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"After All These Years——"

TENTH REUNION, 1924

Saturday, June 9, found some forty members of the class of 1924 marching behind the seniors of 1934 to the Outdoor Theatre in Bolleswood, where Class Day exercises were held. As Genie Walsh and Peg Dunham led us into the Theatre, carrying the famous, if slightly moth-eaten "banner of '24," an unknown spectator, one of a large group which flanked both sides of the Arboretum steps, said in an incredulous tone, "The class of 1924!" Then, for the first time since our arrival, we began to realize that ten years had passed since our own Class Day, ten years which have seen the world go into a dizzy spin from which it has not yet emerged. To us, however, the ten years did not seem an earnest of lost youth and faded hopes, for it takes more than a good permanent wave, a smartly cut spring print, and a trailing dinner dress to give that look which indicated that life for all of us had been adventurous, often difficult, but always interesting since June, 1924.

Ensconced in Blackstone we did permit ourselves the luxury of slipping back ten years, of seeming to hear again the clarion calls of "Has the mail come?" "Will you bring me a Hershey bar?" "Have you done your history?" "Has the car gone up?" And when eight people gathered in one room to dress for dinner, we could have sworn that the passage of time is a myth, or at any rate that the ways of women are immutable.

Dinner at Norwich Inn was the highlight of reunion week-end. Then we found time to bring each other up to date on husbands, children, and jobs, and to discover that, given the right setting and the right people, we could remember the words of "China Love," "Pierrot and Pierrette," "O, College Years," and "C. C. Blues." "Ten Types of 1924," that monumental work produced by the enthusiastic efforts of Helen Douglass North, enabled us to catch photographic glimpses of those members who could not get to New London, and to have a record of their activities past and present. Miss Blunt's presence added much to the enjoyment of the dinner and gave many of us the opportunity of meeting her for the first time.

Mary Snodgrass McCutcheon and Catts Holmes Brandow, president and vice-president, were absent, being too far removed in space, though not in spirit, from New London...
to attend the reunion. Dot Hubbell, secretary, ably conducted the business meeting, at which we elected our officers for the coming five years. They are Eugenia Walsh, president; Elizabeth Holmes, vice-president; Dorothy Hubbell, secretary; Eileen Fitzgerald, treasurer; Helen Forst, class correspondent; Edith Langenbacher, chairman of reunion activities.

The climax of the dinner was reached in an act presented by the Misses Dunham and Walsh, whose pep and spirits will not be quenched in many times ten years, who gave in song a telling psychological comment upon the past fourteen years.

We regretted very much the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Marshall and Dean Nye, though Dr. Marshall's delightful letter of greeting was heard with sincere appreciation. Greetings from many absent members were also enthusiastically received. We were saddened by the recent loss by death of two of our honorary members, Mr. Selden and Mr. Palmer, as well as by the loss during the course of years of seven of our classmates.

We cannot end this brief recountal of our tenth reunion without an appreciative comment upon our handsome nieces and nephews. Of course, we may be prejudiced in their favor, but it seems to us that the children of 1924 are really unusual, and there is no doubt that they were the most important and interested participants in the Class Day exercises.

FIFTH REUNION, 1929

Saturday afternoon found over one-third of 1929 back in good form and ready to join in the fun. It was with great difficulty that order was brought out of chaos for a brief but none the less important class meeting. There was much to reminisce about but not much time for talking. The class scholarship fund, dues, the election of Lillian Otenheimer as new secretary-treasurer were a few of the most important matters. We were all thrilled with the attractive interior and exterior decorations of Windham House, where the class meeting took place.

The Texaco Oil Company and the New London Fire Department contributed largely to the colorful firemen apparel worn in the parade. A breezy gale kept everyone busy clutching at her fire chief hat. Many a strong arm weakened as two long fire hoses were hoisted to the shoulders of our noble class and carried like the laurel chain of the graduating class down the hill into the hemlock grove of the arboretum. Such signs as "29 Answers the Call," "29 Is Always Ready—Let Us Know and We'll Be There" helped cheer our faltering steps.

We were all enchanted with the beauties of the arboretum and the good-sized lake developed from the once marshy swamp hole on which some of us once tried to skate. Sunday found many of the class who had not gone off for the sailboat ride on the Sound further exploring these parts, Bolleswoods, and the cliff.

Banquet on Saturday night at Lighthouse Inn brought back happy memories. Miss Ernst and Dr. and Mrs. Erb were with us, as at our original senior banquet. From our absent honorary members, Miss Leahy and Mr. and Mrs. Ligon, regrets and good wishes were sent. Dr. Blunt, who was with us for a short time before leaving to join 1924 at their banquet at Norwich Inn, gave a word of greeting, as did our other distinguished guests.

Bibbo Riley, our charming toastmistress, delighted the assembled multitude by re-reading the class prophesy. In response to this several
of the 29ers told what they are actually doing at the present time. Our efficient class president, Zeke Speirs, read messages from the absent members. Class songs, made more familiar by mimeographed copies of the words, added to the good fun and jovial spirit.

Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" presented by the Dramatic Club brought a most eventful day to a close. A heavy rain made it necessary to postpone the Senior Sing to which we all had looked forward. Still later a number of us wandered to some of our old haunts, Izzy's and the B. C. K., for popcorn and a banana freeze before tumbling into bed in Plant Dorm.

It was agreed a grand time was had by all, and we only wish everyone had been there. To Zeke Speirs and her committee the class sends grateful thanks for a most successful Fifth Reunion. We hope all future reunions will be as good fun as this one was.

College Poetry Anthology

At the luncheon meeting held by the Winthrop Scholars in connection with the alumnae activities of Commencement Week plans were made for the undertaking of a project by the group. With Dr. Herbert Z. Kip as faculty adviser, the group will publish an anthology of Connecticut College poetry.

Dr. Kip was the speaker at the luncheon, reading and commenting on a series of various types of superior poetry written by students while at the college. A committee was appointed to start collecting the material and arranging for its printing. Headed by Minnie Watchinsky Peck '28, the board consists of Margaret Battles Barbour '27, Mary Crofoot De Gange '27, Gertrude Noyes '25, and Jennie Copeland '29.

Subscription to the anthology is one dollar, and indications are that the quota will be well filled.
Among the Chapters
By Rosamond Beebe '26

The fiscal year for the chapters has ended, and we are now looking forward to the plans and programs for next year. Already several chapters have elected new officers. To them I wish much success. To those who have guided the chapters during the last two years I wish to express my deep appreciation for the cooperation they have given to me as vice-president in charge of the chapters and to the alumnae office.

Having worked with the chapters during the last two years, I am very much aware of how vital these groups are to the Alumnae Association. To strengthen further our organization and to carry on any real constructive work in the interest of Connecticut College we need more chapters and we need more active members of existing chapters. May I urge every alumna to affiliate herself with some organized group, and, if such group does not exist in her neighborhood, to endeavor to organize one herself. The Association needs this help.

At Pittsburgh
This spring the alumnae of Pittsburgh met with Mrs. Milligan and formed our fifteenth chapter there. Among those at the meeting were Mary Snodgrass McCutcheon, Eleanor Lowman Stausbury, Gladys Westerman Greene, Elinor L. Allman, Jeannette A. Shidle, Helen C. Prugh, Katherine Sterrit, and Mary Reed. May they have a successful and pleasant first year!

At Providence
On May 23 the last meeting of the Providence chapter was held. Responding to a plea from the alumnae office for funds to carry the Association through this year, they voted to send $9.00 from their treasury to the Alumnae Fund. This gift from one of our very newest chapters was greatly appreciated. At this meeting the group voted to have October as a date for the Alumnae Week-end, preferably some time around Columbus Day. Officers for next year are: President, Marjorie Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Jessie Josolowitz; Chairman of Publicity and Entertainment Committees, A. Margharita Swanson.

At Waterbury
A luncheon was held in the Colonial Room of the Elton at Waterbury. Dean Nye was the guest of honor and spoke on “Archaeology and the Present.” Margaret North '23 was chairman of the committee on arrangements. Those present were Gertrude Traurig, Katherine Stone, Margaret North, Marion Johnson Schmuck, Dora Milenky, Dorothy Wigmore, Annise Clark, Frances Green, Katherine Colgrove, Catharine Dauchy, Rosemary Condon, and Marion Pierpont. The June meeting is to be held at the home of Katherine Stone in Southbury.

At New York
In New York at a meeting held on June 4 the following officers for next year were elected: President, Mary Birch Timberman; Vice-president, Grace Demarest Wright; Recording Secretary, Charlotte Frisch-Garlock; Corresponding Secretary, Achsah Roberts Fennell; Treasurer, Caroline B. Rice; Chairman of Entertainment, Elizabeth Williams Moody; Chairman of Publicity, Dorothy Ducz Herzog; Chairman of Nominating Committee, Marjorie Thompson.

The regional vice-presidents are as follows: Westchester, Elizabeth Appenzeller; Long Island, Adelaide Thompson; Brooklyn, Agnes Bartlett Clark.

(Continued on page 7)
All too often we humans are inclined to take for granted many of the things that contribute to our well-being. In that same vein many of us may have blandly accepted the progress of the Connecticut College Alumnae Association as a thing to be expected, as a natural accompaniment of its physical growth.

To those of us who stop to consider cause and effect, however, it is clearly apparent that the past four years have witnessed a decided development in the organization and that one person, more than any other, is behind that development. Marion Hendrie Milligan is that person.

In her devotion to the Alumnae Association and in her desire to create a strong organization Mrs. Milligan has given freely of her time and energy, and often of her personal funds. Despite her illness of last year and the cares of a family she continued the work of her office with a great enthusiasm. Her leadership brought about the formation of new alumnae chapters, which at present number fifteen. Her work with the Executive Secretary has provided closer contact with the campus and has helped the college to become "alumnae conscious."

Besides stimulating interest among and in the alumnae, she has shown her own vital interest in the college by keeping in touch with its progress and its problems; in this way she has come to know many of the students, present as well as past. We all agree that she has succeeded in her endeavor "above all to throw the influence of the Association toward the development of an institution designed truly to prepare young women, not only to earn a living in the world but actually to live satisfying lives."

Her graciousness, her sincerity, and her sense of humor are among the qualities which have won for her our deep admiration.

Officers, 1934-1935

President
JANET CRAWFORD HOW, 1924
First Vice-President
ROSAMOND BEEBE, 1926
Second Vice-President
MARY BIRCH TIMBERMAN, 1923
Treasurer
ELIZABETH HARTSHORN, 1930
Editor of the Alumnae News
KATHERINE FRANCKE STOVER, 1923
Recording Secretary
ELEANOR HARRIMAN BAKER, 1925
Executive Secretary
KATHRYN B. MOSS, 1924
Bequest for Dingy Days
By Muriel S. Kendrick '29

A DISTINGUISHED Dutchman, who sees this world very much as it is, says that the fairy tale which America tells itself, with which it puts itself to sleep that it may wake to another day in the same vein, is "Hurry, hurry; efficiency, efficiency; hurry, hurry." To make any application would be platitudinous.

Even the critics believe. When that Peter Pan of literature, the multi-annual best-seller, makes its plea, we in turn affirm our belief and rush to read. Admirable, indeed, are the book review sections and columns of our newspapers and magazines; but, with a few notable exceptions, the reviews are of only the newest, the very latest books, rife with politics, science, and sex, all far too highly seasoned with superlatives.

In between the books on whose pages the ink is scarcely dry and the classics, whose pages are thoroughly dry indeed, are books which quietly outlive their more blatantly announced contemporaries. In a leisured world which has time to keep the vast bulk (both in quantity and quality) of Anthony Adverse at the top of the selling list all these months, surely there is time to venture down some of the bypaths at which only a brief glance was cast, as we panted in the wake of the never-ceasing best-sellers.

An Elephant’s Mission

Perhaps Elephant Up a Tree by Hendrick Willem Van Loon (my distinguished Dutchman) was shelved among the juveniles in your favorite bookshop; it was in mine. It doesn’t deserve it, any more than Gulliver’s Travels rates its relegation to the nursery. Jonathan Swift set out to satirize man by showing his littleness of ceremony in Lilliput, his littleness of power in Brobdingnag, his littleness of thought in the country of the Houyhnhmns. Van Loon needs no such paraphernalia for his satire. He merely brings an elephant to these United States of today (although it really was a long time ago, as he tells us repeatedly). The elephant’s mission is to take back to his people a report on humans, so that they may know if they are unwise to remain animals.

All our puny devices and pretentious systems fall before the skillful attack. Sir John, the handsome young pachyderm, is finally rescued from some of our better kidnappers by the loyalty of Noodle the Dachshund and Diogenes the Cat (to say nothing of Werner the Whale or Mademoiselle Marguerite de Mont-Souris). In the end all the animals pass judgment upon our civilization and decide to remain animals forever; for they know themselves to be “still conscious of something that Man has long since forgotten—that life can only find its true and logical fulfilment when it keeps in close touch with the ultimate realities of existence.”

The Ultimate Realities

What are the ultimate realities? When, with the spring and Emily Dickinson, we pick the first arbutus, “pink, punctual, and small,” or we sigh a little at the beauty of Amy Lowell’s lilacs, “making poetry out of a bit of moonlight and hundred or two sharp blossoms,” is not reality bearing in upon us? When, on the first warm day in April we misquote Robert Browning and muse on the glamour of the distant, are we not looking in the right direction, toward simplicity?

For anyone who would indeed be in England and cannot “there is no frigate like a book” by Charles S. Brooks. Although English Spring is the readiest title, it should not be unaccompanied by the earlier Thread of English Road and Roundabout to Canterbury. If ever man has caught with his pen
beckoning roads, sky-thrusting cathedrals, friendly inns,—Brooks has. Furthermore, he is one of the few fortunate in illustrators, both in the whimsical accompaniment of the last two and the lovely sketches of the first. He himself says—"Can the tinkle of a word recall the shallow murmur of sunny waters and build a pilgrim's bridge? Or if a paragraph shall throw its net, shall a cloud be caught?"—and does those very things.

From wandering with Charles Brooks it is entirely natural to stray into the England of Mary Webb. In *The Golden Arrow* we not only come to know well the Shropshire countryside, but among the finely drawn characters we also gain by acquaintance with John Arden—charitable, wistful, and wise—a man who has never been apart from the realities. With the younger people—Stephen, "too perceptive for a ploughman, too vital for a gentleman; his mind at present a confused mass of other people's principles, non-principles, creeds, negations," and Deborah, with the simple clear mind that sees straight through to the end of things,—the torturous quest for the golden arrow comes to a golden end. And if the edition is the one illustrated by Norman Hepple, it holds double pleasure.

*Cabbages and Sealing-Wax*

The simplicity of natural beauty can not of itself resolve the problems of the world, but it is a wonderful clarifier. It is something to return to with surety; from which to set out bravely once again to find our way through the brambly wood of a brambly world. Perhaps our fairy story with its idea of hurry has rushed to an inevitable end; perhaps the time has come to tell ourselves another tale, more of cabbages and sealing-wax, less of shoes and ships and kings.

Do you think books which mirror gardens evasive? There are plenty, then, which reflect people in such a way that we see our own image beside another or convergent therewith. Beside Vera Brittain in her *Testament of Youth* our 1934 model selves seem a bit under-nourished. And what nurture there is in that book! There is a record of realities that makes our caviling a childish whine of which we are ashamed; fortunately, it is a testament from which emanates a creed of courage. Do not think that it preaches; rather, it relates the experiences of a woman who is, in turn, trustingly young and eager; cruelly bereft of love, friends, and hopefulness; bewildered, yet brave; and at last, adjusted to the world in which she must live. And, too, she will take you back to reading Rupert Brooke again:

R. B. who, in a much-worn blue leather edition, was an important refuge or incentive during college days. It will be a memorable reunion.

Perhaps the world now has a psychological need for so-called escape novels; but it is not for purposes of running away that we turn to these few not-so-very-new and, on the whole, not-so-very-well-known books. They are safety zones, from which to plunge once more into the world's swift traffic. After all, the street must be crossed.

*Among the Chapters*

(Continued from page 4)

*At Meriden*

The programs of the Meriden chapter this year have included a number of interesting speakers on many varied subjects. These have been *The World's Fair*, *Interior Decorating*, *Music*, *Book Reviews*, *Travels*, *Style*, *Menu Planning*. On May 9 at the home of Miss Eleanor Michel the speaker was Miss Louise Chevalier, French instructor at C. C.

*At New Haven*

New Haven officers for 1934-35 are as follows:

President, Marion Nichols; Vice-president, Mrs. Allen Hubbard, Jr.; Social Chairman, Mrs. James McAllen; Publicity, Margaret Graham; Membership Chairman, Mrs. William J. Cronin; Treasurer, Esther Stone.
Siste Viator!

By Catherine Hardwick Latimer '24

THIS gay little own in southwestern Louisiana, framed by the meanderings of the lazy Calcasieu River and fringed with shadowy cypress swamps, has been a most delightful place to spend the depression! It is as varied as a small Vienna, as stimulating as a wee Paris, and more diverting than Battambang, Cambodia, during Old Home Week!

We have only fifteen thousand inhabitants. But such inhabitants! A more heterogeneous, cosmopolitan group than those fifteen thousand it would be difficult to imagine. They hail from Illinois, Colorado, Iowa, Arkansas, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Canada, South Africa, Russia, Austria, France, Germany, Sweden, Finland, Ireland, Italy, Australia, Jamaica, the Isle of Fuhr—and perhaps a host of other places that I do not think of at the moment.

You are wondering, no doubt, what sort of jargon we use for a common language! They are all quite Anglo-Americanized, however, and everyone speaks English very nicely. Then, too, these Lake Charles citizens—from-everywhere have one outstanding characteristic that unites them charmingly. It is the most amazingly friendliness—a kindly interest in their neighbor and fellowman that is really beautiful. It lends a happy sparkle to life in these rather remote parts because it repeatedly bobs up in such surprising places.

An Amazing Friendliness

A few days ago, for instance, I telephoned my meat order. (Ottjes is my butcher’s sneeze of a name. Nationality: German. Accent: very German. Inflections and colloquialisms: undeniably negroid!) I was hoarse that morning and Mrs. Ottjes, who took the order, exclaimed,

“I declare, child—you have a terrible cold! Why don't you change your mind about that round steak and let me send you some soup meat? Hot soup iss grand for a cold. It's cheaper, too! Then you take yourself a goo-ood, hot, HOT bath and go to bed. Tomorrow you feel like a new woman!”

All that interest from my butcher's wife whose face I have never seen.

And in the stores, it is not at all unusual to have an animated little clerk beam up at you and say,

“That surely is a cute hat, hon'! I'd just give anything if I could wear green.”

Or, even more personal—

“You look tired. I'll bet your feet hurt, don't they?”

And then there was an amiable ambulance driver, once, who turned in his seat to look upon my brand new son and me—and said—

“Let's show the little feller the town, shall we? If you're comfortable, I sure would like to take you-all for a little joy-ride!”

Hilarity in an Ambulance

The nurse was willing, so we toured all Lake Charles at the thrilling speed of twelve miles an hour in the flower-bedecked ambulance amid much hilarity. Not infrequently I pass that young man on the street and he never fails to break into a wide grin and to ask, “How’s that boy?”

Of a more general and serious nature was the friendliness that prevailed about town during the memorable bank holiday in March of last year. It was like Christmas all over again! We called on friends and neighbors, taking anything we had on hand in the way of surplus foodstuffs. Business was almost completely paralyzed for a considerable time because, alas, our largest and most important bank was closed for some time. I received during those first few uncertain days, half a baked ham, a jar of pickles, ten pounds of rice,
several pounds of navy beans, some fig preserves, and a pan of hot rolls. That wasn’t all. One neighbor slipped five, good, American cash dollars into my hand. I protested and she gently reminded me, "Babies must have milk. Cows must have feed. Better hang onto them!"

I did. And when I paid them back, I consciously imitated local technique—and enjoyed it! I stuck the envelope in the snowy top-knot of a Lady Baltimore cake.

All this may seem a bit strained and affected. I mean my gesture with the cake. I frankly admit that it was a bit sugary and self-conscious. But I want very much to grow like these people. I want to think automatically to send a basket of garden flowers to my neighbor’s house the day of the arrival of a guest. I want to learn to investigate a doctor’s call on my neighbor with the same promptness and gentle concern that all doctor’s calls at my house are investigated by my neighbors! The extra pan of corn bread in my oven, the extra dish of dessert in my refrigerator—I want these things to grow to be a habit, even if, just at first, its roots must be nurtured in deliberate and entirely self-conscious imitation!

Food and Leisure

Speaking of food: it is not a dependable measure of well-being or of adversity in this small Utopia. There is plenty of it and it is very cheap. Gardens flourish the year around and the markets are heaped with colorful fruits and vegetables. Open to the street, shaded by gay awnings, cooled by huge overhead fans—they seem a sort of combination beach resort and street bazaar. Live hens, pigs, ducks, geese, and pigeons provide plenty of din. Fruits, vegetables, and flowers fill the stalls with an odd pungent fragrance. Well dressed matrons, farmers in overalls, oil field workers in high boots, sunbonneted negro mamories, and chattering Cajuns mill about, elbow to elbow.

Southerners are a cheerful lot, and I believe it is because they know how to make the most of two of life’s important fundamentals—food and leisure. Morning coffee parties, teas, informal suppers, bridge parties, fashion shows, treasure hunts, recitals, and garden parties all go to make up an art much practiced by southern women—the art of entertaining. They are skilled hostesses.

Morning Coffee Party

Of these modes of entertaining, the morning coffee party is most popular. It seems to have taken the place of more elaborate and formal affairs and it entirely fills the bill. The hour is ten thirty or eleven. The table is arranged much the same as for the afternoon tea, even to lace cloth and lighted candles! The negro “yard man” dons an immaculate white coat and wields a gleaming silver tray with a grace that would never lead you to suspect that his special talent lay with the scythe, lawnmower, and rake. He loves this sideline! Perhaps the secret of this southern art is right there. The yard man loves it. The cook loves it. The hostess loves it. The old mahogany glows. The silver shines. The candlelight dances on the plates of luscious hot cinnamon rolls and pecan crisps. The fragrance of French drip coffee mingles with the perfume of verbena, petunias, roses, and sweet peas—to say nothing of the lovely ladies themselves!

Now about those lovely ladies. There is no denying that cheap and plentiful negro help does more for her than cosmetics, permanent waves, and careful grooming. The negro does the drudgery and gives her the time to make and to keep herself attractive. Her eyes smile, her back is straight and young, her vivacity is charming—because she has leisure. The southern woman is seldom jaded or careworn because a good servant costs only a few dollars a week.

Because of the southerners’ dependence on wealth, the waxing and waning of fortunes here during the last few years has been most fascinating to observe. Adjustments have been
particularly poignant. Immediately there comes to my mind the case of two nearby neighbors. They are of southern aristocracy. They are middle-aged widows—Mis’ Annabelle and Mis’ Mary Lou. Reared on a sugar plantation east of Lake Charles in the Evangeline country, they weathered the ruin wrought by the cane borer and mosaic disease in the Louisiana Sugar Bowl in the early twenties. But they were pinched unforgettably. With a tiny fragment salvaged from their sugar fortune, they invested in oil. A gusher came in. Then another and another. The little widows bought a home in Lake Charles, tripled the size of its rose garden, bought a big shiny car and an annuity, and regaled themselves in smart new clothes. Their living-room, on Christmas eve—that bleak year of 1931—is a vivid memory of mine. We dropped in, at their invitation, for Christmas egg-nog and found them busily wrapping up gifts. The chandelier over their heads held a cluster of unusually brilliant lights that fairly lit up the backs of the pictures on the walls—making the venerable painted ancestors look oddly pop-eyed and staring. It was as if they glared down in utter horror on the extravagance and wanton waste that lay before them. Fat pine knots were heaped high in the fireplace and blazed with a fierceness that hissed. Two dignified Lewellyn setters stretched before the fire—licking their noses a bit uneasily as if the heat was just too delicious to be trusted. Tissue paper, ribbon and unwrapped gifts lay everywhere—on floor, sofa, chairs, and card tables. Mis’ Mary Lou sat at one card table and Mis’ Annabelle sat at another. They looked tremendously relieved as black Arthur came in from the kitchen with tall glasses of egg-nog. They really needed that stimulant to get through all that wrapping!

“Lawd, Mis’ Annabelle—sumpin’ in’s burnin’! Ah smells wool cloth burnin’. That fish’s fixin’ to burn yo’all up!”

Mis’ Annabelle tasted her egg-nog and then pointed to the edge of the lovely oriental rug.

“It’s just the rug, Arthur. Maybe you’d better stamp it out.”

Arthur stamped.

“Dat’s a shame, dat is!”

“No it isn’t. It’s a good omen—burnin’ up oriental rugs on Christmas Eve. If there’s one thing that is balm for the soul it’s ashes of oriental rugs when you know there’s more rugs where they came from. You don’t know what I’m talkin’ about, Arthur—but you do know how to make grand egg-nog!”

“Yes, ma’am,” agreed Arthur, smiling and bowing himself out of the room.

Perhaps he understood Mis’ Annabelle better than she realized, for he was back in a minute or two with another big armful of fat pine!

Introducing the Fontenots

And among the many widely different types of Lake Charles people we have the exact antithesis of the two little widows—in the Fontenots. Oil flowed for them too, and they moved from a shack out on the prairie to one of Lake Charles’ “show places.” A neighbor, seeing an ominous column of smoke pouring from the Fontenot’s three-car garage and servants’ quarters, turned in a fire alarm. The engines roared through the streets to the Fontenot’s resident, hesitated a moment, and then streaked up the winding drive to the garage. The firemen leaped to the ground, dragged the hose through the billowing smoke toward the door—and met Mrs. Fontenot.

“Well!” she gasped, looking a bit taken back.

“We’re here, ma’am!” they assured her—“Don’t you worry! We’ll have that fire out in a jiffy.”

She seemed bewildered.

“But there isn’t any fire, gentlemen! I’m smoking sausage!”

Mrs. Fontenot no doubt will never be the least bit dependent on her oil wells. She will have her smoked sausage whether or no!

These are only a few cross sections and a few dabs of color. I haven’t done it justice—this
Connecticut College Alumnae News

place of places! There is our deaf and dumb florist who has built up a remarkably fine business; the past-middle-aged Hammand sisters who have a highly successful nursery school because they hopped like bunnies on the lawn with the "dear little children" and thereby advertised themselves far and wide; the be-whiskered "Colonel" who is proprietor of our leading hotel and attracts an extensive patronage because he frequently plays up to his whiskers and his title by whacking the negro help over their skulls with his gold-headed cane; a Frenchman called, along the Calcasieu River, "Chills and Fever Charlie"—whose wife makes him live in a house-boat anchored outside their house on the river bank because he would never consent to wear shoes after they inherited money and could afford to be respectable; and a great many more interesting characters. Take all of these, the ever-bubbling song of the mocking-bird, the sprightly whistle of the red-bird, the call of the Italian hot-tamales-man, and the little negro urchins going through the streets calling "Watermelons right off de vine!" Add the brilliant sunshine, the soft wind off the Gulf of Mexico, the exotic fragrance of magnolia blossoms, yellow jasmine, white camellias, and camphor trees drenched in dew. Then visualize, if you can, a red-gold sunset through a line of shaggy cypress trees rising out of limpid, red-gold water. The tattered grey moss swings from the ragged cypress limbs like torn lace. A fish leaps and tosses red-gold spangles off into a streak of water that has suddenly turned cobalt blue! An alligator barks, deep in the swamp... a mandolin tinkles from the porch of a house boat somewhere in the gathering dusk... All this is Lake Charles, that little jumping-off place in southwestern Louisiana!

Connecticut Days at Chicago

Connecticut is among the 21 colleges which are again cooperating in maintaining the Woman's College Board for a Century of Progress. The project is paid for by the participating colleges, which are Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Connecticut, Elmira, Goucher, Lake Erie, Milwaukee-Downer, Mills, Mount Holyoke, Pembroke, Radcliffe, Randolph-Macon, Rockford, Simmons, Smith, Sweet Briar, Trinity, Vassar, Wellesley, Wells, and Western.

The Board is made up of representatives from the colleges, and its purpose is to provide a meeting place for alumnae and to disseminate information regarding the different colleges, to the public. It will be remembered that headquarters last year were in the Time and Fortune Building, but this year the Board has been able to secure larger space in an attractive lounge on the ground floor of the Hall of Social Sciences.

This hall is located on the Island, directly across the bridge from the Hall of Science. It is hoped that alumnae will plan to meet in the lounge at twelve-thirty o'clock, especially on those days that have been assigned to their college, and to have luncheon at a nearby restaurant. The lounge will be kept open throughout the duration of the Fair from ten in the morning until ten at night. It is desired that all alumnae will register there and will encourage the general public to ask any questions regarding women's colleges in the United States.

A paid secretary will be on hand to attend to regulation business matters, and on the days of June 19, July 8, July 26, August 14, September 3, September 23, October 16, and November 5, which will be known as Connecticut Days, a number of prominent Connecticut students, past and present, will serve as hostesses. Miss Josephine Arnold '29 is the chairman of the Connecticut hostesses.
"Away from the Hilltop"

1919

Correspondent—Grace Cockings
82 Bellevue Avenue, Bristol, Conn.

Irma Hutzler and Julie Hatch attended the state conference of social workers held in New London. Julie has been taking a three months course at the New York School of Social Work.

Miriam Pomeroy Rogers is living in Glenbrook, Conn., now and sees Jessie Wells Lawrence occasionally, also Alberta Lynch Sylvester. Jake is head of the Children’s Home.

Rosa Wilcox had a bridge party at her home for the Alumnae Fund. Four tables were in play. Kofsky was in New York recently and saw Lil Shadd Elliott. Lil says she is coming back for the grand reunion in 1935.

Florence Carns and some other C. C.-ites drove down to North Haven to a chapter meeting, held at Marion Adams Taylor’s home. Marion is married to a doctor and has two boys and a girl. Florence has taken part in several local plays (East Berlin), has played the organ in church, and has taught a Sunday School class.

Lucy Marsh Haskell and Dr. Haskell have been on a trip to Kentucky, where they visited the Shenandoah Caverns.

1922

Correspondent—Anne Slade Frey,
35 School Street, Hanover, N. H.

Born—To Constance Hill Hathaway, a son, Freeman Richmond, Jr., on December 29.

From postcards sent out only one answer was received—that from Elizabeth Merrill, who is still in the Newburyport Public Library.

1923

Correspondents—Virginia P. Eddy, 35 Otis Street, Newtonville, Mass.; Edith B. Goldberg, 32 Beverly Road, West Hartford, Conn.; Helen H. Bunyan, 435 Webster Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Far from the windy hill in Oklahoma City, Betty Whitten Falls mothers a little son born this last December. They live close to the oil fields in a city which really has the atmosphere of a big overgrown country town. Violets, peach blossoms, and forsythia were in gay bloom there in March as Betty wrote that she was afraid she had become a perfect vegetable—"one of those boiled hard in too much water, or one in need of cream sauce and several dashes of red pepper." Thus Betty expresses our feelings about ourselves many a day.

Jessie Bigelow Martin assures us that she is "just not news," though some of us would think we were news if we were a professor’s wife with three children—“Nancy, six, playing baseball in Guy’s iris; Peter, nearly five, in bed with a temperature near 103; Mary, nine months, trying to climb out of her crib instead of sleeping.” Maybe it’s not news, but it’s Jessie as we never pictured her.

Al Holcombe is back in Jamestown, R. I., for the summer after playing in a hotel trio in Boston all winter. She and her mother have enough garden to keep them busy 24 hours a day, so we can guess how she spends her time. We’ve inspected it and even picnicked in it, and can vouch for its being an extraordinarily nice garden.

Vivienne Mader is in Hawaii again studying further the folk dances of those isles. We well remember the picture of her adopted land which Vivienne gave us in her dances last June.

Only two “twenty-three’s” attended the tea given for Miss Blunt at Florence Appenzeller’s lovely home in Rye. We listened with such eagerness to Miss Blunt’s talk of new dormitories and college courses that we quite forgot to inquire about our modest and rather silent classmates.

The class daughter is now bereft of her appendix. This has not hampered her in any way in her major games of hopscotch and stamp collecting.

1924

Correspondent—Helen Douglass North,
Maple Avenue, North Haven, Conn.

Dot Bradway Roberts with Jim and Joan will soon be packing up their camping equipment and be off for parts unknown. Each summer they live a care-free gypsy life and have a grand vacation.

Dot Brockett Terry and Kay Hardwick Latimer celebrated their “tenth” in Texas. Bar exams for Dot’s husband interfered with her trip north.

Natalie Celentano, who has been connected with the Aetna Life Insurance Company since
graduation, is now located at the Aetna's Baltimore office, First National Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

Grace Church is now a county social worker and is living at 8 No. Church St., Cortland, N. Y. Hazel Converse's address is 176 Whiting Lane, West Hartford.

Merial Cornelius Carton's son, James D., III., was born on April 18. Janet Crawford How's address is 59 S. Main St., West Hartford. Betty Holmes is employed at the Judge Baker Child Guidance Center and lives at 35 Anderson St., Boston.

Ginny Eggleston Smith has been putting on style shows for one of Cleveland's large department stores during the past winter. Ginny came East this summer for her sister's wedding.

Amy Hilker, former head councillor at Camp Wenonah, Naples, Me., is now directing the South Shore Day Camp, situated on Great South Bay, Bayport, L. I. According to the prospectus which she sent me, it's an ideal spot for children to spend their summer days.

Jerry Jester's social service work has taken her to Northampton, Mass., where she is now executive secretary of the Children's Aid Association of Hampshire County. Jerry's address is 22 Arnold Ave., Northampton.

Olivia Johnson is employed in the library at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and lives at 20 Anstice St.

Records show that the arrival of Charles Baxter Sweatt, Jr., on October 27, 1928, (Peg Lamberton's first child) was never noted in this magazine. Evelyn Ryan Benton's address is given as 206 S. Lincoln Ave., Grand Island, Neb.

For the past year Harty Lyon has been living at home, 42 Pleasant St., Danbury, Conn. Hotsey Warner is acting director of the Erie Day School, Erie, Penna.

Anna Rogoff Cohen has a three-year-old son "who can spell anything from the New England states to Connecticut College, who can read all capitalized letters, and who can sing all the college songs." With all those hours Anna spent at the piano in Blackstone basement during song and cheer practice, for preparation, is it any wonder that the young offspring should sing all the college songs? Ruthie Wexler has been "loaned" to the Hartford C. O. S. and for several months will do some work in West Hartford.

Peg Wells's only brother died this spring while at Springfield College; our sympathy is extended to her and to her family at this time.

The sympathy of 1924 is extended to Mac Meaffie Lowe and her family in the death of her father which occurred early this spring. Mac and her husband left the end of May to take a six week's motor trip to South Dakota to visit Jack's people.

After nearly eight years as correspondent of the class of 1924, I have at last been given the opportunity to relinquish that post in favor of Helen Forst, who was elected at the reunion banquet this June. To you, classmates, I offer my heartfelt thanks for your loyalty and your generous support of the column during all these years. "Bub," too, deserves your every help and will be a splendid correspondent. And so, to her, a toast to success, and my sincere congratulations! Thank you.

Editor's Note—The address of the new 1924 correspondent, Helen Forst, is 164 Mt. Vernon Street, Middletown, Conn.

1925

Correspondent—Grace Demarest Wright, 1225 Park Avenue, New York City.

Born—to Billy Bennet Nuveen, a son, John the Seventh, on February 21.

At a tea at Elizabeth Appenzellar's in Rye, N. Y., on June 1 in honor of Miss Blunt there was a reunion of several members of 1925. Among those present were Kay Meinecke Crawford, Phyllis Jayme, Helen Nichols Foster, Eleanor Harriman Baker, who is now living at Cos Cob, and your correspondent.

Helen Brown Elliott writes that she and her husband have arrived safely at Manila, Philippine Islands, and are thrilled to be back after a very rought and unpleasant voyage of several weeks.

Your correspondent is busily preparing to move her household for the summer to Beach Haven, N. J., an island far down on the Jersey coast, and would be delighted to receive letters from any members of 1925, so that the class may have a long column in the fall issue of the NEWS.

1926

Correspondent—Rosamond Beebe
232 Park Street, Montclair, N. J.

Born—to Harriet Stone Warner, a daughter, Nancy Elaine, May 8; to Elinor Bond Armstrong, a second son, Frederick Sweet.

Other News—Alice Hess Pattison left on June 1 to join her husband, who is working in Arizona.

Edith Gerrando Lilliendahl, ex '26, died of
pneumonia in March at her home in Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. She left a four-year-old son, a daughter, and a month-old son.

1927

Correspondent—Lois Bridge Ellis, 626 Woodcrest Ave., Ardmore, Penna.

Helen Tatum Muth is returning to Chicago this summer to attend summer school as she did last year. She hopes to be able to see Rachel Harris who plans to be in Chicago again this summer.

Sally Carslake is working this summer in Taylor's Sporting Goods store in New York.

Faff Wood's second daughter was born January 30; she is named Elizabeth Garrett Wood, but is called Betsy. Her other daughter, Eleanor, will be six in September.

The last two weeks in July Faff and Ted are planning to be in Ogunquit at Mrs. William's cottage. Bill and I hope to join them for part of the time. Faff says to ask any of you who might be near to come to see us.

1928

Correspondent—Dorothy Davenport Voorhees, Alpine Drive, Brighton Station, Rochester, N. Y.

A little first-hand information for a change. The baby and I have just returned from a pleasurable trip to New York, New Jersey, and New London, and found it very new. After three years of more or less vegetation, as a wife and mother, the court of higher learning seemed remote but still interesting, and I began to sympathize mentally with Lou (the baby) when I thought of all the things she had to learn.

In New York I phoned Jakie Savini and found her out of town. However, we did call on her mother, who said that she was working too hard but was happy on the job. From there to New London, where we stopped for a week with the Lawrences. We witnessed the freshman pageant, which was most colorful in the lovely amphitheatre. C. C. certainly has waxed into a charmingly lusty infant with its new dorms and arboretum, etc.

Then we were there for the faculty-alumnae baby show. Barbara Chesebro Cowan was there with her adorable seven-months old infant, and Janet Perkins Dixon, ex '28, had her three very grown-up youngsters.

We spent a delightful day in Meridan with Elmo Ashton Decherd and greatly enjoyed her home with its beautiful antiques. I had quite a chase finding Jane Hall but finally discovered her in West Hartford for the day, looking very well and more slender. Her voice is even lovelier than ever. Lou was greatly impressed with her old familiar impersonations of hen and chicks!

A flying trip to New Haven found Say Say Brown up to her ears in paint and theatricals, getting all set for exams. She had scarcely time to breathe a hearty howdy, where have you been, before she said, well I've simply got to do this . . . and we parted, glad to have seen each other again and regretful that it had to be such a hasty visit. We all extend deepest sympathy to her in the loss of her mother at Easter time.

Stopping at Troy over night at Emma Willard School, I found that Peg Marvin is studying in Germany for the year. I also saw Virginia Lawson Skinner's little girl in kindergarten at E. W. S. I heard that Barbara Salmon Gerson had been seriously ill; we hope she is recovering.

A most interesting letter from Betty Gordon Van Law, whose husband is with the Pan American Airways in Lima, Peru, tells of a wonderful trip to Chile and of the fascinating contacts she has made.

1929

Correspondent—Winifred Link Stewart, 2016 Albemarle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.


Married—Normah Kennedy to Webster Holmes Mandell on May 26, at Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio; new address, 2991 East Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Elizabeth Utley to William Lamb of Hartford (Yale '29) on April 2.

Born—To Helen Ellis Van Schaack, ex '29, a daughter, Beatrice Helen, on May 6; present address, 2907 Lake Ave., Wilmette, Ill.; to Helen Stevenson White, a son, David Gaylord, on October 31, 1933; present address, Darien, Conn.; to Beth Houston Murch, a daughter, Evelyn Grace, on September 20, 1933; new address, 77 Willowdale Ave., Montclair, N. J.; to Alice Safford Miltin, a son, Robert, Jr., in May, 1934.
OTHER NEWS—Ken was not with us at Commencement, as she was chairman of her tenth reunion at Northfield Seminary. We send a vote of thanks to her for her consistent work in gathering news for this column. I hope that with the cooperation of everyone in the class it can continue to be of interest.

Bee is now living in her own apartment at 73 Newhall St., Lynn, Mass., and is the proud owner of a 1928 Chevy coupe.

In a recent letter from Beth Houston Murch she tells of her trials and tribulations during the first few weeks after the arrival of Evelyn Grace, who was an incubator baby. Beth is continuing her music and is choir leader at the First Presbyterian Church in Lawton, Okla.

Normah Kennedy Mandell telephoned me while in New York on her honeymoon. She and her husband motored from New London, stopping off at Somers, Conn., to see Duffy Shepard Jarvis, ex '29, who has a two-year old daughter, Meredith Anne.

Helen Hergert Kingsbury has become quite a business executive. She is managing three realty corporations. She writes, "I find psychology a big help when it comes to handling tenants." In April Helen Marie Kahle and her mother stopped off at Rye to see her while on a motor trip through the East. In May, Madeline Bartlett Weed, who is now copywriter in the advertising department of the Sage Allen Department store of Hartford, spent a week-end with the Kingsburys. Bart said that for three weeks she substituted for the music critic of the Hartford Times and that it was a grand experience.

Marian Simonds Sutherland, who was married in September, 1932, spent a week-end this spring with Faith Grant Langreth in Brooklyn. Si is teaching grade work in a progressive private school in New Canaan, Conn., where she is living.

Frances Fenton is teaching English and history in junior high school in Westport, Conn. Rosamond Holmes Smith is now living in New Canaan, Conn., where her husband is practicing law.

Dot Thayer spent a few days with Frankie Tillinghast Silko at her home in New Haven. Dot was about to leave for a ten day trip to Bermuda. We understand Frankie is at present studying interior decorating. Becky Rau, who I understand is still studying psychotherapy in Boston, spent the week-end of May 18 in New York and saw Helen Reynolds.

Marion Shaw writes that she is no longer in the merchandising department of R. H. Macy and Co., but that during the last three weeks spent there she was kept busy "selling rabbits in the toy department." After leaving Macy's she sailed "with a jolly crew from Boston" for a trip to Bermuda.

Audrey Jackson, ex '29, is doing secretarial work for a doctor in East Orange. Jo Arnold is working in one of the largest law offices in Chicago and is living at the Georgian Hotel in Evanston, Ill. She is hoping to see many '29ers this summer when they come to Chicago to see the Fair.

Maggie Anderson Pielage, who is living at 43 Hampton Terrace, Orange, N. J., is now junior supervisor in the State Emergency Relief in Newark and likes the job tremendously. In late March Bondo spent three or four days visiting Maggie.

Gladys Spear is teaching business training and commercial arithmetic and is also office assistant to the principal in the high school at Shelton, Conn. She is now living at 22 Keenan St.

It is with sorrow that we report the death of Mary Wells, age two days, daughter of Frances Wells Vroome of 16 Vincent Place, Montclair, N. J. The class extends its deepest sympathy to Fran and her husband.

Slayter is on the last lap of her studies for her master's at Smith College School for Social Work. She is finishing up her field work in June, will be with Zeke in New Haven until July, and then back at Northampton for July and August to finish writing her thesis and to get her degree—M. S. S.

The class extends its sympathy to Janet Boomer, who lost her father in March; and to Lillian Ottenheimer, who lost her mother in February.

1930

Correspondent—Jane Murphy, 89 West Street, Danbury, Conn.


Born—To Helen Weir Elfenbein, a daughter, Betty Jean, on March 29.

Isabel Gilbert Greenwood and husband have gone to England on their honeymoon to visit Tom's family. On their return "Iso" will go back to McGill University for her last year.

Tom finished at Trinity College, University of Toronto, this year.

Evelyn Utley, assistant in chemistry at C. C., wrote an amusing account of her and Tommy Harshorn's (instructor in physical education
at C. C.) experiences as chaperones at sophomore tea dance. Tommy is a house fellow off campus, and Evelyn acts as such on occasional week-ends at North Cottage and Vinal. Evelyn reports the latest change in C. C. life is having no exams in physical ed.

Heck Weil Elfenbein and family are living in an attractive little white house on Nameaug Ave.

Louisa Vient (our Vientie) is studying to be a nurse at the Medical Center in New York and has two more years there.

Edie Allen MacDiarmid is moving to Seward, Alaska, for three years. Eleanor Thayer Toney and son and husband are now in New York, as her husband arrived with the fleet.

1933

Correspondent—Melicent Wilcox Buckingham, Mill Hill, Southport, Conn.

Engaged—Constance Ganoe to Richard Murray Jones, a graduate of Boston University College of Business Administration. Married—Dorothy Cluthe to Herbert Charles Schoon on May 11; address, 88 Monroe Place in Bloomfield; Katherine Eggleston, ex '31, to Ralph Wadleigh in New London, May 26; address, 32 Addison St., New London.

Born—To Dorothy Birdsey Manning, a daughter, Emilie Marie, on April 29.

Other News—Carol Swisher Williams and Dwight stopped by in May on their way back from Washington, where they had had an apartment this winter while Dwight studied at Art School.

Yvonne Cairns is planning a trip to Mexico and hopes to get a job down there. Pat Innet is going to secretarial school, hoping for a job this summer.

Virginia Lovis has a dietetics position in Fall River after graduating from the course at Massachusetts General this winter. Betty Norton has a job with the Mutual Life Insurance Company in Boston.

1932

Correspondent—Gertrude S. Butler, 7105 Greene Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Engaged—Betty Gabriel to Robert E. Haas of California.

Married—Ethel Lowden to William G. Parkinson, Jr.; Betty Jane Patterson to Everett Travis.

Other News—Betty Gabriel writes that she and Bob are to be married in August. Bob is a civil engineer, so Betty says, “We might even be living out on the Mojave Desert in a tent.” Jerry Lowden was married on April 14 at the home of her parents in East Orange. Scottie attended her, and Dot Stevens, Pat Patterson Travis, Barb Johnson, and Peg Salter rallied around. Incidentally it was Pat Patterson’s husband who was best man at this event. He and Pat were married just a week before; now they are living in Greenwich Village. Pat is continuing her designing in New York, while Ev works in Jersey City.

Ray Tyler has a secretarial position in an Athol bank. She says it isn’t the shorthand and typing, but the dread of wrecking the banking business that sends her to bed at nine every night.

In May I drove out to Warren, Ohio, to see Izzie Ewing Knecht. She and Frank are very happy and are concentrating on gardening. They are raising everything from spinach to gladioli on their estate, with the exception of Thames Hall turnips.

1933

Correspondent—Esther White, 17 Fernwood Road, Summit, N. J.

Married—Alice L. Record to Dr. A. Gifford Hooper of Leeds, England, on June 9; temporary address, 35 Bentcliffe Drive, Leeds 7, England, c/o Mrs. A. E. Hooper.

Libby Stone is working for an insurance company in Hartford. Harriet Kistler has a government position in Media, Penna., which she took this spring after completing a secretarial course. Helen Peasley is no longer working in Hartford but has a job doing social service work in Waterbury.

Those who knew Tyler’s zest for physical ed. will note with interest that she substituted in that department in her home town this year.

Acey McConnon, ex ’33, is teaching in a nursery school in Maplewood, N. J.

I was very much surprised a short time ago to hear Jean Marshall in a radio program over a Brooklyn station. She sang, accompanied by her teacher.

Pegger Royal is working in Bamberger’s in Newark, N. J. Evelyn Carlough made a trip to St. Louis to see Jerry Wertheimer this spring. Carlough has been dabbling in amateur theatricals and is active in the Young Women’s club of her locality.

I have been teaching physical education in the Short Hills Private School, Short Hills, N. J., this year and living at home.
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