ENTRANCE, KNOWLTON HOUSE
IN MEMORIAM,
MARY ELIZABETH HOLMES

Mary Elizabeth Holmes, whose sudden death occurred March 12, was the true friend and great teacher of all her students. Alumnae of Connecticut College who knew Dr. Holmes will join the faculty and students of the college and the members of the community in mourning her loss. Below is the tribute which appeared in the "Day" written to Dr. Holmes' memory by her pastor. It well expresses the esteem and love in which this noble scholar was held by all who knew her.

College Faculty Honors Prof. Holmes at Funeral.

In the presence of officers and members of the faculty of the Connecticut College for Women, and representatives of the student body, funeral services were held for Miss Mary E. Holmes, professor of chemistry at the Connecticut College, who died of pneumonia at the college infirmary, at her late home, 52 Nameaug Avenue. The services were conducted by the Rev. James R. Danforth, pastor of the First Church of Christ, and Dr. Benjamin T. Marshall, president of the college. The bearers, all of them members of the college faculty, were Professors Henry B. Selden, Frederick S. Weld, G. K. Daghlian, William B. Doyle, Henry W. Lawrence, Jr., Frank E. Morris, G. E. Jensen and David D. Leib.

Following the services at the home, the body was taken to the Elm Grove chapel, Elm Grove cemetery, Mystic, Conn., where brief services were held. The services at the chapel were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Danforth, Dr. Marshall, and the Rev. Frederick G. Chutter, pastor of the Mystic Congregational Church. Burial was in Elm Grove cemetery.

In token of respect to the memory of Miss Holmes, the college flag was flown at half mast. The chemical laboratories were closed during the day. Classes were resumed the next morning. The regular college exercises were suspended for the day.

Connecticut College mourns the loss of its venerable instructor, who at the time of her death, was serving her tenth year as instructor in chemistry. Her death followed an illness of one week, during which she was confined to the college infirmary.

Miss Holmes was a native of Mystic, where she spent her girlhood days and where all of her near relatives, with the exception of a sister, Miss Evelyn Holmes of 52 Nameaug Avenue, now reside. She was a graduate of Wellesley College, where she took the degree of A. B. in 1892. She was a graduate student and graduate scholar in the University of Chicago, 1895-97, and she also continued studies in the University of Pennsylvania, where she took the degree of Ph. D. in chemistry in 1908. In the years directly following her graduation from Wellesley she was instructor successively in Flushing Seminary, Flushing, L. I., the Alinda Preparatory School, Pittsburgh, Pa., and for a year after her work in Chicago was in the Walnut Lane Preparatory School, Germantown, Pa. In 1898 she was called to Mount Holyoke, where, in the successive grades of instructor and assistant professor of chemistry, she served from 1898-1917.

Miss Holmes was a devoted alumna of Wellesley and had been very active in various committee in the interest of her college which she represented both as a scholar and as a woman, in a very dignified, efficient and human fashion. Her many years at Mount Holyoke offered her opportunity to make a very important contribution to the life of that institution where her name is held in great affection and reverence. It can be seen, therefore, that she brought to her professorship of chemistry at Connecticut College an unusual training and background of experience and accomplishment. The department of chemistry has prospered under her direction. She has had the support of loyal and devoted colleagues, and her students in all her various teaching positions have held for her a very profound respect and affection. Concerned with the teaching of one of the most important and exact sciences and tenacious of high standards, she was also a woman of large human sympathy and understanding and sustained a relation toward students and her colleagues of the faculty that was fraught with unusual understanding and sympathy, flavored by fine and stimulating friendship.
Her loyalty to Connecticut College was unbounded. Essentially liberal in mind, more than tolerant in spirit, combining in herself a love of scholarship with attractive human qualities of friendship and cooperation and fellowship, she exerted a deep and abiding influence among students and faculty alike. She was a member of the more important committees of the faculty, and was instrumental in the founding of the very important and efficient personnel bureau, and was chairman of the committee responsible for that bureau up to the end.

The entire college is aware of a sense of deep, personal loss, and at the same moment of sincere gratitude that such a one has served the college over so long a period of time and made her lasting and vital contribution to its free spirit of inquiry and search for truth and to the spirit of good will and of cooperation which are distinctive features of the college.

Tribute to Prof. Holmes.

In the death of Professor Mary E. Holmes of Connecticut College, there has passed from us an unusual woman. Her scholastic achievements have already been related. They are great and worthy of remembrance. But greater still was her great heart.

Through all the years of her teaching she has mothered and befriended students without number. Often, in speaking of someone who had come to her in difficulty, she would say, "Poor young one."

With Dr. Holmes the human more than the scholastic. In the laboratory of human life her keen analysis would always find the best in those she met. With a great warm heart of human sympathy and loving kindness she brought that best forward, that all might be their best for always. Such a woman mightily confirms one's faith in heaven.

There are lines of effort in which the results remain close at hand. The worker can see them and take courage. Not so the teacher. There the results are scattered throughout the world. And yet there is a compensation for it, as throughout the world there are those who rise to call her blessed. So we who knew and loved her join with them.

REV. J. ROMEYN DANFORTH.

BRIEF RESUME OF EARLY HISTORY OF CONNECTICUT.

(From an address delivered by Dean Nye during Freshman Week, 1926.)

In the spring of 1911, stirred by the announcement that Wesleyan University of Middletown, which had been co-educational for a considerable number of years, had decided to receive women no longer, the college women of Connecticut were taking steps to organize a new institution exclusively for women in their state. Miss Elizabeth C. Wright, now Bursar of Connecticut College, and herself an graduate of Wesleyan, at that time a member of the college club of Hartford, was one of the original committee to choose a site for the new college, and later was one of the board of incorporators. Sites were offered in various cities but this “hill-top by the sea” seemed most attractive to the committee, and was chosen.

Mr. Morton F. Plant, at that time a citizen of Groton, just across the river from New London, generously contributed at the second meeting of the board of trustees the sum of $1,000,000, to start the endowment, and so the new college might be said to have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth. The citizens of New London raised the money for New London Hall; Mr. Plant built and furnished the two original dormitories, Plant House and Blackstone, named for his father and mother, all three built of stone quarried on the campus. In September, 1915, the first Freshman class assembled one hundred strong. The women graduates of Wesleyan offered their allegiance to Connecticut College, and so buildings, students, faculty, endowment and even alumnae were already at hand.

Eleven years ago very few of the citizens of New London had apparently discovered the beauties of this section as a place of residence, and scarcely more than half a dozen of the houses that now form one group on Michigan, New London, and Oneco Avenues had been built. There were, however, two houses standing a little distance apart on what became college property somewhat to the north of Reservoir Street. When they fell into the hands of the college, some one had the brilliant idea of connecting these two houses by means of a long gallery, and this gallery became the college refectory. The fire-place was built of boulders from the campus, and in that room on a floor partially laid that very forenoon the first students and the first faculty of the college partook of the first luncheon on Monday, September 27, 1915.

It was a happy and indeed a stirring occasion. But that was not quite the first meal that had been served there. On the evening of the Saturday before a single table had been set on that portion of the flooring which had been finished near the pantry door, and a small group had dined there. The first president of the college, Dr. Frederick H. Sykes, and Mrs. Sykes, Dr. Helen Bishop...
Thompson, now of the University of California, first Professor of Dietetics at Connecticut College, and Miss Margaret A. Proctor, who had come from Bryn Mawr to be our first Director of Residence, were of the party, and at the table with them for that initial dinner there sat down the three capable colored servants of the college who had prepared the dinner and who were working during those first days with a skill in their own line, and a zeal and enthusiasm unsurpassed to launch this new undertaking in which they all believed. That dinner seems to stand for the ideals of friendship and democracy, of sympathetic and intelligent cooperation and appreciation, which Connecticut College has and would continue to have from the lowest to the highest of all those on whose service it depends and to whose needs it ministers.

It was in this same dining-room, smaller by much than at present, that the chapel service at the beginning was held daily following breakfast, that the Vesper Service took place on Sunday afternoon, that the informal social Friday evenings were spent, as well as the less frequent and more formal occasions of plays and dances. It was also in this room that on October 9, 1915, the official opening luncheon occurred, when the presidents of the principal New England colleges were our guests, and a telegram of congratulation was received from Mr. Wilson, then President of the United States.

That first autumn the campus was almost a treeless place; it was entirely without walks or roads; the wind that swept through the quadrangle found not a blade of grass nor a leaf to quiver at its coming; but the sense of high adventure gave us something better than cheer, and "though our feet were in the mud, our heads were in the clouds."

The next year opened a new dormitory, Winthrop House; the following autumn President Marshall was inaugurated in the new gymnasium, and the succeeding years have brought, one after another, North Cottage, Branford, Vinal, the Library and Knowlton House.

Little Joseph was getting acquainted with the laundryman.

"What's your name?" asked the laudryman.

"Joseph. What's yours?" said Joseph.

"What do you think it is?" asked the laundryman.

Joseph (thoughfully)—"I'm not sure; but I think it is Wet Wash."—Mrs. M. M. D., Springfield, from "Children."

Mascot of Sword of 1927 is Dedicated.

"On thy keen blade gleaming,
May we see the light of truth,
Find the deepest meaning
In the dream of youth."

The bronze sword, mascot of the Class of 1927, was placed over Branford fireplace at a ceremony held in November. The Seniors, in cap and gown, lined Branford living-room. They sang their class song, a song to the Junior class, and two to the mascot which was held by Florence Hopper and Lois Penny, last year's class leaders. The Juniors responded with a song, and Harriet Taylor, Senior president, gave the dedication speech. In her speech she mentioned the two ideals for which the mascot stands, the honor and truthfulness of the Class of '27, and the spirit of good sportsmanship as shown in all mascot hunts. The ceremony was ended with the singing of the Alma Mater.

The sword now hangs on an oaken panel over the fireplace. Its very simplicity gives it beauty—truly a worthy symbol of college ideals.—C. C. News.

(Ed. Note—Y. B. Glum is our correspondent's nom de plume, he being that modest!)

Once a friend of mine
Owned a bad little book.
Of course, he should not,
But he did.

The book was by Mark Twain;
Written before his godly wife restrained him.

It related conversations by the fireside
In the reign of Good Queen Bess.

My friend lent this bad little book
To a friend of his who had learnt behavior
In the reign of Good Queen Vic.

So he tore it up,
And threw the parts out of the car window.

—Y. B. Glum.
THE GUACHARO OR OIL BIRD IN THE ARIMA GORGE

By Gloria E. Hollister, '24.

In mid-April of the last year the S. S. Matura, on her return trip to New York from British Guiana, nosed her way through the bocas of Trinidad and anchored in the crescent harbor at Port-of-Spain. She carried with her two eager naturalists, Mrs. S. Roger Mitchell and myself, each with a cabin filled with boxes and bottles of zoological specimens, and numerous crates and cages of live animals in the hold for the New York Zoological Society.

Through the interest of Mr. William Livingston, government geologist for several years in Trinidad and recently transferred to Georgetown, British Guiana—I carried letters of introduction to Mr. F. W. Ulrich, government entomologist in Trinidad, and to Mr. Charles Meyers, owner of Verdant Vale Estate. Here, in densely forested hills of the Arima Valley lies the Arima Gorge, which is inhabited by the Guacharo bird. To explore this gorge and to obtain some first hand facts about this bird was our object during our few days' call at Trinidad.

There are at least half a dozen nesting places of this bird in Trinidad, and, if rumor can be believed, there may be more. They are all in the northern part of the island, either in the mountains or in the cliffs facing the sea. Most of them are in true caves, but in one case, the Arima Gorge, they were reported by natives to be nesting on the walls of a canyon. The common feature of all these places is a floor of moving water, either sea or a river.

On Saturday, April 17, with cameras and packs, we set out at daybreak for the Arima Gorge in company with Mr. Ulrich and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Harding of the Royal Bank of Canada, who put their car at our disposal.

After traveling fifteen miles on the Eastern Road from Port-of-Spain, we reached the town of Arima. With a right angle turn to the north at the market place, we proceeded up the Verdant Vale Road. This leads by gentle curves and slight grades up to where the foot hills begin, it then enters the river valley. For seven or eight miles this road winds about, high above the bed of the stream, crossing several deep gullies. Here and there a sparkling spring arises from the steep tree-clad sides of the hills. After a stiff climb and a hairpin turn, we saw for the first time, the expanse of the valley and the hills to the west through which we had wound. In the distance was the estate house. As the next turn, an Indian boy stopped us and guided us afoot down the mountain side for about a mile, over a steep trail to the house.

After quickly donning our bathing suits, we set out toward the gorge with torch lights, cameras, and knapsacks, and the Indian boy as guide, carrying a crude ladder. After a short distance, we left the path through the cocoa grove. Half sliding, we descended an almost perpendicular drop of about 75 feet to the Arima River bed. Here was a beautiful amber-colored stream splashing its way around large mossy boulders into a dark narrow canyon beyond. The river has cut a gorge seventy-five to one hundred feet deep and less than eight feet wide, through the soft shist that forms so much of the northern range.

Once through the narrow entrance of the gorge, the every-day world was a thing apart and our senses were experiencing a new world: The pressure of the rushing river, the echoes of its rush through the gorge, moist dampness and dank odors with a semi-gloom enveloping all. Not far from the entrance and about twelve feet above the level of the water, we found the first nesting place of the Guacharo. With the aid of the ladder and a torch light, I climbed to the ledge in the wall and there found nine nests, one containing two lusterless white eggs, which in spots had turned a yellowish green from contact with the nest. The nests were low pillars averaging about fifteen inches across, with a graduated depression on top about an inch in depth. Some were built higher than others. Because of this and the difference in color and decomposition, it is probable that with each successive nesting season a new layer is added. The material, of which the nest is made, appears to be some kind of masticated fruit, rather than wood fiber, with numerous palm and laurel seeds, scattered throughout. The nests were surrounded by several inches of guano of ages past and littered with palm and laurel seeds, many of which had germinated to etiolated seedlings. These seeds showed a wide range of ages—the kernels varying from a fresh green germinating condition, to that of a dark brown shrunken mass a century or more old. After dislodging the nest and carefully carrying it with the eggs and a mass of seeds out
of the gorge to a place of safety, we started on to discover the birds. As yet we had neither seen nor heard them.

For a few yards, now, the bed of the river was smooth and worn, covered with a slippery slime and a rush of swift water which made it impossible to walk erect. The first serious obstacle was a drop of about twelve feet with jagged projecting rocks and a black pool below. This was negotiated by means of the ladder and a plunge. Here the party divided, two of us proceeding with the Indian boy and the other waiting above this pool.

Just as we had gained footing in the rapids on the other side of the pool, a volume of harsh rasping cries from beyond, echoed through the canyon. The Guacharo birds had heard unnatural sounds. Our Indian boy excitedly shouted, "dey, der, dey der," and in his enthusiasm, dropped our ladder. In a second, it was carried away by the rapids and, with a crash, disappeared around a sharp bend. From here on, our progress was very slow and tedious. We encountered a succession of sheer drops, each higher and more difficult to descend than the last. Without the aid of our ladder, it was a question how we could retrace our steps. This tortuous course of jagged falls, slimy rocks, and unknown pools. But the quest was too strong to deter our proceeding to the end of the gorge. Harsh castenet-like cries became louder, and a sudden whirr overhead was followed by an angry KEEK!

Swimming through another pool where crabs played tag with my toes, and wading around a sharp bend, the source of all this harsh croaking was discovered. Here were many nests high up on the walls, built on every available ledge. Fifty or more were visible and all were either occupied by the birds or closely guarded. If no noise had been uttered, the discovery of these birds, would have been most difficult. The plumage tints of chocolate and grey, barred and pencilled with dark brown, and spotted in places with white, blended with the obscure background.

Without the ladder, we could not examine these nests, but by hurling some sticks against the walls, we put to flight about thirty birds. These flew extremely low, never once soaring higher than several feet below the narrow open top of the gorge. Their flight was circuitous and accompanied by harsh cries. In several instances the birds struck against the projecting walls of the canyon, in their effort to find the meandering course of the gorge. This was when their flight was in the lighter area near the top. These birds are about the size of a crow, with a spread of wing of some twenty-eight inches.

Proceeding a few paces around another sharp bend, we caught a sudden glimpse of the luxuriant foliage of the outer world, through the narrow slit-like end of the gorge. With a plunge, the stream dropped into the last deep pool. No nests could be seen near the end, so we started to retrace our course to our companions at the head of the gorge. Our Indian boy was already struggling up the last waterfall and we started to buck the current. Suddenly, a movement by the edge of the rapids attracted our attention. With a shout, I clapped my net over this moving object. Like crouched worshippers before the Buddha, we bent speechless over a treasure! It was a lovely young half-feathered Guacharo bird.

With difficulty and great effort, we struggled against the opposition of natural forces up the series of falls and pools. The little bird was passed and repassed between the three of us, from one point of footing to the next. He had but one ducking, when a projecting rock gave way and we plunged into the pool below.

On reaching our companions, we found that Mr. Ulrich had completed our collection by the addition of two skins. He reported that about twenty birds had flown past him near the first pool.

The little bird kept up that remarkable KEEK! KEEK! as I toted him in my knapsack out of the gorge, up the steep slide and along the path in the cocoa grove to the estate house. No one who has heard this noise will ever forget it, especially those to whom the sea is Anathema Marantha.

We shed our dripping bathing suits and carried our specimens up the steep path out to the car on the road. An hour later, the Matura pulled up anchor and was sailing out through the bocas tinged by a golden sunset.

Much to my surprise, the little bird grew and thrived during his ten days' voyage to New York. It was difficult, at first to find a diet that suited him. After trying bread, crackers, milk and various fruits, all without success, I hit upon ripe cocoanut, a substitute for the native palm seeds. This he ate only in the predigested state, which meant personally masticating a large piece of cocoanut for his feeding, every four hours. Cocoanut is the only fruit which I detest in all forms! At first, it was necessary to feed him by opening his beak and pushing the chewed fruit down his throat, but he soon learned to react to my hand as he did to his mother. He called for food with impatient KEEKS.

(Continued on page 14.)
THE COMING OF SPRING

Spring has come—not manifesting herself in wealth of color or blare of sound, but rather penetrating to our very souls with her warmer rays of sunlight, the earthly smell of new-turned soil, the delicate tints of early flowers, the swelling buds of awakened trees, and the trilling notes of returned birds. Thus spring has come in the open spaces, and in the city streets the signs are no less positive. Store windows, scarcely reached by the strengthening sunshine, plan to capture the eye with their pageant of colors—blazing orange, powdered blue, jaunty green, and burning scarlet. The milliners have set their snares for the feminine passers, as have also the shoe dealers, and all the other courteous, poetic merchants who would clothe Madame at her expense and pleasure, from top to toe, to resemble the spirit of spring.

Spring comes on the calendar as early as March twenty-first, but spring comes to the soul of the individual at no set date. Any April magazine will tell you how spring comes—will give you editorially the opportunities of spring, poetically the spirit of spring, and in short story the adventures thrown like bouquets of May flowers at the feet of the hero and heroine. Ah, spring is sweet, and the tales of spring are sweeter. The heart beats a little faster, and the eyes shine a bit brighter as the fire of your imagination consumes these fictitious fulfillments of spring. And then, if you are a pessimist or a humorist, you may conjecture that in fact the story of springtime happiness was written in February, accepted by a business-like editor in March, set up and printed by eight-hour workmen in that same month, so that it might be delivered at your door on the shining first of April as a feature in your favorite magazine. The cheque, sent to the needy author in early March, probably paid for the extra coal purchased on credit and hope in February, to keep the furnace running until the longed-for spring should come.

Nevertheless, spring is not merely a matter of show windows, calculating merchants and feature stories. The spirit of spring is identical with that of the festival which crowns the season with sacred glory. Spring is an awakening, a renewal, a renaissance of earthly life which hints at an immortality. The something within each of us that is not wholly ours because we cannot touch and hold it, that unying fire of which some flames are hope and desire and love, leaps to the promise of spring. Whatever the date, whatever the weather, it is when the divine sense of awakening touches the soul that spring comes to the individual.—P. W., '26.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Although we have no hope of getting George Bernard Shaw to contribute to our humble publication, the editorial staff has concluded that any magazine must occasionally run the chance of publishing matter of a controversial nature. Therefore, the staff would like to here-with disclaim support of or responsibility for the theories expressed in any signed article which appears in our pages.

ALUMNAE WEEK-END.

Over one hundred enthusiastic members of the Alumnae body returned to the college campus for the week-end of February 19. Although the official "Alumnae Week-end" began Saturday morning, Friday night saw many of the "old grads" in the audience of the gymnasium where a dramatic evening was in progress. The Sophomore and Freshman competitive plays were being performed; both choices were of a spiritual, after-world flavor, but their ghostliness was a little wedged by the gay between-the-acts greetings of the graduates who felt very much of and in a lively past rather than a shadowy future.

Saturday morning the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association convened in Knowlton lounge for its annual meeting. Heavy business must have been accomplished for the board emerged hungry and speechless after a four-hour session.

The basketball game, Alumnae versus Seniors, was played in the gym in the early afternoon. It was an event in college history—the Alumnae won! The score, a lost detail as to exact figures,
raced along quite evenly, crediting baskets to the two sides almost impartially until the last quarter was played. Grace Ward, '26, had charge of the Alumnae team. Players were Helen Hemingway, '23; Marion Armstrong, '24; Janet Crawford How, '24; Emily Warner, '26; Rosamond Beebe, Elizabeth Damereel, '26; Lorraine Ferris, Emma Sterberg and Marjorie Thompson, '26.

After the game, the New London Chapter was hostess to an Alumnae-Faculty Tea served in the Faculty room of the Library. The walls of the room held a temporary exhibit of works of Henry Bill Selden—watercolors, oils and etchings—which was a privilege to view. And, of course, the gathering and the tea furnished enjoyment and satisfaction.

The Class of 1926, which reunited thirty-three strong, banqueted at Lightshouse Inn. Speeches on "how to earn twenty-five dollars a week" and other subjects of equal interest to newly-hatched alumnae were enlightening.

In the evening a George Washington's Birthday Party, at which President and Mrs. Marshall were host and hostess to alumnae and students, was held in Knowlton Hall. Dancing and entertainment made the hours pass swiftly. Alumnae sang old comedy songs to renew the days of the musical shows.

In an effort to establish a real source of contact between the Alumnae Association and the undergraduate body, a luncheon was arranged for Sunday noon in Knowlton at which the Student Government Cabinet entertained the Alumnae Executive Board. President and Mrs. Marshall and Dean Nye were also guests.

Those alumnae who could extend their stay at college to include Sunday afternoon were privileged to hear President Marshall read poetry to a group in Knowlton drawing room. At the vespers service, Dr. Gordon Gilkey of Springfield, an old friend of the college, preached the sermon.

The week-end well served its function bringing one-fifth of the graduates back to the college to renew acquaintances with each other and with faculty, to meet the Undergraduates, and to go forth again from the hilltop with a new-old vision of the "reals" and "ideals" for which Connecticut College stands.

The following alumnae returned for Alumnae Week-end at College:
1919—Marion Kofsky Harris, Marion Rogers Nelson, Marinda Prentis, Julie Warner Comstock, Ann Cherasky.
1920—Marion Gammons, Alice Horrax Schell, Kathryn Hubert Hall, Mary Hester Camp, Esther Tabor, Edith Smith, Fanchon Hartman Title, Esther Watson, Helen Collins Miner.
1921—Marion Bedell, Agnes Leahy, Dorothy Pryde, Anne Flaherty, Olive Littlehales Corbin, Florence Silver, Louise Avery Favorite.
1923—Elizabeth Dickinson, Rheta Clark, Lucy Whitford Heaton, Hannah Sachs, Marcia Longley, Abby Hollister, Alice Ramsey, Mary Wheeler, Hope Freeland Allen, Julia Warner, Helen Wulf, Irene Steele Saxton, Edith Goldberg, Helen Hemingway.
1924—Marion Armstrong, Janet Crawford How, Elsie Marquardt Meek, Eileen Fitzgerald, Martha Bolles, Marion Vibert, Mary Courtney, Eugenia Walsh, Ruth Wexler, Gladys Forster, Dorothy Brockett, Anna Kepler.
1926—Dorothy Andrews, Dorothy Ayers, Doris Barton, Rosamond Beebe, Barbara Bell, Elinor Bond, Letitia Burt, Eleanor Conly, Constance Clapp, Katherine Colgrove, Catherine Dauchie, Mildred Dornan, Annette Ebsen, Margaret Ebsen, Helen Farnsworth Schneider, Lorraine Perris, Lois Gordon, Frances Green, Arline Haskins, Inez Hess, Katherine King, Gertrude Koetter, Marjorie Lloyd Austin, Clarissa Lord, Isabel Newton, Hazel Osborn, Grace Parker Schumpted, Irene Petersen, Madelyn Smith, Emma Sternberg, Marjorie Thompson, Pauline Warnor, Jessie Williams.

SATISFACTION.

Earth throbs with joy at beauty spread
Profusely o'er its bed,
And smiles in comfort while it sleeps
Through winter's whitening deeps,
That it has shown supremest power
From such a mighty artist's dower.

To the Chapters:

Last June the C. C. Alumnae Association voted that the First Vice-President should act as adviser and supervisor of the Chapters. This letter is therefore a greeting to you all and a bearer of some few suggestions. You are all starting out in your various localities. The Chapters are few. The histories are more or less alike. They have all traveled along the "trial and error" road. I wonder if it is not time to look back and see just what ground we have covered. On the basis of such observations it seems to me we can attempt to build a unified program. I wish very much we might make a serious attempt this year to standardize our purposes. We do not want or expect our activities to be identical, but we do want to have our purposes equally broad and dignified and interesting. The chapters were organized for the purpose of strengthening the Alumnae Association that we might always be in sympathy with the standards and progress of the College. We have a big publicity responsibility since we are the ones who represent the College here, there and everywhere. We want some splendid publicity this year.

Following are a few suggestions. Some have been tried, some have not. All are worthy I think. The President and Secretary join me in urging you to consider these or similar or even better projects in your groups and to block out your year's activities with these ideas in mind.

Each year most of the Chapters have engaged in some project, which made it possible for them to send some funds to Endowment or Sykes Fund. In this effort we hope that history will repeat itself. In addition to this I submit a three-fold program for each Chapter which is:

**Educational:**
- Outside speakers,
- Play reading,
- Book Reviewing,
- Alumnae speakers,
- Group study.

**Socially Constructive:**
- Individual Volunteers,
- Service in Settlements,
- and other Social Agencies:
  - Club Work,
  - Class Work,
  - Dramatics,
  - Workshop,
  - Music,
  - Sewing,
  - Visiting.

**Recreational:**
- Theatre Parties,
- Bridge Parties,
- Hikes,
- Winter Sports,
- Historic Trips,
- Dinners,
- Luncheons,
- Dances.

All the Chapters have had worthy projects. Cannot we all consider new projects this year and try very hard to have a high standard in all that we do? I am asking that you send me suggestions that I may pass them along to other chapters. We must keep in touch with each other constantly in order to accomplish our purpose of working for the College as a unified body of Alumnae.

Cordial Greetings to you all,

MARENDA E. PRENTIS,
First Vice-President,
Alumnae Association,
Connecticut College.

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New York.

The annual luncheon event of the New York Chapter of the Alumnae was held on March 12, at the Women's University Club. Our first annual luncheon was last year. This was our second, and if they keep increasing in size and spirit as this one did over the first, New York won't be able to hold us. We had planned on about 30 for luncheon, and we had 51; and instead of the 10 tables of Bridge we counted on, we had 15. Only the Alumnae were at the luncheon, but guests were invited to come and play Bridge. We had no speaker, which made everyone sad, but the committee had run into a bit of hard luck in securing one. While we were sipping coffee, Helen Barkeding Newberg sang for us, and, of course, encored with a few comedy hits. After Bridge Bobby Newton entertained us with more comedy music.

People did seem to have a good time, and many told me that they thought it especially nice. Being on a Saturday, it made it possible for the girls from Westchester, New Jersey and Long Island to come in—also from Westport—which they appreciated, as it is often impossible for them to get into the city for evening meetings.—E. H., '23.
Boston.

From Barbara Brooks comes the following report of the Boston Chapter:

"The chapter held its formal February meeting on the fifteenth, at Polly Perkins' Tea Room, on Beacon Hill.

Various plans for establishing our raison d'etre were discussed, but the only definite work agreed upon was to help the Massachusetts Civic League during the coming month in their efforts toward promoting good social legislation.

"Mrs. Pinkham of the League spoke upon the work of the organization, and we really had a very interesting and enjoyable meeting. Refreshments were served, which, of course, added to the general festivity."

New London.

Those alumnae who were fortunate enough to return to campus for Washington's Birthday week-end bore witness to the most successful social activity of the New London Chapter, who played hostesses to the faculty and graduates at a delightful tea in the Faculty Room of the Library, on Saturday afternoon.

But few, if any, of the alumnae, realized that another great goal of the chapter had already been attained, earlier in the season, when members labored industriously for the Christmas Shop, and made possible the completion of the chapter fund pledge toward Endowment.

Aside from these main activities, the Chapter has interested itself in a social evening program.

Officers of the New London Chapter are as follows:
President—Margaret Cort Palmer.
Vice-President—Hope Freeland Allen.
Secretary—Matilda Allyn.
Treasurer—Mildred Keefe.
Chairman Entertainment Committee—Helen Collins Miner.

Chicago.

Fresh from a cruise to the West Indies, Leah Nora Pick, '20, sends the following news of the Youngest Local Chapter:

"News for the Alumnae Quarterly from the Y. L. C. may not be amiss, and though there is little to say as to the accomplishments of one so young—other than that we have enjoyed the feeling of being organized—yet what there is, we are eager to pass along.

"Meetings during tea time were soon disbanded, as practically all of our members (we number about twenty) are employed during the daytime, and thus we have found meetings during dinner time the most satisfactory.

"The Chicago College Club, which is rather centrally located, has proven a convenient meeting place for dinner, and the club rooms have lent a pleasant atmosphere for the informal business meetings which follow.

"Our programs, this year have, of necessity, been most informal and brief, because the distances in Chicago are such—and we seem to be scattered from one end of the city to the other, as well as the suburbs—that we find it necessary, and safer, to wend our way home at an early hour.

"At Christmas time, we had a reunion, with the undergraduates, at a dinner party held at the College Club. We do so hope that all Connecticut College girls and faculty coming to Chicago will get in touch with us, and permit us to be of every possible assistance to them during their sojourn here. We trust you will call upon us much and often.

"We feel that the several local chapters should be used as a clearing house for those wanting information about C. C. and for C. C. wanting a 'line-up' on prospects residing in the vicinity.

"We are having four meetings a year, and the annual dues are two dollars. Announcements of our meetings appear in the Chicago newspapers.

"Our 'social service' consists in each member having adopted a child in the Crippled Children's Home, to whom we write, occasionally visit, and remember with a little gift from time to time. At Christmas, each one of us donated a doll, which were sent to one of the city's large settlement houses.

"Our spring meeting promises to be very gay, with a luncheon and theatre party on the schedule.

"It has been most gratifying to have the splendid support and enthusiasm not only of our alumnae, but also of our associate alumnae, without whom our chapter could not possibly be as attractive as it is."

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"My office window is up so high
That all I can see is a bit of sky:
Sometimes it's blue and sometimes it's gray
And often it's flushed with the fading day.
Like the throb of the distant, pounding sea
The noise of the city comes to me
Through my office window up so high—
But all I can see is a bit of sky.

—Barbara Brooks.
Baby pictures keep coming in! And such a lot of baby news! We are glad to have these very tiny-wee snaps from Marion Hendrie Milligan, '20, and Betty Hall Wittenberg, '22, whose young sons bid fair to be great rivals! And as for the others, they speak for themselves, for you have all heard before of '22’s class baby, Janet Frey, whose lovely picture was sent in to us sometime ago but was squeezed out because of lack of room. So also was a baby anecdote and a poem from two other contributors, but we hope to get everything in before long!

We send congratulations and joy to the mothers who have just sent us word of new arrivals into Babyland: Jessie Menzies Luce, '20, whose little girl Marion, arrived March 8, and Irma Smith Barrows, Ex- '19, whose third baby Jean, was born February 25. Irma has a girl of four years and a boy of two and one-half. And, of course, there is our South American baby, Margaret May, born to Laura Batchelder Sharp, '21.

Dr. Leib’s son, William Thomas Leib, was born October 9, 1926.

Dr. Lawrence’s son, Lincoln Billings Lawrence, was born February 16, 1927.

These first days of spring make our thoughts leap to the fields and hills and woods and skies, leaving the four walls of home far behind us, and soon we shall be living most of our days in the open. We are already planning for the continued outdoor activities of our babies, whether it be sun baths, sandboxes, swings, bars, jungle-gyms or bicycles. Do you know that if you write to the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor at Washington you may obtain free of charge little pamphlets on "Backyard Playgrounds, Sunlight for Babies", and other attractive and educational hints which are very practical and useful? Five of them that come to our minds especially are these two just mentioned, which give detailed directions for making sandboxes, horizontal bars, etc., and just how to give sunbaths to babies. The others are "Why Drink Milk?", “Breast Feeding”, and "What Builds Babies.”

Betty Hall Wittenberg, ’22, writes: "Here’s Bobby—he was twelve weeks old at the time, that is a week ago. He looks larger than he really is because we used a portrait attachment. His resting-place is a soap box! I notice you can see the letters on it in the photograph but never mind that. The Sunday we took this picture Constance Hill and her fiance were with us for dinner. She told me of a nice chat with you Alumnae Week-end at College.”

Following is an extract from a Questionnaire of Habits for Nursery School Children 2, 4 or 5 years, (composed by Miss Abigail A. Eliot, Director Ruggles Street Nursery School of Boston, which may give a few helpful suggestions to mothers who are anxious to study and understand more completely their children. (Grade each main heading as Excellent, Above Average, Average, Below Average, or Poor.)

1—Control of Body:

(A) Is he normally active for his age?
(B) Is he generally skillful?
(C) Equilibrium—Does he fall or stumble frequently? Under what circumstances?
(D) Locomotion—Does he enjoy running? Does he like to walk in difficult ways? Does he enjoy jumping, with or without help, down from a height or over an object? Does he enjoy climbing, swinging, seeing and pushing himself in a cart, doing stunts?
(E) Does he stand erect, is he well set up?
(F) Does he sleep regularly * * * eat regularly * * * if not, what is the difficulty? Has he bladder control, etc.?

2—Control of Matter by Body:

Does he use his hands skillfully, does he drop things which he intends

(Continued on page 12.)

BABY PAGE (See No. 11).

1—Julius Robert Yale, 16 mos., and Amy Elizabeth Yale, 6 mos., with their mother, Amy Peck Yale, '22.
2—Betty, 13 mos. old, daughter of Ruth McGarry Barry.
3—Edward Hendrie Milligan, 14 weeks, son of Marion Hendrie Milligan, '20.
4—Young son of Betty Hall Wittenberg, '22.
5—Janet Frey, '22’s class baby.
to hold? Does he place things accurately, put toys away in order, etc.? Does he like to make things? Does he like to destroy things? Does he help care for himself skillfully, feeding, dressing, toilet, washing self, etc.? Does he perform practical tasks well? Sweeping, dusting, washing tables, turning water on and off, hanging up towels, carrying chairs, etc.? What “occupations” (i.e., blocks, beads, plastics, etc.) does he use most? Is his interest sustained until he finishes something? How long does he work on one kind of material?

3—Speech:
Does he talk fluently and clearly? in word, or in sentences? Note defects.

4—Sensory:
Does he enjoy feeling of things? Does he use touch in exploration as a language? Is he observant? Can he match colors? Does he make recognizable drawings or models? Does he like to make a noise? Does he enjoy music? respond to it rhythm, singing in tune? Does he enjoy poetry? * * * know any rhymes by heart? Does he notice slight differences in taste and smell?

5—Emotional:
Does he show genuine fear? When? How? Does he control fear? Is he timid? * * * hesitate to do something new? Does he show anger? When? How? Does he control it? Is he affectionate * * * demonstrative? Unduly so? Is he generally emotionally steady? Does he express himself readily * * * is he generally contented, happy, or joyous? Is he at times depressed, sulky, or excessively excited? Does he laugh or cry easily? Has he a sense of humor? Is he self-reliant? * * * Does he ever show jealousy?

6—Higher Mental Powers:
Is he normally curious? Does he experiment with things? Is he interested in the actions of others? Does he remember past happenings? How far back? Does he learn by one experience, in games, tasks, discipline, mishaps, etc.? Does he imagine himself in his play, or does he follow the imagination of others? Does he reason by simple inference? Is he able to find a way of accomplishing a desired end? Does he want to know the reasons for things?

7—Moral and Social:
Is he self-assertion strong or weak? Does he make his wants known? Does he respect the rights of others? Does he grab toys from other children? Does he persist in difficulties? Is he courageous, self-reliant? Is he quarrelsome? * * * sociable or shy? * * * take part in group activities? Does he like to help? Is he sympathetic? Is he sensitive to praise and blame? Is he obedient? Does he understand ownership? Does he insist that everything must belong to some one? Is he thoughtful and careful for animal pets? Is he respectful, truthful, loving? Does he appreciate beauty * * * ask for music, flowers, pictures, etc.? Does he show joy in increase of power to accomplish?

From Grace Cockings comes the following interesting contribution on her detachable page:

“Dorothy Upton spent the summer of 1925 in Mexico with a friend, where they rode horseback and incidentally visited some silver mines. The summer of 1926 she went to Europe again. This past fall she has been teaching and doing extra tutoring at St. Agnes School in Albany.

“Esther Barnes spent her Xmas vacation in Florida with her family. While there she motored to Daytona, went swimming on Xmas Day and wrote that roses, hibiscus and flowering vines were in full bloom.

“Amy Kugler Wadsworth writes that Barbara was much excited over her Xmas tree and was allowed to help trim it this year.

“Dr. Ruth Anderson and I saw each other again at Thanksgiving time, as she came to visit me three times, while I was a patient at Peter Brent Brigham Hospital in Boston. She is intensely interested in her work and very busy, too.

“Frances Otten was maid-of-honor, shortly after Xmas, at a wedding in Englewood, N. J. She writes that Ella McCollum, '21, was a bridesmaid.”

(Continued on page 13.)
Edith Harris, an ex-member of '19, who was graduated from Columbia, was another C. C. traveler abroad last summer. She spent much of her time in England, but saw interesting parts of the continent as well. She is at present the director of the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria at Camden, N. J.

Mildred Dean, Mrs. Donald D. Lowrie, another ex-member, has a most interesting editorial position with the Dallas, Texas, "Times-Herald," which entails a trip to Europe once a year. Her little son, Donald, is not yet old enough to accompany his mother, but spends the winter in the north. Mrs. Lowrie lost her husband, a writer, several years ago.

1920.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Luce announce the birth of Marion Luce on Tuesday, March 8, 1927, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Little Marion's mother is better known to her college mates as Jessie Menzies.

Waldo Lawrence Miner, Jr., is the name of Helen Collins Miner's younger child, who was born June 17, 1926.

1921.

Nineteen twenty-one's youngest daughter, Margaret May Sharp, was born in far-away Guatemala on January 24. Her mother is Laura Batchelder.

From Roberta Newton Ray comes the following account of her busy life:

"News of myself is that I try to manage three infants—Robbie Ray, aged two years and five months; Mary Joanna (also red-haired) aged eleven months, and Rube, my police dog pup! I'll match my day with anyone as being filled with unexpected thrills! While giving Mary Jean her bottle and trying to tie Robbie's hair ribbon at the same time, I read "Nation's Business", and "System", and "Printer's Ink", partly because they interest me, and partly to have a talking point with the many types of business men that Bill brings home to dinner. (These most interesting visitors most often arrive without notice, and when we happen to have only three chops, I pretend I'm another female on a diet and toy with my lettuce.)"

1922.

A busy person is Constance Hill, who writes from Rockville Centre, Long Island: "The past two years have been so wonderfully full for me: Europe in the summer of 1925; courses at Columbia the following winter; art school in the Berkshires last summer, besides more than full-time jobs here as supervisor of art in the Ocean Side School, an evening craft class, and Camp Fire Girls. My three years here have given me a most interesting and unusual opportunity to both create and develop the art department in this fast-developing district, with joys and problems a-plenty."

Josephine B. Cohen (nee Bauer) (Mrs. Mortimer A.) is now living at 202 Thorn Place, Montgomery, Alabama.

1923.

Ethel Adams, Mrs. Walter T. Dugas, is now living at 156 Davis Street, Wollaston, Mass. Of her activities, she writes: "At present I am keeping house, with an occasional week substituting in the Wollaston schools."

1924.

From Katherine Hamblet, who is still with the Illinois Woman's College, comes the following news of herself: "Spent the summer in Europe, with walking trips in England, Germany and the Austrian Tyrol.

"Lillian Grumman, ex-'24, spent three months in Norway, Sweden and Denmark this summer."

Katharine Slayter writes: "I am enjoying my work in Northampton, which constitutes developing a girls' department in a community center. I am also taking some courses at Smith.

"There are several other C. C. girls here: Dot Brooks, Betty Emerson, Miss Nagy (Mrs. Loeb) and a former C. C. girl, Adelaide Hennion."

1925.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Judson Delap, of 46 St. George Avenue, Stamford, Conn., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Genevieve H. Delap, to Howard Lansing Speer, son of Dr. and Mrs. Howard B. Speer.

Miss Delap was graduated from St. Margaret's School for Girls in 1921 and from Connecticut College in 1925. Mr. Speer is a graduate of Adelphi Academy and of New York University, Class of 1922.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Meredith of Englewood Cliffs, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Stuart Meredith, to Nathaniel Brown Dyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Dyer of Salem, Mass.

Margery (Billy) Field writes: "Still hanging on to single cussedness in spite of the fact that various members of the 'younger married set' are trying their best to convince me that there's nothing like married life and that I ought to marry some nice boy and settle down. Say—no real 'he-man!' would ever look at me twice, now, for I'm a prim, proper and respectable manager of a religious bookshop. Yea, verily, I even wear horn-rimmed specs and 'Ground Grippers' and for my daily thrills I sell Bibles to benign and placid ministers. Ah—but in my private life I'm a professional writer, for I actually received money for a piece
ON CLEANING OUT THE BREAD BOX.

It is a task; neither so unpleasant as cleaning out the refrigerator nor yet as tedious as emptying the mending basket but, nevertheless, a task and I have yet to find paid help who do it properly. You can get them to scrub floors; to dust, to sweep, even to keep the garbage pail smelling of chloride of lime rather than waste but these two simple tasks, the breadbox and the refrigerator, are beyond their ken, whether they are paid ten or twenty a week. A quarter loaf of bread will linger in a far corner until it is bluish grey and throws off a faint but unmistakable mustiness, tainting the freshest biscuit; or a small "leftover" will hide away on the lower shelf until a thin, green covering lifts a warning odor to the nose of the casually inquiring housewife.

Someone has to keep on the job, someone has to systematically clean out the kitchen and a cook or general houseworker hasn't the intelligence or the "keep-at-tiveness" to do it. Yet the kitchen is only a small part of a home, just the mechanical end.

Now I don't mind a little dust; I can quite peacefully go on doing other things while a cobweb or two lurk in the corners of all my rooms; I have no overwhelming love for manual labor nor do I think my life and eternal soul depend upon a house which presents an immaculate and orderly appearance to a curious and critical world but for the sake of my own feelings I do like a fresh breadbox, a clean smelling refrigerator; I do like my family to go mended and buttoned and those things, symbolic of many others, only a housewife can assure.

Who then is to be the housewife? The term is used by the government in its census—used as a last resort, offered by many a woman with a half-shamed faced expression and yet it requires more ingenuity, a more varied training, than most professional work. The paid housewife, the outsider brought in to manage a home, demands, and rightly, a large wage, if she be worth anything at all. Yet, usually, she brings to her work only a perfunctory interest. In spite of that her work is as a rule satisfactory, and if a wife and mother must go out of the home she is the logical substitute. But can most women afford to go into business and keep such a substitute in their place, merely to satisfy a personal longing for freedom and self-expression? If they have no children they undoubtedly can from a moral as well as an economic standpoint. Some of them even then cannot bring in the equivalent of what they spend out and the house or apartment becomes merely an abiding place, like millions of others, lacking individuality, personality.

I know of one woman, clever and highly trained, who earns from her "job" one hundred dollars a week, and from outside work at least another twenty-five or fifty. She is, I think, the exception among educated women. She has no children and she counts that it costs her, at the minimum, thirty-five a week to have someone look after her house, and she retains the actual management, buying and planning for herself. She can afford to go out of the home; it would be economic waste not to. However, if she had children, could she? What mother would be willing to trust a little baby to partially trained, paid care? The measuring, the sterilizing, the feeding, the bathing, the general watching and training and all the million and one details of a little human's existence might be handed over, without misgiving, to a trained nurse but to no one else, and a trained nurse costs forty-five dollars a week. Now the average professional woman doesn't make over fifty and many make less.

Housework is not an appealing sort of labor to most people and surely until such time as a woman has children she has the privilege of choosing the work most congenial to her. Children, however, demand a home. She is my secret conviction that grown-ups need homes quite as much; that if we could develop our homes today many of the so-called social questions would retire to the background, but it is not, I believe, the popular opinion. Now a home means more than four walls, even though they be clean; more than three meals a day, even though they be scientifically conceived, ordered and executed. It means an atmosphere of security, of continuity, of resourcefulness. I could enumerate a dozen other qualities that make a real home, restfulness, interest, beauty, simplicity but true. However, such homes are more or less out of fashion today and those first three form a fairly firm foundation for the growing child. Deprived of them he grows, it is true, but quite after the fashion of Topsy or weeds. The latter frequently overspread everything, they have no regard for the rights of others and they almost invariably develop in the wrong direction and prove useless. Those who have taught school have found themselves confronted by two common types of children who have just grown: the poor child, neglected through ignorance; the wealthy child, neglected through the selfishness of parents. Both types devoid of all those underlying principles which can only become a part of an individual by constant contact with
them in practice. They are not learned from a copybook and even the most conscientious teacher is helpless, in the few hours she has them with her, in the face of all the negative outside influence.

Can a child best spare its mother when it is a baby? Possibly. But think of all she misses if she does only half well! As the growing child of from three to twelve? Hardly. It is one of the most impressionable stages when love and wise guidance are needed in forming right habits of thinking as well as doing. As the adolescent boy or girl? Never! What hasn't been done in the past must be done now or never. Wisdom, patience, understanding are more essential now than ever. When, then, can a child best spare its mother?

The only solution I can reach is, "It can't be done!" You won't trust your breadbox to paid help without supervision; you can't afford, except under the menace of grave necessity to trust your child. Someone has to make homemaking and parenthood a full time job and there are few men that are equal to the task. If woman is therefore going to undertake the work she ought to be willing to make a good job of it. It is an art and the mastery of any art is a lifework.

Don't misunderstand. She doesn't have to sit at home all day; she doesn't have to be a doormat for her husband and children or sacrifice every outside interest to the scrubbing and polishing of the outside of her home. She is a fool if she does. But she has got to admit that the work she has contracted for cannot be cared for in odd minutes and off days nor can it be put off until some future date and all worked off at once. It's a rather homely, everyday sort of labor, never-ending, unsatisfying in its repetition of petty details but, well-done, as satisfying as any work of creation ever is to its author.

MARION HENDRIE MILLIGAN, '20.

News from Chicago.

Olive Hubert is in Florida.

Harriet Heile and Peggy Healy are in California and do not expect to return until June.

Eleanor Harriman is working in the book department of Marshall Field and Company, and is enjoying her work tremendously.

Charlotte Lang works in one of Chicago's ultra-smart interior decorator's shops.

Kay Bremen is studying at the University of Chicago.

Jessie Bigelow Martin, Betty Poteat, Billy Bennet, and Dorothy Deering come in from Evanston regularly for our "get-together" dinners. Billy Bennet is teaching Sunday School, and painting.

Virginia Lutzenkirken is studying music and teaching at the Settlement.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AWARDED TEACHING COLLECTION IN FINE ARTS VALUED AT $5000.00.

(Copied from New London Day.)

Connecticut College has received a gratifying recognition and endorsement of its work in the field of fine arts by the award, recently assured to it by the Carnegie corporation of one of its teaching collections in the arts, which collection consists of about 1,800 photographic reproductions of architecture, sculpture and painting, of which more than one-fourth are the acquisition of small collections of original material, one of prints and one of textiles; a collection of books, about 400 volumes in all, providing a small, well-balanced library for the study of the fine arts which shall supplement the work of the classroom and furnish an opportunity for students and faculty to follow up personal interests; and an annotated catalogue of the whole collection which is itself an admirable example of the graphic arts.

Cabinets for the accommodation of these collections are also provided. The collection represents a value of $5,000. The colleges accepting these collections—and there have been rather more than 20 awarded—agree to make use of the collection for teaching, and provide a suitable room for housing the collection which shall serve as a center of art activities. Of course, the acquisition of this material means for the department an expansion and intensification and a higher development of its work which the future will certainly reveal.

Inasmuch as Connecticut College was a pioneer among the women's colleges in introducing courses in the fine arts which include both the theoretical and practical approaches, and under serious limitation and with rather meager material and library resources, it is especially gratifying that these resources are made available and that the quality of the work done in the department receives this important recognition. It is a matter of no small satisfaction to the college that continuously, with the exception of one year, since 1919, the graduates proceeding in further study of the fine arts, have distinguished themselves in the schools in which they have studied, and in national competitions have taken either first or second or both honors in every such competition which they have entered. In justice, it should be added that the very strong endorsement of the work of the college in this field brought to the attention of the Carnegie corporation by important artists, architects, critics and workers in the field of art, undoubtedly impressed the corporation and helped it to see the values and superior quality of the work done in this field.