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### Connecticut College News Vol. 8 No. 28

Connecticut College

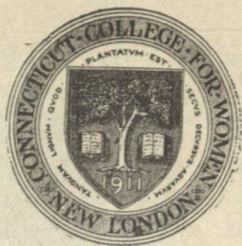
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## ALUMNAE EDITION.

### DR. BARR WRITES OF FIRST DAYS AT C. C.

#### Recalls Pioneer Ideals.

[Editor's Note: The following letter has come to us from one of our first faculty, best known to us as "Dr. Barr". Mrs. Mavity was at C. C. during the first two years, when she indelibly impressed fortunate '19 and '20 not only with the remarkable inspiration of her teaching, but also with the wide-awake zest that characterized every recitation, whether English, psychology, philosophy or logic. After leaving Connecticut, she married Mr. Arthur E. Mavity and is now living in Oakland, California. She is having her first novel, "Hazard," published by Harper's in the spring; also a volume of her poems, "A Dinner of Herbs," is announced by Thomas Seltzer for next fall; and a textbook on Civics, written in collaboration with Mr. Mavity, appears from the press of Benjamin H. Sanborn and Co.]

"Wee Nancy" is four years old, and "John Barr Mavity" almost two. Mrs. Mavity does the regular book reviewing for the San Francisco Chronicle, and has many lecture engagements.]

To the Alumnae Editor, Connecticut College News:

It is a long look backward to the blanketing darkness and driving rain of the night in September, 1915, when I first picked my way through mud and builders' debris, with the feeble aid of a flashlight, to an unlighted dormitory, and heard the dubious but welcoming voice of Dean Nye answer my knock on her door. It was just then that the flashlight died, and the electricity was not yet connected in the building. But it was early, so we talked in the dark—talked and became friends before we had an inkling of each other's age, complexion, or clothes. And this experience, together with our scramble over casual lumber in the bright sunshine of the next morning to breakfast in Thames Hall, having gathered up Tommy Morris as a companion, struck for me then, and through that first year, a characteristic note. For Connecticut College meant first of all to me, and I think to a good many members of the first faculty, a real adventure in education. Things were not finished—they were beginning; they were not always smooth and comfortable—but their very incompleteness gave them zest. Here we were, blessedly, preciously without traditions—ours was a new world, an opportunity to make education a part of modern life.

Well, we know now that there never is a new world. Perhaps the others knew it even then. But I am trying now to recapture the sense, pervading all our plans, that Connecticut College could be, not just another New England college for women, but a maker of new policies instead of an inheritor of old ones; the nucleus of

Continued on page 2, column 4.

### Greetings—Alumnae!

"The moment 'talk' is put into print you recognize that it is not what it was when you heard it; you perceive that an immense something has disappeared from it. That is its soul."

Mark Twain wrote this to Edward Bok as his opinion on personal interviews which later appear in writing. I wish I might have a "personal" with each one of you—a real gossip fest. I've had several this year, so I know about some of you. But the editor insists that I greet you in "print" rather than in "talk".

You seem to be busy and happy—which is as it should be. As college days retreat, more opportunities open and work is more confining and also more absorbing. It is a great life, isn't it? I'm sure we all feel it whether student, teacher, welfare worker, secretary or home builder. If I might only see you and ask you about it all—yes,—I'd ask how the adoring husbands are and the darling children. I've seen some of them and they are prize-winners (the husbands, of course). It will be necessary soon to have a C. C. baby show. Would any of the hard working single folk like to be judges?

With all of our interests, however, I find that we all turn back to C. C. and think of our college days and "how swift they run."

1919! Does it seem possible that Marilyn Morris is nearly three years old?

1920! Is it possible that Junior Pep graduated from C. C. three whole years ago?

1921! Is it two years since that good Fairy hovered over C. C.? Send her back. C. C. needs her now.

1922! The rest of us envy you your first reunion thrills. Make the most of them. They will never be yours again.

1923! I welcome you to our number.

To you all! I send a hearty greeting.

Let us keep C. C. close in our minds and hearts always and cherish her more deeply as the years go by.

—MARENDA PRENTIS.

### OCCUPATIONS OF C. C. ALUMNAE.

	1919	1920	1921	1922	Totals
Teaching	22	25	15	15	77
Social	5	4	1	5	15
Degrees	3		1		4
Now Studying	6	6	7	8	27
Having Studied	15	15	12	8	50
Summer Study	6	4	3	3	16
Library	2	6	3	2	13
Editorial	2		3	2	7
Secretary	5	6	5	5	21
Business Exec.	4	1	3	1	9
Business	1	3	3	1	8
Research	2		3	2	7
Married	15	14	5	4	38
Working in Colleges	4	3	5	6	18

### Alumnae Doing Graduate or Summer Study.

1919.

Anderson, Ruth A., Chicago School of Osteopathy, 1919-23. D. O. 1923.

Barnes, Esther B., Student in Education, summer of 1921. University of Iowa. Work towards M. A.

Carns, Florence A., Student in Physical Education, summer of 1921, Yale.

Cherkasky, Anna E., Student in French, summer 1921, Columbia University.

Christie, Pauline, Student in Music and Drawing, summers 1922-24, Lasell Seminary.

Espensheid, Gertrude, Student in English and Photography, Brooklyn Institute.

Emerson, M. Josephine, Medical Student 1920-21, Boston University; 1921-22, Yale Medical School.

Gough, Helen, Dental Student, 1919-21, University of Minnesota; 1921-23, Columbia University Dental College.

Ives, Margaret, Student in Fine Arts, Boston School of Arts, Crafts and Decorative Design, 1919-20.

Keefe, Charlotte, Student in English, 1919-20. M. A. 1920, Columbia University.

Kofsky, Marion, Student in Americanization, summer 1922, Yale University.

Maher, Margaret, Student in Mathematics and Physics, 1921-22 Yale University.

Lennon, N. Florence, Student in Philosophy and Education, one semester 1919-20, Cornell University.

Prentis, Marenada E., Student in Religious Education, 1920-23, Yale University. M. A. 1923.

Rogers, Harriet O., Student in Chemistry, Yale University 1921-22.

Rowe, Madeline, Student 1919-20 New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics, Diploma 1920. Summers 1919, 20, 21, 22; Student at Harvard Summer School of Physical Education. Certificate 1922.

Rowe, Margery S., Student in English, 1919-23 Yale University.

Trail, Ruth K., Student in Nutrition, summer 1919, Columbia University; Student in Nutrition 1919-22, Kansas State Agricultural College. M. S. 1922.

Continued on page 4, column 1.

### THE EARLY FACULTY OF CONNECTICUT COLLEGE.

Dr. Frederick H. Sykes, the first president, died at Cambridge, Mass., in November, 1917.

Dr. Louis Adolphe Coerne died in Boston in September, 1922.

Dr. Raymond C. Osburn is still teaching at Ohio State University, where he has been head of the Department of Biology since he left Connecticut in 1917.

Dr. Annina C. Rondinella is practicing medicine at Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Continued on page 4, column 3.

### TO THE ALUMNAE OF CONNECTICUT COLLEGE.

#### Greeting:

In these closing days of the eighth year of the actual operation of Connecticut College, it is a joy and a pleasure to greet all the Alumnae of every Class, and to tell them how happy are we, who carry on the work from year to year, in the spirit of the Alumnae, and in the reports that come concerning their various activities. It has been a particular satisfaction to me during the current year to be able to say that concerning no Alumna of the College, whom the College has specifically recommended for any position for gainful employment, has there been an adverse report.

The strength of a College after all lies in its Alumnae. They are at once its product and its hope, and increasingly its affairs become a matter of vital importance to them; their judgment, their opinions, their desires, and their hopes come increasingly to affect its policy, and its character, and the contribution of their sustained interest and loyalty and devotion become its priceless attribute.

Colleges have come increasingly to depend upon their Alumnae for the promotion of the ideals of the College, and the spread and effectiveness of its service. With such a rare and loyal group as the Alumnae of Connecticut College have always proved themselves, the College looks forward with utmost confidence to its maturer years, grateful and happy in the fully expectation of their undiminished zeal and service in its name.

With cordial greetings and the earnest hope of seeing many of you at Commencement, I am

Faithfully yours,

BENJAMIN T. MARSHALL,  
President.

### NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE.

Even though your job is the scratching up of news, rehashing it, writing it, thinking it, and living it, there are times when writing seems to be the very thing you want to do anything but. When I was cornered in Branford recently, and was accosted for a contribution, my mind went blank and has scarcely recovered.

I can't think of anything really appropriate for an Alumnae Issue and while on campus my muse was even worse. It was so delightful to be back, to see all the girls you have missed, both consciously and unconsciously, during the last six or seven months, to see the blue, blue river, and to watch that favorite little spot where the river and sound meet, once more to be blown about by the winds, to feel the call of our own special spirits which guide the Totem of '22. One would think that inspiration would come easily there. But then there was the pain of seeing un-

Continued on page 4, column 2.

## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

### STAFF

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Helen Avery '23

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Kathryn Moss '24  
Marion Vibert '24

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Ethel Adams '23

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Priscilla Drury '25  
Alice Barrett '25  
Charlotte Beckwith '25

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Margaret Cort '25

### ART AND PUBLICITY EDITOR

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### FACULTY ADVISOR

Dean Nye

### Alumnae Edition

#### ALUMNAE EDITOR

Juline Warner '19

"Bite off more than you can chew—  
Then chew it.  
Plan for more than you can do—  
Then do it.  
Hitch your wagon to a star—  
Keep your seat—  
And there you are!"

Perhaps the trouble all started because we took too big a bite, which gave us an attack of literary indigestion. Or it may be that we hitched our wagon to such an ambitious star that we couldn't keep our seat, and fell to earth. Anyway, we are suffering from a severe tumble.

When the subject of an alumnae publication was first broached, we had lofty visions: we saw a magazine of size and weight, full of cuts of prominent alumnae, and containing literary contributions which might even draw comment from the Literary Digest.

But that star proved much too lofty. Maybe Einstein was responsible for removing it relatively out of our reach. Anyway, we aimed a little nearer earth, and finally fixed on an all-alumnae issue of the *News*. To be sure, there would not be space for all the contributions—but that would give us an opportunity to select the best. Furthermore, after conscientious deliberation, the staff decided that all ads could be eliminated, since this was to be a special issue—and with the addition of an inside sheet, they assured us that we could print a deal of reading matter. After all, an all-alumnae *News* would not be too insignificant an undertaking for our first publication.

Expectantly, we sent out personal appeals, special delivery letters, self-addressed envelopes. We accosted alumnae at every endowment meeting, on campus and in the Tea House. And then, at what we thought to be the psychological moment, we issued in our most persuasive manner a general appeal for contributions—timed to appear in the May 4th issue, followed by a final reminder the following week. But something happened to delay the delivery of those issues beyond the psychological moment. And something has prevented several

of the letters either from being received or at any rate, answered.

And so, sister alumnae, here we are, very much down to earth, the only stars visible being the result of our sudden contact with *terra firma*—and we have no inside sheet!

This is only our first attempt. You will vote at the alumnae meeting on your attitude toward a larger publication next year. But consider this—an alumnae organ must be of alumnae, by alumnae, for alumnae. Your vote for such a paper (whatever it shall be) indicates your willingness to co-operate in making it a success. We want an issue worthy of C. C., or we want none at all. Even though we are few in number, we have achieved in other fields. Next year we shall be about three hundred strong. Let us issue such an alumnae organ that it shall be a worthy sequel, in graduate endeavor, of our aims and visions in undergraduate days.

### A SUGGESTION FOR ENDOWMENT.

Street carnivals are not new suggestions for money making schemes. But one recently held in Paterson for a day nursery benefit was so delightfully successful that it instantly appealed as a possible opportunity for an endowment group enterprise in one of the larger communities.

A city block in the residential section was gaily roped off in such a way as to afford access to the spacious lawns of the homes on either side. The street itself was reserved for block dancing. Strings of colored electric lights, Japanese lanterns and vari-colored balloons lent a festive variety to the predominant color scheme of red and white, which was carried out in booths and costumes of the waitresses and venders.

Two garages served admirably for a vaudeville theatre and a country store, where one could buy darning cotton, puffed rice, or dust pans.

In addition to the familiar and ever-successful candy, cake, ice cream and hot dog booths, there were several rather novel attractions. The men were kept from being bored in a Persian Garden, where cigarettes were sold by Eastern maids, and where smoking was not forbidden. Clock golf on the lawn proved another masculine diversion. A fortune teller in an automobile house; a "chance" booth which offered among its prizes a ton of coal and a radio outfit (in operation on the grounds); a ring-the-cane stand next to "Robin Hood Poker" (which consisted of playing cards fastened on the rear wall of the booth as targets for darts shot from the front of the gallery); these and many other attractions interested even the sedate. A real merry-go-round, pretty venders of the flutrombone, and two sand-beds of tulips at whose paper roots grew mysterious parcels, fascinated the youngsters.

One of the happiest ideas suggested by the carnival was the serving of a supper in one of the lovely residences. The entire first floor was open to the guests, who seemed to enjoy the beautiful environment quite as much as the meal itself.

The ingenuity of C. C. girls could vary and add to a project of this sort. The ideas presented here are undoubtedly very familiar to many. But perhaps they may offer suggestions to others.

Such a carnival, on a less pretentious scale, perhaps, might prove successful in such a community as New Haven, Hartford, possibly Waterbury, and especially New London. Even a smaller center with a group of enthusiastic college members might add thereby a goodly sum to the endowment fund.

N. J. W. '19.

### INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

(Kathryn Hulbert '20, has been in Beirut, Syria, since her graduation from C. C. She is a teacher of the children of the faculty at the American University there. The following excerpts, though of old date, are of interest to those of us who have not had the good fortune to hear from her personally.)

November 28, 1920.

" . . . There are so many thousand things to write about—the trip, our first month in Syria, the fascinating people here . . . I wish you were here . . . You'd be eating a Sunday-American dinner (except for the 'kusa', which we have instead of potatoes) with Professor Close smiling across the table at his wife, who went to college with *Nann Clark Barr!*

You were to go for a long windy hike along the sea-road to Ouzzey where the famous Busta pines stretch down from the Lebanons! The sea would roar in your ears all night—after we'd got tucked into my mosquito-netted bed. And the snow on Mt. Sunnin would glisten in the moonlight—(you can see it from the bed).

But everything is so interesting! The strangeness of the Orient creeps into your blood, and makes you want to go around beating a tom-tom down a crooked street in the bazaars sometimes! And the long-robed Arabs and braying donkeys and red-fezzed Syrians make the city a continuous Masquerade Ball.

The American community here on the point, at Ras-Beirut, offsets that side of the picture so completely, at other times with the endless round of tennis, teas, parties, lectures, hikes, and picnics—that we forget it's Asia Minor and not Home."

November 30, 1921.

" . . . Woody (her brother) and I had a wonderful summer together, running the N. E. R. Orphan camp at Tessin for two months—an intimate experience with the Lebanon Mountains, deserted tombs of Phoenician kings, ravines loaded down with wild grapes and figs, and marvelous Syrian starlight at night! Venus is almost bright enough to throw a shadow, out here! And we read home letters on the way home from Westgate, by moonlight!

Planning a three weeks' trip to Jerusalem in the spring and a summer in Constantinople after school closes . . . "

### IN MEMORIAM.

Since the essence of the Connecticut College spirit has been a "family spirit" of co-operation between faculty and students, we cannot publish an alumnae issue without mention of two of the staff who have left this world—two who so identified themselves with Connecticut College in its infancy that we who knew them feel their loss as keenly as though they had been classmates.

Miss Dickenson, who died after she had left the service of the college, was the second director of residence. Upon her rested the burden, not only of the intricate management of the dining-room, which then was likewise concert and lecture hall, chapel and general assembly room but all of the details of the housing, which, while we waited for Winthrop, were trying enough for anyone. And yet, Miss Dickenson had time to play with us. She made a most convincing little girl at our "Baby Party," while as hostess of the Shakespearean supper, she added to the romantic spirit of the occasion in the costume of a housewife of the day, with a great bunch of keys depending from her girdle, which quite threatened to over-

come her control of gravity. Eager, energetic, efficient, ready to help out on party or picnic plans, to laugh at or sympathize with us—to work and play with us—such is our grateful memory of one of the "first faculty."

The last summer has robbed us of another friend—one who had been with the college since earliest days. Dr. Louis Adolphe Coerne, known to music lovers, to critics to the world in general, as a remarkable composer and a man accomplished in many departments of music. But to us he was another member of our "college family"—a classmate whose physical presence has passed from among us. We are thrilled with pride when we read that the world called him great. But with us he assumed no air of superiority. We, who watched him dart about the tennis courts, who often passed his studio as he composed, who have chatted familiarly of his latest composition, of the accomplishments or demerits of the last concert artist, felt no bar of distinction. As long as we can hear music, we who were privileged to know him as a teacher shall hear it through his interpretation. And the world is a sweeter and more beautiful place to live in because he has shown us a path to beauty. Glee Club, May Day hymn, concert, choir—wherever music touched C. C., Dr. Coerne has left an indelible impression. Wherever we are, we carry with us grateful memories of him.

'19.

### DR. BARR WRITES OF FIRST DAYS AT C. C.

*Continued from page 1, column 1.*

what Dr. Sykes called a "woman's university"; a community of human beings working together, faculty and students as companions in a common undertaking.

Dr. Sykes seemed to me then, and seems to me now, to have had the finest and sanest plans for college work and life that I have ever heard promulgated. I am not making a comparison of that beginning with the later development of the college, because I have no means of knowing in what respects those plans have been carried out or modified. I am simply recalling the impressions of 1915-16. He believed before all in the right to an opportunity to make the most of original talent. I remember that this was the subject of his opening address to the students and faculty, and that I (who entered in the firm expectation of being bored by any official address) was stirred by his words to enthusiasm and loyalty.

In the working out of this ideal, the curriculum, as of course you all know, was more varied, admitting a larger number of applied arts and sciences than was customary in eastern women's colleges. There was also a greater freedom of choice and a minimum of required courses. But these matters, important as they are, are machinery. The spirit of the dignity of freedom, the value of individual variety, was carried out in a number of subtler ways.

For one thing, our faculty meetings were no matter of routine. They were the scene of excited debates, in which the youngest instructor was expected to fight for his views, if necessary, in opposition to professors or president. Policies of the most fundamental nature were argued vigorously, for on their settlement depended much of the spirit of the college.

One of the most important of these policies was the question of student life. We believed then that a young woman old enough to go to college was old enough to behave, and to be treated as an adult human being. In consequence, we advocated the most complete form of student government and a minimum of restrictive legisla-

*Continued on page 4, column 3.*

## AMONG OUR POETS.

## MEMORIES.

Mist of dawn slow-rising from the river's edge,  
Flush of morn rose-tinting eastern skies,  
Burst of sunshine warming earth and sea,  
Lovely pictures in my book of memory.

Flame of sunset blazing over western woods,  
Dusk of twilight creeping down the neighboring hills,  
Dark of evening settling on the distant sea,  
Cherished pictures in my book of memory.

Flash of light quick-warning ships from harbor reefs,  
Gleam of lights clear-shining in the town below,  
Moonlight, starlight, streaming over land and sea,  
Best-loved pictures in my book of memory.

—M. R. V. '20.

## JUNE MUSIC.

By Miriam Pomeroy.

I do not think a day could ever be  
More beautiful than just a day in June—  
Than just a day with all the world in tune  
To Summer's lovely, lilting melody.  
A little note from some small chickadee  
Is caught up by a soaring lark and soon  
Becomes an anthem as the birds commune  
With one another in their ecstasy.  
Oh, ecstasy of music! Of a heart  
That overflows with rapture till it spills  
Its beauty on the universe! Ah, dear,  
No day could be more fair—and yet, apart  
From you, I'd never known the song that fills  
The world each Spring—that Love, that Love is here!

[Editor's Note: This lovely lullaby was accompanied by the following explanation, which is far too charming to be left unprinted.]

"The title of this song is quite misleading; I made it up for Nancy when she was four weeks old. It is a signal for a series of smiles, followed by violent kicking, that in her rubber tub fairly inundates the surrounding territory. But the main point is that she likes it. For myself, I've sung it so many times that I have no idea whether it is good, bad or indifferent verse."

## Sleepy Song.

From your window peep, O dear little love,  
See, a baby star up in the sky,  
All alone by herself in the dark, dark night,  
Is twinkling her little gold eye.  
For her mummy the moon, O dear little love,  
Her mummy the big, round moon,  
'Way up so high in the black, black clouds  
Is humming a soft, sleepy tune.  
Now she's 'most asleep, my dear little love,  
That baby star up in the sky.  
So I'll tuck you up in your warm, white bed,  
For your winking your little blue eye.

—ALISON HASTINGS PORRITT.



Marilyn Chipman Morris—1919

## OUR NURSERY.

It was on Mount Olympus that the interview took place. Jove had sent for Cupid, and had been consulting with him for a long time. At length the celestial portals opened, and the son of Venus sped lightly forth. On and on he swept, over hill and sea, crossing continents and centuries, until he alighted in the Land of Unborn Souls. There he paused, thoughtfully adjusting his quiver.

"Parents—parents," he murmured. "But Jove warns me to use extreme care today. For the mothers are to come from a college by the sea—pioneer mothers."

Then, gliding among the little figures, he summoned one from a distant corner—a shining, psychic soul, whose approach was music.

"Wisdom, charm, grace, music,—such shall your parents display," he mused, "such must I find among the pioneers for the parents of the first class baby." Then Cupid smiled—a long, self-satisfied smile. "She shall sing," said he, "she shall be gay, winsome, and charming—she shall choose his courses, and he shall be her teacher. . . . Marilyn," he added to the shining soul, "chosen are you among many. Stand you apart, for soon shall I summon you to the world."

Then, passing on, he beckoned to this soul and that, until he had gathered about him a fluttering cloud of little figures. He led the way to the portals of the land, and, swinging wide the gates, pointed to a distant country. Grey walls rose gracefully above smooth, green lawns which rolled down towards a band of glistening blue. On the greensward passed girlhood, gay, laughing, eager, little aware of observation from above. At length came one with raven locks, her arms burdened with volumes of science, but her expression alert, eager, industrious. "Look you," cried Cupid, to a tiny soul beside him, "she shall be your mother, and you the daughter of '20. Edith shall be your name—Edith Sykes Gaberman—and you shall prove your worth by early signs of alertness."

"One more," mused the god of love, "one more class mother, before I can choose parents for the others." As he spoke, a sweet-faced, slender, brown-haired girl passed before his gaze. "The very one!" he exclaimed, "she shall be the Favorite mother of '21's Favorite daughter," and with that, he drew to his side another soul. "Louise Avery shall love you best of all, however, little Nancy Randall," he whispered.

Then, with a sigh of satisfaction at work well done, he turned to the little group beside him. "Your parents," he confided, "have many of them been pierced by my darts. You shall see them for yourselves. Look you—the laughing, winsome lass with brown



Edith Sykes Gaberman—1920

curls—there is your mother, little lad,—Jessie Wells Lawrence she soon shall be. And with her, the maid with blue eyes and fair hair—her have I pierced with a dart long since, and soon shall I send you to her, Nancy Mather, to enjoy the rare music of your mother's verse.

"Yonder pass two fair-haired maids," he went on, "deeply concerned with a volume of classical literature. Emetta Weed and Marion Rogers are, they called now—but anon shall they be known by other names, when soon you shall come to them.

"Nor shall the other classes want for sons," he added. "You, little Raymond," murmured Cupid, shall gladden the heart of your mother, Jeannette Lettney Skinner, and the class of '21, together with your brother classman, the soul yonder whose mother will be Hattie Goldman Rosoff. But '20 and '22 shall not be neglected," continued Eros, tenderly lifting the tiniest souls of all. Dorothy Matteson Gray have I chosen for another '20 mother, that '19 may boast an Aunt Dorothy Gray to a '20 baby.

"You, little lad," added Cupid, "shall I send first of all the souls to '22. Far away in the Panama zone shall you come to Eleanor Thielen Wunch." The little group about him had grown a bit impatient, but the son of Venus swept them back. "The moments fly," he urged, "and I must return to Olympus to render account. But do you stand apart," he charged the souls about him, "for tomorrow I return to choose your parents, too. Of all those spirits in this Land of Unborn Souls, you are the most favored. For soon I shall send you all to the mothers of Connecticut College."

'19.

## NEWS OF '20.

When Jessie Menzies sent us letters from Kathryn Hulbert (quoted elsewhere), she tucked in the following items with the "hope that they will fill at least a quarter of an inch of space":

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Seaver announce the marriage of their daughter, Eleanor Badger, to Mr. Reginald Coe Massonneau, on Saturday evening, May 12, 1923.

Clarissa Ragsdale has taught in the St. Agnes School in Albany this year and next year is to be in the Art Department at C. C.

La Petra Perley is to teach in the high school in Bristol, Conn., next year. She has been teaching in the Stonington High School this past year.

Arvilla Hotchkiss is now Mrs. Raymond Jones Titterington, of Moundsville, West Virginia. She was mar-

ried in the fall, and is teaching in the high school.

## NEWS OF '19.

Marion Williams '19, is in the Nutrition Department of Borden's Milk Company. She is in New York.

Ruth MacDonald Current lives in Slatesville, N. C.

Marjester Daugherty '19, who teaches in the Rockville, Conn., high school, made a flying trip through New London recently, where at least one alumna chanced upon her for the rare privilege of a short chat.

## WEDDING BELLS.

They've been chiming through several years and most of their echoes have reached the *News*. But let's ring them out once more and ask the procession of brides to pass before us so that we will all have a glimpse of them all.

Louise Ansley '19 is now Mrs. L. M. Knapp.

Beatrice Boyd '19—Mrs. Maciel.

Ethel Bradley '19—Mrs. Frank L. Firth.

Mary Chipman '19—Mrs. Frank E. Morris.

Madeline Dray '19—Mrs. Joseph M. Kepes, Jr.

Dorcas Gallup '19—Mrs. Merrill K. Bennett.

Alison Hastings '19—Mrs. Longshaw K. Porritt.

Amy Kugler '19—Mrs. Milton Wadsworth.

Margaret Mitchell '19—Mrs. Howard B. Goodrich.

Marion Rogers '19—Mrs. Ronald R. Nelson.

Frances Saunders '19—Mrs. Philip Tarbell.

Jean Sawin '19—Mrs. Robert Hawley.

Emetta Weed '19—Mrs. Walter Seeley.

Marion Wells '19—Mrs. Orville T. Colby.

Jessie Wells '19—Mrs. Clinton C. Lawrence.

Frances Barlow '20—Mrs. R. Keith Jopson.

Agnes Mae Bartlett '20—Mrs. Charles I. Clark.

Henrietta Costigan '20—Mrs. Sarvos F. Peterson.

Margaret Davies '20—Mrs. J. Bennett Cooper.

Alice Horrax '20—Mrs. Frederick B. Schell, Jr.

Arvilla Hotchkiss '20—Mrs. Raymond J. Titterington.

Dorothy Hover '20—Mrs. Alfred H. Drummond.

Edith Lindholm '20—Mrs. Raymond E. Baldwin.

Dorothy Matteson '20—Mrs. Willard C. Gray.

Isabelle Rumney '20—Mrs. John R. Poteat.

Katherine Schaefer '20—Mrs. Parsons.

Dora Schwartz '20—Mrs. Louis Y. Gaberman.

Eleanor Seaver '20—Mrs. Reginald Coe Massonneau.

Dorothy Stelle '20—Mrs. E. Wadsworth Stone.

Louise Avery '21—Mrs. Richard J. Favorite.

Hattie Goldman '21—Mrs. A. B. Rosoff.

Jeannette Lettney '22—Mrs. Raymond F. Skinner.

Marion Lyon '21—Mrs. Wesley T. Jones.

Ann Slade '22—Mrs. Albert W. Frey.

Claudine Smith '22—Mrs. Elmer A. Hane.

Eleanor Thielen '22—Mrs. Edward Wunch.

This list may not be quite complete. Any corrections or additions? We know that not many days after you have read this Bobbie Newton and Olive Littlehales will have joined the procession and probably others of the alumnae, as well as several of '23 who will be June brides this year.

E. L. B. '19

**RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF AN O. L. G.**

**Do You Remember**

The barrels, boards, and carpenter-mason bric-a-brac between Blackstone and Plant?  
 How long we went without hot water in the dormitories?  
 "Uncle Abe" Osborn playing tennis?  
 Dr. Barr's favorite color?  
 Professor Dondo's lecture on Brittany and the Man in the Black Hat?  
 Thames Hall without the "Dining Car"?  
 Our appetites that amazed Miss Proctor and added avoirdupois to us all (especially Tommy Morris)?  
 The Shakespeare celebration, and the Norwich pageant, led by our own "Pinkey"?  
 The first Tea Dance?  
 The night Mr. Crandall's house burned?  
 Chapel, concerts and lectures in Thames Hall?  
 And other precious memories too numerous to mention? '19.

**ALUMNAE DOING GRADUATE OR SUMMER STUDY.**

*Concluded from page 1, column 3.*

Upton, Dorothy, Student in English, 1919-23, Columbia University. M. A. 1920, Ph. D. 1923.  
 White, Mildred, Student Pratt Institute Library School, 1922-23.  
 Weed, Emetta, Student in English, one semester 1920, University of Penn.  
 Warner, N. Juline, Student in Latin and English, summer 1922, Columbia University. Toward M. A.

**1920.**

Allen, Harriet, summer 1921, Harvard School of Physical Education.  
 Brader, Mary A., Student in Social Work, Philadelphia School of Social Work.  
 Chase, Margaret, Student 1922-23, Boston University School of Secretarial Science.  
 Costigan, Henrietta, Student in Education, winter session, Columbia University, 1921.  
 Doherty, Olive, Student in Spanish and American literature, 1921-22, Yale Graduate School.  
 Hester, Mary, Student in Psychology, 1921-22, Columbia University.  
 Doherty, Rose, Student in German, 1921-22, Yale Graduate School.  
 Fagan, Mildred, Student, summer 1922, Yale Graduate School.  
 Higgins, Loretta, Student in Music, 1921-Paris and Fontainebleau, France.  
 Hotchkiss, Arvilla, Student in Education, spring term 1921, University of West Virginia.  
 Howard, Mildred, Student at Harvard Summer School of Physical Education, 1921.  
 Hulbert, Kathryn, Student in English, American University, Beirut, Syria. Work toward M. A.  
 Milligan, Margaret, Student 1921-23, Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, Penn.  
 Nagy, Elizabeth, Student 1920-23, in Philosophy, Yale University. Ph. D. 1923.  
 Pick, Leah Nora, Student in English, 1922-23, Chicago University.  
 Ragsdale, Clarissa, Student in Fine Arts, 1920-21, Boston School of Fine Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design.  
 Seaver, Eleanor, Student of Commercial Arts, 1922-23, New York City.  
 Warner, Marion, Student in Chemistry, Wellesley, 1920-23. M. S. 1923.  
 Williams, Elizabeth, Student in Art, 1920-21, Columbia University.

**1921.**

Ashenden, Barbara, Student in Education, summer 1922, Columbia University.  
 Batchelder, Laura, Student, summer 1922, Simmons School of Library Science.  
 Gallup, Abby, Student in Fine Arts,



"For Auld Lang Syne"  
C. C., June, 1922



'20 Sets the Styles at Their Second Reunion, June, 1922

1921-22, Boston School of Fine Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design.

Gregson, Dorothy, Student in Fine Arts, 1921-22, Boston School of Fine Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design. Student, summer 1922, Simmons School of Library Science.  
 Haasis, Eleanor, Student fall term, 1921, Rhode Island School of Design.  
 Henckle, Dorothy, student in French, University of the Sorbonne, Paris, France, 1921-22.

Hippolitus, Jennie D., Student 1921-23, Yale Medical School.

McCullum, Ella, Student in Food Chemistry, Columbia University, 1921-23.

McCullum, Ruth, Student in Food Chemistry, Columbia University, 1921-22. M. A. 1922.

Lee, Louise, Student 1922-23, in law, New York University.

Meyrowitz, Rose, Student in Botany, 1921-24, Yale University. M. S. 1924.

Newton, Roberta, Student in Fine Arts, 1921-22, Boston School of Fine Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design.

Paul, Marguerite, Student 1922, New York School of Fine Arts.

Smith, Rachel, Student in Art, 1922-23, New York City.

Watrous, Esther, Student in Education, 1922 (summer) Columbia University.

Wulf, Dorothy, Student 1922-23, Central School of Physical Education, New York City.

**1922.**

Baxter, Margaret, Student in Education, summer 1921, Harvard.

Clark, Helen, Student in Art, 1923, Paris, France.

Hill, Constance, Student (part time) in Italian and Sculpture, 1922-23, Mt. Holyoke College.

Gray, Evelyn, Student (part time) in English, 1922-23, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

Grollman, Sarah, Student 1922-23, in Philosophy and English, Columbia University.

McDannel, Lucy, Student 1922-23, Yale Law School.

Miller, Mineola, Student at School of Museum of Fine Arts, 1922-23, Boston, Mass.

Peale, Helen W., Student in Fine Arts, 1922-23, Boston School of Fine Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design.

**NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE.**

*Concluded from page 1, column 4.*

familiar faces in your old haunts, of laughing, boisterous girls treading the halls which you yourself have but recently been treading. As ever, the joys and pain of life come intermingled, so that I could not distinguish them all the time.

Upon reflection I have decided that the thing I would like to see most of in the Alumnae Issue is news! News of alumnae, what they are doing, and where they are. And so I am going to contribute just that kind of news for all the others who feel the same way.

I am sure that all of us are interested in the fact that '22 has a class baby already. Eleanor Thielen Wunch, of Panama, is the proud mother of '22's baby boy, and although we can-

not expect to see her at our first reunion, we certainly do send her our very best wishes.

Grace Fisher hasn't changed a bit, and it is for that reason that I am telling you about her. She would never divulge the information herself. Grace is coming to reunion even though she sails for a three months' trip to Europe on June 16th. We had a little reunion of our own on campus, and Grace regaled us with stories of Porto Rico, where she spent two weeks; of the trip across the continent which she made last fall, and of the various exploits of her horse.

Al Hagar has spent her time out of college "fording" through the Connecticut towns and hamlets, placing babies and rescuing them.

Ruth Levine is in New York doing social work and attending the shows with "Pat" Flaherty, who is teaching there.

But it would be endless to go on and tell about all the alumnae whose activities I have heard of. I can only wish that there may not be many who cannot come to Commencement.

BLANCHE FINESILVER.

**DR. BARR WRITES OF FIRST DAYS AT C. C.**

*Concluded from page 2, column 4.*

The students were encouraged to regard the members of the faculty, not as oracles of antiquity, but as co-operative workers. There was none of the awe (an altogether spurious emotion, I think) which characterized the attitude of students to teachers in my own undergraduate days.

I was asked for "reminiscences of the first faculty", and have given instead, I am afraid, recollections of first principles. But you who were students cannot be greatly interested in a recounting of our picnic hikes through the autumn woods, of our Sunday evening gatherings with Dr. and Mrs. Sykes, where the talk flew fast and far under Mrs. Sykes' scintillating leadership—of, in short, the strictly faculty side of college life. For that is very unimportant compared with the student side!

But you who were present during the first years of Connecticut College participated in the opening of a great undertaking. And something of the spirit of those "first principles" may have remained with you, as it has remained with me. Here is a bit of "personal testimony": If Connecticut College is—or if there is ever anywhere—a college that represents the ideals of the adventure in education on which we embarked in those early days, it will be the college for my Nancy, Jr.

But that, perhaps, like Plato's perfect Republic, is "a pattern laid up in heaven."

—NANCY BARR MAVITY (whom some of you still know as "Dr. Barr").

**THE EARLY FACULTY OF CONNECTICUT COLLEGE.**

*Concluded from page 1, column 3.*

Dr. Helen Bishop Thompson has accepted a position at the University

of California, Southern Branch, at Los Angeles, California.

Dr. Alice I. Perry Wood is teaching at Wellesley College, and living with Dr. Rondinella.

Professor Mathurin M. Dondo is teaching at the University of California.

Dr. Nann Clark Barr is now Mrs. Arthur B. Mavity of Oakland, California.

Mrs. Francesca Stone Bostwick is living in New York City.

Miss Mary H. Davis is in the library at Lynn, Massachusetts.

Miss Hazel Woodhull is now Mrs. Cline of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Of the first year's faculty, six are still teaching at Connecticut College: Dr. Kip, Dean Nye, Miss Cary, Mr. Selden, Mr. Bauer and Mr. Weld.

Among the new faculty of the second year of the college, Dr. Leib, Miss Ernst and Miss Watrous are still with us.

Dr. Marjorie Lotta Barstow is now Mrs. Sydney Greenbie, of New Milford, Connecticut. She has one little son, Barrie. She and her husband are both writers and each has recently published a book on travel and conditions in parts of Asia. Mrs. Greenbie is planning to visit New London this summer to secure material for a historical novel.

It was in September, 1917, that Miss Edna Blue first came to Connecticut College. A recent letter from her written "on board the Cunard R. M. S. Albania," ends, "We shall be in London until June (first week), then Paris one week, then Holland a week. How I'd love seeing you!"

As always,

BLUEY TONKS."

To the Alumnae: Have you old copies of the *News* which you no longer plan to keep? I need the following numbers to complete my files and should be very glad to secure them:

Vol. I, No. 2.  
 Vol. II, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.

Vol. III, Nos. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14.

(I also lack the "Faculty number," that appeared as an extra between Nos. 4 and 5 of Vol. III.)

Vol. IV, Nos. 1-14 (inclusive), 16, 17, 18, 19, 25.

Yours sincerely,

IRENE NYE.

Connecticut College, May 31, 1923.

**BY WAY OF APPRECIATION**

The publication of this issue has been made possible through the loyal co-operation of the *News* staff, old and new. All the details, such as running to the printer's with copy, proof-reading, setting up the dummy, and general management, have been in their hands. Only they know how many after-thoughts and late contributions have caused them extra trips to Norwich and other difficulties. To Helen Avery and the outgoing staff, and to Catherine Moss and the incoming staff do we alumnae owe a debt of gratitude.

Marjorie Carlson '20, planned a bridge of thirty-five tables, to be held in her future home in Ridgewood, N. J. Each table was sponsored by one person who secured her three players. The tickets at a dollar each, were sold by many of the high school girls, some of whom will later be Connecticut girls themselves.

**How Many Dollars Have YOU Earned**  
 —for the—  
**C. C. Endowment Fund?**