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The Bulletin
of the
Associate Alumnae of
Barnard College

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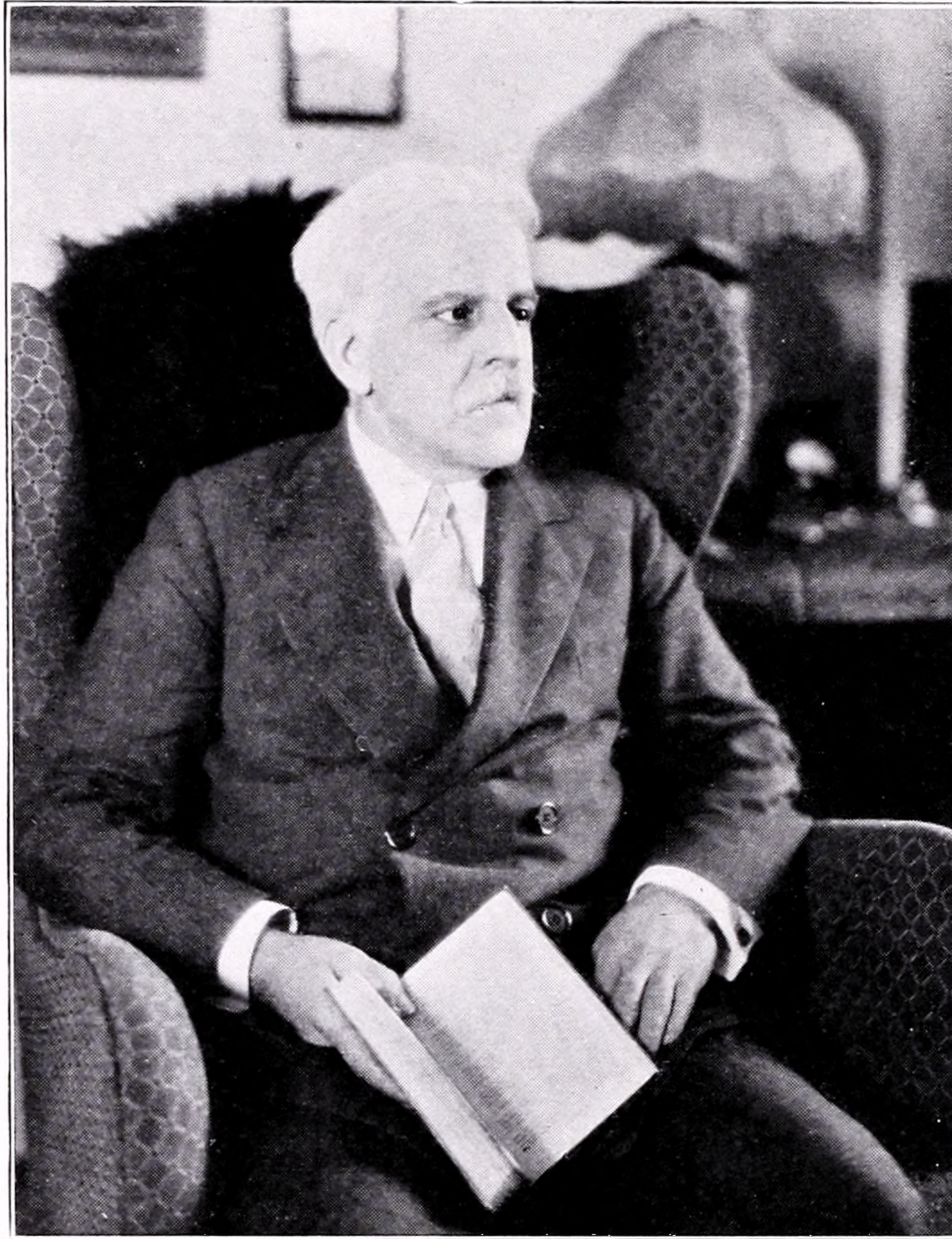
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To Recipients of This Booklet

It is the practice of The Associate Alumnae to send this publication only to Barnard graduates who are members of the organization. This issue, however, is being sent to all graduates in the hope that the bond between Barnard and its alumnae will be better recognized.



PROFESSOR HERBERT MAULE RICHARDS

THE BULLETIN

of the Associate Alumnae

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VOLUME XVII

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Editorial

Is the Associate Alumnae of Barnard becoming aware of the strength of its numbers? Here are eighteen hundred people held together by one bond and desirous of perpetuating that union. There are also some odd thousands of graduates who for various reasons allow membership in the organization to lapse, or have never joined it. Of course the bond is trite, but most links are but a tiny atom in comparison with the bodies they hold together. We hope the "Lost Sheep" will look with favor upon BULLETIN, which is the outlet of expression for members of the Association.

The Editors are especially grateful to the contributors to this issue. We have comments on the Annual Report of Dean Gildersleeve in an article on the future position of women, by Eva

vom Baur Hansl, Editor, on *Children, The Magazine for Parents*. We have some advice to literary aspirants from Amy Loveman, Associate Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Eva Frank has given us some information on the present situation of education in Mexico, from facts she gathered when there as a member of the Seminar on Relations with Mexico in January, 1927. For ten days she attended group interviews with the most important members of the Cabinet (including two hours with President Calles). She and her husband wandered about the country for a month and a half, stopping at schools wherever possible. They were reported in the *New York Times* as having been held up by bandits!

We take this opportunity to thank those members who are making BULLETIN possible.

The Double-Horned Dilemma

By EVA VOM BAUR HANSL

There is a decided contradiction in the aims and avowed purpose of the women's colleges which ought either to be frankly admitted or reconciled—if we are willing to face the future.

On the one hand, we are told, in Dean Gildersleeve's report of June 30, 1927, that the chief object of an American college is "to train all-round human beings, with some intellectual interests, to be happy and useful citizens" and, on the other hand, that an "old peril" exists for the cause of this higher education, the idea that there should be recognition in the curriculum of the fact that women may differ from men and may, therefore, require a different kind of education. What I should

like to know is this: How can a woman become an "all-round human being and a happy citizen" if no recognition is made of her salient and essential difference from man? Granted that modern psychologists are more or less agreed that human beings differ more in type than by reason of sex, can one deny the truth of Havlock Ellis's findings that the essential and only basic difference between men and women lies in the woman's relations to her child? Because she is biologically different, she has other instinctive needs and desires; because she has a function in life to perform which is distinctly hers, she is so fashioned as to want to direct her life into those channels where the current runs

most swiftly and where no cross currents swerve her from her destination.

There is another contradiction in aims of which some of the educators of women are guilty and which I should also like to see reconciled. It is their exhortation to the graduates to lead a double life—as professional worker and as mother—and to do both equally well. They urge the young women about to go out into the world to make a notable achievement in public affairs, to strike out for the high places in commerce and the professions, to inscribe more names of women in the halls of fame. And, then, probably by way of appeasing the sociologists and critics of the colleges who point with alarm at the low marriage rate and number of children of women's college graduates, they urge these self-same girls to look upon matrimony and motherhood as possibilities which the future may hold for them and to honor their Alma Mater by producing the best sort of offspring and being the wisest and noblest of mothers should they attain that state.

I have a strong suspicion that those who exhort the graduates the loudest to follow a "double-career motif" through life are those who have never tried it. Doubtless they cite instances of successful combination of profession and motherhood—but will one ever know if the mothering was successful until the children are grown to become parents themselves? Until someone makes a "control report" of at least a thousand cases of women who tried to combine the full pursuit of a business or professional career with homemaking in its finest sense, and gave it up as unsatisfying, will we ever be in a position to exhort our graduates to do one thing or another? Too many of our educators, I fear hold to "the dogma of the child" as defined by Lorine Pruette in her book, "Women and Leisure": "Women cannot be great adventurers until they have freed themselves from the strongest bond which holds them to the conventional ways; they cannot adventure forth to fashion empires nor to dismember them until they have cut the umbilical cord. . . . It is not the bearing of children but the dictum that the child must be foremost in all the interests of the mother which operates as the greatest check upon experimentation by women." Is this a helpful doctrine with which to send young women forth to seek their fortune? Can it make for happiness?

The colleges, of course, want their graduates to be successful human beings. But have they carefully thought out what constitutes success—especially for a woman? And whether it is to be measured in terms of a man's success? Is the men's standard of today a very worthy one or one on which the women might work some im-

provements? Is there not somewhat too much of that "getting and spending" which "lays waste our powers"? What really does mean "a notable achievement" to the woman herself? A searching inquiry would, no doubt, reveal so many ephemeral, inexpressible things which to many women mean successful and happy living that no statistical report could ever be compounded of them!

Until these contradictions are fairly faced and honestly answered, can we ever hope to devise a curriculum which may really produce happy, that is, well-adjusted people? A well-adjusted person, according to some psychiatrists, is one who can approximate the standards and ideals he has set for himself and those of the group with which he associates. It means one who understands his needs as well as his powers, one who is in complete control of his emotions as well as his mind. So long as college students are brought up in the belief that the trained mind is the summum bonum of existence and until they learn that the intellect is of use to them only when the emotional force directing it is under control, can we hope that they will grow up to be happy and useful citizens? And, so long as the ideals and standards set for them are unattainable in our present state of society, except at great cost of adjustment, can we hope that they may escape a serious conflict of desires and purposes in their maturer years?

"A woman with brains is a tragedy," said a brilliant college woman who had given up a most promising editorial career for marriage with a college professor living in a small university town. She has two delightful daughters, bountifully endowed with beauty and brains who don't look at all tragic. One of them is frankly hoping to be the mother of four boys and knows she is going to be a sculptor. No one is more deserving of her "full part in the intellectual heritage of the race" than she. What is the college going to say to her? "You come here for four years and we will do everything we can to train your mind, to make it a sharp tool with which to carve out your life. But we won't teach you anything about sculpture or babies—they don't belong into our curriculum."

Why don't they?

It is not only men and disgruntled parents who ask this question but alumnae who have occasion to wonder why college taught them so little about life. It is not in accordance with the dictates of some male reformer who thought he knew what would be good for women, that several colleges have introduced courses which may have some relation to the art of living but in direct answer to the demands of the alumnae, I am given to understand. And these demands were not

made gratuitously but in response to direct inquiries from the authorities who were interested to know how a college education had served those who had partaken of it.

What these alumnae wanted of college was not vocational training nor any sacrifice of cultural values,—of their “full share in the treasures of the natural and social sciences, the humanities and the arts” as Dean Gildersleeve fears, but a different approach or emphasis in shaping the curriculum. To their minds, it is not so much a question whether cultural or vocational values shall be stressed but *where* the culture is to be applied. To enrich the individual’s own life, in any circumstances, of course, but will it be of as great value in plain, everyday living as in high thinking in high places?

It is not techniques they want, but philosophies and principles—not cooking or infant hygiene, which, most certainly, have no place in the four-year undergraduate course, but the chemistry of nutrition, child psychology, or the economics of consumption, for instance. And, if such courses be not fit for academic recognition, then why are “Physics of the Automobile” and “Psychology of Business,” which I have found listed in catalogues of some eastern woman’s college, so considered? From these catalogues I gather, also, that the prerequisite for a course in nutrition is at least one year in elementary chemistry, sometimes more, and, from inquiries among my friends whose specialty is nutrition, I gather that there is a sufficient body of knowledge to make it a good, stiff course for at least one term and that it could never be given effectively except to one who had a thorough understanding of “chemistry as the wisdom and work of all the ages have achieved it.” Dietetics might be so taught, but not nutrition.

If a college will give a term course in “Labor Problems,” why not one on “The Economics of Consumption”? Since women are no longer producers in the home but represent the great majority of consumers of goods, might it not be well for them to learn something very definite about the economic laws underlying their buying and bartering? A reading of Stuart Chase’s “Your Money’s Worth” would certainly lead one to believe that intelligent buying is not a conspicuous quality in our citizenship.

Can child psychology, in its narrowest sense be limited to “what some specialized expert in the upbringing of children thinks most necessary for a person who is to be concerned mainly with the development of the young,” to quote Dean Gildersleeve, again. Does it not rather involve “all the recent discoveries and theories of psychology” which she fears may be omitted in a specialized course? Moreover, since so many

of our adults can not be said to have given up their childish ways, would not a thorough understanding of children be of infinite use no matter in what walk of life one might find oneself after graduation?

Let me repeat again, that what we alumnae, (whose spokesman I am presuming to be) would like to see in the colleges is not courses in home-making, as such, but to see the learning dispensed there, more nearly related to life. As practically eighty percent of the graduates are dealing with children, as mothers, teachers, nurses, doctors or social workers, etc., and, as women have usually been happiest when dealing with human beings, rather than things or abstract ideas, does not the college owe them a certain preparation for the exigencies which life will present in these various relationships?

Nothing better ever happened to the home than to have women leave it. By entering the professions, they have found out what good workmanship means, what professional standards are and, by contrast, they have seen what a poorly managed affair the home has usually been. And, conversely, “until women began to leave the home for other occupations, the value of their homemaking activities was not realized. The present-day necessity of harmonizing the apparently conflicting interests of women who demand a home and a family along with an outside occupation should be the occasion for the improvement of the home and the recognition of the role and function of the homemaker” as Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse, formerly of the Department of Economics, at Smith and on the staff of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, wrote in the Survey’s “Woman’s Sphere” number. “Homemaking is not chiefly a matter of techniques. The homemaker who is to be a professional needs a broad cultural training, attitudes and a sense of social values other than those commonly found today. She has to encourage thought along lines which have been considered unimportant or unworthy of scientific treatment or have been taken for granted. She has to enforce public opinion into a revaluation of the work of women in the home and this entails in some ways re-vamping and reorganizing systems of improved household management, of plans for the better securing of commodities and services needed in the house, for the care and training of children, for the improvement of individual and group relationships and for the development of a socially justifiable code of consumption based on a sound philosophy of living. This is, indeed, no task for the amateur!”

I am rather surprised to find that our women’s colleges are still intent upon proving that women

have minds capable of doing a man's intellectual work. I thought we had reached that Q. E. D. some time ago and that we were now entering what some one called "the second phase of the Woman Movement—the effort of the professional woman to get back into the home again." As it has become attractive to her, since she began to exile herself from it, so it has to man who is now, also, asking for and taking a larger share in the co-operative tasks of making homes and being parents. Hence this "humanizing" of the curriculum must not stop with the women's colleges but affect the men's as well. For it is not until men and women work out problems of the market place and the home together that we can say we have taken one step nearer the millennium.

And meanwhile? The only way I know of being both a professional person and a mother, too, is "to take life serially" as I was advised by an educator, lecturer and grandmother to do. By this she meant that we would doubtless get a great deal more out of life if we tried to do one thing at a time instead of everything at once, as so many of us seem to be wanting to do. If we put our best into each life experience—vocation, marriage, motherhood

—which it is our good fortune to enjoy, we will surely derive a great deal more happiness from each than if we divide ourselves up into so many different people, is her contention. "Enjoy your economic independence, your professional work while you may; then enjoy your children while they are there to be enjoyed. All too soon they leave home, these days, and then there is time enough to return to your vocation. Of course it will be necessary to 'keep your hand in' with your chosen work, but if this gave you any satisfaction, that is no hardship. There are enough of the middle years, when our children no longer need us, save as convenient backgrounds, to fill with the outside interests which often left us no peace when they were little. The outside interests can wait, but the children can not."

Or, perhaps we are preparing for a kind of bee civilization in which it shall be the duty (or privilege) for the Queen Bee to produce the new generations, for the workers to have their careers or take care of the Queens' babies and wherein the drones may be as dumb and as beautiful as they please.

What will we have? What can we do to shape our destiny?

Some Comments on Book Reviewing

By AMY LOVEMAN

Associate Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

With each recurring Spring, even though there were no newspapers in the land to record the Commencement ceremonies, the fact that a fresh corps of youth had been projected into the world from the universities would be quite apparent to the journalistic fraternity and more especially to the literary editors among them. For when the colleges have adjourned the voice of the graduate is loud in the publication offices, asking, with all gradations of sentiment from fear to assurance, for an opportunity to join the lists of the writers. A literary periodical especially is beset with applicants, for here is a medium in a field entrance into which, the outsider is apt to believe, needs no further equipment than a fair general education, a ready pen, and willingness to set lance in rest. To be a book reviewer—so the popular conviction seems to run—is within the province of anyone with a taste for reading and a knack for writing. Not every aspirant to the ranks of the critics, to be sure, has quite the sublime ingenuousness of the youth who requested book reviewing and when asked as to his qualifications for the work replied: "Well, to be frank, I've just flunked my

English examinations at Harvard, and have therefore decided not to put off a literary career until I can get a degree. If I could get some books to review I could get practice in writing at once." Yet most of the candidates for work in the literary field that the colleges turn out are quite blissfully ignorant of the vast erudition, the jealous love of literature, the nice balance of judgment and taste, the insight, and the analytical ability demanded of the higher criticism, or of the broad range of general information, the acquaintance with the field of contemporary literature, and the skill in seizing upon and presenting the heart of a book required of good reviewing.

Yet there is no doubt that the field of reviewing offers opportunity to the new graduate. In a country like America where reading is a possibility to the many instead of to the few, much of the comment upon books must necessarily be reporting rather than criticism. What the general reader wants to know about a book is what it contains not what it subtends, and whether it is interesting rather than whether it is important. Within the past decade newspapers

throughout the length and breadth of the land have added columns or pages of reviews to their other features. It would be unreasonable to expect, and from the point of view of the paper of large circulation, it would be foolish to ask, that such reviews should be written by scholars and specialists. What is required for their public is not elaborate elucidation or profound analysis but a lively presentation of the contents of the work together with some general characterization of the manner in which they are set forth. Much of this reviewing is done by the men and women newly out of college who if they have not seasoned judgment, ripe culture, and trained appreciation at least have an unjaded appetite for books and a certain amount of information still fresh in their memories.

If, however, the young reviewer is frequently competent to write news of books he is rarely fitted to pass judgments upon them. Definite pronouncements are not for him unless his reading has been far wider than that of the average young graduate and his knowledge of what has been done both in past and present more catholic than is the wont of his class. Literature, and the cause of literature, have suffered sadly in the past and are suffering today from the uninformed zeal of the tyro in criticism who with the assurance of ignorance proclaims now this novel "great" and that poem "epochmaking," this biography "incomparable" and that scientific treatise "indispensable" which the first specialist who

comes along may completely demolish from his fuller knowledge.

Indeed the unbridled superlatives of our present-day reviewers are the curse of current criticism, and they serve neither author nor critic a good turn. The public which reads a book on the strength of a glowing criticism only to be disappointed in it goes off with a sense of betrayal that discredits all criticism and discourages the effort to keep abreast of current writing. Superenthusiasm and superciliousness—these together with an effort to be clever and the desire to exhibit the reviewer's qualities rather than those of the work under notice—are the deadly sins of criticism. Let the young entrant into the field of reviewing be on his guard against them as he values his worth as a reviewer. Few, if any, are born to criticism; those who would follow it as a vocation will have need of all the resources of their knowledge and even more of an appreciation of their lack of knowledge. Given a realization of the limitations of his own equipment, good taste, and good judgment the college graduate may prove able competently to handle books for a general reviewing medium. But if he is well advised he will not expect in the beginning to be given the important books for which he almost invariably asks or to have a leading signed review the first time he makes his appearance in print. Reviewing, like all else, is a work that to be adequately done needs knowledge and experience.

The New Education in Mexico

By EVA FRANK

An eight-year old government requiring an army to subdue bandits and rebels, and busy stimulating the growth of industries, parcelling out land to the villages, and paying interest on the foreign debt, might well be said to have its hands full.—And who would expect a country in which 40% of the people are full-blooded Indians and 40% more are mestizos, to consider any but traditional education as of much importance? It therefore was most puzzling to find that, combining state and national expenditures, Mexico appropriates almost a fourth of the government income to education. Why should Mexico's bureaucracy with an historical background of almost legal graft care so much that the ignorant peasant's child should learn to read and write?

It grew less puzzling after I had met Mr. Saenz, assistant Secretary of Education, and discovered him to be a graduate of Columbia University and a former teacher in the Lincoln

School. He talked of "escuelas de Acción," and the project method as being a sort of salvation for Mexico. Why? I wondered. And what could there be about the rural schools of Mexico that would make a cautious man like Professor John Dewey write: "It is not only a revolution for Mexico but in some respects one of the most important social experiments undertaken anywhere in the world"?

To understand the answers to these questions, one must first realize the enormous illiteracy of Mexico. When Diaz ruled and the education of the people was left to the priests, there were a few State colleges (Mexico also is a union of states) and a most important university in Mexico City, but for the Indian children, there was only learning prayers by rote. That the system was faulty, every one agrees. The controversy arises in deciding where to place the blame. The archbishop to whom I spoke attributed it to the fact that there were but 7,000 priests and it

was the best that they could do. A government official assured me that the priests, siding with the Creole landlords, were concerned only with keeping the people in ignorance and serfdom, and were much more interested that their charges should know the sacred rites of the saints in Heaven than the economic and human rights of the Indian on this earth.

Whatever the reasons for Mexico's 62% illiteracy, her present government is most anxious to lower it in great haste, knocking a point off with every year, with every month. And this is why. They need a literate people quickly in order to introduce the tools of modern progress before foreign capital inserts its way still further, mortgaging the future to the aliens, the non-Indians who now as always despise the poor natives. These Mexican officials cherish the wild hope that if they can introduce threshing machines and banks and all the other equipment of a modern state while tribal methods and the traditions of community ownership still strongly persist, they may build in Mexico, not a Europeanized, individual-proprietary country, but an essentially Indian cooperative commonwealth.

Now if their beloved Mexico is ever to approach this goal, the present government realizes that everybody must read and write and that even the meanest peasant must feel that he can aspire to leadership. A democracy is not possible unless all can speak and read the same language (52 different Indian languages are spoken in Mexico). And a cooperative undertaking, if it is to remain in the hands of its members, demands as a prerequisite that they be able to figure!

And this is why education is deemed so important that President Calles (himself once a school-teacher) said to Mr. Ping-Casseranc when he appointed him Minister of Education,—“If you don't give Mexico 1,000 new rural schools every year, we won't be friends any more.” Education is with them a tool toward a known end, and all method and content depend on that end—that out of isolated communities, separated not only by lack of roads but by differing traditions and customs and languages; one state, one country should arise where the greatness of the common people, the peons, the 80% with an Indian heritage should be in control not only of the political government but of the economic government, not only decide who is to be President but at what price the grain which they have threshed is to be sold. That is the idealistic theory in back of all Calles' immediate policies whether they be cooperative agricultural communities or the restriction of oil lands to leaseholds rather than ownerships, or the opening of open-air schools. Will they aid in estab-

lishing a form of Indian community in which the ordinary peon will have a full measure of happiness, and of control over the essentials of living,—food, housing and working conditions? This is their ideal—similar to our watchword of “government of the people, for the people, by the people.”

It is in this light, I believe, that one must view the attempts to use the progressive educational methods in Mexico. The authorities saw in the spirit of progressive education a means of bringing wholesale to the children not the little faraway knowledge which is such a dangerous thing but a little applicable knowledge which they could test. As one teacher said to me: “We used to learn geography because the teacher ordered us to learn the page about Borneo or England. Now it is different. Teachers and pupils go out walking and they make a map. They see a stream and they want to know where it comes from. The teacher reads them from a wonderful book called a geography. They ask to borrow the book—And so it goes.”

Personal initiative, a knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, some little understanding of what is happening in the larger world especially as regards hygiene and methods of agriculture, and above all a belief in themselves as Indians, and in Mexico as their country,—this is what the authorities hope to inculcate by emphasizing individual learning through action rather than through mass learning according to the same set program for all.

Each year the thousand new rural schools (the buildings and gardens contributed always by the villages) are manned by teachers who know little beyond the 3 Rs, some gardening and Mexican history but are filled with a boundless patriotic enthusiasm for their work. (They receive \$1.00 to \$2.00 a day and teach evening school to the adults as well. You should see the dark, serapéd Indian men lined against the white walls trying to read, to realize how eagerly learning is sought after in Mexico.)

Out of necessity, the teachers' instruction in teaching methods, comes only after they have taught! To region after region, the government sends a “mission” composed of six experts:—a social worker, a trained agriculturist, an athletic instructor (basket-ball is in great favor), a musical expert to gather and spread the ancient songs of the Indians, a person skilled in arts and crafts to revive the native industries (see how subtly they emphasize the binding tie of pride in the common Indian heritage), and a normal training teacher. For four weeks they conduct an “institute” to supposedly sixty teachers gathered from the surrounding country. “Actually the number is often a hundred,” the Yan-

kee social worker told me. "We haven't the heart to refuse any one if we can possibly squeeze him in." All sorts of cooperative enterprises with a model rural school as the center, are demonstrated for this month. Then the teachers go back to their own schools with added knowledge and fervor, and from this time forth in touch with some one whom they know personally in the central government office in Mexico City—some one who realizes their problems and who is continually sending books and asking for opinions of them. Last year the government established ten normal schools with a two year course for the special training of rural school-teachers.

In the city schools, old-fashioned methods prevail on the whole, although some interesting developments are being tried out there as well. The national government conducts in Mexico City six open-air schools with gardens and chickens, where children are rated for their initiative and spirit of cooperation as well as for arithmetic and geography, and where the teacher is obliged to find the psychological cause if a child does not succeed. In the capital of some states the national government maintains a carefully-run project school with specially trained and highly paid teachers, to serve as a model for future efforts. Six "schools of open-air painting" have been started in which that art is the basic subject and all others but contributory. The authorities are eager to experiment with different forms of education but their funds are small and whenever they see a 1,000 pesos not in immediate use, they grab it to open a new rural school.

The Indian school in Mexico City does not rightly belong to a consideration of the "new

education," but it gives such an illuminating side-light on the pro-Indian desires of the government, that it must be mentioned. It seems that the authorities grew tired of hearing from the Creoles and the foreigners, that the Indian's brain was not as good as the white man's. They pointed with pride to the ancient pyramids and temples but that had little effect. So they determined to stage a huge demonstration. They brought 500 "savage" Indian boys from all parts of the country to the capitol. They were accompanied by interpreters, for they spoke twenty-six different Indian languages. The first night they insisted on sleeping *under* the strange things called beds. But after one year they all spoke Spanish, played football and took their places in the regular grade school. The educational authorities are delighted with the result.

Whether or not Mexico will succeed in so educating the Indian that he will once again own and control the land of his fathers, remains to be seen. Its present government can find little by way of precedent to help it. The effective methods of isolation following partial extermination which the United States has adopted, furnishes no ideal towards which they can climb. They must grope their way alone, experimenting and testing, the chances for success augmented by the enthusiasm of the instructors. From the apologetic rural school-teachers to the justly proud heads of the "escuelas typos," I met with fervor for the job, the biggest job in the world to them. For they realize that only through education, through a common modern knowledge and a common pride in their Indian heritage, can Mexico become the ideal country of their dreams—an Indian nation with economic liberty for all.

Recent Publications By Barnard Graduates

MARY EDGAR COMSTOCK, 1922, had a poem, "Gifts," published in *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1927.

BABETTE DEUTSCH (Mrs. Avrahm Yarmolinsky), 1917, contributed a poem "Error" to *The Nation*, February, 1928, and a poem "Laurels All Are Cut" to *The New Republic*, February 29, 1928.

JESSICA GARRETSON (Mrs. John O'Hara Cosgrave), 1893, has written articles for *Good Housekeeping* on "How to get on with Your Children," January, 1928, "The Problem of Popularity," February, 1928; also articles on gardening for *The Delineator*, "Flowers from June to October" appearing in February, 1928, and "Perennials are the Mainstay of the Garden" in March, 1928.

ELSA REHMANN, 1908, has continued the series of articles on "Plant Ecology" written in collaboration with Edith A. Roberts for *House and Garden*. "Plants and Planting against the House" appeared in March 1928.

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON, 1919, contributed to *Poetry*, February, 1928, a group of poems, "Festivities Party; Crossing the Range; Interim; Half-heard."

AMY S. JENNINGS, 1920, wrote an article, "Extra in Hollywood" for *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1927.

ALICE DUER MILLER (Mrs. Henry Wise Miller), 1899, had a novel, "Welcome Home," published in *Collier's*, December 31, 1927—February 4, 1928; also, a novel "Prince Serves His Purpose," published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, November 5-26, 1927.

ELEANOR TOUROFF (Mrs. Sol Sheldon Glueck), 1920, recently had published by *The Williams and Wilkins Company* a study of "The Community Use of Schools." This book which discusses "the school-house as an instrument for the organization of neighborhood life" contains a foreword by Henry W. Holmes, Dean of the Graduate School of Education, Harvard University.

Professor Herbert Maule Richards

Barnard College and its Alumnae Association suffered a blow from which recovery will be difficult, in the death, on January 9th, of Dr. Herbert Maule Richards, professor of the Department of Botany. Dr. Richards had been associated with the college, first as instructor and later as professor for thirty-one years, so that all but the three earliest classes had a chance to come under his influence. In spite of this length of service, he was only fifty-six years old when he died.

Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, of a distinguished family which included a father renowned as a painter, a poet-mother and a grandfather famous as a surgeon, he had a personality which showed a unique blending of all these traits. He was an outstanding example of the falsity of the assumption that a great scientist is by that fact lacking in aesthetic appreciation.

Dr. Richards could, at sight, understand and enjoy the score of any symphony; he was an accomplished linguist, and a keen connoisseur in art; and he had so catholic a taste in literature that his private library, in the early days of the college, was used to supplement the meager stock of books at the students' disposal.

Dr. Richards never went to school until he entered Harvard College, having received all his training at home under the tuition of his mother and private tutors. He was graduated from Harvard at the age of nineteen, and continued his work there,—both as student and teacher, until he won the degree of Doctor of Science—a degree which has been awarded in course by Harvard less than twenty times in its entire history. After a year in Leipsic, working in the laboratory of the renowned physiologist, Professor Pfeffer, he returned to this country and came to Barnard.

His deep insight into all the sciences, biology, chemistry, physics, geology, and even medicine, served him in good stead in his chosen field of research which centered, principally around various types of stimulation of the physiological activity of organisms. It also drew to his lectures students from all parts of the university for information, inspiration and an outlook over the scientific field which they could get from no other source.

Great as were Dr. Richards's contributions as a scientist, and a teacher, however, his outstanding characteristic was his humanity, his veritable genius for friendship. He was a man without prejudices of any sort and counted among his close friends people of many races and nationalities. In Japan, which he twice visited for long periods, he was ranked as "samurai," and there was scarcely a country in Europe or a state in this country which did not include intimates.

The feelings of affection and loyalty which he evoked in the Barnard students can not be described. Whether it was through the brief contact of the single course in general botany, or during sustained association through years, a bond was established between him and his classes which nothing could ever break. Dr. Richards never forgot the name of any of his students, nor one of their problems or ambitions. He always found time for a personal chat when they came back to visit, and for letters to signalize his pleasure in their joys or concern in sorrow. The Barnard Botanical Club, the only departmental club as old as the college itself, has been held together for thirty years by his personal magnetism. To all the students who ever came within range of his influence, his going leaves a gap that can never be filled.

(Printed through the kindness of ELSIE MABEL KUPFER)

Notes From the Office of Dean Gildersleeve

Various promotions in the Faculty have been made for next year. Dr. W. A. Braun has been promoted from Associate Professor to Professor of Germanic Languages and Literatures, Dr. Raymond C. Moley is to be Professor of Public Law and Dr. George W. Mullins Professor of Mathematics.

The promotions from the positions of Assistant Professor to Associate Professor are Miss Eleanor Keller in Chemistry, Mr. Norman W. Haring in Fine Arts and Miss Agnes R. Wayman in Physical Education.

Dr. Georgina S. Gates in the Department of Psychology and Dr. Gladys A. Reichard in the Department of Anthropology have been promoted from the position of Instructor to Assistant Professor.

The Administration announces with much pleasure the

appointment of Mr. Douglas Moore as Associate Professor of Music on the Joline Foundation. This marks the establishment of our Department of Music in Barnard College. Through the bequest of the late Mary E. Larkin Joline, Barnard received one hundred thousand dollars to endow a Chair of Music and also ten thousand dollars to provide for a Scholarship in Music and for the care of the collection of musical instruments given to the college by Mrs. Joline several years ago. Professor Moore is a graduate of Yale University in the class of 1915 and also received the degree of Bachelor of Music from that institution in 1917. He has studied abroad on a Pulitzer Fellowship and has been an Associate and an Assistant Professor of Music at Columbia since 1926. He will work in close cooperation with the Columbia University Department of

Music. Besides giving courses in the History and Appreciation of Music he will develop student activities in this field. He has a remarkable gift for interesting students in playing and enjoying good music.

Another new appointment is that of Dr. Hoxie N. Fairchild as Assistant Professor of English. He is a graduate of Columbia in the class of 1917 and also a Ph.D. of this university. Dr. Fairchild served in the army during the War and has been since then an Instructor in English in Columbia College and University Extension. This year, in the emergency caused by Professor Trent's illness, he has been conducting with marked success one course in Barnard.

Three Barnard graduates have recently been awarded Fine Arts Fellowships offered by the Carnegie Corporation. They are all members of the Class of 1926—Marianna Byram of New York, Jean Lowry of Kentucky and Aldona Smoluchowska of Poland. Miss Byram is to do graduate work next year at Radcliffe, Miss Lowry is to continue her graduate study at Columbia and Miss Smoluchowska is to continue her study in Europe under the direction of Columbia Department of Fine Arts.

It is very encouraging to see that our comparatively new Department of Fine Arts at Barnard is producing such excellent graduates.

Club News and Notices

There has been organized a Barnard College Club of Los Angeles of which the President is Mrs. Ely Parker Spalding (Adaline Wheelock), Vice-President Mrs. C. B. Whitwell (Florence Nye), Secretary Mrs. Adolf Kolderhofs (Tilla Tewes), Treasurer Mrs. C. H. Ritter (Margaret Kutner). The club's second meeting was held on the ninth of March.

The Barnard College Club

The Barnard College Club of New York is no longer an infant, but a growing organization that sometimes surprises its very founders by its strength and by the promise of even greater things.

In the very small space at my disposal, I can only hint at its varied activities. But it has been felt that some slight account of the Club's doings would be of interest to the alumnae in general.

In the fall of 1927, we moved out of the small room at Allerton House which had witnessed our beginnings scarcely two years ago, into the spacious ground floor lounge which constitutes our present home. Now, an even greater change is impending, for next September we hope to occupy club rooms at the new Barbizon, at Lexington Avenue and 63rd Street, where besides larger club rooms we shall have additional much needed bedroom space. Furthermore, like our colleagues of Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliff and Cornell, who are already located at the Barbizon, we shall have access to the facilities for sport and recreation, such as the swimming pool, gymnasium, squash court, etc., which form such an attractive feature of this new hotel. These facilities will fill a real need for our growing membership of over four hundred.

The past winter has been a very busy one for the Club. The lounge has been in constant use for bridge parties, class meetings, teas, etc., not to mention the countless informal gatherings which form the backbone of club social life.

One of the main events was the Annual Luncheon held at the Sherry-Netherland on February 18th, at which Miss Katherine Mayo was the principal speaker. Over one hundred and fifty members and friends crowded to the luncheon to hear the brilliant author of "Mother India."

A series of Professional and Business Women's Dinners were held at the Allerton during the winter. These took the form of "experience meetings" at which alumnae told the story of their professional and business careers to an eager and interested audience.

We have kept in touch with the other women's col-

leges by attending the conference of seven women's colleges, held at the Barbizon on March 17th, to discuss the problems of women's college clubs in New York City. At the same time we have not forgotten our colleagues of the other Barnard College Clubs. For this reason we held on Alumnae Day, a conference of Barnard College Clubs, which representatives from Boston, Buffalo, Mt. Vernon and Montclair attended and discussed mutual problems and achievements. It was interesting to see how much these out-of-town clubs considered the New York Club as a living link between them and the college.

The strictly social side of club life has not been neglected. A very successful dinner dance was held at the Vanderbilt in November, and a very well attended Spring Fashion Show at the Barbizon on March 24th.

Those of us who helped to found the Barnard College Club had faith in its eventual success. But that it would in so short a time fill a real place in the life of the alumnae community of this great city has been a surprise even to us. It is no exaggeration to say that we constitute a center for social intercourse and friendly cooperation for Barnard alumnae in New York City which has never existed before and for which there seems to be a very real need.

ELIZABETH H. ARMSTRONG, 1920,
Secretary.

The Annual luncheon was held on January 21st in Hewitt Hall. The speakers were Dean Gildersleeve and Mr. Upton Close, who spoke on, "The Revolt in Asia."

Alumnae day this year fell on the thirteenth of February. The Dramatic Group gave an excellent performance in Brinckerhoff Theatre of Shaw's "The Man of Destiny," starring Lillian Walton, Denver Frankel Roth, Dorothy Blondel and Edith Halfpenny. Dean Gildersleeve received in the College Parlor from four till five-thirty and after that a basket ball game was held in the gymnasium. The Alumnae were defeated.

Mrs. Frederick W. Rice was chairman of the Alumnae Day Committee.

By action of the Board of Directors of the Associate Alumnae, the Life Membership Fund and the Alumnae Endowment Fund have been merged to form one fund—the Endowment Fund for the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College. This was done to facilitate the work of the treasurer, and in view of the fact that the two original funds both had the same purpose. The fund is held intact, and only the interest accruing used for the expenses of the Associate Alumnae.

Alumnae Endowment Fund

Early in the year 1921, the Alumnae Endowment Fund Committee was formed in an attempt to raise \$50,000.00 for the Association. It was felt that the interest from a fund of this kind would go a long way towards supporting the Association, and give those who plan the scope of its activities some idea of how much money they can count on from year to year. The three dollars yearly dues barely pay the current running expenses such as reunion costs, the issuing of the Bulletin and the expenses of the Alumnae Office, and allow no leeway for further development along broader lines, or for the extra demands which must be met by any organization of the increasing size and importance of our Association.

To date, there is an invested capital of \$10,500.00, which is a long way from the goal. This together with the Life Membership Fund makes a total in the combined fund of \$23,250.

There have been 358 individual subscribers to the Fund, ten of whom have become Founders by the payment of \$100.00 or over. Eight classes are Founders and one Alumnae Club, the "343" Club. Two other alumnae clubs have been contributors to the Fund.

It will be observed from the above figures that less than one-tenth of the Barnard graduates have contributed to their Alumnae Endowment Fund. It is regretted that this is true, inasmuch as the Fund has been in existence for a period of almost seven years, and contributions or yearly subscriptions of any amount from One Dollar to One Hundred Dollars have been gratefully received.

ALICE CLINGEN.

Notice of 1903's 25th Anniversary Celebration

At this year's Commencement Reunion of Alumnae on the evening of Wednesday, June 6th, the class of 1903 will celebrate its 25th Anniversary. By way of entertaining the Alumnae on this historic occasion, 1903 is planning a genuine surprise of special interest to college women. Indeed without divulging all, 1903's entertainment can be safely anticipated as a stimulating contribution to the history of woman's development during the past quarter of a century.

In addition, as its gift to Barnard, 1903 has raised a fund for the important purpose of increasing the endowment of teachers' salaries.

Despite the new ruling that, due to the increasing number of Alumnae, odd and even numbered classes will henceforth be invited to the Alumnae Reunion supper only in alternate years, 1903 heartily invites ALL members to its 25th Anniversary entertainment and hopes they will flock from near and far to join in its celebration.

(Submitted by Anita Block for 1903's 25th Anniversary Celebration Committee.)

Obituary

Dr. Richards

News of the death of Dr. Herbert Maule Richards, Professor of Botany, on January 9th, came as a shock to undergraduates and alumnae alike. Since 1896, Professor Richards has been an active and beloved member of the faculty, and his death brings a sense of personal loss to all who have worked with and known him. Elsewhere in Bulletin we print an appreciation of Dr. Richards and his work, by an alumna active in the Botanical Club in which Dr. Richards took so leading a part for many years.

Dr. Griffin

The death of Dr. Henry Arthur Griffin, Comptroller, on February 23, at his home, brought another great loss to Barnard. Dr. Griffin was a graduate of Harvard and of the college of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. In 1922 he came to Barnard from long years of successful medical practice and a shorter period of service with the army, to fill the newly created office of Comptroller of the College. Here he undertook the difficult task of reorganizing the financial administration of the college, introducing a new budget system and placing the financial affairs of the fast growing school on a firm basis. In his work, he came into close contact with undergraduates and alumnae. He was at all times interested in the activities of student groups, and ready to cooperate in every plan of the undergraduate and alumnae officers.

1906

Elisabeth Brautigam Quarterman died in the Homeopathic Hospital, East Orange, on February 24, 1927, after an illness of several months. While in college Miss Brautigam specialized in English, and she had for many years been Head of the English Department in Miss Beard's School in Orange, New Jersey. She had also taught English and public speaking in the Labor College in Newark. On May 14, 1926, she was married to Mr. Owen C. Quarterman of East Orange. She continued teaching until December, 1926, when she was stricken with the illness which resulted in her death.

1918

Elizabeth Mary Hoffman died in Buffalo, on July 7, 1927. She had been operated on for appendicitis, and after four days illness succumbed. As a student in college Miss Hoffman was interested in science and mathematics. She was a member of the Athletic Association. Since leaving college she had taught science and mathematics in New York State and Connecticut schools, and at the time of her death she was teacher of biology in the South Park High School in Buffalo. She had served as a volunteer worker with the Camp Fire Girls and was active in the Sunday School of the Central Presbyterian Church in Buffalo.

Commencement Notices

FRIDAY, JUNE 1ST.

7:30—Step Ceremony

8:15—Senior Show in Brinckerhoff Theatre.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2ND.

2:30—Senior Show.

Wednesday, June 6th

Alumnae Festivities

3:00—The Alumnae Dramatic Group will entertain Brinckerhoff Theatre

4:00—Annual Meeting of the Associate Alumnae Brinckerhoff Theatre

5:00—The Class of 1923 will serve tea North Terrace, Barnard Hall

6:00—Trustees' Supper to "Evens" and Reunion Classes, in gymnasium.

Special rooms are being set aside for the Reunion Classes:

"1843" Club—College Parlor

1903—The Dean's Dining Room

1908—Room 301

1913—Faculty Room

1918—Room 401

1923—Room 408

8:00—The Classes of 1903 and 1918 will entertain in the McMillan Theatre.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7TH.

6:00—Ivy Ceremony

Classes planning to have class meetings any time on Wednesday, June 6th, should make reservations for a room as soon as possible, through the Alumnae Office.

What the Alumnae Committees Do

Once in a while members of the Alumnae Association attend its annual meeting. They listen to reports with one ear, while the other is occupied with conversations of the persons beside them. Because so many of us remain in complete darkness concerning the functions of which these reports are the result, we append below a brief summary of the work carried on by the individual committees.

Students' Loan Committee

The work at present carried on by the Students' Loan Committee was one of the earliest activities undertaken by the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College. In 1899 the Students' Aid Committee was formed to raise funds and work out policies in making loans to students in college, in order to enable them to complete their college careers. The name of the Committee was later changed to the Students' Loan Committee in order to make it clear that the purpose is not to give charity but to put it on a regular business basis.

No loans are made to enable girls to enter college, and loans are not made to second term Freshmen except under extraordinary circumstances. A promissory note is given for all loans, signed by the borrower and one other co-maker, who is a property holder or person of secured financial responsibility. The rate of interest is five per cent per annum, and repayments are arranged for on a graduated basis, over periods of five or seven years, according to the amount of the loan. The first repayment begins on October first, the year after graduation. Girls frequently, however, repay the loans at earlier periods, thus making the funds available to other students.

The revolving fund at present consists of about \$11,000, and in addition the Committee has borrowed \$2,000 from the Trustees. During the past years, several of the Alumnae classes as well as the undergraduates have made contributions to the Fund. It is hoped that during the coming year contributions may be made to the fund sufficient to pay off the debts and to increase it to meet the growing demands made upon the Loan Fund as the college registration grows.

LOUISE C. ODENCRANTZ.

The Alumnae Council

The Alumnae Council was appointed in 1916, originally for two purposes, first to provide a means of con-

tact between faculty and alumnae, the committee to be used at will, with the approbation of the Board of Directors, for any special piece of work of interest to both. Secondly, it was designed to furnish an emergency advisory council for research, recommendation or action, in the case of important questions arising, requiring special investigation and not falling within the scope of other standing committees. It has functioned chiefly for the latter purpose, although it has occasionally been used by members of the faculty.

The council is composed of the Alumnae Trustees and six additional members, all of whom must be graduates of at least five years' standing.

ELLINOR TENBROECK ENDICOTT.

The Finance Committee

The Finance Committee is composed of three members to supervise the financial policy of the Associate Alumnae, to make up the annual budget, to pass upon additional appropriations which may be necessary during the year, and to approve the investment or reinvestment of funds. During the years when the finances of the Association were low it was the committee's function to determine, in consultation with the Board of Directors, which activities of the alumnae were necessary and indispensable, and which could be temporarily discontinued.

During the last two years, the committee has been aided in its work by the cooperation, and technical knowledge of the auditor.

SARAH SCHUYLER BUTLER.

Advisory Vocational Committee

The Advisory Vocational Committee encourages cooperation among the undergraduates, alumnae, and college officers interested in vocational counseling, fosters research and study of college women's activities, and brings to the attention of the Appointments Office particular positions, and makes that office known to employers of college women.

EDITH MULHALL ACHILLES.

Committee on Membership and Statistics

The function of the Committee on Membership and Statistics may be fairly inferred from its name. It is, theoretically, responsible for alumnae files and bills for membership dues; actually, all but the tiniest fraction of this work is now done in the Executive Secretary's office. The other part of its duties relates to keeping up the membership of the A. A. B. C., and it is right here that its real problems lie. The task of gathering

new members or keeping old ones is complicated, for instance, by encounters with the following types: the girl who uses up her enthusiasm while an undergraduate and never again takes an interest in any college affairs demanding either time or money; the graduate who devotes herself to her class, and can not see the importance of the central organization which unites and represents all alumnae and furnishes service without which the class officers would find themselves very seriously handicapped; the woman who can not believe that she will get three dollars worth of profit from membership; the perfectly amiable and willing sister who periodically rejoins, but who never pays dues for two consecutive years; the graduate who, for reasons beyond the comprehension of the present writer, thinks it a fine thing to look with scorn upon the Associate Alumnae.

To meet these varying problems, the committee each year sends out appeals, pointing to what the Association has done in the past, and explaining what it would do if it had a large enough membership to supply the funds. Its individual members also write personally to alumnae whom they happen to know. By these means some reinstatements are each year brought about. Combined with the long list of members from the newest class they make quite an impressive showing—until those dropped that year are deducted. After that the net gain remains very slight. This year, however, bills were sent to all non-members with the luncheon notices,

with gratifying results, and we hope that the total enrollment will pass the usual 65%, etc.

If this statement moves any of the Association members to bring a few non-members into the fold, it will not have been penned in vain!

THEODORA BALDWIN.

Executive Committee

The Executive Committee consists of the President of the Associate Alumnae and two directors, elected annually by the Board of Directors from its membership, and acts on urgent matters which may arise between meetings of the Board. It has all powers of the Board of Directors except that it can not modify any action taken by the Board.

Brooks Hall Committee

The Brooks Hall Committee is a purely social committee which seeks to bring the alumnae and undergraduates closer together, and especially endeavors to show resident students places of beauty and interest in and around New York, and to give students from other cities an opportunity of visiting New York homes. The members of the committee and other alumnae entertain groups of students at tea or bridge and arrange motor trips through the neighboring country. Plans are particularly made to entertain during the various holidays those students who remain at the dormitories.

Personal Notes

1898

Louise E. Lacey is in the classification of fine books library of A. A. Knopf.

1902

L. Adele Carll is now head of a department of the Newtown High School in Elmhurst, N. Y.

1904

J. B. Adams is teaching vocational and educational guidance in the Manhattan Trade School for Girls.

Mary Frothingham Tolstoy published in 1927, "As the Old Order Was Changing."

1909

Dr. Hilda Wood Allen was Bellevue Hospital Assistant Alienist on the Psychiatric Service February 1925-June 1926 and pursued graduate studies in medicine in hospitals and clinics in London, Zurich and Vienna, Sept., 1926-Nov., 1927. She is now connected with neurological clinics in St. Luke's and the Neurological Institute, and with the Psychiatric Clinic at Cornell Medical School. Dr. Allen is conducting private practice at her office in New York.

Marion Boyd has entered the field of Employment Specialists. Her agency, under the firm name of "Boyd and Manning," is at 489 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Margaret F. Kenney was married to Martin Jensen, August 6, 1927, at Plainfield, N. J.

1912

Polly Cahn is now secretary of the S. A. Rice Social Science Research Council.

Edith Valet Cook is a member of the Connecticut State Legislature.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Crawford (Cora Thees) a son, Courtney, August 24, 1927.

Alice B. Evans wrote articles for the National Board of Review Magazine in 1927.

Amy Weaver is now a stylist for Gotham Hosiery. Elsa P. Wunderlich, is part time psychologist with the Cardiac Vocational Guidance Committee.

1913

Edith Balmford is counselor with the Cardiac Vocational Guidance Committee.

1914

Edith Mulhall Achilles has recently been elected an associate fellowship in the New York Academy of Medicine.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooke (Florence Harris) a son, Robert Emerson, on December 15, 1927.

G. McLaughlin is secretary with the American Cyanamid Company.

Corinne Reinheimer is advertising manager for the New International Encyclopedea.

Alice P. N. Waller is editing the Crockery and Glass Journal.

1915

Mary Coates Hubbard is secretary of the Garden Club of America.

Alice J. Webber is chief of the social service department of the Institute for Child Guidance, N. Y. C.

1916

Betty Alexander Davis is co-director of Camp Ten Rah for girls.

Alice Franklin is with the Metropolitan Museum of Art as cataloguer of sculpture.

Lucy Porter Sutton is instructor of diseases of children at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

1917

Carol Arkins Bratton is doing publicity work for the Gorgas Memorial.

Irma Hahn was recently married to Mr. Leonard Schuster.

Adelaide B. White is secretary with the Modern Language Association.

1918

Stella Adler is acting with the Repertory Company of the American Laboratory Theatre.

Helen Brown is supervisor of nurses at the William Wirt Hospital in West Haven, Conn.

E. Oschriin Bregman is a psychologist with the Child Study Association.

Nell Farrar is social director at Tudor Hall, Indianapolis.

Adele Franklin is teaching the nine year old group at the City and Country School.

Susie Hoch Kubie is psychologist with the Child Study Association.

Helen Goldstein Rafton has changed her name to Helen Grayson Rafton.

Christine Robb is with the Institute for Child Guidance in New York.

1919

Gertrude Geer has married Mr. Hooker Talcott.

Alice Goebell is office manager with the American Women's Assoc.

Beatrice C. Guggenheim is now Mrs. Jacob E. Friedman.

Lucetta Koster is married to Donald E. Harkness and living in New Zealand.

G. B. Morgan is librarian for the American Founders Trust Company.

Memoza Pfaltz is doing research work for Bristol Meyers.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Van Ness Carver (Marion Townsend), a daughter, Allyn Jean Carver, on September 29, 1927.

1920

Anne Hopkins has opened her own laboratory in Savannah, Ga.

L. Juliette Meylan is doing part time work with the McDowell Dress Making School.

1921

Vera L. Benzen is secretary with J. P. Morgan and Co.

Lillian Le V. Brawer is teaching nature study with the Maxwell Training School.

Frances Marlatt, lawyer, is lending her professional services to the Students' Loan Committee.

Maude B. Fisher is married to Mr. Ivan Auchincloss Sprague.

Ruth Jeremiah Gottfried has published "The Questing Cools."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome L. Kohn (Rhoda Hessberg) a daughter, December 19, 1927.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pels (Alice Brady), a son, January, 1928.

Magdalena Pindar is now Mrs. Kenneth L. Johnston.

Elizabeth Anne Shellhase is doing advertising for the George L. Dyer Company.

Anne Schmidt, who is now Mrs. Lawrence Brown, is acting with the Repertory Company of the American Laboratory Theatre.

Frances Thompson was married to Mr. Richard Buell.

1922

Adrienne Covert was married to Mr. Bernarden Suydam, Jr.

Roberta Dunbacker is stylist with the Gotham Hosiery Co.

Noreen Lahiff, who is teaching in the Thomas Jeffer-

son High School, is also studying law at Fordham. Eunice McClay is part time technician with Dr. Marks.

Rosalin D. Melnick has married Mr. Bennett Reines. Madelaine Metcalf is now employed in the office manager's office of N. Y. U.

Edna Wetterer is sales promotion correspondent with Clarence Whitman and Sons.

1923

Dorothy Barta is assistant teacher of mathematics in the Richmond Hill High School.

Dorothy Cook, who received her L. L. B. at Yale in 1927 is now with Root, Clark, Buchner, Havland and Ballantine, lawyers.

Eleanor Phelps Hunt is part time secretary to Dr. W. S. Thomas,

Katherine Kerrigan is in training with Arnold Constable and Co.

Dorothy Scholze Krauss is teacher of French and Latin in Rowland Hall, Salt Lake City, for 1927-1928.

Vera Syman is now Mrs. A. Norman Long.

Edna d'Issertelle von Wass is doing editorial work for the Personal Research Federation.

Lucy P. Whyte has married Mr. W. P. Hilliker and is living at Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

1924

Ruth Ackerman has recently established a candy business of her own.

Louise H. Baker is teaching history and historical geography at the Brearley School.

May S. Bennett is a teacher of French in the Beacon High School.

Gertrude Blum is secretary in the law firm of Aaron Sapiro.

Katharine A. Bryant married John Cronk and is living at Gettysburg, Pa.

Ethel Quint Collins is working for the New York Life Insurance Co.

Helen M. Cross is teaching English in the Park Ridge, N. J., High School.

Ruth Cushman is employed by the magazine, "Parents."

Elsie Lowenberg is in the psychiatric and neurology department of the Cornell Clinic.

Helen M. Matyke is teacher of English in the Morris High School.

Eva Sherpick is teaching in the English department at Adelphi Academy.

Lilyan Stokes was married to Dr. Gustavus C. Darlington, Chicago, January 1, 1928.

1925

Ruth Boardman is teacher in Industrial Arts in the Harley School, Rochester, N. Y.

Doris Beihoff is teacher of English in the Far Rockaway High School.

Thelma Burleigh is apprentice Theatrical Press Agent for Helen Ingersoll's.

Martha Cree married Mr. Walker, September, 1927.

Alice Demerjian is a secretary with the New York Title and Trust Co.

S. Hansen is doing statistical analysis for department stores with the Cavendish Finding Corp.

Barbara Herridge, with the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., has been transferred to San Francisco.

Margaret Irish is assistant editor of "World Topics."

E. Jacobus is employed in the Registrar's Office of Columbia.

Evelyn Kane is filling a vacancy in mathematics in the Richmond Hill High School.

Joy Peterson Kennedy is teaching at a private experimental school at Amherst, Mass.

Dorothy Lang is taking a secretarial course at the Miller School.

Margaret Mason is assistant office manager with the Charles E. Merrill Co.

Alice C. Mendham has married Mr. Webster Powell.

Elizabeth Middleton is a visitor for the Family Welfare Society of Philadelphia.

G. Mina is permanent substitute in Public School 126, Grade 2B.

Julia Montrose is in the library of the New Jersey Law School in Newark.

Lydia Thomas O'Neill is studying landscape architecture at Columbia.

Anne Palmer is secretary with the Butterick Publishing Co.

Rosalie Weill is a student of French at the Sorbonne.

Fern Yates is a lecturer in the Physical Education Department of Barnard.

1926

Corina Berman is substitute teacher of Latin and economics in the Girls' Commercial High School.

Edith Blumberg is teacher in training in English in the Seward Park High School.

Irma Brandeis is secretary to Mrs. Gano Dunn.

Lina Da Carte has married Mr. George Panciera.

D. Dowdney is stenographer with Woodbury Co.

Adele Epstein is studying stenography at the Miller School.

Charlotte Field is statistician with G. N. Edge and Co.

Renée Fulton married Mr. Donald J. Mazer, February 28, 1928.

Anita L. Gennerich is a student at the School of Library Service at Columbia.

Ruth Halsted is also a student in the School of Library Service.

E. E. Kalisher is assistant to Prof. Lindsay Rogers of Columbia.

Alice E. Kelleen is newspaper correspondent at Geneva.

D. Kuhlberg is a grade teacher at the Children's School at West Point.

Clarita Labo is married to Mr. John R. Collins.

Patricia Montilla is laboratory technician with Dr. E. S. Miller at P. and S.

Anita Carolyn Peck was married to Mr. E. Frederick Law on November 10th in St. Paul's Chapel.

Pearl Petegoi is studying stenography at the Miller School.

Doris Pitschner is married to Mr. L. Stuart Lankton and is living in Bridgeport, Conn.

Barbara Rollman is located with the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago.

Frances Sears is with the Family Welfare Association in Scranton, Pa.

Eunice Shaughnessy is substitute teacher in the Roosevelt High School.

W. Shelton is substitute librarian in the Riverside Branch of the New York Public Library.

Marjorie Squires is secretary in the Dental School of Columbia.

V. Whipple is stenographer with the Shubert Theatrical Corporation.

E. Betty Kalisher married Isaac Hamburger in March, 1928.

Lenore Thomas is teacher in French and German in the Northport, N. Y., High School for 1928-1929.

1927

Caroline Adler is research assistant to Prof. Boas in the Anthropology department of Barnard.

R. Bach has married Mr. David S. Galton.

F. Banner is taking a course in advertising and selling under the direction of the Advertiser's Club.

Frances Berrian is employed by the National Bank of Commerce.

Harriette Blachly is married to Mr. Herbert P. Woodward.

Dorothy Blaine is substituting in the New York City Public Schools.

Vera Brand is secretary to Mr. Clifford of the Metropolitan Museum.

Abigail Rose Brown is now Mrs. Cornwell and is with Franklin Simon and Co.

Catharine Bull is office nurse for Dr. John Woodman.

E. Burack is studying at Yale.

E. Bjorkman is teaching French in the Bay Ridge High School.

Mimi Cerlian is employed at R. H. Macy and Co.

Clelia Corte is studying stenography at the Merchants and Bankers School.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Campbell, a daughter, Melson, on September 19, 1927, Grand Rapids, Mich.

H. Deutsch is publicity assistant at the Provincetown Playhouse.

E. Devlin is residence hall assistant at Barnard.

Evelyn Dickert is now studying at Teachers' College.

Jeanette Driscoll is stenographer in the office of A. N. Waring Paper Mills.

Mary A. Farmer is statistical clerk at the Cornell Clinic.

V. Fisher is studying for an M. A. at Columbia.

Dorothy Frankfeld is with the National Retail Dry Goods Assoc.

Emily Fuller is with the Society of Automotive Engineers in the capacity of secretary.

M. Gardiner is part time secretary to Dr. L. T. Work, at Columbia.

C. J. Garwood is assistant on the editorial staff of "World Topics."

M. Frances Gedroice is with the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Rita Goldsmith is statistical clerk with the National Industrial Conference Board.

Mildred Gluck is with B. Altman and Co.

Vivian Hulst is kindergarten teacher in Port Washington.

D. Joyce is stenographer with Hemphill Noyes and Co.

Ida and Ione Kinkade are teaching at the Kerhonkson, N. Y., Schools.

Helen Leach is in the business office of the Y. W. C. A.

W. Little is a grade teacher in Wilton, Conn.

Ruth McAlee is a statistical clerk with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Elizabeth McKay is assistant psychologist at Litchworth, Village.

Jean MacLeod is secretary of the Fine Arts Department for Prof. Murray at Columbia.

Mildred L. Martin is studying for an M. A. at Columbia.

Edna Metzger is a student at the Miller School.

Elizabeth Metzger is with the National City Bank.

Anna A. Nelson is librarian of the Elizabeth Public Library.

R. Perl is with the brokerage firm of Julius Stern.

Eva O'Brien is married to Mr. John Surreau.

Nina L. Rayevsky is a student at Bellevue Medical College.

Agnes Salinger is with the Vocational Adjustment Bureau.

Marie Schneiders is teacher in training at the Seward Park High School.

Lillian Schwartyman is with the National Conference of Jews and Christians.

Irma Semonton is clerk in the Columbia Registrar's Office.

Felicia Sterling is with the Guaranty Trust Co.

B. Laub is employed by the Institute for Child Guidance.

Word of a Vagabondage

From LILLIAN SCHOEDLER

Weltevreden,
Java, Dutch East Indies,
August 21, 1927

(Continued from last issue)

For the first time in a long while, then, I settled down to a period of actual work, and spent the next month pretty closely at getting out a very interesting report. Not so closely, however, that there wasn't time for many lovely trips by bicycle and automobile, and parties and other fun of various kinds, such as the college reunion we had when we found that there were *three* Barnard graduates in this little city way off here in the Dutch East Indies, and celebrated by coming together in Batavia at the same time that the annual big Commencement reunion was being held in New York, 13,000 miles away! We had an interesting time, also, one day at a "salamatan," a native feast which the Malay servants of a friend gave to bring blessings on the friend's new house—wherein the chief ceremony, the burying of a flower-decked goat's head on the premises with due incantations by the native priest, was preceded by wayang shadow plays and other picturesque native festivities and a colorful procession around the grounds, and followed by a feast to the natives at which the rest of the goat was the piece de resistance, while *we* feasted on other delicacies! There was a similar "salamatan" at the General Motors plant while it was being built, where a huge water-buffalo substituted for a sheep as the offering to the gods!

On still another occasion, three of us climbed Mt. Gedeh, a 10,000-foot volcano—and the tale of *that* journey could make a book in itself! Mountains in this part of the world are rarely climbed by day, but usually by night, partly because of the heat and the sun, and partly because the very early morning is the most likely clear time for views. So one week-end we set forth, and after sleeping most of the day at the hotel at Sindanglaya, started out on foot at 8 p. m. after dinner, with three Malay coolies, one carrying our wraps and food, and the other two bearing lighted bamboo flares. *All night* we climbed steadily behind these torches through jungly woods overgrown with mosses and ferns and orchids, the trees so weird in the flickering flames, with only the briefest stops for food and breath. And at 5 a. m. we reached the summit, just in time to see the stars go out and dawn come—so beautiful over the flooded rice paddies in the valleys deep below, with the Indian Ocean to the south and the Java Sea far to the north, with innumerable mountains all around rising

solitarily from the plains with their stately unbroken slopes, as these mountains do in Java—and just under us, at the foot of a sheer rock wall, the volcano crater itself! From the tropical heat of the valley we had tramped most of the night through the most intense cold—but the sun put an end to *that*—and after cooking breakfast on the mountain top, we turned about and reached our hotel again at 2 p. m., after almost 18 hours of steady going! And, *then*, strangely, felt so fresh after a bit of lunch that we walked several miles more over the Poentjak—a rather stiff mountain pass between Sindanglaya and Buitenzorg—because we couldn't get a car that would drive us over! I still don't understand it, but after all that walking and *hard* climbing, and getting to bed only at 11 that night after being up without sleep of any kind for 32 hours at a stretch, I woke at 7 the next morning and went to the office as fresh as a berry, and without a single stiff or aching bone or muscle in *any* part of me!! I have climbed several other volcano peaks since then, and always there has been the same surprising lack of after-effects—although most of the others have been six-, eight- or ten-hour undertakings rather than eighteen. Always, too, we have started in the wee small hours of the night in order to reach the mountain top by sunrise, traveling by torch—or moonlight—until dawn. It is quite *the* way to climb mountains!

The report on which Mr. Howard and I were working had to do with a matter in India. Mr. Howard needed to go to India to complete some of the investigations, and at first I thought that I would go with him; but his trip was to come in June and July—seasonally hot and unattractive months in India—and I know, or felt pretty sure, that I would be going later for a longer stay anyway, so it was decided that I wouldn't *need* to go along this time if we could get the report into adequate shape before Mr. Howard's departure, but that I could use the time for any purposes that I wanted to instead. Since I wanted very much to see more of these Dutch East Indies, I decided on *that*, and the whole plan worked out to that end in some happy way, Mr. Howard planning to leave for India on June 4th, returning on July 24th, and I to take the corresponding weeks for my own jauntings.

I had talked with Mr. Howard on the way back from Japan about the possibility of my buying a car when the new plant in Java should begin to produce them, but there were so many unexpected delays in the final production sched-

ule that I had let the matter drop for the time being.

One day, however, Mr. Howard announced that "I could have my car now whenever I wanted it"—so I expressed my pleasure, and asked him whom I should see about the financial arrangements.

"Financial arrangements?" he said. "Just forget about those. We'll just *give* you a new car for as long as you want to use it—and when you are finished, you can simply give it back to us."

"And I just want to tell you now," my "boss" continued by way of a postscript, casually, "that, of course, for all the time you are away your full salary will go on just the same."

Perhaps you can picture *me!* I had planned to get a car and take it through Sumatra and Java and Bali *regardless* of the extent to which the trip would eat into my travel fund, for that, after all, was what the t. f. was for—to let me do what I wanted to as it came up, and certainly this was the opportunity of a lifetime to see the Dutch East Indies.

And *then* to have a car *given* to me—and a six weeks' holiday on full salary (particularly after just having *had* that marvelous holiday in Japan)!! It didn't seem as if it *could* be true.

But the old principle of "to him that hath" applied again, and as if all of the foregoing weren't enough, I learned at the office the next day that through special arrangement, the steamship lines would allow my car the same shipment rates from island to island as they charged General Motors for cars sent to dealers (a marked reduction over the terrifically high regular freight rates), and would also give *me*, as a member of the General Motors staff, a reduction of 25% on the regular passenger fares—also notoriously high . . . ! I *couldn't* believe it all!

But every bit of it was true. The very next morning a handsome brand-new Chevrolet touring car was at my door, and all I had to do was to get in and drive it away, even items like complete insurance coverage, taxes and registration fees having been fully paid! Mr. Howard left for India on scheduled time, and on June 11th my car and a delightful Malay chauffeur and I got on board a steamer for the four-day sea trip via Singapore to Medan.

If anyone had told me when I left New York—or at *any* time—that I would ever *be driving my own automobile some day through SUM-ATRA* . . . !!!!

We found Medan, where we landed (in Northeast Sumatra) to be a very progressive, prosperous, modern European type of city, set in a fertile flat plain, not unlike Batavia in many

ways—and I had the experience there of watching the beginnings of a "Hari Besar" (lit. "big day"), one of the semi-monthly occasions when the white planters from the outlying tobacco and rubber estates come into the city to spend their pay, and celebrate—and the "lid" is off. I stayed in the city for only one day, however, for I was anxious to get off into the hills—and Medan is the starting-place for the famous "coast-to-coast trip" in Northern Sumatra. Early the next morning, therefore, we set out—and in two or three hours found ourselves not only in absolutely gorgeous mountain country, but among native villages which, for primitive conditions, were easily the equal of anything that we saw several years ago on that memorable trip into the Sudan in Central Africa.

For the country in that part of Sumatra is the land of the Bataks, a people who, even as recently as 1905, were still cannibals, and used to eat even the older members of their own groups who could no longer prove their vigor and right to live by successfully hanging on to a tree that was violently shaken! The people have a decidedly unattractive aspect still, however, for all their mended ways, and are far from good to look at. They have a strange custom of filing down their teeth to the level of the gums, and staining the stumps black. On top of this, they chew "sirih," a betel-nut of whose peppery flavor they are passionately fond, which colors their mouths (and their faces for some space around their lips) a vivid red, making that area not only particularly large and obvious, but decidedly ugly. Men and women alike wear no covering above the waist. Whatever they do wear in the way of garments, and their curiously-folded heavy headcloths, are dark, usually of cloth which the women have dyed dark blue with indigo, leaving their hands and their wrists completely colored as well. To see them, made it all too easy to believe the story of the old Batak chief of whom we heard, who, converted to Christianity, murmured longingly as he lay dying only recently, "Oh, if I could only have a nice tender baby!"

In spite of their fierce and unpleasant appearance, however, these Bataks are quite harmless, although I could never quite convince my chauffeur, simple souls as these Malays are, of that fact. Poor Atjim was in a constant state of terror for all the time that we were in that country, both for himself and for me, and often, when great throngs of these fierce-looking Bataks pressed curiously around the car, as they invariably did when we stopped, Atjim took great pains to acquaint them with the fact that I was the wife of an important Dutch official! One day in particular I thought he never *would*

survive. We had passed a monument, and since there was a special sign pointing it out, I climbed down to see it, and found, according to the inscription, that "Here rest the bones of the two American missionaries, Munson and Lyman, slaughtered and eaten in the year 1834." When I came back to the automobile, full of interest at the find, I told Atjim what I had seen, and that it was the grave of two American men whom the Bataks had eaten—but in the excitement of expressing it all to him in Malay (my Malay wasn't as fluent then as it is now!), I evidently neglected entirely to mention the 1834 part! All that morning I wondered at the boy's strange silence and nervousness—and it was only when I wanted to stop for pictures at the next village we reached, and he tried bodily to restrain me, that the facts of my omission came to light, and Atjim became partly himself again!

He could have spared himself all concern, however, for I met with nothing but friendliness and a childish curiosity wherever I went, and I roamed and explored in those Batak villages without reservation or restraint. Fascinating places those villages were, too, with their dirt, and their whole bare ground floor area full of chickens and ducks and pig litters and starved dogs and pigeons and naked little children in need of handkerchiefs! The Batak houses, built on stilts above the ground, gave wonderful material for pictures, for they have unique roofs which slope back from a sharp overhanging gable, with the lower part of the house, or else the triangle under the gable, often richly carved or painted. The houses have openings for windows, but rarely doors, the entrance usually being by ladder from the ground through a hole cut in the floor. Each village had its central community house, where the men sat and played native versions of cards or checkers, while the women in open sheds nearby labored at pounding the rice, etc. My appearance at any village entrance, however, was always a signal for a complete cessation of *all* operations, while the people first stood and stared, and then gradually fell in behind me, forming an entourage which never deserted until I was safely at the wheel of my car again! (No airplane landing at 42d Street and 5th Avenue in New York, I know, could prove more of a drawing card than my little Chevrolet and I did all through those tiny Sumatra villages. I never *could* get over the thrill of being in a country where the sight of a white woman and an automobile were still so unusual that they always attracted attention and a crowd. I am sure I was the first woman that many of these people had ever seen drive a car. Their frank curiosity and awe at the fact furnished no end of fun. The children, however, always seemed to get a particular "kick" out of

my presence, no matter where. The Pied Piper himself must have grown envious had he been able to see me walking through villages or market places day after day with anywhere from a dozen to a hundred rag-tags of children—and almost as many famished village dogs—at my heels!)

Brastagi, our first overnight stopping place after Medan, proved an enchanting mountain resort (or "hill station," as they are called here), situated on the Karo Plateau, a vast plain 4,500 feet above the sea level from which we had come. It had two lovely volcano peaks behind it, to the crater of one of which I climbed. Prapat, too, was a heavenly spot, with its hotel situated on a spit of land shot out into Lake Toba—a beautiful body of water about 60 miles long, nestled in an old volcano crater basin, and the main scenic feature of this North Sumatra country—the hotel itself a wonderful place from which to view the 4,000-foot cliffs which rise from the water's edge to form the irregular gaunt walls of the huge lake. Such marvellous sailing and bathing and watersports of all kinds, and tennis, and horseback riding and hiking as there was here!—with a full moon besides! I stopped also for a night at Balige at the south end of Toba Lake—Balige with its famous market where dogs are sold for food (a highly prized delicacy among the Bataks! I have a wonderful picture of a freshly roasted one—whole—taken off the fire for my special benefit and posed with its Batak cook!). I stayed also at Taratoong, with its busy market and lovely surrounding hills, and drove from there over the famous (or infamous) road to the sea at Sibolga, a scenically gorgeous road, but one which, in a stretch of 66 kilometers (a little less than 40 miles) contains 1,500 curves, of which at least 1,498 are hairpin turns around absolutely blind corners. Even with the most careful driving on our part and with practically *constant* horn-tooting we were almost annihilated on no less than three occasions by heavy trucks which thundered around the twists *regardless*, and without warnings or signals of any kind, knowing that they would probably be heavier than anything they would meet. We were fortunate in reaching Sibolga, however, without even a dent in a fender.

From Sibolga, then, we went on through lovely jungle country, with beautiful stretches of wild inland river scenery and more mountains, to Kota Nopan, and there got into the land of the Meningkabaus, an entirely different people from the Bataks, good to look at, and famous for their preservation of the matriarchato, a form of community life in which all authority and inheritance and family centers in and through the *mother* rather than through the

father. The Padang Highlands in which they live hold as lovely country as I have ever seen anywhere—full of high mountains, exquisite lakes, luxuriant vegetation, interesting caves, long deep ravine-like canyons cut out of gaunt cliffs (the well-known Karbouwengat, the Haraukloof, the Anaikloof, etc.), and offering never-ending pictures of infinite variety, to which the Meningkabau houses, with their roof-ends pointing to the sky in crisp, sharp curved outlines, lend such added picturesqueness and charm. I spent four happy days in this country with Fort de Kock as headquarters, only wishing that they might have been four weeks.

It was just north of Fort de Kock, incidentally, that I had the thrill of *driving my car over the equator!*

From Fort de Kock I went to Padang, then, and after more lovely drives through gorgeous mountain and lake scenery and Meningkabau villages, I took the boat to Batavia to drive through Java en route to Bali.

For the most part the roads in Sumatra had proved surprisingly good, although at present they are very few, and vast stretches of the country are as yet entirely unopened-up. The hotels, too, proved an interesting experience, varying from some that would compare well with good European establishments (as at Brastagi) to pasanggrahans, or Government resthouses, where you had to buy your own food in tins from a Chinese shop in the village, and have it cooked by the mandoer in charge of the resthouse, often having to do without even such simple staples as bread, butter or eggs because none were available in the whole community. In one of these resthouses, I even had to use the table cloth as a bedcover! On the whole, however, considering the undeveloped state of much of the country, I fared surprisingly well, even without the need for falling back for food too much on those two ever-present staples of life in this part of the world—bananas and rice.

En route from Padang to Batavia, we had the interesting experience of stopping at a tropical island at which a boat calls only once in three months—and ours was that boat! It was a heavenly spot, with a long, gently sloping white sand beach bordered and overhung with palm trees—for all the world like the idyllic island of a South Seas romance. We walked all around it under the ship captain's guidance, while the boat loaded its cargo of copra, finding the most exquisite and unbelievable shells and pieces of coral, and having such a fascinating time poking around the little village, and drinking milk from cocoanuts which little native boys shinned up the trees to pick for us!

From Batavia then I started on my drive across Java, heading rather quickly for the eastern end of the island on the principle that it would be easy enough to do later some of the things that lay nearer "home."

One of the first places I went to was the Dieng Plateau (reachable only by trail and horseback from Wonosobo), a spot famous not only for its boiling mudpots, solfatura and other volcanic phenomena, but also for the ancient Hindu ruins (from 800 or 900 A. D.), which have been unearthed there, with the probability that a whole vast Hindu village still lies covered under the swamp in the center of the Plateau! I stopped of course also at the Borobudur, the most widely known and interesting Hindu relic in Java—an elaborately carved huge temple (more than 500 feet square at its base and rising in the form of a great mound) of whose history nothing is known, but which was probably also built about 800 A. D. and which, shortly after, during the downfall of the Hindu Empire in Central Java, was entirely covered over with earth (perhaps by the priests in order to prevent its discovery and destruction by the conquering Mohammedans), and was refound and unearthed with all its wonderful stone reliefs only comparatively recently.

(To be continued)



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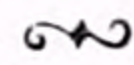
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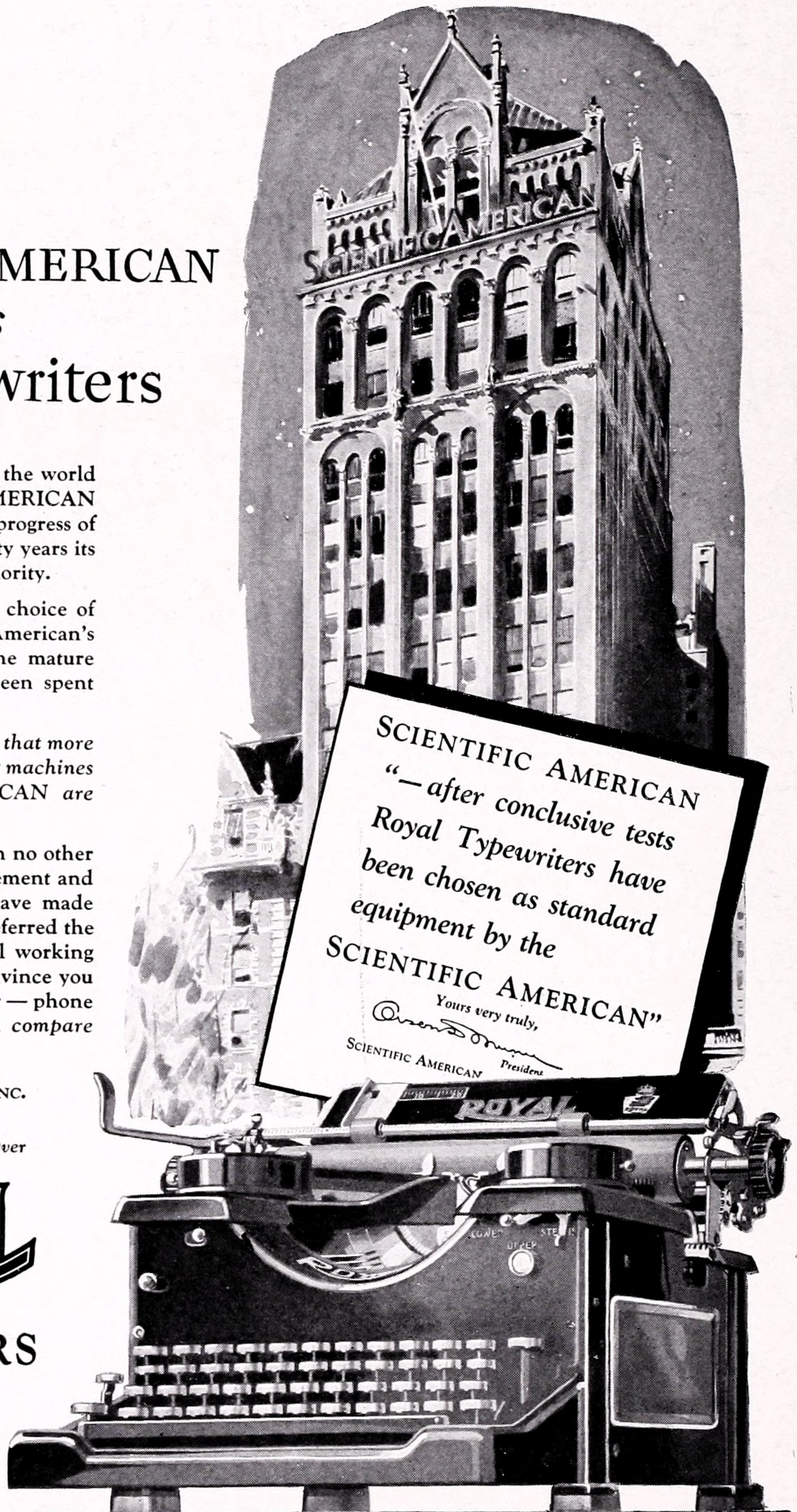
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