florence T. Carus, '19

HAVE you heard the story of "The Most Beautiful Thing in the World"? I used to read it to my girls at Spelman. It is the story of King Timon who was so passionately fond of beauty that he determined to find the most beautiful thing in the world. After many weary months of search and after many bitter experiences, he found the most beautiful thing in the world in the dungeon of his own palace,—a beautiful life.

Perhaps you have been searching for the beautiful and have found it. I have,—in the lives of sacrifice and service among both teachers and students at Spelman Seminary, and especially among those who have given the best part of their lives for the uplift of the negro race.

More than likely you have never heard of Spelman Seminary. But even if you have, I am sure that if you could go with me to Atlanta, and ride up thru the heart of the negro district with its battered sidewalks, funny little tumble-down stores and houses on stilts, and then get off at the Spelman gate,—I am sure your first expression would be one of surprise. For there in the midst of one of the worst parts of the city, like an oasis in a desert, stands the beautiful Spelman campus. With its twenty acres surrounded by iron fence and flourishing hedge, its concrete walks and drives, its twelve or more brick buildings set in the midst of stretches of green grass, of foliage, shrubbery and trees of many varieties, it is surely one of the most beautiful spots in the city. But you might be pardoned for your ignorance of Spelman, for it does its work so quietly and unobtrusively that it is as much of a revelation to a southern visitor as it is to a northerner.

Of course you would like to see the campus and be shown thru the buildings. We will go first past the president’s home to Rockefeller Hall, the administration building, where you will meet the president, Miss Tapley, and other officers. First you may see the offices, the high school classes in session and possibly a typical bedroom on the third floor. Perhaps the wisest plan would be to visit the rest of the buildings in order; you would thus be practically covering three sides of a rectangle. First comes the Bessie Strong Nurses’ Home which is new, attractive and modern; and then MacVicar Hospital, the training school for nurses and the first of its kind in the South. The best physicians and surgeons in the city are on the staff, and there outside patients as well as students receive the best of care. Medical, surgical and obstetrical cases are taken; thus Spelman finds a way to help its neighbors. State registration was secured for the training school in 1919. Next comes Morgan Hall with its immense dining hall
for students and smaller one for teachers, its well equipped kitchens and work rooms and dormitories on the upper floors; then Upton Home, a dormitory for teachers, with the contagious ward at one end. Down the road you can see the superintendent's cottage and the garden equipped with over-head irrigation. But we will go on to the laundry which has nearly a hundred set tubs in the wash room, large steam driers and upstairs the ironing room. The sound of pianos will tell you that the next building, Packard Hall, is the home of the music department. Music rooms with the high school annex occupy the basement, while the upper floors contain library, dormitory and printing room. We must be sure to stop and speak with Miss Werden, the dearest and youngest of little women over seventy years, who runs the printing department, teaches printing classes and edits the Spelman Messenger. Giles Hall comes next, and it is the largest building on the campus. It is a whole school in itself, for it contains the normal school and the normal practice school of eight grades. About five hundred of the nearly eight hundred pupils attend here. A large number in the grammar school and quite a few in the high school are day pupils. Here you will find student teachers conducting classes under the supervision of the critic teachers. In fact most of the under grade work is done by students, regular teachers doing chiefly eighth grade work and filling in in the lower grades. Sewing, cooking and Bible study find their places side by side with other work. Bench work, basketry and high school chemistry are taught in the basement. Morehouse Hall, which comes next, contains the two largest dormitories, and last of all comes the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Building, which is devoted exclusively to work in home economics. In this building are taught the trades of dressmaking and millinery, besides the regular courses in cooking, sewing, etc. A regular four year course in home economics of high school grade, besides a two-year post graduate course of normal grade is taught here. Both this and the other normal course have state certification. The library, class rooms, laboratories, model laundry, kitchen, dining room, reception room, besides the model apartment of four rooms are all of the best. For several months in the year girls have experience in running this model apartment, serving meals, etc. to their teachers.

You have now seen all the buildings with the exception of the plant and barns which are in the rear of the campus. Since it is now 9:30 and the lines are passing in their orderly fashion to chapel, we too will return to Rockefeller Hall. This service is lead by the dean. As we enter the chapel you will notice Spelman's motto on the wall opposite—"Our Whole School for Christ". You will be thrilled with the singing of the girls, especially if they sing their famous melodies, and if we ask the director she will have them sing "Swing low, sweet chariot" if you like. The best time to hear the singing, however, is on Sunday afternoons at the preaching service when the young men from Morehouse college come over and blend their mellow voices with the sweet ones of the girls. To hear them sing some of their melodies, is an experience worth going South for.

Spelman aims in her work to improve the homes and communities by uplifting the women of the negro race. She emphasizes intellectual development, diligence, order, thrift, useful labor, integrity, high aims, noble character, and allegiance to Christ. In order to help in these achievements, she has many other activities besides regular studies. Among these are daily and weekly prayer meetings, Y. W. C. A., Christian Endeavor Societies, social purity meetings, talks on health and manners, glee club, recitals in music and eloquence, literary society to which the men from Morehouse belong; and on Sundays, Sunday School in the morning, preaching service in the afternoon at which ministers from different Protestant churches in the city preside, and prayer meeting in the evening. A Lyceum series each year provides outside entertainment and instruction.

In order really to know Spelman you should witness a typical Spelman day, and a Spelman day is a busy one.

The rising bell rings at 5:45. But for many the day begins earlier than that.
The hall whose laundry day it is must go to the laundry at five o'clock to wash their clothes. Some girls must attend to the barrel of flour which was set for bread the night before. By six o'clock, breakfast preparations are well under way. Each girl takes her turn waiting on tables. Breakfast is served, for students and faculty alike at 6:45. The teachers have a separate dining room, and students do the work for pay under a director. At 7:15 comes the hour of daily work required from each boarding pupil. All rooms and campus receive attention. Duties are shifted every four weeks so that girls may be trained in all forms of household work.

School begins at 8:30, daily devotions at 9:30. Lunch is from 12:00 to 12:30. At three o'clock school is over. Girls do their ironing, attend cooking or printing classes, etc., or if they are free they play on the campus until five o'clock. Some are busy cleaning school rooms or preparing dinner which comes at 5:15. From 6:30 to 7:00 come prayer meetings, Y. W. C. A., etc. From seven to nine all gather in their hall study rooms to study until nine when they retire. All lights on the campus, even in the teachers' rooms go out at ten o'clock.

The history of Spelman reads almost like a romance. It was started in 1881, forty-three years ago, in the basement of a colored Baptist church, by two New England women, Miss Sophia B. Packard and Miss Harriet E. Giles. For years, Father Quarles, pastor of Friendship Baptist church and one of the leading colored Baptist ministers of the state had been pleading with God to send teachers to the women of Georgia. Father Quarles was praying when these two women knocked at his door. The only available room for a school was in the basement of the church. There on April 11, 1881, these two heroic women began teaching eleven colored women the rudiments of learning. Their equipment was a Bible, a pencil and a notebook each. In three months there were eighty pupils, another teacher came from the north and they had to utilize the coal bin as a classroom.

The school was at first called Atlanta Baptist Female Seminary. Finally it outgrew the basement and another building became imperative. In 1883 thru the gifts of many friends, nine acres of land and five frame buildings were secured. The name was changed to Spelman Seminary in honor of Mrs. Rockefeller's father, Mr. Spelman, who for many years was a friend of the negro. The enrollment increased to five hundred. From that time on, thru the help of friends and with the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, more land has been secured and more buildings added until now there are twenty acres of land and fourteen buildings, twelve of which are brick. The frame buildings were moved across the street and are now occupied by negro families. One group furnishes a home for forty to sixty little girls, most of whom are orphans, who are mothered by Miss Chadwick, a remarkable little English woman. These girls attend Spelman.

But the acquisition of land and buildings is not the only sign of Spelman's progress. These have made possible a larger scope of work. Enrollment has grown to nearly eight hundred. Courses have expanded until now there are the eight grades, three high school courses (one preparing for normal, one for home economics, and one for college work), two normal courses and a college course leading to B.A. degree. For a good many years the college department has been small, for the emphasis has been put upon training teachers. But it has been there, as if forecasting a new era for Spelman, when it would be time for her to take up the task of training leaders for her race. For years Spelman has been paving the way like other private schools—has been filling the needs of education as they became apparent, until finally the public schools have improved and have been able to take over some of the tasks.

The more intelligent negroes do not wish to be boosted to a place in the sun, they only wish to be allowed to earn it. Many of our girls are proving themselves leaders; many more will have the opportunity to do so, for now, in 1924, Spelman is starting a new era; it is about to become, no longer Spelman Seminary, but Spelman College, the FIRST COLLEGE FOR NEGRO WOMEN IN THE WORLD! All rules are strict...
and there are many of them. Girls rarely ever leave the campus, even for shopping, and then they are carefully chaperoned. Most of the buying is done by the hall mothers. Boarders whose homes are in the city do not go home more than a few times during the year, and even then they are fortunate if they are able to spend Thanksgiving or Christmas with their own folks. This strict treatment is necessary because many girls come from homes where discipline is unknown. Of course there are many who would not need it, but those are the ones usually who do not object to it. Spelman aims to secure the best material among the race. In most cases she does. But she has learned that it is not wise to turn away any girl who has once entered the school as a boarder, no matter how unpromising she may seem, until everything within human power has been done for her. Often it takes several years for a girl to take root. Then she may begin to grow and her growth is phenomenal. If such things take place in individual girls, it seems fair to think the same thing may happen to the race itself, if it is given the chance, and if those who are doing the work have patience. Those who have been in the work long enough to see the children of former Spelman students return to Spelman have the satisfaction of witnessing the great improvement over their mothers. it is then, if not before, that the results of their labors show. And that, you must remember, is in only one generation.

The Diary of Mrs. Samuella Pepys

THURSDAY. Abroad to college early.

Did approach the campus with the feelings of a freshman, but did meet with many familiar faces at which my heart was glad. The estate, methinks is much improved. I am mightily pleased with the white curbing beside the goode roads. At the accounts of the clan of 1919 all this morning. It amazes me what five years hath brought to us. From the papers gathered in Mistress Leahy's office, I learned the news of many marriages, of the birth of children, and of much moving here and there. To dine with Mistress McGarry at the Hall of Thames where we did fare as of old. A more noble meal I have had. Finished my stint and home in a hurry to get ready my master's dinner, which I fear was meagre.

Friday. To-day was bidden by Mistresses Warner and Leahy to a meeting in their rooms of the C. C. club of this towne. I found they did occupy the same rooms as Mistresses Blue and Sawyer did of old. That caused me to think of my old friends, mighty good-natured friends. Mistress Ragedale did preside most graciously at the meeting, in which a bit of business was gone through. Two actions were taken which pleased me mightily: the one, the whole support of the Club was voted to the Jay Street Settlement which was sponsored by Mistress Newcomb; the other, the Club is to be hospitable on the Alumnae Day in March. Then Mistress Kay Hulburt did discourse upon her visit in Syria. Many questions were asked of her and much amusement was derived therefrom. One in especial as to how she washed her hair. To the inn for pleasing refreshment. Home before my master reached there, to my great content.

Saturday. Busy all the day with my household tasks and with ordering against the Sabbath. At night, hearing that there was a play at the Lyceum, Mistress Prentis and I did go thither and by very good fortune did follow many ladies who were carried to a little private door in a wall and so crept through a narrow place and many steps and at last came into the pit. There we did find many of the fine ladies of the college, who yet are not really so handsome generally as I used to take them, but that they are better dressed. Did see a splendid play of my Lady Barrymore's called "The Laughing Lady." Mistress Prentis did laugh heartily here and there to my extraordinary joy. Met by Mr. Pepys who did drive us home.
Travelling Southward With "Belinda"

MARION F. HENDRIE, '20

"The world is too much with us, late and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers—"

Were it not for a delinquent memory, which has often failed me in the past and continues to do so, always at the most inconvenient moments, and the absence of Gardner, who in by-gone days was wont to fill in the blank spaces and correct the synonymous errors for me, but who is close to two thousand miles away now, wearing high collars, appearing wise to the Athenaeans and being respectable,—were it not for these deficiencies, I would add a line or two more to the above quotation, which should revive memories in the minds of many. As it is, I shall leave it to each of you to complete for herself or to look up in the tattered, much marked copy of that book which is hidden away on your bookshelves. Were it not that this city is too new, too modern to harbor anything but pamphlets, I might look it up myself, but it is useless looking for anything as immaterialistic as a poet or his works in this region.

And there you see I am—way at the end of my tale without ever having started, much less introduced Belinda. Truly, she ought not to need an introduction, for she has trudged the road to C. C. many times in the past two years and worn out at least one set of shoes in the process; and she has carried, brought and fetched innumerable C. C-ites, past, present and future in these travels. Perhaps that is sufficient introduction, but I'll add one little word more. She is of a roving disposition; has acquired a certain inquisitive curiosity from constant association with me, which is not always a characteristic to be joyous over; has an inherent dislike for cities, also, I fear, contracted in its extreme form from recent association, but is withal a tractable machine and thoroughly reliable under normal conditions.

The world had been too much with us for some time and the prophets had foretold weather that would not be conducive to outdoor life when we packed up our few worldly possessions, the typewriter, chief rival in affections to Belinda, being largest and most important among them, and with Belinda safely aboard ship, started for the Florida border by train, leaving behind New York with its myriad lights, its rush of humanity, blindly running like moles, beneath the ground, on it, and above it; its incessant roar and whirr deafening even the soul and its stifling co-mingling of dirt, rare perfume, rank liquor and decay.

The train raced, madly carrying us away from the North, we hoped, from the world and ourselves, first through a light snowstorm, then through a night of thunder and lightning, and finally into a day of sunshine and mild winds and set us down in Florida, magic state, possessor of magic cities and climate. We caught our breath in Jacksonville while Belinda was being extricated from the mass of cargo, fruits, cars, fish and tourists, at the dock—and began the process of getting used to the casualness of the Southerner and the charm of the adopted accent.

In the late afternoon we left the little commercial city. It is to be congratulated, for it makes no pretence of being other than it is, with its hurrying crowds, its low-roofed buildings, and its leisurely inhabitants.

Over a narrow brick road, running, almost without a curve and certainly without an incline, between sand patches that make your heart jump clear up to your throat when you venture into them to let another car by, through swamps, where the water lay dark and menacing and the live oaks
met overhead and shut out the brilliant sunshine, and the graceful, lacy Spanish moss made inimitable curtains for gaunt bows, we travelled to St. Augustine, Florida’s oldest and least exploited city. We travelled slowly, Belinda still had her sea-legs, and we were striving to recover from a temperamentally engineer who made up an hour and a half in the last ten on the way down, and soaked in every drop of atmosphere that was available. We even stopped without rancour and waited for a herd of apparently homeless, but certainly at home razorbacks to wander undecidedly about the road in front of us. And the cows, (all of whom, by the way and for a reason that I have not yet been able to unearth, wear heavy winter coats of long, luxurious hair, or is it fur?, and to all intents and purposes belong to no one, but ramble about the swamps, miles as near as we could discern, from any human habitations), would surely have supplied enough milk for the entire population of New York.

This road, which initiated us into the South, and in spite of its narrowness and a pronounced tendency to have bricks on end rather than on their side, filled us with enthusiasm, was the last good piece of road that Belinda was to travel until we reached Palm Beach, haven of the wealthy and the bored, nearly two hundred miles farther South. True, we did not know that, did not even guess it, for did not the road map assure us (but there were improved roads all the way down? And by what token should we know that an improved road with even the most reliable map may mean a shell road, in common parlance, a “washboard road”, that shakes out even the innermost screws of a car and leaves the driver with arms that feel as though they had been subjected to the pillory and a hundred lashes?

So we enjoyed every moment of the trip; held our eyes, fast being drawn closed by the mild ail‘, open long enough to watch the ruined trees, which rose like antediluvian monsters out of the bogs and swamps to mock our newness; and at dusk slipped into the quaint, narrow streets of the old town. Streets that are sidewalkless and crowded with tiny old houses.

By daylight it proved as charming as it had promised at night. Like an old lady, very wrinkled, somewhat worn and with her pristine glory gone, but with a soul shining through the tawdry outer covering and the memory of old glories shining in her eyes, St. Augustine guards the harbor with its ancient fort, and looks across to the ocean five miles away. Everyone has all the time in the world to put at your disposal. There is no hurry, for what is the use of hurrying? After all we are but dust in the beginning and in the end we become dust again. The plaza, with its band was filled afternoon and evening with a holiday throng and just across the street from it the oldest Cathedral in America stands, a silent reminder of a greater peace.

With real reluctance we left the town on the third day, realizing that probably no place else would we find bazaars that were cheap and tawdry, but held romance, a Cathedral whose chimes could mingle with the II Traviata of a band and neither be spoiled, and an atmosphere of whimsical wisdom and continuity that permeated even the passerby.

Southward we turned and for two days every ounce of sense and feeling was shaken out of us, and we dropped into such beds as were to be procured for money or by pleading, with the sense that we had been riding on a roller-coaster and that the entire Northern population was simultaneously moving south and all stopping in the same town on the same night.

Finally we reached New Smyrna, on the Indian River, away from every industry in the world, and filled only with those who wish to be idle and do nothing but think. By some lucky chance all the tourists pass it by, and we settled down in the most comfortable and restful house that we had yet encountered.

After that, I completely lost count of time, miles, and scenery, until the morning we drove into Miami, a scorching sun baring all its unlovely aspects and a Masonic convention filling the town to overflowing with gentlemen of the Red Hat. Belinda took an instantaneous dislike to the place and it has taken innumerable weeks to change her feelings. I
presume it is because she is used to old things, old, or comparatively old country, old friends and old people that she found this place with itsf flagrant youth not to her taste.

What shall I say of this almost end of Florida? If I could picture for you all, its rows on rows of Royal palms, its endless cocoanut trees, which from the very nature of their design should be ungainly but which are beautifully graceful; the everblooming hibiscus, with its gay color; the gaudy bougainvillea and trumpet vining with each other along the wayside, you might have a tiny intimation of what Florida is really like in its lovelier phases.

But words, even spoken, lack color and fire; written, they turn to black and white. It is a city built almost in a night. The buildings are shabby or ornate; the streets are always crowded with the throngs who don’t belong. It reminds me of an imitation combination of Coney Island and New York City without the excuse that either have for existence.

It is mercenary to the nth degree; there is nothing attractive about it or its hard-faced, hawk-eyed men and women forever straining to see into the future where their few dollars now invested will have become thousands and millions. It is, in some ways, like going to the opening of that other golden state in another generation. Here we can see in the making, the rough men, rough in a different way from them, and the clever, slovenly boarding-house women who will be the ancestors of the future aristocracy.

But cross the Causeway, the Bay drifting blue and green, turquoise and purple on both sides of you; the wind blowing fresh in your face; the sky, clear as a painted surface above you, with those graceful but evil-smelling scavengers of earth and sky and water, swerving and dipping around you; before you, the Government cut, through which all entering ships pass, and drive on to the ocean, and you will forget that there is any city behind you with perverted humanity seething and fretting out life in its borders. If the sun be shining, the scintillating brilliance of the ever-restless waves will blind you; if it be rough, the road and pound of the waves against the smooth sandy shore will drown out all the noises of the outer world and leave you alone with yourself.

I have never seen such colors as ebb in and out with the shifting waters and moving clouds.

The beach extends for miles and miles without visible habitation, and bounded on one side by the unbelievably white sand of made land. That is another of the interesting things about this new country.

Much of it is made by man. If there isn’t land where there might be a view, they construct land and sell it, sometimes before it is above water. In the Bay there is a group of islands under construction now, and one may drive over the tops of them, (a bridge built twenty-odd years ago, before the Causeway was thought of, is still existent), and see where within a year homes will have sprung up. Now some of them are two or three feet under water; others have received almost their final deposit of sand and are “drying out”; still others have progressed so far as to have the first batch of shrubs and Spanish Bayonets set out.

Such is Florida, a land not to be written of but to be painted. Now the crowds of tourists are thinning out a bit; the endless parades have ceased and the townspeople are settling down to a bit of quiet. We have grown brown, Belinda too, though I believe that her tan is generally known as rust, and though we’ve not lost the world or ourselves, that is for long, we’ve breathed so much clear fresh air and absorbed so much sunshine that we feel the promise of complete rejuvenation. When the azaleas and oleanders are in bloom we shall be in Charleston and when the cherry blossoms are just budding we will have nosed our way up to Washington and then back to an old country, to a land of violets and laurel!
DO YOU REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN —

CC 35 months had to turn in

BY CANDLES?!

19. DECIDED TO PRINT THE
NIGHT HOUSE?

WHEN WINTER
CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS?

THE LOYALTY CROOK'S WHERE
THE BEST ON EARTH?

WEETS PULLED VS?

WHEN B.T. THOUGHT WE WERE?
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
ALUMNAE ANNUAL

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PIONEERING STILL.

The spirit of the pioneer—the keynote as it ever was of undergraduate endeavors—has equally characterized the undertakings of those who are now “carrying on” as first alumnae of Connecticut College. And that others—especially our undergraduate sisters—may realize the physical existence and very real interest of those who have gone before, the Alumnae Association has this year put forth two new projects—Alumnae Day, and this Alumnae Annual.

Here, in our first official publication, is a record of achievement of our first five years “out”—a record of busy activity, of varied interests,—of service, in short, rendered not only in widely different fields of usefulness, but in all corners of the earth. Few, if any, women’s colleges could boast a broader representation of activities in their first five classes. Here you will find proof of the recognition of woman’s wider scope: not only the classic and hallowed spheres of the home-maker and of the teacher, but also of the social service worker, the journalist, the traveler, the poet, the artist. Had it been possible to include all of the phases of life touched upon by our graduates, one would find few lines of work not represented by an alumna of Connecticut College. For C. C. already has her first Ph.D. (Elizabeth Nagy, ’20), her first osteopath (Ruth Anderson, ’19), her first dentist (Helen Gough, ’19).

Within these pages, too, is evidence that C. C.’s banner has already been flung nearly round the world. From Mexico and Georgia to France and far Syria have C. C.’s graduates been laboring. And among what varied peoples and conditions of society have their efforts been spent! On this continent, with foreigner and American, black and white, immigrant, and millionaire; abroad, with the trodden victims of oppression,—and with the potential of Europe! These, moreover, are the attainments of only five classes, and of young women who are, all in all, less than twenty-five years old.

As we offer this our “Pioneer Publication”, we would mention our indebtedness to those who have labored together to make the Annual possible: not only to those whose contributions appear on the printed page, but to the many more who by word, and deed, and financial aid have in numerous ways equally helped to bring it into being.

May this new pioneer project, like our college, grow

Tanquam lignum quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarium.

ALUMNAE DAY

We have had our first Alumnae Day and those who went back to campus for it seemed to enjoy themselves immensely—at least if the “chatter-chatter-chat” which echoed in the Faculty Room during our delightful afternoon tea and at the “Swan & Hoop” during an equally enjoyable dinner is a reliable measure of a good time. And in the evening we enjoyed not only ourselves (they were put first purely for chronological reasons) and the Faculty, but also the students. Some of our own stars and President Marshall shone as speech makers, while several under-graduate stars appeared on the “legitimate stage.” And afterwards both old stars and new brought back comedy scenes with the help of an enthusiastic if rather impromptu chorus.

It is a great thing for all of us to get back to Alma Mater as often as we can, know what is happening in the campus world, make friends among the present students, and renew our friendships with other alumnae. May next Alumnae Day with all modern improvements surpass even our first! And it surely will, so we must all begin planning to be part of it.
Below my gaze the city lies disclosed,
Light after light in myriad broken rows
Of twinkling splendor—all a fairyland
Of shim'ring, dancing figures, mirrored bright
In the swift current of the moving stream.

And then I lift my eyes, where shine the stars
In other endless rows of beauty bright,
Jeweled softly in the velvet of the night,
And wonder, if some day I'll meet those stars,
And find beyond that mystic, dusky blue
A river, flowing swift, as here below—
And all my wond'rous paradise of lights.
THE way of a gap-filler is hard. Our editor-in-chief begs me to goad a balky Pegasus to action. “Philosophize on school-teaching for instance,” is one of her suggestions. A teacher herself, she should surely know better than to ask one of her own profession to do anything so high-sounding as to philosophize on the simplest subject whatsoever at a time of the year when every fold of gray matter is wrinkled in a last futile effort to make Susie Simpkins understand that “He seen the right, but he done the wrong” ain’t nice English to be used no place. Constant association with Susie, who recently said to me, “I wish I were she don’t sound right; hadn’t you ought to say I wish I wuz her?”, makes it all too easy to lapse into her veracular.

However, it isn’t difficult to be patient with this dull, plodding child and the rest of her kind, for her reach so far exceeds her grasp that it would be nothing short of brutal for me to withhold a possible glimpse of the Heaven that is beyond. Indeed, when she sheds an honest tear over Sydney Carton’s sacrifice or utters a little exclamation of ecstasy while a brighter classmate reads aloud a beautiful passage of verse, I wonder if, after all, slow, ungrammatical, inarticulate Susie isn’t quite as worthy as the rest of us.

Although my patience with Susie is endless, that virtue is strained thinner than Portia’s quality of mercy as I restrain from emptying the vials of my wrath, boiling vitriol in each, on her next-door neighbor, Prissie of the powder puff, who slinks furtively into class after the bell has rung, slouches low behind the broadest-shouldered girl in the room, leisurely produces an ornate compact case, a fluffy mass of lamb’s wool, a heavy-tipped lipstick, and proceeds to her hourly task—her only task—of beautifying herself. Her touch-up exercise over, she pulls a miniature comb from a hidden recess of her chemise frock, and shakes her Lanoll-waved bob over the shoulders of her seat-mate. This accomplished, her gaze sweetly vacuous, wanders from clock to window, back again to the clock, then to the window, with as perfect regularity as the movement of the waves of the sea. If I intercept that gaze on one of its scheduled trips, Prissie treats me to an engaging smile, her big eyes pleading that I bask in its effulgence and melt in its sunny charm. Unsuccessful in her effort to disarm me, she pouts, grows sullen, and sinks into a lethargy from which nothing but the sound of the bell for dismissal can rouse her. At the end of the period she flounces out of the room to go to another “hateful old thing,” declaring that she’ll never pay attention again in class. Dispiritedly I think, “Deafer and blinder hope not to make thyself by idle vows, being too blind to have desire to see.” Fortunately there are few Prissies among us, at least not enough to clog the works of our educational machinery.

Disheartened by Prissie’s mind and manners, I turn for inspiration and encouragement to a roomful of Helens, Janes, Marys, and Dorotheys. My own lassitude slips away as though ashamed before these bright-faced, keen-eyed girls brimming over with pertinent questions and illuminating answers that show that they have gone beneath the surface of the daily assignment. We whirl away with Scott to a quaint medieval castle or with Wordsworth to the picturesque Lake Country. Occasionally during our journey it is necessary for me to jam on the brakes or do a bit of careful steering round a curve. We are a little loathe to return to Connecticut when the bell rings, announcing that our peregrinations are over. As
these girls—alert students in class, jolly comrades outside of class—file out, I am more than satisfied to be a teacher.

No commentary on pupils is complete without a word concerning Henrietta Highbrow, who lets her light so shine on an obscure passage that even the teacher is supposed to be dazzled. Across the aisle is Lizzie Lowbrow, sprawling, chewing gum audibly, and throwing a line, verily a rope, of racy, up-to-the-minute slang. In spite of her crude exterior, Lizzie is warm-hearted, attentive, and is much less a woman of the world than she would have us think.

Of mischievous Mollie, ingenuous and appealing, bubbling over with good spirits that must never be quenched but directed into legitimate channels, one might write much. Her presence is a constant challenge to a teacher’s originality and resourcefulness in making the lesson sufficiently attractive to turn Mollie’s creative energy from destruction to construction. With all her childish waywardness and prankish defection, Mollie claims a warm spot in my heart.

One mustn’t neglect literal-minded Libby, a direct descendant of that Peter Bell to whom “a primrose by the river’s brim a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more.” Poor Libby, mystification writ large on her square face, flounders in pools of liquid silver or stubs her toe against a slender shaft of sun-crowned granite. Libby will always live in a world of rocks and ponds—nothing more. I like to think that untouched as she is by a single flame of that inner fire known as divine discontent, she may be happy and useful in her own simple, unimaginative way.

Not so dreamy-eyed Dulcie, a lovely child “on whose forehead is the boon of endless quest.” Mere mortals that sometimes become irritated at her utter disregard of those rules and principles called fundamental forget that she lives in a world peopled by fairies and elves, where “the world’s coarse thumb and finger fail to plumb” what is really important.

All in all, these students of mine are wholesome, sincere, and capable. With sympathetic guidance, they will develop into representative American women to whom may be given the keeping of high ideals and sensible thoughts. To be sure, there are in our midst a few flappers par excellence, sophisticated, smirkingly insolent, and erratic, but their influence is by no means great enough for us to lose faith in American girlhood.

My apologies for not having philosophized on school-teaching. Pegasus, once started, compromised with me by going in the right general direction, but insisted on taking a detour of his own choosing.

First Impressions of a School Teacher

HELEN B. AVERY, ’23

IMPRESSIONS of a beginner! What a subject! One hundred and one impressions, varied and conflicting, come flooding through my mind when I stop to think. Those first days of excitement, fear, dread, and at the same time the thrill of an entirely new experience, and a certain grim determination to hide misgivings and appear calm and self-possessed, and to succeed,—those days seem impossible to describe.

In the first place, I was impressed with the fact that I must either sink or swim, and only my own self and none other could save me. I felt as though I had very suddenly been pushed off a sunlit wharf, where I had been happily playing, down, down into a whirling current. Someone seemed to shout, “Swim, now; swim for your life! Show what you’re made of!” And, as the days have passed, I have been swimming, swimming, sometimes with swift, sure strokes with the pride of accomplishment, and at other times floundering below the surface, wondering if ever I should come up again.
Then, too, I was overwhelmed with the realization of my terrible lack of experience, which brought with it a feeling of envy for the self-confident, self-assured individuals who were called "experienced teachers". Talk about verdant Freshmen! A verdant Freshman feels far more comfortable than a verdant school-teacher. Although my fellow-teachers were extremely kind and gracious, yet, underneath I felt that they were inwardly pitying, possibly scorning, the "green, young thing, fresh from college". They gave information only when questioned, and, oh, how badly I needed information! Many were the times I went blindly on, making mistakes until I found the right way,—a sort of trial and error process, simply because I was ashamed to ask questions. Yet inwardly I rebelled at the fact that they seemed to expect me to step into my predecessor's shoes and walk off in them as though I had always been accustomed to stepping into other people's shoes. This pair was entirely different from any I had ever tried on, and I felt I must go cautiously at first.

Again I was impressed, and doubly so, when I faced forty-eight Freshmen,—forty-eight scrutinizing pairs of eyes searching to see what the "new teacher" was like, forty-eight pairs of ears which nothing escaped, and forty-eight tongues,— alas, only too ready to talk without permission. No faltering then; I must stand my ground. I had a responsibility, a big one, and I must meet it. By the time I had been introduced to every class, including the twenty-three Seniors, who seemed so grown up and intelligent, so imposing, and self-possessed—then, I began to be weak in the knees. How could I teach them anything? They appeared to know everything, but I soon learned that an additional bit of knowledge would not harm them in the least!

With the sense of responsibility came the realization, again, that I was there not to follow, but to lead. I had always known it, but I had not felt it so strongly before. No more comfortably sitting back lazily taking notes from a professor's lecture; no more sliding through when I didn't feel like working, no more chances to "cut".

No, I must be there at the post of duty, working to keep others from napping or being bored, or prodding some, urging others, or leading the rest, when they tried to slip back.

Back in college I had dreamed of the time when I should never more have to pass through the ordeal of examinations. Only too soon did I find that that dream would never be realized. For now, examinations?—plenty of them. When the supervisor made his first visit, I said to myself, "Give me back my old college test!" My tongue literally clung to the roof of my mouth and I had no idea of what I was saying. I only know that when the bell rang I dropped weakly into a chair and breathed one long sigh of relief. And when at a Teachers' Institute, I was obliged to stand up and teach two classes before a dozen wise-looking teachers, goggled and otherwise, who, from their half dozen years of experience, were to criticize me, with my three weeks' experience,—well, I began to regret that I had ever grumbled about college examinations!

Despite all trials I soon discovered that school teaching is really exciting and interesting. I did not know what to expect next, for is there one scheme which a restless school boy will not devise? And is there anything that he is afraid to tell to one's face? Exasperating it is, and yet, at times, humorous, when, while one is earnestly trying to drive a point home, a usually dull pupil animatedly raises his hand and, in response to an expectant nod from the teacher, informs her that she is about to lose a hairpin!

But it is all a challenge, this school teaching, despite first impressions. Yes, even first impressions are challenging. For when we feel the "greenest", we try the hardest to appear intelligent, and it is all good for us without a doubt.

Enough for first impressions. There are countless others, many of which remain, and many of which have become changed. All of them, however, will remain in memory, and no matter how experienced I may become in future years, if such a thing is possible, I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for the "fresh, young school-teacher direct from college."
"Gone Are The Days"

ETHEL P. ADAMS, '23

It is a spring day, dancing bravely from the clutches of winter, and waking purple and yellow crocuses up to smile at the sun. It is a green-gold day with a far-distant sea of misty blue that makes your heart pulse in your throat.

And you—you wander slowly home from school with books—and papers to correct. At home on your desk are more books—and more papers, dozens, stacks, mountains of them. In fact, there is scarcely room for you because of the vast quantity of papers.

Reaching home you loiter on the steps, fumble at the knob, and cast a lingering wistful look at the green-gold day. Then, in utter desperation, you slam the door. Caught!—in a black cavern with all the magic of life waiting impatiently outside.

Remains one ray of hope—your mail. Swiftly you tear it open to find:—"Will you please write something for the Annual?" Abashed, dazed, you reach for an edge of furniture. Write! Why, you haven't written since you were in college. You have forgotten that you ever harbored such ideas. Write?—do you even dream that you would put words together now? Certainly not. No such vain illusions trouble your school-marm brain.

And yet—writing—and college. It isn't so long ago that you used to seize a pad and pencil, and rush with them to Bolleswood for an hour with the Muse. How madly you scribbled for two minutes, only to gnaw your pencil for five. Then, the warm, spring sun on your back became more potent than the ideas in your brain, and you gently drifted off to sleep by way of the day-dream road. Perhaps an accusing conscience, or maybe the chill of a late spring afternoon awakened you. It mattered little—there was not time to make class anyway, and to assuage that conscience, you wrote vigorously for a half hour. At the end of that time, you felt sure that you had finished a "master-piece". You loved the scratched-out, faulty sentences—it was a small thing, perhaps, but your own. You would read it that evening to "the crowd".

That evening—"the crowd" assembled—you produced the crumpled sheets, and read "it"—with all the dignity and beauty of tone which you could master to conceal the awkward spots. You were applauded, acclaimed, and criticized...

Writing—college—spring—maybe you could do it again—Ugh! those papers!

Piracy and Pedagogy

(The following extract from a letter from Mary Coughlin, '20, of the English department of the Norwich Academy, reflects in the tendency to self-responsibility developed, C. C. spirit carried abroad into the schoolroom.)

"I have a 'Home Room' of twenty-one boys who make all the noise and get into all the scrapes possible. Because they are the only male residents of the building, the girls bothered them by upsetting their desks, exchanging books, and performing similar pranks. The boys were at a loss because 'you can't hit a girl—she cries', until one brilliant youngster suggested that girls be forbidden to enter. So we formed 'The Pirates' Den'. Our rules are very secret; we have mystic knocks and signals and a very terrifying badge of yellow ribbon on which grins a hideous black skull and cross-bones. We have a governing board of four who meet with the Captain for all matters of deportment. And I am the Captain! I am the sternest 'sea-dog' you ever knew, and my word is law! The governing board is but a step toward complete student government."
On Mingling in High Society

MARGARET JACOBSON, '21

JOURNALISM is a tremendously interesting profession, but the path to success is so difficult that occasionally one is obliged to sit down and have a good laugh at the whole business. If one didn't laugh, one's family might read a front page headline something like this:

Young Girl Ends Life, Depressed Over Failure to Win Name in Journalism.

Perhaps a short account of one of my early struggles on a metropolitan newspaper will throw some light on the above observations. As assistant to the Society Editor of a Brooklyn newspaper, I was, of course, present at all "the most brilliant social affairs of the season," the most important of which was the annual Horse Show. So important was it that the City Editor decided to have an account of the affair published in the news columns of the paper as well as on the society page.

"Miss Jacobson," the editor, fairly shouted at me while I sat innocently typing, "An early June wedding of interest to Brooklyn society will be that of Miss Blank Blank."

"Miss Jacobson," he continued, "you are to go to the Horse Show at the Riding and Driving Club to-night and get a 'color story'. I want a list of all the prominent people present, what they wore, and so forth. Also, I want you to pick out the most interesting events of the evening and write them up from an original angle. Now see what you can do."

"Miss Jacobson," I replied meekly, "I represent The Brooklyn Daily Eagle,"

"I beg your pardon," I said in my most charming fashion to a hostess, "Would you mind passing this piece of paper around your box for your guests to write their names on?"

"And who are you, please?" she asked icily.

"I represent The Brooklyn Daily Eagle," I replied meekly.

"Well, I'll give you the names providing you promise that you will spell my name Smythe. I am tired of seeing it Smith."

I hastily agreed, got the names, wrote some notes on gowns in about a square inch of space, and tackled the next box.

"Give you my name? I certainly will not! Why, I was present at three of the affairs reported in your paper on Sunday and my name was deliberately left out of all three."

"But, you know," I explained in desperation, "we never discriminate—probably the articles were too long and your name was 'cut' because it was at the end. Besides, I must have your name—a story about the Horse Show without your name would be incomplete. The paper would be criticized for not carrying it."

"Well, of course, I am well known. There's no necessity for arguing about that. If you want my name, you can have it."

Time flying and only about fifty names, just as I was about to start the next row of boxes, the entire audience rose to its feet and crowded to the railings. Miss Very High Society had been thrown from
her horse! I questioned a woman standing near me and hastily scribbled, "Miss V. G. S., 19 years old, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. S. of Clinton Avenue, graduate of Miss Jones' Select School for Girls, 1921, left ankle, right side, shock, not serious, active in amateur dramatics, father, president of nine Brooklyn organizations, good horsewoman, author of 'The Violet and other Poems', attended by Dr. C. V. Brown."

Would the people never sit down again? They finally did—for about half a minute. The affair was over; there was nothing left for me to do but to get back to the office and write from my notes as quickly as possible. I remembered a professor of journalism once saying that it is better to hand in one good paragraph than to fail completely.

The news room was packed with reporters, all men, smoking, chatting, perfectly at ease. With trembling hands I put the paper into the machine. I tried to pull myself together, but I was limp as a jellyfish. I tried to write, but my fingers refused to work. I broke out into a cold sweat as I realized that my hands were temporarily paralyzed. I massaged my fingers violently, to no avail.

In a few moments the editor came up to my machine.

"Well, young lady," he said, "I suppose you are under the impression that this masterpiece of yours is going to appear tomorrow's paper?"

"Yes," I answered weakly, "isn't it?"

"Look at the clock," was his reply. I gazed innocently at the clock which registered one minute after midnight.

"The deadline is 12 o'clock. You might as well throw your notes into the wastebasket." The editor added something under his breath about fools, as he returned to his desk and as I sneaked out firmly convinced that the world had been deprived of one of the finest stories ever written on a Horse Show.

To an experienced reporter, a horse show compared to an exciting murder trial is about as easy to report as a meeting of a board of aldermen or the annual gathering of the United Singing Sisters of America. Having passed the "cub" stage myself, I can now look back upon my first experience and get a good laugh out of it. In fact, I have become such a hardened newspaper woman that I admit without shame that I have even written "Advice to the Love-lorn".

Art Plus Journalism
LORETTA HIGGINS, '20

"Racontez nous tes aventures" came the cue from the little pigtailed errand girl, and the picking it up, resulted in my debut as Irma at a gala presentation at the Paris Opera Comique of Gustave Charpentier's musical romance of Parisian life, "Louise."

"Tell us about your experiences" came the call from the college campus and in a few minutes' rest from the turmoil of artistic and journalistic life I am very glad to respond.

I really feel that the fates took me under their wings from the minute I set my foot upon the gangplank of the good old French liner "Lafayette", for, within an hour of sailing time, my horizon line became unbounded and fathomless. Newspaper men, critics and correspondents from the largest newspapers in the country were on the ship, going over to write up the trial trip of the "Paris", and their amusement at my seriousness in interviewing Eugene Ysaye, the celebrated Belgian violinist, Lucretia Bori, the Spanish star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Elizabeth Marbury, the well known writer, Pierre Partoue, the French portrait painter, Mrs. George Tuttle, chairman of the American
committee for the Fontainebleau Conservatory, Lee Pattison, the American pianist, and dozens of other celebrities, won their interest and what has turned out to be their unfailing support.

It was a glorious trip, and within twenty-four hours of my arrival in Paris, thanks to the introductions afforded me by these newspaper men, I was engaged as correspondent of the New York Herald, by Lawrence Hills, the editor, and through the “New York World” had met Albert Wolff, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera and now director of the Opera Comique, whose protegee it was my good fortune to become and to whose wife I owe my entire musical and dramatic training.

Finishing up a series of articles I had been commissioned to write, I went to the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau to which I had been given a scholarship on the recommendation of Ex-governor Everette Lake of Connecticut, and where, for three months I reveled in Napoleonic atmosphere, thanks to the kindly interest of George D’Esparbee, governor of the Palace and one of the greatest Napoleonic authorities in France.

With schooldays over, I went to Montmartre, in a little apartment in the neighborhood made famous by Daudet’s “Sappho” and there lived the life of a struggling art student, with lessons in all sorts of things, with only my newspaper connections at the “New York Times” to remind me that I was after all American born and bred, for Parisian life in the really artistic circles is decidedly engrossing.

The Cannes conference gave me an opportunity to visit the Riviera “the playground of the world”, and there it was my good fortune to meet and interview such well known personages as Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, the late Rathenau, Briand, Mussolini, Ambassador George Harvey in the political world, and many writers, such as William J. Locke, Coningsby Dawson, Anatole France, Maurice Rostand, etc.

In the spring I was sent to England to write up the Shakespearean festival at Stratford-on-Avon, and saw a beautiful presentation of the “Taming of the Shrew”, and met John Drinkwater, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Julius Harrison, Eugene Goossens and others.

Returning to Paris to work, I learned that I was to be given a chance to sing with the Opera Comique at Zurich, Switzerland, at the spring international festival, and there I went, with Monsieur and Madame Albert Wolff, in May 1923, and appeared in “Louise”.

This appearance was followed by a concert tour of the British Isles, with appearances in the north of England, Edinboro and in Dublin, in the latter city, where I was privileged to meet William Yeats, the poet laureate, and where I found myself in the midst of fighting and riots.

It was a great experience, two and a half years abroad, and I am sure that there is no other profession in the world as unlimited in its possibilities for the enjoyment of life and for the appreciation of living, as a combined artistic-journalistic career.

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly. If we don’t they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety. If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write. If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news. If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department. If we don’t print contributions, we don’t show proper appreciation. If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk. Like as not some one will say we took this from an exchange. So we did.

—Thanks to HARRIET ALLEN, ’20.
As we con over those things in our college life which were most precious in their beginnings, and continue most vital in our various lives, we place foremost the spirit of service which has always been characteristic of Connecticut College. Perhaps this trait of Connecticut's students has its root in the Service League—surely it is the very stuff of which the League is made.

Human tendencies lead us to see many things through the windows of our particular professions. This is especially true during the first years of professional experience when the young worker is necessarily absorbed in her "job" and when she is probably having her doubts about some features of it, while she builds a strong body of convictions about other phases of her work. At the end of nearly four years of social work, I discover certain ideals for a social worker to attain and have some notion of the contributions which colleges in general and ours in particular, may make toward achieving this ideal. The American Association of Social Workers proved its interest in this question a year ago when it sent questionnaires to all its members asking which subjects studied in college had proved most beneficial to the individual worker.

It was easy for me to state that I considered Biology and Psychology the most helpful subjects.

Biology deals with the very setting and background of the human problems which the social worker is asked to solve. It cultivates the scientific attitude of mind which helps her to distinguish between fact and fiction. There seems to exist a woful lack of the scientist's exact fairness and patience. I should hesitate to believe that a student were really prepared to do social work if she had not studied Biology.

Psychology teaches us of the behavior of the human mind in such a way that we learn to appreciate the other fellow's viewpoint with more charity and justice than might be our natural tendency.

To evaluate our academic qualifications with accuracy is worth while. After leaving college we sometimes find that we have taken these very things too lightly during our academic career. We come to see the difficulty of selecting one or two subjects, forgetting those others which have contributed to our work.

Knowledge of English and other language has a great bearing on a social worker's usefulness in her contacts with clients; but the English language is seriously abused in the writing of our records and our common parlance. History and Sociology are of inestimable value in showing trends of human thought and organization. We are the "heirs of all the ages" but often do not realize it. The study of arts and crafts so easily available for Connecticut's students helps the worker to bring that which is both useful and beautiful into the common homes of our country. The study of cooking and household economy helps her to show tired, untrained mothers the way to better health for their families, and better management of their finances. The study of music helps her to respond to the love of good things long buried in the hearts of unhappy people. It helps her to open the channels of self-expression for many a problem child, or to ease the tension of boys and girls tormented with tantrum spirits or hysterical broodings.

It grows increasingly necessary for social workers to be college trained. There seems to be no other way of attaining the all-round development and general stability which seeks to sense things as a whole instead of scattered fragments. Human beings naturally swing from one extreme to another in their thinking and at present, the curse of over-specialization is upon us. We become foolishly anxious about mental tests, periodic physical examinations and hosts of other good things which have a place but do not tell the whole story of our child or family.
But social work is an infant profession. Perhaps when we grow up we shall know more and come to find a Golden Mean in our thinking.

We conclude that it might be well for us to think more and talk less; that searching study and thorough reading could well be substituted for our incessant attendance on "conferences" and meetings too often of questionable value. Yet we recognize among social workers a group of earnest seekers after truth; a band of faithful men and women imbued with desire to serve and to leave the world a little better than they found it. Sometimes I come to wonder whether I have the courage and hope to justify my presence among them.

While I speak of college contributions to our professions, I am not unmindful of the deep and lasting gifts of our parents and homes which far overshadow our academic qualifications. They have made us responsive to the spirit of service expressed in the academic and non-academic teaching our college offers.

Dr. Goodsell of Clumbia University has defended this service spirit which enlarges the scope of women's colleges and relates them to life. We may be justly proud that he quoted the full purpose of the Service League at Connecticut to prove that women's colleges were no longer cloistered retreats, but centers of wide and practical training.

We are aware that women as well as men will be obliged to lay aside prejudices of race and religion intensively cultivated for generations before we shall achieve peace. In Connecticut College we must keep alive that recognition of human brotherhood which knows no race and is limited by no creed or dogma.

From the crowded confusion of our daily lives we need to come away at times. We shall close our eyes, and feel again the calm of Connecticut's rugged hills; we shall face the sea and feel the abandon of the waves stealing over our spirits. Once more we shall come humbly to reverence those great souls of our college who have given us vision, courage and faith. These are the warp and woof of our spirit of service which is born of Love itself.

Charter House
A New Community Interest in New London

RUTH W. NEWCOMB

During the summer of 1923 there was brought to the attention of Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, President of the Hempstead Family Association, the fact that there was for sale the property at 49 Jay Street. This house with yard at each side and at the rear a deep lot the entire width could bought reasonably.—making an ell-shaped piece with the Hempstead House yard, the two thus having access on both Hempstead and Jay Streets.

The desire for some new public service to the community had long been taking shape in Miss Branch's mind, for which purpose the funds of the Hempstead Family Association had been set aside, drawing interest until need arose, after the playgrounds first established here by the Hempstead Society in 1912 had been taken over by the City in 1916 for support and operation. In connection with whatever new project might develop, there was the hope of co-operation between New London and Connecticut College, by having students from there take part in social service work. The chance of such practice and relationship further to bring together town and college through common interest and effort was heartily endorsed by President Marshall. Accordingly, through July and August, Miss Branch consulted frequently the Executive Committee of the Hempstead Family Association and other friends in this membership, as well as leading citizens
outside this group. From them, as from President Marshall and Miss Sherer, her task was asking approval, advice and support in the matter which seemed to gather interest and weight as presented, toward becoming a reality.

Meanwhile an option was taken on the house and lot at 49 Jay Street, the condition of the property ascertained, later the plan approved by special meetings of the Hempstead Family Association and their Executive Committee empowered to act; the needed additional money was secured by a loan from one of the members deeply interested to see this project succeed and Miss Branch’s dreams come true.

The property purchased is a few doors above the Hugenot House on the same side of Jay Street with a frontage of about 100 feet, the lot reaching back into the block for about 160 feet. It is part of the original Hempstead lot, allotted in 1647 to Robert Hempstead, the first of that name to settle in New London and one of the founders of the town. The Jay Street house is a dignified old homestead built nearly 100 years ago and a good specimen of the architecture of that period. It has large, well-lighted rooms and in the rear lot are old fruit trees and the remnant of a garden of old-fashioned flowers and shrubs. The deep back yard adjoins the equally deep yard of the Old Hempstead House and since that will some time be devoted to community purposes, the two old houses, with their intervening garden will constitute a piece of old New London preservation.

The sponsors for this movement include all the Hempstead Family Association, founded in 1908 as a result of the interest expressed by members of the family living in the Middle West, who were eager to benefit New London in the name of their illustrious pioneer ancestor. The present members numbering about one hundred, of whom half are local residents, wish in securing this new community house to make it a memorial not merely to their own ancestor, but to the pioneer spirit as expressed by those forefathers who were the original settlers of New London, comprising forty families to whom the charter was granted in 1646.

At the present time while somewhat pioneering the way, a suitable and well-located property is made available for community work with educational value in a neighborhood once wholly American but now changing into foreign homes to quite an extent, as shown by a glance at the district school. In this new venture the plans, through the support of teachers and students both in college and town, will be developed along lines determined by Connecticut College and the Hempstead Family Association. To discuss the course ahead, several meetings of this organization were held through the autumn, also further conferences with C. C. faculty interested in this project, and meanwhile necessary repairs were made to the house.

It seemed wise the first year to assure a definite income to be applied toward the mortgage and a fortunate chance occurred to rent the house, reserving for class work one large well-lighted room, with a closet where supplies can be kept locked, a separate hall and coat room with outside entrance, and half the garden including both side yards with good playing space for games, small festivals and parties. Next year it is hoped to have more working space with another room the same size, opening from the one now furnished under the direction of Miss Sherer. The two dozen chairs purchased through a local firm, have been painted a cerulean blue by students from college and members and friends of the Hempstead Association. The three tables are of the settle type, finished in walnut brown; the curtains of unbleached muslin were made by a Hempstead descendant. Adding to the attractive scheme is a piece of greenish-blue linen hung against the chimney-breast, as background for objects on the mantle—a pair of brass candlesticks and a pot of English ivy. It is hoped later to open the fireplaces in the two connecting rooms.

The name “Charter House” has been chosen because it was the charter that welded into a single political and social group the pioneer settlers to whom the house is a tribute. The word charter signifies the conveyance of liberty and privileges.

The first activities at Charter House
comprise story-telling and games for children from the nearby Saltonstall School; the stories are often acted out and American history, sometimes with local incident and background, is proving popular among third grade pupils. The same twenty children with two or three C. C. students met one afternoon a week for an hour after school, for six weeks. At the end of that first period, the seven and eight-year-old girls and boys of the second grade, enjoying fairy tales, were delighted with a very simple Valentine party. Other children and leaders now come to Charter House making a group each Wednesday and Thursday, probably with more hours there another year.

The Garden Club of New London has promised to give its help and contribute materially toward the future changes in the yard. Last autumn a few members together with Miss Black, Miss Barrows and the three hour Saturday morning class gave valuable assistance in practical work. Under such guidance an improvement and attractive appearance is sure to result.

The first crafts to be started at the House will be weaving and pottery, among groups of townspeople; this will meet the wish of persons who would like to join such classes at college but cannot because of limited space and equipment. For this instruction there will be a nominal charge plus cost of materials, and next year the children will be asked a small payment for house membership.

By the end of this college year in June about 100 children will have become acquainted with Charter House, as a nucleus for next year there. The average attendance each time has been eighteen and the most regular among these pupils from five groups will be brought together for some closing party. The Educational Committee will recommend whether activities can be continued through the Summer, even in a lesser way, by local students, with other helpers among members and friends of the Hempstead Family Association.

To aid the Charter House project both in public opinion and financing, many persons have become associate members of the Hempstead Society and this number it is wished may increase as the work develops. All such subscriptions, with annual dues of two dollars should be sent to Mr. Henry Holt Smith, Treasurer, c/o Mariners Savings Bank, New London, Connecticut.

It is hoped that when Connecticut College Alumnae return to campus they will also visit Charter House at 49 Jay Street and be interested in its further development, whether or not they have seen this growth begun during their own student days in the early years of their Alma Mater.

The Brooklyn Children's Museum

Gertrude K. Espenscheid, '19

All of you who believe that children are easily interested in worthwhile things, when given an opportunity to become so, will surely want to know what the Children's Museum is offering to the boys and girls of Brooklyn.

The large old frame building called by that name was once a family mansion and stands in Brower Park in a quiet residential section of the city, surrounded by grass and trees. Its whole aspect is inviting and its hospitable doors are open every day in the year to children of every race, creed and nationality.

To turn a child loose in the Children's Museum for the first time is to open a veritable wonder world to his admiring gaze, for it contains splendid exhibits of birds, butterflies, animals, minerals and shells, arranged especially to appeal to the child mind, and upstairs are delightful models showing incidents of history, the types of colonists who settled America, and the manner in which man in his primitive state lives in various climates.

To allow a child to play the Museum games for an afternoon is to stimulate all
his latent curiosity and inspire him with an intense desire to know, usually expressed in the form of rapid-fire questions. But the answers are not far to seek, when you know how to look for them. The Docent, (until recently Jessie Menzies, C. C. '20) encourages the questioner to learn as much as possible through his own observation,—which is good psychology,—is it not, learned sisters of C. C.? And then, both the Lecturer with her splendid moving-picture reels, colored lantern slides and demonstrations—the latter in the realm of physics,—and the Librarian with the assistance of the best Nature Library in Greater New York, are readily able to give first aid to confused minds and to supplement the knowledge of clear and eager ones.

The importance of the Children's Museum in the lives of the 200,000 children who eagerly push through its turnstile every year, appears to lie in three main fields. First in the experiences which it offers the individual, especially the child of superior intelligence, stimulating him to make a collection of his own, or undertake a course of study carried on under trained guidance,—and encouraging him to win the certificate and badge of honor given at the end of the course. The advantage that this has over school work is that it is entirely voluntary and the child goes his own pace. He collects his minerals, or wild flowers or what not, because he is interested in doing so, and if he is ambitious, there is no limit placed upon him by the needs of an intellectually slower class.

And secondly—the value of the Museum is seen in the opportunities it offers groups of children to learn the art of working together for a common interest and to discover the principles of fair play and good citizenship and to develop a love for the great out-of-doors. These experiences are fostered by the Tree Club, the Children's Museum League, the Woodcraft Organizations and the Boy and Girl Scouts. They use the Museum as a kind of Library, Club House and Recreation Center rolled into one,—for the Scouts use it as their Headquarters for 2nd Class tests, and they all hold meetings there and play the Museum games. Jessie Menzies was one of the guiding spirits of the Tree Club and the Children's Museum League, but the children themselves elect officers and help plan and conduct programs for their weekly meetings.

In the third place, the Museum has a message for visitors. Hundreds of foreign children have been taken there during the past couple of years from the various public schools of Brooklyn to receive a special course of lectures demonstrating American ideals and the formation of American institutions. This was done with the help of moving pictures and colored lantern slides and under the guidance of Miss Cotton. It was made possible through the Woman's Auxiliary of the Children's Museum which now numbers over eleven hundred Brooklyn women, although it was organized only eight years ago by a small but vigorous group of public spirited and able women interested in the education of our future citizens.

Women's Clubs are most cordially invited to hold meetings at the Children's Museum and tea is frequently served to groups coming from distant parts of town. We can boast of visitors from Belgium and several other foreign countries, for ours is the first Children's Museum and still has the best equipment.

The idea of having Children's Museums in every community,—just as libraries are built in every large town,—may be a new idea, but it is a vital one and is bound to spread. It is contagious. Come and see!

### 1919's GAME OF MAH JONG.

Legend tells us the hilltop of C. C. used to be the Farm of Four Winds. Long before we played with dragons, flowers, characters—we were building the latter—the North, the South, the West and the East Winds played with us on this hilltop. Since 1915, we have met the four winds throughout the world. This June, 1919 will build her four walls, including the sacred wall of her sons and daughters, on the hilltop of the Four Winds.
Two Poems

Miriam Pomeroy Rogers, '19

THE WOMAN OF IT

I gave my heart to Colin,
Oh, long and long ago—
I could not wait to tell him
That I loved him so.

I told him with my kisses,
I told him every way
A heart could ask—and Colin
Listened for a day!

Oh, Colin took with laughter
What Thomas could not buy,
While I was left a-sorrowing
For love that would not die.

He, whom I spurned said gaily,
“Oh, you will smile again,
“For Thomas brings contentment
“And Colin only pain!”

But this I know, though Colin
Whom I could not refuse
Has trampled on my sorrow
With heavy, careless shoes,

Still, all the anxious Thomas
Can ever hope to hear
Is, “Colin, Colin, Colin—
“I am waiting for you, dear!”

FUTILITY

I have made poems of little things,
I've sung of flowers and birds—
Yet how shall I put happiness
In words?

Tears I have put into a verse
And laughter into song,
But words for love elude me
All day long.

I have found metaphors for truth
And beauty, old and new,
Yet none seem magical enough
For you.

Oh, I have woven lovely dreams
In patterns bright and fair,
Yet find no words to tell how much
I care!
Psychology and philosophy are matters of daily conversation to Marilyn, even in advance of her fourth birthday; at least, she chatted of her intention to study such subjects, in the admiring "aunts" March 1st. Our gives great prom-all that any first of its first baby, the first member wed a graduate---of C. C.'s grad-addition, little responsibility not title, but also to charm and mani-sessed by both she has all this the conviction of has the privilege home on Sunday.
And speaking many of '19's ers may we see Do you know that to six nephews, nieces, besides is our "Cradle

Marilyn C. Morris, born June 17, 1920, '19's Class Baby

Alumnae
Ethel Bradley Firth,
Mary Chipman Morris,
Alison Hastings Porritt,
Amy Kugler Wadsworth,
Margaret Mitchell Goodrich,
Marion Rogers Nelson,
Frances Saunders Tarbell,
Jean Sawin Hawley,
Emetta Weed Seeley,
Jessie Wells Lawrence,
Marion Wells Colby,
Madeline Dray Kepes.

Children
Charles B. Firth,
Marilyn C. Morris,
Nancy Mather Porritt,
Barbara Cory Wadsworth,
Herbert Douglas Goodrich,
Lloyd Steadman Nelson,
Philip Tarbell, Jr.,
Barbara Sawin Hawley,
Carolyn Ada Seeley,
C. Blair Lawrence,
Marjorie Jane Lawrence,
Janet Wells Colby,
Joseph Dray Kepes.

Birthday
July 21, 1923.
June 17, 1920.
October 5, 1922.
March 18, 1924.
June 30, 1923.
March 29, 1922.
September 8, 1923.
July 22, 1923.
August 10, 1921.
September 7, 1921.
February 20, 1924.
September 25, 1923.
July 12, 1923.
CRADLE ROLL

1920

To list the accomplishments of '20's class baby is a difficult task even for her mother, Dora Schwartz Gaberman, who wrote us, in response to our request, the following interesting facts:

'She (Edith) is twenty months old now (March, 1924), and judging from what must be a precocious child, her pronunciation is not but clear, and all her letters. 'Edith' and tells and address. She away'—etc. She at night and— and reads! sees her daddy pencil from him. her tiptoes, and out while she does so many one really has to appreciate. The other day, for instance, she heard a fruit vender go by, calling out, 'Apples!' She ran to the window and cried out, 'How much?'

1920's class boy is Willard Avery Gray, Jr., who arrived in this country on May 17, 1923. His mother, Dorothy Matteson Gray, in addition to her family and household duties sent us, in the midst of moving, the most interesting article on Mexico City, printed elsewhere in the Annual.

But Willard has a rival in Wadsworth Stelle Stone, who was born four months later—September 28, 1923. His mother, (Dorothy Stelle Stone, as you might have guessed) wrote us recently: "The baby was six months old on Friday and has a tooth which he loves to clatter against his spoon." She sent us a most appealing snap of Wadsworth, which lack of finances forbade our printing.

Though Edith is the only girl, '20 "scored again" on February 5, when Robert Livingston, 2nd, arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Coe Massonieu, the latter better known to us as Eleanor Seaver. Jessie Menzies, who first sent us word, prophesies that she and Agnes Mac will develop a keen spirit of rivalry over the privilege of pushing the carriage about Brooklyn!
CRADLE ROLL
1921

Though little Nancy Randall will have celebrated her first birthday before the Annual is distributed, information concerning her personal achievements is quite lacking. However, a careful study of her picture will convince even the most curtous of 1921's characteristic wisdom and her as their Favorite Class Baby! Children were Francis Skinner, 1922, and Chester Bertram Rosoff, born February 18, 1923. Jeannette Lettney Skinner wrote us very jovially of '21's class boy long ago, and we are sure that Hattie Goldman Rosoff would do the same. Unfortunately, we cannot give a word pictures of their two "nephews".

But '21 boasts another daughter, the last of the quartet to arrive: Marion Lyon Jones, born July 7, 1923—her mother?—guess!

News has come to us of at least two ex-'21 children: Donald Hawes, and Ross Boas, sons of "Keenie" and "Pat", respectively. It was our delightful privilege recently to call on Marion Keene Hawes, and to meet Donald at a time when the fascination for walking his first steps quite engrossed him. The little son of Doris Patterson Boas, a bit older, is readily learning the art of conversation, we are told.

William Phelps Allen, Jr., born in July, 1922, the son of Martha Houston Allen, makes a triumvirate of ex-'21's sons.

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TO A VIOLET.

RUTH B. MCCOLLUM, '21

O modest flower of purple hue!
Sipping the fresh cool morning dew,
Lift up your head—why humble be?
Lift up your head, and list to me.
Why droop your head and solemn be?
A face like yours should heavenward see.
Cradle Roll
1922

If it's true, as Ann Slade Frey writes, that Janet's picture "doesn't begin to do her justice", we are left to wonder how '22's Class Baby could be any more cunning and altogether appears on this she must be very much more ac-
this time, for the says, was taken just three months by the way, it at least to know-
ture she is wear-
on's sweater and s h o e s ! H e r
good to her---
an angel", she goes
as big as I, and I have great difficulty in carrying her. She's looking forward to 'our' third reunion in 1925, and expects to be the first on hand!"

Mary Hull Carley, now almost nine years old, was already quite a little miss when her mother, Abbey Palmer Carley, entered C. C.

John Edward Wunch was born at Colon, Panama, the son of Eleanor Thielen Wunch. Though we have no date, we estimate that little "Jack", as his mother calls him, must be "going on one."

Another "ex-son" of '22 is Ralph Tracy Wegman, born on December twenty-third, 1923, son of Ruby Tracy Wegman.

Unfortunately, we feel sure, the list of ex-member's children is sadly incomplete. You will be greatly aiding our next Annual, if you will take note of "omissions and corrections", and send them to the editor for next year. Such suggestions need not apply to this department alone. Let our first endeavor only stimulate us to an ever better publication!

THE PERSONNEL BUREAU

The statistics printed in this issue are from the files of the Personnel Bu-
reau, which, as you may know, is the only Alumnae office on the campus. From this office, the Graduate Secretary gets all her information. The Personnel Bureau is at the services of the Alumnae, whether for securing positions or for information concerning other alumnae. It is here that all statistics, concerning Alumnae occupations are drawn up for the use of the col-
lege.
Approaching Reunion

ALISON HASTINGS PORRITT, '10

O college of our hearts,
Swift years slip on wings.
Remembered faces, books,
And all the dear, familiar things,
Bounding those four happy years;
Laughter, and work, and tears,
Long hours on the shining waves,
Seeking hidden pirate caves,
Wind across the fields, driving rain,
Snowflakes against the casement pane,
Thoughtful, awakening days,
Are changed for other ways.

Now we know further seas,
Other hill-tops, other budding trees,
Other, newer friends,
Other diligence:
Widening paths of work, the creative task,
Contacts long sought, service to give and ask,
Marriage, the love of man and wife,
Ever broadening joy of life,
Children, whose darling new demands
Bring added strength to mind and hands.

O college of our hearts,
Rapt with vigor, on activity bent,
Proud in our youth and accomplishment,
How shall we come to thee again,
We, who have forgotten thee?

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Friday, June 6, 7:30 P. M. — Senior Banquet, Mohican Hotel.
Saturday, June 7, 4:00 P. M. — D. A. R. Reception to Seniors at Shaw Mansion
8:00 P. M. — Dramatic Club Play.
10:00 P. M. — Stonewall Sing?
Sunday, June 8, 4:00 P. M. — Baccalaureate Sermon, St. James Church.
8:00 P. M. — Musical Service.
Monday, June 9, 9:00 A. M. — Meeting of the Alumnae Association.
10:30 A. M. — Baseball Game.
2:00 P. M. — Class Day Exercises.
4:00 P. M. — President’s Reception in the Gym.
Tuesday, June 10, 9:15 A. M. — Commencement Exercises.
12:00 M. — Trustee’s Luncheon.
8:30 P. M. — Senior Promenade.
Graduate Work

Connecticut College Alumnae who have studied at other colleges, universities and schools.

Alumnae Who Have Secured A Second Degree.

1919
Anderson, Ruth, A.B.,—D.O., 1923, Chicago School of Osteopathy
Cough, Helen, B.S.,—D.D.S., 1923, Columbia, University of Michigan
Keefe, Charlotte, A.B.,—M.A., Columbia
Prentis, Mareda, A.B.,—M.A., Yale University
Trail, Ruth, B.S.,—M.A., Kansas State Agricultural College
Upton, Dorothy, A.B.,—M.A., Columbia

1920
Nagy, Elizabeth, A.B.,—Ph.D., Yale University
Warner, Marion, B.S.,—M.A., Wellesley College

1921
McCullum, Ella, B.S.,—M.A., Columbia
McCullum, Ruth, B.S.,—M.A., Columbia

Alumnae who have studied or are studying toward degrees

1919
Barnes, Esther
Batchelder, Esther
Emerson, Mary J.
Hatch, Julia
Lennon, Florence
Rogers, Harriet
Rowe, Marjorie
Stanton, Gladys
Warner, Juline

University Iowa
Columbia University
Yale University
Yale University
Cornell University
Yale and Study abroad
Yale University
Yale University
Columbia University

Education
Chemistry
Medicine
Psychology
Philosophy, Ethics
Chemistry
English
Education
Latin, English

1920
Coughlin, Mary
Doherty, Olive
Doherty, Rose
Green, Zeveley
Hester, Mary
Hubert, Kathryn
Milligan, Margaret

Columbia University
Yale University
Yale University
Yale University
Columbia University
Beirut, Syria
Penn. Women's College

History, English
Spanish
German, French, Spanish
Education
Psychology
History, Semitic Characters
Medicine

1921
Hippolitus, Jennie
Meyrowitz, Rose

Yale Medical
Yale University

Medicine
Botany

1922
McDannel, Lucy

Yale University

Law

1923
Anastasia, Carmela
Randle, Dorothy
Peabody, Leora
Whitten, Elizabeth

University of Rochester
Columbia University
Columbia University
University of Pittsburgh

Chemistry
Physical Education
Greek, Latin
Law
### Alumnae who have done further study in other Colleges or Universities.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>College/University</th>
<th>Major</th>
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<td>1919</td>
<td>Avery, Ruth</td>
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<td>Carns, Florence</td>
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<td>Cherkesky, Anna</td>
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<td>Holway, Katherine</td>
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<td>Kofsky, Marion</td>
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<td>Weed, Emetta</td>
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<td>1920</td>
<td>Allen, Harriet</td>
<td>Harvard University</td>
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<td>Brader, Mary</td>
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<td>Fagan, Mildred</td>
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<td>Perry, Helen</td>
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<td>Williams, Elizabeth</td>
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<td>Baxter, Margaret</td>
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<td>Mt. Holyoke College</td>
<td>Italian Sculpture</td>
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<td>McCarthy, Catherine</td>
<td>Harvard University</td>
<td>English, Education</td>
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<td>Bretzfelder, Diana</td>
<td>Columbia and Yale</td>
<td>Public Health, English</td>
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<td>Calmen, Claire</td>
<td>Middlebury College</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Hull, Lavinia</td>
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<td>Physiology</td>
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### Alumnae who have done specialized study outside of Connecticut College.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>School/Institution</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Christie, Pauline</td>
<td>Am. Institution</td>
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<td>Espenscheid, Gertrude</td>
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<td>Ives, Margaret</td>
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<td>Provost, Mildred</td>
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<td>Rose, Virginia</td>
<td>Wood's Hole</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Alumnae who have done specialized study outside of Connecticut College.

Rowe, Madeline
Wells, Marion
White, Mildred

1920
Buller, Anna
Chase, Margaret
Costigan, Henrietta
Higgins, Loretta
Howard, Mildred
Ragsdale, Clarissa

Seaver, Eleanor
Sturges, Helen
Wholey, Irene

1921
Batchelder, Laura
Beebe, Gladys
Gallup, Abby
Gregson, Dorothy
Haasis, Eleanor
Henkle, Dorothy

Marvin, Lydia
Newton, Robberta
Smith, Rachel
Paul, Marguerite
Wulf, Dorothy

1922
Clarke, Helen
Duncan, Mildred
Hill, Constance
Miller, Minneola
Peale, Helen
Thomson, Mary

1923
Appel, Florence
Danforth, Catherine
Eddy, Virginia
Gardner, Jane
Heyer, Margaret
Holcombe, Alice
Johnson, Marian
Namovich, Michaelina
Padelford, Doris
Root, Virginia
Seely, Mildred

Rowe, Madeline
Wells, Marion
White, Mildred
1920
Buller, Anna
Chase, Margaret
Costigan, Henrietta
Higgins, Loretta
Howard, Mildred
Ragsdale, Clarissa

Seaver, Eleanor
Sturges, Helen
Wholey, Irene

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Henkle, Dorothy

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Newton, Robberta
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Thomson, Mary

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Appel, Florence
Danforth, Catherine
Eddy, Virginia
Gardner, Jane
Heyer, Margaret
Holcombe, Alice
Johnson, Marian
Namovich, Michaelina
Padelford, Doris
Root, Virginia
Seely, Mildred

New Haven Normal
School Gymnastics
Katherine Gibbs School
Pratt Institute
School of Languages
Boston University
Ballet under Dobbins and
Paris, France
School of Fine Arts
Art Institute, Chicago
N. Y. School Applied Design
N. Y. School for Church Workers, Religious Education
Norwich Business School

Simmons College
Harvard University
Hartford Training School
School of Fine Arts
School of Fine Arts
Simmons College
R. I. School of Design
Sor Bonne, Paris
Business School
Business School
School of Fine Arts
School Design and Liberal
Arts
N. Y. School Fine and
Applied Art
N. Y. Central School
Physical Education
N. Y. School Fine Arts
in Paris
Smith College
School of Fine Arts
Museum School of Art
School of Fine Arts
Mass. General Hospital
Katherine Gibbs School
School of Fine Arts
Bryant & Stratton
School of Fine Arts
Bryant & Stratton
Boston, School Phys. Ed.
New York City
Mass. General Hospital
Washington, D. C.
N. Y. School of Social Work

Physical Education
Secretarial
Library Science
Spanish
Secretarial
Voice Culture
Physical Education
Fine Arts
Secretarial
Architectural Design
French
Secretarial
Fine Arts
Fine Arts
Physical Education
Fine Arts
French
Medical Social Work
Fine Arts
Fine Arts
Dietetics
Secretarial
Fine Arts
Secretarial
Fine Arts
Secretarial
Physical Education
Dramatic Expression
Dietetics
Secretarial
Social Work
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HELEN GAGE, '20

DOROTHY MARVIN, '20

COMPLIMENTS

Of a Member of '20 by Adoption—A Husband!

COMPLIMENTS

Of a Distant but Loyal Alumna, '20

PLEASE NOTE

That all ads in this issue, with one exception, are contributed by 1920—the full page coming from the husband of an ex-member, Rachel Parker Porter. Another member of '20 "oversubscribed" for her copy, to help matters along. Other Alumnae have labored, but without result. However, with a REAL publication to produce, we shall not have these difficulties with advertisers another year.
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