THE CLIFF AT BOLLESWOOD
AMONG OUR CLASSMATES

1919.
Correspondent—Grace Cockings, 336 Main Street, Bristol, Conn.
A daughter, and second child has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Merrill K. Bennett (Dorcas Gallup).
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seeley (Emetta Weed) have sent out cards announcing the arrival of a third daughter, Naomi Ruth, on January 12. We shall hope to see them all at '19's reunion next June.
A son, James Gladney, was born on November 20, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Rogers (Miriam Pomeroy). Their address is now: Box 1217, McAllen, Texas.
Ruth Trail McClellan announces the arrival of a second child, John Olveus, born in Oregon on February 8.
Sadie Coit Benjamin and her family have been spending their second winter in St. Petersburg, Florida. Her little boy is now nine years old, and her baby girl, nine months.
Dorothy Gray Manion has moved to 15 Thirty-eighth Street, Irvington, New Jersey.
Amy Kugler Wadsworth's mother is building a house at Westport, Rhode Island, where the families expect to gather in the summer. We remember hearing Amy extol the charms of Westport back in college days. Some of you who knew Amy's brother, William, will be interested to hear that he is engaged to a Mount Holyoke girl and was to be married in February. They will live in Boston.
Grace Cockings had the pleasure of hearing Commander Richard E. Byrd lecture on his North Pole, Trans-Atlantic and Antarctic-to-be flights. The talk was illustrated by several thousand feet of film—very fine pictures. She would recommend the lecture to C. C. chapters as a means of raising money for the Fund.
Helen Gough entertained a group of classmates recently, with the hope of starting an informal larger circle of college girls and their friends, to meet occasionally for a social evening.
Frances Saunders Tarbell has a second son, born in February.
Of interest to the O. L. G.'s is the fact that Miss Sutton, Dr. Sykes' secretary, and one of the active figures on campus in the first days of C. C. attended the Glee Club Concert Alumnae Week-end, during a trip from the Middle West, where she is now located.

1920.
Correspondent—Fanchon Hartman
Title, 727 Prospect Avenue, Hartford, Conn.
Fanchon loyally and generously responds to the plea for class news with: "To get news by mail in a hurry is an impossibility, so I've looked over some old letters (written since the last issue of 'Alumnae News') and have telephoned to a few of the girls in town, but the information won't fill a book no matter how I write it! Joan Munro Odell is fine, and has a charming husband and adorable baby, Bruce. In a letter recently she spoke of having been to Jessie Menzies Luce's house; 'her baby is truly a darling. I don't believe I have ever seen a daintier child in all my life, just like a little doll. Jessie's husband goes away on the tenth of March for three months. Agnes Mae was there and Feta (Perley Reiche) with her dear little two-year-old son. Bruce grows like a weed and is beginning to say one-syllable words. Leah Pick Silber wrote me ages ago (I owe her a letter—so I hope she doesn't read this) that they were about to take an apartment: 'I am dreaming of furnishing in early English and purchasing a few antiques to give warmth and mellowness to the home. * * * singing and swimming is all I'm scheduled for, but believe me I'm never lazy. We had a Christmas bridge-tea for undergraduates home for the holidays. I'm President again of the Chicago Chapter.' Margaret Schoolman (Peggy Greenbaum, ex-'20), has a little daughter Sydney, although she isn't quite fifteen months she is such a decided individualist, it's...
killing; she walks and tries to talk a lot although she says only a few phrases that are really intelligible. But she is husky and well * * * did I tell you that my cousin, Helen Weil of Altoona, is a sophomore at C. C.?' Our class baby, Edith Sykes Gaberman, is a big girl. She's five and a half, but looks like a girl of seven years. She goes to kindergarten. Katherine Schaefer Parsons tells me that she is very busy with five months old Bobbie . . . Edith Smith who lives near is very much interested in the Woman's Auxiliary in Wethersfield . . . Maude Carpenter Dustin who lives in Vermont has a new baby, the third, born in December and called Judith . . . Laura Warren commutes between her job in Hartford and her home in Willimantic . . . Anna Buller is working in the New York Library, and she is very busy keeping the dust off of the furniture of her apartment . . . Fern Smith has built a new home in Willimington. When I called Emma Wippert Pease she had no news to report but just wanted it mentioned that she was making the rounds of carrots and spinach with young Bobbie.

And while I'm writing this my young Indian is taking every key in the house away, so my chances of future seclusion are slight. Please take pity, girls, and write me some more news so that the June issue will be full of our doings."

Note—Material should be sent Fanchon by May 10.

Agnes Mae Bartlett Clark sends news of another classmate: "Several weeks ago, while on a little trip, I stopped in to see Dot Stover Drummond at Bethlehem, Pa. She is looking fine."

Betty Williams sailed February 29 for the West Indies and Panama. This is her second trip there.

Kathryn Hulbert Hall has been finding time amid duties, material, domestic and editorial, to substitute at the Junior High School, teaching Algebra, English and Music.

Marion Gammons is at present living in New Haven.

Correspondent—Anna Flaherty, 120 Madison Avenue, New York City.

A warm and instant response met the appeal to '21 to send word of themselves and others. May both those who are not represented, and those who have anything further to say of themselves, make an equally good showing for the last issue. (Material should be sent not later than May 10, for the June number.)

Ethel Mason Dempsey, having urged others to write, "feels it a duty to do the same myself, even though I haven't a thing to say. Am still running a branch library in New Haven," says she, "and am absolutely content. Should I be ashamed to say that? But it's a great spot to get to know people and books; it's a rare laboratory in its way. And people and books are my chief interests."

From Knoxville, Tennessee, Eleanor Haasis "rushes to write of several classmates beside herself:"

"Deborah Jackson, as you may know, is research technician at Johns Hopkins this year, working hard with some rats that she brought with her from New Haven . . . Soft coal and the ever-present roast of even partially southern places appalled her at first, but I think she's liking Baltimore now. . . . Lydia Marvin has attained to an insurance underwriter, is singing in Hartford churches, and how I wish we could have her in Knoxville! Jane Gardner, '23, is going to Prague this summer to the Art Congress, and is traveling with a dear friend of mine here, the art instructor in the University of Tennessee. Wish I could go, too, but I've a brand new job and a brand new house. We moved just a week ago into this dear little six-room place, all freshly papered, painted, and also honeymoonish! The job is architectural work; the biggest thing on hand right now, and one holding my keenest interest is the Alvin York School at Jamestown, Tennessee. A splendid man with a splendid mission."

"Kathryn Moss, '25, is doing newspaper work at Tucson, Arizona, seems enchanted with Tucson and is trying to lure me thither, speaks familiarly of trotting to Nogales Sonora and other exotic spots. I will not be lured."

"Kay" Mitchell, ex-'25, writes domestically from Winsted, Conn. An eight months' daughter is hard to believe. "Mildred Pierpont had the grandest cross-continent trip last summer, with a whole vacation on the California coast. Set out from Florida to drive across, skirted the edges of the Mississippi flood, and got through Arkansas just before the water was up again, visited all along the way, and all up and down the coast."

Equally loyal, but lacking any news, Dorothy Pryde writes to say that she hopes to contribute her share later.

From American University, Washington, D. C., where she is physical director of women Dorothy Wolf sends news of herself: "I have been here only since September, but I am more in love with it every day. It is rather new, being just three years old, and an offshoot of the graduate school which has been in exist-

(Continued on page 12.)
THE A. A. U. W. CONFERENCE
IN BOSTON.*
By Kathryn Hulbert Hall, '20.

*Note—Mrs. Hall officially represented the Connecticut College Alumnae at this conference, being sent as our delegate.

This strange-sounding abbreviation does not stand for Gloria Hollister's three-toed sloth from South America, nor is it the lisping of an infant trying to say his alphabet, much as you might conjecture to the contrary. But if you had been in Boston from February 9-11, at the meetings of the North Atlantic Section of University Women, you would have understood before you had heard it spoken and seen it heralded on bulletin boards and corridors more than ten times, that it stood for the American Association of University Women, of which our college is a proud member; and it would have thrilled you, too, to have been a tiny part of that gathering of college women who had come from all over the Northeastern part of our country, at the invitation of the Boston Branch, A. A. U. W.

We were dined and tea-d and feted and lectured to until we alternately beamed with enthusiasm or almost fainted away with fatigue, for it was a strenuous three days.

The informal reception to all delegates by the Woman's Council of Boston University, at Fox Hall on Beacon Hill, was our first chance to get acquainted with each other, and with the snow and sleet outside and the warmth and cordiality within, expressing itself everywhere, this was not difficult. Add to the picture, a Glee Club of thirty girls from B. U. to sing for you, and a bountiful table laden with delicious refreshments, and you have that opening keynote of the conference—the comradeship and sympathy of college women.

The challenge came the next day which was called Educational Day, and was conducted by the Educational Commission of the Boston Branch. Each delegate chose one of three groups to join: (1) The Progressive Education Group which spent the morning visiting the Beaver Country Day School and the Shady Hill School; (2) the Pre-School Group which visited both Cambridge nursery schools and the Ruggles Street Nursery School in Boston, (an account of which is given on the Mothers' Page); (3) The Adolescent Group which spent the morning at the Psychopathic Hospital under the leadership of Mrs. Maida Solomon, social worker at the hospital, with Dr. Campbell of Harvard University conducting a psychopathic clinic. At the close of the morning each group met for round-table discussions which were very stimulating and instructive.

That afternoon, everyone crowded to the Georgian Room of the Hotel Statler to hear Dr. William Healy, Director of the Judge Baker Foundation, conduct a regular staff meeting, demonstrating the method of dealing with the cases of problem children referred to the Foundation. Tea at the Wellesley Club called us away from this exciting two-hours' education, and at seven o'clock, came a dinner at the University Club, with speeches by the Dean of the Boston University, the President of the Boston Branch, Dr. Lois Hayden Meek, Educational Secretary of the A. A. U. W., and President William Allan Neilson of Smith College.

At the long morning business session which followed, the next day we heard reports from all the Branches represented, including Wilmington, Erie, Harrisburg, Binghamton, Albany, Syracuse, Worcester, Poughkeepsie, Rochester, Vermont State and New Hampshire and Connecticut. Such a host of fascinating things these delegates told about: study groups on adolescence, nursery schools, international relations, hygiene, music, drama, literature, thrilling adventures raising money for international fellowships, starting committees on international relationships, etc. We heard from Hawaii and Madrid, too, who had sent delegates because they happened to be in Boston at the time.

Pre-school education seemed to be very prominent in all the reports and discussions, and we learned that the nursery school movement was spreading rapidly and vigorously, sponsored by teachers and mothers alike, and directed particularly by college graduates.

Vermont told us about their rural school surveys, and how, in spite of the floods, they had been able, as an organized group of college women, to standardize 300 out of the 1100 rural schools of the state.

It gave us a feeling of pride to learn that Connecticut has already five flourishing branches of A. A. U. W. all affiliated with the general headquarters. At the Intercollegiate Luncheon which followed this long business meeting, President Pendleton of Wellesley College presided, giving as the topic for the after-dinner speeches, "Is it possible to educate a College Alumna?" This brought forth interesting comments from the various speakers, foremost among which was the appeal that col-
LEGES AND THEIR BOARDS OF TRUSTEES KEEP THE ALUMNAE IN CLOSER TOUCH WITH THE COLLEGES AND MAKE THEIR RETURN VISITS TO THE CAMPUS MORE FREQUENT AND INVITING, WHENEVER POSSIBLE ERECTING ALUMNAE BUILDINGS ESPECIALLY FOR SUCH PURPOSES, AND MAKING THE ALUMNAE CONSCIOUS OF WHAT THEY FEEL AND THINK ABOUT THEIR COLLEGES IS STILL OF VITAL INTEREST. MISS DEDERER, OUR FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE, TOLD OF THE COLLEGE EXTENSION WORK BEING DONE THROUGHOUT THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT WITH THE COOPERATION OF SIX LEADING EDUCATIONAL BODIES, AMONG WHICH CONNECTICUT COLLEGE IS PROMINENT.

THAT SAME EVENING THE CONFERENCE SEEMED TO REACH ITS HIGHWATER MARK WHEN THE INTERNATIONAL DINNER BROUGHT TOGETHER SO MANY ELOQUENT SPEAKERS, ELECTRIC AMONG THEM BEING DEAN VIRGINIA GILDERSLEEVE OF BARNARD COLLEGE, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN. THE FAREWELL LUNCHEON OF THE CONFERENCE WAS HELD AT RADCLIFFE ON THE NEXT DAY WHEN THE SUBJECT OF FELLOWSHIPS WAS TAKEN UP, WITH PROFESSORS FROM RADCLIFFE, BRYN MAWR AND OTHER COLLEGES SPEAKING. A CROWDED THREE DAYS, YOU'LL AGREE, AND WITH SUCH STIMULATING AND VITAL CONTACTS, THAT ONE WAS GLAD TO RETIRE TO PRIVATE LIFE AND TAKE A FEW LONG BREATHS, PUTTING AWAY THAT DELEGATE BADGE WITH SIGHS, REVERENTIAL WIT, AND A LITTLE BIT OVER-AWED. THE ECHO IN ONE'S BRAIN: “IS IT POSSIBLE TO EDUCATE A COLLEGE ALUMNA?”

I WISH EVERY ONE OF OUR 650 ALUMNAE HAD BEEN THERE TO FEEL THAT SPIRITUAL COMRADERY AND FAR-REACHING CHALLENGE OF THOSE 273 REPRESENTATIVE COLLEGE WOMEN, WHOSE VERY PRESENCE MADE ONE FEEL THAT WOMAN'S PART IN THE EDUCATIONAL AND SPIRITUAL ADVANCEMENT OF THE WORLD IS TREMENDOUSLY VITAL, BOTH NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

CONNECTICUT VICTOR.

Both the Connecticut College debating teams won the debates held on March 17, on the subject: “Resolved, That a Tutorial System Similar to that of Harvard be Adopted in all Liberal Arts Colleges.”

The event was a part of the annual debates of the Women’s Intercollegiate Debating League, which is composed of Radcliffe, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and Connecticut; Vassar having dropped out earlier in the year. Each member trains two teams, the affirmative, to remain at the home college, the negative to be sent to another college. All debates take place on the same date. This year, Connecticut sent their team to Smith and received a team from Mount Holyoke.

DR. MORRIS DISCUSSES THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.


To the Editor of “The New York Times.”

Like most discussions on educational matters, the recent letters in “The Times” on women’s colleges and the education of women would seem to reveal a blissful unawareness of the fact that there are such things, even in education, as first principles, fundamental considerations. Discussion, therefore, warms the upper atmosphere, but seldom throws light on the real problems that lie deeper down.

As fundamental considerations underlying the question of the education of women, I would suggest: (1) What is a woman? (2) What is education, and how does it differ from training?

Despite traditional belief, despite disturbing evidence from present-day life, it is now generally admitted by those in position to judge that women are human beings. The same conclusion, though perhaps more tentatively, holds with respect to men. Assuming this is so, the primary question becomes: What is education for human beings? A suggested answer is that education is the process whereby human beings are enabled to live more and more distinctively human lives.

Without a definition of human, as all sophomores will rush in to say, and without an explanatory philosophy of education this is doubtless not particularly enlightening, though perhaps we would be right with Plato in the belief that such a definition and such a philosophy would help only in the cases of those who need neither. However, I am not, first of all, concerned here with an answer; I am merely pointing out a fundamental question.

Now, if it is true that both men and women are human beings first, differing in sex only secondarily—and accidentally, according to the whim of the chromosomes—it follows that what is education for man is also education for woman. If our liberal arts colleges, whether components in a university or not, have education as their purpose, the only difference basically that liberal arts colleges for women should have in mind is a qualitative one. In other words, women’s colleges should endeavor to be not different but better. And there are real opportunities open here!

But do not women have peculiar tasks in life, and should not they have an education equipping them to perform those tasks? Do they not have a special contribution to make to a differentiated
POETRY CORNER.

Embers.
The embers of my fire are strange tonight,
A lonely grave-yard, ribbed with runic bones,
Where lizards crawl, red-spitting flames of fire,
Against the crumbling caverns of grey ash;
The dust of oak and cherry wood, you say,
But I know well, they are my withered thoughts
That lie, uneasy, in the fitful draught
Of moaning winds across the lonely hearth.

But in the morning, when new thoughts leap up,
To shake the dust of dreary dreams away;
When logs are kindled fresh, where ashes lie,
And sunlight touches these pale walls to gold;
Then, leaping from the crumbled caves,
shall rise
In higher flame, the kindled hope of day!
—Kathryn Hulbert Hall, '20.

Elusive.
I could not set you in a measured frame
As one surrounds a sketch with narrow gold;
Aquamarine and silver do not hold
In a neat pattern fitted with a name.
The colors of an abalone shell
Are not more evanescent than the play
Of light upon your moods—I look away—
And only then I seem to see you well.
—Loretta Roche, '21.

Storm-Wraith.
I sing the glory of the storm!
Swift-footed, strong, impetuous,
The fervor and the breadth of it,
The passion and the depth of it.
The trees, Laocoons, that writhe
To free their branches from its power,
The sudden rising gusts of wind
That like grim Genii make men cower.
And lonely wives creep round the fire.
When chimneys rock and waves rise higher,
Relentless, wild, fierce-flinging, firm,
I sing the glory of the storm!
Dull amber glow of red-eyed logs,
And drowsy turn of yellowed page,
The sleepy fire reaches out
To touch the walls of mellowed age,
And, in a dream, against the pane,
Like fluttering moths, the tired rain ...
—Kathryn Hulbert Hall, '20.

January Afternoon.
This spare design of wintry boughs
Against a pewter sky
Hard with a sullen enmity,
Is traced here for the eye
That finds no red in western cloud,
In dawn no deepening gold,
And now must look unflinchingly
On loveliness grown old.
—Loretta Roche, '21.
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Juline Warner Comstock, '19
Managing Editor—Blanche Finesilver, '22
Assistant Editors:
Kathryn Hubert Hall, '20
Barbara Tracy, '27

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EDITORIAL

The poetry contest, announced in the June, 1927, issue, has proved disappointing. So few contributions reached the editor that the contest has had to be abandoned. However, the "News," as representative of the entire alumnae body, should, we feel, contain examples of some alumnae creative work. Not a few of our graduates are already establishing themselves in the field of literature, in one phase or another. It has always been the endeavor of the editorial board to attain a high literary standard for their publication, and was with the hope of stimulating our gifted alumnae to send contributions of a high order to the contest, and so to improve the quality of our paper, that the idea of the contest was centered upon. At the last board meeting, therefore it was decided to replace the original poetry contest with a poetry page, to which we most earnestly invite all alumnae to lend their interest, and insofar as is possible, their material contributions. The editors will greatly appreciate any information leading to the detection and apprehension of verse by alumnae suitable and available for publication in our paper!

THE CAMPUS SITUATION.

The situation on campus is at the present time of such an unsettled nature that this publication can not adequately cover it, since some time elapses between the compilation of editorial material, and the time of delivery of the issue to alumnae. Hence, it has been thought advisable to notify alumnae directly and promptly by letter of any situations which concern them.

PERSPECTIVE.

"O college years, how swift they run!"

So sang the 1920 quartet nearly ten years ago.

"Our love for thee has but begun—" echoed the voices of 1930 and their contemporaries, the present Connecticut College Glee Club, welcoming back to the hilltop alumnae new and older. Thus began another memorable Alumnae Week-end, ushered in by one of Nature's most perfect snowstorms to render the beauty of the campus complete.

Reunions with old friends and associations are happy events, whether they be of a casual nature, in distant places, or of fixed and formal setting. But there is no reunion that can serve the same purpose or furnish the same stimulus as the winter "homecoming" of alumnae during the Washington's Birthday week-end. For a "homecoming" it is, more than any June reunion can ever be. College is in session, with classes, studying, and normal, regular campus activities going on as usual—and with all the Freshmen present, instead of being dismissed for lack of space! Rooms are gaily and fully furnished, and there is no indications of the unsatisfying haste and irregularities of the last few days of the college year. We alumnae are once more back at college, as we have known it in our own undergraduate days.

So it is, that returning to the setting of four short, happy years, when dreams were many, though Life's experiences few, we renew in spirit something of those dreams themselves. For, whether or not it is true of colleges in general, C. C. has ever been a college of dreams and of ideals.

Much is being said of the frivolity of modern college life, of the futile expenditure of time and money upon it. But Connecticut College has ever stood for far more. From that September day in 1915, when Student Government was placed without qualification in the hands of a few campus Freshmen, to the sermon of last Alumnae Week-end, when President Marshall appealed for resourcefulness, our college has aimed to develop womanhood in its highest and best sense. Administration and faculty, curriculum and Convocation speakers, alike have contributed toward this one goal. All have emphasized the beauty of a life of service and usefulness; of leadership coupled with initiative and a sense of responsibility; of capacity for and conscience in work; of appreciation of true greatness and of the best that the world has to offer—in short, the supreme beauty of womanhood—character.

To such ideals our college has ever
bidden us aspire; and of such ideals we are again conscious when we return to the site of their early inculcation. As the artist, in painting a canvas, must step away from his easel to gain a clearer idea of the whole effect of his picture, so may we, returning to campus, lose sight of the petty details of life that have been engrossing us, and gain a clearer perspective of the masterpiece that each of us is daily creating. Subconsciously, we measure our accomplishment with the ideal we set long ago, and prepare to return to our canvas with renewed vigor and deeper understanding.

**CONCERNING SOME EDITORIAL CHANGES.**

Alumnae will regret to learn that Pauline Warner, who has so successfully edited the "Alumnae News" for the past year and a half, found it necessary to resign in February. The present staff are carrying out the work for the last two issues, with Juline Warner Comstock as editor.

The Executive Board at the annual business meeting approved a new method of handling class notes; the secretary notified each class president to appoint a class correspondent to be responsible for the items for her class column. The material, therefore, for any one class, should be sent to the class correspondent, who assembles the various items, and sends them to the editor. Since the time had been so short, the response from some classes has been rather meager, but that should be an added incentive to the members to contribute all the more generously for the June issue. Material should reach the class correspondent before May 10, to be included in the last issue of the year.

**DEPARTMENT HEADS TO SPEAK OVER RADIO.**

Schedule to be Announced Later.

Under the direction of Mrs. Nancy Schoonmaker, adviser of the Press Board Association, the heads of the various educational departments of the college are being scheduled to speak over the radio. These programs, which have not yet been definitely planned, will begin near the first of April, and will be given once a week over a period of thirteen weeks.

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**CHAPTER NEWS**

**Hartford Reorganizes.**

The Hartford Chapter of the Connecticut alumnae which had disbanded several years ago has been reorganized. At the cordial invitation of Miss Mary Bulkeley, a trustee of the college, the group met at her home on February 23. The following officers were elected: President, Alice Taylor Dugan, '25; Vice-President, Doris Miner, '24; Secretary, Marion Williams Baker, '19; Treasurer, Dorothy Wheeler, '22; Chairman Publicity Committee, Leontine Oakes, ex-'26; Chairman Entertainment Committee, Florence Silver, '21.

The rest of the evening was spent in planning future chapter activities such as social service, establishing a college scholarship, etc., but nothing definite was decided. Thirty-three Connecticut girls were present.

**New York.**

The New York chapter held a meeting February 25. As usual, it was well attended. At the business meeting, Julia Warner, '23, reviewed Alumnae Weekend. The members also discussed giving a Bridge-luncheon during the college vacation to which undergraduates and prospective Freshmen will be invited.

Following the business meeting, Mrs. Franklin Gaylord talked about Russia and the present conditions there. Mrs. Gaylord and her husband have spent eighteen years in Russia, and her information was most authentic. Her talk was one of the most delightful that many of those present had ever heard. Tea ended the social hour.

**Boston Chapter Meets.**

The Boston Chapter of the Connecticut College Alumnae Association held their January meeting on Tuesday evening, January 31, at Unity House, Park Square. Supper was served at 6:30. Constance Parker, '25, the president of the local chapter, presided at the meeting which followed. Alice Holcomb made a report on the table which the Connecticut Alumnae took charge of at the Florence Crittenden League Bazaar, which was held at the Copley Plaza in November. One hundred and fifty dollars were collected for the League. Since the table was such a marked success it was voted to continue this activity as a part of the annual program of the chapter. Preliminary plans were made for
SNOW GREETS 104 ALUMNAE.
(From C. C. News.)

History repeated itself last Saturday when for the second successive year, the Alumnae returned to find the hilltop besieged by a raging blizzard. Despite the weather, plans were carried forward as made.

After the basketball games Saturday afternoon when the Seniors defeated the Alumnae 23 to 20, the New London Chapter of the Alumnae Association entertained at a tea in Knowlton House. Later, the class of 1927, which returned in greatest numbers, held a banquet at Lighthouse Inn, while the class of 1926, a novelty bridge table at the Bazaar next fall.

Plans for the spring meeting were discussed. It was decided to entertain the undergraduates who live in and around Boston at that time to introduce prospective members to the activities of the Chapter. It was also decided to have the sub-Freshman group who are now in preparatory schools meet the undergraduates at that time.

Marenda Prentis, '19, discussed the proposed plan of the Alumnae Association to work toward a Student-Alumnae Hall on the campus, and also spoke briefly on her experiences as a social worker in schools. Bridge was enjoyed for the rest of the evening.

**

New Jersey.

The New Jersey Chapter was organized on Saturday afternoon, November 19, at the Newark Museum, and has been very successful.

The officers were elected as follows: President, Constance Hill Hathaway, '22; Secretary, Lucille Wittke Morgan, '24; Treasurer, Gertrude Huff Blank, '24; Chairman of Program Committee, Martha Bolles, '24.

The meetings are held the first Tuesday evening of every month, and are interesting and novel in that they are held at the homes of the members. Martha Bolles always plans a fine program and each newcomer pledges herself enthusiastically. We have had open discussions on modern literature, drama and problems.

We wish that more girls would try to attend the meetings. Of course, they would enjoy themselves and would be eager to help us along in our first year.

—LUCILLE WITTKE MORGAN.


1925—Nan Apter, Susanne Stalzenberg Baker, Margaret Cott, Annie Parks McCombs, Doris Miner.

1924—Helen Douglass, Gloria Hollister, Elizabeth Hollister, Elinor Humber, Helen Holbrook, Dorothy Hubbell, ELSIE MARGUARD.

1923—Hope Allen, Margaret Baxter, Lavinia Hull, Margaret North, Helen Wulf, Julia Warner.

1922—Blanche Finesilver, Helen Crofoot.

1921—Agnes Leahy, Anna Flaherty.

1920—Mildred Howard, Mary Hester, Helen Collins Miner, Kathryn Hulbert Hall.

1919—Mildred Keefe, Marian Kofsky, Marena Prentis, Virginia Rose, Juline Warner Comstock, Rosa Wilcox, Mary Chipman Morris, Marion Rogers Nelson, Margaret Ives.

HOOVER WINS NOMINATION IN STRAW VOTE.

Students and Faculty Both Give Him Preference.

The straw vote taken here in connection with the Independent resulted in an overwhelming victory for Hoover, with Dawes taking second place, Smith third, and Lowden fourth. The results of the balloting are as follows:

Faculty—Hoover, 27; Dawes, 7; Smith, 4; Walsh, 4; Curtis, 1; Ritchie, 1.

Students—Hoover, 322; Dawes, 67; Smith, 53; Lowden, 23; Ritchie, 13; Reed, 9; Walsh, 7; Willis, 5; Curtis, 5.

1927 AT ALUMNAE WEEK-END.

Fifty per cent. of the class of 1927 wish that the other fifty per cent. of itself could have come back for Alumnae Week-end. You probably have read the bare facts of that affair some place else but here is a bit more about those features in which '27 was one of the principal actors. Half of the alumnae basketball players belonged to us. The same old figures did their best to defeat '28—Bony, Lammy, Jerry, Peg Woodworth, Mary Crofoot—but the missing links of the old guard gave the Seniors an advantage and they won. (One need not mention '28's skill.)

Then that night history repeated itself and we flowed to Lighthouse Inn for a Banquet. The table span was smaller, the evening's gowns were somewhat older (except for occasional bridesmaid dress) but the rest was not so different. Jerry was toastmistress and, as before, you must put your ear to the ground for some of the table talk, not look for it on the printed page. She read a few messages, one supposedly from Emily Kohler Dombrowski though how it made its way through her six feet of snow, we don't know. At any rate it was poetry, ending in some such vein:

"If you have a count in regions polar
You'll know how it is with Emily Koehler."

We heard how Lyda was invited to sing at a wedding and how Bob Tracy became engaged, but Lyda couldn't sing (for she was out of town) and Bob hasn't seen her fiance since (he was a frat pledge) so each affair was a bit of a flop.

Peg Woodworth announced our lack of class baby but guessed it is a good thing for she isn't all paid for, anyway. Chip in, you wage earners, and pay your share.

Faff Wood lead us in an occasional song. There were printed sheets for those who had forgotten which made it a bit embarrassing for all. Then a few social errors were committed by most when they came to the choice of implement for the dessert but still being friends, we lived down each predicament very merrily.

At the end, Bony conducted a short meeting in which we voted to send our appreciation to President Marshall. Then came the Alma Mater. It was over and we bumped over snowy roads to the Washington's Birthday party. Fifty per cent. of the class of 1927 wish that the other fifty per cent. had been there.
A VISIT TO THE CAMBRIDGE NURSERY SCHOOLS.

By Kathryn Hulbert Hall, '20.

Sunlight pouring into a little room whose walls are gray with Czechoslovakian pictures of happy children at play in meadows. Sunlight on eight bright heads bobbing up and down in happy rhythm as the piano plays for them to dance, now slow, now fast, now marching time, now a dreamy waltz time. Johnny, aged three, in his brown sweater and leggings (the windows are open wide and it is February), playing he is a galloping horse, followed by Jean, aged four, in a bright red jersey suit, playing elephant. Comes Ann, a quiet dreamy two and a half-year-old not quite sure just what the music is telling her to do. No directions from the teacher during this music time, just the piano's voice, and a wide free place to run around in, with "dons't" threatening, no breakable glass vases and precious lamp shades and "Mother's best mahogany table" to be cautious of . . . free, spontaneous, adventuring in a free and glorious world!

This is the atmosphere that first takes possession of you as you enter quietly and sit, an unobserved and casual visitor, in a secluded corner of the Cambridge Nursery School on Farrar Street. You watch the fascinating games that soon follow... "Pumpkin," "Church Bells," "Did-you-see-a-lassie-go-this-way-and-that?" and wonder how you ever existed without knowing them when you were three! You watch the passing and pouring of crackers and milk by little hands, the children seated around a little table just high enough and in little chairs just low enough; and you marvel at the careful and wondrously painstaking washing and wiping of the cups afterwards (perhaps remembering with a pang how Aunt Sue never allowed you even to stand by the sink and hold one of her cups for even half a minute).

In the washroom you see little bowls and soup-dishes for each child; on the wall (each one having an appropriate symbol such as a butterfly, a bluebird, or some animal) the hooks for each child's own towel; and in the entrance, lockers for the outside sweaters, mittens, and overshoes. (Every child must put away his own things and be responsible for them each day.)

After a ten minutes' rest, now, rolled up on the floor in blankets, they are outdoors again digging in the snow, sliding down the Big Slide, climbing in the Jungle Gym. Supervision of course, but on the watchful side-lines, and only to be brought out as needed. For this is the place which is providing an "environment in which habits of self-control, self-development, self-expression are most easily formed."

This Nursery School on Farrar Street has a sister on Avon Hill Street, which was necessitated by the increasing enrollment of the first school, and formed to open another neighborhood center. This time we see a Nursery School conducted in a private home.

The clever way in which this has been made adaptable to the use of small children is shown by the wooden planks and platforms built up around the high bath-room fixtures, so that two-year hands can reach and four-year legs can stand. There is a wooden towel rack (removable at the close of the day) which covers the radiator, with low hooks available for each child's towel. The one big living-room is left bare and sunny except for the warm mats on the floors and the bright pictures on the walls, and bookcases converted into cupboards where blocks, beads, books, and other rainy day toys are stored.

This is only a hint of all the joy that lies ahead of you on your pilgrimage to these two interesting schools, which offer mothers an opportunity "to secure (1) associations for their young children with others of the same age; (2) the most intelligent assistance in the care of their children; (3) more knowledge of their children gained by observation of them in a group, and by an interchange of experiences with other mothers."

Two More for '22.

Claudine Smith Hane writes from Virginia, Minn., that Stephen Elmer arrived on March 28, and she and Elmer are very proud of him, and so is his sister, Mellificent.

Evelyn Gray Talmage is another '22 recent mother, but whether it is a future C. C. -ite or a son, we haven't heard as yet.

Minnie Kreyskenbohm, '23, is in St. Louis, working as a field worker for The Literary Guild of America. If you want the best books of the year, and want them when they come hot off the press, and at a saving of about half, just drop Minnie a line at 5560 Pershing Street, St. Louis, Mo.

The Hartford Chapter started off on an auspicious career by attending a bridge given at the home of Florence Silver, '21, in Hartford. About thirty-one girls attended and report a very pleasant evening, although the weather was against them, it being one of those sleety, rainy nights.
1—Son of Fanchon Hartman Title, '20
2—Margaret May, daughter of Laura Batchelder Sharp, '21, born January 24, 1927, in Guatemala.
4—Margaret, two years old in May, daughter of Ruth Trail McClellan, '19.
5—Marion, aged eight months, daughter of Jessie Menzies Luce, '20.
AMONG OUR CLASSMATES.
(Continued from page 2.)
ence some few years. There are about
ninety girls and ninety boys, but of
course my work is wholly with the girls.
In many respects, it resembles that of Con-
necticut, being small and new, and
especially in the ideals and spirit that
pervade. Besides my work, I am study-
ing for my M. A. in our graduate school,
and otherwise enjoying Washington to
the utmost."

Ruth McCollum sends a newsy letter
about herself and Ella, full of interest:
"Day after tomorrow, mother and I
are going down to New York to see Ella
off for Europe, as she sails on next Tues-
day, March 20, for Bremen, Germany,
where she will meet her fiance, Dr. Hans
W. Vahlteich—who at present is doing
research work at the University of Ber-
lin. Soon after her arrival, they will be
married and will spend their honeymoon
touring Europe, returning home in time
for my wedding the last part of June.
My fiance, George Edward Bassett,
is a building contractor, and since
his business takes him to different
places, for the present we are mak-
ing our home with mother, and I
can continue to run the business.
Probably you knew that I returned home
when my father died in December, 1935,
and have since been managing the busi-
ness, with which I have had unusual suc-
cess. In fact, within two years, I have
been able almost to double sales. In ad-
dition as a hobby, in October, I opened
up a little gift shop, and did well at
Christmas time. I am also recording sec-
detary of the Violet Rebekah Lodge of
Willimantic, and one of the directors of
our Town Fair Association; so you see
I am quite a busy girl."

"No news of me," writes Anne Flah-
erty. "I'm still here in Brooklyn, teach-
ing French in Mark Hopkins Junior
High, and awaiting an appointment to a
Senior High, as I'm now on that eligible
list. Last summer I went to Europe and
had a fine time, and I hope to go over
again this summer."

Louise Avery Favorite has another
daughter.

Katharine Troland, ex-'21, has been
working for some time on the New Lon-
don "Day."

Loretta Roche has attained marked
success with her poetry. She won the
February contest of the "Writer Maga-
azine," taking the first prize for a son-
et. Her work has been included in
"The Modern Book of Catholic Verse,"
compiled by Theodore Maynard, and
"Current Catholic Verse," an anthology
of magazine verse.

A new form of alumnae correspond-
ence has been introduced by the husband
of Rose Meyrowitz, Dr. David Freeman,
who answers the appeal for news of '21,
by sending a description of her activities
including "general supervision of the
household arts and sciences (she has a
20 x 30 foot perennial flower garden)
answering the phone and doorbell,
arranging affairs, and taking care of
the budget."

Charlotte Hall Holton gives as she
would receive, sending us the fol-
lowing by air mail from California:
"Corona is one of the big centers
of the lemon branch of the citrus
industry and my husband is work-
ling as a chemist in a by-products
plant which utilizes the cull lemons to
make citric acid, lemon oil, pectin, and
other things. (If you ever see a pectin
called Kwik-Set in the stores, you
made from our pectin, though the final
processes are done elsewhere. It is
a powder instead of being a liquid like
Certo, but it is quite as efficient, I have
found.)"

"The most interesting thing I have
done in the past year was to attend the
opening exercises of Scripps College for
Women over in Claremont. It is the sec-
ond unit of Claremont Colleges, which is
to be a group of colleges modeled some-
what after the Oxford plan. It is an
educational experiment which is at-
tracting wide attention in this
country. Through the kindness of
President Marshall I was able to
attend the ceremonies, as the of-
 official delegate of Connecticut, an honor
of which I was very proud. Scripps has
only one permanent building, a residence
hall, although another is in process of
construction, and an administration build-
ing is promised. The buildings are after
the California-Spanish style, which
means that they ramble about up and
down steps and around patios, with bal-
conies overhanging here and there,
and fountains and flowers. The hall is fur-
ished most luxuriously and completely,
leaving nothing to be desired except per-
haps a little more simplicity. There
couldn't be a greater contrast than that
between our Tudor severity and dignity
at C. C. and the genial, almost volup-
tuous elegance of Scripps. Part of it is
the difference in climate, of course. It
is easier to live here, without the cold,
biting winds that sweep around our hill-
top and drive the cobwebs from our
brains. Few people have found it out
and there is an abundance of wealth, and
extravagance, and luxury. It remains to
be seen whether or not such easy living
tends to lower the level of intellectual
Gertrude Avery writes from Bombay:

"Byculla, Bombay,

December 16, 1927.

"** These are busy days for me. I'm now working in Bombay. Last February I was sent here for work with the girls in the School Hostel and to take charge of a Blind School. It's all most interesting.

"Within the radius of a square mile of the place where I am living, there are probably more people living than in any other square mile in the world. You can be sure that this is an interesting place to be in. If it isn't always too comfortable. Still, our own homes and compounds are very good places in spite of their surroundings. They are little heavens in this section of the city. It's a great place for doing uplift work—a place where it is surely needed.

"We get out of our slums now and then into most interesting realms. Yesterday, I went to a Garden Party given by India's Viceroy, Lord Irwin, to the King of Afghanistan, the so-called 'Mystery Monarch,' who is making his first visit outside of his own country. It was a thrilling occasion. India is a land of brilliant colors. Even the bare, brown, burned-up fields and dusty roads of the country are brightened by the red turbans of the peasants. At such a party as yesterday's, where royalty and wealthy people of many classes in India were gathered together you can just imagine the wealth of costly colored silks and jewels which were worn there. The whole company was a rainbow of color. There were costumes of all sorts and kinds. Most striking of all were the Body Guards of the Viceroy and of the Governor. They were huge, giant-like men from North India. Really, I can now believe in the giants of fairy tales. They were really that. These tall men wear long hair which is done up in a bob on the top of their heads, and some of them have black beards held in place close to their cheeks, from ear to ear, by black nets. They wore bright scarlet coats, blue and gold turbans, huge, black, shiny boots coming above the knees—spurs and all—and white suede gauntlet gloves. Each held a flag staff with a white ensign flag on top. When they stood at attention, this was held up by both hands before them. As we came into the grounds, we walked down the path between two lines of these motionless giants. It was on the red-carpeted path between these that the Viceroy and Governor's party and the King and his retinue walked, as they came and went from the grounds. **

"Another interesting and picturesque sight which thrilled me this week was a visit to a camp here, where eleven thousand Boy Scouts from all over India were assembled. It was an inspiring sight. To think of boys of all nationalities, castes and creeds, meeting together in a grand 'Jamboree!' In a land like India where caste and Hindu-Moslem feeling run so high, it was a wonderful thing. Mrs. Besant was there, awarding flags, etc."

Abbey Carley is studying this year at Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst, taking courses in bacteriology and chemistry, preparatory to medical college.

Lucy McDannel is C. C.'s first and only lawyer. Her stationery reads, "Counsellor at Law, 14 Wall Street, New York."

**

1923.

Dorothy Stevens became Mrs. Edgar Whitehead, on January 21, at Albany, N. Y. She will make her home at 29 Woodlawn Avenue, Albany.

Lucy Whifted Hayton has a daughter, Carolyn Stanton, born January 15, in New London.

'23 Plans Reunion.

From Mary Langenbacher comes the following announcement: "The Sphinx speaks after its long interval of silence to announce the Fifth Reunion of the class of 1923 is about to be celebrated. The executive committee will be meeting for final plans. If there are any suggestions for this gala occasion, let Judy Warner hear of them. There will be a party for the babies with the Class Baby presiding. Judy saw Ann a short time ago, and she expressed a desire to know all her colleagues. All ex-members will be most cordially welcomed at our June reunion."

**

1924.

Edith Kirkland is in the interior decorating department of L. Bamberger & Company, of Newark, N. J., and is living at 17 Franklin Street for the present.
Of Gloria Hollister's contribution to the entertainment of students, Alumnae and faculty alike, by way of a lecture on her trip to British Guiana, '24 may read with great pride on a separate page of a coming issue. Many members of the class have been interested to see the illustrated folder announcing her lecture, containing enthusiastic endorsements of many who have heard her in other places, to say nothing of an excellent photograph of Gloria herself.

1925.

Charlotte Frisch sends the following newy items: "On January 17 I announced my engagement at a luncheon bridge to Robert Garloch, of Bloomfield, New Jersey, and New York City. He is a graduate of Rutgers University and Harvard Law School, where he was an associate editor of the Harvard Law Review. He is practicing law at present with the firm of Rabenold and Scribner, New York City. We plan to be married in the spring. I have been doing family case work in Boston for almost a year and a half, following six months of immigration work. Just gave it up to do things like learning to cook and plan meals. Our Boston Alumnae Chapter has very successful meetings, and we all manage to keep in touch with one another's doings."

Helen Hewitt Webb has a son.

1926, Jr., Entertains.

The Cleveland Alumnae have made an official call upon Master Orrin Benson Werntz, Jr., six-weeks-old son of Peg Sterling Werntz and first born of the class of '26. He received us with grave courtesy befitting his position and the predicted tears did not come until the end of the interview. Then he cried—not because he wanted to—but in the forced, careful way one has when one wants to prove that one can.

His mother is proud of the shape of his head, but we noticed more especially his big, dark-blue eyes and his hair which we imagined had glints of red in it. His color scheme was pink and white—woolly pink booties and fluffy white rabbits, with ribbons around their middles, walking across his pink blanket. Most sons of six weeks seem to lack any personality which might distinguish them from any other similar sons (except of course to the mothers) but this son of '26 is very individual. Questions are already shining out of his eyes and he bestows his smile after due deliberation to those he likes the best. When asked to give the delegation a few words, he said—blowing little bubbles all the while; that he did not wish to be entered at Dartmouth in the class of 1949 without any delay. After shaking fingers with each of us he retired to the nursery, for he had been interrupted in the contemplation of pink bows on the white crib posts and could no longer be detained.

News of 1927.

Frannie Jones is now working in a Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau in Hartford. Her week's experience leads her to believe that she is going to like it immensely—especially after she gets past the usual office "initiation" period. Fran and Eleanor Richmond have recently returned from a visit to Lois Bridge Ellis in Philadelphia. They drove down in Richie's graduation Chevrolet. They report that Red Harris is soon to leave for New York City where she will work in the laboratory of the Deaconess Hospital. Dosia Sanford is still happy and still engaged—as proven by the ring displayed alumnae week-end.

Alice Owens writes from the eternal winter of St. Paul, Minn., "My job is quite prosaic, but is great fun and I adore it. I am the secretary of this girls' school (Oak Hall) which means that I do all the jobs, odd and otherwise, that are to be done about an office. I am the entire staff. Besides teaching three classes, seventh grade arithmetic, a section of Freshman English and (shades of Daddy Doyle) a class in economics. Am learning quite as much, if not more, than my long-suffering pupils, but the experience is great and I enjoy it a great deal. I live at the school in order to be nearer my work, but my evenings and week-ends are entirely free, so that I can go about as I please. We have several groups of relatives and many old friends living here, and I consider myself very fortunate to be so conveniently placed. * * * I thought of you all Alumnae Week-end and so wished I might be there to join in all of the festivities. I am hoping and praying that I can get back for our first reunion, this June."

Frances Andrews and her sister are opening an Antique Shop about the first part of June. We judge it is in Ashaway, Rhode Island—but maybe not. Stop in, antique hounds. In the meantime, Fran is enjoying the quiet of Ashaway and is practicing her music. Bernice Leete is in a broker's office in New York City. She commutes from Staten Island and considers it worse than running over from Plant for an eight o'clock. Mil
Dunham and Azee Clark room together at Johnson Hall at Columbia. They claim that they are rushed to death—no time for the inevitable collegiate bridge even. But they have seen all the shows in spite of their Library School program. Sue Chittenden is going to Stone's Business College in New Haven, and is wrestling with that villainous subject—shorthand. The proximity of Yale and is making her life a full one, we guess.

Three of our eight brides returned for alumnae week-end: Frances Williams Wood, Isabel Grinnell Simons, and Laura Drake Langmuir. There was one husband present. He belonged to Laurum. The two motored down from Portland, bringing with them some movies of their wedding party.

Harriet Eriksson, at the Presbyterian Hospital, has recently been "capped" which means that she has passed through her period of probation at the nursing school. She has been elected Business Manager of their new school paper. The hospital has just moved out to the new Upton Medical Center and she lives in the wonderful new nurses' home overlooking the Hudson—with everything from elevators to swimming pool at her service. At present she seems to be inspired to become a doctor as well as a nurse.

Henrietta Kanehl is living at home and is continuing with her study of music. She deplores the lack of available organs and, like some of the rest of us, is finding small town life a little slow. Not so Peggy Battles, Miriam Addis and Peggy Rich, however. Their small towns seem full of gaiety. Peggy Battles has been helping coach dramatists in the Canaan High School and substituted in one of the leading roles of the mid-year play.

Bob Tracy is helping the Cleveland Camp Fire Girls publish their monthly magazine. The girls write, illustrate, type, mimeograph and send out the paper all themselves, and it is nothing if not picturesque.

On the Saturday of Alumnae reunion, another member of '27, joined the ranks of the married. Betty Cade is now Mrs. Walter Simons.

The engagement of Hazel Pendleton to Ensign John J. Purcell was recently announced. Ensign Purcell graduated from the Coast Guard Academy at Fort Trumbull in January, 1927, and is at present stationed at Section Base 4 in New London. The announcement was made at the Harbour Club. While the guests were dancing, colored balloons floated down from the balcony. Weighting the balloons were the announcements which were attached to the strings for which the dancers reached.

ESTRED ALQUIST IS TEACHING IN CAYEZ, PORTO RICO. Read this portion of a letter and know what member of '27 is experiencing a few romantic thrills: "I have just had the great honor of being chosen 'Queen of the Carnival.' A Queen is chosen every year, but I am the first American. I was crowned at a coronation dance given in my honor—with a real crown, throne, and everything—poetry written to me, etc. It was more than thrilling. I have since held a royal position and am known only by the title, 'Reina' throughout the town. Midnight serenades are only a phase of the romantic charm which this Isle of Enchantment offers."

Other classmates are traveling; we wonder if they are experiencing any such fairy tales? Edna Linz is in Florida, Betsy Elliott is in Bermuda and Frannie Fletcher is in Turkey, Egypt or France, we don't know which.

ARTICLE BY DR. KIP APPEARS IN PHILOLOGICAL QUARTERLY.

In a recent number of the "Philological Quarterly," a journal devoted to scholarly investigation in the classical and modern languages and literatures, appears an interesting article by Professor Herbert Z. Kip of Connecticut College. It is entitled "So-Long," "Cold Feet," "To Bore from Within," and explains very satisfactorily the origin of these three expressions in common use. Dr. Kip begins, "In examining the great descriptive-historical dictionaries, such as Grimm's Deutsches Worterbuch and Murray's New English Dictionary, as well as lesser lexicological works, which aim to give the meaning and origin of idioms and the idiomatic use of words, one cannot fail to be struck by the great number of more or less fanciful and often impossible hypotheses. * * *

The three expressions which constitute the title of this article are certainly all of relatively modern origin, so far at least as their use in English is concerned, and although the meaning of each is sufficiently clear, and even precise, the origin of each is not clearly understood, and indeed is already being guessed at." After citing various unsuccessful attempts to account for these phrases, found in dictionaries and elsewhere, the author proceeds to marshal the evidence for his own theories, which is entirely convine-
ing. To state his conclusions briefly, omitting the illustrations and argument, is manifestly unfair. Yet these conclusions are of sufficient interest to warrant the attempt with the admonition to the interested reader to seek out the complete presentation. In regard to the first, he says, "The explanation which I have to offer is that so-long is a translation or adaptation of the German 'Adieu so lange,' the 'adieu' having disappeared just as the same word, or its equivalent, has disappeared in 'Auf Wiedersehn' and 'au revoir.'" For the second, "The explanation, and no doubt also the origin of the idiom is again to be found in the German. The phrase belongs to that rather large group of figures of speech which sprang up at the gaming table. * * * A player who was 'ahead of the game' and fearful that he might lose his winnings would excuse himself from further participation by claiming that he was getting cold feet." In regard to the third, "The metaphor here is that of the sinking of a ship by boring a hole through the hull from within with the resultant death and destruction of the entire crew. Whether this metaphor originated with Goethe I do not know, but in his 'Naturliche Tochter' * * * it is found."

—C. C. News.

PROFESSOR PINOL BELIEVES COLUMBUS WAS A SPANIARD.

Lecture of His Very Well Received at Amherst.

In a lecture given recently before the General Assembly at Amherst College, Professor Pinol presented some rather interesting evidence to prove that Christopher Columbus was not an Italian, but was a Spaniard. Although Professor Pinol did not, himself, participate in the investigation resulting in these new disclosures, he has kept strict account of all developments, and the material which he gave in his lecture aroused considerable comment of a favorable nature.

Some of the arguments in the case are well worth noting. First of all, Christopher Columbus' real name was Spanish, Cristobal Colon. It is said that he never spoke Italian in his life, but both spoke and wrote Spanish. Some of his writings are still extant, including letters, poetry, and his will. He was probably a converted Jew, and a native of Galicia. This accounts for the Galician names which Columbus gave to all the places where he stopped in America. Although his name is connected with Genoa, he probably never even lived there. However, fearful lest the king and queen of Spain might suddenly deprive him of a certain annual income to which he was entitled as the discoverer of America, he decided to make his title more firm by securing the protection of Genoa. In order to secure this protection, since neither he nor any of his relatives lived in Genoa, he ordered one of his relatives to establish residence in that city so as to obtain citizenship. In one of his letters, Christopher Columbus sets aside a certain portion of this income as a tithe for Genoa, and appointed a certain person to carry this letter to Genoa and to translate it there from Spanish into Italian. Furthermore, it is a tradition in Galicia that Columbus was a native of that province. The inhabitants of Galicia are noted for their longevity, many of them living to be over a hundred years of age, and it has only been a little over four hundred years since America was discovered. Therefore, there may be some basis for this tradition. This is a very brief summary of the case, and seems to indicate that Columbus was very likely a Spaniard.

—C. C. News.