KNOWLTON HOUSE
MANY ALUMNAE FUNDS COMBINED

ONLY ONE CONTRIBUTION ASKED FROM EACH ALUMNA

To meet the complaint that there were too many demands upon the Alumnae for contributions to the various funds sponsored by the Association, the finance committee has established one general Alumnae Fund which asks but one contribution a year from the Alumnae and which budgets the money thus received between the demands which have met official approval. This Alumnae Fund does not refer to the regular yearly dues to the Alumnae Association which pay for the running expenses of the organization and for a part of the secretary's salary.

The money received from the Alumnae Fund this year will be budgeted among three projects as follows:

1. The remainder of the Alumnae Secretary's salary which is not met by regular dues.
2. The Alumnae-Student Building Fund.
3. The Caroline A. Black Memorial Fund for a Botany professorship.

If during other years another project is suggested it will be included in the same general fund if it is passed on by the Executive committee.

The finance committee is soliciting classes, chapters and individual members for contributions. Each class will be asked to give from its treasury a very nominal sum, all of which will go towards the secretary's salary since her office works directly for the classes.

The Chapters are each asked to contribute to the fund—raising the money as they think best. No active member of a Chapter will be solicited individually.

Individuals not in Chapters will receive letters from the treasurer asking for a contribution. In this way each member will be asked for one contribution.

HARTFORD HAS GOLF TOURNAMENT FOR ALUMNAE FUND

The Hartford Chapter is the first reported to have raised part of its contribution for the newly formed Alumnae Fund. At a bridge party and golf tournament at the Hartford City Club, February the 13th, thirty dollars was cleared. Allee Taylor Dugan, '25, chairman of the Finance Committee, was assisted by Doris Miner '24, Leontine Oakes ex '26, Frances Jones '27, Betty Kane '29, Dorothy Kilbourn '25, Dorothy Andrews '26 and Katherine Russell '30.

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YALE APPOINTS DR. JENSEN ASSISTANT IN FIELDING

From Yale university comes the announcement that Dr. Gerard E. Jensen, assistant professor of English here at college, has been appointed Assistant in Fielding to the keeper of rare books in the Yale university library, until June, 1932. The appointment comes in recognition of Dr. Jensen's work as a student of Henry Fielding. It was under the guidance of Dean Wilbur Cross, now governor of Connecticut, that Dr. Jensen prepared and published in 1915 the manuscript of the definitive edition of Fielding's Covent-Garden Journal. Dr. Jensen's new work will enable him to assist the keeper of rare books in getting the Fielding collection in order.—C. C. News.

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GERTRUDE AVERY '22 RETURNS TO C. C. AS VESPER SPEAKER

On Sunday, March 1st, Gertrude Avery of the class of 1922 was the speaker at the Sunday evening Vesper Service at college. Her topic was "Present Day Women in India." Miss Avery also spoke at the Alumnae luncheon Sunday, Feb. 22.

Miss Avery is spending a year in the United States after five and a half years in religious and social work in India.
EDITH CLARK ’27 WRITES US ABOUT ALUMNAE WEEKEND

The first day of spring! And warm enough to make us all think of violets in the amphitheatre and laurel in Bollwood. I must admit that there were no violets or laurel over the weekend of February 21st and 22nd, but there were several alumnae—in fact several more than had ever returned for alumnae weekend before.

The program seemed particularly well-planned and enjoyable this year. Those who were lucky enough to be able to attend the lectures and discussions on international relationships on Friday were most enthusiastic and very grateful to The Connecticut Council on Foreign Relations for permitting them to attend.

President Blunt’s tea deserves a paragraph to itself. It was a perfectly grand get-together (in Miss Blunt’s charming home) of alumnae and faculty. Such chatter of old times and new jobs, projects, and families you have never heard!

The evening was the scene of much gayety. The Glee Club presented “The Mikado” with no little success. I am sure that there were those among us who yearned once or twice for our own musical comedy days. An informal reception in Knowlton House followed—at which the entire alumnae body wore themselves out tryimg to compete with undergraduate energy and sprightliness. By midnight many a bull session was under way at the Mohican (shades of banquets), but either old age or the lack of bull sessions had told on us, and sleep conquered most of us some hours before dawn.

Sunday was one of those gorgeous mid-winter days when the sun sparkles and the water is that radiant blue peculiar to the Thames and spring. At noon we all gathered in Thames Hall to dine and make merry. It was one of the high lights of the weekend—delicious food, spring flowers, many faculty friends, representatives from all classes. Marion Hendrie Milligan, president of the Alumnae Association, introduced the following as speakers of the day—President Blunt, Miss Burdick (acting Dean of Students), Julia Warner (alumnae trustee), Edith Low (alumnae secretary) and Gertrude Avery (1922), who spoke of her work in India.

Winter sports were announced for Monday. Violet-picking would have been more appropriate! But with classes to visit, friends to see and fine weather to enjoy, no one lacked for things to do.

NEW INSTITUTIONS BEING ERECTED AS NEIGHBORS TO C. C.

In 1932 Connecticut College will see two institutions as its new neighbors, the buildings for each are being built at the present time. One is the Lyman Allyn Museum, which is being erected on the old Allyn estate at the junction of Mohogan avenue and Williams street, and the other is the new Coast Guard Academy which is being erected on the other side of Mohegan avenue from the Museum.

Museum of Fine Arts

The Lyman Allyn Museum, which will at first be devoted to fine arts alone, is a memorial left by Miss Harriet Allyn in honor of her father. Almost a million dollars is in trust for the erection and maintenance of the building and grounds.

Not only will this mean that the approach to the college will be greatly enhanced by the extensive grounds composing the Allyn Estate, but the Museum will have much of intellectual value to offer to the College. The Department of Fine Arts in the College will cooperate with the Museum to the advantage of each.

The Museum is gradually nearing completion—having galleries on the second floor, art library and offices on the first and lecture room in the basement. Mr. Winslow Ames, a graduate of the museum course at Harvard University, has been appointed Director. He is spending the winter studying small museums in Europe.

Coast Guard Academy

When the cadets return from their 1932 summer cruise, they will be moved to their new home which is now being built between Mohogan Avenue and the river near Allyn Place. This institution with its eight new buildings will also help to keep the city from creeping in and spoiling Connecticut’s hilltop.

The buildings are: Cadets’ Building, Administrative Building, Academic Building, Engineering Building, Enlisted Men’s Barracks, Gymnasium, the Boiler House, and the Warehouse. They expect to accommodate two hundred people. The architectural style of the buildings will be Colonial. They will be of red brick with a white trim.

Along Mohogan Avenue there will be the parade ground, which is to be used for drills and demonstrations. The athletic field will be below the brow of the hill. It is not definitely determined yet, but there will probably be officers’ quarters on the south side of the property.
READ IT AND WEEP—OR LAUGH

It is interesting but somewhat ageing to read the weekly issues of the Connecticut College News—ageing because these young and modern editors have acquired the habit of turning back to old files of the News for articles which they find humorous. To find one's very own and awful jingle exposed again to the campus is embarrassing enough, but to read of "The gay 20's" as ancient history is likely to turn one's hair prematurely gray.

The habit seems to have started last year when the editors, now alumnae themselves, hauled out the story of the famous hare and hound chase back in the fall of '23 when the student hounds chased the faculty hares to Miller's pond, there to cook, to eat, and to discuss building the C. C. O. C. hut—when Dean Nye and Miss Ernst, game as usual, hid behind some rocks when about to be overtaken and then trudged on behind. More than one alumna was startled at being gazed at with the "Would you believe it" air of the undergraduates. Your editor, then a Freshman reporter, remembers limping along after the faculty hares in a painful pair of new soccer shoes in order to write up her assignment.

The custom of file-snatching is still going on and the ludicrous things they find are indeed worth laughing at, we admit it. Do you remember any of these:

"Funds are being raised to reorganize the crew that met such an untimely finish with the stealing of the shells." 

"It has been reported that two Plantites attended (for a short while) the prize fight at the Lyceum last Monday" and the 1931 editor adds: "(This generation must be the more stalwart—now they stay through and go back for more.)" 

"On Saturday night the gymnasium was turned into a regular movie house, where Marguerite Clark was the chief attraction in 'Come Out of the Kitchen.' The picture was accompanied by fitting music played by a young man who also sang during intermissions."

Last but not least they have raked up this puritanic suggestion that C. C. adopt a prom as Wellesley had where there was "neither balancing nor toddling, shimmying nor jazzing" and where "cheek to cheek dancing and syncopated music are forbidden."

But these undergraduates aren't such a fun-poking lot as we ourselves were in one respect. We admit that in the old days when the Alumnae were returning for their week-end, we used to place one of Hazel Osborn's or Dot Bayley's tear-raising and masterly cartoons in the News representing the alumns as "has beens" in regalia of the gay '90's. But this year they turned the tables and greeted us with this satisfying little verse:

"I'd never think to look at you
That once you looked the way I do.
With shiney nose and red beret
And gym clothes every other day
And shoes with heaven-pointed toes
And holey, darney, snaggy hose,
Yet once you were a student here.
Perhaps there's hope for me next year."

"God bless them, after all," we shout in chorus.
MILESTONES AND SIGNPOSTS OF THE
A. A. U. W.

DR. PAULINE H. DEDERER

Fifty years ago a group of alumnae from various colleges meeting in a Boston parlor, organized the Association of Collegiate Alumnae which later grew into the American Association of University Women. In 1919, came the founding of the International Federation of University Women, with which our national association is directly affiliated.

These are important milestones in achieving the purpose of the association; to unite "the alumnae of different institutions for practical educational work,—and for the maintenance of high standards of education."

Programs of recent meetings provide sign posts that point the way to further accomplishment, and to the increasing value of the organization to college women. Such topics as the following are being studied: What is happening in the colleges in the line of new tendencies and to help the student in her definite work after graduation? Some answers to the first question are honor courses, survey courses, the junior year abroad, individual research, and student-faculty conferences on curriculum. With reference to the second question the main trends seem to be the study of student personalities, vocational guidance, and practical community work in connection with college courses.

Another project engaging the thought of the association is that of adult education, a widespread and significant movement, which is conceded to have been developed in large part by the association.

Under its splendid program, many branches are carrying on organized studies on child psychology, politics, international relations, and other subjects. "Why stop learning?" That pertinent query, put by Dorothy Canfield, supplies its own answer.

The association has embarked on a five-year research program, which includes "experiments in secondary and collegiate education, the study of peace problems in the education of children," and in collaboration with other agencies, they also administer the Washington Child Research Center for the "scientific study of children and education of parents."

President Woolley of Mount Holyoke, once said: "It has been the aim of the American Association of University Women to make something better—in its first years, better education for women; now, better international relations." The committee on international relations develops programs of study in this field, on such topics as non-political internationalism, peace agencies in the world today, problems in foreign policy of the United States, and the like.

If we may now abruptly shorten the the focus of our attention down to our own alumnae organization, we may find in our brief growth milestones and signposts, too. The milestones of memory and achievement, both individual and collegiate, may be left for each one to recall, but I should like to mention a few signposts as I see them. First, the post of alumnae secretary, which makes possible easy and pleasant contacts as individuals with the college. Second, a growing consciousness of solidarity of purpose in working as alumnae with and for Connecticut College. Third, the sharing, both as individuals and alumnae groups, in the splendid program of the American Association of University Women.

Why should every one of you be a member not only of your own alumnae association, but also of this more inclusive organization? Of many very good reasons let me mention these.

1. Because in numbers there is strength, and the vital program of the American Association of University Women in the scientific study of children and the education of parents, of peace problems in the education of young children, and of international relations, all need your thought and help.

2. Because you will also be a member of the International Federation of University Women and share in their inspiring aim to provide international fellowships for young women to carry on intellectual work of distinction.

This aid to splendid young women of various nationalities was visioned by Dr. Caroline F. Spurgeon, first president of the federation, in these words:

"Like the imagined adventurers pictured by Lord Bacon, who sailed forth into far distant countries to bring back knowledge—our student and scholar adventurers may aspire to call themselves Merchants of Light, for like them, they maintain a trade, not for gold, silver or jewels,—nor any commodity of matter, but only for God’s first creature which was Light: to have light of the growth of all parts of the world:"

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THE HULA OF HAWAII
VIVIENNE "HUAPALA" MADER '23

Under the spreading branches of a great banyan tree which stands in a court surrounded by the famous lanai (porch) of the Moana Hotel in Waikiki is staged most of the entertainment for tourists. We frequent this spot, lured after nightfall by the drowsy shore, full warm tropic moon, caressing breezes, pungent flowers, strumming of ukuleles, plaintive haunting melodies, beat of a hula dance, running lights of a coast-bound steamer disappearing into the darkness—images that linger. Native boys chant "Kawika"—a hypnotic, monotonous rhythm. And then Leilani appears, wearing a hula skirt of shredded fresh ti leaves and leis of red hibiscus flowers. With arms and hands undulating as restless waves and body supple as a swaying palm, she pantomimes a story of the past.

How different was this hula from that with which we on the mainland are so familiar. Ours is the haole (white) hula, a regular "hootchee kootchee" dance jazzed and cheapened at the command of theatrical managers in search of the sensational. This performance was sufficient to make me want to investigate further into the dance and folk-lore of the Hawaiian people. My Hawaiian friend said that dancing was good enough for entertaining tourists but wanted to take me to see the real old dances and explain the beautiful poetry that exists in the hearts of the Hawaiians so when I returned to the mainland I could tell the "Haoles" that Hawaiians are not "cheap grass-skirt shakers."

I found that the Hawaiians are secretive. They seldom reveal things sacred to them; so it is an honor to win their confidence. The old men and women, the only sources of information, are nearly all gone. Now that it is almost too late, frantic efforts are under way to retain some records of the passing culture, for the younger generation do not care for the old days, they are too busy living in the new.

I was introduced to Mrs. Helen Beamer, a person of foremost authority, and with her began a serious and fascinating study of the hula and Hawaiian folklore. Mrs. Beamer was instrumental in introducing me to Princess Kalanianaole, who twice invited me to dance the hula as her guest at a huan (native feast)—the only white entertainer doing native dances before several hundred natives and tourists gave me a strange feeling.

One day we motored across the island to Kona—a town steeped in myths. I remember spending an entire morning with "Aunt Mary," who is reputed to know the unwritten history of Hawaii. As she related long stories of gods and ghosts, legends and chants, I diligently jotted down notes. At that time I met Ermine von Tempski, authoress of "Hula," "Fire," "Dust." She kept daily interviews with Aunt Mary, who supplied her with many authentic incidents for her stories.

In the days of the great chiefs and kings, the hula was sacred, performed privately for the king, who selected his dancers from the best youths. They submitted to rigid training in exercises, fastings, purifications and strict tabus. There were dances for every phase of Hawaiian life, hulas of rowing, planting, hunting and war, hulas of love and courtship, birth and death.

Madam Panaki, who died twenty-five years ago, was the first and only one who had hula girls perform in public and for tourists to see. Only recently has the hula become popular. The modern hula in Hawaii itself has changed.

(Concluded on Page 8.)
"You're off" shouted the Director as I pressed my face to the window of the Bathysphere and waved a signal that Tee Van, who adjusted the flow of oxygen and clamped the earphones to his head, was ready for the final telephone test.

I felt perfectly safe and much more comfortable than when on deck watching the two others go down in the Sphere. Even when the giant door had been swung into place and I had listened to the hammering of the ten big bolts it seemed unbelievable that John Tee Van and I should be in this reversed position with Beebe and Barton in charge on deck. Not until the two tons of steel which encased me swayed in mid-air over my friends, poised for a calm, then plunged below the surface, did I realize completely that this was my hour.

As the Sphere broke the smooth surface it faced the bow of the barge and we had a hasty glimpse of the Gladysfen trailing her long, slack, tow rope. Suddenly, the scene was no longer boats, machinery, and men, but instead the ceiling of the sea quilted in silks and studded with glistening bubbles of air. Then Barton's voice broke a silence that only dead men know and brought an earthly aspect to this canopy mirage which had held our gaze. We strived continuously to control the selfishness of over-enthusiasm and to refrain from occupying more than our half of the quartz window.

Strange vertical streaks of light broke the solid brilliance of the water, like a sunbeam that has crept through a chink of an old dungeon wall and made the moist mold sparkle in the darkness. Then the tone of the light became more and more amazing. Rays of bright sunlight that had struggled to illumine this world of water vanished and all became a lake of intense bluish green. Air bubbles continued to rain upward, many oozing from the bait tied at the margin of the center window. Hundreds of tiny, white triangular Pteropods darted in mid-water with here and there a spray of small, brown, throbbing Linuche jellies. A slight swaying of the Sphere had been noticeable but we were not conscious of downward motion until Barton reported that we were descending. I remarked at the wonder of being able to observe life beyond the maximum depth permitted to us in the diving helmet. In a few minutes Barton's voice again awakened our other world consciousness and reported that we had reached the depth of two hundred feet. The Sphere swayed here for several minutes while another clamp was attached. A comb-feather jelly, or Ctenophore, was wafted close enough to see its eight rows of cilia waving it through space. There followed a large gossamer umbrella jelly trailing its four oral stinging tentacles. Then another tiny Linuche jelly appeared and disappeared into the bluish green beyond. A swift swimming silvery fish swerved at the bait, peered at us, then vanished.

Suddenly, the upward course of the jellies and the glistening bubble-like Pteropods indicated that the Sphere was descending again. Then the Director spoke on the phone for the first time and told us that we had reached the depth of four hundred and ten feet. After a hasty glance to assure those on deck that the door, hose, and window grooves were not leaking we continued to concentrate on the twilight pageant which streamed past our tiny quartz port-hole. We watched a school of colorless shrimps pass in the distance and a startled Carangid-like fish as he butted savagely against the quartz window and darted away into blue space. It was difficult to believe that these creatures and hundreds of
others could exist in this world of strained light, constant cold, and enormous pressure. At this depth the pressure on the Sphere was 197 pounds to the square inch, or 2,032,055 pounds total pressure, or 1,016 tons.

Looking directly out, blue seemed to be the dominant tone, and peering straight down we stared into an infinite depth of dazzling blue purple. This was an awful color which excited not only an indescribable force in holding our attention, but a strong desire to descend deeper and deeper “down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.” We asked the Director to lower us another hundred feet, but his reply was decisive and soon we started to ascend. At three hundred feet the silvery fish appeared again and plopped around the bait long enough for us to identify it as Psenes, many of which have come up dead in our nets. We passed several small cylindrical Saliras and many Shrimps. Psenes continued to dart around the bait while we were held at two hundred feet to have the clamp removed.

We became more excited when we saw the tail of an eel which seemed to dangle near the bait just out of full view. But soon this eel turned into the end of the Zoological Society’s flag which was draped on one side of the Sphere. Psenes reappeared and followed as far as the fifty-foot halt, where the last clamp was removed. Here we were acutely conscious of the brilliance of the light, made the more dazzling by the glistening Pterpods. Then, as pre-arranged, the Director pounded on the cable and we answered by hammering on the side of the Sphere near the inlet of the telephone hose. Both messages were heard near the bait just out of full view. But soon this eel turned into the end of the Zoological Society’s flag which was draped on one side of the Sphere. Psenes reappeared and followed as far as the fifty-foot halt, where the last clamp was removed. Here we were acutely conscious of the brilliance of the light, made the more dazzling by the glistening Pterpods. Then, as pre-arranged, the Director pounded on the cable and we answered by hammering on the side of the Sphere near the inlet of the telephone hose. Both messages were heard distinctly. In case of a severed telephone connection in the future this signal could be used as a reassurance for those on both ends of the cable.

In a very few minutes we had broken the quilted surface and were swinging high above the deck waiting for a calm during which to land. Before the center plug of the door was entirely unscrewed we heard the inrush of air which sounded like the swash of a tide along a deserted shore. Our ears pained for the utter dark, where blind white sea-snakes are.” We asked the Director to lower us another hundred feet, but his reply was decisive and soon we started to ascend. At three hundred feet the silvery fish appeared again and plopped around the bait long enough for us to identify it as Psenes, many of which have come up dead in our nets. We passed several small cylindrical Saliras and many Shrimps. Psenes continued to dart around the bait while we were held at two hundred feet to have the clamp removed.

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NOTICE!

According to the constitution, applications are to be considered for the position of Alumnae Secretary. Any graduate of Connecticut College is eligible to apply. All applications must be in the hands of the Nominating Committee by May 20. Please address your application or requests for further information concerning the position to the Chairman of the Nominating Committee, Mrs. Burton L. How, 119 North Main Street, West Hartford, Conn.

JEAN HAMLET '29 EXHIBITS STILL LIFE

At the annual exhibition of the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts in Morgan Memorial in Hartford, Miss Jean Hamlet of Connecticut College, class of 1929, is exhibiting one of her still life paintings. This is considered a great honor as the exhibit is composed of the works of professional artists.

AWAY FROM THE HILLTOP

1919

Correspondent: Grace Cockings
336 Main Street, Bristol, Conn.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Haskell (Lucy Marsh) spent several weeks this winter at Miami Beach.

Esther Barnes has been ill in a hospital, where she was operated on for sinus trouble. She went back to college for Alumnae Week-end and intended driving her new Ford coupe to New Jersey, if the weather permitted.

Irma Hutzler is to take a course in Sociology at C. C. Mrs. Wessel is to be the instructor.

May Buckley is driving a brand new Buick sport coupe. Frank Otten had a ride in it when she visited May recently.

A card was received from Betty Williams, '20, from Havana. Betty sailed in February for a six weeks tour of South America, Chile in particular.

Betty Hannon ex '19 spent a week-end with Jake Wells. Jake also saw "Tommy" Morris (Ruth) when "Tommy" worked on the editorial staff of Collier's, writing "very lively articles." Jake's children are: Marjorie-Jane, aged seven; Donald, almost three, and a baby boy, whom she adopted after losing Blair.

Dorothy Upton took a fine trip last summer through the Panama Canal to San Francisco and home via the Canadian Rockies. She says, in part:

"I sailed on the S. S. Ecuador, Panama Mail Line, and enjoyed every minute of the twenty-eight days of ocean travel. Between ports we walked the deck, eleven and a half times round for each mile, swam in the minute pool, played deck games, danced occasionally, or just sat lazily in our chairs, watching the flying fish, porpoises, turtles, and even a whale.

"The ports, themselves, proved interesting, especially Colon, with its fascinating shops, and Chamerico, the most primitive spot we visited. Every race, creed, and color was represented, and a great variety of architecture, from the one-room bamboo hovels at sea level, to
the beautiful Spanish houses, owned principally by rich Americans, at such places as Baranquilla, Columbia, seventeen miles from the port. Perhaps the most interesting sight of all was the markets, where everything was displayed—jewelry, wearing apparel, household equipment and food of every variety, on which the flies looked like raisins. At both San Salvador and Guatemala City, the marimba band entertained us, while a good orchestra helped to digest a very hot Mexican meal at Mazatlan."

Dorothy left her traveling companions at Banff, stopping off in Montana to visit relatives. She speaks of the Rockies as: "Scenery of such magnificence that it is indescribable." Coming east she met Dot Pryde, who had been to the coast and had visited Dorcas Gallup Bennett, Ruth Trail McClellan and others.

We were so glad to receive this picture of Ruth Avery French and her new little daughter, Jean Gertrude. She was born July third, 1930.

Jean Gertrude, daughter of Ruth Avery French

1920

**Correspondent: Kathryn Hubert Hall**

**14 Crescent St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

On February 24th at a meeting of the Boston Alumnae Chapter, Jane Gardner Crawford and I had the pleasure of sitting next to our classmate and President of the Alumnae Association, Marion Hendrie Milligan. It was the first time that so many of us from '20 had been together at a Boston meeting. Hendrie was full of news about the campus and faculty, having just arrived from Alumnae Weekend, which you will be reading about from several places in this number, no doubt.

Our news is scant this time for no one at all answered to the correspondent's plea except our faithful president, Stelle. Please, some of you, wake up and send us a line once in a while, instead of leaving it all to the few!

Stelle writes: "I finally got back to C. C. for a few hours on the Sunday of Alumnae Week-end. There having been a fall of eight inches of snow three days before, I did not dare to plan ahead, so we embarked Sunday morning, the two kiddies, Daddy and I, plus a lunch basket, a little New England thrift coming to the fore. By the time we reached the campus, there wasn't a patch of snow to be seen and the wind was blowing great guns, a typical C. C. campus welcome. My family parked me at Knowlton House and promptly drove off to Ocean Beach while I waited for a board meeting to let out. About ten minutes before one, I collected Marlon Hendrie and we went over to Thames Hall, where all the old grads were assembled. There was a large turn out and an equally loud hubbub as we greeted one another and the faculty. The luncheon and meeting following, with several speakers, was ably presided over by our classmate, Marlon Hendrie Milligan. 1920 has every reason to be proud of her Alumnae President. As I whispered and giggled to Joan Munroe I fully expected to see Marlon pop on her black-ribboned eye glasses, peer crossly over the top and ask in a stern voice, 'Stelle, what are you doing?' I should have felt right at home then. We had Dr. and Mrs. Kip and Mlle. Ernst at '20's table, as well as Helen Collins, Edith Smith, Joan Munroe, Mildred Fagan and myself.

"The last week in February, Peta Perley and her children were in Windsor, Conn., visiting her mother. Peta came up for the day to a luncheon and bridge. Between the acts of getting Sonny out to play and pushing the last of her potato down Mary Elizabeth's unwilling throat, we transacted some class business in regard to finances. Our dues are coming in so slowly. Oh, members of the class of '20, won't you please pay your present dues and your back dues and the Baby Fund? Each year it gets harder, I know. If you can't pay all, please pay some. Your treasurer has worked hours on the books, sent out notices on time and everything is in apple-pie order. I wish we could cooperate to the extent of paying our small tax on time. Compared with other women's colleges our class tax is very moderate. And what about that long-delayed gift to the college? I am
working on plans for the gift now but un-
less our dues come in better shape the trea-
ury will be quite depleted as to funds.

"I had a letter a short time ago from
Grace Waller Preston. She has been
buried in snow this winter in her Cana-
dian home. Ross, Jr., had a mastoid oper-
ation which kept them all on the anxious
seat for a while but as far as I know
he is recovering nicely."

P. S. Have just discovered that there
is another C. C. girl living here in Wel-
lesley Hills—Peggy Ewing Hoag ex ‘25.
She has taken part in our Parish Players
Drama Group to which I also belong. We
are giving the "Racketty Packetty
House" for children in April. I have to
play Mother Goose jingles in between
acts and also for the dancing of the rag
dolls. Peggy takes the part of "Peter
Piper." She has two adorable girls, three
and four. K. H. H.

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

2192

The circular letter plea sent out by
your president asking for news and pic-
tures received one response—from Mar-
ion Lyon Jones. She sends this attrac-
tive snapshot of her "baby"—now a big
girl of seven and a half, whose name is
also Marion. She adds: "Sure I'm com-
ing to the reunion and I'll be there when
the doors open."

(The Editor is sorry for the members of '21
who subscribe to the NEWS and never see
anything about their classmates in it, but she
cannot manufacture news. She is willing to
give you extra space in June in honor of your
tenth reunion if you care to use it, perhaps
using a picture of the reunion group. Surely
your class is living and doing just as the rest
are—think it over and send in some news.)

Marion Lyon Jones

1922

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

Ruth Bacon Wickwire spent most of
last summer in Connecticut, going via
Kentucky, West Virginia, and up the
beautiful Shenandoah Valley and returning
via Canada. Ruth sends her best to
everyone.

Margaret Baxter attended the National
Education meetings in Detroit over Wash-
ington's birthday. I intended going to
Detroit but the grippe and complications
kept me in Hartford. "Oatie" Tuthill Reid
invited us to stop off in Cleveland and
renew the days of 1918 and 1919 at
Deshon and Mosier.

On her birthday, January 22nd, Eliza-
beth Merrill announced her engagement
to Raymond F. Blake of Amesbury, Mass.
"Al" Hagar Schoffstall spent New
Years in New York. While there she
saw Gwyneth Rees, who had been study-
ing at the New York School of Social
Service. She also met Blanche Finesil-
ver. We are sorry to hear that Blanche
lost her mother in October. She is now
living with some cousins in New York
and working in a law firm office. Inci-
dentally, she is planning another trip to
Europe. Al telephoned Helen Tryon in
New Rochelle and they planned to meet
but somehow missed. Soon after this Al
had the urge to see some real weather
and started off for Burlington, Vermont.

Mildred Duncan writes that life in
Pittsburgh is as busy as ever. She says,
"The Dramatic Club is putting on a three-
act comedy, 'Her Step-Husband,' and I
am 'her.' It is taking a lot of time
but we have lots of fun. The same group
bowls every week and the competition be-
tween the teams is great. In December,
I was in Chicago a few days and attended
the meetings in connection with the
American Association of Hospital Social
Workers."

Mabel King Nelson ex '21 has a third
Mabel lives at 130 Engelwood Ave., West
Hartford, Conn.

We all extend sympathy to Abby Gal-
lup '21, whose mother died suddenly at
her home in Norwich.

Augusta O'Sullivan made us all envious
the last of February by taking a trip to
Cuba. Tales of calm seas and Cuban sun-
shine reminded me of my day and night
in Havana two years ago when I was
bound for San Francisco—and how it
stirs up the wander-lust again! Augusta
was back in time for Alumnae Week-end
luncheon. At the 1922 table were M. P.
Taylor, Constance Hathaway, Helen Crofoot, Marjorie Smith, Augusta and I. It was quite the nicest luncheon I've attended and one of the reasons was that Gertrude Avery so graciously and charmingly painted for us pictures of India. I hope that all of you have a chance to hear her sometime.

On Sunday at luncheon we had a 1923 table with Professor Weld and Mrs. Weld as our host and hostess. Among the speakers was Judy in the role of a dignified trustee telling us of new plans for the college.

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

"B" Boynton seems to specialize in interesting summers. When it's not Europe, it's the Rockies. Last summer she spent ten weeks as a Counselor in Camp Craft and out-trips in the Cheley Colorado Camps, two camps for boys and one for girls, and never had a "more delightful time." She writes: "The scenery is almost too perfect and the air so splendid you feel as though you could move those old mountains. Part of my job was to take the girls in groups of seven to an Adirondack shelter half a mile straight up a mountain back of camp for supper and over-night and breakfast. Each girl carried a bed-roll, or a pack-basket full of food on her back! And after qualifying came the out-trips with twenty-five girls pitching their tents in some lovely mountain spot away from camps, helping with the cooking, and taking long hikes into the surrounding country. Each group stayed three days, and I was out the whole time. It is thrilling to be among the pines and mountains like that, and an experience every girl loves." And "B" is returning this summer. In the meantime she is teaching Physical Education.

Another person who is succeeding in her work is Ginie Root, who has become secretary to one of the members of the law firm where she has been associated for two years.

Kay Wilcox McCollom and Sammy are visiting Kay's sister at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, and spending week-ends in Miami.

Helen Avery Bailey has sent an account of Alumnae weekend where she and Al Ramsey, Judy Warner, Claire Calman, Lavinka Hull, Margaret North, Larry Whitford Heaton, Doris Pafeldorf and Helene Wulf Knup made up the '23 roster. "First to President Blunt's tea," she writes, "where the faculty made us feel at home and then we all decided to invade Dottie Henkle's 'Russian Rooster' in Groton for dinner. Everything there suggested Russia from the red piano to the ice-cream bowls, and the chicken creole dinner was delicious. Before dinner we started 'Get Our Speed,' but were duly squelched, then Judy and Lavinia played old comedy songs. After that we told whatever gossip we could unearth, Judy taking the prize for news as she seems to be strategically located in New York. Some of us went to the 'Mikado' and dance after dinner.

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"In the afternoon we wandered around campus. Fanning Hall impressed us. The faculty have roomy offices and a luxurious faculty room. And the president's office is worth coming a long way to see with its attractive draperies, fireplace, growing things and all. And view! From Mrs. Wessel's room we could see way down the Sound even to the dim outline of Long Island. If you haven't seen all the changes it will be worth your while to start planning now to be one of the Alumnae at Reunion next February."

Mary Wheeler is assistant secretary to the librarian in Yale University's new Sterling Memorial Library, which, from all reports, is something to be proud of. And yet, as to the "miles of surface" Mary agrees with one of the char-women who said, "it's swell, but gosh, ain't it wicked on the feet!" So you feel the grandness right away.

"Last summer," writes Mary, "I spent six weeks in Honolulu where I haven't been in five years, and I found many changes, particularly the westernizing of dress. Now almost the only Orientals who wear their native costumes are the old women. In 1925 the streets were full of pretty Chinese, Japanese, Korean and Filipino girls in their native costumes, but now they look like any American flapper. Big business is creeping in and I was amazed at the number of large buildings. I saw many of my old pupils, and the delightful memories of the trip will carry me on till my next."

Helen Hemingway Benton '23 had a son born in Harbor Hospital, N. Y., in February.

Carmela Anastasia writes, "Station G-r-e-n-u-s broadcasts the arrival of Peter Carl, 7 pounds 10 ounces, a plump and healthy little fellow, but as yet in-
Correspondent: Helen Douglass North
Maple Ave., North Haven, Conn.

Glad Westerman Greene recently wrote a fine newsy letter which was a joy to my heart as a news-gatherer, in which she said that Joan Waterbury, who was a year old in March, is growing very fast and acquiring all the capabilities of one of her advanced age. During the past summer, the Greenes spent a month in New London and while there saw Kay Hardwick Latimer and our class baby, Ann, a lovely little girl who looks very much like her daddy and is a child of whom ’24 can be very proud. Kay lost her father last fall and we wish to extend our sympathy to her.

Dot Hubbell, who is on the library staff of Adelphi College, located at Garden City, L. I., writes that she is enjoying her new job immensely and loves being out in the country. She feels near enough to New York to be able to tear in often. Her address is 176 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, N. Y., the "Twin Lanterns Tea Room," and there if one chances to pass that way one will find her ensconced in the cheeriest of rooms. Dot adds that at her place of abode she is able to get excellent meals at all hours, and I believe we shall have to move down there in order to satisfy the wants of my famine-stricken husband. Are all wives afflicted, I wonder, with husbands who are forever just "looking for something to eat?"

Lawrence Douglass North arrived at New Haven hospital on January 29, and as per custom there was the usual rejoicing in the family over the happy advent of a second son. We can’t decide whether or not he has red hair (or whether it’s just a reflection), but on several points we stand united. He is adorable—of course—and has blue, blue eyes and a very sweet disposition. Now that he is here and has the “keys to the circle of C. C. progeny” which his aunt Peggy Call sent him, we wonder what we ever did before without him.

While propped up in bed, I had a splendid visit from M. P. Taylor ’22, who is psychiatric assistant at Yale, and who, by the way, is the same M. P. of the olden days, much beloved by Mosierites as a movie chaperone. M. P. has been taking a course at Columbia during the winter and on one flying trip to N. Y. she saw Evelyn Ryan Benton.

Barbara Kent Kepner’s three year old Janet is “crazy” about parties, and following one such event, she remarked to Bobbie, “Mother, I just love Brooks.” Brooks, by the way, is a little red-haired, freckle-faced boy whom Janet had seen once before. It seems that Brooks had fallen down and cried so hard that Janet “loved him up tight and wiped his tears all off.” Later, upon being asked the cause of her devotion, she said, “Oh, he’s so cute, with sprinkles all over his face!”

Lucille Wittke Morgan has at last broken a “seven-year silence” and writes that after spending four years in one of East Orange’s numerous apartment houses, they have become quite rural and now live in a tiny bungalow on her grandfather’s estate on the outskirts of Westfield (431 Hillside Avenue is the address). It’s a charming spot, right in the woods, and they love it, and look forward to spring when the narcissus and daffodils and wild flowers come right up in their front yard! Patricia Joan has just had her second birthday and is a very lively individual. She and “Mike,” a wire-haired fox terrier, are inseparable and have investigated every inch of the twenty-six acres.

Lucille and Keenie Hawes (Marion Keene), who has two adorable little boys, see each other quite frequently, but Helen Boyd Marquis ’28 supplies Lucille “With most of the C. C. gossip. Helen has a sweet little baby girl, Joan.

Edith Kirkland, interior artist for the Decorating Studios of the Westchester Gift Shop, located at 306 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N. Y., gave a talk on "Summer Draperies and Slip Covers" at the shop on March 10, and another entitled, “Harmony in Dining Room Furnishings” on the following day.
On February 6, Edie Kirkland gave a tea for Miss Sherer, who is head of the Art Department at Christadora House, and among others present were Lola Marin Matthews, Ginny Hays, Gertrude Huff Blank, and Billy Renwick.

A letter from “Smudge” Grumman states that Kay Hamblet is off to New York again to take more courses at Columbia. Flomena Mare ex ’25 is doing Y. W. work in Bridgeport and Lillian sees her occasionally, but her own work with the Girl Scouts is more and more demanding upon her time and she consequently does very little gadding about. “Faith Vanderburgh Ferguson,” Smudge says, “lives in New Rochelle and does some Nursery School work and takes one of her children along.”

Agnes Jones and Harold Staebner were married in the chapel of the Little Church Around the Corner, N. Y., on February 21, and are now making their home at 35-63 89th Street, Jackson Heights, L. I. Their apartment is very attractively furnished in curly maple furniture, antique reproductions, which Agony says are very beautiful.

On February 12, it being such an important date in history, Hazel Converse did her bit to celebrate by “stepping out of these four walls (Hartford Hospital) in a wheel chair for the first time in almost eight weeks.” Three cheers for the red, white and blue, and again three cheers that the “pleurisy is about gone,” leaving only the “temperature, which is the maddening part now.”

I enlisted the support of Marv Snodgrass McCutcheon and Ellen McCandless Britton in “drumming up trade” in the way of news for this issue and they must be given a great deal of credit. Mary, herself, has been working in a doctor’s office, substituting for a friend who was ill. She is now busy learning to sew and attending a course given by one of the department stores from dawn till dusk. The results are gratifying, she says, if not phenomenal. There is a slim chance that she may trip the light fantastic up through Connecticut during June and she is counting on attending commencement.

Mary heard Glo lecture in Pittsburgh and felt very proud that she was “one of us.” Following the talk, she met Hotsy Warner, who had come up to have a chat with Glo, and they three had quite a C. C. reunion for a few minutes.

Amy Hilker is still teaching History and Citizenship in Patchogue High School. Next year she plans to take off to study, perhaps at Michigan. At Easter time, after motoring out to Ann Arbor, she expects to stop off at Mary’s for a visit.

Mrs. John J. Torpey, much better known to us all as “Hunken,” is the proud mother of a son who arrived on February 14. I can’t give you the child’s name yet but perhaps we’ll have it for the next issue of the News. Come on, Hunkie, on with the details!

From Syracuse comes this tid-bit of “Wig,” who says she devours the News and wishes she could contribute something of interest. She and Walter are planning to spend the summer at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, this year as they have the three previous years. She tries to be intelligent scientifically, while “Walter trembles with excitement over the oxygen consumption of dogfish nerves.” (Those are her very words.) She also adds that Bub Forst and Marjorie Thompson ’26 went to Bermuda this January.

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1925

Correspondent: Alice Taylor Dugan

Palisado Green, Windsor, Conn.

This goodlooking young man of kindergarten age looks too much like his mother to need an introduction but for the benefit of other classes, may I introduce you to Teddy Baker, son of Sue Stolzenberg Baker.

Teddy, son of Sue Stolzenberg Baker
The members of 1925 are still hibernating, apparently, and your correspondent is in an even worse condition trying to run the English department in the High School as a steady job and keep house, too. There would have been very little news indeed if our president, Connie Parker, had not big heartedly come to the rescue and supplied most of it.

Judson Delap Speer was born on October 19th to Gee Gee Delap Speer.

Orpha Brown Mitchell's little son, who was born on November 13th, is named Donald Lewis.

Jo Perry Weston also has a son and heir but his name is unknown. He arrived in February.

Marion Barnett returned to C. C. over Washington's birthday and Dorothy Kilbourn spent that week end in New York.

Some more of us are married—best wishes to you all. Helen Nichols was married to Mr. Thomas Ellridge Foster on September 26, 1930. Idell Goddard was also married last fall. She is Mrs. Albert Redway of Warehouse Point, Conn. Marion Walp, now Mrs. Frederick Bisbee, is living in California.

Kay Hulbert Hall '20 writes about Peg Ewing Hong, who is also living in Wellesley Hills. She writes "Peg took part in the reading of one of Ibsen's plays in our Parish Players Drama group this winter."

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1926

Correspondent: Elizabeth A. Blair
Gardner Road, Flossmoor, Illinois

Helen Hood Diefendorf enclosed this attractive picture of her chubby four months old son in a nice long newsy letter. Here it is:

"And what do you think of this young man—fifteen and a half pounds? I'm writing this letter between my lunch and his lunch. He is out on the porch in a regular blizzard, but I hate to disturb his slumbers to bring him in. He is such fun. He laughs and plays with his rattle when he is awake, which is very little. Truly he hasn't given me a minute's worry.

"Babs Brooks Bixby and Chet spent a night with us last week on their way home from the West Indies. They are just fine.

"I saw Sis Angier when I was home. She is at the Huntington Hospital preparing diets for cancer patients who are under special observation. She likes it a lot. I don't see how she can since all her patients are fatal cases. Sis slaves. She works from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night with only two hours off—every day in the week including holidays. That is too much for anyone.

"Att Muirhead Kimball has moved into a house and is quite delighted."

Hazel Osborn reports that Betty Daneler Gongaware has a daughter, Mary Susan. More than that I cannot tell you because my own new daughter, Ann, has kept me so busy that I could not write to Betty for more detailed information. Ann, her full name is Elizabeth Ann Blair, is now two months old. At present she has red hair which we hope she will keep. Her eyes are deep blue and she is just "pleasingly plump." At this moment she is telling the world that she would like some attention preferably from a grandmother. They have more patience and are not nearly so severe as one's own parents.

Unsolicited news would be very much appreciated as my letter writing days just do not exist anymore.

A letter from Lois Penny Storer '27 tells of several more babies from '26. She writes: "I had lunch with Pat Clark and Liz Platt Rockwell—Liz's daughter, Elizabeth, is fine and a great sleeper—she sleeps all the time. Harriet Tillinghast Glover lives near me. She has a daughter, Ann, eight months old, who is a dear. My Bill thinks she is the only lady that there is—they quite enjoy their flirtations when their mothers get together."

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1927

Correspondent: Esther Chandler
14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

Four more babies for '27's cradle roll! Friday, Feb. 13, proved a lucky day for

Bobby, son of Helen Hood Diefendorf
Bony Hopper Levick, for John and for the class of 1927 when little Robert Edwin made his first bow to society.

News comes a little belated that Edna Linz Barnes has a daughter, born some time in the fall.

Esther Hunt Peacock has a child so Lois Penny Storer writes. Lois thinks it is a son.

It is Betty Cade Simons who holds the baby record to date. She says, "I have two sons now. Jackie was born June 5, 1930—9 lbs. 10 oz. His real name is John Cade Simons. Walter is crazy about his brother, and they certainly are a healthy, happy pair." Betty supplies the news that "Mig Addis Wooding seems to be having a marvelous time with Ed (they have a little apartment in New Haven)," and also that "Florence Thornton ex '27 has just returned from Bermuda. She’s working for Stone & Webster at 120 Broadway and is secretary to Mr. Stone. Sally Pithouse was married to Frederick Scott Mathias on Nov. 19th in Philadelphia."

The society news of the Boston Transcript announces that "Miss Elizabeth Taintor Higgins will be married March 26 to John Brewster Capen of Gadsden, Alabama, at the home of her parents." Nubs Vernon and Edith Schupner are listed among the bridesmaids.

Ede seems to be traveling these days, for a letter from Paducah says, "Guess who came into the bank the other day—Edith Schupner! She was visiting Elise Durbrown Curlee in Mayfield, Kentucky. Of course I was open mouthed in astonishment at seeing anybody from college."

In a newsy letter Pat Clark tells us about Alumnae Weekend. "I almost hate to admit that I was the only out-of-town representative 1927 had! Isn’t that dreadful? We can be grateful that we have the New London standbys. I do believe we had the smallest group there. Isn’t that something? I was in Philadelphia a few weeks ago—visiting Lois Bridge Ellis. Also saw Faff and Eleanor and Ted Wood. Eleanor is so big. I just couldn’t believe it! Have you heard Eleanor’s classic story? She was visiting Grandfather and Grandmother Wood. She got up one morning, trotted to the window, looked out and yelled, "O-o-h, look at the cow coming out of the horse’s garage!" Smart just like her mother.

From another world Kola gives an account of her small son, Ivan Milo. "I might say about him that he has had a remarkable sense of humor, ever since he was born. His first word was ‘Papa’—his first sentence—'Funny mama read story.' Of course he is a genius—why, he is only two years old and would rather have someone read to him than play with him. I was reading 'Penguin Island' to Emile last night and the infant prodigy climbed up in his father’s lap and fell asleep listening to the history of St. Ambrosia! I only hope my selections won’t put bad ideas into his head.

"The only recent thing of interest in my family is that we all very nearly lost our lives in a fire at Lake Beaufort—where our bungalow completely burned down at 6 a.m. It was a case of grabbing Bunny and a few odds and ends and running for our lives. Tragic, wasn’t it, but I didn’t like the place anyway. Too many mosquitoes."

Peg Moore, long silent, now tells us, "There is nothing to say about myself. I haven’t been exploring or doing the unusual—only teaching—English (Dr. Wells can’t take credit!) and history in this girl’s boarding school. It’s a small school—most congenial faculty—and only 45 minutes from New York—so that I don’t feel I am isolated from the rest of the world. And for more personal facts, I can’t give you any but that I am thin, growing gray and still single.

To quote Gravy Trappan—"I like the library business very much—the best of all the jobs I’ve had since college and that’s saying something as I’ve had quite a number. I still stutter a bit when asked suddenly the author of a book and so display my ignorance rather than taking a sudden furtive peek at the card catalogue, but I’m learning to look as if I knew everything."

Red Harris is way out on the West Coast in Astoria, Oregon. She left the East last July with a friend who toured with her across the continent—camping all the way. After a siege of cooking and canning for her aunt’s family of four in Seattle and working for a Seattle doctor she has settled down in Oregon. We hope to be able to print her typically redheaded description of the journey in the June issue. She writes of her work and the town:

"Astoria is the oldest town in the Pacific northwest and was originally a trading post of the Hudson Bay Fur Co., and is named for John Jacob Astor."

"The town is situated on a hilly peninsula made by the junction of the Colum-
bia and Young rivers. The Columbia is six miles wide at this point and the hospital is on a hillside just 2½ blocks from the water but the hill is so steep that we have an unobstructed view and I watch the big boats going by about three blocks away as the channel is right near this shore. I have a wonderful view from my lab and almost as good a one from my room including the river, ocean and three snow-capped mountains to the east.

"It is a little hospital as the town is only 12,000 but at that it is the largest place within a radius of 100 miles and is the center of the salmon fishing industry and quite a lumbering center also. The people are almost exclusively Scandinavian. The Finns predominate and they speak the worst language known to man at the present time and are mostly Communist.

"I am both the lab and X-ray technician mostly by reason of a large bluff but so far I have gotten away with it and I sure have learned a lot, and really can't kick about the rest of the grief which lies in the fact that I am too darned indispensable and am on 24 hour duty and if I'm very lucky I get an afternoon off a week. When I do get off though it makes up for it because the scenery is so superb and varied and the opportunities for hiking limitless. I have almost killed myself a couple of times and no mistake but I'll be back in the East again one of these days if I survive.

"We are 600 miles north of Montreal and haven't seen a snowflake all winter. Lots of flowers have bloomed straight through; the holly trees which grace every well-regulated front yard are a joy to behold. The people are friendly and I know lots of them, the food is good though rather fishy, the summers are reputed to be cool and rainless and all in all it is a lovely place for old people but I don't want to live through another winter without having my ice skates on. It has California licked a mile close at hand... ,

"It's the time of year, or nearly so, to wander over to the island to look for arbutus, or out to Miller's pond and haven't seen a snowflake all winter without having my ice skates on. It has California licked a mile close at hand... ,

"If this starts a Western exodus, I will be glad to welcome all comers." Our president, Lote Storer, writes a word to the class: "'27's representation at alumnae weekend was almost lacking except for Pat and the New London girls and Mary Storer Brooks. Let's all plan for June even if it isn't our official reunion. We'll have a great time.

"We thank Peg Woodworth for her work as our News correspondent and welcome Esther Chandler as the new one. We want '27 to have a column full of news of people we do not see often. Write her what you are doing so that we all may know—we're really interested."

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1928

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

1929

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"Because the Spring has come... ,

Outside, an old Scotsman is playing weird melodies on worn bagpipes. The covering of his bag is gay in patchwork colors—calling to mind banks soon to be bright with hepaticas, violets, arbutus.

It's Mascot time at college. Remember when first we heard of Alice and the rabbit hole? Then, Sophomore year, there was the time of the Elephant and the Cat—"Greased lightning when it comes to catching cats"—but neither of them ran far. And do you recall those song practices in Nameaug basement—Ewing's elaborate and efficient plans?

And Junior year—Pooh and Piglet after the Woozle. (My class here had just chosen Pooh for their mascot.) Sirens and blankets and brier-scratches—and a safely-hidden tin box. And sailing high and wide—The Sea Witch. Remember the excitement of banquet... .

It's the time of year, or nearly so, to wander over to the island to look for arbutus, or over to Bolleswood to see the new green leaflets, or out to Miller's pond for violets. It's the time for lazy afternoons at Ocean Beach—the sun warm upon you, a comforting box of Izzy's popcorn close at hand... .

And just beyond, a week or two—pageant practices. What glorious Indians we were, heroically sliding down the rocks of the amphitheatre! Slayer dancing on the cliff—Fran Reed and Ann in all their finery... .

Such a short time beyond the Indian stage—a Latin hymn chanted, indistinctly, from the steps of New London Hall, a long procession along the curb—gowns flapping, tassels flying, to Thames and first strawberries... .

This isn't news, twenty-nine but you and I once sang, fervently and sincerely, "I'll always love to think of you in Spring."

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1930

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