NORTHWEST CORNER OF CAMPUS
GLORIA HOLLISTER LECTURES AT C. C.
TELLS OF DIVING IN BATHYSHERE

Gloria Hollister '24 has appeared on the lecture platform several times during the winter. Her newest lecture, "With Beebe in Bermuda," tells of her experiences off Nonsuch Island where the Bermuda Oceanographic Expedition of the New York Zoological Society has been studying deep sea life. Dr. William Beebe is the director of the expedition.

Miss Hollister returned to Connecticut College early in the winter to deliver this lecture. The gym was packed and Dean Nye is said to have reported that a record number of automobiles were parked on campus.

Miss Hollister is the technical assistant of Dr. Beebe. She has charge of examining the fish that are brought daily from the nets. In this connection she discovered a method of clearing the tissues of the fish so that the flesh becomes transparent and the skeleton is fully visible. By this "fish magic" the skeletons may be studied without dissecting the fish and spoiling the specimen. She also studies the live fish in the tanks, observing their methods of swimming and other interesting details.

The most spectacular part of the Expedition's work is observing the deep sea life from the newly invented Bathysphere. In his steel ball Dr. Beebe and an assistant descend for almost two miles and view through the quartz window the wonders of the fairyland of the deep. Gloria's job while the men are down observing is "telephone girl." She takes down all the observations telephoned up to her and transmits to them all messages of importance. On another page of this issue you will find her own story of "Telephoning to Davy Jones' Locker," and in the April issue will be her story of her descent in the Bathysphere when she made the world's diving record for women—400 feet.

Margaret Elliott '27 was Miss Hollister's assistant for six weeks at Nonsuch Island last spring and shared in many of the experiences of this great adventure.

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1919 PRESENTS FIRE SET TO HONOR DR. SYKES

At the 10th reunion, 1919 voted to buy a fire-set for the President's new office in Fanning Hall. The set was to be presented in memory of the many happy fireside hours with Dr. Sykes. Katharine Holway, who is in the antique business, was designated to collect the set and has secured a very fine one which is already in use in Dr. Blunt's office. It is to have a plate attached in a suitable place, with the following inscription:

"By the Class of 1919, at its Tenth Reunion, this Fire-set is presented in memory of many happy fireside hours with Dr. Frederick H. Sykes, the First President of Connecticut College."

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CAROLINE FRANCKE'S PLAY PRODUCED AT N. J. C.

The Little Theatre Worship Group of the New Jersey College for Women chose "Exceeding Small" for presentation at the intercollegiate conference held November 13. "Exceeding Small" is the play written by Caroline Francke, Connecticut College '23. Professor Inge, director of the Group, picked the play from among 233 possibilities. "It is not one of the great plays," Professor Inge said, "but it is a big one." This play was the first production at the Dramatic Arts Building this year.—C. C. News.
DAUGHTERS OF PROMINENT MEN ARE FRESHMEN AT CONNECTICUT

Among the freshmen at Connecticut College this year there are several who are daughters of men unusually interesting for the posts they hold in the world of education and executive responsibility.

They are:

Mildred Felt, prepared in the Pekin American School, who is the daughter of Dr. Carl A. Felt, a missionary in China.

Helen Annette Laycock, whose father is Craven Laycock; dean of Dartmouth.

Helen Miles, daughter of Professor Miles, exchange professor of psychology at Yale from Leland Stanford University in California.

Camile Sams, a daughter of Walter R. Sarris, president of the J. C. Penny organization of New York.

Margaret Austin, who has just spent the summer in Russia where her father, Wilbert Austin, is building the first communist city in Russia, called Austingrad, in honor of its builder.

Martha Wilhelmina Bray, daughter of Frank Chapin Bray, widely known editor of the Literary Digest and other publications.

Mary Knight Seabury, daughter of George T. Seabury, president of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Mathilde Metzger, born in Trieste, daughter of an industrial counselor of commerce, and his wife, the Baroness of Sternenfels.

With the general emphasis of the foremost American colleges on the importance of contact between students of widely differing background, it may be expected that this group will add its quota to the broad educational values found at Connecticut.

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NEW YORK CHAPTER HAS CLUB ROOM

The New York Chapter has at last attained the enviable position of having a central meeting place. It is at 18 Gramercy Park South, in the Gramercy Park Hotel. The room is very small but it gives the members the privilege of the club rooms throughout the hotel. Pictures of Dr. Marshall, Dr. Blunt, and several other friends of Connecticut hang on the walls.

Any C. C. girl at any time may use the room to freshen up in, and visitors to New York may secure a room in the hotel at greatly reduced price.

The where-with-all for this venture has been raised in various ways. Last spring a block of seats was bought for a performance of "Rebound" and resold, and a series of bridges followed.

CHAPTERS HEAR C. C. FACULTY; FRESHMAN FROM AUSTRIA SPEAKS

Several of the Faculty, an Alumna, and an undergraduate of Connecticut have all had their share in making meetings of various Alumnae Chapters interesting.

Judging from the amount of comment received by the editor, Dr. Jensen must have greatly amused and entertained the Hartford Chapter with his droll and humorous account of college today.

Dr. Lawrence spoke at the December meeting of the New Haven Chapter. His topic was "Internationalism." He gave a review of textbooks used in many of the European countries illustrating his statement that "patriotism as taught in most nations, includes not only love of and pride towards one's own country, but also hatred and suspicion towards foreign countries." This "critical patriotism," Professor Lawrence said, "makes war perennially imminent."

Dr. Lawrence brought with him Miss Mathilde Metzger, an Austrian student, who is enjoying a year's scholarship at Connecticut made possible through the generosity of the undergraduates at C. C.

Miss Metzger is a girl of charming personality, a brilliant student, and one who, Dr. Lawrence admitted, is keeping everyone on the campus, including the faculty, on his toes. She compared the young people of Austria and America and contrasted the two school systems.

Miss Rosamond Beebe '26 of the Macmillan Book Co., spoke to the New Jersey Chapter, in December, upon the making of books.

The New York Chapter heard Dr. Lawrence late in the fall, and Mile. Ernst spoke to them on Contemporary Literature in January. They plan to have other college friends at their meetings during the year in their new club room.

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MR. LAMBDIN HONORED BY GOVERNOR CROSS

Mr. Allen B. Lambdin, business manager of the College, has been chosen by the newly elected Governor of Connecticut, Wilbur L. Cross, as one of his official staff. Pictures in the rotogravure section of the Hartford Courant of January 25th show the Governor and staff at luncheon preceding the inauguration ceremonies. Major Gene Tunney is another member of the group.

Governor Cross was formerly Dean of Yale University and a member of the Board of Trustees of Connecticut College.
Connecticut College Alumnae News
Vol. 8 February, 1931 No. 2

Published four times a year, November, February, April and June, at 219 South Fourth St., Springfield, Illinois, by the Connecticut College Alumnae Association. Subscription price $1.00 a year. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Springfield, Ill., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

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IN MEMORIAM
VERA LEAR GRANN COPELAND '24

With the passing of Vera Grann Cope- land, the Class of 1924 loses a third member, and the College loses one of its most loyal and interested Alumnae. Mrs. Copeland died on January the eighth of pneumonia, which followed close upon several months of illness.

Vera was a commuter who entered into the College life on the hilltop with enthusiasm. She was exceedingly interested in newspaper work and, as the head of the College Press Board Association, handled much of the College publicity. After graduation, Vera was employed as society reporter on the New London Day. Following her marriage to Samuel Copeland she moved to New York City where she has been doing free-lance writing for newspapers and magazines. The Alumnae send their deepest sympathy to her husband, parents, brother and sister.

EDITORIAL
All the Alumnae who will be fortunate enough to return to campus for Alumnae Week-end, February 21-23, would do well to review the words of the College Hymn and to memorize the new third stanza which was written by the author, Kathryn Hulbert Hall, '20, and dedicated to the returning Alumnae of C. C., June, 1930. The class of 1920 sang the stanza for the first time at their tenth reunion in June. Everybody learn it so that we can all sing it during the Week-end.

COLLEGE HYMN
(Written in 1920 by Kathryn Hulbert Hall '20.)
O College years, how swift they run!
Our love for thee has but begun,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea,
We'll soon be far away from thee,
And river, hills and thy grey walls
Will ever seem
To be a dream
Of long ago.

Oh may the freedom and the strength
Of hill and river be at length,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea,
A symbol of our love for thee.
And friendships prove that college days
May never seem
To be a dream
Of long ago.

(Dedicated to the Alumnae of C. C., June, 1930)
The years may come, the years may go,
But still our love for thee will grow,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea,
We'll e'er renew our strength in thee,
And through our joys and sorrows learn
Life ne'er will seem
To be a dream
Of long ago.
WHY BE A COLLEGE TRUSTEE?
HENRY W. LAWRENCE

(Reprinted from School and Society, Vol. XXXI, No. 808, June 21, 1936.)

Diligent search has failed to reveal anything worthy of mention on the plight of the college trustee; and it is this plight that I would here examine, with the purpose to display a timely warning for all who may hereafter be enticingly persuaded toward accepting membership in a board of college or university trustees.

Caution about yielding to such persuasions is clearly recommended both by the observation of contemporary distresses and by the reading of authentic history. Each of these sources of wisdom offers much in support of the view that the natural rewards of college trusteeship are, from without, mockery and vilification; from within, an irresistible drifting into spiritual decrepitude.

From observation during the past decade, chiefly through newspaper reports, I have learned that, out of 218,354 minor academic disturbances and 16,458 major collegiate rows, most of the blame has been allotted, by majority opinion, to the trustees in 212,657 of the disturbances and 16,379 of the rows.

Powerful reinforcement to the consensus about the progressive spiritual decrepitude among trustees is afforded, moreover, by a study of the biography of eminent Americans who have been exposed to trusteeship. I have space to cite in illustration only one of these, but he seems to me the most astonishing of them all. He is Thomas Jefferson, whom we think of instantly as the great friend of the people and the liberty-loving. All this he was, indeed, until he allowed himself to be made a trustee of the University of Virginia. The extent to which his once free spirit thereafter suffered the inevitable arid decay can not be better indicated than by his own words, written in the year 1825:

In the night a party of 14 students, animated first with wine, masked themselves so as not to be known, and turned out on the lawn of the University, with no intention, it is belled, but of childish noise and uproar. Two Professors hearing it went out to see what was the matter. They were received with insults, and even brick-bats were thrown at them. Each of them seized an offender, demanded their names (for they could not distinguish them under their disguise), but were refused, abused, and the culprits calling on their companions for a rescue, got loose, and withdrew to their chambers.

The next day chanced to be that of the meeting of the Visitors (i.e., the trustees). The Visitors called the whole body of students before them, exhorted them to make known the persons masked, the innocent to aid the cause of order by bearing witness to the truth, and the guilty to relieve their innocent brethren from censures which they were conscious that themselves alone deserved. On this the 14 maskers stepped forward and avowed themselves the persons guilty of whatever had passed. On the evidence resulting from this enquiry, three, the most culpable, were expelled. The eleven other maskers were sentenced to suspensions or reprimands.

Jefferson's evident approval of this harsh interference with the pursuit of happiness is less deplorable, however, than the sentiments he utters a month later concerning the lessons learned from this harmless escapade:

We mean to be prepared, and to ask of the legislature a power to call in the civil authority in the first instant of disorder, and to quell it on the spot by imprisonment and the same legal coercions provided against disorder generally committed by other citizens, from whom, at their age, they have no right to distinction.

Alas, that Jefferson ever allowed himself to be made a trustee!

Lo, the unhappy trustee! There remains to me space for only the briefest mention of the distresses of vilification that also overtake him sooner or later. A single example must suffice, but it comes from the diary of the Reverend Dr. Cotton Mather, than whom few could vilify with a more heartfelt and pious acidity. The trustees of Harvard College, in 1724, had just committed the incredible (to Mather) ineptitude of not choosing him for the presidency of that institution. No doubt he uttered some tart complaints to the Almighty, in his private devotions, but of these words we have no record. What he confided to his diary, and probably also to his sympathizing friends, is the following:

I am now informed that yesterday the six Men, who call themselves the Corporation of the College met, and Contrary to the eamedical Expectation of the Country, chose a modest young Man, of whose Piety (and little else) every one gives a laudable Character. I always foretold these two Things of the Corporation: First, that if it were possible for them to steer clear of me, they will do so. Secondly, that if it be possible for them to act foolishly, they will do so. The perpetual Envy, with which my Essays to serve the Kingdom of God are treated among them, and the Terior that Satan has of my being up his Quarters at the College, led me into the former Sentiment. The marvellous Indiscretion, with which the affairs of the College are carried on, led me into the latter. It proves accordingly.

Let the prospective trustee look forward with stoical serenity to the mockery of spectators and the vilification of disgruntled Cotton Mathers. Above all else, let him, or her, not hope to escape that senescence of soul so shockingly illustrated in the sad case of Thomas Jefferson.
I wish my readers could ask "Central" for Bathysphere 0001 and hear for themselves, as I have, the excited voices and thrilling observations of two pioneer explorers sealed in a sphere of steel, sinking down and down into no-man's-deep.

At ten o'clock on June eleventh I was seated on the rolling foredeck of a weather-worn barge, the "Ready," in tow of the Gladisfen, eight miles out at sea south of Nonsuch Island. I was crouched close to the gasoline engine which generated light for the sphere and was adjusting the ear-phones to my head and connecting the telephone battery which was the heart of our only connection with the Bathysphere.

The divers were already in the sphere and Dr. Beebe's face appeared at the center window signalling that they were ready for the final electric light and telephone test. I plugged in for only an instant because the hammering on the bolts of the four hundred pound door reverberated over the wire beyond endurance.

There was tense but silent excitement everywhere on deck as each man performed his share of the preparations and then waited at his post for the auspicious calm during which the Bathysphere could be swung from deck to water. My brief words of assurance to the divers that everything was ready and in order seemed to echo from every part of the barge. As the sphere was hoisted high above the deck and lowered below the surface, Otis Barton, who had the sphere end of the telephone, thought and wondered aloud about the many mechanical things that might go wrong. In his excitement he had forgotten that even a faint whisper reverberated in my ears like rushing wind through a gorge. Each suggestion reacted vividly on my keyed-up imagination. I clamped the phones closer to my ears lest these ideas should be overheard and interpreted as demoralizing facts. Soon after the sphere started its descent reports of almost unbelievable observations came as rapidly as I could record the depth, time and message. This in itself assured me that conditions with the divers were splendid and I frequently called out a message to cheer the anxious staff and crew.

For the next two hours I was wholly absorbed in receiving and dictating messages of all kinds, mechanical, meteorological, and scientific from depths to which living men had never heretofore penetrated.

Once during this record dive when the sphere had almost reached the deepest depth I was confronted with intermittent static which was soon controlled on deck. Even the slightest indication of this trouble worried me for on a previous descent static was caused by trouble in the hose near the sphere which resulted in a complete break in the connection. The deadly silence during the rapid recall of the sphere with its human cargo was almost unbearable. So it was easy to wonder whether something more serious had happened than a severed wire. It was only too easy to imagine that the sphere had broken loose from the cable and like the head of a comet had plunged downward and downward leaving only a momentary trail of phosphorescence.

While the sphere, on its way up, hung just below the surface waiting for the last readjustment of the weary creaking booms, the Director's voice came over the phone asking if I were ready to make the next dive. My imagination was working at top speed, but I refrained from any definite hope until I could be certain that this was not just another joke from below to lighten the strain on board. Between great, smooth, surface rolls, the sphere was landed safely on deck and in a few minutes its human cargo was released. Then the Director and Otis Barton presented me with the strangest and most desirable birthday present in the world—a ride to Davy Jones' locker.

GLOmA HOLLISTER '24

(To Be Continued)
Have you ever had a secret longing to throw off the responsibilities of twentieth century civilization and head for the open road, encumbered only by the minimum necessities for living, plus a zest for adventure? The opportunity came to us in the form of a compensation when the doctor prescribed living out-doors with a change of scenery as an aid to pulling my husband back to health.

I cannot now recall which of us originated the plan of camping with a trailer so I shall give the credit to Dagmar, our brindled Great Dane pup. She stands thirty-three inches in her stocking feet, and is renowned for her perfect disposition, philosophical sense of humor, and for being more human than "dawg." After considerable searching, the trailer materialized for us in the form of a faded khaki "Zagelemever," veteran of many thousands of miles. When closed up it resembles a canvas box, on two Ford wheels, and trails the car perfectly. With five minutes of skilled adjustment, it can be detached from the car, made stationary, opened out sideways and upward to give standing room of over six feet. A wide door opens out at the front forming a table and disclosing shelves for groceries, a drawer for silver and dishes and—most comforting to the housewife—an ice box. Inside are two full length beds, and a box effect useful as a bureau, linen closet, library and desk.

The middle of October saw the departure of the caravan. Travel with us through the southland and take a fleeting glimpse of a few of the scenes on route.

Aristocracy
Hot Springs—mecca of Aristocracy for generations! Here we were fortunate in being onlookers (from the porch) at the annual cake walk. The "Homestead" guests were regaled in the ballroom by about a dozen of the darky servants. Such strutting of ebony beaux in dinner suits, with spats, straw hats and canes, and such Charlestoning of dusky belles, in pink rompers, pantalette costumes or what had they!!

At Natural Bridge the annual meet of the Virginia Fox Hunters' Association was taking place. We lunched at the Inn, finding derbied riders on their knees in the lobby, warming up over a crapp game while their behabited wives chatted in horsey jargon around the hospitable open fire. You see it poured all week, dampering the riders' ardor and saving the foxes.

Backwoods
We pushed on in the rain and red mud, passing carloads of gypsies, to whom we were related in that our chief joy was in "gypping" the hotels by trailering. The country surrounding picturesque Pennington Gap was still imbued with real backwoods living—no paint had dripped in that direction for ages, and the rugged ranges were dotted with log cabins, pigs, and mules. It is a land of the sunbonnets and overalls; both living and "likker" are hard. "Hi! You all are a right smart piece from home, ain't yer?" someone called.

Tennessee, and the Great Smokies was our next goal. A friend has been teaching the mountaineer children in the vicinity of Gatlinburg for years. We drove as far as we could then traversed the last half mile over swinging bridges and rocky paths to the little stone cabin built for her by the people she is helping. Our guide was one of the chief magnates of the section, being the owner of the best stills. We had a warm reception and were much interested in stories of these homespun folk, who make hand woven coverlets and rustic split wood furniture, and who raise corn and large families. Their one or two-roomed cabins are often lined with newspapers. We were told that Dag would supply conversation subject matter for months.

Florida Camp
Over the St. Mary's River and into Sunny Florida at last! We made camp about twenty-three miles from Fort Myers on a narrow island where only fishermen live. This spot was heaven indeed. The sun
shone down intensely, giving us layers of tan. We lived in bathing suits and explored the six miles of beach or read in the shade of the trailer.

We lived a halcyon existence. Our thrills were in watching the fires of stills back in the woods or the fishermen bootlegging from Cuban boats. An immigration officer sat on the beach three hours one night with revolver and flashlight and held us spellbound with grim tales of hangings—I gave him a Hershey bar. An immigration officer sat on the beach three hours one night with revolver and flashlight and held us spellbound with grim tales of hangings—I gave him a Hershey bar. We lived a halcyon existence. Our thrills were in watching the fires of stills back in the woods or the fishermen bootlegging from Cuban boats. An immigration officer sat on the beach three hours one night with revolver and flashlight and held us spellbound with grim tales of hangings—I gave him a Hershey bar.

We were loathe to break camp in December—to leave the open and sleep under house roofs after winds had rocked us to sleep in our canvas home-on-wheels for seven weeks. We emerged three very tan beings, and two at least with rested nerves and expanded souls. Five thousand miles of open road had tuned our hearts to a permanent Vagabond Song—Sun-worship a la Trailer is great medicine: "Ask the man who owns one."

AWAY FROM THE HILL TOP

1919
Correspondent: Grace Cockings
336 Main St., Bristol, Conn.

Louise Ansley Knapp had an interesting trip to Europe this past summer. Mr. Knapp is writing a biography of Smollett, so all but eight days of their time was spent in poring over old books, manuscripts and newspapers, gathering material. Before coming home, they took a bus trip to Edinburgh and the Lake Country, stopping a whole day at the beautiful Smollett estate on Loch Lomond. Louise enjoyed London, too. She writes: "London is fascinating with its sidewalk artists, maids scrubbing doorsteps every morning, old women selling beautiful flowers on every corner, many tiny automobiles, and public drinking cups on the steps of the British Museum. These are a few things that seemed different from American cities."

Julie Hatch is still in Richmond, Virginia, where she is getting valuable experience in Social Work. She likes the city and the people very much and by sharing a car with two friends, has seen the historical points of interest in Virginia.

Lucy Marsh Haskell attended the meetings of the American College of Surgeons, in Philadelphia, with Dr. Haskell. She met Dr. Margaret Milligan '20, at an evening meeting.

Juline Warner Comstock and family visited in Wisconsin this summer, where they had a most enjoyable time. Wrey Warner is living with Juline, this winter, while studying for an M.A. in Physical Education at Columbia. Mr. Comstock, who is an artist of renown, illustrated a story for Courtney Riley Cooper which was published in the Elk's Magazine in December. Dorothy Dart complains that there is nothing exciting in the prosaic existence of a housewife. Outside of a few good movies, such as: "Grumpy" with Cyril Maude, "Disraeli" with George Arliss, and some rides with friends, she says she has little news. Ruth Potter visited Dorothy. Ruth is still doing lovely weaving as well as occupational therapy in one of the hospitals.

K. Holway and her mother have taken an apartment, until April, at Hollywood, Florida. Hollywood is eighteen miles from Miami and has a beach all its own, so that K. is enjoying daily swims. There are golf courses and tennis courts for one's amusement, but K. is spending most of her time learning the Australian crawl.

Winona Young and a friend have returned from a trip to California, where they visited Dorcas Gallup Bennett in Palo Alto and Ruth Trail McClellan in Oregon. They called on Dr. Nan Barr Mavity, but did not find her at home.

Mariesther Dougherty is teaching in a private school in New York. "Meddle" has been to Europe for the past five or six summers and was in Paris this last summer.
Ruth Markam, a former '19er is living in West Hartford.

Norma Regan fell from a horse and has been confined to the hospital for some weeks.

Florence Lennon Romaine is busy bringing up two nieces as well as her lively son, Stephen. Besides this, Florence teaches in night school and substitutes in day school. Two other C. C. ites, Doris Miner and Margaret Fisher, teach with her at night school. Florence talked on the telephone with Amelia Tutles, one of '19's doctors. Amelia is very busy, but now has the help of her younger brother, who is a doctor, too.

Helen Gough, who is practicing dentistry in Brooklyn, N. Y., is working hard, but enjoys her profession.

Mirtam Pomeroy Rogers spent the summer in Stamford, Conn, but now has returned to her home in McAllen, Texas.

Mary Robinson is teaching in Berkeley, California. She spent Christmas with Ruth Trail McClellan.

Margaret Maher underwent an operation on December 30th and is now recovering nicely. She has been teaching in Paterson, N. J., this fall.

Frank Otten spent a week-end with May Buckley in November.

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1920

Correspondent: Kathryn Hulbert Hall
14 Crescent St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

1920 is very proud of her mathematician, Justine MacGowan Masse, who is studying for an Actuarial career, and has already passed the first examination of the Actuarial Society of America. This we gleaned from her very modest letter written in June telling us how sorry she was that she could not be with us for Reunion. She writes: "My work deals only with pension insurance here, but I have some idea of general life insurance for I worked in the Actuarial department of the Traveler's Insurance Company for two years. It is fascinating work for anyone who likes mathematics. Although I am employed by the Teachers' Retirement System, I actually work on pensions for all city employees; each department pays the salary of a part of the actuarial department. The actuary in charge is one of the leaders in the field of pensions, and the first woman Fellow of the Actuarial Society used to work in this office. That seemed quite thrilling to me. There are very few women in this field because most of the insurance companies say that women do not actually stay more than five years (just long enough to become useful) and the training is wasted. . . . My little nephew in Watertown has been going to a Nursery School that Mary Hester Camp was influential in starting. I think that it has done him a great deal of good. . . . Please remember me to all the girls."

Alberta Lynch Sylvester has been starring in amateur dramatics in Glenbrook. Last summer she told stories to children at a recreation center. She has two lovely children, Peter and Martha Jane. In spite of this attraction she manages to leave home for some music in New York occasionally.

Eunice Gates Woods, ex '20, has just moved to a beautiful new home in Morrisstown, N. J., fittingly called "Gatewood," where there is a brook where they swim in summer and skate in winter!

Jessie Menzies Luce likes her new home in Larchmont, N. Y., "in spite of the furnace and the stairs!" She writes: "Bobby and Marion have benefited greatly here. . . . Marion adores music and sings her Sunday School songs for hours. Just before Christmas I met Ruth Wilson Chaffe in New Rochelle. I'm going to take Marion over to see her two daughters and their bran new baby brother soon. A day or two ago Les Alderman dropped in to see me. She is doing some statistical work for Collier's Magazine and lives in White Plains."

Dotty Stelle Stone writes of a bridge party which Betty Williams gave in Hartford during December to which she and Edith Williams were invited. "We had a gorgeous time, some bridge and much chatter. Jessie Williams Buck, Alison Hastings Porritt, and Martha Houston Allen were all there so that it seemed like a small sized C. C. reunion, Winthrop House in miniature. Coming from a nice little village where the absence of curb stones is quite marked I distinguished myself by falling up the gutter carefully parking the car. My legs became hopelessly entangled in yards of chiffon in an extra long skirt, the bran new pocketbook flew in an obscure corner of the gutter, my Paris hat took on a very New England angle and my pride or vanity, whichever you care to call it, had an awful jolt. Nature never intended me for the high lights of society, it is plain to be seen. Nevertheless I had such a good time that I hope some day to stage a return 'inter-state' bridge in my own home."

"My young son has enjoyed his holidays more than I have I am afraid. He keeps the house in a constant uproar with the stunts he pulls. Yesterday he came in very wet and I found that he had walked through the brook which runs under the bridge over which the main highway from Hartford to Worcester and Boston passes. He assured me it was
Quite proper because he had not taken little Sister with him. So goes the day, and I shall welcome the clang of the school bell tomorrow."

La Fetra Perley Reiche has these two fine sons, Karl Jr. and little Frank. Karl is in kindergarten and loves it—got the family up before dawn on the day it was to begin.

We are intensely sorry to learn that Marion Hendrie Milligan, our Alumnae President, has just been through a series of illnesses which laid her up for most of the fall. While in Louisville, Ky., on a vacation trip with her husband, she came down with bronchitis, influenza and pneumonia. At Christmas time her youngest son, Lincoln, came down with intestinal flu—"Altogether things were a bit hectic."

Hendrie goes on to say, "Alice and Fred Schell were East during the holidays and Peg Milligan and I had lunch with them in Philadelphia. Both were looking splendid and Al is doing some very interesting work. I certainly wish we could keep them in the East. Peg spoke over the radio last Tuesday—WLIT in Philadelphia—on Infant Feeding. I went with her and got considerable kick out of hearing my first broadcast. The work is done in connection with the Women's Hospital in the city."

P. S. Last minute news is just in from London! Harriet Allen writes from there: "I love England, it's a fascinating place with fascinating people in it. But I'd like a little more sunshine! I spend my days trying to stay the ravages of the years and indulgence—mostly indulgence—among the London's lovely—and otherwise—ladies. It's most interesting, however." (How we'd like to take a peek in on Harriet's beauty parlors.)

1921

Correspondent: Anna P. Flaherty
120 Madison Ave., New York City

Class—Atten-shun!"

No "Class—at ease!" will follow this command for this is '21's busy year with 10th Reunion just ahead! We must go right into thoughts of "getting in line," "face—right" and "forward—MARCH!" toward Connecticut in June. We can go in twos, fours, or even single file but the roll call must be long and loud. A few mental memory GYMNASICS will follow with a chance for cutting a few capers, and best of all the old GAME of seeing new faces and renewing old friendships. Let's all be in attendance at this "week-end class" in June! No "cuts," no "lates," no "excuses!"

—Dorothy Wulf.

1922

Correspondent: Dorothy Wheeler
19 Shultas Place, Hartford, Conn.

Telegram: "Joel Byron Slocum, born January 9. That is all the news I have. Signed, Jeannette Sperry Slocum."

From Betty Hall Wittenberg: "We all have just lived along in our peaceful, rather uneventful, way—I really should not say peaceful—for with two little boys, Bob Jr., and Lester, aged four years and one year respectively, each day is filled with its small but important affairs. We spend a good share of every summer with my husband's family at Twin Lakes, Connecticut, where we have a wee small cottage or guest house for ourselves for sleeping purposes, but really live with the family. We have seen Louise Avery Favorite '21 and her husband occasionally. They have recently purchased a fine place in a suburb of one of the Newtons and are very happy in their new home. Then, of course, Helen Hewitt Webb '25, is a near neighbor. We all play bridge once in a while. A week ago the Webbs, some other neighbors, and ourselves had a jolly coasting party. As for thrilling trips, and hair-raising experiences, there have been none. I am too busy keeping Lester from eating but-toms, chalk, and Teddy Bears' eyes and teaching Bobby that it isn't art to paint the living room windows with cold cream."

From Walnut Vale Farm, Meriden, Amy Peck Yale writes: "There isn't much news from here. My four babies are all flourishing, the farm is out of the tornado and flood districts so nothing worse than general business depression bothers."
Her oldest girl, Amy Elizabeth, was in the hospital recently for an operation but is all right now.

Eleanor Thielen Wunch is living at 10 Allen Court, Staten Island, for Ted has duty at the 3rd Naval District and in between times goes to Columbia. Her kiddies are fine. Jack is in the second grade and Bill in the first.

Correspondent: Mary Langenbacher
716 Old Lancaster Rd., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

From our President, Helen Avery Bailey, comes a glimpse of an Alumnae tea in Hartford with Anna Buell, Betty Dickinscn, Abby Hollister and Harriet Woodford Merriam enjoying Dr. Jensen's account of the latest happenings on campus told in that characteristic manner which those who pursued Adv. Comp. will not soon forget.

Ethel Adams Duggs has joined the Hartford colony, and has a position, as well as a husband, to look after which probably accounts for her absence at the tea, although I believe husbands were invited that time.

Besides working at the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, Gwyneth Rees has been studying at the New York School of Social Work. Tony Stone is busy at home teaching music.

Harriet Woodford Merriam is Secretary of the West Hartford Woman's Chorus and Olive Holcombe Wheeler is also keeping up her music. The latter was home from Schenectady for the holidays.

Helen Bailey adds that she is busy with Industrial Work, having charge of a Library at one of the Hartford factories.

At South Norwalk, Dorothy Hubbard Bell has built a charming house, and Helen Barkeding Neuberg has done the same thing at Rivervale, New Jersey. Helen's new home is a Dutch stone colonial, typical of that section, built on an old Revolutionary battlefield between two of the oldest estates in Bergen County. Rae Tiffany Into was home from Toledo for the holidays and visited Helen. Rae's little girl is almost two.

Our class baby, Ann Alden, is "beaued" to school and back each day by Allln Mae (Brazos) Chalmer's small son, so Higgie told Judy at the last Alumnae meeting.

During the winter months Dot Randle holds her tennis classes at the Vincent Richards Tennis School Courts, 71st Armory, Park Avenue at 33rd Street. With two others, she directs the "June Tennis and Dancing Camp" at Naples, Maine. The circulors are very attractive. The Camp Season is from June 9-29. Dot is a member of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Players Association.

Here is Carolyn, the dainty little daughter of Lucy Whitford Heaton. She is just recovering from a broken collarbone caused by a tumble down the stairs. Dr. Daghlian's brother was her X-ray specialist at the hospital.

Alumnae Reunion week-end is nearly here. If any of you have suggestions for our class, do send them to Helen Avery Bailey. Perhaps a dinner could be planned. Everyone should try to be in New London that week-end.

(EDITOR'S NOTE) — From the class notes of 1924 comes the news that Mary Langenbacher, your faithful class news gatherer, announced her engagement in November to Arthur Morrow Clark of Montclair, a Wesleyan graduate.
tend its heartfelt sympathy in this time of bereavement.

After trying unsuccessfully for I don't know how many eons to pry some news out of Hotsy Warner, I actually bumped into her during Christmas vacation at the bridge given in New Haven by the C. C. Alumnae Chapter there. She's looking fine and is apparently enjoying her work in a Nursery School in Pittsburgh to the utmost. She was home (Beacon Falls) for the holidays which accounted for my seeing her in person. The summer, she said, was spent in traveling out in Colorado where she had a wonderful time.

David Carlyle Johnson, Mickey Lawson's young son, sent my Richard a card which also said that he was not quite 17 months old yet but weighed 28 pounds. He loves to climb, and for the holidays which accounted for my seeing her in person. The summer, she said, was spent in traveling out in Colorado where she had a wonderful time.

A splendid letter came recently from Bobbie Kent Kepner whose new address is 82 North 2d East, Logan, Utah, from which I am going to quote liberally. "Harold," she writes, "is teaching Civil Engineering at the Utah State Agricultural College and likes his work very much. This is a pretty little city, completely surrounded by mountains. A beautiful canyon begins about three miles from here and extends for twenty-five miles to Bear Lake. We spent Armistice Day at the last camp cottage up the canyon and saw while there a deer, a grouse, and an ermine. It was quite a 'wild' day for us.

"During Christmas vacation several men went up to the camp and saw lion tracks. Every paper has reports of mountain lions being killed in nearby towns, although all the towns are quite far apart.

"We went to Denver for ten days' Christmas vacation—700 miles, a distance which to me in New England would have seemed a long trip, but out here I didn't think so much of it.

"Wyoming was interesting country to me—all humps and rocks—with no houses in sight for miles on end. It's the kind of country I always pictured in Zane Grey's stories, although most of his are laid in southern Utah. We're in the northern part just a few miles from the Idaho border.

"The day we arrived in Logan, Janet had the whooping cough so I didn't get to see the town much for six weeks. I wish she would stop growing tall for about two years now, and fatten up a little. She's a normal 4-year old now—in height."

Agnes Jones' engagement to Harold Staebner was recently announced in Hartford, and Agnes writes, "I'm leaving the office on the 31st of this month (January) and am going directly to N. Y. to look for an apartment. It is possible that we'll be married in the Little Church Around the Corner and spend our honeymoon right there in New York as Harold will have very little time for a long trip at this time." The best of wishes for years of happiness to you, Agnes.

I spent the evening of January 14 in Hartford, so naturally for the old telephone wires humming trying to get news of 24 girls located there. I had a fine chat with Genie Walsh but she wasn't inclined to be "newsy." However, I learned from Dot Bradway Roberts that everything was going well with her and her family; that Myrtice Tryon, whose work has been in Willimantic as librarian of the Windham High School, is on leave of absence for a year and that she is taking a library course in New York at Columbia University, and that Marion Vibert Clark no longer lives in New Jersey, but is now residing at 26 Southworth St., Williamstown, Mass., where her husband is a professor at the Northside School for Boys, located on the campus of Williams College.

Anna Frauer told me that she was enjoying her work as teacher in Bulkeley High and that on Christmas Eve, while registering at the Hotel Lincoln in New York, she saw and chatted a few moments with Amy Hilker.

After trying in vain to reach Hazel Converse, I learned that she was at the Hartford Hospital where she was suffering from an attack of pleurisy.

Catts Holmes Brandow writes, "Walt and 'Dag' and I send best wishes for happiness in 1931. We bought a ½-acre grove of avocado trees in the gorgeous 'back country,' 18 miles east of San Diego in the hills. So imagine us discussing 'crops' with the other ranchers, wearing blue overalls as we irrigate and soon aiding a carpenter to build a tiny Spanish bungalow—for the trailer and tent are somewhat cramped—not to say antique. I had a perfect visit with Betty Holmes and Mac Mehaffey over Thanksgiving week-end, visiting Imperial Valley, the Salton Sea and snow-capped mountains above the desert."

Elinor Hunken Torpey has been busy planning and building a new home, according to a November communication from Mary Snodgrass McCutcheon. Mary also wrote that Jinny Hays' business
keeps her on the jump, having three head-
quartes, and that on the side, she is
studying architecture.
Katy Wells Duncan sent in the lovely
snap of Edward Stanley Duncan taken
when he was eleven months old. Just
look at those eyes sparkle—doesn't that
indicate he's a livewire?

Son of Catherine Wells Duncan

Betty McDougall was married last
Thanksgiving Day to Ernest Jesse Pal-
mer. Mr. Palmer is field collector and
assistant botanist at the Arnold Aboretum
of Harvard University. He has made
many botanical explorations and is an
authority on plant taxonomy, plant geog-
raphy and forest distribution. Betty
writes that they will be off for three
weeks of collecting in March. They are
living at 72 Robinwood Ave., Jamaica
Plains, Mass. Best wishes for a lot of
happiness, Betty.

1925
Correspondent: Alice Taylor Dugan
Palisado Green, Windsor, Conn.

News, at last, has reached your class
correspondent about the long silent Janet
Aldrich. As always still waters run deep
for Janet was commissioned to do some
research work for the League of Nations
after having taught school for several
years. And from this a romance de-
veloped for Janet became the bride of
Manley O. Hudson, Bemis Professor of
International Law at Harvard who gave
her the original appointment. Prof.
Hudson is author of several books on
international law. He was attached to
the international law division of the
American Commission to negotiate peace
in Paris in 1918-19 and was a member of
several commissions at the Paris Peace
Conference of 1919.

Class of 1925 is now represented in
Honolulu, T. of A., at Schofield Barracks
by Winifred Smith Passmore. G. Hunter
Passmore is with the 21st Infantry of the
United States Army.
Billy Field Shaw, Ken, and Joan are
now on the high road to recovery. Ken
had had a serious operation on his throat;
Billy had to go to the hospital for a gen-
eral overhauling; and baby Joan decided
to celebrate by running up a temperature
of 101. But in spite of everything the
Shaws have moved into a delightful new
English cottage at 13 McKinley Ave.,
Easthampton, Mass.

There is only one '25er in Cleveland
and that is May Auwood Bernard, al-
though she counts Chick Tracy a second
'25er. But Chick is training director at
the Lasalle & Koch Co., Toledo's biggest
and best department store—so it looks
as though she represented us better
there.

'25 wants to voice a protest at the slip
which caused Thelma Burnham's name to
be left off the annual list of Connecticut
College Graduates who have received
their advanced degrees. Thelma was
awarded the Masters Degree at Radcliff
College early in 1929. She is now busy
helping Professor Ireland of Harvard
Law School write a book on International
Law.

You will all be delighted to know that
Kathleen Boyle is once more feeling tip-
top. Just to express in a small way the
sympathy felt by the Hartford Chapter
of Connecticut College Alumnae for Kath-
leen during her illness a leather book
cover was sent with the Chapter's best
wishes.

Olga Gennert Greene has a delightful
and handsome young son, James B.
Greene Jr. We are all anxious to see a
picture of Joanne Campbell Greene born
last Fourth of July. Olga has just moved
to 32 Grand View Terrace, Randly, N. J.
A line from Miriam Chadeayne tells us
that she mixes pleasure with substitute
teaching in the public schools in Ossin-
ing.

Grace Parker Schumpert has had a
busy fall with a son and daughter to
make things lively, while Bob is study-
ing at the University of Wisconsin and
doing full time "Y" work. The Schum-
perths have just moved to 303 South
Randall Ave., Madison, Wisconsin.

Bea Fowler Dike is busy teaching
school, keeping house, and doing church
work—having just been elected chair-
man of a group in the Episcopal Guild.

Sally Crawford Maschal is the proud
mother of Sarah Jane, born January 4th.
The Maschals are living at 19 Cannon St.,
Norwalk, Conn.

Marian Walp is married. We all wish
you would write and tell us more,
Marian!

The Hartford Courant of January 25th
announces the engagement of Lila Gallup
to Mr. Joseph Madison Ulrey.
ATTENTION, our president speaks.

"Dear '26ites:

"June 1931 and five years out for us. But let's forget the awe-inspiring connotation of a fifth reunion, leave mundane affairs behind and join each other on the hill-top for a grand get-together. Most of us have catching up to do on each other's children, occupation, etc., and it is really a grand chance to see whether our class prophet was right or wrong! Also we have business to transact and other class affairs which need the opinion of all. Not least will be the joy of absorbing once again the C. C. atmosphere, a renewal of friendships with faculty, a stone wall sing perhaps, and a long gaze down the river and out to the Sound. We are counting on you to make this reunion a memorable one!"

Teddy Hewlett.

While we are on this subject of memories do you all remember our Sophomore Hop and the orchestra WB had? The leader of that orchestra is none other than the famous Rudy Vallee! Ask Dorothy Brooks. They both come from Westbrook, Maine, and I believe they went to school together. Dot may even deserve credit for his success, for it was she who persuaded him to play for our dance.

Upon my almost tearful request for news, Kay King Karslake responded nobly with a letter and a sweet picture of her attractive son, Donald King Karslake, born May 31, 1930.

Donald King Karslake

Kay was home for Christmas. Here is her short but interesting letter.

"I wish I could have seen some of the old crowd while I was home but telephone conversations were the best I could manage. Helen Farnsworth Schneidewind said she and Chick and their little girl were all well. I talked with K. Bailey, too. She certainly manages to keep busy. Besides tap dancing, tangoing, toe dancing (I think) and most every other kind of dancing, she is studying French—has private lessons—and is planning to study art appreciation, too. She expected her mother to spend Christmas with her in New York. She's living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"We are enjoying little Donald so much. He is seven months old now and weighs twenty-five pounds, so you see he is on his way to being a football player."

During the fall, Jessie Williams announced her engagement to Frank J. Kohl. Jessie is still Mr. Lambdin's secretary, up on campus.

Katherine Colgrove found our column a bit wanting in the November News so she took her pen in hand immediately and came to our rescue with a letter full of news.

"Harriet Stone recently (this was late November) had a C. C. reunion at her home in Southbury. Among those present were Bunny Bond Armstrong with her husband and son, George; Alice Hess Pattison with her husband and son, Robert; Barbara Bell Crouch and her husband; Hazel Bracket, Frances Green and Kay Dauchy.

"Arlene Haskins Funk also entertained a party of C. C.ites at her home in Scotland on Labor Day. Chris Lord, Inez Hess, Dot Andrews, Ikey Newton and I got together and how we did talk!

"Inez is doing social service work in Bristol Conn. but finds it rather tame after her excursions into Ohio and Kentucky.

"Ikey Newton spent a wonderful summer in Europe where she saw the Passion Play. She is now instructor in biology at Simmons College.

"One week-end this fall Kay Dauchy, Margaret Knight '27 and I took a little trip up through Vermont and New York State in Kay's car. Much to our surprise, we saw Frances Andrews '27 and her husband in Ticonderoga. The next day we stopped in Saratoga Springs at Skidmore College and had dinner with Lois Watkins '27 who is dietitian there."

A request to D. D. Low for my lost issue of the November News brought a prompt, interesting and pleasant note from that hard working young person who has been sitting up "into the wee hours of morn for practically two full months" preparing a new and modern edition of the Alumnae Register. She says that Grace Clark is now Mrs. A. Bradford MacKain and she lives at 4822
Osage Avenue, West Philadelphia, Pa.
D. D. spent a ten day Christmas vacation in Florida with her family and had a glorious, and well earned, holiday.

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1927

Correspondent: Margaret Woodworth
515 Laurel Road, Ridgewood, N. J.

Greetings to the new youngster for the '27 cradle roll. Janet Coxe, daughter of Lib Fowler Coxe, was born on Sept. 28th —blue eyes, brown hair, and of course, adorable.

Mary Crofoot took an auto trip to Wisconsin this summer, going by way of Washington, D. C. While in Chicago she paced the pavements looking for a job in the big city, but not wishing to join the bread line for the unemployed, she went back to Connecticut to work with Dr. Leib. She is taking baby German for a winter's diversion. She saw Harriet Taylor at Christmas time. Harriet took one of her semi-annual trips to New York to see the sights and counteract the calmness caused by teaching in a peaceful country day school.

Marie Copp sends out an S. O. S. for news of "anyone desiring a teacher of philosophy." She has hopes of finishing her doctorate at Radcliffe this June.

Jerry Jerman visited Fannie Young '30 in Astabula Ohio, over Christmas. They drove into Cleveland to the bridge-tea which the Alumnae gave for the under-graduates.

In the '26 class report we read that Frances Andrews was seen in Ticonderoga with a husband. Come now, Frances, share the news with us. Who is he?

Our class baby must be more grown up than this by now for the picture was taken last spring. It is too cunning a picture not to print even if it had to be delayed. Meet Celestta Denniston Muth, daughter of Helen Tatum Muth.

Sue Chittenden writes on a Christmas card: "Am still interested in the Stock Market and am sliding along with it. Of course I find New Haven very lovely and am enjoying life fully." Sounds gay, to say the least. Esther Chandler is another one who takes the back of her Christmas card to say that she likes her job in the Boston Library.

Peggy (Rich) and Bill Raley are very happy in their apartment at 640 W. 153rd St., N. Y. C. Peg is working at Columbia University where she seems to be in charge of renting dormitory rooms to students. She writes "As to my job, it's jobish.—Just sold a dormitory room to a Chinaman who had a committee of compatriots along to help him choose it. Hope they don't all plan to live there.—

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1928

Correspondent: Henrietta L. Owens
10 East 16th Street, New York City

Bill and I drove up to Middletown for Christmas."

Buddy Elliott is starting training at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, this month.

Nubs Vernon amuses herself taking a course at N. Y. U. and skating lessons at Madison Square Gardens.

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Class Baby of 1927

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busily engaged in minimizing her totalit.y to the extent of three pounds per session. What remained of Ee when we saw her, told us that Bo Day is now in Paris, studying figure drawing. And Molly Craig was married last spring to Charles Rice, who is in the advertising business. The Rices are living in New York, on Spuyten Duyvil Parkway.

Hettie Bruce Stephenson writes briefly from San Francisco: "Hello, how is everybody? I am engaged and expect to be married this spring. His name is Owen."

Jakie Savini is assistant to the director of Casa Italiana, at Columbia University. She recently returned from a cruise to Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba, and parts Caribbean, and speaks of bumping into Dot Pasnik in Havana. (Small world etc.)

Ginny Hawkins announced her engagement this fall to Earl ("Pete") Perrine, Brown '29.

Another 1928 child! Joan Riddle Marquis, daughter of Helen Boyd Marquis, was born in East Orange, N. J., on October 29, 1930.

The Peg Merriam Zellers have emigrated for three months to Utica, N. Y., there to be concerned somehow with someone's some sort of factory. Sorry we know so little about it.

Abbie Kelsey announced her engagement in November to Edward Cady Marsh, brother of Abbie's brother-in-law who is the husband of Verna Kelsey Marsh, ex '25.

Pat Towson is spending the winter in Honolulu. Betsy Ross and Edwina Pratt are ladies of leisure in Massillon, Ohio. They drove to Cleveland at Christmas time for the Alumnae bridge-tea.

The latest news from Ridgewood: List Harmon has announced her engagement to Ward Pardee, Princeton '27, and the Edward W. (Peg Tauchert) Johnston has a place with the Open Track Coach at the University of Washington, in Seattle.

Joan Cochran West's military husband (R. John) has been transferred from Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont to Honolulu. Mary Jane Benson Britten has a son, born early last fall. And Jackson is secretary to an interior decorator in New York.

Pat Hine and Dot Thayer both have sisters in the present freshman class at college—1934.

Teachers and secretaries: secretaries and teachers! Mary Bond is again at Miss Sayward's in Philadelphia, teaching Physical Ed. Frances McElfresh teaches French at Caskin School in Devon, Pa. Eleanor Michel is an English instructor in Meriden High School, Meriden, Conn. Betty Seward is teaching her former majors, English and Music. I don't know what their fields are, but Ellen Soderman is teaching in Stamford Conn. and Fran Wells somewhere in New Jersey. Edith Porter is director of Music at a school in Bridgeport Conn. Edith Simonton is instructing the young of her home town, Thompsontville, Conn., in English and French.

Ad McMiller is secretary to the Art and Music Supervisors of the Akron Public Schools, in Akron, Ohio. Lil Ottenheimer has a similar position with the Dean of Connecticut Aggie at Storrs. Elsie Petersen, Marian Valne, Polly Seavey, Frances Tillinghast, and Esther Stone are all filling varied positions in this same field.

Jo Arnold has a place with the Open Court Publishing Company in Chicago. To quote her—quite without permission of copyright—"I have a job and it is quite an interesting one . . . I do a little of everything secretarial, but the main task at hand is to assist a bit eccentric, but very pleasant boss, in her translation of a French book, some four hundred seventy-five pages in length. . . . the subject is the philosophy of Celsus." Jo and Betty Williams are officers of the Chicago C. C. Chapter. Betty was one of twenty-five out of a group of two hundred fifty who passed the Civil Service Examination for Social Workers.

Marg Anderson is Psychiatric Social Worker at Essex County Hospital (for the insane) at Cedar Grove, N. J. Winnie Link is hard at work at the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago.

Muriel Ewing is with "Time" (no doubt the only one of us who feels that way). Madelin Bartlett is with the Literary Guild organization. Gertrude Sizkin is an agent for the United Life and Accident Insurance Company at Hartford.
Glad Spear is at Teacher’s Business College at Shelton, Conn.

1930

Correspondent: Eleanor Tyler
44 Morningside Drive, Apt. 43, N.Y.C.

There seems to be a lot happening to 1930, and, as in any good news column, ours begins with

Romance: Sunny and Babe, and Eleanor Thayer and Mercer.

Sunny Barry’s engagement to Dean Hildebrandt, of New York, was announced in November and they’re being married in April. Who said a college education wasn’t worthwhile? Dean and Sunny met at our Hop Sophomore year and this is the result.

Babe’s engagement was announced on December 18th, to Edwin Bertue and the wedding will be in early March. They have a house in Pelham already and (as this goes to press) are measuring for carpets. Babe, getting thoroughly domesticated, is hemming tablecloths (with only a little help).

Eleanor Thayer was married on January 15th, to Lieutenant Albert Livingston Toney. Betty McCusker was one of the bridesmaids. From now on, Eleanor’s address is Virginia.

Mercer Camp and Alan Stone are being married on February 14th. Mercer’s engagement was announced last spring at college.

And then, there are the working girls. We begin with the story of Helene Somers, because it is the story of a different kind of working girl. Growing weary of ease and elegance and a penthouse apartment, Helene started out to see how the other half lives. The last we heard she was driving, in her Austin, to the place where every day, at lunch time, she “checks” trays in a cafeteria. We have heard strange stories about the time she charged two people twenty cents difference for the same lunch, but that may be exaggerated. At any rate, after work she drives back in the same Austin, to the penthouse. Which is our idea of the way work should be. Teddy Harrison comes home at night to the same penthouse, after doing statistical work—on which we can give no further statistics at present.

We’re a little bit worried about Betty Capron. She was, when last heard from, in charge of the girls on parole at Long Lane Farm, and somehow the idea of Betty, armed with a club, surrounded by people with criminal tendencies, preys on our minds.

Jane Murphy has turned into a full-fledged newspaper woman. As reporter on the Danbury Times, she has charge of all the news from one section of town, besides the school items. A little different, reports Jane, from Press Board.

Four of the workers have acquired a furnished apartment, with an organ and three goldfish. They and their respective jobs are: Kentie—on the staff of the Junior League Magazine. The first morning she went to work, she fell flat on the floor of the Barbiton. Her stocking? Oh, yes, it was the same story. Edwards—Assistant Manager in the cafeteria of the Consolidated Gas Company. Her worst faux pas—a large doughnut dropped in a customer’s bowl of spinach soup. Doris—has just left the Cherry Lane Theatre, where she had a part in “The Bigot.” She’s now in a theatrical office, preparatory to opening in a play before long. And Uffie—Director of the Glee Club at Miss Hewitt’s School and doing private tutoring on the side.

There are lots more of us still studying. Dot Barrett is getting her M. A. in Psych at Columbia, and Ev Utley her degree in Chemistry and assisting in the Lab. Ad Finch is taking Business Administration three times a week at Columbia. Gwen and Connie Smith are preparing to startle the business world at Katie Gibbs in New York and Kay Halsey is following the same career in Brooklyn. Mary Cary is student dietitian at the University of Pennsylvania.

And bringing up a personal subject, which I had to bring up eventually, I’m grimly pounding a typewriter and turning inside out to read back my own shorthand in the offices of National Radio Advertising, Inc.—all this a mere preliminary, you understand, to editing Scribner’s.