The week-end of Washington's Birthday saw many alumnae back on the campus enjoying the opportunity of seeing old friends, of attending a class or two, chatting with former teachers—in fact doing all the things an alumna likes to do on returning.

The first event was the basketball game in the gymnasium between the alumnae and undergraduates, which was exciting but not difficult to judge as an undergraduate victory. The Faculty-Alumnae Tea, given in the Faculty Room in the new library by the New London Chapter, welcomed constantly returning alumnae with some cheering tea and cakes and hearty smiles from the many faculty members who were there. Dr. Carey looked especially chic in a three-months'-old shingle. Teas at C. C. have never failed to be the kind you just love to go to, instead of the dreaded pink-tea affairs that are in vogue in most places. They are homey and comfortable and touch the right spot, just as the tea does.

One of the nicest features of the weekend came Saturday evening, when Mr. Bauer and Mr. Weld combined to give a delightful musicale. The program is as follows, and we wish our readers could get even a little bit of the enjoyment from the printed program that we got from listening:

1—Sonata, Op. 81 (Beethoven)
Les Adieux: Adagio-Allegro
L'absence: Andante expressivo
Le Retour: Vivacissimamente
Mr. Bauer
2—Tannhauser, Act III, Scene 2.
Wolfman's Song (Wagner)
Mr. Weld
3—Troisieme Etude de Concert (Sternberg)
Chant D'Amour (Stojowski)
Serenade a La Lune (Rahoul Pugno)
Mr. Bauer
4—Ah! Non Lascharmi No! (Old Italian)
Viens Aurore (Old French)
When Phoebus Begins Just to Peep o'er the Hills (Old English)
Mr. Weld
5—Marche, Op. 12, No. 3 (Prokofieff)
Mr. Bauer
6—Sapphische Ode (Brahms)
Die Mainacht (Brahms)
Zigeunrlied, Op. 103, No. 5 (Brahms)
Mr. Weld
7—La Campanella (Liszt-Busoni)
Mr. Bauer
8—The Sea (MacDowell)
Sweet Blue-Eyed Maid (MacDowell)
The Danza (Chadwick)
Mr. Weld

Sunday was another day of music and the Glee Club concert held in the Gymnasium in the afternoon was a few hours of pure delight. There is no doubt that the Glee Club has advanced with huge strides since its beginning just a few years back. The ever popular whistler, Margaret Elliott, '27, was a feature of the program, which is printed below:

1—(a) College Hymn (Arr. from Mendelssohn's Farewell, by Kathryn Hulbert, C. C., '20)
(b) Murmuring Zephyrs (Adolph Jensen)
(c) In the Boat (Edward Grieg)
2—(a) On the Wings of Music (Mendelssohn)
(b) When Love Comes to Stay (Lewis Adolph Coerne)
(c) Nina (Perigee)
3—Enchantment (Mary Turner Salter)
Louise MacLeod, '27
4—(a) Menuet (Weckerlin, arr.
Louis Victor Saar)
(b) Maiden Remember (Weckerlin, arr.
Louis Victor Saar)
(c) The Three Cavaliers-Russian Folk Song (Arr. Kurt Schindler)
5—(a) The Snow (Sir Edward Elgar)
(b) The Lolly (Liszta, arr.
Bertha Remick)
6—Whistling Selection
Margaret Elliott, '27
7—(a) Carmen (H. Lane Wilson, arr.
F. E. Rich)
(b) The Year's at the Spring (Mrs. H. H. A. Beach)
In the evening at Colonial House a group gathered around President Marshall, who read our favorite poems to us in that most entertaining way he has.
Nothing gives us quite the thrill that President Marshall does when he reads Noyes' "The Highwayman."

The real alumnae get-together came at noon in the pretty dining room of Colonial House when a luncheon was held and cherry tarts served as dessert in honor of George Washington. Judy Warner, '23, served as chairman in the absence of Agnes Leahy, President of the Alumnae Association. Dean Nye spoke a few words of greeting to the alumnae in her own charming way. President Marshall told about the reading lists that the college plans to send out to its alumnae. He said that the college, recognizing its obligations to continue the interest of its students after graduation, was proposing to send them from time to time issues of the "Bulletin." The first one will probably be out in the June "Bulletin." He also spoke of the bequest of David Hale Fanning of Worcester, Mass., who died last January and who left $25,000 to the college and also named it as one of the four institutions to share in the residuary of the estate, the amount of which is not yet known.

The luncheon broke up into separate class meetings and from these the alumnae departed homewards, anticipating the June re-union as another pleasant spot on the calendar.

The returning alumnae were as follows:

1919:
- Pauline Christie, Dorcas Gallup Bennett, Margaret Ives, Mildred Keefe, Marion Rogers Nelson, Marenza Prentis, Marion Wells Colby, Mildred White, Winona Young, Dr. Ruth Anderson.

1920:
- Mary Chipman Morris, Helen Collins Miner, Marion B. Gammons, Mary Hester Camp, Clarissa Ragsdale, Edith Smith.

1921:
- Anna P. Flaherty, Agnes Leahy, Rachel Smith, Edith Sheridan Ready.

1922:
- Margaret Baxter, Abby Carley, Helen Crofoot, Blanche Finesilver, Augusta O'Sullivan, Marjorie Smith, Dorothy Wheeler.

1923:
- Ethel Ayers, Leslie Alderman, Helen Avery Bailey, Helen Barkerding Neuberg, Anna Buell, Rheta Clark, Elizabeth Dickinson, Hope Freeland Allen, Bessie E. Goldberg, Helen Hemingway, Margaret Hyer, Olive W. Holcombe, Marcia Langley, Louise Lindeman, Alice Ramsey, Katherine Stone, Rachel Tiffany Into, Mary P. Wheeler, Lucy Whifford Heaton, Harriet Woodford, Merriman, Helene Wulf.

1924:
- Mary Courtney, Janet Crawford, Eileen Fitzgerald, Helen Forst, Gladys

FACULTY AND ADMINISTRATIVE CHANGES.

Resignations have been accepted from the following members of the College staff:
- Erma Louise Cole, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Greek.
- Ruth Crosby, A.M., Instructor in English.
- Katharine Hopkins Pease, A.M., Instructor in English.
- Clarissa Ragsdale, B.S., Instructor in Fine Arts.
- Helen Geneva Leopold, A.B., Instructor in Chemistry.
- Felicite Marie Cam, LesL, Instructor in French.
- Ruth H. McGarry, Secretary in the President's Office.
- Helen M. Black, Cataloguer in the Library.
- Margaret Baxter, Secretary in the Office of the Endowment Fund.
- Agnes O'Sullivan, Clerk in the Business Manager's Office.

Leave of Absence for the year 1925-1926 has been granted to the following:
- Caroline A. Black, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Botany.
- Mary Clarissa McKee, A.M., Assistant Professor of Chemistry.
- Bessie Bloom Wessel, A.M., Associate Professor of Economics and Sociology.

New Appointments have been made as follows:
- Alice Cowles Fairchild, A.M., Assistant Professor of Home Economics.
  A.B., Oberlin College, 1912; B.S., Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1913; M.A., 1919; instructor in home economics, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas, 1913-1915; assistant professor of home economics, 1915-1918; professor of home economics and director of department, Rockford College, 1919-1921; extension service, Cornell University, 1923-1925; practical experience in home-making, 1921-1923; assistant professor of home economics, Connecticut College, 1925.

- Forster, Virginia Hays, Amy Hilker, Gloria Hollister, Elinor Hunken, Elizabeth McDougall, Julia Morrissey, Katherine Renwick, Marion Sanford, Katherine Slayter, Marion Vibert, Ruth Wexler, Lucille Wittke.

- Anna Albree, Sara Crawford, Helen Ferguson, Margery Field, Lila A. Gallup, Janet Goodrich, Jessie Josolowitz, Eleanor Kelley, Dorothy Kent, Dorothy Kilbourn, Ellen McGrath, Jane Nevers, Adele Roos, Grace Ward.
May Hall James, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Economics and Sociology. Ph.B., Brown University, 1909; A.M., 1913; Ph.D., 1925; teacher in Providence Public Schools, 1905-1909; principal of Pembroke School, Calgary, Alberta, 1913-1914; supervisor of recreation, Edmonton, Alberta, 1914; instructor in Providence Public Schools, 1922-1925; assistant in education, Brown University, 1923-1925; assistant in social and political science, 1924-1925; assistant professor of economics and sociology, Connecticut College, 1925-1926.

Evelyn Ida Fernald, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Botany. A.B., Vassar College, 1912; A.M., Cornell University, 1920; Ph.D., 1924; instructor in Newton High School, 1912-1914; instructor in Hope-dale High School, 1914-1916; instructor in biology, Framingham Normal School, Framingham, Mass., 1915-1916; instructor in biology and chemistry, Woman's College, Newark, Delaware, 1916-1918; instructor in biology, New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, 1919-1924; assistant professor of botany, Connecticut College, 1925-1926.


Margaret Bishop Ives, A.B., Instructor in Fine Arts. A.B., Connecticut College, 1919; School of Fine Arts, Crafts, and Decorative Design, Boston, Mass., 1919-1920; director of vocational work for infantile paralysis cases, Department of Public Health, Burlington, Vt., 1921-1925; instructor in fine arts, Connecticut College, 1925.


Evelyn Brower Mann, A.B., Assistant in Chemistry. A.B., Wellesley College. 1925; Durant Scholar; assistant in chemistry, Connecticut College, 1925.

Agnes Berkeley Leahy, A.M., Assistant in Psychology. A.B., Connecticut College, 1921; A.M., Columbia University, 1925; graduate secretary of student organizations, Connecticut College, 1921-1922; secretary of personnel bureau, 1921; assistant in psychology, 1925.

Meta B. Aussieker, A.B., Cataloguer in the Library.

May Hall Fischer, A.B., Assistant Cataloguer in the Library.

Emily Warner, A.B., Graduate Secretary of Student Organizations.

Julia Hodge Craighead. A.B., Secretary in the President's Office.

Ethel Louise Hull, R.N., Nurse.
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief, Blanche Finesilver, '22
Assistant, Helen Avery Bailey, '23

EDITORIAL

In answer to many inquiries we beg to state that the January 1st issue of the "Alumnae News" was the first this year. It was published as Volume I, No. 3, for no other reason than that we had no idea when a volume ran out and another began, and so figuring this as the third alumnae publication, we numbered it as read. There are to be but three issues this year, therefore, it is not a Quarterly. Four times to us seems a complete impossibility, we hope the next editor won't take her duties too seriously.

The next issue is to be a Commencement number and will be received by the alumnae just before it is ready to start the reunion. We are in hopes that the more soft-hearted members of the Association will before, on or about May 1, send us articles of any description, news of every description, pictures, etc., for the next issue. Our ingenuity is just about worn to a frazzle. Send to Blanche Finesilver, 91 Plainfield Street, Hartford, Conn.

Several months ago in a Hartford newspaper was published a list of candidates who had passed examination for licenses to practice allopathic medicine in the State of Connecticut. There were two women among twenty-eight candidates who passed, one of them being Mary Raytwick, '21, of Union City.

The engagements of Lucile Wittke, '23, and Florence Lennon, '19, have recently been announced.

Feta Perley Reiche's baby was born on January 26, 1926, and he is Karl A. Reiche, Jr.

Last October Jessie Menzies Luce visited in Detroit and called on J. P. Brockett, now Mrs. A. H. Hjort. Jessie says she is the same J. P. Across the street lives Mildred Cline, ex-'21, who is now married.

SAD NEWS FOR 1924

From the Montclair Times: "It will be a great shock to the many friends of Mrs. Vivian Sauvage, formerly Miss Elmore Harrison, to learn of her untimely death on Thursday, February 18. Mrs. Sauvage, who was in her twenty-fifth year, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Harrison of 216 Lorraine Avenue, and a niece of Mayor and Mrs. Henry A. Lardner. A little daughter, Shirley Elmore, was born to Mrs. Sauvage early Thursday morning. Unexpected complications set in which proved too much for her lowered vitality, and she passed away Thursday afternoon."

Although Elmore was with us on the hill for only a part of our college course, the charm and sincerity of her personality could not fail to make deep impressions on all those with whom she came into contact. She possessed the very essence of our C. C. spirit and her going leaves a profound sense of loss to all who knew her. Surely 1924 will want to decide on some lasting memorial to be left on campus. Please send suggestions to C. B. Holmes, Acting Secretary, 22 Waterbury Road, Montclair, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford of Westport, Conn., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Janet Crawford, to Burton Lenox How, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. How of La Porte, Ind. Miss Crawford is a graduate of the Connecticut College for Women, class of 1924, and since her graduation has been with the Western Electric Company of this city. Mr. How is a member of the class of 1917 at Dartmouth College, where he was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. During the war he served in France for two years as a Lieutenant of infantry. He is in business in New Haven, Conn.

Bobby Massoneau celebrated his second birthday in February by giving a party which was attended by some of his "aunts", namely Agnes Mae Clark, Joan Munro Odell and Jessie Menzies Luce. His mother is Eleanor Seaver Massoneau.
PEP AT LAST!

Mrs. Charles Irvine Clark, otherwise known as Agnes Mae writes that this winter she has taken a secretarial course at the C. F. Young School in Brooklyn and had a substitute position for four days at the Brooklyn Museum just to tide them over until their own secretary returned from the West. Otherwise the same round of household duties and parties.

Snatches from Emma Wippert Pease's letter: "It is 10.30 of a mournful drizzly morning and I have just popped a wee Robert Louis into his ivory crib and pushed it into his room where, if the gods be propitious, he should slumber until 1.30 p.m. In the bathtub is a six-foot mound (or so it seems) of Robert's washing so the Pease Laundry must get into operation. Upon the stove bottles are boiling right merrily and in the double boiler his cereal is rounding out its fourth hour of cooking activity. I share the kitchen table with a cake of castile soap, a can of Zinc Stearate, a toothpick, Robert's bathtub and a puddle of water. Notwithstanding these signs somewhat distressing to the heart of a Conscientious Housewife, I proceed to the dull recital of my present activities. There is a Robert Louis, now almost 7 months old. He is a most engaging cherub and is the proud owner of two sharp teeth—one in the early stages of adolescence, the other a mere infant. He is growing by leaps and bounds—so much so that we can squeeze him into his crib now with difficulty, and if he continues to expand, we'll have to get a roomier bed or fold him at the waist-line. The contrast between his occasional gusts of masculine wrath with the angrily-kicking pedal extremities and the maidenly Gertrude petticoats is very funny. However, Mother must beware of showing amusement, for the wrath-infamed eyes of Sonny are keen and before her eyes he turns an apoplectic mahogany. These episodes usually occur when his small tummy craves food. It is remarkable what a change 7½ oz. of milk make! It transforms a raging lion into the meekest of lambs.

When the first tooth sprouted through, Auntly was summoned to view the phenomenon, and we had to wait until 10 o'clock feeding. Sonny was too sleepy to respond to anything but his bottle. We discovered that the word "Cuckoo!" accompanied by a nodding head would produce a weak smile and thus display the tooth. On three sides his crib was surrounded, and first singly, then collectively, each head bobbed and each one murmured the magic word. We were rewarded by fat smiles and excellent glimpses of one tiny pearl in the great open spaces. Finally we had had enough but not so with Robert. This delightful game was so exhilarating! He craved more! He stayed awake until the wee hours, complaining bitterly and fighting the Sandman. Since then, the word "Cuckoo!" is not used at 10 p.m.

Mrs. E. D. Odell, or Joan Munro Odell, is living in Tarrytown where her social life is a little dancing, bridge and teas with a smattering of social work and a still smaller smattering of church work. Joan still sees Jessie, Eleanor, Agnes Mae, Clarissa and Alberta. The '20-ites are still greatly interested in each other. Joan says Jessie has a beautiful apartment and is looking splendid, better than ever before.

LaFetra Perley Reiche has a small son who, I believe, is Karl A., Jr.

From Al Horrax Schell: "There is very little news of '20 in Philadelphia, I'm sorry to say. There are only three of us here—Peg Milligan, Marion Hendrie Milligan and myself. Peg is now a full-fledged physician and awfully busy with clinics, etc. Marion has an apartment right around the corner from me, so we see a great deal of each other. I am taking work in the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania this year and enjoying it. There are four graduates and six or seven ex-members in or about Philadelphia and we are awaiting a charter in order to organize into a chapter and have regular meetings."

1921 GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF ITSELF

"A year ago last July," writes Marion Bedell, "I came to Washington with a girl I had met at business college. We hunted up a pretty apartment, furnished it ourselves, and once settled started job-hunting. At length I found myself in the office of the Public Library, and to my surprise met a girl there from C. C.—Gertrude Craven, '24, who is secretary to the Assistant Librarian. I took the only position open at the time, stenographer to the head librarian. When George Washington University opened its doors in the fall of 1924 Miss Craven and I decided we would line up
for tryouts for an M. A. in English. At first the Graduate Committee told us they would not accept our B.A.'s from C. C., but before mid-years they learned of C. C.'s acceptance by the A. A. U. W. and changed their tune. I finished all the work required for the degree at the end of the summer school in 1925 and have been writing my thesis this winter.

Miss Craven has taken her work more and more seriously and wisely, stretching it out for a longer period. My roommate expects to be married in the early part of the summer and at that time I expect to come home. Washington summers hold no joys for me. They are terrific. My plans for next year? I hope to go to Yale and go on with my graduate work in English.

Anna Mae Brazos Chalmers says, "My days seem more than full trying to take care of my care and 'bring up' a very happy 6 months old boy. Alan (Al and An) is his name. Laura Dickinson was here a few weeks ago. She is teaching in Dover, N. J., High School, and I expect Dot Wulf here in February for a few days. Jeannette Lettney Skinner has gone to Florida to live; she has two little boys. Marion Lyon Jones is back again in New Haven."

A rolling stone is what Mildred Fene-lon calls herself although at the present moment she happens to be at home in Yonkers. "For the past year or more I have been traveling. I spent last winter in Miami Beach amidst riotous crowds of investors and land speculators and the soothing atmosphere of delightful bathing and tropical moonlight. In June I sailed for Europe where I toured through many countries until fall. In various places I got glimpses of C. C-ites. In the Vatican Museum I saw one member of '23 examining the beautiful tapestries which Raphael designed. As I was about to enter a small boat to make the thrilling entrance into the Blue Grotto near the island of Capri, another C. C. girl confronted me. One evening in the early part of August, I got just a fleeting sight of Dean Nye and Miss Ernst as I passed one of the stations along the Grand Canal in Venice. In answer to Dot's question 'How do I like it?' my answer is 'Immensely'!"

Pat Flaherty wishes to inform the Alumnae Association that she is "New York's best teacher of Romance Languages, etc., etc., ad infinatum." She is the same jolly Anna, spending her hard-earned money chiefly going to theatres, and occasionally to Hunter College.

Charlotte Hall's letter seems to be a travelogue: "To begin with I came west in August by train as far as Denver and then by automobile with my brother and his wife the rest of the way. We made a rather speedy trip and had various experiences, such as a torrential rain on the desert in Utah. Another day we drove up into the hills of Utah into the worst hailstorm I was ever in. There wasn't much more excitement after that but plenty of monotonous, dry country which is the specialty of parts of Utah and most of the state of Nevada until we climbed the eastern side of the Sierras Nevada Mountains over Tioga Pass and slid down into Yosemite Park where we spent a peaceful lazy Sunday. California greeted us warmly with one of the hot days of the season as we drove south to Claremont. We drove all night on that trip just to get out of as much heat as possible.

"Since that trip I have been right here in Claremont, some 35 miles east of Los Angeles, except for a few days in San Diego in September and a few days at a big cattle home ranch of the man who leases the whole of one of the old Spanish grants, some 46,000 acres, to run cattle on. He doesn't even breed them, but buys yearlings from Arizona, ships them in, and then keeps them a year or two to grow up and fatten on the grass in the natural pasture. The cattle guards are interesting East erners. They run a fence down to the road on both sides, but in the roadway itself they dig a trench a foot or so deep and a couple of feet wide and on the level with the road set in bars possible five inches apart. A cow would step down between the bars and be caught so they don't ever try it. I should think a cow with enterprise could jump it, for a horse does it easily, without thinking about it, but apparently none ever try it.

"Probably you wonder why it is that I came West, leaving a perfectly good family and job behind. There is a reason, of course, and you may know it is a masculine one. His name is Homer Hopkins Holton and our engagement has been announced for some time. He is a chemist in the employ of the Hollywood Chemical Company, so presumably we shall live in that wicked but lovely part of Los Angeles, before another year rolls around. I live with my aunt, do a great deal of sewing, and indulge in the social activities of a pleasant college town.

The only fly in the ointment is that I haven't seen a C. C. person since I left Colorado, where I spent some time with Louise Ansley Knapp before she left for the east."

Another Californian, Jennie Hippolitus, is interned at the St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco. "I left N. Y. June 25, on the Finland for my first boat trip, 18 days. I was alone, going thousands of miles away from home to a strange land. It didn't take me long to get acquainted, however, and before long all
The passengers were like one big family. Our first call was at Havana, a new world of color and romance with houses of soft pink and blue, narrow picturesque business streets, cathedrals, hotels and cafes. The greatest thrill was yet to come—our passage through the Panama Canal. It took us eight hours to go through and it was fiendishly hot. It was a genuine thrill to feel ourselves being lifted 85 feet to sea level. At San Francisco we also stopped for several hours, as well as at Los Angeles. Arriving at San Francisco I was whisked to the hospital in a taxi and found it to be a fine private institution of 382 beds. I'm enjoying my work immensely and am sorry to realize that in a little over five months, I shall return East again. California is all that one hears about, and when I do get back I shall be an ardent booster! I shall eventually practice in New Haven. Hasn't time flown? I've been so busy these last four years I haven't even had time to visit C. C. The Alumnae paper will be just the thing for me!"

Ruth McCollum writes: "Owing to my father's death in December, I am home helping my mother with the business. During the past year I had been chemist in the medical department of the Prudential Insurance Co., at the Home Office in Newark, N. J. Ella is doing research work in nutrition at Teachers' College, working under the direction of Dr. Mary S. Rose, expert in nutrition, and author of several well-known textbooks. Gladys Beebe was married to Fred Millard on October 5, and they are living in Philadelphia, where Fred is an electrical engineer for a telephone company."

Dottie Wulf is teaching physical education at Drew Seminary, where there are 125 girls. But Dottie's chief aversion is the task of getting out in the early morn for setting up exercises. Reminds me of camp! She writes that Lavinia Hull is teaching physical education at Wallcourt, Aurora, N. Y.

Dorothy Pryde, after reading the first issue of the "Alumnae News", decided to all costs to help the cause along and so here she is: "Am still teaching mathematics in New Haven School and like the job as much as ever. Just to keep me out of mischief I go a little volunteer social service work on the side and am being educated along court procedure and institutional homes. Being given some problem girls in school this year to look after, I realize more and more the necessity of teachers and social workers being fitted into each other's views. Sumner before last I spent partly in viewing Canada via canoe. Last summer I spent some time in Michigan. Hope to go again soon to Europe. The most burning question with me at present is: Which is more economical, a Ford or a Chevrolet?" Can anyone help Dottie out?

Another who was prodded into generous response is Al Purtill, who writes from St. Petersburg: "We've been having an awfully cold winter and at one time hadn't been able to get any wood in town for three weeks and finally the city gas supply practically gave out. It's great now and we were in swimming in the Gulf today. Esther Lanterman, ex-'23, is here. Virginia Niemeyer Martin, ex-'24, who has been living here moved to Hartford last summer. She has an adorable baby boy. Before I came down in November I spent a week-end with Plaherty in New York, and she showed me the town in her true form. Had dinner a couple of times with Dorothy Hubbard Dowlin, '23, who is still blissfully happy and working for Helen Butting's husband. Also saw Evelyn Gray Talmage and just missed Amy Hilker. Harriet Bynon is working as secretary at the Connecticut General in Hartford, with a European trip her most immediate objective. She and Gladys Smith, ex-'29, have a most attractive apartment at 125 Washington Street. Harriet and I saw Lovie in New London last summer, and if you really want news of Alumnae you ought to interview Lovie. She was a veritable encyclopedia.

Met Bob First in Middletown and he was talking of going in the Home Made Mayonnaise business. She was very slim and looked great. You've probably heard that Chris Pickett has announced her engagement. I'm still only able to eat one square meal a month without gaining ten pounds. Everyone here is so busy making money and having a good time that time flies, though often I feel it's quite a futile life. I'm anxious to get North. Harriet and I are planning to spend a week-end with Jeannette and then there'll be Re-union in June. I'm going to Cuba next week so I'll have an opportunity to realize how little Spanish I know."

1924'S SHIP A-SAILING

Martha Bolles is teaching in a junior high school in Plainfield, N. J., which she says "allows for many more free hours than an office position in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And my free time allows me to make a weekly pilgrimage back there to study much that I saw in that marble pile where rests some of the world's great treasurers."
Peg Call says: "While pursuing language positions, I fell into an opportunity to substitute teaching French at Western High School for 10 days. I jumped at the chance and, much to my surprise, was reappointed for the rest of the semester. I'm not crazy about teaching as such, but it's experience. I landed on these shores the last of September after 14 months abroad, and worked with the conference, in Washington at the Capitol, of the Interparliamentary Union, acting as head of the French interpreting at the Information Bureau. That quite spoiled me, for I got $10 a day, and it was wonderfully interesting. Saw Pinky Stiles in a tea shop a couple of weeks ago when Minna Gardener and I were there. Pinky is working with some girls' hotel in town. Nancy is here, too, working at the Pagoda, mending tapestries, etc. Saw Jessie Bigelow just after she returned home. Minna stopped off here for a night with her aunt on their way motorizing to Florida."

"I still have the same old job, with the Western Electric Co., in the Purchasing Department," writes Janet Crawford. "I am living in New York this winter with Sally and a friend from Smith. On February 1, or whenever the Endowment Campaign is ended, Helen Hemingway is coming down to live with us."

Gladys Forster is teaching Algebra and Latin in Somerset, just across the river from Fall River, Mass. She has bobbed her hair and finds teaching strenuous but enjoyable."

"When all of the old world and New England were made, God flatted out the leavings into Illinois, 500 miles long and 200 wide and 3 feet deep," writes Kay Hamblet unflatteringly. "In the middle is Jacksonville, of 18,000 population. Illinois Woman's College is a Methodist school of about 550 girls, nice bunch. Am crazy about the position, but not about the town. There are three of us in the department, and I have charge of swimming, athletics and anatomy. The gym and pool are great, the girls most enthusiastic and even though nearly half of them have never swum a stroke they are coming and hopeful. Mike, my sister, and I leave for Europe the second week in June. Haven't done a thing to put in the 'News' like getting engaged or divorced. There’s not a man in the state, it's all corn and sky and until Christmas, was eternal rain!"

Betty Hollister is at Teachers' College working for an M.A. in the School of Education, in preparation for the further teaching of Natural Sciences.

From Glo Hollister: "I am oscillating between Suffern and N. Y. C. At Suffern I captain a full scout troop of 32 super-energetic girls. Field hockey was introduced this last fall. My troop was the first one to take up hockey. At the farm I am raising and showing prize poultry and Persian cats. Here in the city I am becoming acquainted with my family, studying and doing volunteer Scout Executive Service."

The following news was gleaned from many letters: "Madeleine Foster is engaged to Charles Coulhin, Jr., and is to be married perhaps in June. Ellen Candless Britton, who is living in Miami Beach, was married last September. Ginnie Eggelton is at Yale University Dramatic School, enjoying it and mixing with people of high account in the dramatic field. Helen Forst is being successful at social work in Middletown, and it is rumored that as a side line she might sell moonshine. Neal is teaching History and English, I believe, at Ocean Grove. Evelyn Ryan is living in California, either studying or playing. Kay Moss is in New York looking for a job."

"I'm quite happy working at Good Housekeeping' magazine, nominally as secretary to Helen Kouer, an associate editor, which really means I am an assistant in the Fashion and Interior Decorating Departments," writes Elinor Hunken.

Edith Langenbacher teaches history and also drawing in the junior and senior high schools in Madison, N. J.

Another school teacher is Mickey Lawson, who teaches Mathematics and Science in Hitchcock Academy, Brimfield, Mass. "I just love teaching which keeps me busy along with being guardian of a Camp Fire."

"I'm still with the Connecticut Children's Aid Society here in Hartford as secretary in the publicity end of the work," writes Doris Miner, "and I like it a lot. I'm going to be married some time next year, no definite date as yet. Engagement was announced last year. His name is Frank Stockert and he is from Torrington."

Betty McDougall says she went over to England with a Student Third Class group but came back steerage, tagged and labelled like all the rest of the immigrants. "We enjoyed both crossings equally. Since that first summer I have been at home, kept very busy because of my mother's long illness. This last summer I went to Nova Scotia for a few weeks. The coast is much like the Maine coast and the people are quite New England, though in places whole communities still speak French and others hold services in old Gaelic."

Kay Slater broadcasting: "I am still doing community recreation work, at-
tempting to teach everything from gym to sewing, ha! ha! This latter accomplishment is due to a past roommate known as Jane."

Gladys Westerman Greene is living at 162 Maple St., Danvers, Mass., and is enjoying the young housewife’s existence.

Gertrude F. H. Blank writes that the only thorns among her matrimonial roses are dishes, and likens them to outside readings. As to her major, she says: "My spirit, though, sings a never-ending Hallelujah for the coming to pass of my major. There is a fulfillment in life and a soul satisfying contentment that are possibly only in a real marriage."

Amy Hilker is teaching this year in Patchogue, L. I. She says: "It is a relief to like it after the way I hated my other teaching job last year. Of course, living at home makes a difference. The children are graded according to intelligence. The A classes keep you on your toes continually, the boys especially are very clever and free from self consciousness, so that there is much repartee. I played some basketball and refereed quite a bit—everything taken together makes of life a more pleasant thing than it has been since I left the hilltop."

Catts Holmes, secretary of the class, writes: "December 4 I graduated from the year and a half course at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. The work had consisted of groundwork in pedic diseases, and we had some ex-

ANN CHERKASKY, ’19, CROSSES MER DE GLACE

Perhaps one of the most thrilling tales brought back from the other side is that of Ann Cherkasky, ’19, teacher of romance languages at Washburn College, Kansas. While on a tour of the French provinces with a party of friends, Miss Cherkasky arrived at Chamonix and determined to cross the famous Mer de Glace, or sea of ice, which tops Mt. Montenvers. Despite the protests of the hotel owners and guests because of the dangers involved, she procured a guide and started out early in the morning with the expectation of arriving back at the hotel between four and five in the afternoon.

During the summer those who attempt the trip at all are taken up the mountain in a train in about ten minutes, from which elevation they gaze at, rather than attempt to cross, the vast expanse of ice. "It took us about three and a half hours of steep uphill climbing over mountain passes none too wide and covered with ice and snow to reach the chalet at the top where we rested and lunched," said Ann.

"The Mer de Glace consists of great blocks of ice, and my spiked shoes and alpine stick kept me from slipping into the icy waters as I jumped from block to block. Often my guide would hew a step for me on a particularly jagged piece of ice. His oft-repeated ‘Ca ne risque rien’ (There is no risk) would impel me forward at times when I hesitated before taking a particularly hazardous leap.

"But if climbing the mountain has seemed never-ending and crossing the ice dangerous, the descent of the mountain proved infinitely worse than either or both of these combined. I had to face vast chasms of depth, and the chances of slipping and falling were numerous. On the very narrowest ledges there was an insecure railing, but on those a bit wider, nothing but terrifying space. Here the ‘Ca ne risque rien’ formula failed to re-assure me."

"The guide would tie a rope to the end of the railing, advance as far as the rope extended, wait for me to reach him by using the rope as a railing, get back, untie it and return to me. It was slow work and nerve-racking. I breathed a silent prayer of thanks when I reached the forest that lay at the foot of the mountain, and even my hardened guide breathed a sigh of relief."

Barbara Kent announced her engagement to Harold Kepner this December, and plans to be married this July. They will live in Troy, where Mr. Kepner is instructing at the Polytechnic Institute.
“His relief was short-lived. The descent had taken so much longer than the guide had bargained for, that night came with a disconcerting suddenness as we entered the forest. It was a night so black and so dense that I had to hold the guide’s hand in order to be able to follow him at all. By this time I was very tired and cold and not a little frightened. So it didn’t help matters much when the guide lost his way. After what seemed an eternity of wandering we at last reached the little station just three miles from Chamonix where a train would take us the rest of the way in a few minutes.

“I thought I had run the gamut of emotions during the day, but imagine my distress when I learned we had missed the last train! I felt that three miles were an impossibility, another mountain. How I managed them, I don’t know. I was numb now with fatigue and cold, and hardly remember my arrival at the Hotel des Etrangers.

“I do know that shortly after I found myself in bed with blankets heaped upon me and whiskey and hot drinks being forced down my throat. It had been feared at the hotel that darkness had overcome us and that we had perished on the mountain. I was mighty thankful that I had come through safely, but imagine my thankfulness.” Ann continued, laughing at the recollection, “when the mistress of the hotel came to my room and asked in the greatest agitation how my guide had behaved. Of course I said he had been splendid, and to my horror I listened to assure us, when on the next day it proved to be a case of mistaken identity.

But a good story was spoilt, she hastened to assure us, when on the next day it proved to be a case of mistaken identity.

Ann spent most of her seven months abroad in Paris, studying French manners and customs, as well as taking the usual Cours de Vacances at the Sorbonne, where most of the foreign pursue their studies. One of the things that impressed her was the custom of tipping at the theatres. Although the price of admission is cheaper than over here, the ultimate cost perhaps amounts to the same thing. One buys a program on entering and tips the usher selling them. Should you by any chance forget to tip the usher escorting you to your seat, he will put out his hand and remind you “Une petite benefice pour moi.” However, these ushers are often employed with the guides and are obliged to live on their tips. The French people urge Americans not to tip too lavishly, as it makes it rather hard for the average Frenchman whose pocket is meagre.

“There is a slight but gradual change taking place in the life of the French girl since the war,” she declared, as for several months she had boarded with a typical French family. “A French girl is usually carefully guarded at home and never allowed to go out with a man. During the winter the French mothers give two or three salon dances in their own homes, and in this way the girls become acquainted with those whom their mothers consider eligible men. But now some French girls are taking the liberty of going to theatres with men whom they have met in their homes and have known for some time. One of my friends said to me, ‘We criticize you Americans, but we want to do as you do.’

“This same gradual change is also to be seen in their clothes. Until very recently a French girl never wore sport clothes. They were considered very ugly and unfeminine and public opinion was against them. However, I saw many French girls wearing sport clothes of the modified type. They will never dress as the English, it is true, nor wear flat heels, but they are coming to a stage where sport clothes are not considered impossible. Perhaps their admiration for Lenglen and Wills is helping this along.”
Emily Slaymaker Leith-Ross has recently arrived from a trip abroad. Her husband is an artist and quite successful in his line of endeavor, what that is, we don’t know. From report it also seems that Emily met him at Woodstock where she was supposed to be studying art, but not with a capital A, as she wandered through the delightful woods in the delightful company of her present husband, and within the short time of one week, it was decided. Mrs. Slaymaker hastened to the scene and promptly fell in love with the gentleman herself, whereupon Father was called, and a marriage ensued. Very romantic we calls it.

Eleanor Thielen Wunch is spending the winter and perhaps the summer in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Louise Lee has added an appendix to the list of her grievances which have lasted for over a year. She had it out recently in New York City and is recuperating at Ruth Wells’ home in White Plains. Another victim is Alice Hagar, but she is now back on the job in Reading, Pa.

We wandered into the Art Department to see Miss Sherer who is as nice as ever, and who showed us some lovely problems her students were doing in Colonial interior decorating. The work of the department is developing splendidly and although her classes call the old-timers like Bobby Newton, Rae Smith, Louise Fish, Abby Gallup and others, the Immortals, yet Miss Sherer says they are doing work that even Immortals should envy. We like the Art Department because the girls seem to enjoy their learning like the students at Toulouse to whom Miss Nye says learning is a chief delight. And another reason we like the department is because it is one of the places where the good works you do live after you. Even if you managed but one chef d’oeuvre, you live by it. Miss Sherer saves the best of each problem from each class and uses it as a model when introducing that same problem to another class. That’s a complicated way of saying it, but you know what we mean. While if you managed a difficult problem in calculus, or knew enough French to argue wittily with Miss Ernst, or got more than one A with Dr. Wells, who knows? Yes, we like the Art Department!

Another place we always wander into is the office which houses the Misses Wright. A little chat with them always touches the right spot. They are so competent, so steady, and have such a sane point of view of the affairs of campus and general affairs. We wish students knew the value of a little chat with the Misses Wright.

Dr. Wells’ classes look like young stadium meets these days. He has abandoned the famous English room in New London Hall for more spacious quarters in the Library. There is a great deal of commotion about the amount of work he is giving this year, which we understand is no more than at other years. We lived through it comfortably with no more than an occasional grunt when life seemed full, but on the whole comfortably! It is a cry that seems to rend the air every year, but we wonder why it is causing so much stir this year. Can it be, oh, can it be, that the cream of the schools seeking higher education at C. C. are not as capable as we were? Perish the thought, but there it is!

We think undergraduates lose so much because in most cases awe prevents them from really enjoying a good talk with a favorite teacher or two. In some cases it is awe, in others embarrassment, but the results are the same. Miss Nye is one of our favorite conversationalists. She is always interesting, always up to the minute, always informed about the Alumnae and genuinely interested in them, and never allows a pause in the conversation that will prove embarrassing. And of course our next candidate to the Hall of Fame is Miss Ernst. Her conversation flows in, through, and all around you, and her sense of humor just makes you forget you are student and teacher, that perhaps once she flunked you. She is writing a book now, we think a historical novel, although we are not quite sure. We hope she won’t make it too serious for us and that her natural wit and humor will be allowed to seep through its pages.

We often wonder how President Marshall does it. How he can welcome each returning alumna by her right name and an appropriate greeting for each. It makes one feel “at home” and gives a week-end “that touch you love.”

Agnes Leahy was not present during Alumnae Week-end, as she attended a conference in Washington.

Judy Warner lost her voice at the crucial moment and at the Alumnae Luncheon could not lead the Alma Mater. She asked Chippy Morris, who has a beautiful voice, to lead it and poor Chippy could not recall it, but after a few agonizing moments, her voice lifted in triumph and all went well.

Edith Sheridan Bady (we are not sure just how her name is spelled), an ex-member of the class of ‘21, was present at the luncheon with her husband. Les Alderman was another visitor on campus this week-end.
OUR FACULTY TELL A TOURISTS’ TALE

PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

After leaving Cairo toward the late afternoon, we reach Kantara West about nine in the evening. A confused scurry of porters, a shadowy ferry crossing the still more shadowy canal, a hasty examination of passports, and we find our places in the sleeping-car for Jerusalem. Next morning, the wilderness of Southern Judea; a land of grey rocky hills and valleys, the peculiarly clear blue sky of the Mediterranean countries, brilliant flashes of scarlet anemones and glimpses of delicate pink or white cyclamen, as now and then the train moves more slowly.

The first day in Jerusalem, which for us includes the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Bethlehem, and a panoramic view from the Mount of Olives, is almost staggering in its impressiveness. Jerusalem, a city holy to the Moslem, the Christian, and the Jew; we see the Arab kneeling in prayer till his forehead touches the cold stone of the pavement, the Catholic devoutly bending to kiss the golden star in the crypt of the Nativity, and what does it all say? This word: How rich are they who have, how poor are they who lack, a living faith!

The site of ancient Jericho, the River Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the evening and the morning are a second day. Great beauty is there in the soft sky, the outline of the dimpling slopes that seem as though freshly molded by the fingers of a mighty hand, the gleaming sheet of sapphire silvered, and on the further side, dim in mist, the hills of the land of Moab. Day follows day, and the interest deepens. The quiet brothers and sisters of the Christian community where we live, and the simplicity of their unselfish lives, the eager young Zionist from whom we learn of college men and women rejoicing to live in tents with only the barest necessities in order to help in the difficult work of road-building as their share in reclaiming the home of their fathers; we thrill to find it still the land of the Crusader.

Bethany, Samaria, Mt. Carmel, Nazareth, Tiberias—and from a Roman ruin we are watching the sunset colors on Galilee! Next morning driving northward again, past flowers in astonishing profusion, red, white, rose, lavender, deep blue, yellow... Here we touch the old, old caravan route connecting the valley of the Nile with the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. By this way perhaps passed Abraham, with his flocks and herds when he came out from Ur of the Chaldees. Here we realize that this country has always been and is still “the land-link of history’s chain”, the hub whose spokes may reach to the ends of three continents. Again, later, comes this realization at the mouth of Dog River, near Beirut, on the ancient road which has conveyed the hosts of Phoenicia, Egypt, Persia, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Western Europe, Turkey and Damascus, to battle, and whose rocky wall still bears inscriptions cut for the conquerors from Egyptian Pharaohs to the marshals of France.

On a height overlooking the headwaters of the Jordan and their tiny blue lake, with the perpetual snows of Mt. Hermon before us, we share our luncheon with the friendly Arabs who have brought us a clay jar of cold spring water.

In the days of good Haroun al Raschid there was a poor wood-cutter who, axe on shoulder, drove his patient little donkey back to the city at night, while his wealthier neighbors watched their long trains of camels, towering with burdens mountain-high, kneel groaning and snarling, that their bonds might be loosened by the servants and the logs and faggots roll off in the dark-arched courtyards. So it was in the days of long ago—or was it yesterday? Damascus, the oldest city in the world, “old when Memphis, Nineveh and Babylon were infant settlements”, is unchanged. We saw the donkeys, the camels, the wood-cutters at nightfall. We walked through the great Kahns and saw the dusty merchants, of whom we read in our childhood, at their bargaining. We heard the Muezzin far above our heads intone the four-fold call

(Continued on page 14.)
to prayer. We climbed the hill of Salahiyeh and looked down upon the pearly city, watered by the Barada which supplies the orchards and gardens spreading around it on every side. From this height it was that Mohammed, gazing upon the "eye of the east", exclaimed that as there is for man but one Paradise he would not enter Damascus.

Very early on the last morning we saw the delicate skyline of swelling domes and slender minarets against the fiery sky at sunrise. No; we, at least, were not among the tourists who were "disappointed in Damascus."

Then Baalbek, the "city of the sun", lifting its amber shafts to dizzy heights where the eye can scarcely bear to follow, Baalbek the tremendous—first built by Cain and peopled, so they say, by giants—Baalbek, too, became ours. Later its circuit of snowy mountains opened to give us passage, and as our car wound down the slopes of Lebanon toward the beautiful harbor of Beirut, we came slowly back to the life of modern times.

IRENE NYE.

FROM THE AEGEAN TO THE BLACK SEA.

The aim, Constantinople; two roads converging, one (taken by Miss Nye) starting at Beirut; one (taken by me) at Port Said. Two ships, one sailing past Cyprus, Rhodes, Patmos, Samos and Chios, the other coasting along Crete and threading its way through the enchanting Cyclades; both passing Lesbos "where burning Sappho loved and sung," and by special favor of the gods, entering the harbor of Smyrna together. Here the first flavor of Turkey—Turkish caiques cushioned with rugs appear and disappear leaving behind the suggestion of heavy veils, or of pale faces, ivory-hued, large black eyes under heavy black hair. Then in a single course up through the Dardanelles, passing the site of Troy and Gallipoli, crossing the sea of Marmora, until beyond the villages of San Stefano and Macri-Keui begin to rise the cupolas and towering minarets of Stamboul. Constantinople lies before us in an ideal vision. The Golden Horn shines in a luminous haze. The immense city seems as if descending from the sky. In the pure ether the domes of the innumerable silent mosques, guarded by slender lances profile their curves. Thousands of ships, of barques; a never-ceasing agitation, all the tongues of the east and of the west, all blend to compose a matchless Oriental dream.

The poets say that the courageous traveler should go no further, but carry home the unspoiled memory. Today, especially, that Stamboul is crumbling to pieces, there seems some truth in the statement. But are we ready to wipe away the romantic picture of the Turkish town at night, black and gold behind the water, seen from the heights of Pera, with the tall cypresses of an abandoned graveyard in the foreground? Böcklin has not suggested even in his "Island of the Dead", anything like it. Would we forego the memory of the old winding Turkish streets with their overhanging latticed windows and their secrecy? Or the strolls in old cemeteries and to the burial-places of Sultans, Vizirs and Beys? No, and, above all, we would not give up the ride on the Golden Horn which they say to Eyyouh... Eyyouh, where Azyade lies buried, where the whole and the smallest detail appeared to us "d'une turquerie déchueuse." Not a single tourist besides ourselves. In the middle of the marketplace, century-old sycamores lift their huge twisted trunks. High up in their branches a dozen storks soar above their nests. Round a few turbaned heads, flocks of doves circle. The perfume merchant smiles engagingly. Stand after stand offers its goods, amber, beads, amulets, sweets. It is Friday. The mosque is full of adoring faithful, and, shod with babouches, we steal in to behold the magnificent interior. They can colleges on the romantic hills. The Bosphorus to the Black Sea in the sunset and the vapors of the evening, with the air full of reminiscences of Loti and Farrere, with glimpses of the American colleges on the romantic hills. The Black Sea, glorious in the sunshine and the cold breeze, the coasts of Bulgaria and Roumania. a day spent at Constanza, so near the site of Tomi, whither Ovid was exiled; then the return, bringing us before noon to the entrance of the straits, displaying a new Bosnborus, fascinating, so varied in aspects that we forget time in the contemplation of its two splendid shores. And today, the approach to Constantinople finds us wiser. Galata, Pera, Stamboul, Scutari, the Isles of the Princes, our friends, and we can call the numerous mosques, the towers, the castles by name. It seems that we are losing much, very much, when they all disappear upon the horizon.

CAROLA LEONIE ERNST.
WE HEAR FROM FORMER TEACHERS

One of the most popular instructors at C. C. was Miss Nunn Clark Barr, who taught English and Psychology in 1916-17. Many of 1919 and 1920 will remember her. She is now Mrs. Arthur Benton Mavity, whom she married December 25, 1917, and has two children, Nancy, born in 1919, and John, born in 1921. Mr. Mavity is connected with Henry Holt and Co., publishers, in New York.

Mrs. Mavity was literary editor of the "San Francisco Chronicle" from 1919 to 1924. In 1924 she was sent by the "Sunset Magazine" on a trip around the Pacific, New Zealand, Australia, Dutch East Indies, Singapore, China, Philippines, and Japan to write a series of articles partly of observation on social and political life, partly of personal adventure. These articles appeared in that magazine from November, 1924, to August, 1925. Now she is editorial and feature writer for the Oakland "Tribune." She has also contributed to magazines and is the author of "A Dinner of Herbs," "Hazard," and (in collaboration with A. R. Mavity) "Responsible Citizenship." Another activity which demonstrates Mrs. Mavity's interest in the politics of her country is her position as chairman of the Authors' Council of the National Woman's Party, California Branch.

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This is probably one of the most pleasant surprises that the Alumnae will receive in these issues—a real, honest-to-goodness letter from the erstwhile favorite "Miss Blue," now Mrs. Lewi Tonks of Scotia, New York:

"Alumnae News" is deadly enough stuff until it is that of your own pet pals and pet places. The work of this household stock still in its tracks, the inhabitants dipped about and with hushed voices whispered to each other that 'Mommy is reading!' as 'Mommy' leaned on the snow shovel, and, in very nearly zero weather, consumed the information about 'who married who'; Mrs. Nye's nice new house; the horses and guns on the Hilltop. It was all good.

"I've always thought that just living was a jolly business, and I am inclined to agree with myself more and more as events slip along and pile up behind me. The fun with me has arranged itself along these lines—a job at C. C. with the finest sort of folks to work with and for; another of infinite variety and very close to humans in New York city; a delightful and rarely fine friend for a husband, and a trip with him through the Old World with which to start life together. (I suggest it as an excellent way of beginning); a bungalow with just sufficient bulge to always allow room for one more friend, incidently always bulging; enough ground to grow enough food to put on winter shelves and a tennis court. I have married Sydney Greenbie, an author and lecturer, and have two children, a tall little yellow-

This is also from Miss Blue—I mean, Mrs. Tonks' dashing pen: "About Beryl Sawyer Appleton at Verona, New Jersey—I only know that I had a delightful Christmas gift, and that she possesses two mighty fine looking sons, Herbert, Jr., and Don, who is younger—the nearest thing I heard about 'em was long ago when Don couldn't walk and Herbert crept!" Perhaps this summer Dr. Tonks (the scientist kind) and family will go caravanning in the old ark and pick up broken threads that lead back to old friends."

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Marjorie Barstow Greenbie taught English at C. C. in 1916-17, and is a former favorite of many alumnae.

"Since leaving C. C. I have been an editor, writer and sometimes even a poet! I have traveled around the world, and in Mexico, have married Sydney Groenbie, an author and lecturer, and have two children, a tall little yellow-
haired son, aged six, named Barstow, or Barrie for short, and a curly-haired little daughter of four named Alison.

I am present Director of the Press Bureau at Mount Holyoke College, and a member of the faculty of English. I live in an old house which has always been inhabited by faculty on the edge of the Mount Holyoke campus in the middle of the college apple orchards and around the corner from the college swimming pool. I belong to the Town Hall Club in New York, and my husband belongs to the National Arts Club, and these two hospitable centers serve as New York homes for us on our frequent visits to the city, and as permanent New York City addresses.

About my journey around the world I wrote a frivolous and girlish volume called 'In the Eyes of the East,' of which I enclose a circular. My husband and I have just published a book together, of which I also enclose a circular, called 'Gold of Ophir.' Last winter the Rider Press of New York published informally a small sheaf of my verses called 'Ashes of Roses.' The edition has run out, however, so that all there is left are a few copies in my hands which I sell off for a small price. I hope to issue more verses and a novel shortly, if I ever find time to get them in order for publication.

"I gladly send greetings to the girls I knew at C. C. by name or sight. I have heard from Alison Hastings with pleasure, though I never answered because I lost her address and married name. I have seen Marion Warner, and have always been in touch with Ruth Barber. I'd love to know what happened to Mary Strange and 'Tommy' Morris. And there are many others I should be glad to hear from."

Miss Helen B. Thompson, who taught dietetics from 1915 to 1920 at C. C., and whose present address is 4272 Rosewood Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., writes as follows:

"In returning to the west I was happy to be called to the institution in which I had studied as an undergraduate and in which I had begun both my graduate study and my teaching. After the first year I had Ruth Trail and Marion Williams with me as assistants in the Department of Food and Nutrition. Miss Williams did not stay through the second year because of illness in her home, but Miss Trail stayed to earn an instructorship, a master's degree and an assistant professorship before going to another college and then to Alaska to get married. It was very pleasant to have this association with two of my former students. During the five years which I spent in the Kansas State Agricultural College as Dean of the Division of Home Economics we reorganized many of the courses, formed four departments of instruction out of the three which had previously made up that division of the college and built up an interest in graduate study.

"I had the pleasure of returning to New England in the winter of 1922-23 as a member of the fact-finding group, appointed by the U. S. Bureau of Education to make a survey of the opportunities and facilities for higher education in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. My part was to find the facts with regard to the education of women. (I have long been thinking that I should like to present the library of Connecticut College a copy of the published report of that survey. I shall try to do so soon.) In June, 1923, I was called to Washington as a member of the committee invited by Secretary Wallace to consult with him about plans for the organization of the National Bureau of Home Economics which was established the following fall.

"During my administration of the Division of Home Economics in Kansas we secured a building for the cafeteria with class rooms for household economics, an experimental laboratory and a small art gallery. Last April when the college celebrated the anniversary of the fiftieth year of Home Economics, that building was named for me. I felt that to be a very great honor, indeed, and was sorry not to be able to attend the Golden Jubilee, particularly, for I believe honorary degrees were granted to three of the older women graduates. That is something the co-educational schools have not yet made a practice of doing.

"In September, 1923, I came to my present work in the Southern Branch of the University of California. The University is scattered over the state with the older part at Berkeley and the Agricultural College divided between Berkeley and Davis. The Southern Branch is developing rapidly. It will move to a new campus and have a permanent name in two more years. I have a fine group of students, about two hundred each year, and a teaching staff of eight members. I have bought a little home. The house is covered with vines, there is a palm tree in the front yard and a rose garden in the rear. Just now there are several pink roses which look very fine nodding above the border of purple iris. The mocking birds are singing at six each morning. A little later in the year, I am sorry to say, they sing in the middle of the night. However, it is a pleasant song to hear. From this work I expect to retire some time to a little country place where I can read and write and..."
mind the hens. The country all around Los Angeles is so beautiful that it is hard to decide upon the exact location.

There are paved roads, water supply, electric lights, gas, trolley connections—all things necessary to comfort in the country. I hope Connecticut College friends will come to see me when they are traveling in the west.

“I should have included the news that I sometimes enjoy visits in the home of Mrs. Nancy Barr Mavity, known as Dr. Barr in Connecticut College. Mrs. Mavity has two very interesting children and a fine husband. She doubtless has sent you word of her work and experiences. She visited me last Thanksgiving.”