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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
CHAPTER NEWS

Meriden Joins the Ranks.
A new chapter has been organized at Meriden, Conn., with the towns of Wallingford, Southington and North Haven included in its scope. At the first meeting, in February, at the home of Mildred Fagan McAllen, '20, the following officers were elected:

President—Amy Peck Yale, '22.
Secretary—Catherine McCarthy, '22.
Treasurer—Madeline Dray Kepes, '19.

The Chapter voted to support the annual Bridge Party sponsored by the Meriden College Club for the Connecticut College Scholarship.

The April meeting was at the home of Catherine McCarthy, with alumnae, present students, and prospective C. C.-ites attending. Every class was represented except 1925. The history of Connecticut was told, the different class songs were sung, followed by the Alma Mater.

The June meeting is going to be a regular C. C. picnic in the woods of Amy Peck Yale (shades of Bolleswood). This is going to be made an annual feature. The fifteen members of this new chapter seem to be carrying through an interesting program.

Chicago.
The Chicago Chapter is working out a project by which they will be definitely sponsoring the academic life of the college. They have decided to offer an annual prize of twenty-five dollars, alternately in the physics and chemistry departments, to the student showing greatest proficiency in her work. They are planning a bridge party in June to raise the prize money. During the Christmas holidays, the Chapter entertained undergraduates living in Chicago and the vicinity at a bridge and tea. This has been their custom for several years. The other meetings have been informal dinners at the College Club. With new babies, new homes being planned and executed, careers, and travel as the topics of conversation, the hour for adjourning comes all too soon.

The officers of this chapter for the past year have been:

President—Leah Nora Silber.
Secretary—Charlotte Lang Carroll.
Treasurer—Elizabeth Alexander.
Entertainment Committee — Virginia Lutzenkirchen.

New Haven.
The New Haven Chapter has had several informal meetings this year. An April meeting was held at the apartment of Marion Gammons, '20, and a bridge was held May 15, at the home of Hattie Goldman Rosoff, '21.

Boston.
The Boston Chapter held a supper meeting April 17. Twenty-three members were present. At the business meeting, a letter of appreciation was sent to President Marshall, and it was voted to have another table at the annual Florence Crittenten Bazaar. During the social hour, the positions of those present were reviewed. Only one was teaching school. Four were in department stores, several were engaged or home-makers, others were doing social work, etc. As Constance Parker has sailed to Europe, Alice Holcombe is now Acting-President.

New Jersey.
The May meeting of the New Jersey Chapter took place at the home of Jean Pegram, 223 Vose Avenue, South Orange. A bridge was arranged for the evening, with three tables. We had a very delightful time, with nice prizes, and delicious refreshments.

About the middle of June we are planning to have a tea, and invite all the Connecticut girls around these parts who are either up there now, or enrolled and planning to go. We think that will be a nice way to meet them and let them know that we exist and will welcome them any time.

We are getting along just fine—for being such a new chapter, but that's not strange, for the girls who are really interested have given all their time and efforts toward making it a success, and that we certainly are! Hope there will be a lot more who will join us next year.

LUCILLE WITTKE MORGAN, '24.
THE LAND OF GOLD

Ruth Trail McClellan, '19.

Juline said to write on "The Land of Gold"—sometimes it's called the Land of the Midnight Sun. Fairbanks, Alaska, where I spent a little more than two years, is but one hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle and does have those wonderfully stimulating summer days with twenty-four hours of daylight and almost as many of sunlight. Truly a land of gold. On June 21, everyone goes to the midnight baseball game. Can you imagine anything lovelier than a ride at 2 a.m., perhaps following the Fourth of July dance, over hills wooded with birch and evergreen or through plains aflame with wireweed, everything aglow with the sunrise coloring? That sounds not at all like snow-covered mountains and ice-bound rivers. The northern is not at all like snow-covered mountains and ice-bound rivers. The northern

land of gold. On June 21, everyone goes to the midnight baseball game. Can you imagine anything lovelier than a ride at 2 a.m., perhaps following the Fourth of July dance, over hills wooded with birch and evergreen or through plains aflame with wireweed, everything aglow with the sunrise coloring? That sounds not at all like snow-covered mountains and ice-bound rivers. The northern is not at all like snow-covered mountains and ice-bound rivers. The northern

Fairbanks, the golden heart of Alaska, is the largest city in the interior and the center of a great mining country. The principal mineral is gold, mostly placer gold, though there is some quartz mining. The old-time miner with his pick and pan is seldom seen now. I never saw a man throw his poke of gold on the counter to be weighed for merchandise. I became familiar with the modern method of making out gold. The summer immediately following my marriage, I lived on Chatam Creek about thirty miles from town, where a small dredge was operating. The gold was collected in quicksilver in the sluice-boxes. About every ten days there was a clean-up when gold was taken from riffles, re-torted, roughly weighed and taken to a bank in Fairbanks for assaying.

In my short sojourn in the country, I noticed changes in the currency. Gold seemed quite prevalent at first, but was being gradually replaced by paper. The silver dollar holds it own as it does in all the west. I never saw a penny while in Alaska. The nickel and dime, scarce at first, were becoming common. Two-bits is the smallest piece of money the sourdough wishes to handle. I wonder if he will ever be humbled by the use of pennies.

Living expenses are high. Perishables shipped from the outside seem very high. Oranges are one dollar a dozen, apples seventy-five cents a dozen, lettuce twenty-five cents a head, grapefruit twenty-five cents each, etc. I should say two-bits and six-bits, but it always took me too long to figure in that fashion. Strawberries were shipped in frozen. One would expect to have a plenty of ice cream in Alaska, and little was made there as fresh cream was not very plentiful. Bricks were shipped in. The local newspaper sells for two-bits a copy. Electric rate is very high. Clothing was no higher than in a small town in the states and perhaps showed better chice. However, we all shopped a great deal by mail.

My second winter in Alaska the Wilkins party were there with three planes making ready for the hop over the pole. They had a great deal of misfortune and finally abandoned the flight for that year. With little ceremony and but one plane and pilot, Capt. Wilkins succeeded this spring after trying for three successive years. His pilot, Ben Elison, everyone knew Alaska as his own. He was teaching in the high school when in the summer of ’22 he brought the first commercial plane to Fairbanks and had great success with it. Previous to this the only plane seen in Fairbanks was that of New York to Nome flyers. Ben carried the first air mail in Alaska. Now commercial flying is quite extensive. Where it was necessary to mush or travel with dogs for days the distance may now be covered in a few hours. Persons sick or injured are often brought to the hospital by plane. This is a fine hospital and there is only one other in the interior situated at Fort Yukon at the Arctic Circle. Often storms must be braved and landings made on new territory. Great courage and fortitude is often quietly exhibited and the world may not applaud as it did the spectacular run to Nome with serum. One young man traveled with two dogs sixty miles in sixty below, windy weather, to carry medicine to a relative of a telephone operator who could not afford to send aid by plane.

Fairbanks has more roads than any other Alaskan city. Some of the coast cities have but a few miles of road but many automobiles. The Richardson Highway three hundred and seventy-five miles long extends through the Alaska Range to Valdez. Before 1920, when the 500 miles of railroads to Seward was completed, mail was brought in by stage over the highway in winter. In summer it came by boat up the Yukon. In the early days, men coming into Alaska came in over this highway dragging hand sleighs. For a few summer months the highway is open to automobile traffic. The first woman to drive over it was a teacher at the college. She made
the trip in the summer of 1924. The Circle Highway is being built to the north. It, when completed, will be 160 miles and open a great placer mining country. There are also several creek roads into old mining camps. The Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines is situated on one of these about six miles from town and a rise overlooking it.

Most of the teachers and students commute to college on a small gas car. A few live on campus. I went to the college when it was two years old, expecting Freshman and Sophomore work. I was glad to find a Senior, a girl whom I had had in classes at Kansas State Agricultural College. She was the third graduate from the Farthest North College and the first in Home Economics. The little college has a steady growth and the buildings are becoming quite extensive on College Hill. The largest enrollment was in the Mining and Home Economics short courses. I had two Indian girls, one a Freshman, the other in short course work. She did beautiful bead work. Her mother is a fine furrier.

There is an agricultural experiment station near the college and a few farms in the valley, also three small dairies. Agriculture probably does not have as great a future there as in some other sections.

The most unique trip I ever had was not by dog team but by caterpillar. When Margaret was three months old, in early September, we went out to Nome Creek to visit my husband and his father for a few weeks. An electrical dredge is operating there eighty miles from Fairbanks. We went in automobile over the Circle Highway within eight miles of Fairbanks. We went in automobile over the Circle Highway within eight miles of camp. I won't attempt to describe the beauty of that country. I wish I might show you some pictures of it. I was bundled into a heavy rainproof coat and a seat (a mere board) on the trailer attached to tractor. Margaret was in her basket at my feet and we started over the hill. For awhile we traveled straight up, then along the ridge and finally crawled down into camp. At times as I gripped the seat with my hands and Margaret's basket with my toes and dodged trees springing back from the tractor, I wondered how the parts for the dredge had ever been freighted over those hills. It took eight hours to travel those eight miles. The Northern Lights were beautiful those cold fall evenings on Nome Creek. Great ribbons of changing color swishing about one. I had walked into this camp the previous summer and made better time than the tractor. At that
time I saw a small band of caribou.

As a cheechako one must expect almost anything but even the sourdoughs did not expect the extreme cold we experienced in the winter of '24 and '25. It was a real initiation for me. At the station one morning on my way to college, I read the thermometer. It registered 72 below. When we say below it means not below freezing but 72 below zero. Unless one must be outside for a long time, he does not suffer with cold as there is almost never a wind and the atmosphere is very dry. The snow too, is always dry. The buildings are warm so that one dresses as in the more temperate climates but with heavy outside wraps. A fur coat and warm cap keep one comfortable and moccasins are necessary when very cold.

I did not mind the cold as much as I did the darkness. In late December and January we have but two or three hours of daylight. The snow helps to light the world. But the severe cold brings a sort of black frost which shuts out the sun. Moonlight is lovely there in winter and lovely moonlight pictures are taken. The break up in the spring is most welcome. The ice pool is interesting. You may pay $1 to guess the minute, hour and day the ice will move and you may win $35,000 as the town scavenger did last year.

Many tourists visit Fairbanks in the summer. I am always sorry they cannot stay to know the country better. There is so much that I would like to do and see even after the interesting and full years I was there. The boat trip through the inside passage from Seattle is beautiful. It is not always so agreeable to cross the Gulf. However, there is usually but one day of rough sailing out of seven taken for the trip. There are two trains a week from Seward to Fairbanks, one connecting with boat from Seattle.

The hospitality in Alaska is genuine and universal. Fairbanks, though the outgrowth of a mining camp, having been stampeded from Dawson in 1903, has many lovely homes. Everyone finds time for worthwhile reading. All the culture cannot be claimed by the East—this little pioneer city has its share.

It was hard to leave the little cabin, the many friends in the Land of Gold, but there were compensations in coming to another Land of Gold—Dr. Barrs' California Poppies, where—

“I came to a hill
Where wild poppies blow;
Where the sun had fallen and broken
Into a million shining fragments—
They lay scattered on the grass.”
1919

Frances Otten visited Evelyn Bitgood Coulter recently. She also attended a shower for Ella McCollum, who was married soon after, in Germany.

Dorothy Gray Manion was in New London in March, for a visit home. On her return she visited her brother and his wife (Dorothy Matteson Gray, '20) in New Haven. While there she saw Mariam Gannons who has an apartment and is studying Spanish.

Mid White and Abby Carley stopped to see Grace Cockings on their way home from Waterbury, where they left Abby's daughter, Mary, at St. Margaret's School. As Abby is studying at Massachusetts "Aggie" in Amherst, (Mid's home town), they meet quite often.

Esther Barnes drove home to Mystic, in her Chevy, for Easter vacation. On her return to Coxsackie, where she is teaching, she and friends drove to Plainfield and New York, where they attended a class in educational psychology at Columbia.

Sue Wilcox attended the Eastern Arts Association exposition in Hartford several times. She had quite a visit with Rose Doherty of the "Rose and Olive" combination. With Priscilla Ford Schenke. She has been going to William Lyon Phelps' lecture course this winter.

Clem Jordan Goulart and Evelyn Bitgood Coulter get together occasionally for a sewing bee, but from all reports they do more talking than sewing—probably about Joan and Jane. (See baby page pictures.—Ed.)

A newsy letter from Louise Ansley Knapp brings word of some of our "long-lost" classmates:

"We went to Margaret's (Mitchell Goodrich) for the week-end. She lives on a farm on Rose Hill (Conn.)—Her husband raises chickens, cows, tobacco, etc.—a real farm. Their boy is the brightest youngster I ever saw for four years of age. He loves words, and uses lots of big ones, correctly, too. She just had a pleasant visit with Ruth Avery French, her husband and little two-year-old boy Billie. Mr. French has just been appointed Methodist minister in Portland (Conn.)."

"I talked with Margery Rowe over the phone tonight. She said 'Mad' and Lillian Shadd Elliott had just left for New York. They come up often for week-ends. 'Mad' is busy with her teaching in New Jersey. Margery has been busy at home this winter, for there has been a lot of sickness in her family.

"I just called Gladys Stanton on the phone. She still teaches English in the Milford High. Is going to the English School at Bread Loaf this summer.

"We'll be at the University of Colorado this summer, where we hope to say 'hello' to Mil Howard, who is to teach there, also. September will see us settled at Williamstown (Williams College)."

Julie Warner Comstock was recently elected a member of the Board of Education of Leonia, New Jersey.

"Batch" enjoyed an Easter holiday in Washington, D. C.

1920.

Ellen Carroll Wilcox entertained at a bridge party recently, at her home in Torrington, her guests including several C. C. girls. Dorothy Muszy, Helen Wooding Rowe and Agnes Jennings were among them.

Dorothy Matteson Gray is a proof-reader for the Yale Press.

Isabelle Rumney Poteat has moved to Geneva, Illinois, where she is busy with her Girl Scout activities.

1921.

( Correspondent, Anna Flaherty, 120 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

From '21 comes the following:

Anna Mae Brazos Chalmers—"When I read of C. C. girls who are touring and doing other exciting things I feel as if I were leading a truly prosaic life. However, I am busy. Alan will be three this June and Joan Brazos will be a year in August. I'm hoping Joan will want to enter C. C. in the 40's sometime so who knows but what I'll be hobbling back to campus to visit another C. C.ite."

Laura Dickinson Swift is living in State College, Pa., and her news concerns Raymond Emory Swift who arrived on August 27. At present he is at the creeping stage so Laura is kept busy doing plenty of follow up work.

Dr. Jean Hippolitus is located in New Haven, practicing medicine and she writes: After graduating from Yale Medical I went to San Francisco, and interned in one of the finest private hospitals in the state. I made the trip out by boat and it was a wonderfully interesting experience. Following my year at St. Francis I was quite tired, so a group of us made a two weeks' trip to Yosemite Valley—and it was all so mar-
velous. I arrived home in August, 1926, and shortly afterwards, I took my State Boards and received my license to practice medicine in Connecticut. What a thrill! I'm kept busy with my work which is difficult but very interesting and worth while."

Jeanette Lettney Skinner sent in pictures of her two "live wires" and they are great boys. "Raymond, Jr., will be six in July and Edwin is just past three. We are just five miles out of Sarasota, right in the midst of an 80-acre orange grove. We built our own home two years ago and just love it here."

Bobby Newton Ray: "This is the first time I've obeyed the urge to sit down and impart news but I'm so proud of my third girl that I really must broadcast the news. My family now consists of Robert Pat one and a half; Mary Joanna, 2; and Sally Inglis, a charming infant of four weeks who has a weakness for nocturnal lunches and early morning wakefulness. A long rangy German police dog and the pater familias—Bill Ray—and Hattle, the colored nurse who thinks I'm the world's least competent housekeeper, complete the picture of the Rays, to date. Just at present we are in the throes of moving to Norfolk, Va., where Bill has gone into the oil business handling Tidewater Products. My new address is 229 East 41st Street, Norfolk, if any of my erstwhile contemporaries happen to be traveling that way."

Saw Doris Paterson Boas in New York for luncheon just before I left there. She's busy at Junior League activities in Brooklyn. Keeney is living in West Orange, N. J., near enough to Peggy Pease Loder so that they have lots of chance to see each other. This winter, Keeney had Sunday afternoon tea for Peggy and her two children. Pat and her one—and me and my two and with Keeney's two boys, the place looked like a kindergarten.

Laura Batchelder has time for lots of tennis and other out-of-door things in Guatemala and her baby whom I saw last summer is adorable.

Dottie Greg Slocum and Lorimer have built a lovely colonial house in Winchester, Mass., and are collecting antiques for it."

"We give a rising vote of thanks to Bobbie for all the news."

Doris Linton, ex-'21, is in Cleveland, in the advertising department of the Frigidaire Company.

Of her own activities, the Class Correspondent says, in a note, "I'm still in New York, taking in all the shows I can, and enjoying them as much as ever. Saw 'Strange' Interlude last week, and enjoved every day of it!—Had a fine Easter vacation trip—went on a motor trip with some girls to Virginia Beach, outside of Norfolk, and had a great time. Washington was beautiful just then—cherry blossoms, etc."

1922.

(Respondent, Dorothy S. Wheeler, 19 Shultas Place, Hartford.)

We people of '22 in Hartford have never had a get-together until last week when Mollie Kenig, Marj. Wells and I met at Augusta O'Sullivan's apartment. If any of the news I relate is twisted, it's because we talked of so much, not that I meant to add or detract from anyone's doings.

Augusta is in John J. Kennedy's Insurance Company, at 411 Asylum Street, and by the raise she recently got, I should judge that she was a mighty important fixture. Mollie is a secretary and statistician in the State Tax Department, and likes her work very much.

Our bridge party was really to see Marj. Wells before she leaves us again. The first of December she went to Pittsburgh to organize a new department of statistics for the branch office of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company. She was recalled from there the first of May to be transferred to the main Pacific branch office which is in San Francisco. There she is to be in charge of the statistical department. We congratulated her, and I'm sure everyone in '22 envies her her trip and her experiences on the west coast. I'm going to California in July, and we parted with 'See you this summer in San Francisco.'

By the way, if anyone knows Grace Berger's address, will she please send it to me? Both Marj. and I want to see her.

About a month ago, Ann Graham announced her engagement to Richard Lennihan of Westerly, R. I., and Mary Damerel writes me that the wedding is to take place in August. Ann has been teaching French and Spanish in Stonington. When Ann begins keeping house in Westerly, and I am home, '22 can have a reunion big enough for a bridge game, because Margaret Miller Jackson, ex-'22 is in town.

I had a long letter from Mil Duncan a while ago. She is just as enthusiastic as ever about her work. She sympathized with me for being treasurer of more than one organization, because she holds that office for her Mission Circle at church, and also in the Eastern Central District of the American Association of Hospital Social Workers. She and Marj.

(Continued on page 12.)
EDITORIAL STAFF

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

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REUNION PLANS.

1911.
Mildred White, '19, in charge.

1923.

1925.
G. Delap Spiers, '25, in charge.
Staying at Peg Ewing Hoag's place at Saybrook—"The Riverside." Banquet at "The Riverside" on Friday, June 8. Class Day plans not settled.

1927.
Florence Hopper and Mary Storer in charge.
Staying on campus. Class picnic, Saturday noon. (Class day plans unsettled at time of going to press.)

Sixty months out of college and now they want us back again! Write all your special friends to meet you in New London, June 9. Helen Barkerdine is in charge of the entertainment, which promises to be the best ever put on. There will be picnics to Boles Wood and boat parties for those who want them. Others will want to see their friends and make plans with them. Saturday at 6:30 is the Class Dinner at the Mohican. Make up your mind to be there. And Monday is an important day with the Class Meeting at 11:00 to elect officers and with the Alumnae Parade in the afternoon. We are hoping to feature the babies in that event. Let everyone plan to be present and make it a perfect fifth reunion.

PRESIDENT MARSHALL.

With this issue Alumnae of Connecticut College take occasion to express their appreciation of Benjamin T. Marshall, president of the college from 1917. Although second president, he presented the diplomas to Connecticut's first graduating class, and from his hand every graduate since that time has received her certificate of degree.

During the eleven years of his administration, Connecticut has grown from a small, "new" college to one of national reputation, with alumnae representing their alma mater throughout this land, and in eight foreign countries; the standard of scholarship has gained increasing recognition in the educational world, including approval by and admission to membership in the American Association of Colleges and Universities and the American Association of University Women.

Throughout his administration, President Marshall has held before the College the goal of high achievement in every field of service, ever emphasizing the importance and beauty of noble womanhood.

POSITION OPEN TO ALUMNAE.

Any Alumna interested in a position as head of the College Bookstore on campus, please get in touch with Dr. Herbert Z. Kip at the college.
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Thursday, June 7.
7.30 P. M. Senior Banquet, at Lighthouse Inn.

Friday, June 8.
2.00 P. M. Annual Art Exhibit of the Department of Fine Arts opens. Rooms 19 and 22. New London Hall, and closes at 3.00 p.m., Tuesday, June 12.

8.00 P. M. Senior Promenade at Knowlton House.

Saturday, June 9.
4.00 to 6.00 P. M. Reception to Faculty and Students by the D.A.R. in the Shaw mansion.

8.15 P.M. *Dramatic Club Play, in Gymnasium.

Sunday, June 10.
4.00 P.M. *Baccalaureate Sermon by the President, Second Congregational Church.

8.00 P. M. *Musical Service, in Second Congregational Church.

Monday, June 11.
9.00 to 12.00 M. Annual meeting of Alumnae Association. Class reunions.

10.00 A. M. Baseball game—Seniors vs. Fathers.

12.00 M. *Trustees’ Luncheon for the Alumnae and Faculty.

3.00 P.M. *Class Day Exercises in Quadrangle, Planting of the Ivy, Presentation of the Class Gift. Alumnae Parade.

4.00 to 6.00 P.M. President’s Reception, in Knowlton House.

8.00 to 10.00 P.M. Campus Night, Band Concert, in Quadrangle.

10.00 P.M. Senior Sing, on the Library steps.

Tuesday, June 12.
10.00 A.M. *Commencement Exercises, in Gymnasium.

(*Indicates events for which tickets are required.)

EDUCATION.

Sonnet: A Teacher to a Pupil.

Behind my desk I sit in solemn sway,
Compelling you reluctantly to learn
The mysteries of ablative in turn,
While Fancy bids you wander far away.
I wonder, do you guess as here I stay
Aloof, as on a throne, with aspect stern,
Imparting ancient wisdom, how I yearn
To be a sharer of your dreams and play?
Your love of Life, that bygone Rome defies:
Your closer contact with a world that’s new—
How powerless I feel where you are wise!
I long to pierce the barrier ’twixt us two:
Would you respect my years, should you surmise
How ceaselessly, in truth, I learn from you?

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE RADIO PROGRAM, WTIC.

Friday Evenings, 7.30 to 8.00.

April 13—Violin solo, Roberto Bitgood; vocal solo, Elizabeth Houston; “Should Your Daughter Go to College?” Dean Irene Nye.

April 20—“On the College Threshold.” Will the gates open or close before your daughter? Dr. David Leib, a mother and a daughter.

April 27—“Can You Measure Up to Your Daughter’s College Standard?” Intelligence tests. Dr. Ernest N. Ligon with a student.

May 1—Connecticut Glee Club.

May 11—“A Government in Miniature, of, by and for the Students” by dialogue, Dorothy Bayley and Eleanor Fahey.

May 18—“Health Through Exercise,” Miss Stanwood, several girls.

May 24—“How Can College Train Your Daughter for World Citizenship?” Dr. Hannah Grace Roach with several students.

June 1—“Shall the June Graduate Join a Political Party?” discussion. Dr. Henry Wells Lawrence and Dr. Hannah Roach.

June 8—Musical program.

June 15—“The Art of Living.” Correlating your four years of college. Dr. Frank E. Morris with several students.

June 22—“After College—What?” The Personnel Bureau helps to find the answer. Miss Agnes Leahy, with several Seniors.

—C.C. News.

ECHOES.

The banner of a western sky,
Smoke’s gray spirals twisting high,
The broken refrain of a song—and I
Am far away.

The pungent fragrance of burning leaves,
The strangled smile of her who grieves,
The taste of the sea—it all retrieves
A long dead day.

How can I live in the present when
For me it’s a key to the past, and men
Who love me now but echo again
An age old lay?
"WE THREE" ON OUR JOURNEY

(Extracts from a letter from Laura Batchelder Sharp, '21, in Guatemala, telling of a trip taken by herself, her husband, and baby girl up into the mountains to visit.)

February 27, and back again in our home, what joy! It was a delightful interlude but so good to be here once more. Our bouganvillas are masses of cherry red blossoms again, having burst into flame since we departed, and they make our little house look lovelier than ever.

We started from "Virginia" on Sunday, February 5, and went to Barrios that night.

Next morning (before 4 o'clock) we sailed in the company motorboat for Livingston (down the Rio Dulce—sweet river). This musty little river-boat, crowded with sleepy, dark-skinned people, was not an ideal equipage on which to journey. And we started so early that darkness enveloped the beauties of the river (which is famed for its beauty) so we had to wait to see it on our return.

It was just breaking into daylight when we passed the last steep slopes, and the mountains drew away from the river's edge and the water widened into the Gulfetto.

The Gulfetto is spotted with islands and the boat nosed its way through them until we sailed into the open water of the lake, a large lake whose opposite shore is only vaguely visible on the clearest of days. The mountains close in upon it from all sides and only here and there one spies the roof of the finca of some coffee grower in the upland or a little cluster of houses on the shore at a point where the coffee is brought out for the boats.

After four hours on the lake we touched at Astorre, a little village with a German store and a coffee wharf where we had to change boats. Glory be, what a task! Baby, huge lunch basket, two suit-cases, saddlebags, baby carriage, thermos bottle, camera, and trunk! Out of one musty, dusty boat into another, for the water was so low the boat we came up in couldn't cross the bars that stretch out before the many mouths of the Polochique (some Indian contortion of words which probably meant "little chicken").

The banks are low here—the mountains distant, and the thickets that grow to the water's edge are alive with water birds of all descriptions. I should have had a notebook to account accurately for them all, some familiar and some utter strangers, some beautiful and some quite grotesque. It was most interesting to note that all the water birds, even the most graceful, have a slow flapping flight compared to the darting, gliding flight of land birds of which we caught occasional glimpses—the start of a tanager or the gold of a canary.

We were sailing the Polochique from about 11.30 until 5, and the hot sun had noticed the alligators out to bask on the plias, and at each vuelta we saw one or more. The alligators reminded me of another bird which sits on the alligator's head and cries out in warning at approaching danger to the sleeping beauty. In return the alligator opens his mouth and lets the alligator-bird, as he is called, excavate for food among his teeth, worms and maggots, et al. Dainty thought!

This little river has a most devious course. It doesn't just curve, it curls. After we had been sailing from four in the morning until four in the afternoon, we were ready to find our journey's end. There were only "sitting up" accommodations and those not the best, crowded among dusky faces. And our sleepiness had been ever increased with the heat of the day. We arrived, after innumerable hours on the river, at Panzos. The next homestead was only two minutes from the wharf. We slept quietly until 6 o'clock when a clumping footed Indian came through the corridors calling "Es la hora, senores, Es la hora," and he stayed until our candles were lighted and our packing begun. Evidently he had had experience with people who answered in their sleep.

We dressed and cooked breakfast for ourselves and the babe and were waiting outside for the engine to come steaming in at six. Mr. Koester's man, Jose Lingua, had met us in Panzos and was getting acquainted with Marquita, for he was to carry her up the mountains. He was a little man standing scarcely to my shoulders but strong and broad of shoulder. He had brought a very welcome bottle of coffee and one of boiled milk which we had heated for breakfast.

Meantime the train came tearing into sight—a Winthrop, (Mass.) narrow gauge type, only a century older in reality. It has no brakes and is thrown into reverse for a stop or a slow down. Fancy the grinding of wheels and banging of cars when they were assembling the freight cars and knocking cars off they didn't want! All this after 6 o'clock. It is run by two of the blackest darkies ever invented and quite proud they are of their steam horse. Finally aboard the train, we steamed jerkily for an hour and a half amidst conversations carried on in German, Spanish, and Eng-
lish, all loudly to vie with the rattle of the train. The story goes that the fireman usually has to hustle out into the monte about the time the train should start and get wood to start his fire. The result is they come down to the station with about twenty pounds of steam and can’t blow, the whistle for fear it would stop the train.

About 9.30 we steamed into Rosario and here at the foot of the mountains sat the tractor and trailer waiting for us. We were the first passengers for the mountain trail by this mode of locomotion, since the road the coffee people are building has only just been completed enough of the way to make it worth while. The result of the novelty of the situation was that the train manager, engineer, and passengers disembarked and watched while our baggage was assembled and mounted and we ourselves climbed onto our steel horse. And when we had steamed up the hill and out of sight, the engine journeyed on. It is a very convenient, humanitarian sort of railroad as you shall see on our return trip.

At a rancho at the top of the first range where the engineers working on the road had their camp we stopped and fed Marquita. And just beyond we dismounted from the tractor and mounted our mare, mule, and “caacaste,” each to his own need.

As we climbed, and made descents, and climbed again, now skirting the mountain side on the right, now on the left, vista after vista stretched out before us, even the highest peaks softly wooded to their very tops. Now again we caught sight of the Rio Polochique twisting its way through the valley.—(it really should be called the Cobucheique, for it is much more like a little snake than a little chicken).

Passing our first coffee train was an interesting interlude. We were making a stiff descent into a valley where we could hear the Candelaria River tumbling over the rocks in its hurried progress. It was shaded here and cool and we were enjoying the beauties around us. Suddenly the air was pierced by a series of piping notes. Again and again they sounded. A coffee train coming down the mountainside, on the far bank of the river was heralding its approach so no one would start up till they were down. Soon they began to pass us, tiny mules with a sack (115 lbs.) of coffee slung on each flank. On a narrow place on the trail one can’t pass a train of them. It was a Company train with nearly a hundred mules and all the muleteers were mounted so they were kept going at a cruel pace. Each mule tries to keep the inside of the trail and many times have been known to crowd each other over the brink. Trail etiquette has it, therefore, that a rider keeps the inside of the trail in passing them whichever way he is going.

We had to climb two ranges and put the peaks on our left before we could possibly hope to come in sight of the Koesters. After some five hours’ riding, we came between what seemed like impregnable barriers and beheld the patrara and beyond it and its grazing cows and mules were the red roofs of the two houses.

We weren’t really glad to be there until an hour afterward when Jose came between the two mountains and we went to meet Marquita. There she was—sound asleep and rosy. She woke smiling.

The first three or four days at Searnay we spent in comparative quiet. We visited a lot, inspected all the corners of that beautiful garden, both vegetable and flower—we found the nooks where she had tucked the rare orchids she has collected on dead logs in shaded spots—we played tennis afternoons and bridge evenings (sometimes hearts if our number were augmented by the Hesses or the Wunches). We watched Marquita’s cheeks grow rosy and her antics more active. It was while there that she first tried to stand. She had a lovely time visiting the corn grinder’s little baby in the kitchen and creeping on the grass in the garden and watching us play tennis.

On the fifth day of our visit Page and Mr. Koester started off on a trip to the outlying fincas. The coffee near Searnay has petered out and except for two small plantings Mr. Koester’s entire crop comes from two fincas he has in the distant valleys, one 25 miles away. He has a man running each but he makes a round once in two weeks to see that everything is running well for he is a law unto himself with the Indians and it takes wisdom and watchfulness to keep them peaceful and happy in their home and in their work. Anything from divorce to murder has to be handled in the first case by him. Of course a crime brings authorities eventually, but the culprit has to be caught and held and the victim cared for in the interim. It’s quite a responsibility, especially for a man who is humanitarian and has a conscience in the matter as Mr. Koester has.

Well, off they started to be gone three days. Page enjoyed it because he saw some lovely country and learned a great deal about coffee from berry to bean. While they were gone Mrs. Koester (Continued on page 15.)
This is our last chance to wish all our C. C. mothers and infants a fair and prosperous summer, and to thank all of you who have so generously contributed to this page, both in print and story! So many of you may be returning to campus this reunion time that it will be a shame if someone doesn't catch a good snapshot or two of our younger generation, and keep it for our first issue in the fall.

A long letter from Amy Peck Yale, '22, reached us just too late for our last edition, and so we wish to share part of it with you now, along with this little snap of her children.

"I get such a thrill every time I get a C. C. A. A. News! If there's a fragment of time available or a loose joint in my housekeeping conscience, I read it from cover to cover. . . . My boy, at half past two years, repeats about five Mother Goose rhymes, fragments, to be true, and leaves out all such unimportant parts of speech as prepositions and adjectives and pronouns: His perpetual cry is 'P'ea, Mama, read ma gooshe book.'

"Amy Elizabeth, 15 months, loves books, too, but she wants to sit alone and look at them. She's quite independent and rather athletic, amused herself trying to climb onto my head while I was reading the 'News.'

"As I write this, I stop now and then to read . . . haven't finished the 'News' yet! . . . and to agree with Emma Pease—that 'no' all the time is impossible . . . is obvious. I find that calling candy and cake, 'Daddy cookies' and 'Daddy cake' is enough to stop teasing and also to give the desired object a new interest aside from being desired.

"Dorothy Gray speaks of a 'Sweet quiet little girl!' Ruth Bacon would agree with me, I'm sure, in asking 'what is a quiet little girl?' We both admit that ours are the sweetest ever, but they are the most active, noisy, mischievous little girls it's been our fortune ever to have to bring up.

"In the November 'News' I see you speak of a department of Household Hints, one for the brides. How about adding an Infant Food section to your page? Surely there are those who could ask questions, those who could answer, and many who have personal experiences with feeding . . . I did.

"Addition. . . . Later. . . ." Since I started this, we had a meeting to organize Meriden Chapter C. C. A. A. Mildred Fagan McAllen has the sweetest baby, fat cherub, born September 26, (I think). Mad Dray Kepes was there . . . she has two boys, you know. I was surprised to learn that Marjorie Doyle Sullivan has a seven-months' baby, her second boy.

Sincerely yours,

AMY PECK YALE.

A very interesting letter has recently come from Margaret R. Milligan, M. D., '20, who has opened up a Philadelphia office now in addition to her Cynwyd office, and in the midst of her busy hours has stopped to write us of her interest in our Mothers' Page. Most of you know that she is specializing in Pediatrics and Obstetrics.

She writes: "I, too, am interested in Nursery Schools and think them very useful things. Here in Philadelphia, we have only the variety called 'Day Nurseries,' which are used by working mothers. However, I have been interested in noting the various remarks you have made concerning the teaching of the children to play, care for their own things, etc. I am physician for a Day Nursery and often marvel to see the orderliness of these children, how they clean up their play-rooms, etc., before they go to outdoor play, etc. Also to see the school children, dusting, putting away books, drying dishes, and innumerable other tasks during the lunch hour. All very constructive and educational. Of course primarily I am interested in the health, but the social and educational side do interest me. Next Saturday (this was written toward the last of April) is our May Day, and there are twelve Nurseries or more which take part. I happen to be chairman of the judges, and we choose the King and Queen of the Day (boy and girl who have improved the most during the year). Also there is a banner to the Nursery for the one having most perfect record of normal weights, correctable defects corrected, dental work completed, etc., etc. There are always 'stunts' and songs, etc. The Dairy Council in Philadelphia are very helpful in suggesting plays, etc., of interest for the Nurseries to produce. Health plays, correct food plays, etc., are given. They are very constructive (Continued on page 14.)"
1—Amy Elizabeth, 15 months' old daughter of Amy Peck Yale, '22.
2—Raymond Emory, infant son of Laura Dickenson Swift, '21.
3—Margaret, 23 months, and John Owen, 2 months, children of Ruth Trail McClellan, '19.
4—Jane Emily, 3½, daughter of Evelyn Bitgood Coulter, '19.
5—Jean Louise, 19 months, daughter of Clementine Jordan Goulart, '19.
GLEANED HERE AND THERE.
(Continued from page 5.)

Wells saw each other often in Pittsburgh. Marij, told me that Mildred had spent a week in Memphis, Tennessee, attending the National Conference of Hospital Workers.

We heard of M. P. Taylor through the newspapers recently. She is one of twelve to get a scholarship to attend the New York School of Social Work for a year. There were a large number of contestants, and we are proud that M. P. shines—but then, we knew all along that she would.

The last anyone heard from Minneola Miller, she was still in Denver. I would appreciate her address, too.

Helen Stickle Downes writes once in awhile. She is most happily engrossed and absorbed in her family. We'd love to see her younger sometime.

Speaking of children—Eleanor Wunch's Phil arrived the first of the year, and she writes, "Our third son is just the healthiest, happiest, and best of babies. He arrived the 18th of January, after Ted had left for Cuba, so his daddy didn't see him until he was three months old. He has my hair and complexion, but looks only like himself as far as we can see. He seems to have the happiest of dispositions. We can hear him chuckling away to himself when he is awake." Further on she writes: "I guess you think I'm like the proverbial flea, never in one place for very long, and you are right. The children and I came last Sunday to join Ted for the summer, as his ship will be here (Portsmouth, Virginia,) until the middle of August. Then we will be back in Knoxville for the winter, and I'll put Jack in school. It just doesn't seem possible that I have a son old enough for school."

Minnie Pollard and I have always kept in close touch with each other. She has been at home in Proctorsville, Vermont, this winter, as secretary to the superintendent of the mill.

Occasionally I see Ruby Tracy Wegmen, another ex-member. She lives here in Hartford at 11 Regent Street.

Blanche Finesilver has been studying law this year, and she has devoted so much time to it that we haven't seen her at our Hartford Chapter meetings. When Florence Silver entertained the chapter at her home, Mollie Kenig and I were the only '22 representatives.

A letter from Marguerite Mills Murphy, London, Ontario, Canada, brings news of a recent trip to Atlantic City and New York. "My young son," she says, "was three on March 25th."

1923.

(Continental, Mary Langenbacher,
215 Lorraine Avenue, Upper
Montclair, New Jersey.)

Our Class is very modest about exposing their achievements, but they're doing things all the same, such original work as directing a Tennis School, in New York, that's Dot Randle. Also she writes: "Along with that I am doing some work with Alex Taylor and Company—outside representative in Girls' Schools and Colleges." Dot got her A. M. degree from Columbia University in 1925.

Down in Anchorage, Kentucky, Anna Buell is a parole investigator; can't you see the families sitting up and taking notice as our "hockey fullback" strides up to the door?

Helen Hemingway wrote me from Paris of an interesting bicycle trip through the quaint, ancient French villages, enjoying Orleans most of all and picturing Jeanne d'Arc. She has just missed Helen at our Fifth reunion this June.

And then Jessie Bigelow, she's busy every second with Nancy, who is, after all, only four months old June ninth. She keeps Jessie on the tear, and how! "The child is really quite a nice one, born January 9, name Nancy, hair red!!! eyes blue!!! disposition angelic or frantic, mostly angelic and solemn." The trip east is too much for Nancy this year, but wait a few years.

Buster Timberman's mother, Mary Birch Timberman, is going to do her best to get Buster back to meet his colleagues in June and I trust he will have fourteen to play with. Mary had a wonderful time at the Bridge given last month by the New York Chapter at the Barbizon. Virginia Hayes ('24) made it possible to use this ultra-modern place.

Irene Steele Saxton has been teaching three years at Windsor Locks High School which speaks for itself about her teaching ability. She writes: "On Good Friday I had dinner and spent the evening at Mildred Beebe Seymour's house. She is living in a cute little cottage in West Hartford and has a darling baby, Morris, who is just learning to stand by himself. It seemed great to see her again for she has been in Farmingdale, Long Island, until just recently."

Kathryn Wilcox McCollo has been doing a great deal of Woman's Club work in Paterson the last two years. When questioned she replies, "Oh no," so I had to find out from Mac that she has staged an exhibit of New Jersey Painters this spring which was a huge success, but gathering the work of these painters from every quarter must have been a tremendous amount of work. Also Mikay is doing a great deal of Commit-
tee Work at the Y. W. C. A., and is on the Board of the Orphan Asylum, all this besides keeping her house most attractive and looking out for Sammie who is now seventeen months old and into everything. He will be present in June.

Lucy Whitford Heaton will be back for the reunion with Carolyn Stanton who will be almost four months old at that time.

Judy Warner is spending June at Provincetown, (of course coming down for the reunion June 9), and she will need plenty of salt breezes and rest after putting on the enormous Pageant at Hudson Guild, May 19, as only Judy knows how to put them on.

Betty Moyle Gold writes: "I am hoping to return to C. C. myself (this June) but am afraid the task of taking a four-year old and two-year-old will be too great. However, I am almost tempted to bring the class boy. He is a dear, but as I am anticipating a rest (?) and two-day change I guess I'll bring no cares along."

Since the above was written word comes from Marcia about Anna Buell's new position: "Anna Buell is in Hartford now. She is doing field work for the State Child Welfare Bureau. Anna is living with Abby Hollister. Then it is reported that Mildred Seeley is arriving in New York from the South this Saturday (May 12.)" Mildred has been Field Director of Settlement Work in Anchorage, Kentucky.

"I'm still at the Yale University Library," writes Mary Wheeler, "where I've been ever since I came back from Honolulu. I have hopes of going back, but they seem to be getting pretty faint."

Florence Hopkins, who received her A. M. degree from Columbia in 1926, has been teaching Algebra and Geometry five years in the Torrington High School. Imagine the privilege of having such a teacher! But besides the work of teaching, Florence has put on Assembly programs and staged a pantomime for the Christmas celebration. Costumes, properties, rehearsals with one's mind full of Algebra and Geometry is a task that only someone with her ability could swing.

So you see our class has accomplished much in five years.

1924.

"Janet Kepner arrived on February 11, 1928," writes her happy mother, Bobbie Kent Kepner.

A Chicago correspondent writes: "Jean Mundie De Forest and Jessie Bigelow Martin are kept busy with their daughters."

Frances Green, '26, sends us the following news from New London:

"Vera Grann's engagement was recently announced in 'The Day.' She is to marry Samuel Copeland, a brother of Jennie Copeland, '29. I believe he teaches in some New York school.

"I saw Elsie Marquardt Meek not long ago, with her elder child, Marilyn. She is a very cunning youngster. Elsie's other little girl, Mildred, is now several months old."

(Repeated efforts to glean news from or information of the correspondent for '24, have been unavailing. The items sent for the last two issues have come either from the girls themselves, or from other classes. 1924, Who is your correspondent, and Where is your news?—Ed.)

1925.

Captain and Mrs. George H. Passmore (Winifred Smith, '25) announce the birth of a son, Hunter William, on April 27, 1928. Winifred expects to take the family east in June for a visit to her parents in Philadelphia and later at their country home in Storrs, Conn. She hopes to get in touch with some, at least, of her classmates.

From Chicago comes word that:

Grace Bennett Nuveen has just returned from a five months' sojourn in South America, and is now in the midst of settling an apartment.

Olive Hubert has been abroad since January, but is expected back in June.

Charlotte Lang Carroll and Leah Pick Silber ('20) are busy furnishing their homes.

Eleanor H. Harriman has been in the book department at Marshall Field's all winter.

Virginia Lutzenkirken is still studying music.

Katherine Brennen and Mary Jane Benson are students at the University of Chicago.

(And here we must repeat the editorial note to 1924, for 1925's benefit: We have not been able to learn Who is your correspondent, nor Where is your news! All items above but one were contributed by outside classes!—Ed.)

1926.

To Lorraine Ferris and Margaret Ebensen we are indebted for most of the following:

The marriage of Barbara Brooks to (Continued on page 14.)
and impressive to the kiddies.

"I'd love to go back to C. C. for Commencement... but am afraid I can't this year..."

As for Nursery Schools, the Editor begs permission to say a word of praise for the wonderful new Nursery School which has just completed its first seven months of activity on Wellesley College campus. This school for children from two to four years is modeled along lines of the successful Nursery schools already started at Smith and Vassar, where students get first hand opportunity to apply and study Child Psychology, and where the very finest laboratory conditions exist... the "Laboratory of Child Human Nature." ... Nancy has been going up to Wellesley for several weeks, now, and the thrill of a lifetime is in her dancing eyes every morning when we start off for the campus.

Has any other mother tried to write down the spoken vocabulary of her two and a half-year old? This one has reached 756 and is still adding a word or two every week... it's a fascinating game!

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GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

(Continued from page 13.)

Chesley Bixby, Dartmouth, '23, will take place on June 14, in the First Congregational Church at Haverhill, Mass. Dorothy Brooks will be her maid of honor.

Emma Sternberg is teaching History and Physical Education in the Brewster High School, Brewster, N. Y.

Dorothy Ayers has a position in the designing room of W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Jean Gillette has a position in the advertising department of the George B. Smith Chemical Works in Springfield, Ill., and is the contributor of a column of bedtime stories to a Springfield newspaper.

Harriet Gillette is living with her mother in Los Angeles, Calif. She has a position in a real estate office.

Elizabeth A. Alexander is teaching in Chicago and living at home.

Katherine Bailey is taking a kindergarten course and living at her home in Winona, Minn. She has been east recently, making New York her headquarters.

Mildred Dornan is sailing in June to spend the summer in Europe.

Theodosia Hewlett is getting an M. A. in psychology this June at the University of Buffalo, where she has also been working in the Personnel Office. She has had an invitation to stay on at the University next year to teach psychology and continue the Personnel Advisory work.

Dorothy Brooks is successfully continuing her gift shop, "The Fireside," at Northampton, Mass.

Imogen Hostetter is at present living at her home in Washington, D. C. She intends to spend the coming fall and winter in California and possibly Honolulu.

Lettitia Burt is living at home and has a position as technician in the Oswego Hospital.

Eleanor Canty is with Jordan, Marsh and Company, of Boston, where she is taking a course in salesmanship.

Elizabeth Damerel is teaching in the Westerly Junior High School and is living at her home in Westerly, R. I.

Rosamond Beebe is in the history department of Brentano's bookstore, Fifth Avenue and 27th Street, New York City.

Lorraine Ferris has a position with Scribner's Magazine, where she is secretary to the advertising manager.

Louise Gunther has returned to Nebraska after a few months' stay in New York.

Carmen Guenard has left for Porto Rico, where she expects to make her home for some time.

Katherine King is studying secretarial work in New York City.

Word comes from the ex-editor of the "News," Pauline Warner, that she is now established at the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, as assistant in the dental department.

"Just a little note," writes Grace Parker Schumpert, "to tell you of the arrival of '26's second son—Robert Whitaker Schumpert, on April 15, at Madison, Wis. Am changing his address again. After May 15 it will be Shorewood Hills, Madison, Wis."

Elinor Bond has joined the ranks of the newly engaged. She is to marry Stanley Armstrong whose home is in Yantic, Conn., and they plan to live in Lebanon after their marriage next fall.

1927.

Barbara Tracy, 1913 Taylor Road, East Cleveland, Ohio, correspondent.

June is here, which means a few more brides for '27. Esther Hunt writes of her plans thus: "Larry and I have set the date for June 15, and the wedding will be in Mooresstown Friends' Meeting. We're not a bit superstitious about having it on Friday and we chose that date because it would suit most of our friends. Larry and I are going first to Springfield, Ohio, where he is taking a coaching
course at Wittenberg College, and from there to camp for the months of July and August. Next year we both will be back at Friends' School here in Baltimore, where Larry is to be Director of Athletics and I assistant Director for girls." Our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Peacock! Esther continues about other news:

"Spring vacation Jerry visited Sally Pithouse—Ishkie and I were out for dinner—had a big time. Ishkie said she might be married at Christmas time, but she is very undecided right now as her mother is quite ill.

"The other day I ran into Edith (Speed) Cook—remember? She is at Goucher now. Helen (Tatum) and Joe Muth took quite a trip by automobile last month. The most distant point they reached was Florida, I think."

Another bride of early June will be Dosia Sanford. The wedding will be at the home of Eleanor Richmond in Newtonville. She is busy picking out linen and silver and can hardly wait. About their future, she writes, "Don has a very good church in Hanover, Mass., a very nice community, intelligent people, and a rather nice house for us to live in."

More good wishes from '27.

No more weddings have been reported, but several of last year's brides have written, declaring themselves still in favor of married life. Faff Williams Wood writes: "I'm having a grand time learning how to keep house. Cooking, I'm afraid, will never be one of my strong points. However I've had only one severe casualty—when I burned the stew. Now that spring has come, we're having loads of fun fixing up the 'estate,' My two by four garden is the pride of my life. Rising Sun Road is growing. The name seems to be a problem for some, as we get letters addressed anywhere from 'Sunrise' to 'Setting Sun.' I wish more C. C. people would join us here. We're trying to persuade Loie and Bill (Ellis) to come out here. Mother and Marg. spent last month in Atlantic City so I spent my time trotting back and forth."

Lois Bridge Ellis writes from the same vicinity (Philadelphia.) "Dinner turned out quite well tonight, so perhaps now is the time to write you about my life as Mrs. William Ellis. We are very happy here in Philadelphia although it was entirely new to me, and Bill had only been here a year. We see Faff and Ted Wood occasionally and have some awfully good times together. Battey comes to see me, and not long ago she and I had a little reunion with Sally Ann Pithouse. I do wish we all could see more of each other. Mary Storer and Loie Penny, as well as Fran Jones and Richie have been down. Strange to say my housework keeps me busy. Strange because we have only a two-room apartment. I do the housekeeping a bit. Bill hasn't suffered to any great extent thanks to Home Ec 1-2 and the evenings some of us spent in the lab last winter under the direction of Loie Penny, Lib Fowler and Lois Watkins. Taking all in all, I think it's a great life."

From Portland, Maine, comes news from Laura Drake Langmuir. "I think it was a bit unkind of you to ask if I can cook. John's been eating the results of my labor for nine months and he's still alive. The thing of biggest importance in my life right now is our new car—new to us I mean. No longer will we have to borrow the family's car to drive to New London. It is a good means to get us out of the city, and we pack picnic lunches now every sunny weekday. Now I'm going to a friend's for the afternoon with about fourteen pairs of 'holy' socks and stockings and the makings of the first new dress I've had since last June."

Bertha Borgzinner and Ada Frazier work at the same library, Woodstock Branch of the New York Public Library. Bertha writes that Madelyn Clish is at the Forty-second Street Library. Madelyn reads new children's books and is in the main office of the superintendent of children's rooms in the libraries of New York City. During the winter, Bertha lived in New York City, but now she is staying at home in New Rochelle. She thinks that Gertrude Johnson will be married about December.

One of the spring events in the state of Connecticut for the class of '27 seems to have been the opening of Ruth Ford's tea room, which she has been decorating this winter. Lois Penny and Lib Fowler both wrote about it. Lois says: "Last week-end, Mary and I went up to New London to see Pat. Kay Foster, Lib Fowler, and Marj. Millet were there, and Sunday we all went up to Elvist's new tea house. It is adorable. She is pretty and I rather ambled through the days, gardening, visiting, riding into the little village, hiking over the hills, or playing tennis with the Hesses. The day the men came back was a scorcher—we seldom have hotter down in the valley—and they arrived burned to cinders after a six hours' ride in the sun. Monday was the day set for our trip to Zapaouite—c-the finca of the Champneys. We set out about 10.30 and arrived at 1.30. I had heard a great deal about the Champneys for Page had visited there on two occasions. You probably recall his yarns about the two old men who had made (Continued on page 16.)
“WE THREE.”
(Continued from page 9.)
really tremendous fortunes in coffee. One, a patriarch of 75 or more years, and the other—his nephew—a man nearing the fifties. The old gentleman, Kent-set Champney, hasn’t been out of Guatemala since 1900. He is a native of Boston and of a fine old family. He had the Wanderlust and set out for California in the 90’s, took a tramp ship to go around the Horn and was told about coffee lands in Guatemala. He got off at Camperico and set out for the mountains—bought vast acres of land and is now many times a millionaire.

He has built a house after the fashion of early Nineteenth century architecture in the States, ugly but commodious and furnished with the latest furniture, rugs, Victrola, pool and billiard table, bathroom, what not. And all those things had to be brought up the mountains on Indians’ backs, one a matter of weeks for a thing like the billiard table that couldn’t be taken to pieces.

They sound quite fantastic but they were really quite normal men. They read widely magazines and books and converse on politics and social progress and men and things like people who had lived with contacts with the world (of course their reading is their contact—that and passing travelers who are few but welcome). They were particularly interested to hear about the changes in Boston. Just think, they hadn’t even seen the Customs Tower!

For the last five years Kent-set’s hobby has been building a moving picture hall (he has the beautiful equipm. player-projector, and all, and gets pictures from the Paramount Agency in Guatemala City once every three weeks). The hall is at last finished and where you would expect something bizarre or ugly there is something beautiful and unique. It is 70 by 32 feet with an arched central portion marked by a row of pillars on each side. The windows have arched tops with stained glass in gold and old blue to keep the light soft. (10 or 12 windows on a side.) Around the casement of each window (the casement is solid mahogany) is a beautiful border of carving. The pillars, also solid mahogany, are fluted at the bottom with a carved festoon just above the base of fluting and carving around the capital. All the stair rails, bannisters, and treads, window casings, four-foot paneling around the walls, and the pillars are beautifully finished by the French method (shel-lacked and sand-papered, then polished with oil). There are three beautiful rugs down the central portion, in blue, and there are ten sets of that beautiful upholstered wicker furniture (a big sofa and two big chairs) finished in old gold on the upper surface with a blue tinge showing through, and the tapestry blending the same tones. The lights three big chandeliers of prisms of gold glass down the center and then smaller ones down each gallery. There is a Baby Grand Steinway piano, made-to-order, in one corner, an Orthophonic Victrola and an Edison Diamond Point, all brand new. I don’t know whether or not you can visualize it, but the workmanship and wood are exquisite, in themselves, and he hasn’t spoiled it in the furnishing.

And try to see that at the ends of the world, and try to see all that furniture traveling up those mountains.

We stayed late, playing music in the beautiful hall and talking, and started over the trail so late that we did the last hour in total blackness save for the vertigo dancing of the fireflies which only served to make one dizzy on a downward trail where the horse had to take the reins and find his footing. A day to remember.

We had our last game of bridge the next evening, after our trunk had gone off on a wee mula.

Next morning we were up bright and...
Page said our only chance was for me to go ahead as fast as the mare would carry me and hold the train until he and Marquita could get down.

The train was on time for the first time in its history (this is the little one that steams with wood and stops with reverse, you remember?). After five minutes Page came steaming in, all excited and hot as one could possibly be without spontaneously combusting (you see we were coming out of the altitudes into the hot country at mid-day). He checked up on luggage and arranged for the sack of coffee. The train showed around the bend and just as it steamed in, the Ford steamed down the mountains. The machinista had Marquita in his arms swathèd in all the material that had made the mattress in the cacaste—two blankets, three pillows, and what not—she was all but smothered.

Off we went and not until we arrived in Panzos did we discover that we had left the camera, Page's coat to his gray suit, and his poncho in Rosario (20 miles up the line). The manager of the line said he was sorry his motor car was out of commission, but he'd call the station at Rosario—and if they were there, he'd see what he could do. They were there, and they sent them by a "runner" (an Indian on foot) who arrived about 9 that night. Praise be for service—it sure would have spoiled our vacation to have lost them. We settled down happily for half a night—for the boat left at three for Livingston.

MT. HOLYOKE TO HOLD POETRY CONTEST.

Anna Lundgren C. C. Representative Mount Holyoke College conducts an intercollegiate poetry contest for a prize of one hundred dollars given in memory of Irene Glascock of the Class of '22. To this contest are invited various colleges by Mount Holyoke, the participants differing from year to year. This year Connecticut has been invited to participate, and Anna C. Lundgren, '28, has been chosen by the judges who examined the manuscripts submitted as being the most competent representative. Each representative reads verse of her own composition for about ten minutes. After the reading, the judges examine the manuscripts submitted and award the prize in consideration both of the reading and the poetry. The participants announced for this year are Mount Holyoke, Dartmouth, and Connecticut. In past years Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Harvard, Yale, Bryn Mawr, and Amherst have all been represented.