Connecticut College Alumnae News

Vol. IV JUNE 1927 No. 4

"IVIED WALLS"
NEWS FROM THE CHAPTERS

New York.

Two interesting programs are those of the New York Chapter for April 27 and May 21—the latter to take place after the Quarterly goes to press. Miss Gloria Hollister gave a lecture on her recent trip to the tropics, illustrated by slides. Those who read her account in the last Quarterly can appreciate the privilege enjoyed by the New Yorkers. The meeting was held, as is customary, in the Woman's University Club.

A tea given in honor of the girls of the vicinity who will enter C. C. next fall will be given by the chapter on Saturday, May 21. Such a policy might well be recommended as a very real way which the Alumnae may employ to bring the new student body in closer touch with the graduates.

New Haven.

From New Haven comes the account of three interesting talks by alumnae about their work: In March, Grace Parker Schumpert talked about intelligence testing; Julie Hatch, '19, at the April meeting, spoke on Social Service; and Aura Kepler, '24, addressed the May meeting, telling of her work at the Yale School of Nursing. She graduated in January, and is now head nurse in the children's ward in New Haven Hospital.

"She seems most enthusiastic about her work," continues the report. "The Yale School of Nursing is now a definite part of Yale University, like the Music School, Art School, etc. The standard is high, for a girl must have had at least two years of college training before she can enter. Olive Perry, '25, is studying there now."

Officers of the New Haven Chapter for next year have been elected as follows:

President, Margaret Maher, '19; vice-president, Marion Walp, '25; secretary, Adele Knecht, '25; treasurer, Grace Parker Schumpert, '26; chairman of social committee, Margaret Dunham.

Washington's Chapterette.

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Boston.

On May 5 the Boston Chapter of C. C. Alumnae held its last official meeting for the year at a dinner party at Miss Bruce's Tea Room on River St. in Boston. About 16 girls were present, including the guests of the evening, Mrs. Margaret Pierson Olfone (Wellesley 1916), who spoke after the business meeting about the work of the Critten ton League in Boston, telling especially of the Annual Bazaar held every November in the Copley-Plaza.

It was voted at this meeting that the Boston C. C. Chapter should take definite steps to assist in this Bazaar next fall by having a Bridge Table, run by the chapter, on which will be sold cards, tallys, bridge table covers, prizes, books on bridge—and everything pertaining to Bridge Parties and equipment.

Helen Hood, '26, was chosen chairman and her committee will be announced before summer separates the group. An informal get-together at "Pops" in Symphony Hall is planned for June.

Chicago.

A letter has been received from the newly-formed Chicago chapter of the C. C. Alumnae Association.

"We are having four meetings a year, plus a Christmas meeting with Chicago undergraduates. Such a one took place on December 22, at a dinner party at the College Club, and turned out quite successfully.

"We are planning a certain amount of social welfare work and Virginia Lutzenkirken, '25, is chairman of that committee. We donated dolls and sent them to a settlement house in time for Christmas. We each plan to 'adopt' a child at the Crippled Children's home, to whom we will write often and whom we will see occasionally.

"We would like our new chapter to be a clearing house for anyone in Chicago wanting information about Connecticut College, for Connecticut College wanting a "line-up" on Chicago prospects, and we want traveling members to feel at all times free to get in touch with us when they come to Chicago."
Although this is published a bit late, it will be a pleasant foretaste to those who are going abroad this summer.

European travel, unhampered by sight-seeing guides, is a not-to-be-forgotten source of joy and inspiration. The joy of traveling is, and you can’t escape the phrase, rounded by a sleep. Every day is an artistic whole—from tooth paste to tooth paste, with a little bath between, and then sprinkled with the dreams of a comfortable sleep. Who was it said, “No life is worth living if you can completely understand it?”

That is the reason I have such a dislike for Sight-Seeing Guides. They try to make you “completely understand it.” Who cares to know the number of tons of stone in a building, or the number of steps from the bottom to the top, or from the top to the bottom. I like paintings and sculpture. Old castles are alive with history and romance. How inadequate for guides with parrot-like speals to pull a line of people through rooms that could tell infinitely more if only given a chance. On passing the chamber of deputies one day in Paris, I chanced upon a crowd of sight-seers. The guide had just rattled off a million words, the only understandable one being Deputies. A forlorn, tired, but somewhat eager little lady jumped with excitement because she felt that at last she was approaching her “money’s worth.” She had understood something. In her moment of stimulation she turned to her husband with, “Oh, Charlie, Charlie, did you hear that? That’s where the deputy sheriff lives.”

Let me for one, take sight-seeing leisurely—I like to dream in gardens colored with flowers. I like to linger in palaces seasoned with romance. I like to breathe an atmosphere filled with art, “One touch of art, not less than one touch of nature, may suffice to make the whole world kin.”

France.

My first impression of France was a country overflowing with whiskered Porteurs grabbing American luggage and rushing for compartments—impressions change.—I like poppy fields, cherry orchards and picturesque villages of sand colored houses, with green shutters and red tile roofs that sag in the middle. Among the narrow streets one finds much that is picturesque and interesting, for apparently the people and customs of these quaint little villages are almost untouched by the march of civilization. Little old ladies in prim black dresses frequent the cathedrals. They bear faces of pained expression and seem almost crumpled with age.—Paris fascinates me. Her sidewalk pavilions amuse me. Her museums inspire me. I like to sit in her cathedrals. I like to roam through her palaces. Her traffic laws confuse me.—The Riviera is full of charms. Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone. As far as the eye can reach, the Mediterranean stretches herself in blue and sparkling ripples. Stately promenades display a riot of color beneath a brilliant sun. Glorious masses of tropical flowers attract the eye and quaint buildings delight the connoisseur of things ancient. Who does not remember Eze, that quaint little village of no visible age, perched on a rock overhanging the Mediterranean. Her buildings have an air of “changeless eternity about them which makes them seem contemporaries of the rocks and waves themselves.” From the Corniche Drive, the view over terraces of flowers out to the sea is one of sheer beauty.—Monte Carlo is extraordinary. She has no beggars—no men in rags. She has no poor and desperate revolutionists. It seems impossible that roulette should have performed so many miracles. What magic power has red and black! Her Casino is gay and fashionable—but who was it said, “Monte Carlo is like a beach, where all sorts of wreackage, living or dead, is washed up sooner or later.”

Italy.

Leaning towers do not frighten me, and I rather like volcanoes. Vesuvius seems so alive. Naples is flooded with sunshine and mosquitoes. I like her slow and carefree manner, until she becomes shiftless. I like her happy temperament, her gayly painted water wagons, heaped high with earthen jugs—but goats and burros, low dark rooms and unclothed children disturb me. I prefer blue grottos and coral reefs. Sorento and Capri are so colorful. Florence is a little country town rich in treasures of art. I like to roam her streets and galleries. I like to feel that I am a pilgrim seeking inspiration from the masters of painting and sculpture. There is something mellow about frescoes and old marble. But monasteries are cold institutions. “Monks in trousers, selfish and want, live pleasant lives while the world is in flame.” Venice appeals to my imagination. I like to think of duked and palaces. I like to build castles on
sparkling waterways. There is so much melody in Venetian skies and music. To the Sight-Seeer Rome might seem Vat

can-ed, Forum-ed and Catacomb-ed, but to the lover of art, how infinitely rich in treasures! Though mummies disgust me. They are loaded down with such old and famous names. Why do museums display those time honored and worn remnants from an earlier civilization? They frighten me. A cold, clammy feeling runs over my bones. I don't like death to stare me in the face—I prefer the living Spirit presiding so graciously at "The Last Supper."

Switzerland.

Cleanliness appeals to me. Perhaps that is the reason I like Switzerland. It satisfies me to fill my lungs with her freshness. Quaint little villages hover beneath snow-capped mountains that rise gigantically and stalwartly above a net work of blue-green lakes. Alpine grandeur, gorgeous panoramas, a wealth of beauty everywhere—Geneva, Lucerne, Interlaken, delightfully medieval with quaint gabled houses and old bridges. I like to think of the Matterhorn, Mont-Blanc and Pilatus reaching fearlessly into the heavens. Alpine flowers are delicately beautiful. I wish that all countries could be reflected in the clear crystalline depths of a net work of lakes. The world would be a fairyland.

Germany.

I feel that I must be up and doing in a country that bristles with energy. Sometimes I feel self-conscious. Germans are so polite to Americans. I like to drive through a black forest that is greener than black. How pleasant it is to glide down the Rhine curving in and out between terraced hills crowned with picturesque old castles. I like to read her legends. I like to visit her castles. Some of the walls are gnawed away and empty; others stand "erect with the arrogance of youth." Heidelberg interests me, but the duels that her university boys fight annoy me. How barbarous to practice such a cruel game! Cologne makes me think of cathedrals and old lace. Sometimes I think of perfume.

Belgium.

Almost French, though she would preserve her nationality, Brussels—museums, cathedrals and another palace spreading protecting wings over His Highness.—I like the Soigne Forest with moss-covered trees, delicately green, and lacy foliage that casts a damp, cool shadow over bits of anemic shrubbery struggling for life. I like to think of playful specks of sunshine. How gayly they dance. Waterloo interests me, but I prefer the history of "Manikin", that famous little statue in Brussels. Sometimes I wish I could go crazy like Wertz and live on the walls of a museum.

England.

I have often been told that English people dress in mustaches, spats and canes. Perhaps they do. They seem well fortified when on parade. English people are so dignified—I dislike fogs, but English gardens attract me. I like the country. I like her "rocks and rills," her grassy hills and little old-fashioned gardens with dainty flowers, prim and precise, but exquisitely beautiful. Castles and kings and queens sound just like fairy books. 'Sper must have been a happy child.—London is a busy city. Museums, parks, public buildings, monuments and cemeteries. I think I like Westminster Abbey.—Sometimes I'm sentimental.

Scotland.

A rolling country appeals to me. I like heathered fields and clear, cool lakes. ---I can ride for miles and miles behind red-coated coachman. Kilts and plaids, bag-pipes and dances amuse me. One day I was alone:

A child of the hills I wandered
Over the heathered fields—
I plucked a flower from the Highlands;
I knelt where the free man kneels.

NEW OFFICERS INSTALLED IN CHAPEL SERVICE.

On Wednesday, April 20, during the regular chapel period, the Student Government officers for the year 1927-28 were installed. The ceremony which was attended by the entire student body and many of the faculty opened by a procession of the seniors in cap and gown, up the aisle followed by the Student Government officers for this year and next, who took their places in the front row. After a few opening words from President Marshall, Florence Hopper, the outgoing president of Student Government, gave the oath of office to Dorothy Bayley who repeated it after her, and then to Henrietta Owens the new Chief Justice of Honor Court. Following this the six honor court judges, Dorothy Blair, Dorothy Ayers, Mary Scattergood, Margaret Bristol, Nancy Grier, and Constance Green took the oath of office. Adelaide King, the vice-president of Student Government, then was given the oath of office, followed by Prudence Drake, who was then presented a gavel by President Marshall to assist in the performance of her duties as Speaker of the House. President Marshall then gave a short talk on the benefits of Student Government and his approval of the custom. At the close of the ceremony, a hymn was sung.
From Grace Cockings come several notes of interest about some of the Oldest Living Graduates: "I saw Norma Regan and Marjorie Wells in Hartford recently," she writes. "Also a visit from Alison Hastings Porritt two weeks ago—she and Miriam Pomeroy Rogers had their poetry read over the radio not long ago."

Louise Ansley Knapp plans to spend her summer vacation in Northfield, Mass., Vermont and New Hampshire, while her husband studies in the British Isles and France, gathering material for his doctor's thesis. Mr. Knapp has received the Junior Sterling Fellowship in English at Yale, for next year.

A happy solution to the problem of corresponding with one's friends while enjoying a trip abroad is the method employed by Edith Harris, who kept a complete diary of her trip, and is mailing it to the next, until it returns to her for a permanent record.

Florence Lennon Romaine is 1919's newest mother. Stephen G. Romaine, Jr., arrived on March 26, just too late to be announced in the last issue.

Anna Cherkasky enjoyed two unexpected C. C. class reunions, when she met Mariesther Dougherty in France last summer and the year before.

Ellen Carroll Wilcox is the mother of '20's "youngest"—we regret that no particulars have reached the editor in time for this issue.

Clarissa Ragsdale has joined the faculty of the Agnes School, at Albany, N. Y., to finish out an unexpired term of another teacher. Dorothy Upton, '19, is a member of the same faculty.

Marion Warner writes enthusiastically of an Easter vacation trip spent hiking and driving through the Grand Canyon.

Rumored that Loretta Higgins has been seen on the Boston stage in "The Constant Nymph"—May, 1927. She had tea with Al Gardner at the Athenaeum, after a matinee performance, and Al says she hasn't changed a bit. She had two minor parts in the cast—and sang a solo.

Edith Sheridan Brady is the mother of a baby girl.

Kirk Mendenhall Reid, Jr., arrived on April 20. His sister, Patricia, was a year old on St. Patrick's Day. Olive Tuthill Reid, ex-'22, is their mother, and their father is a famous tennis player.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Olive Wilcox Holcombe, '29, to Rufus Arthur Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler is a graduate of Yale and a member of the Book and Bond Fraternity.

Mary and Edith Langenbacher spent Easter Vacation taking a boat trip to Florida. From Jacksonville, they enjoyed another boat trip up the St. John's River. While there, they visited Virginia Root at DeLand, Florida.

Jean Mundie De Forest has a daughter, Barbara Vance, born April 23.

Janet Crawford How has changed her address since her husband has been transferred to the Hartford office of his company. She is now at 31 Ardmore Road, West Hartford, Conn.

Shirley Elizabeth Thompson, daughter of Minna Gardner Thompson, was born May 2.

Mary Snodgrass was married April 19 to James Donald McCutcheon.

Marjorie Field is to be married in June, to somebody whose name she hasn't yet told us.

From Winifred Smith Passmore, Delafield, Wis., comes this interesting contribution: "Here is a brief outline of my activities, as per request, just in case they might interest some sister somewhere, somewhat.

Spent last year down in Georgia, as we were stationed at Fort Benning, Columbus, Georgia, a high school for army officers. Detested the 'south'—dirty, rundown, and shiftless. But loved our Post and army life in general. Nothing like it! This year we are stationed in Delafield, Wisconsin, at St. John's Military Academy, thirty miles from Milwaukee, where all Hunter's family and friends live. It's a crack school and we have heaps of fun. This summer we will go to a regular army post for two months, then back here in September. After our tour here (supposedly three or four years, but you can never tell in the army) is up, we will be due for foreign duty—in, I hope, the Philippines—(maybe Panama, China, Alaska, or Hawaii.)"

Emily Warner is joining the summer's European travelers, sailing in May.
Frances Angier is pursuing the saucepan and spatula in a training course to be an efficient hospital dietitian.

Dorothy Ayers is going to work in the drafting rooms of W. J. Sloans in New York City.

Elizabeth Damerel has deserted the Swan and Hoop and has been working in Westminster Public Library.

Margaret Durkee is again in the North visiting in New York and Boston areas.

The Gillettes have moved to 271 Sturtevant Road, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Carmen Guenard has finished her training course at Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School and has been back at college for a few days to vacation before looking for a business position.

Ted Hewlett starts for Europe the fourth of June. She plans to come to the hill-top before leaving, but regrets she cannot be here for commencement.

Helen Hood has "gone and done it." She announced her engagement to Bob Diefendorf of East Orange on April twenty-third at a luncheon at Cherry Hill. "D. D" Low, "Mim" White, "Dot" and "Babs" Brooks, "Kitty" King, "Att" Muirhead, "Sis" Angier and Lois Gordon were present so can act as witnesses. Helen and her sister Sabra made it a double announcement and some of us were rather surprised.

Kay King is busy thinking of three weddings (no, not her own yet) and then a trip abroad with her Mother which will last way into the fall.

Marjorie Lloyd Austin and Will are both recuperating successfully from their automobile accident of March.

Margaret Sterling Werntz has at last come East. She spent several days in and around New York, stopped over a night in New London, and left for Boston for about a week. She doesn't seem to have "aged" with the cares of married life.

Emma Sternberg came to New London as an executive with the Citizenship School which was sponsored by the Connecticut League of Women Voters. She was most competent and efficient as she rushed around campus or sat behind one of the desks in Knowlton hall.

Margaret Williams is rumored to be leaving with her car and "Speedro" Grear to motor through the European countries this summer.

Hazel Osborn writes: "I spend my odd moments considering new positions and pitying the children of '27 who are about to give themselves to the world as we did a year ago, and wishing that I could bear all the brunts for them even as I have wished that some one would bear all of the brunts for me."

Bruce Munro, weighing seven pounds, arrived on May 9 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot D. Odell. Mrs. Odell was Joan Munro, '20.

Grace Fisher Weil '22 after spending the winter abroad has returned to spend the summer with her family at Hackensack, N. J., after which she will return to Europe again. Grace writes briefly of her trip: "We took the Manuel Armas which was leaving for Barcelona to spend Holy Week in Seville... We saw two bull fights, most of the midnight processes of the holy images gleaming with candles and carried on the backs of twenty-five men and accompanied by horsemen, bands of men disguised in what looked to be the varied colored costumes of the Ku Klux." Grace gives a vivid description of the bull fights which she and her husband saw.

Leora Peabody ('23), now Mrs. Francis J. Cunningham, 3034 Adams Avenue, San Diego, California, writes:

"We had rather exciting duty guarding the post office in El Paso from the revolutionists, and then we were ordered here and I had to let my almost-brand-new husband sail away this month, China-bound. "He's in Shanghai already..."

February 24, 1927.

To a Syrian Olive-Picker.

Olive-picker, in the rustling branches, Shaggy hair and bare feet brown, Long limbs climbing, broad back lifted, Dawn has leaned to touch your shoulder Deftly with her magic fingers. See, the purple dust is rising Where she leaped to gain the mountain. In the valleys shadows linger, Frightened shapes that pause and flee. Clumsy hands that reach for olives, Reach up and pluck that golden cloud for me!

Brown feet climbing, lean arms bare, Dawn has sculptured you immortal there, Caught in the gnarled branches of that olive-tree, Performing, unaware, the needful toil of man, While I lie here desiring clouds and phantom things of air.

-Kathryn Hulbert Hall.
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Pauline Warner, '26
Managing Editor—Blanche Finesilver, '22
Assistant Editors:
Juline Warner Comstock, '19
Kathryn Hulbert Hall, '20
Ethel Kane, '23
Lois Gordon, '26

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THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

Universities, colleges and preparatory schools throughout the United States are responding eagerly to an appeal for funds to rebuild the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-upon-Avon, destroyed by fire last year.

Already at the University of Chicago, Butler University, Indiana University and Beloit College committees are actively engaged in circulating scrolls on which the students and faculty members may enter their names and their subscriptions. Individual subscriptions range from $1 up. These scrolls will be bound and placed in the Shakespeare Library at Stratford.

Dramatic societies at Bowdoin College and at Hobart College soon will hold benefit performances as part of their contribution toward American participation in the movement to restore the Bard of Avon's theater.

Frederick C. Ferry, President of Hamilton College, writes that he is taking steps to secure subscriptions from the faculty and students of his institution. Professor W. L. Phelps is heading a committee at Yale.

Every mail brings to the American Shakespeare Foundation additional letters telling of activity in securing subscriptions. Not a single college or university has declined nor stated inability to participate in the American gift. Among preparatory schools, subscriptions for the most part are being obtained through signatures for the scrolls, although a number of secondary institutions are emulating the colleges by staging benefit performances under the auspices of their dramatic societies. In some instances, schools have pledged a blanket gift of $150.

The fund raising efforts are proceeding under the direction of the Executive Committee of the American Shakespeare Foundation, of which Professor George P. Baker of Yale is chairman. This Committee seeks $1,000,000 as America's participation in the international fund of $2,500,000 required to rebuild and endow the Shakespeare Memorial.

In order that America's tribute to William Shakespeare may be truly representative, the American Committee hopes to obtain the assistance of the largest possible number of individual contributors. It is, therefore, most encouraging to find that not only colleges and secondary schools are co-operating with the Committee, but also Shakespearean Societies, Women's Clubs, Little Theaters and Stock Companies, as well as school children throughout the country. The Committee's object is to make this gift to the Shakespeare Memorial Theater as distinctively a national gift as was America's gift to France in 1919.

Any who wish to participate in this American gift should send checks to Otto H. Kahn, Treasurer, American Shakespeare Foundation, 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

Alumnae Sisters.

The "College News" has printed some very illuminating data in regard to the number of girls in college now who have sisters among the graduates. This list does not include those sisters who have already both been graduated—of whom there are a large number in addition.

Elizabeth Avery, '30, heads the list, with four graduate sisters, whose names and classes are familiar to many—Ruth, '19, Louise, '21, Gertrude, '22, and Helen, '23.


Helen Crofoot, '22, has two sisters in C. C. now—Mary, '27, and Margaret, '28.

Virginia Rose's sister, Eleanor, is a member of 1929.

Ruth Hewlett, '29, is a sister of last year's Student Government president, Theodosia Hewlett, '26.

Constance Bridge, '24, has a sister, Lois, at C. C. in 1927.

Mary Peterson, '28, is a sister of Irene Peterson, '26.

Anna Rofgoff, '24, has a sister, Mildred, '27, among the undergraduates.

Helen Ferguson, '25, is the sister of Ruth, of the Freshman class.

Barbara Tracy, '27, is sister to Charlotte, '25.

Katherine Wilcox's sister Mary is one of the graduating class this June.

Juliet Phillips, of the Freshman class, is sister of Elizabeth Phillips, of Washington, D. C.

Aura Kepler's sister Edith belongs to the class 1930.
COMMENCEMENT PLANS, JUNE 9-14

Thursday, June 9—Senior Banquet.
Friday, June 10—Art Exhibition.
Senior Prom.
Sunday, June 12—Baccalaureate 4 p.m. Musical Service 8 p.m.
Tuesday, June 14—Commencement. Trustees and Alumnae Luncheon.

AN OPEN LETTER

Alumnae—from your maturity, how will you answer this undergraduate?

FREE SPEECH.

Front “C. C. News.”

Dear Editor: “Connecticut College you say? Oh, yes, the State University, I suppose.”

“Why, no.”

“Then Connecticut Agricultural College, you mean?”

“Oh, dear the same old story, which I must explain for the thousandth time. Connecticut College for Women is not a university, is not a state college, and most decidedly is not co-educational.”

A misunderstanding such as this has, I am sure, been experienced by all of us. But yet, we sit back and calmly say, “oh, what’s in a name anyway?” A name should not be misleading but should convey the type of institution for which it stands.

So much for facts, but what can we do? The desire for such a change, if it exists, should originate with the student body. If we, students of the college are not actively interested, how can we expect our faculty and those with more power to bring about such an issue?

We suggest that a day be set aside for “Naming a Name” at which time balloting should be conducted in New London Hall, so that any and all who are interested may bring in their suggestions for names.

Certainly our college is young enough to bear such a change in its name; a change which should eliminate all confusion and misunderstanding in the future.

It’s up to you! How about it?

—ANONYMOUS.

FISCAL FACTS IN NUMEROUS ACTS

The Dramatic Tragedy of Our Treasurer’s Statistics.

We are printing the “vital statistics” of the Alumnae Association with the faint hope that they may impress the financial situation, close approaching panic, upon members. It is said that anything can be proved by figures. Anything except security and prosperity by those below, we would say.

Number of paid-up, regular members 355
Number of paid-up associate members 15
Number of delinquent members .... 99

Total active members ............... 469

Number of members dropped for failure to pay dues ................ 97
Number of members deceased ........ 2

Total ................................ 99

Amount of money owed by delinquent members .......... $370.00
Amount of money owed by “dead” members ........ 1,019.00

Total owed Association from dues ....................... $1,389.00

NOTICE.

Miss Evelyn Holmes has no recent picture of Dr. Mary Holmes and would appreciate snap-shots for enlargements. Will any Alumna having negatives or prints please send them directly to Miss Evelyn Holmes, at 52 Nameaug Ave., (or to Lois Gordon, Graduate Secretary)?
OF INTEREST TO POETS

Yes this announcement is of interest not only to those who have been labelled poet by the publication of a piece of verse, but also to those whose dreams have not yet been expressed in the creation of a poem. There are actors who never trod a stage, painters who never dipped a brush, musicians who have never played an instrument, and poets who have not yet penned a line. Are you one of these potential verse makers who has toyed with rhythm and cadence in thought, and has meant sometime to give the illusive, airy thoughts a form in verse?

The “Alumnae News” has planned a poetry contest. We have no prize to offer to the winner other than the title of “Alumnae Poet” to be held for one year, or until another qualifies for it in some future contest.

Dr. Marshall, president of the college; Miss Sherer, associate professor of Fine Arts; and Dr. Jensen, assistant professor of English, have consented to judge all poems submitted and to choose the one most worthy of merit.

President Marshall writes: “The plan of the ‘Alumnae News’ to hold a poetry writing contest, of course, interests me very much and represents another of those forward-facing and education-continuing products which quite belong to our alive and loyal alumnae. I shall be very glad to act as one of the judges in your contest. I fully approve and am very glad to be asked to co-operate.”

From Dr. Jensen, we have the following endorsement: “Miss Sherer, President Marshall, and I are accepting the task of judging the poems submitted in the ‘Alumnae News’ Poetry Contest, and have agreed to mark on Quality of Subject, Originality of Treatment, and Excellence of Technique. We are very happy in the task and feel honored to be chosen.”

The contest is open to all members of the Alumnae Association. Any number of poems can be submitted by each contestant. Manuscripts should be sent to the editor (Pauline Warner, 403 Main St., Middletown, Conn.) by September 1st. Include name, class, and address on a separate sheet of paper.

The Alumnae Poet will be announced in the first autumn issue of the “Alumnae News,” together with the publication of the prize poem. Honorable mention will be awarded to other notable poems submitted, and they will be published in succeeding issues.

In conducting the contest, the “Alumnae News” has the very sincere desire to further creative work among alumnae of Connecticut College. It is greatly to be hoped that alumnae will show an active interest in the project, and that the contest will bring forth verse of such a quality that an alumnae anthology may be more than a dream.

CHARTER HOUSE.

With the Closing Day of Charter House so recently past, it seems particularly appropriate now to tell you Alumnae what we have been doing this year at 49 Jay Street.

The history of Charter House can be told in a paragraph, to inform some of you “how,” “when,” and “why” it came into existence. Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, president of the Hempstead Family Association, had long desired to perform a new public service to the community, hoping for co-operation between New London and Connecticut College, not only to further the friendly relations between the two, but also to give the students a field in which to practice social service work. The name “Charter House” was adopted in memory of the pioneer ancestors who settled New London. One of the main purposes of the work is to keep alive the early colonial traditions which have had such a prominent part in the history of this city. The first session of Charter House was in 1924 with Julia Warner, graduate secretary, and Janet Crawford, president of Service League. Since that time, each fall has seen an opening day, and each May a grand finale.

This year the work has come more directly into the keeping of Connecticut College, for Miss Ruth Newcomb has been studying in New York. Never shall we forget the first Wednesday! Three of us went down early and waited in the quietness of the rooms, wondering if anyone would appear to play the games and hear the stories we had prepared. A heavy rain descended to make outdoor activity impossible. We waited endlessly —or so it seemed—but not in vain. At twenty minutes of four we heard the racing of feet—heavy feet in heavy shoes—and we were surrounded by forty boys, their noise, damp sweaters and dirty
hands. I admit we were nonplussed at first, but to see those same boys at Christmas time jump from their seats to offer their chairs to the girls when they entered, was a bit of realizable success.

The program during the year has included two story-telling classes, two sewing groups, one recreational class for young boys, two jack-knife classes for older boys, a weaving class and a stitchery class for older women. Mr. and Mrs. James Stivers of Stonington have taken charge of the jack-knife and stitchery classes, and produced excellent results.

May seventeenth was the closing day. An exhibition of the work done was most interesting. The crewel embroidery included bags, runners, table scarfs, pillow tops and telephone-book covers. They used the designs made by the college fourth-year art class of last year. Mr. Stivers' class of boys in wood-craft made many reproductions of colonial furniture, tip-top tables, chairs, corner brackets and wall benches. The older group made full-sized foot stools and mirror frames, which were very creditable. The weaving class and the girls' sewing groups were represented by typical pieces of the work of the year.

The pageant, "Princess Pocahontas," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, was the opening event of the afternoon program. The boys were made happy with their Indian costumes and painted faces. Pocahontas herself in her proverbial white doe-skin suit was quite a picture. She succeeded in saving John Smith's life and was rewarded by a lisping "Pocahontath, John Thmith grateful." He was too good to change for a mere lisp.

The boys of the recreation group gave a tumbling exhibition. "Toohey" — the clown — won great applause when he successfully executed a forward roll after a dive over six chairs.

The last event on the program was a May-Pole dance by twelve little tots dressed in costumes of lavender, green and cream with May-pole streamers of the same colors. Of course they loved it, and looked adorable.

The entire program was coached and prepared by the Connecticut College girls under the direction of the Vice-President of Service League, the Recreational Leadership class and the Graduate Secretary.

Those of you who have worked and played at Charter House know all the feelings of the end of the year, with the closing program in the background. (You all will be glad to know, I'm sure, that this year has been a success.)

LOIS GORDON, '26.

ATTENTION—ARTISTS!

It has become necessary for the "Alumnae News" to consider the advisability of a standard cover cut. The publication should have a distinctive and permanent cover, something original in design and appropriate in form.

The college gates, or the motto as symbolized by the tree in the college seal and on the college ring, are among the suggestions that have been launched. However, the editorial staff is willing to leave the composition of a cover plan to those alumnae who have the ability and interest to design it. All sketches should be in the hands of the editors before October.

Economics From Life.

Columbia College students of economics will no longer go to text-books to learn about economics but will study life itself. After four years of research William E. Weld, associate professor of economics, believes that he has discovered a method whereby his subject may be illustrated by living examples rather than classical "laws."

A constantly shifting body of cases is to be employed. Students may furnish cases of their own, taken from situations that have come under their eyes.

"Readings in the regular textbooks are assigned," explained Professor Weld, "but we give the student no guarantee that he will find the answer to his problem in them. Columbia's plan is the pioneer attempt to better the old method of teaching economics, which leaders have long realized was not meeting the practical needs of students, Professor Weld said.—New Student.

CORRECTION IN ALUMNAE REGISTER.

The Personnel Bureau would like to make the following correction in its Register for this year: "Class of 1924—Holmes, Catherine Baird (Mrs. Walter M. Brandow), B. S., Lake Placid Club School, Lake Placid, N. Y. should read: Holmes, Catherine Baird, B. S., 2 Waterbury Road, Upper Montclair, N. J., Occupational Therapist." Owing to illness, the wedding was postponed.
NO MORE PAGE—NOW A DEPARTMENT FOR MOTHERS

We are proud to introduce to you this month the two sons of Marion Rogers Nelson, '19, who writes that "this picture does not do the baby justice but it is the best one of Lloyd—We are very proud of our boys. Lloyd is devoted to his baby brother and says that if he had been a girl he would have sold her and 'mighty cheap, too'." (Cries of "here, here" from the arena where we mothers of marvelous daughters sit up and take notice. She continues "He also wonders if 'brother' will be able to handle a board by next winter"—and adds "I wonder if any other C. C. Alumna has two boys.

Speak up, oh reader, and let us know in time for the first fall "Alumnae News" issue.

We know you will be interested in the Cambridge Nursery School which is a pioneer project now running for its second year, in connection with Harvard University, in Cambridge, Mass. This is a Co-operative Nursery School, run partly by mothers with a trained full-time teacher in charge. A great many of the children 3-4 years are from professors' homes in Cambridge, the experiment being similar to the Northampton Nursery School which has just opened.

We are very much interested in this Nursery School movement throughout the country, for we feel that it is going to give the children of the future a much finer field of experiment and manipulation than ordinary homes can possibly supply. Added to this will come the valuable wisely-supervised social contact with other children which will come before the self-conscious age when for many run-abouts shyness defects everything else in the struggle for self-expression.

The purpose of the Nursery School is not to take the child away from the home, as so many opponents of the movement seem to feel. On the contrary it is broadening and deepening all home influences and contacts, making the child appreciate home all the more, giving the mothers much needed rest and prospective, and helping the child take big strides forward in character building and habit forming. This too, without making him either precocious, queer, or over sophisticated.

If you could spend even three hours at Ruggles Street Nursery School in Boston or at any of the other schools in the suburbs, some spring morning, and see all the processes of washing oneself and unlacing one's shoes and feeding oneself and directing one's own individual play as well as going in the group play and obeying the teachers— you would be convinced that Nursery School life is valuable and necessary, and may some day be the foundation stone for a new system of education in our country.

If any of you mothers are trying to start co-operative Nursery Schools, as the Editor is, or even to form study groups for discussion of the problems that come up in the rearing of your families, it may interest you to know that the American Association of University Women has a 25c pamphlet on "Guidance Materials for Study Groups on "How Children Build Habits," by Lois Hayden Meek—which gives interesting discussion questions, lists of books for reference and outlines for the study of every imaginable topic from "Food Problem," and "Sleep" to "Sex and Emuresis."

Send postage to National Headquarters, A. A. U. W.—1634 Eye Street, N. W. Washington, D. C., and you will be well repaid for your interest.

Following are some of the questions under "Habit."

1. Can you recall any habits you built when you were a child? Did dissatisfaction (punishment, fear, etc.) help to build them?

2. If you teach your child how to behave on a street car when he goes to see Grandmother in March are you provoked if he does not remember what to do in April?

3. Which is better, a child who does a thing in order to avoid a whipping or a child who does a thing because he understands the need for it?

(Continued on page 12.)

BABY PAGE

1—Lloyd Steadman Nelson, 5 years, and Roger Bartlett Nelson, 6 months, children of Marion Rogers Nelson, '19.

2 and 3—Jack and Billy Wunch, 3 years and 5 years, children of Eleanor Thielen Wunch, '22.

4—Nancy Goodwin Miner, 17 months and Waldo Lawrence Miner, Jr., 4 months, children of Helen Collins Miner, '20.

5—Barbara Jean Harris, 5½ months, and her mother, Mrs. Estelle Hoffman Harris, ex-'24.
STUDENTS OF CONN. COLLEGE TO VISIT EUROPE IN INTEREST OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Taken from “The Day” of May 17.)

A group of 13 students from Connecticut College, under the leadership of Miss Agnes Berkeley Leahy of Norwich, instructor in psychology and head of the personnel bureau of the college, will represent Connecticut College as one of 15 American colleges and universities in Europe this summer in the interest of international understanding and friendship between the youth of all countries.

The invitation to students in this country came from the International Students' Hospitality Association which has its headquarters in Paris, through the National Students' Federation of America. The latter was asked to make a list of selected colleges in which groups of 13 students and a leader should be formed.

The invitation to Connecticut College to be one of the 15 colleges represented was accepted by the student council and Miss Leahy, a graduate of the college in 1921, graduate secretary the following year and popular among the students as an instructor, was the unanimous choice as leader of the group.

The group will sail from New York on the S. S. Veendan June 18. Each college has its own itinerary and except for the trans-Atlantic voyage and five days in Geneva, where there will be an international house party, the various groups will not be together.

The local students will go first to England, where they will spend the greater part of the time in the English countryside. They are to make a nine-day motor trip through Scotland, returning to London for a short time before going to Holland, where they will spend six days. They will go thence to Belgium for a week and from there to Geneva in Geneva they will attend some of the conferences of the League of Nations.

Students from 50 nations will be gathered in the Swiss city at this time. The remainder of the time is to be spent in France, visiting Bourges, the chateau district, Tours, Chartres, Mont Saint Michel and Chartres as well as Paris.

Wherever the students go they will be met by students of the country in which they are visiting and will be guests in the homes of these students. They will be entertained educationally and socially, learning to know the European countries in terms of their people rather than in terms of the objects of interest alone as is usually true of the tourist.

The practical details of the trip are in the hands of the Open Road, Inc., of New York, which is made up of students who have organized for the purpose of furthering the movement to develop international understanding.

The colleges and universities which will send groups this year are Wellesley, Radcliffe, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, Sweet Briar, Randolph-Macon, Harvard, Wisconsin, Washington and Lee, George Washington, Mills, Ohio State, Michigan, and Leland Stanford.

The Connecticut College group will be made up of Florence Hopper, '27, of Ridgewood, N. J.; Mary Storer, '27, of Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Mary Jerman, '27, of Chicago; Elizabeth Gallup, '28, of North Adams, Mass.; Dorothy Bayley, '28 of Woodhaven, N. Y.; Eleanor Wood, '28, of Philadelphia; Adelaide King, '28, of Brockton, Mass.; Deborah Lippincott, '28, of Philadelphia; Muriel Whitehead, '29, of Newark, N. J.; Mary Scatteredgood, '29, of Villa Nova, Pa.; Helen Ellis, '29, of Chicago; Constance Greene, '30, of Dayton, O.; and Emily Werner of New York, a graduate of the college in 1925.

MOTHERS' PAGE.

(Continued from page 10.)

4. What habits have you been unsuccessful in building in your child? Analyze the cause. Can it be that your child is too young? That you have not given ample opportunity for practice with satisfaction? Have you depended entirely upon the method of telling your child?

5. Consider your methods of trying to break children of certain bad habits. Have they been successful? Have you made your child shy, awkward, afraid? Have they made him adopt methods to deceive you?

6. Keep a record of the building of some simple habit by your child. Note date, response of child and teaching devices used by parents.

INFLUENCE.

Cold are the hills, in purple clad
Like majesties of old,
And waters creep beside their feet
In gray, impassive mold.

Called forth a quickening life
As past glad banks they sweep.

Scenes thus of grandeur or of mirth
That call for fairy feet,
Fair are the hills, in springtime green
Of water and of mirth.

Like majesties of old,
In gray, impassive mold.

Like majesties of old,
In gray, impassive mold.

ON EXTERMINATING ROACHES.

By Catherine Hardwick Latimer, '24.

With the house reeking of liquid Black Flag, Thousand Dollar Roach Killer, Bee Brand Insect Powder, etc., etc., I am in a perfect mood to respond to Marion Maud₵ Milligan's interesting article, "On Cleaning Out the Bread Box," in the April number of the "Alumnae News." Cleaning out the bread box is a tame task compared to fighting cockroaches in a semi-tropical climate. It's as tame as target-shooting compared to big game hunting.

The servant class in this part of the country are no aid in exterminating the roach. They seem to look upon it as a domesticated animal! You say you can't hire anyone to clean the bread box or the refrigerator? Down here I face a more puzzling problem! Paid help of the best sort are oblivious to the potential peril in a roach—to the point of seeming almost fond of them. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to discover them putting out saucers of milk for them! Like canary birds in the sunparlor-roaches are a part of the commissary quarters.

My objections and my abhorrence have been reduced, gradually, to a single shadow of a fear. It is just possible that the big near-sighted grand-daddies of the roach tribe, some dark night, may creeps in the sun. The servant class in this part of the country are no aid in exterminating the roach. They seem to look upon it as a domesticated animal! You say you can't hire anyone to clean the bread box or the refrigerator? Down here I face a more puzzling problem! Paid help of the best sort are oblivious to the potential peril in a roach—to the point of seeming almost fond of them. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to discover them putting out saucers of milk for them! Like canary birds in the sunparlor—roaches are a part of the commissary quarters.

"Those roaches don' mean no harm. D'es everywhar. What's the use o' botherin'?" So, when she leaves the kitchen, my work begins. Roaches are great lovers of night life, tropical warmth and dampness are to them like springtime and sunshine to youth, and the shadows go to their heads like moonlight. Night time is the right time—after the cook has gone home—for the roaches' rendezvous!

Let's set the stage. It is night, and the scene is my kitchen. Great Grandpa Roach, grand old patriarch, stalks forth from the sink drain, waves his long feelers in dignified graceful inquiry, then scratches a telegraphic tattoo on the pine floor with his six clawed feet. Out rush his eight stalwart sons and their flat-backed glistening wives. Trailing after these agile dear old great grandparents come their respective families. There is no race suicide among roaches—so there are from ten to twelve youngsters per glistening grandma. Each of those ten or twelve, of the second generation, have from twelve to fifteen romping, gamboling little ones. How jolly it all is! All seven hundred of the family here, hale and hearty! And isn't it all just too wonderful—this heat, this glorious sticky damp weather! And did you ever know such luck—the Man of the Family has left an apple core on the kitchen table and the help didn't clean out the sink! Enter Mrs. Latimer, vapor-gun in hand and switches on the light. Roaches to right—roaches to left—mamas, papas, aunts and uncles all rush for cover as the poisonous fog descends.

The sting isn't in the crawly, shiny, flat filthiness of those disgusting insects themselves—it's in the fact that housewives here don't take these matters into their own hands. I'll wager that I am the only white woman in the state who doesn't enjoy her own roach powder and pumps her own vapor gun. I have to do it at night with the shades drawn. Because of the shame of it? No indeed! I do it in secrecy because my kind dear neighbors would shake their heads and tell one another. "There's that poor little Mrs. Latimer working again, day into the night! Did you ever know the beat of those New Englanders when it comes to work?"

I am utterly at loss to know, positively, what stand to take. White women don't—and can't—work in this climate. They telephone the order to the grocery, in some cases. In some families, the help do it. Some housewives even plan the meals—and—in some homes, the help do it. Beyond those duties, however, the lady of the house doesn't touch a finger to the household equipment. She directs someone else to attend to everything. And—you should see how perfectly stunning these housewives are! They give themselves every attention, as to clothes, complexion, permanent waves, manicures and naps. Naps and morning coffee are daily essentials. None of my friends are at home after luncheon; they're in bed—resting.

I wonder—as I look at these beautiful young mothers of lovely grown daughters and big sons—these exquisite mothers with their smooth skins, clear eyes and charming pep and vivacity—just what they do about roaches and things like that. If you ask them—they laugh and say—"Do? There's nothing you can do. Tell me—don't you love our mocking birds!" I wonder if they never get refrigerators and bread boxes on the brain.

So—I have almost decided to day away my vapor gun on the pantry shelf, to close my eyes to the world, and roaches, each day at one o'clock—and to get me a permanent wave and some wrinkle eradicator.

P. S. Apropos of nothing in particular—nervous breakdowns are so rare, here, that victims have to go "up East" for treatment. It has set me thinking.
Dear Alumnae:

Your "Alumnae News" editor asks me to write something for the June issue. This is my first compulsory theme over a period of several years! You very politely murmur, "Always glad to hear from one of our professors however unfelicitious his temporary stylistic condition." Miss Warner has gotten even with me at last! (Correct the order of the parts of the above to read: "At last, Miss Warner . . ."). Note the intricacies of punctuation in the parenthetical matter.

Have you read "The King's Henchman?" It is a very unusual performance. There are passages of great beauty, of moving passion; and there are rude and ugly scenes of Anglo-Saxon court life. Miss Millay has caught the rhythm of our rude forefathers' verse almost as well as she has the spirit. In a course in Old English here (or "there") she would get "A plus." Read the book, or, better, hear the opera in New York.

I have just re-read Poole's "The Harbor." After twelve years the book seems greater than ever. I believe that it is one of our timeless books. It has defects, to be sure, but it certainly has form and substance.

And then there is that new book by Hamlin Garland—"The Trail Makers of the Middle Border." I found it thrilling. In the strictest sense it is not literature, but for all that, it is absorbing and moving. Remember that Mr. Garland has a superb descriptive technique—always.

Mr. Tarkington may keep "The Plutocrat." I am willing to wager that none of you have read Stephen Crane's masterpiece, "The Red Badge of Courage." Last summer I read it for the first time. It has been reissued in a very attractive form. Be sure to read it.

And so much for the present.

Yours sincerely,

GERARD E. JENSEN.
Marjorie Doyle (Mrs. M. S. Sullivan)—Maurice William Sullivan, July 28, 1925.
Fanchon Hartman (Mrs. Melvin W. Title)—Samuel Hartman Title, July 14, 1925.
Marion Hendrie (Mrs. F. B. Milligan)—Edward Hendrie Milligan, June 20, 1926.
Arvilla Hotchkiss (Mrs. R. J. Titterington)—Raymond Jones Titterington, November 30, 1923 (died).
Kathryn Hubert (Mrs. David Hall)—Nancy Hall, July 15, 1925.
Edith Lindholm (Mrs. Raymond Baldwin)—Lucian Earl Baldwin, 2, April 2, 1925.
Dorothy Matteson (Mrs. Willard Gray)—Willard Avery Gray, Jr., May 15, 1923; Burrill Matteson Gray, May 9, 1926.
LaFetra Perley (Mrs. Karl A. Reiche)—Karl A. Reiche, Jr., January 26, 1926.
Dora Schwartz (Mrs. Louis Y. Gaberman)—Edith Sykes Gaberman, July 19, 1922.
Eleanor Seaver (Mrs. R. C. Massonneau)—Robert Livingston Massonneau, Feb. 3, 1924; Jeannette Seaver Massonneau, June 6, 1926.
Dorothy Stelle (Mrs. E. W. Stone)—Wadsworth Stelle Stone, September 23, 1923.
Grace Waller (Mrs. Ross Preston)—Ross M. Preston, Jr., December 22, 1924.
Emma Wippert (Mrs. Daniel Pease)—Robert Louis Pease, July 13, 1925.

1921.

Louise Avery (Mrs. R. J. Favorite)—Nancy Randall Favorite, May 14, 1925.
Anna Mae Brazos (Mrs. A. J. Chalmers)—John Alan Chalmers, June 21, 1925.
Catherine Cone (Mrs. Thomas Ford)—Edith Anne Ford, Jan. 21, 1924.
Hattie Goldman (Mrs. A. B. Rosoff)—Chester Bertram, Feb. 18, 1923; Gladys Ruth Rosoff, April 22, 1926.
Dorothy Gregson (Mrs. Lorimer B. Slocum)—Robert Gregson Slocum, September 18, 1926.
Jeanette Lettney (Mrs. R. F. Skinner)—Raymond Francis Skinner, Jr., July 22, 1922; Edwin Myron Skinner, February 26, 1925.
Olive Littlehales (Mrs. Emory Corbin)—Albert Henry Corbin, April 13, 1926.
Marion Lyon (Mrs. W. T. Jones)—Marion Lyon Jones, July 7, 1923.
Roberta Newton (Mrs. Willard Ray)—Roberta Page Ray, September 30, 1924; Mary Joanna Ray.

1922.

Abby Palmer (Mrs. John Carley)—Mary Hull Carley, July 21, 1915.
Ruth Bacon (Mrs. Grant Wickwire)—Katherine E., April 23, 1926.
Marguerite Mills (Mrs. Albert H. Murphy)—Richard Mills Murphy, March 25, 1925.
Amy Peak (Mrs. David Yale)—Julius Robert Yale, August 17, 1925; Amy Elizabeth Yale, October 28, 1926.
Winifred Powell (Mrs. H. W. Slayton)—William Cary Slayton, March 21, 1925.
Ann Slade (Mrs. A. W. Frey)—Janet Wendell Frey, October 13, 1925.
Melicent Claudine Smith (Mrs. E. A. Hane)—Melicent Esther Hane, April 6, 1924.
Helen Stickle (Mrs. D. A. Downes)—Nancy Elizabeth Downes, January 8, 1926.
Eleanor Thielien (Mrs. Edward Wunch)—John Edward Wunch, April 15, 1923; William Stuart Wunch, October 26, 1924.

1923.

Margery Backes (Mrs. B. M. Terrell)—Bennett Mix Terrell, August 19, 1925.
Helen Higgins (Mrs. George A. Bunyan)—Ann Alden Bunyan, November 21, 1925.
Melvina Mason (Mrs. Horace E. Bailey)—Bruce M. Bailey, May 28, 1925.
Margaret McCarthy (Mrs. L. E. Morrissey)—Leonard E. Morrissey, Jr., July 22, 1925.
Elizabeth Moyle (Mrs. B. D. Gold)—Beecher D. Gold, Jr., June 2, 1924; Thomas M. Gold, June 10, 1926.
Adelaide Satterly (Mrs. S. P. Tuthill)—Sidney Preston Tuthill, Feb. 28, 1925.
Kathryn Wilcox (Mrs. V. C. McCollum)—Samuel Putnam McCollum, Dec. 23, 1925.

1924.

Catherine Hardwick (Mrs. Thomas Latimer)—Anne Hardwick Latimer, July 27, 1925.
Gertrude Huff (Mrs. Philip Blank)—Philip Everett Blank, 1926.
Lucille MacDonall (Mrs. W. H. Anderson)—Sheila Ainslee Anderson, September 23, 1926.

1925.

Marie Barker (Mrs. Frederick Eastman)—Berkeley A. Eastman, January 15, 1926.
Suzanne Stolzenberg (Mrs. Irving Baker)—Irving E. Baker, Jr., July 26, 1926.
WANTED

GOOD-WILL PLUS ACTIVE
CO-OPERATION.

*The Alumnae News* requires for the publication of each issue a body of material varied enough in its appeal to interest *you* who are the reader. You are both producer and consumer in the venture.

*The News* wants items of interest about you and your friends, pictures, cartoons, jokes, articles of literary, informational, and service merit—in fact the thing which you would like to read.

Will you send your contribution directly to one of the editors?