THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE ALUMNAE ANNUAL

CONTENTS

Greeting .................................................. Agnes B. Leahy, '21 .......................... 1
On College Hill (Poem) .................................. Marjorie Viets, '20 .......................... 2
A Review of the College Year .................................................. President Marshall .......................... 3
Out of the East .......................................................... Gertrude S. Avery, '22 .................. 4
Extracts from "My Trip Abroad" ....................... Catherine B. Holmes, '24 .......................... 6
Hawaii—Island of Dreams! .................................................. Mary P. Wheeler, '23 .................. 27

Alumnae Association Articles
Our Financial Problems .................................................. 8
Two Discussions ...................................................... Marion Kofsky Harris, '19 .................. 10
"News," "Annual" or "Quarterly" ......................... Marian Hendrie, '20 .......................... 10
On Loyalty ...................................................... Marenda Prentis, '19 .......................... 11
The Alumnae and Student Government .................. Esther Batchelder, '19 .................. 12

Giving the Undergrad the Psychological Once
Over ...................................................... Mary Hester, '20 .......................... 13

From Our Medicos
Experiences of An Intern ...................... Margaret Milligan, '20, M.D. .................. 14
A Dental Plea ............................................... Helen Gough, '19, D.D.S. .................. 16
The Storm (Poem) ........................................... Ruth B. McCollum, '21 .................. 17

The Graduate Secretary Reports ........................................ Mary Snodgrass, '24 .................. 18
The Baby Page .................................................. 21
Editorial .................................................. 22
Chapter and Class Notes .................................................. 23

Our Second Alumnae Day ........................................... Juline W. Comstock, '19 .................. 25
Two Poems .................................................. Kathryn Hulbert Hall, '20 .................. 26
On Class Gifts .............................................. Jessie Bigelow, '23 .......................... 28
Graduate Work .................................................. 28
C. A. C. Baby Roll ............................................. 29
Commencement Week Program .......................... 30

MAY 1925
In Memoriam

ELIZABETH CHAPPELL MAHAN, B. S.
Class of 1924

August 9, 1902    October, 21, 1924
Greetings, Alumnae

Two similar sketches, guaranteed to be taken from life, and illustrating the theory of cause and effect, I offer as indisputable evidence, that, for a selected group of individuals known as Connecticut College Alumnae, a very certain Fountain of Youth has been established:

I. Time—Friday night, March 27th.
   Place—Railroad train, en route to New London.
   Characters—Numerous Alumnae, worn from battling with the world, and feeling the time for seeking pensions drawing perilously near. Several strangers.
   Lines (one stranger to another)—"Must be some school or college reopening."

II. Time—Saturday night, March 28th.
   Place—Colonial Shoppe.
   Characters—Ninety C. C. Alumnae, rejuvenated by old friends, old haunts, and new inspiration. Several strangers.
   Lines (one stranger to another)—"College Alumnae? You must be mistaken. Why, the undergraduates don't even show as many signs of life as those girls!"

The above, I consider sufficient greetings for both groups of Alumnae— flattering the ninety graduates who were fortunate enough to return for reunion, and making envious the remaining three hundred and twenty who were less fortunate in being obliged to resist the lure of the hilltop in the spring. Alumnae Day really was a joy long anticipated, now a memory often and eagerly recalled.

Truly we have every reason to feel hilariously happy, and at the same time even more deeply devoted than ever to Connecticut when we consider that within this last year we have had the distinction of being recognized and cordially welcomed by two such organizations as the Association of American Colleges and Universities, and the American Association of University Women. I am sincerely hoping that every alumna has already sought membership in the Chapter of this latter organization which is nearest her home. Obviously it is because of the splendid work which is being done at the College that these honors were granted, and now it is quite up to our small group of four hundred to prove that the backgrounds, interests and impetus started in College have made us eager to share the work and ideals of this organization—very like what we used to sing:

"In thine ennobling dream we find
   Our will and power to serve mankind . . ."

With every new honor comes a new responsibility—that of being worthy of it. May the summer hold happy days for you all, and 'midst the many joys awaiting you wherever you are, keep a special little thought for the College and the Alumnae.

Ever loyally,

AGNES B. LEAHY.
On College Hill

There is such loveliness on college hill,
With beauties manifold of earth and sea,
That those who dwell there cannot fail to be
Inspired, though years may pass we still
Can feel its pristine glory, for until
The end of time it's ours in memory;
Each thought of it is like a magic key
To open doors of yesterday and fill
Our hearts with joy for all our college sends
Into the lives of those who study there.
Although new days bring riches new, we care
For all the grace and wisdom that it lends,
And for the gift of priceless gifts most fair
We thank our Alma Mater for our friends.

MARJORIE VIETS, '20.
A Review of the College Year

TO ALL THE ALUMNAE:

W e suppose that all alumnae must be aware of the fact that the college grows steadily and could grow much faster in number if we had accommodations, but I am quite as anxious that the alumnae should understand that our policy, certainly my own personal conviction, is that we shall grow slowly and soundly and to remain always a small college.

At the opening of the year there were 479 students enrolled including ten special students. Natural and unexpected causes have reduced that number approximately to 460 at the present time. Twenty-six different states are represented in the student body and the number of undergraduates from centers like Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago grows every year while the number coming from New York and northwest New Jersey and from New England continues also to increase.

The committee on admission administers its function with the greatest possible care and consideration and brings to bear every possible criterion on every application with the result that our students are really very carefully selected, not only for scholarship, but personality and promise and with the view of their ability to remain in college and successfully do the work. Their policy is indicated in the small proportionate shrinkage, as the freshman class moves forward into the sophomore year. It will not be more than two years when the graduating class will number regularly well over 100.

Whereas the work of the college on the side of the students and the instruction on the side of the faculty, is faithfully done, I dare not say that this year has been marked by any outstanding superior work by students except in a few instances. I am bound to say that I think the type of students now seeking admission to colleges everywhere is inclined to play a little more and be disposed to be absent from college considerably more, particularly at week-ends than formerly. This means that the curriculum does not have as large a place in their thought or emphasis as in the mind of students of even a few years ago. Our problem then is some way to recover the recognition of importance of study and the purpose of college, and yet to encourage and also to control through student and faculty cooperation, the social activity and extra curricula activities which are educational and valuable in experience, but which must not be allowed to over-reach themselves or overwhelm the real purpose of the college on the intellectual side. During this current year we have been watching closely the increasing trend toward absence and before the end of this year hope to have reached an agreement with the student body by which, largely on their initiative and coming at the problem with full sympathy for them and with them, we shall establish more firmly and clearly the conviction of the college as to the importance of its academic program, and renew and revive the convictions of each with all as to the application of their energy and their intellectual power toward their program, and to make more delicate and sensitive and alert the honor and morale of the student body and the conscience of each; for it still remains true that we rely upon the honor and conscience and judgment of the individual. We confess, however, with pain that there has

(Continued on page 9)
Out of the East

EDITORIAL NOTE:-Miss Avery is teaching at the American Marathi Mission, Ahmednagar, West India

Wai, India, Feb. 28, 1925.

Dear Friends,

What a beautiful morning it is! I walk out on the veranda to put my letter in the mail basket.

As I go out of the gate and see these encircling mountains, some of them still clothed in filmy white and others bright with the morning sunshine, that verse comes to me, “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, etc.” I could change Jerusalem to Wai and then the meaning would seem so real. The whole place is very still; a few men walk noiselessly along the street. Down the hill I go; here and there below me rise the beautiful carved temples. I pass the simple, neat mission church and the clean well built school which stand on a high prominence.

Then, look! What a scene! Below me flows the sacred Krishna River. On its bank cluster the temples from which wide stone steps descend to the very water’s edge. “Pound, pound, pound,” sounds thru the morning stillness as women in bright red saris beat their clothes on the wet stones. Half naked men are shoveling earth from the mud flats of the river bed; women are driving a number of small donkeys with sacks of earth on their backs across the stream; in another place a man partially disrobes and begins to scrub this outer garment on the rocks; here is a man with a brass bowl who has probably been drinking some of the sacred water of this river. The call of the crows, and the sounds of washing alone break the quiet that seems to hang over the whole scene. Suddenly a most unusual sound is heard and a braying donkey runs madly about on shore. This doesn’t seem to disturb a fat, sleek looking bullock—perhaps a sacred one—that stands near the stream.

From where I stand the scene is beautiful and picturesque; but unfortunately I have previously viewed it from a nearer standpoint. I know that the waters of this sacred river cannot be pure, that the steps and temples are far from clean, and that those temples so beautiful from a distance contain the most horrible looking idols and often cover evil rites and ceremonies. On this visit we had noticed a lot of hair around a stone block and Miss Gordon had said that it was probably the hair of widows whose heads has been shaved there. The respect which I had had for the educated Brahmin whom I have met here seemed to fall shattered on the stone floors of those temples when I saw the hideous monsters which they worshipped, the sacred animals and the filth of the whole place. What a contrast to the spotless little brick church on the hill! With these thoughts in mind I turn homewards. At the cross roads I am startled for a second to see what is evidently a poor worn traveller lying prone in the street. And who is this riding swiftly down the grade? It is Mrs. Beals on her way to the dispensary. How fresh and beautiful she looks! What a country is India for contrasts!

So you find me in India, caught fast in the fascination of this land and its people and enjoying life to the full. It hardly seems possible that it was only last October that I bade you all farewell. What a life-time of experience has been crowded into these few months!

When we left the Western World, a ride in a victoria through streets and the bazaar of Port Said gave us our first sight of queer costumes of all sorts. I especially remember seeing a veiled Mohammedan woman. I think I haven’t seen one since. We went into a mosque where we had to put on straw shoes before entering. Oh, it was all very strange and interesting. Men came aboard the ship to sell beads, silks, bright colored straw hats, and sweets. Some stayed in boats nearby and displayed...
their wares. If one wanted to buy anything he bargained from the ship's railing. When an agreement was made the merchant threw a rope to the purchaser who pulled up his article in a basket. Then he put his money into the basket and lowered it again. Then there were divers who called for coins and caught them or dove for them and stowed them in their mouths.

Still we sailed on—through the Canal where we passed many interesting ships from China, Japan, and other eastern lands, through the Red Sea that wasn't too hot, and the Indian Ocean where the sun began to show its strength and finally in great excitement we saw the dim outline of Indian shores. Before we realized it we were in Bombay harbor. As we looked down onto the dock a new world opened before us.

Need I say that the welcome given us was worth coming all the way to India for? Garlands, songs and feasts gave force to words of greeting. What days of new experience these past three months have brought! Although India on the whole is much as I had imagined it to be and things haven't surprised me over much, yet the details are certainly novel and there is always something new to see or learn about.

I have been living in Ahmednagar. There have been five of us at "Holyoke," the teachers' bungalow of the Girls' School. Such a happy family as we are—Miss Bruce, the principal, and four of us girls. We work and play together most happily. There is tennis on Tuesdays and usually a daily walk. Our favorite promenade is around an old Mohammedan Fort. As the bright Indian moon shines above the battlements and lights the place with its white light, this is an enchanting spot. I remember when returning after one of my first glimpses of the city that our compound seemed like a little bit of heaven. Live-stock and people often occupy the same quarters. It's not the pig that is kept in the parlor, but the cow, goat, chickens, dogs and cats. One day I was quite surprised to see a cow come out of a city temple and with much dignity walk down a steep pair of steps to the street.

My main job at present is language study. Marathi is not an easy language but it promises to be an interesting one. When one sits in church and only understands a few words during the whole service and when one wants most terribly to talk with someone who only looks blank at English words, then indeed comes an overpowering desire to understand and talk this unfamiliar tongue. I love to hear these people talk. Some have musical voices and almost seem to sing as they talk. And how they do love to sing! At first one wonders what melody there is in the intermittent bursts of noise that proceed from the depths of their throats; but later one learns to like it and to enjoy the repetition and length of their songs.

Then I took a hundred and fifty mile auto trip to Satara where we spent the first days of the New Year. I wish I might adequately describe that trip—the gypsy people whom we met on the road; the villages that looked like broken down fortifications; the fields of grain almost ready for harvest where sat the farmers all day to scare the crows away; the men sweeping the highway and filling in the road by basket-fulls of earth which they carried on their heads; the fifty or more two-wheeled bullock carts full of straw which we met at one point; the droves of buffaloes, goats, and sheep which we nearly ran into; and the ghats, those spiral roads which carried us over the mountains and gave us marvelous views of green plains and brown mountains. A very interesting experience which we had when visiting in Satara was when Lillian Picken took us out to one of "her villages." There we went into the mud homes of the outcast people. We watched a women cooking in a dark little room which was her home. We sat on the floor and held a service for a poor sick woman in another dark hole of a house. We newcomers who couldn't sing the songs kept time by playing cymballike instruments. The Bible-woman told the story of the raising of Jairus' daughter. The face of the poor mother who had just lost her baby brightened as she listened.

Lest I leave you lost in this Indian village let me bring you back to Wai for the close of the day. It is late afternoon and
the sun is about to set. After a hot afternoon a cool breeze which is almost a wind is blowing down from the mountains. This is the best time for a walk. Again I leave the compound and this time take an unfrequent road across the field. As I pass the servants’ houses the children stop in their play to smile shyly and say, “salaam.” The wind blows the dust down the road and as people walk little clouds of dust rise like smoke, as if a fire was kindled at every step. I leave the dry road for one between ploughed fields. Harvest time has passed and the fields are being prepared for sowing after the first rains in June. Only distant sounds—the cooing of doves, a child’s cry—break the evening stillness. The sun now disappears and a lavender hue suffuses the mountains. Majestically they tower around me. It looks as if a square box had been placed on the highest nearby peak. This was once a fort of that great Marathi conqueror and king, Shiwaji. Three sides are of natural formation—bare wall-like cliffs—and the fourth side was built to complete this fort. On many mountains in this vicinity may be seen similar forts which also were occupied by the followers of that great commander. Four of these may be seen from Wai. What a country is this—full of reminders of the past!

Who are these queer looking people running down the road? They are half naked and what clothes they have on are mostly rags. One has long hair done up in a bob at the back of his head, another has only one scalp lock. They carry long sticks of some sort. Perhaps they are gypsy-like people from the hill country, I don’t know. Again in the compound I see the little boys of Miss Gordon’s Home playing around the yard. How like American school children they are! On the veranda I find Miss Gordon holding little Cusum (sweet flower), the little high caste baby whom she is mothering. This was a short walk, but how full of interest! So it is in India.

I do not want to give a wrong impression of the Indian people. By no means are all of them poor, ignorant, and dirty. There are people of education who have higher standards of living. I wish you could see a Brahmin man walking down the road. With head held high, back straight, clothes spotless, he walks as if he owned the universe. Many of the Brahmin women are very beautiful, and the children are lovely with their clear light brown skins and fine features. Among the Christian people there are those who have indeed caught the true Christian spirit. There was the old retired pastor in Satara, who took us to see his “dear wife” and his neat little home. Before we left he offered a prayer with us. There is Suwarta-bai, one of our dormitory matrons, to whom we are glad to go for advice and help. Certainly the Indian people have great possibilities, and it is a privilege to work among them.

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE S. AVERY, ’22.

Extracts from “My Trip Abroad”

By CATHERINE B. HOLMES, ’24.

LAKE WINDERMERE—perfectly gorgeous country, rolling hills, stone cottages, white sailboats, hedges and stone walls, bus to Grassmere and private car to Keswick. Stopped at next smallest church in England. Hotel looks medieval in its setting of beautiful landscape garden. Trees and shrubs cut to give a velvety and rounded silhouette. Walked past bowling green, seeing little boys in Eton jackets, golf socks, vests and hob-nail shoes which make a clatter like an army. The little girls look quaint in their pinafores and pigtails. Bicycles and walking-sticks everywhere.—Sense of peace so profound we talked in whispers—lessons in coinage by a triumphant Chicagoman.

Train to Carlisle, “the gateway to Scot-
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five

land"—watched Lake Country evolve into Scotch hills and more firry trees.

Almost as soon as we reached Glasgow we heard the bagpipes “kiltving” down the street. The trams resemble Fifth Avenue busses, and the “motors” honk like the moo-ing of cows. Much mirth in the dining room as we were made nervous wrecks at the popping of corks all about us.

Enjoyed seeing John Knox’s house, and the “greyfriar’s Bobby” statue, Holyrood Palace and the Princess Street gardens. Found the “Heart of Midlothian.”

Arrived at “Cambridge Arms” about 5 P.M. Were nearly run over by bicyclists on cricket green. Everyone rides here, even grandmothers. Loved the university atmosphere and the blazer jackets! Saw several of the colleges with their flowered quadrangles and cloistered courts. Cambridge lost over half her men during the war years! How picturesque the Tudor gateways are with their heraldic shields and coats-of-arm. We met familiar faces in the statues of Milton, Newton, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson. Trinity dining hall was somewhat of a contrast to “Thames Hall.”

So this is London at last! We must have embarrassed our waiter, he dropped a whole tray of dishes. Also heard a woman say, “Such quantities of cawlege gerls heah!” We’re learning the true London method of hopping busses. Met Dr. Fosdick and family at breakfast.

Met Jean M. at St. Paul’s Sunday A.M. Almost upset the solemn and symphoniously intoned service in our joy to meet someone from C.C. Major P. took us to Hyde Park, where free speeches were being given wholesale on all subjects. Midnight walk along the esplanade—shall never forget standing under Big Ben at Parliament in full moon-light while it struck for luck.

Shakespeare’s home—stucco and oak exterior, old fireplace and “wishing winescote chair” in which we each sat a moment. A mile or so on, Anne Hathaway’s adorable thatched cottage appeared. Saw the churn room, drawtop table, wooden plates, tinder-box, wine-pouch, and the settle by the fireplace where Anne and William had sat.

Came to Eton just as the boys were emerging from classes. They were rosy-checked and with their long gray and black striped trousers, gray socks, swallow-tail coats and high silk hats, we thought they must be stepping out of a picture. Old Windsor seems like an ancient giant on its commanding rise of ground and with its gray walls.

At Maarken saw cheese being made at a typical cottage, having its blue tiles and beds in the wall. Landscapes resemble Horlich’s malted milk signs. Were much interested in the Peace Palace at the Hague, and by Harold Lloyd in “A Sailor Made Man”—we laughed in Dutch.

The Alps at last! So high that the peaks rarely show through the clouds. Our room overlooks Lake Lucerne. Took a lake trip past majestic Pilatus and Burgenstock. It’s all beyond poor American adjectives to express! Rigi rose to our left, gigantic and alluring; chalets dotted the wooded shores. We cog-railwayed to the top of the Rigi, seeing the streams leaping down on either side, and the cows on dizzy heights—children offered us eidelweiss (remembrances of Heide).

Mountain gorges slowly replaced by grape-vined slopes, pink and yellow houses, and sunshiney peace—Italy!

Venice—romance personified when we first heard “Santa Lucia” in its native tongue. The crowning touch was when two gondolas of Yale men passed singing “March, march on down the field!” St. Mark’s, the Doge’s Palace, the Bridge of Sighs and the Rialto were all exactly as thrilling as we had always hoped.

It was great to meet Miss Nye and Miss Ernst in gay Paris! Without them we could not have manipulated tickets for “Samson and Delilah”—Paris is a continuous whirl of excitement—and art. “Vive l’Amérique,” however!

NOTICE.

The Charter House will open its doors to welcome returning alumnae on Saturday, June 13th, from 3 to 7 P.M. The Charter House is located at 49 Jay St., New London.
Our Financial Problems

EVEN though we all have our financial problems to worry about during a great part of the year, it is our duty to cast a reflective eye on the problems which have confronted the Alumnae Association for a number of years and which are coming up for discussion at our seventh meeting, to be held this June.

We are fortunate enough to have the suggestions of three of our members who are well qualified to speak on the subject of finance because of their labors as treasurers of the Association. Dorothy Peck, '19, guided the affairs of the Association as treasurer during the first few years. Grace Cockings took over the job in 1923 and 1924, and Edith Smith, '20, is now holding down that very trying position.

In the past our policy has been this: as soon as you become an alumna, you have heretofore become automatically a member of the Alumnae Association. Your name and address are entered in the treasurer's books and each year notifications of dues are sent to you. Also regardless of whether dues of the previous year have been paid or not, you have been kept on the books. Bills are sent out the first of January, second notices in March, and third notices in June. As the membership of the Association increases, it is needless to say, the task of keeping the finances in a more up-to-date condition becomes more difficult. Members become scattered. Meetings cannot be called to explain difficulties and letters like notices are often mislaid and unheeded.

The great question is: how can we collect dues most efficiently and keep our records cleared up? Miss Cockings believes that a girl who has not paid dues for two successive years should be dropped from the Association as it indicates that she does not care to belong. If she desires to become a member again, she must make written application.

As for the actual payment of dues, Miss Peck suggests: "Why not begin our fiscal year in September or October instead of January? In September our thoughts turn C. C.-wards—after the vacation period is over everyone seems all set for the new year. This perhaps is the psychological moment to present a notice of dues. If at the end of a month no response is received a second notice should be sent boldly and plainly marked 'Second Notice.' Then at the end of two months, Feb. 1st, if no reply is forthcoming, a third notice should be sent marked 'Third and Final Notice.' If within two months this has no effect, the names of those who have not paid should be dropped automatically from the books. Perhaps a semi-annual system of payment would be more effective than an annual payment as we have now."

Another practical suggestion on this matter comes from Miss Cockings. "It has been suggested and practically tried out that the treasurer be present at Alumnae meeting in June to collect money from those who are present and from those who have not yet paid. It seems to me, since the graduating class become members of the Association in June, it might be well to change the date of payment from January to June." This seems to be a very wise plan in view of the fact that 1924 almost to a man neglected to pay its dues.

The follow-up system now is very simple. The treasurer has a special book with the name of each girl who has graduated. Besides each name are blank spaces representing present and future years. As a girl pays a check is put under the current year. This has proved effective so far, but as the Association grows larger there is no doubt that a more elaborate system will be necessary.

In time the treasurer's position will become very important and increasingly diffi-
cult as the membership grows. Miss Cockings is of the opinion that “a permanent treasurer should eventually be elected with an office located at the College. It might be feasible for the present to combine the offices of Graduate Secretary and Treasurer, paying some additional salary. In years to come it should require all the time of a girl and carry a definite amount of remuneration.”

A source of income which has not yet been brought up was mentioned by our present treasurer, Miss Smith. “One of the problems to which we, as alumnae, should give serious attention is that of Associate Membership in the Alumnae Association. This is open to non-graduates who have satisfactorily completed courses covering not less than one year. At present there are less than a half-dozen associate members who are paying dues, and yet there is a long list of girls who are eligible. An associate membership campaign might well be undertaken, and some definite system established for giving ex-members of each class as it graduates an opportunity to become associate members of the Alumnae Association.”

Miss Smith also suggested that the Sinking Fund which was voted at the last meeting should be separated from the other funds of the Association and put into a savings bank where it will accumulate interest. If this Sinking Fund is kept in a separate savings account, there will be less temptation to draw upon it.

All these problems and others will come up for discussion and vote at the meeting in June. If you will think about them and come prepared to concur with them or to offer new ones, half the battle is won. We need financial support, it is true, but we need loyal and moral support—the rest is bound to come!

A Review of the College Year
(Continued from page 3)

been unmistakably a distinct dulling and deadening of these faculties and that our problem is to recover and re-establish and re-exalt them.

At the same moment that I speak of the above academic problem, a problem of our own, quite in the family as it were, I have great pleasure in making known to the alumnae two important recognitions of the college in its work which are unmistakable tributes to the faculty, student body and the alumnae of the college. First, the definite admission of the college to the highest approved list of the Association of American Universities of which we were notified in the fall. This is the highest distinction that can come to an American college, and ranks us among that highest group whose degrees alone are recognized by foreign universities and accepted without qualification in the natural interchanges of that highest group itself. The second distinction has but lately been made known to us after considerable correspondence and utmost perseverance on the part of your president to show the committees concerned that this college is worthy of the place which it sought. You know then my pleasure in giving you the assurance that Connecticut College has been placed on the approved list of the American Association of University Women for natural membership which means that alumni of this college can apply for membership in the chapter of the A. A. U. W. wherever she may be, and that she is also qualified to make application for membership in womens’ university clubs, and I do most earnestly urge that our alumnae seek such affiliation and membership very promptly.

Whatever material and physical addition and developments that have taken place on campus I imagine you rather well know or will find out for yourself when you come for Commencement to which I bid you most cordial welcome and I hope to see and speak to you on it all.

Sincerely yours,

BENJ. T. MARSHALL
President.
Two Discussions
"News," "Annual" or "Quarterly"

MARION KOFSKY HARRIS, '19.

WHENEVER an issue of the "News" puts in an appearance, I find myself skimming the headlines of the front page, and then hurriedly turning to the Column. Perhaps it's habit formed in reading the morning World; more likely it's interest centered in the Alumnae Column. And when there has been no Column, I have felt toward the "News" as I feel toward the New York World on Monday mornings when Heywood Broun's column is missing.

Campus news—convocation addresses written in the past tense; teams, a list of names foreign to me; cast of characters of a play I shall see in June—is dull to me.

"News" service has been most unsatisfactory. Because the "News" has overlooked me time and again, I have no warm feeling for it as a campus organ. The tie no longer binds me.

Income tax records reveal to oneself how much Alma Mater draws from one: Alumnae, Class and Chapter dues; Koine, Song Book and Annual Subscriptions. If the Association must solicit subscriptions, I fear the "Quarterly" would only bring a deficit for the treasury to supply. By withdrawing the Association's subscription to the "News," the Association should be able to finance four copies a year. Unless the "Quarterly" can be financed through Alumnae dues, then it is not feasible.

A "Quarterly" that would eliminate the dullness of campus news, that would fulfill a quest for news of Alumnae, that would arrive as often as the "News" actually does and would cost no more than the "News"—that is the solution.

MARIAN HENDRICK, '20.

FOR a number of years the Alumnae Association has been subscribing en masse for the College "News." There is now some discussion as to whether the "News" is an entirely satisfactory organ with which to keep in touch with one another and with the present college body; whether an "Annual," with our constantly growing Association is large enough to contain all the material of interest that can be gathered up and whether we have not now reached a point where the Alumnae Association might support a "Quarterly," shaped to bring the scattered Alumnae in touch with each other's activities, and at the same time to present Campus activities and problems.

There is much to be said from every angle of the question. The "News" is irregular; possibly the fault of the Editors. It often contains little or no Alumnae news; entirely the fault of ourselves, who are lazy about sending it to our representative. There is no space for detailed accounts of what we are doing or of interesting experiments that we are making. On the other hand, it supplies those of us who are not near the Campus with a fairly accurate, if somewhat curtailed, account of what is going on there. It is not written for our perusal and so is an unconscious revelation of the real spirit.

The "Annual," still a new institution, has possibilities of developing into a useful and interesting book. It is still too early to judge what it can or cannot do, but it is certain that unless it has the active support, in the way of material, from all the Association it can be of little real value. It also has the disadvantage of being entirely detached from Campus affairs.

The suggested "Quarterly" would take the
W HAT can be done to arouse interest among C. C. Alumnae? Is it wise to ask an extremist to give an opinion on such a subject? Where Connecticut College and its interests are concerned I'm an extremist. The reason may be because of membership on the Student Council during the four pioneer years of Student Government at C. C. or because of membership on the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association for the first five years of its organization.

I cannot remember ever missing a business meeting at C. C. Those early days in 1915 were a series of meetings and drafts of constitutions and elections. We grew on them. Then followed more meetings and new interests and amendments—then commencement and another constitution. I can't imagine not being on deck for any sort of C. C. meeting. Am I an extremist?

The question is—what can be done to arouse interest among C. C. Alumnae? The President and Board members have a very live responsibility which is always with them. They are not together so that innumerable letters have to be written exchanging ideas in preparation for Alumnae Day, Board meeting and the annual meeting.

Much thought is given to the preparation in order to arouse interest. Naturally with a scattered membership the bulk of responsibility falls upon these few, but they do their utmost to convey to the members the things they have in mind for the best good of the Association. A letter is sent out giving the items for discussion in the June meeting so that each member may be informed and prepared to consider these measures which must be voted on.

The Executive Board members hear criticisms of “railroading.” Destructive criticism does not help. There are certain elementary duties which each member has—a helpful spirit, interest and attendance in business meetings and promptness in payment of dues. These three things ought not to have to worry the Board members. They are too elementary.

What is to be done? One answer has been our Alumnae Day which has brought for two years a fine spirit back to the campus. We have a strong class loyalty. Can we use that? Will representation at the annual meeting by classes or chapters create in individuals and groups an alert and lasting loyalty? Will it mean a quorum present at the scheduled hour? Will it mean a more prompt response in dues—paying because of a closer feeling? If it will let us try it!

Shall we choose those who have manifested a minimum of loyalty before and make it an educative process in the production of college loyalty? I am in favor of any project or method conceivable which will arouse an alert alumnae consciousness in Connecticut College graduates.
The Alumnae and Student Government

ESTHER LORD BATCHELDER, ’19

WHEN Cyrano threw his purse of gold to Bellerose, Le Bret said: “What folly!” Cyrano said: “What a gesture!”

When at the very outset, the president and faculty of Connecticut College granted full self-government to the students, the ancient halls of conservative education may have whispered “folly,” but the bold bare walls of the new college proclaimed with Cyrano “What a gesture!”

Are the echoes still ringing? Or does such a venture as Student Government need the charm of novelty and the vitality of a pioneering spirit to make it seem worth while? The tradition of a stone wall sing seems to survive the passing of the original wall—the songs and the moon still make their direct appeal. It is not apparent whether the tradition of Student Government has been kept so near and dear that its original simplicity and personal appeal are still a vital part of each girl's college life. Student government has been having its troubles, but then—it always did. The real test is whether Student Government is worth its troubles not only as experience for its officers but as experience for its private citizens.

Most girls bring to College a strong sense of personal honor. Many come with a strong feeling of community responsibility. The great difficulty in college life (as outside) is that, however unanimous we may be on fundamental principles, codes differ and conventions seem outworn to some while still as good as new to others. (And by “conventions” we may mean something as comparatively new as chaperonage rules of 1920.) Here lies a stumbling block, but also a great opportunity. The opportunity is that of constructive thought and action on the part of all students which will make Student Government adequate for the best functioning of all phases of college life. The making of new laws, or the repealing of old, should involve lively debate in college as in any other thoughtful community. Community spirit should involve the keeping of the laws that are made by both the winners and the losers in the debate.

Alumnae are no longer directly concerned with Student Government, yet its ideals grow more clear to us year by year, and its practical success is still our desire. If its soil is continually enriched by better effort and cooperation and if its dead and useless parts are carefully pruned away, Student Government, with the college itself, may be “tamquam lignum quo plantatum est, secus decursus aquirum.”

The C. C. O. C. Hut

High on a huge rock on the shore of Miller's Pond stands the realization of the dream that many C. C. girls have had—the Connecticut College Outing Club Hut.

One particular spot high over all the rest seemed to us the ideal place and after measuring and staking, consulting with builders, etc., we decided to build it on the northeast side.

It proved an ideal place and so in the fall of 1923 a drive was made to start a hut. For months President Marshall and President Amy Hilker, of A. A., worked together planning to surprise the students.

The week after they returned from Easter vacation, a hike was planned to Miller's Pond and what a surprise it was! They could hardly believe their eyes—a
large one-room cabin with a beautiful fireplace, built-in cabinet for dishes, across the front a wide veranda, a landing for canoes, and in the back a large wood pile that the Prex and Doctor Miller had chopped.

The cabin now has been stained and it tones into the landscape in a very pleasing manner. Not all the debt was cleared in '24, but about two months ago the last bill was paid and the hut is now the property of the Association, totaling over $1,200.

The girls at C. C. are mighty proud of it, and we only hope that some day another beginning may be made toward a chain of huts. Much credit should be given President Marshall, who gave his time and energy to see our dreams come true. Through all sorts of disappointments, trouble and heartaches, he kept the vision of its completion before us and it was done beautifully.

We only hope that when Alumnae go back to the “hilltop” that they will go and picnic there and make use of the hut and see for themselves the “C. C. Hut.”

A. H., '24.

Giving the Undergrad the Psychological Once-Over

MARY HESTER, '20.

If the undergraduate expects as much of the graduate as vice versa, everything is fine and no one should be disappointed. As a child when told you were expected to be a perfect lady you knew from that moment that you didn't want to be one.

The writer is a bit hazy and has a feeling of ingenuous naiveté regarding undergraduates in general. (It was so long ago). Anything an undergraduate does, whether for better or worse, comes as a genuine surprise. One thing, however, is expected of every undergraduate by every grad., and it appears to me that in this only is she unique or different in species from the aforesaid grad.

That one thing is years. They, therefore, of necessity have had shorter perspective. They might well look upon life, the world, or things in general in cross-section or cycles as unrelated and stereopticon rather than in terms of cause and effects or cinema. Of course it is much better to see one cross-section than to become paranoid upon one horizontal rut. This fault the undergrad. might well lay at the door of many an unsuspecting grad.

All the above is on the assumption that you don't believe in reincarnation. If you do I must stop now for the youngest most unmature undergrad. may be decades older than the oldest living graduate—older both in generation and experience. The possibility of the first and the certainty of the second is almost sufficient proof to the open mind.

Speaking of open minds, have you ever visualized one? Open minds are fatal if wide open and with an indiscreet doorkeeper. There are innumerable doors and innumerable keys. Each door has its own key and a masterkey is useless. For some doors are locked forever and some won't stay shut at all. There are rolling doors and screen doors. Each, open or shut, and holds behind it a story.

So an open mind in itself is nothing. It depends upon the person with the keyring. There's always the possibility of finding a key—or losing one. So choose with discretion the doorman. You can decide for yourself what the above has to do with undergrads.

I personally prefer an invigorating, buoyant, very breezy one and from a passing glance at the Varsity Alumnae game, breeziness is a dominant characteristic via Mendel. But as to what I expect, well—I'm not so sure.....
Experiences of An Interne

MARGARET R. MILLIGAN, '20, M.D.

MANY are the days when my thoughts go back to those old gray walls, and our beautiful rugged hilltop by the Thames. Unlike some of you, I have had only one opportunity to return there since graduation, so the changes in the Campus must be very great. All this makes me wish that I could be back for 20's joyful fifth reunion. But even this year, when I am no longer in Medical College, how can it be? My internship is not over until the end of June, and I cannot by any means get off at Commencement time. I had so hoped I could be there!

"Medical work" sounds so serious and dry that some of you may think that life for me is not full to overflowing with thrills. Sometimes, of course, the daily routine in this, as in other work, gets rather tiresome, but the work itself is well worth the effort. One comes so very intimately in contact with "people."

Even though I have done very little real good so far, you can imagine the thrill it gives you to see someone over whom you have watched anxiously, and given your best, get well. Mother Nature is very kind! For instance, you can imagine the joy of seeing a youngster of five years, suffering from tetanus, and having gone so far that her jaws were locked tightly, get well and at last walk out of the hospital. It is worth while!

At present I am serving my internship in South Side Hospital in Pittsburgh. South Side is the almost unmentionable part of Pittsburgh, and if you are a visitor, no one would think of showing you the dirt and factory smokestacks of South Side—except at a distance. Still, we have a good hospital here and stacks of emergency cases—it sounds coldblooded to gloat over the number of emergencies, doesn't it?

When on surgical services one never expects to go to bed at night without having to get up at least once or twice to treat someone with anything from a few lacerations of the scalp to a cut throat! Yes, I have had to care for a couple of cut throats and innumerable fractured legs. I have even had to appear in one murder trial in regard to one of these cases to swear that the man died as a result of the injury! At first emergency work was very hard in a way. I always went to bed with the thought, "What will they bring in tonight and will I know how to treat it?" But after a while one loses this fear.

A short time ago I was called about one A.M. to go out on the ambulance for an accident case. I had not the least idea what the case was except that we were to go to a certain "Incline." (Let me explain first that Pittsburgh has a system of "Inclines," or large elevators, which haul passengers and vehicles up certain very steep hillsides). Soon we arrived at the scene of action, and I saw a great crowd and fire engines. Then I heard the moans of a man who, it turned out, had fallen from the Incline and was down in the "pit."

People seemed rather surprised to see a woman doctor there. Well, the patient was at the bottom, and I, the doctor, at the top, and the "shortest distance between two points," or so I was taught in geometry, "is a straight line"—and the fire ladder constituted that; so down I went into the pit. It seemed to me that I went down and down into pitch black depths, but it really was not more than twenty-five or thirty feet (!), and at last I stepped onto the three-foot ledge on which the man had landed. Further down, they told me, was water, "so be careful of your step, lady." Well, my man had some ten regions of his bony anatomy fractured, so after applying splints and giving him a shot of morphine, we strapped him on a stretcher and tied ropes around it, and he was slowly raised to the surface.
After we reached the hospital I fixed him up and was just thinking of my downy couch, when another call came from the other end of town for an emergency appendix case to be operated at once. By the time this patient was taken care of morning had arrived. Luckily, I'd gone to bed early and had two hours of sleep anyway. But I'd had a very full night!

I might add that the man is still alive and recovering. It really was quite exciting and thrilling, but one doesn't have this type of experience every day.

I had a funny experience one night in the emergency room. A poor lad came in who had imbibed too freely of moonshine and the like. (He said it was Sloane's Lini-

ment, but I doubt if even that was all.) While a couple of orderlies and policemen were trying to hold the rest of him on a table, I was endeavoring to force a stomach tube down his esophagus. This he objected to strenuously, and I was having difficulty. His speech was voluble and unprintable, but in the midst of a tirade, I grabbed a golden opportunity when his mouth was open and forced the tube down. He was surprised and looked up and said: "Well, you're a wise guy!"

There is often a humorous side to many of our disagreeable experiences if our eyes are open to see them. One of the wonderful things about medicine is that it has so many sides, and there is always something new!

A Forest Barcarole

Sleep! for the sound of the murmuring pine
Soughs thru the hush of the night;
Cool breezes quiver the moon-beams that shine,
   Rippling a wave-path of light.
Far thru the forest a great-owl's low croon
   Calls to the slumbering day,
While, winking in answer, the heavens, star-strewn,
   Sing you in dreams away.

Sing you in dreams to a fanciful land:
   A play-country painted with joy;
Where wood-elves and water-sprites dance, hand in hand,
   And the round, golden sun is your toy.
Swing you in dreams to the high, fir-tipped mount
   Where the king of the air soars o'erhead;
Then bring you down by the spring's crystal fount,
   With the soft, verdant moss for your head.

Sleep! for the whispering pine-needles rest—
Soft breathes the hush of the night;
And the moon-beams are drawn to the mother-moon's breast,
   As she glides o'er the waves, out of sight.
Now, all thru the forest the woodland folk dream,
   For the sentinel starlets keep watch;
While I, like the stars, watch till morning's first gleam
   Shall waken your world with his torch.

C. B. Holmes, '24.
A Dental Plea

HELEN GOUGH, ’19, D.D.S.

Among all classes of citizenry in the United States today, there exists a very remarkable appreciation for public health. Several diseases, which a few years ago threatened to strike at the very vitals of human existence, have succumbed in rapid succession to the determined and efficient attacks of modern medicine.

Dentistry as a profession has been keen and resourceful in maintaining its proper measure of responsibility for the protection and conservation of public health. The mouth is more and more recognized as a very essential part of the human machine. Today mouth hygiene in America is largely routine.

But to give the mouth the proper start—to properly align those masticatory units, the teeth, within the mouth, and to establish efficiency, harmony, grace and contour in the mouth of the child, to the end that the adult mouth may properly function—that is the aim and practice of Orthodontia as a dental specialty.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the importance of Orthodontic treatment as a real functional public health measure. In the minds of too many people exists the opinion that the “teeth should be straightened” simply to satisfy the exacting demands or facial esthetics. That feature of the treatment is rightly given keen consideration by dentists as well as laymen. Nevertheless, it is incumbent upon the educated classes in America today to realize it to be essential that the teeth be so properly occluded as to relieve the balance of the digestive apparatus of any unusual or unnecessary strain. Constant abuse of the stomach and intestinal tract, caused by demanding them to do crushing and grinding of food boluses, which function properly belongs to the teeth, can only inevitably result in a complete breaking down of that stomach and that intestinal tract.

Just at the time when the nation is, as a whole, bringing itself to a splendid health level, it is a regrettable thing that the need for Orthodontic treatment is becoming more and more acute. Over-cooked foods, white bread, pastries, and mush, have largely supplanted the coarse breads and vegetables of our forefathers as a diet. To save time, the typical American “grabs a bite” such as a cheese sandwich, washed down with a glass of milk, and calls it luncheon. The result is that through the centuries, the development of the jaw has been more and more retarded, and in fact the entire dental apparatus has been unspeakably weakened.

In many instances the jaw is not sufficiently developed to care for the proper and orderly eruption of the teeth, with the consequence that the teeth erupt bunched, over-lapping one another, ugly in appearance, unhygienic and inefficient.

Orthodontia is then inevitable if the individual so afflicted is to have a fair chance for health. The proper procedure is to take cognizance of such a condition at an early stage in a child’s development, and then take him at once for proper treatment.

Just as there was a time when anesthetics were undiscovered and unknown, and all operations were crude and cruel, just so was there a time when Orthodontia was an undeveloped and unscientific profession. But just as surgery has had her Wells, medicine her Pasteur, science her Curie, just so has Orthodontia been developed and brought to a highly scientific level by Angle.

Today it is unnecessary for any child to go through life handicapped by a maloccluded dental apparatus.

And to you, Alumnae of Connecticut College, I take this occasion to make a special plea. See to it that, while you are urging and teaching public hygiene as related to bodily health, that you do not neglect the importance of the proper care and maintenance of the very gateway of health—the mouth.
The Storm

Two little clouds were playing one day
On Heaven's playground of blue,
And very happy and joyous were they
For Grandpa Sol was there too.

Now Grandpa Sol—'tis sad to relate
Had an enemy, Uncle Thunder
And very angry and cross was he
For he shook the sky a-sunder

The dear little clouds, how they did cry
And the teardrops fell in rain

The fairy elves of the air were sad
To see their friends in pain.

So they wished, and they wished—oh how they did wish
That the old man would see his blunder
When lo and behold there came a great change
Grandpa Sol shook hands with Old Thunder.

Then very happy and joyous were they,
These fairy elves of the sky
And their lacey mantles of every hue
They merrily hung out to dry.

RUTH B. MCCOLLUM, '21.
The Graduate Secretary Reports

WHO? When? Where? These three questions satisfactorily answered will, no doubt, suffice the editor of this worthy Annual.

In answer to the first question. The Graduate Secretary is appointed annually (and this answers the second question—"when?") by a standing committee, consisting of the President of the College, a representative of the Faculty Committee on Student Organizations, the President of Student Government, President of Service League, and the retiring Graduate Secretary. The candidates for this position are from the out-going senior class.

Where? Well, we are a transient lot. At present, the office is in "Melody Row", Branford basement (surrounded by practice rooms and studios), center front, facing the Thames, a view that is interrupted only by the Gymnasium!

Another question presents itself: WHAT does the Graduate Secretary do? An outline of the duties of the Graduate Secretary, lately compiled by a committee directly concerned, is, perhaps, apropos: She serves:

A. Undergraduates.
B. Faculty.
C. Alumnae.

A. As clerk of the Faculty Committee on Student Organizations, she is the representative of the students on this committee, and she takes the minutes of this meeting. She helps the Concert Committee, in the fall, by taking charge of student subscriptions. Also, there are several delightful meetings with this committee, at which the seating arrangements for the four big concerts are settled. Seats are assigned, and this committee truly aims to please! "All doctors must have aisle seats, half-way back; those a little hard of hearing must have front seats; old subscribers desire as good seats as they enjoyed the previous year, and they are never sorry to be moved to a more advantageous spot; students must be with their own little groups, in order to fully appreciate the concert." And so it goes!

B. One of the most important duties the Graduate Secretary performs for the students is the distribution of the Blanket Tax funds. This done, and all accounts balanced, she is able to enjoy herself again. But, before the checks are given out in the fall and in February, all organization accounts have to be audited.

For Service League, she attends the Cabinet meetings, in the capacity of an adviser! Charter House is now the object of concentrated energy of Service League, and the Graduate Secretary directs there two days a week. This year, over eighty students signed up for volunteer work at Charter House. We work in shifts of six weeks. We tell the children stories, teach them songs, a few manners, and play games with them. At the end of each shift we have a "party." This isn't a very elaborate affair, for the only extraordinary thing we do is to "serve" lollipops and apples, but everyone seems to have a glorious time. And twice this year the students have presented fairy tales in pantomime. "The Three Bears" was a huge success—the main properties being three fur coats, camouflage for the bears. Blue Beard was so "terrible" that, after that part of the program was over, and another begun, he had to be kept in another room, thus missing part of the "show." The children were positively terrified. Little Red Riding Hood endeared herself to the hearts of the Charter House children, as did her old Grandmother. Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy danced one day for the children, and they were sure that they had just stepped out from the book. And by the time this is being read (maybe I am flattering myself?) by my fellow Alumnae sisters, we shall have "put on" our May Day program. This is the grand finale of the Charter House work for this year, and the purpose of it is to give
a cross-section of what we have been doing during the year: songs, games, poems, historical plays, and folk dances (I forgot to mention that the Physical Education department takes charge one day a week, when the Recreational Leadership girls teach folk dances.)

Last year a new system of advertising was installed. It is called the Cooperative Advertising System. One contract goes out representing “C”, “News,” “Quarterly,” and “Koine.” Those advertising check all or any one of the publications in which they wish an ad. and these contracts are all filled in the office of the Graduate Secretary. Bills go out from, and all payment is made to the Graduate Secretary who, in turn, allot's funds to the four publications. It saves time, energy, and the patience of our friends downtown who no longer have to receive callers from the “C,” “News,” “Quarterly” and “Koine” (attractive as they may be). We kill four birds with one stone, as it were. There are other little odds and ends which I won't bother you with, for I must go on to "G."

G.

For Alumnae! I quote from our constitution:

"Section 6.—The Graduate Secretary—The Graduate Secretary of Student Organizations of Connecticut College shall receive the sum of $200.00 from the Association treasury in return for which she shall perform the following duties for the Association:

1. She shall be the official campus representative of the Alumnae Association from whom any officer, chapter or member may obtain information or actual assistance in business of the Association.

2. She shall make all necessary arrangements for meetings on campus of any group of Alumnae.

3. She shall keep a revised list of all active, associate, and sustaining members of the Association.

4. She shall assist any officers of the Association, the Treasurer in follow-up work on collection of dues, the second Vice-President in plans for Alumnae Day, and the Publicity Manager in her duties.

5. She shall organize, make plans, and choose a leader for the Class of 1911."

And this, that you have read, is all that keeps me out of mischief. The Graduate Secretary is, more or less, a public servant. Use her. If you don't, an individual or an organization will monopolize her time.

A report would not be complete without the following announcement: Emily Warner, '25, has been appointed Graduate Secretary for the coming year. And as a matter of record and interest, here is a list of the Graduate Secretaries, past, present, and future:

1919-20 Marion Kofsky Harris
1920-21 Mary Agnes Brader
1921-22 Agnes Berkeley Leahy
1922-23 Margaret E. Baxter
1923-24 Julia Warner
1924-25 Mary Snodgrass
1925- Emily Warner

MARY SNODGRASS, '24, Graduate Secretary.
2. Melicent Esther Hane  
   (1 year old)  
   Daughter of Claudine Smith Hane, '22

3. Philip B. Tarbell, Jr.  
   (20 months)  
   Son of Frances Saunders Tarbell, '19

4. Willard Avery Gray, Jr.  
   (22 months)  
   Son of Dorothy Matteson Gray, '20

5. Joseph Dray Kepes  
   (21 months)  
   Son of Madeline Dray Kepes, '19

6. Charles Bradley Firth  
   (21 months)  
   Son of Ethel Bradley Firth, '19

7. Carolyn Ada Seeley  
   (Almost 4)  
   Daughter of Emetta Weed Seeley, '19

8. Janet Wendell Frey  
   (Almost 2)  
   Class Baby of '22 and daughter of  
   Ann Slade Frey

9. Edith Sykes Gaberman  
   (3 years old)  
   Class Baby of '20 and daughter of  
   Dora Schwartz Gaberman

10. Janet Wells Colby  
    (Taken at 1 year)  
    Daughter of Marian Wells Colby, '19

11. Wadsworth Stelle Stone  
    (2½ years old)  
    Son of Dorothy Stelle Stone, '20

    (Nearly 1)  
    Son of Elizabeth Moyle Gold, '23

13. Marian Lyon Jones  
    (Nearly 2)  
    Daughter of Marian Lyon Jones, '21

14. Ross McKean Preston  
    (3½ months)  
    Son of Grace Waller Preston, '20
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five
It seems to be a foregone conclusion with most of us that Alumnae affairs roll along on smooth, well-oiled tracks. We sit back complacently and receive notices of Alumnae happenings, read the "Annual," go to Alumnae Day and trip merrily from one event to another, and then wind up by taking a flyer at Commencement and smugly voting away all the recommendations that the Executive Committee brings forth at the Annual Alumnae Meeting in June.

The majority of us never think of the care and toil that has gone into all these things—of the weeks of planning that make Alumnae Day possible; of the worry and work in wresting contributions that comprise the "Annual" and subscriptions that support it from a reluctant Alumnae; of the time and patience which the Executive Committee gives to the framing of these resolutions and suggestions; and of the enormous correspondence which is being carried on all the year to make the Alumnae Association an effective organization.

Perhaps an older college has the same difficulties, but it has the advantage of a smooth-running organization while we are still in the process of ironing out the rough edges of a comparatively new one. We still have organization problems which hinder our progress; we are still in the "trial and error" stage; we have no traditions to fall back upon; we are in a new field.

That is why we need the active cooperation of every member of the Alumnae Association. Time to sit back and watch the wheels go around when we have a perfect machine which needs now and then but a drop of oil. The mere payment of dues is not enough, and the association has learned that it can't even depend on that!

All of us are busy and interested in other things. Yet why is it that a few find time to take on a job or two for their Alma Mater? And if sometime you happen to glance over the list of girls who are on the Executive Committee and Chairmen of committees, you will find a list of girls who are working and studying and leading full and varied lives.

We sincerely hope that this second issue of the Alumnae "Annual" may not only bring the Alumnae closer together in a realization of its problems, but also act as a stimulus to our desire to help make the Alumnae Association a force in the affairs of Connecticut College.

WHERE THE FUN BEGINS

Like his canine friend, Mr. Gissing, Pep, '20, has spent some time in travel, in business and in having a good time. When he left the hill-top, five long years ago, he had moments of feeling uneasy and restless and others of being gay and confident of conquering the world.

His wanderings have taken him as far as Syria, to Europe and to Panama. He has seen America, too, for he has lived in Kansas, in Colorado, in New Orleans and in San Francisco. He has tried his skill at teaching, in business, in social service work and in art. He has won M.A. and Ph.D. degrees, as well as several Mrs. and M.A.M.A. degrees.

But now with the coming of spring his thoughts turn back to college days: days of work and laughter on the wind blown hilltop. Recollections of stone-wall sings, proms, classes, loved classmates and teachers pass through his memory. He answers the call to reunion at his Alma Mater—a smile spreads over his Airdale countenance for there's where the fun begins!

M. H., '20.
Chapter and Class Notes

NEW YORK CHAPTER

Although the year started off with more or less of a bang, nevertheless the New York atmosphere gets us all and meetings become too much for most of us to keep up with. Mary Timberman, '23, was president of the chapter. The most important thing that was done was the bridge which Elinor Hunken, '24, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, successfully staged.

At the last meeting held April 25th, in form of a waffle-party at Mrs. Timberman's home, Miss Hunken was chosen as president of the Chapter for next year.

THE NEW LONDON CHAPTER

The New London Chapter took to store-keeping this winter and had a jolly time at it.

For one week, early in December, it ran The College Christmas Gift Shop in the Display House of the Connecticut Power Company located at the head of State Street. There, New London Alumnae sold the New London public Christmas cards, Italian baskets, Czecho-Slovakian tea tiles, Russian brass direct from the Russian shops of New York, parchment shades, Gody prints and other novelties. At the end of the experiment we found we had established a reputation for unique gifts at very moderate prices; we found that there was not a member of the local chapter who not only was willing but enjoyed acting as a sales-girl; we found that without soliciting anything except the use of the Display House we had a profit of close to two hundred dollars which was immediately turned over to the Endowment Fund.

The Display House has been secured for next year's shop and our Christmas cards have already been ordered. If any Alumnae would like to purchase her Christmas cards (they cost but five and ten cents) from the New London Chapter's Christmas Shop, we shall give her order our personal attention.

Our chapter meetings have been held at Charter House as well as the Y. W. C. A. and on campus. Our Entertainment Committee took charge of the Alumnae Day Tea, and our last meeting will be a picnic at the College Shack.

MARION KOFSKY HARRIS,
President.

CLASS OF 1919

At the last business meeting of 1919, held in June, 1924, there was some business transacted which may be of interest to those who could not be present at our Fifth Reunion.

It was voted to elect class officers at each reunion and the following were elected for the coming five years:

President: Marenda Prentis.
Vice-President: Esther Batchelder.
Secretary: Marion Kofsky Harris.
Treasurer: Florence Lennon.
Chr. Entertainment Com.: Mildred Keefe.
Chr. Decorating Com.: Mildred White.
Historian: Juline Warner Comstock.
Song Leader: Mary Chipman Morris.

A committee of three, consisting of Winona Young, Chairman, Virginia Rose and Esther Batchelder were elected to revamp the constitution, consider the question of life membership and dues and revise the associate list. This Committee, no doubt, will have much interesting data to present at our Tenth, June, 1929.

Miss Louise Howe was appointed Chairman, Mildred White and Marenda Prentis members of a committee to confer with the group in charge of Windham House concerning a memorial to Dr. Frederick Henry Sykes; this memorial to take the form of furnishing for Windham House and not to exceed one hundred dollars. This Committee will function upon the completion of Windham House.
CLASS OF 1923

At the re-union of the Class of '23 in June, 1926, there will be much to learn of the varied interests and activities of the members. The range is wide—from one engaged in Pathological Chemistry to one in the Scenario department of a studio.

Those in the Class who took advantage of the Alumnae Re-union over the weekend of March 28—there were twenty of 1923—were introduced by Betty Myolie Gold to Beecher, Jr., the Class boy. Beecher's photographs served for him and the resemblance to his mother is quite apparent. Beecher Davis Gold, Jr., was born, June 2d. He weighs twenty-two pounds—as Betty puts it; "future foot-ball material." Again quoting Betty: "Soon I shall be giving him his bath to the tune of 'Get our Speed' and teaching him that 'There's a College by the Sea.'"

Another proud parent is Adelaide Sutterley Tuthill. Sydney Preston Tuthill, Jr., was born February 28th. In June we expect to hear more concerning his present and future ambitions.

Class dues are payable to Marcia Langley, 57 Hollywood St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

CLASS OF 1922

As a class 1922 has spent the better part of this year raising its first payment on the insurance policy for Janet Wendell Frey. Gay Powell Stanton made some very fine arrangements through the Penn Mutual Office with which her husband is connected.∗

On Alumnae Day there were seven back from '22. We tried to raise a feeble voice in song at the dinner and M. P. as usual saved the day by featuring "Slinkerton's Best."

We hope many of '22 will come back in June and that Ann and little Janet will be there to greet us.

∗Those who have not already done so will please forward $2.50 to Dorothy Wheeler.
Our Second Alumnae Day

JULINE WARNER COMSTOCK, '19

COLLEGE songs have been sung afresh, college spirit has been disseminated anew, and C. C. ideals broadcast over the States again, since the week-end of March 28 reunited some four score Alumnae and introduced them to the new C. C. For there was much of newness for the youngest recruits to see, on campus, and among faculty and students; while even the O. L. G.'s, now dangerously nearing the 30-line, were rejuvenated physically, mentally and spiritually.

Those who were fortunate enough to arrive on Friday witnessed a most remarkable demonstration of the athletic prowess of the present undergraduates in their indoor track meet—a formidable prediction of the outcome of Saturday's game. Physically refreshing was the varsity-alumnae basketball game, which brought victory to the varsity only after a close and hard-fought contest. And it was equally rejuvenating to alumnae to shuffle off the coil of matrimonial or professional dignity and to join in the rival cheers.

The delightfully informal contact with the faculty during the tea which followed furnished the mental stimulus of the well-rounded program. Under the warm hospitality of the new London Chapter, in the midst of the cozy atmosphere of the Faculty Room, to the soft music of violin and piano, alumnae were carried back to their undergraduate days.

Years slipped backward again in the evening, when the visitors gathered in the pretty Colonial Shoppe in town to dine together as of old, amidst laughter and chatter, songs and cheers, while class answered class, or joined in one common revival of familiar comedy refrains. All were students again in the reunion that followed in the gym where the whole college body joined en famille to be entertained first by the Dramatic Club's charming presentation of the fanciful "Matinata," then by the graceful and spirited dances of Henrietta Costigan Peterson, '20, and finally to mingle in a general dance and social hour, to the lively music of the college orchestra.

No more fitting conclusion could have been planned than the impressive early Sunday morning service, where the music and responses, and especially President Marshall's beautiful message, lifted hearts out of material worldliness to the old realm of high idealism. Reminding his hearers of the adequacy of Christ in all situations, he urged them to follow His example, by proving adequate in whatever capacity each was facing the problems of life.

And so disbanded the alumnae, filled anew, as on their commencement days, with the hope and love and vision of the hill-top, and the resolve to perpetuate them, as their president had suggested, by carrying the college songs and memories back to their daily tasks at home and abroad in the world.
Two Poems

KATHRYN HULBERT HALL, '20.

I Thought the Sun Was a Gallant Lover

I thought the sun was a gallant lover,
Rising early in the morning to greet me,
Pushing aside the mists in his eagerness.
He filled my valley of thoughts with laughter,
And all his warm color was life to me.

The moon is not a lover to many,
But he comes to me in the night with peace,
And talks through my window,
Telling of plains and mountains and valleys
He looks upon, that I cannot see.
And I lean from my window... 
Pensive and eager to listen to him.
He is cool and lets me come to him in confidence.
And because he is distant, and not like other lovers,
I thought he was restful and would give me peace.

But now you are come... 
I have forgotten my sun-god and my moon lover.
You have brought me the strength of a hundred suns,
And the calm of a year of white moons!

October

What is the meaning of this sunlight upon amber autumn leaves?
Shall I take the gold of the beech tree, and the flaming fire of the maple
To make me a torch to carry through my dull days of winter cold and quiet?
Shall I weave the bronze of the oak leaves with the blue of the October sky
To make me a carpet of happy depths for meditations on winter nights?
Shall I take the music of the fall of leaves, and the sound of feet muffling thro' dead
leaves on October afternoons
To make me a cycle of songs for my winter fireside's content?
I can not stand quietly and look into living beauty's face.
I must leap and sing, and flame as the leaves flame.
Oh witching Beauty, free me from my captive adoration into the service of your
bacchanalia!
I would be a dancing girl among the handmaids, in this pageantry.
Change me to a flaming leaf of autumn, leaping, fluttering, falling... falling...
Then shall I know the meaning of sunlight upon amber autumn leaves.
Hawaii—Island of Dreams!

MARY P. WHEELER, ’23.

SINCE graduating from Connecticut College, I have been here in the Paradise of the Pacific attempting to teach the proper use of the English language to Hawaiian boys. This school has quite an interesting history. The last of the royal line of the Kamehamehas was the Princess Bernice Pauahi. She was offered the crown, but refused it, preferring to marry an American, Mr. Charles Bishop, and to devote her life to aiding her people. At her death she left a very large sum of money to found and endow a school for boys and girls of her race. They should be taught vocations and "the common English branches." This school was to be called the Kamehameha School, after her royal family. There are now three schools, one for boys from the seventh through the twelfth grades, one for girls, and an elementary school.

When I decided to come out here, I was afraid that I would find that Hawaiian singing and music had been exaggerated, but I soon found that the opposite was true. No words can describe the haunting sweetness and pathos of Hawaiian voices and songs. When I leave, the music is the thing I shall carry with me. This school, being composed entirely of Hawaiians, affords the most wonderful opportunity for hearing it, and I never fail to get a lump in my throat when I hear these songs, which are all that remain of their past glory. In a very few years there will be no such thing as a Hawaiian race; they are fast "marrying out," and there are very few pure Hawaiians left.

These have been two wonderful years, although the teaching has been very difficult, as it consists almost entirely in grammar and drill. I have come to love the Hawaiian race, and shall have a hard time leaving these islands this June.
On Class Gifts

JESSIE BIGELOW, '23.

This is another case of "It isn't your fault, it isn't my fault." Just whose fault it is we will not say simply to be tactful. I am supposed to be writing about Class Gifts, but the fact is I know nothing about them. I'm one of the exceedingly patriotic souls who knows what her own class gave and no more. Perhaps it wasn't patriotism so much as—OH, what is the term for learning a thing from hearing it over and over so many times? Yes, as I think back on those class meetings at the end of Senior year, they are a composite of "I can't afford it." And it is hard to pay for Grandma's invitation to Commencement; settle all petty debts; go to Prom; pay little sister's carfare, as though it weren't a great sacrifice, AND make a respectable donation to the class gift. It isn't that we don't want to give and it isn't that gifts in the past have been insignificant, it is more that I feel the tax comes at the wrong time that I offer the following suggestion:

If two classes were to combine in making the gift, they could choose things of really great importance to our new college that needs so much. Just which two should join forces I can't decide. It is always nice to keep sister classes together; on the other hand, commencement seems to be the logical time to present a gift and Sophomores are not there. Why not have Juniors and Seniors get together just at the end, and get together in doing something for the college?

Well, that is only an idea. Think it over. And in thinking remember that the one gift you personally have a part in voting on, in choosing perhaps, will mean much more to you later than it can possibly mean when you are a poor, hungry Senior wishing to goodness a quorum would come on time so that things could be finished, and you could get to your dinner. Later on you will be sentimental and want to see a gift that is big enough to be seen, or you will be practical and wish that gift were useful enough to be used.

And in closing; if anybody has a list of the class gifts, hang on it, or write an ode to it; or send it to the editor of the annual to be ready for next year!

Alumnae Who Have Secured a Second Degree

1919
Anderson, Ruth, B.A.,—D.O................................1923, Chicago School of Osteopathy
Gough, Helen, B.S.,—D.D.S................................1923, Columbia University of Michigan
Keefe, Charlotte, B.A.,—M.A................................1920, Columbia University
Prentis, Marena, B.A.,—M.A................................1923, Yale University
Trail, Ruth, B.S.,—M.S......................................1922, Kansas State Agricultural College
Upton, Dorothy, B.A.,—M.A................................1920, Columbia University

1920
Hester, Mary, B.A.,—M.A..................................1924, Columbia University
Milligan, Margaret, B.S.,—M.D............................1924, Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia
Nagy, Elizabeth, B.A.,—Ph.D...............................1923, Yale University
Warner, Marion, B.S.,—M.A...............................1923, Wellesley College

1921
McCollum, Ella, B.S.,—M.A.................................1923, Columbia University
McCollum, Ruth, B.S.,—M.A.................................1922, Columbia University
Meyrowitz, Rose, B.S.,—M.S.................................1924, Yale University
Henkle, Dorothy, B.A.,—Diplôme Supérieur de la Langue Française, Alliance Française, Sorbonne, Paris, France, 1922.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Alumnae</th>
<th>Children</th>
<th>Birthdays</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn Bitgood Coulter</td>
<td>Jane Emily Coulter</td>
<td>January, 1925</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethel Bradley Firth</td>
<td>Charles B. Firth</td>
<td>July 21, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Chipman Morris</td>
<td>Marilyn C. Morris</td>
<td>June 17, 1920</td>
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<td>Jean Morris</td>
<td>March 11, 1925</td>
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<td>Madeline Dray Kepes</td>
<td>Joseph Dray Kepes</td>
<td>July 12, 1923</td>
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<td>Doreas Gallup Bennett</td>
<td>John Francis Bennett</td>
<td>January 18, 1925</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alison Hastings Forritt</td>
<td>Nancy Mather Forritt</td>
<td>October 5, 1922</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amy Kugler Wadsworth</td>
<td>Barbara Cory Wadsworth</td>
<td>March 18, 1924</td>
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<tr>
<td>Margaret Mitchell Goodrich</td>
<td>Herbert Douglas Goodrich</td>
<td>June 30, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mildred Provost MacElroy</td>
<td>Mary Elizabeth MacElroy</td>
<td>June 22, 1924</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marion Rogers Nelson</td>
<td>Lloyd Steadman Nelson</td>
<td>March 29, 1922</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frances Saunders Tarbell</td>
<td>Phillip Tarbell, Jr.</td>
<td>September 8, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jean Savin Hawley</td>
<td>Barbara Savin Hawley</td>
<td>July 22, 1923</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emetta Weed Seeley</td>
<td>Carolyn Ada Seeley</td>
<td>August 10, 1921</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jessie Wells Lawrence</td>
<td>C. Blair Lawrence</td>
<td>September 7, 1921</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marion Wells Colby</td>
<td>Marjorie Jane Lawrence</td>
<td>February 20, 1924</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Janet Wells Colby</td>
<td>September 25, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arvilla Hotchkiss Titterington</td>
<td>*Raymond John Titterington, Jr.</td>
<td>November 30, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edith Lindholm Baldwin</td>
<td>Lucian Earl Baldwin, 2nd.</td>
<td>April 2, 1925</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dorothy Matteson Gray</td>
<td>Willard Avery Gray, Jr.</td>
<td>May 17, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dora Schwartz Gaberman</td>
<td>Edith Sykes Gaberman</td>
<td>July 19, 1922</td>
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<td>Eleanor Seaver Massonneau</td>
<td>Robert Livingston Massonneau</td>
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<td>Dorothy Stelle Stone</td>
<td>Wadsworth Stelle Stone</td>
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<td>Louise Avery Favorite</td>
<td>Nancy Randall Favorite</td>
<td>May 15, 1923</td>
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<td>Catherine Cone Ford</td>
<td>Baby Ford</td>
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<td>Hattie Goldman Rosoff</td>
<td>Chester Bertram Rosoff</td>
<td>February 18, 1923</td>
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<td>Jeanette Lettney Skinner</td>
<td>Raymond Francis Skinner</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marion Lyon Jones</td>
<td>Marion Lyon Jones</td>
<td>July 7, 1923</td>
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<td>Ex-member’s children</td>
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<tr>
<td>Martha Houston Allen</td>
<td>William Phelps Allen, Jr.</td>
<td>July 21, 1922</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marion Keene Hawes</td>
<td>Donald Hawes</td>
<td>January 7, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doris Patterson Boas</td>
<td>Ross Boas</td>
<td>May 7, 1922</td>
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<tr>
<td>Abby Palmer Carley</td>
<td>Mary Hull Carley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marguerite Mills Murphy</td>
<td>Richard Mills Murphy</td>
<td>March 25, 1925</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gay Powell Slayton</td>
<td>William Carey Slayton</td>
<td>March 21, 1925</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ann Slade Frey</td>
<td>Janet Wendell Frey</td>
<td>October 13, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Claudine Smith Hane</td>
<td>Melicent Esther Hane</td>
<td>April 6, 1924</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eleanor Thielen Wunch</td>
<td>John Edward Wunch</td>
<td>February 26, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ex-member’s children</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruby Tracy Wegman</td>
<td>Ralph Tracy Wegman</td>
<td>December 23, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cecelia Washburn Roberts</td>
<td>Jane Pearson Roberts</td>
<td>December 6, 1923</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jessica Williams Buck</td>
<td>Jean Winthrop Buck</td>
<td>May 25, 1923</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Harriet Sumner Buck</td>
<td>September 27, 1924</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Moyle Gold</td>
<td>Beecher Davis Gold, Jr.</td>
<td>June 2, 1924</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adelaide Satterly Tuthill</td>
<td>Baby Tuthill</td>
<td>March, 1925</td>
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Commencement Week Program

Friday, June 12
4:00 to 6:00 P. M.—Reception to Faculty and Students by the D. A. R., in the Shaw Mansion.
7:30 P. M.—Senior Banquet, at the Mohican Hotel.

Saturday, June 13
4:00 to 6:00 P. M.—Annual Art Exhibit opens, in the Gymnasium.

Sunday, June 14
4:00 P. M.—*Baccalaureate Sermon by the President, in the Second Congregational Church.
8:00 P. M.—*Musical Service, in the First Congregational Church.

Monday, June 15
9:00 to 12:00 M. —Annual Meeting of Alumnae Association; Class Reunions.
2:00 P. M.—Class Day Exercises on Plant-Blackstone Quadrangle.
4:00 to 6:00 P. M.—President's Reception, in the Gymnasium.
8:00 to 9:45 P. M.—Campus Night.
9:45 P. M.—Senior Stone Wall Sing.

Tuesday, June 16
10:00 A. M.—*Commencement Exercises, in the Gymnasium.
12:00 M. —Trustees' Luncheon for Alumnae and Faculty.
4:00 P. M.—Art Exhibit closes.
9:00 P. M.—Senior Promenade.

(*Indicates events for which tickets are required.) (Daylight Saving Time.)

KOINÉ

Compliments

'20 ——— From a Friend ——— '20
Do not get those homesick "Blues"
Read about the campus
in the "C. C." News

Compliments
From a loyal member of 1921

Connecticut College Quarterly

Compliments
of an "Oldest Living Grad"
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
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