

BARNARD  
COLLEGE  
ALUMNI



JANUARY

## **What** is the “reorganization”?

Primarily, it is a change in the financial set-up of the Alumnae Association—the abolishment of the dues system and the adoption of the Fund plan whereby a contribution to the Fund will constitute membership in the Association; it also embodies many other organizational changes.

## **Where** have you heard of it before?

At the Annual Meeting last June where the members of the Association voted the adoption of the Fund plan.

## **Why** are we doing it?

To benefit the College through a larger Alumnae Fund and a more active Alumnae Association; to benefit the alumnae by simplifying the appeals sent to them.

## **How** will it effect you?

- (a) Annual members of the Association who have not been contributing to the Fund in addition to dues can now give their \$3.00 to the Fund.
- (b) Non-donors and non-members will now be relieved of a double appeal and can support the Alumnae Association and the College through one gift.
- (c) All Life Members who are not Fund donors will be credited with an annual contribution to the Fund.
- (d) All regular Fund donors can become members as well as donors.

## **Which** branches of the Association will benefit?

All of them. An increased Fund will mean a more active Association.

## **When** will it go into effect?

July 1, 1941, at the beginning of the new fiscal year.

## **Where** can we learn more about it?

On Alumnae Day, February 12th, at 11:30 a.m., the members of the Association will vote on the proposed changes effecting the sub-divisions of the Association, following a discussion of the factors involved and reasons for these proposed changes.

THE ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE OF BARNARD COLLEGE

invite you to subscribe to

MASSENET'S "MANON"

with JARMILA NOVOTNA, RICHARD CROOKS and JOHN BROWNLEE

Wilfred Pelletier, Conductor

at the Metropolitan Opera House

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 10, 1941

for the Benefit of

BARNARD SCHOLARSHIPS and BRITISH WAR RELIEF

This will be the first appearance here of Madame Novotna as Manon

SCALE OF PRICES

Parterre boxes seating eight . . .	\$100.00
Orchestra and Orchestra Circle, Row A	7.50
Orchestra, other rows . . . . .	5.50
Grand Tier . . . . .	6.00 and 5.00
Dress Circle . . . . .	4.00 and 3.00
Balcony . . . . .	3.00, 2.50 and 2.00
Family Circle . . . . .	2.00, 1.50 and 1.00

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Please make checks payable to Jean Macalister, Treasurer, and mail to Riverside Building, Barnard College, Riverside Drive and 120th Street, New York.

# COMING EVENTS

## JANUARY

### 5th—Monday

End of Christmas Holiday.

### 10th—Friday

OPERA BENEFIT—"MANON," with Richard Crooks, Jarmila Novotna, and John Brownlee—Metropolitan Opera House—2 p.m.

### 15th—Wednesday

Meeting—Board of Editors, *Alumnae Monthly*,

at the home of Mrs. John S. Karling, 501 West 113th Street, New York City—6:30 p.m.

### 22nd—Wednesday

Meeting—Board of Directors, Associate Alumnae—Alumnae House—3:30 p.m.

## FEBRUARY

### 12th—Wednesday

ALUMNAE DAY—Complete details of the day's program may be found on page 10.

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# BARNARD COLLEGE

## ALUMNAE MONTHLY

### On And Off

### The Campus

VINE-LEAVED and sleepy-eyed, with Christmas and New Year's Eve a sigh and a memory, Barnard settles down to burn the midnight watt. It's final exam season. Those term papers are due. Has nothing changed?

There's this. One cannot turn without coming face to face with activity for War Relief or announcements of speeches and discussions on various aspects of the international picture. The undergrads have raised \$2,000 for a mobile feeding unit to be sent to Britain. The check was presented to Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, national chairman of the Young America Wants to Help division of the British War Relief Society, in a ceremony in front of Milbank Hall just before Christmas.

Many and varied are the projects that mushroom up each week to raise money for this cause. The playwriting class gave four original short plays "in the workshop manner." As former members know, that means some pantomime, some scripts, some conflict (dramatic), and some of the less peculiar storage from the Wigs and Cues Room, garnished with a vast amount of eagerness, fun, and rewarding bright spots. The Athletic Association made its contribution in the form of a roller skating party. A booth on Jake sold Christmas cards, compacts, cigarette cases, and other pretty knick-knacks. Proceeds from the Christmas Formal will go to England.

In addition to money-raising, there is mind-rousing. *Bulletin* conducted a poll of student

opinion on the role of the college in national defense. Although only a hundred odd answered the poll, among these, the majority favored adding courses in first aid and emergency mechanics to the curriculum. There was strong opposition to curtailing any extra-curricular activities in favor of national defense at the present time. Said *Bulletin*:

*We have sufficient faith in our democracy to believe that national preparedness can be accomplished without our falling under the sway of Fascist ideals or a Nazi form of government. Moreover, we see an important opportunity in times like these to awaken a dormant electorate to the advantages of democracy and a realization of the responsibilities it carries with it.*

\* \* \*

Gone are the days when "Careers for Women!" was a banner borne through snow and ice by intrepid soldiers in the battle of the sexes, but it still remains a source of gratification to realize the number of Barnard graduates who truly have become leaders. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, chairman of the Woman's Centennial Congress, recently listed American women in "100 important careers open to women in 1940." Included were four Barnard graduates: in Public Safety, Captain Rhoda K. Milliken, director of the Women's Bureau, Department of Metropolitan Police, Washington; in Newspaper and Publicity, Helen Rogers Reid, vice-president of the New York *Herald-Tribune*; in Science, Margaret Mead, anthropolo-

## BARNARD COLLEGE ALUMNAE MONTHLY

gist, Ph.D. Columbia, assistant curator of ethnology, American Museum of Natural History; and in Education, Virginia Gildersleeve.

\* \* \*

At the most recent of a series of faculty-student forums on world affairs, Professor Byrne, chairman of the history department, blamed the "present-mindedness" of many people for the spiritual and material dilemma faced by individuals and nations today.

\* \* \*

Honor Board has been stirred by advertisements, distributed on the campus, extolling the services of a certain ghost-writing outfit. The theme's an old one.

\* \* \*

"Berkeley Square" was the latest Wigs and Cues endeavor. Across the street (to be exact, on the south side of 117th Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Drive) a performance of "Caesar and Antony" opened the new theatre arts center of Columbia, Brander Matthews Hall.

\* \* \*

A recording was made of the program at the Christmas assembly on December 17th, and the Dean's Christmas speech has been re-broadcast by short wave to England. The British Broadcasting Company distributed it. This was done under the auspices of the American-British Ambulance Corps. The complete text of the speech may be found on page 9.

\* \* \*

Dr. Alsop was unable to listen to the broadcast of Barnard's Christmas assembly because she was on the air herself at that time. She spoke over WNYC, together with representatives from Fordham, N.Y.U., and C.C.N.Y., on the adjustment of freshmen to college life. On February 18th, she will speak in Atlantic City at the annual convention of the National Association of Deans. The subject of the conference is the Future of Women's Education in a Reorganizing World, but it's our bet that Dr. Alsop's title will be as lively as that of her book, "She's Off to College."

\* \* \*

Douglas Moore, who introduced many of us to long-haired music, has stepped into that bitter controversy between the broadcasting companies and their BMI and the song and musical composers of ASCAP. He is representing ten leading musical educators in the East who wish the Federal Com-

munications Commission to effect a settlement. He believes that the quarrel, unless adjusted before January 1st, "will result in an incalculable blow to the musical development of America."

Mr. Moore's music from *The Devil and Daniel Webster* was featured at a joint concert of the Barnard-Columbia glee clubs on December 14th.

\* \* \*

Appraising the "absence of the morbid" in the new *Quarterly, Bulletin* thought that "its editors were acknowledging the strong antipathy, which often amounted to outright revulsion, of the student body to the bleak, cheerless literature that dominated the *Quarterly* of yesteryear."

Former editors, arise!

\* \* \*

This year's freshman is the tallest yet, according to statistics quoted by Miss Wayman, head of the physical education department.

\* \* \*

Viola Peterson '40 and Mary Alexander, a senior, both holders of the fine arts department traveling scholarships, spoke at a tea in their honor in the college parlor. Margaret Grevatt, who was also awarded one of the scholarships, was unable to attend because of illness.

\* \* \*

Greek Games will be dedicated this year to Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty.

\* \* \*

Two alumnae spoke to a group of Barnard students and then held personal interviews with 24 of the girls who had questions about their future vocations. The alumnae were Marguerite McCloskey Coleman '28, district director of the New York Employment Service, and Frances Smith '32, also with the State Employment Service.

\* \* \*

Freda Kirchwey, who is a member of the executive committee of the Emergency Rescue Committee, headed by Dr. Frank Kingdon for the aid of academic and political refugees, spent a day in Pittsburgh recently acquainting various groups, including the Barnard Club of Pittsburgh, with the work of that organization. A fuller account may be read in the Pittsburgh Club Notes on page 16.

\* \* \*

Granted all this is an olla-podrida of feeble jests and lightsome chatter, some solemnity and a little news, do you like it?

TYRO

# Students from Europe: 1940

## By Themselves

(NOTE: *The stories and impressions of the Barnard students from abroad this year were so interesting that it seemed best to let them tell in their own words why they are here and something about their own countries. These five were chosen at random—there are many more. The two French girls, incidentally, were best friends in Paris, each came to America thinking the other was in France and came face to face at Barnard.*)

### From England

I SHALL never forget my first and last visit to Euston Station on July 3rd, when I left England. I longed to see Euston from the time I was nine years old, when one of my aunts went to Scotland and set out from there. Little did I think of the conditions under which I would at last see it! True, it did not come up to my expectations, but then I do not think even Heaven would have on that day. Hot, tired, harassed, and in the very depths of misery, weighted with luggage, I threaded my way between throngs of people, many of them foreign, a large number of them Tommies and sailors and airmen, to the train. The crowds, the dusty atmosphere, the constant shriek of the whistles of the expresses, and the complication of the journey ahead of us, were depressing.

At nine o'clock our train left London. We were waved off by three relatives (two of whom have been bombed out of their home since). Sleeping on the seat of even a first class carriage is not very comfortable, but I slept until two o'clock the next morning, when we arrived at Holyhead, on the extreme west of Wales. Then followed a dreary wait in the customs inspection office, which I, at least, went through with a numb feeling of despair; then the embarkation on the ferry that would take us to Dun Laoghaire on the east coast of Ireland. The journey across the Irish Sea was uneventful, except for the numerous cases of sea sickness owing to the customary choppiness.

On landing at Dun Laoghaire we boarded a train for Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, whence the *S.S. Washington* was to sail. At six o'clock on the evening of July 4th an acute homesickness assailed my sister, mother and me for the first time.

Galway was a quaint little town, typical of

Ireland: full of old fisherwomen with black shawls; of jaunting cars; and of Americans who would soon be going home. I was glad that, owing to the war, the ship would sail from Eire, which meant little to me, instead of from Southampton.

On the 7th of July the *Washington* sailed, and I felt that for the first time I was on American soil when I saw the stars and stripes waving at the stern. It was very crowded; little English children were running wild all over the place, on their way to safety; a few old English people; many refugees from European countries; and very many Americans. With the ocean extending all around me, glassy, and utterly dispassionate, I felt entirely cut off, and the journey was one long nightmare of appalling heat as we penetrated further south, and unutterable boredom.

It was a great relief to see land again, and I found the skyscrapers impressive. We moved into New York harbor on July 13th at eight o'clock in the morning, and the skyscrapers looked like fairy cathedrals, in their ethereal fragility, framed silver against the misty grey of a tolerably cool American summer day. The Statue of Liberty hailed me from the left, and I formed an idea of the American character from the skyscrapers and Madame la Liberté: friendly and hospitable on the one hand, and on the other, young and striving for recognition by the originality and beauty of the skyscraper.

We spent three hours waiting for the customs inspector. When at last our most secret possessions had been rudely torn from their nests and shoved back, we boarded one of those surprising things, a yellow taxi. Used as I was to the somewhat old-fashioned taxis of London, I was not a little intrigued by the sight of innumerable yellow ones.

We went to Long Island and took up a temporary residence in Garden City. The only thing that

impressed me here was the *awful heat*. And to add to our worry, our homesickness, and our general feeling of uprootedness, I came down with the measles and a temperature of 104°. Thus when August 1st came, we were very pleased to leave Garden City, where I spent the darkest days of my whole life.

After that we came to our present home in Irvington, where we are very happy. Of the days before we left England I have said nothing, for they were so dreadful, so full of good-byes to our relations and friends. We had about five days' notice in which to pack everything that we wanted, to sell the house, and to make arrangements for a little furniture to be sent here, and into those days was packed as much sorrow as I hope ever to endure again. However, I know I am very lucky to be here now, and I am enjoying college, and life in a small American town.

#### From France

**A**MERICA looks at Europe . . . I wonder how, being so far away, she can have an opinion about European countries? Oh, we can easily imagine English people running across the ocean and saying to American reporters: "We are always calm. We love our King, and we never quarrel among ourselves. We are conscious of our Empire and we defend it." The Germans would say, "We are strong. We know how to live on bricks for years and years. We are clever. We can make butter out of guns. We are free; we can say 'Heil' when we like!" The Italians would say, "We are stout. We can eat lots of macaroni every day. We are powerful. We have a marvelous motorized army which can go very fast forward . . . and backward."

But what would French people say? They are such jokers, such scoffers, they always mock everybody and themselves before anything else. They would speak of their faults, make fun of their defects, but would keep for themselves all their qualities. It is not through French people that you would know much about France.

Before the war, foreigners, Americans above all, used to speak of their love and admiration for France. Since July, they seem disappointed. They have changed their mind. They feel it is better not to talk about France. Oh! why is that? If American people don't speak anymore of France, French people will have to become serious and speak and write about it . . . and here I am!

There is so much to say. . . . Let us just talk about one little thing, one tiny big marvel of France. Do you know what the word "famille" means? Well, it is the French word for "family." I shall tell you what it means.

Imagine a big apartment in Paris. There M. and Mme. X— live and their four children. The eldest, Marie, is 23 years old. The second one, Jacques, is a boy of 20. Then comes Jacqueline who is 17 and then Nicole who is only 12.

Which college is Marie in, would ask the Americans, is it the same one as Jacqueline's? What does college mean, would answer Marie and Jacqueline! We don't know what college life is; we have never heard of anything else but our family life. Oh! but Jacques must be living in a university, or something of the sort! But no, dear Americans, not a bit. Just listen to this. . . .

They all have breakfast together at 8 o'clock. The father then hurries to his office. Marie is doing her doctor's thesis and works at home in the morning. Jacques goes to the Sorbonne every day. Jacqueline and Nicole have to be at the Lycée at 8:30. . . .

Let's peep an eye in their apartment at 12:30, their lunch hour. But . . . but do you mean to say that they *all* come back home for lunch? They certainly do, and it is like that in every single French family.

"Marie, are Jacqueline and Nicole back from the Lycée? Yes, mother, here they are. Well, let's begin to eat now, otherwise you'll never be back at 2 o'clock. Oh! yes, we will, mother, it's only a 20 minute walk, you know! What did you learn this morning, Nicole? Oh! we had a very interesting lecture on Horace. Hello, daddy, I was waiting for you, because I wanted to ask you something: what would happen if you put phosphorus in carbonic acid? Oh! by the way, Marie, your piano teacher phoned to say that she will give you your lesson at 5 o'clock instead of 4. Oh! here you are, Jacques, you are late, my boy, hurry up and eat your potatoes. I'm sorry, mother, I met a friend and we kept on talking. And daddy, could you play that Bach sonata with me after lunch? All right, Marie, I am not in a hurry. Well, Jacqueline and Nicole, you had better be going. And dear, what do you think of the international situation? What did they say this morning at your office of Hitler's last speech? . . ."

And then, suddenly, there burst a volcano, there



was a horrible earthquake that dispersed this happy family: the war. In June, they had to flee away and leave everything . . . Jacques was in the Air Force; we were told that he was a prisoner; and daddy—we have had no news from him for weeks and weeks. Oh! shall we ever see him again? Shall we ever have beds again, eat as before; where can we go in the world not to be bombed, starved and killed? . . .

But the French family is stronger than ever. . . . What makes France really a great nation, what makes her worthy of respect and admiration? Big sorrows and griefs, great trials—those terrible adventures that make a nation find her treasures and her real way.

### From England

THE broadcast by Chamberlain, announcing the outbreak of war between England and Germany, marked the beginning of a new era in the life of St. Paul's Girls' School of London. We were tucked away in the country and amalgamated with a boarding school. The Paulinas lived a very different life in a country atmosphere, with black-outs, gas masks, ration-books and all those changes the war brought about.

Air-raid practices played an important part in the lives of all of us. Many times in the middle of a lesson the air-raid alarm was sounded, and we had to rush up a high and steep hill, run across some fields and get into our air-raid shelter. It was a good shelter, but the strain of getting there often exhausted us.

Towards the end of my stay in the country we had occasional air-raids at night, but, I must say, a few Germans overhead did not upset us.

The girls were gradually leaving as danger increased. Some went to their parents in various parts of Britain, some to America and other distant countries. I knew nothing about my going to America until, one day, my mother and sister came to see me and told me that everything was arranged except my berth. I was pleased in one way, sorry in another: I had always longed to see America and my dream was now to turn into reality, but I did not want to leave my friends behind, amid the horrors of war.

One week-end at the beginning of the summer holidays, when I was staying with a cousin of mine, the telephone rang and the message that I was going to sail for America within less than a week, was

delivered. Three hurried days full of shopping and packing passed and I left England. I could not even let a good many of my friends, most of them "somewhere in England," know that I was leaving.

After a calm crossing, I arrived in Canada. I took a train down to New York, which made a terrific impression on me. My uncle, with whom I am staying, sent me to Barnard College. I am delighted with college life and am having a wonderful time at Barnard.

### From France

1937. Paris. "Boulevard St. Michel."

CENTURIES of history have passed over these stones and thousands of boys and girls are still there studying, thinking, working together, from all countries of the world, from all social conditions. They work, but they do know, too, how to have a good time and to strike a balance between work and pleasure.

They will be physicians, lawyers, mathematicians, archaeologists, philosophers, artists, poets; they will all have lived this wonderful life of the "quartier latin," where everyone lives for nothing but to reach a higher level and bring something to himself and to society. However poor they may be, they would never give up this life.

May-June, 1940. The little city of P. . . . "somewhere in France."

I am sitting in the Greek class: to my left an Alsatian girl, to my right a boy from Belgium, behind me another one from the North, and a Parisian girl, and so on through the whole class. Most of them are from the invaded regions, all working there together, because they know that after the war France will need men and women capable of rebuilding the French culture and of teaching the next generation this same ideal. Of course everyone does what he can to help; the chief thing is to help the hundreds of refugees who arrive every day, exhausted and often wounded. So each of us in his turn spends part of the night in the station, preparing food and putting the children to sleep and some to the hospital. A family arrives from the northeast of France: the old grandmother, the mother and three young children. One little girl has been slightly wounded, but taken care of on the way. The mother tells me: "I haven't heard anything from my husband for six weeks, he

was somewhere at the front. Everything is burnt in our village. We have walked for 100 miles and 'they' machine-gunned us all the way." But suddenly, with something steady in her eyes and voice, she says, "After all, what does it matter, if only we can win? It's only the children, you see, Miss . . ." The city is bombed; every night we have to go down to the shelters. The final examinations start as usual; the only difference is that, before giving the subject, the examiner utters the consecrated sentence: "If there is an alarm, just leave your papers on the table and go down in order." The Germans cannot prevent us from translating Homer and Plato with enthusiasm, and we work because we know why we have to go on.

June 15-25, 1940

The Germans are coming: there is mad terror, to which succeeds gloomy prostration. Everything we have lived for is destroyed. Life stops: one can do something, one can live, under the bombs; under the Nazi occupation, nothing can be done.

#### From Holland

**H**ITLER invaded Holland early in the morning of Friday, May 10, 1940. I happened to be in a hotel near the Hague. My father was at that time on his way home from a business conference in Geneva. Four o'clock in the morning of Friday, May 10th, my mother and I were awakened by a terrible noise and wondering what it might be we went out on the balcony. At first we did not see anything, but soon airplanes appeared by dozens while the anti-aircraft batteries made the house tremble; I trembled too.

"Does this mean war, mother?"

"I am afraid it does, my child."

Planes were falling down in flames and smoke. Bomb explosions. Shooting. But what were those little white clouds falling down? We were afraid. We dressed and went downstairs, where we heard over the radio that Germany had invaded Holland and that parachutists were coming down everywhere (you remember the little white clouds). So Friday passed with war all around. That night we went to bed without undressing.

Saturday morning passed exactly like Friday, but then in the afternoon when I tried to get some sleep (for we could not sleep the night before), my father suddenly arrived with exciting stories

about his journey from Geneva to the Hague—via Paris, Brussels and Antwerp and from there with terrible difficulties through the fighting zone. Saturday and Sunday passed like the others: shooting and bombs.

On Monday the Germans advanced, many Dutch soldiers having been killed and treason everywhere. At about 6 p.m. my father came in saying: "The Royal Family has left for England, the government says the case is desperate and is going too. Pack as little luggage as you can and in about 10 minutes we shall go away in the car."

So we did and drove to Hoek van Holland, where three British destroyers were waiting for refugees. We went on one of them and sailed away, the coast of Holland slowly disappearing. Germans tried to hit us with their bombs, but missed, and we escaped through the darkness of the night to England. The voyage was dangerous and terrible, and I could neither sleep nor think. The next morning we arrived at the Tilbury docks in a clear sunlit morning, and a special train brought us to London, where we went to a hotel. I slept until about 8 o'clock in the evening. At 9 o'clock, Queen Wilhelmina (who is the bravest, most majestic and most admirable person in the world!) spoke on the B.B.C. and our anthem, the "Wilhelmus," was played. We stayed a month in England, where I went to a school in the country to improve my English. But when business became too difficult for my father, we decided to go to America.

The voyage to America was dangerous, but luckily nothing happened. On board we heard about the fall of France, which practically destroyed all our hopes. On June 24th we arrived in New York, where the Statue of Liberty made us welcome.

Knowing nothing about the educational system in this country I went to the Country Day School in Rye, but the headmaster said that I was too advanced and sent me to Barnard College. Of course it has been difficult for me here in the beginning, but I am used to it now and feel quite at home among the Barnard girls, who are very, very kind to me. I hope, however, to go back as soon as possible. We are very optimistic and hope has increased, rather than decreased, now that England is doing so well.

Let America too stand on guard, for "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty."

# The Dean's Christmas Message

**I** BRING Christmas greetings from Barnard College to you all—to those assembled here in our great gymnasium, as usual at this season, and to the friends who listen from afar.

As I have done so often in the past, I will read to you a few familiar and much loved verses from the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke.

“And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

“And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

“And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

“For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

“And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

“And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, Good will toward men.”

These words may seem to you in the world of today just cruel irony.

The good tidings of great joy which the angel proclaimed, were embodied in the “sign”—the babe lying in the manger. This picture of the little child has come to symbolize to many millions on this earth, whatever their religious beliefs, the spirit of human kindness and generosity and love—the spirit that should prevail at Christmas time.

One reason, therefore, why the present world revolution seems to us so peculiarly horrible and so destructive of all we have valued most, is because *other* pictures of little children have been for many months so vivid in our minds:—a little child starving in his starving mother's arms by some roadside in Poland or in France; a little child lying shattered in death beside the wreckage of his English home. And this is one reason why the hearts of America went out in such swift and generous welcome to the children of our British kinsmen who were able to reach these shores.

We must not let this generous emotion of pity and sympathy, of good will toward men, be ex-

tinguished by the blackness of the world picture today. Here it must live through the storm.

Dark ages have come upon mankind before, when it seemed as if all the lights were going out. But always some little candles flickered on and remained to light a new glory when better days were won again for the world.

So now in this country, still free and strong, while we summon our strength to preserve our freedom, we must strive also to keep alight the Christmas candles of human kindness and brotherly helpfulness, that they may shine abroad gloriously again when this dark age is ended.

“Fear not!” A restful holiday and a heartening Christmas to you all!

## A Letter to the Dean

**D**EAN GILDERSLEEVE has received this letter from Jacqueline Dawson '38, now Mrs. Keith M. Chittenden, from Oxford, in England.

“It was a strange coincidence that this morning brought with it both many thoughts and reminiscences of Barnard and your report! It seems a long time since I was an undergraduate at Barnard, but some of my happiest memories are connected with my years as a student there. Long discussions with my friends in the “Jungle” on metaphysical abstractions, Aristotelian logic, or current world events. On the last topic I never exactly shone—my mother used to say to me *re* my not reading the newspapers: ‘Babbie, it is such a pity that you can never get any further forward than 44 B.C.!’

“I have changed since then, needless to say. Every morning I read avidly the *London Times*, the *Telegraph*, and every paper I can lay my hands on. Moreover, I sit with my ears glued to the wireless when the newest bulletins are being read. The remainder of the time I spend knitting for the Forces and reading Thucydides or Aristotle. I actually do both at the same time—having become quite proficient at knitting through hard practice.

“My husband was called up in the middle of August—he has completed his initial training. . . . If all goes well he will have his commission by Christmas, and then we will be together more, unless he is sent to a restricted area.

“The entry of Greece into the war is regarded

(Continued on page 13)

# ALUMNAE

## How Good Is Your Barnardiana?

IF you were confronted with a section of a façade, one-half of a familiar face, a phrase that tantalized your memory, a silhouette of a well-known figure—could you spot the source of each? How familiar is the entrance of Milbank, the face of a favorite professor, the quotation on the wall in Barnard Hall, the outline of the campus mail-man? If you're proud of your observations around Barnard and Columbia, now's your chance to show them off and win a prize; if you're not so sure of your local color, Alumnae Day on February 12th will be informative as well as entertaining.

The program for the day will begin at 11:30 a.m., with a special meeting of the Associate Alumnae, called by the president, for the purpose of voting on the final issues relating to the reorganization of the financial set-up of the Association. *All active members* are urged to come to this meeting and exercise their right to vote on the policies which will determine much of the Association's activity for years to come. Further notice of this meeting will be given by mail and more of its function can be read on the inside front cover. Next, at 12:30, will be the customary luncheon in Hewitt Hall for *all* alumnae with a talk by the Dean and a more informal report of the Association's progress by the president, Emilie Young Muzzey. Immediately after lunch, the reunion committee will present its feature, "So You Think You Know Barnard?" during which everyone present will be able to display her definitive knowledge of the campus and the people who have appeared on it. The young fry will stare helplessly at a scene long remembered by the older alumnae who will in turn be baffled by an excerpt of vivid contemporary interest. But there will be something in the program for everybody and a prize for the winner. The contest will be judged during the next hour while the Dean entertains the alumnae at her annual tea, and the announcement of the winning alumna will be the climax of the afternoon.

So remember February 12th!

## And on January 10th . . .

As this issue of the *Monthly* goes to press, the following box-holders for the opera benefit

on Friday, January 10th, have been announced:

Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, Mrs. Frank Altschul, Mrs. Dana C. Backus, Mrs. Irving Berlin, Mrs. Charles C. Black, President and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Mrs. Hilda Hellman, Mrs. Alfred Hess, Mrs. Elon H. Hooker, Mrs. Adam LeRoy Jones, Mrs. Frederick P. King, Mrs. Frederic R. King, Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Mrs. Arthur Lehman, Mrs. E. Graham Lewis (Elizabeth Arden), Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, Dave Hennen Morris, George Welwood Murray, Mrs. Joseph Norris Murray, Mrs. Charles Perkins, Miss Mary Stuart Pullman, Mrs. Ogden Reid, Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Mrs. Hooker Talcott, Mrs. E. Eldridge Thomas, and Mrs. Max Wallerstein.

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## As One Alumna to Another . . .

Dear Dee:

If letter-writing is one of the gods' greatest gifts to man, as it's cracked up to be, I certainly haven't proved a very grateful receiver of grace. Lay the negligence to holiday causes, and let me answer your question now.

Yes, I've been at Barnard recently. In fact I'm there right now, having just been at a meeting of the central committee of the Alumnae Fund. Here's the low-down on the Fund situation.

This year the Fund is asking for contributions to help defray the College expenses for scholarships for native and foreign-born students. The appeal will go out as usual on February 1st. Then the hard-working central committee will hope like anything that every one of their six thousand confreres will respond in less time than it takes to fly from here to Seattle.

People have a habit of saying that's a hope as vain as the vainest that flutters in the human heart. Not me. For me it's a green and grassy one. Naive little pigeon that I am, I never can see why everyone shouldn't want to put aside at least a dollar for a scholarship fund like this—or for the Student Loan Fund, if they choose. Kids in general are pretty important these days. Why do you suppose nearly four thousand of us don't care enough about them to want to help those who need help if they're to get an education that will make them intelligent adults?

# PROJECTS

It's a sad state of affairs. But I deny that it's hopeless. Maybe terrific numbers of the four thousand will see the light this year, and comfort me by henceforth numbering themselves among the awakened. They aren't wicked people, Dee; they just haven't really thought about this annual Fund business, and the good work it does. If I were Elsa Maxwell I'd get them all to a party, just to prove they were as much fun to lift a teacup with as anyone I know.

Anyhow—but here comes Fred, the postman. More of this later. Must make the mail now.

In the meantime, save whatever you conveniently can and send it to us when you get your appeal. Write soon, too, and win the thanks of

yr. devoted,

(Signed by a central committee member, from whose hands it was snatched for copy purposes. The original got into the next mail.—*Ed.*)

## Thrift Shop News

FIRST of all, on January 20th there will be a Bundle Tea at the Barnard College Club, which the Thrift Shop committee certainly appreciates.

We should like to have more of the alumnae visit the shop, especially on a Friday afternoon. There you will find Elfie Cahen Rosebery selling customers everything they want (and some things they *don't* want very much!) If you will go on to the back room, you will see Teddy Curtis quietly and efficiently pricing assorted articles, with an occasional query to Isabel Stevens as to what it is anyway!

The results of these labors show in the check for \$162.74 turned in to the Scholarship Fund from our October sales.

Thus your rummage saved the students 350 hours of work away from their studies or recreation. Isn't it worth while?

## Seven College Conference

AT the invitation of the alumnae secretaries of Smith and Mount Holyoke, Emilie Young Muzzey and Page Johnston Karling attended a conference of the Seven College alumnae presidents and secretaries on November 22nd at the

Hotel New Weston. Several of the colleges were also represented by chairmen of their "emergency committees" which had been formed to discuss and handle the question of the place of women's organization such as ours in national defense and war relief. A complete report of these colleges' proposed activities and actual contributions will be on file in the Alumnae Office for reference by any alumna who would be interested in it.

In brief, it was the sense of the meeting that in the matter of war relief we should proceed with our individual plans and projects independent of each other; in the question of national defense we should wait until we are told where our abilities and resources can best be used, and then work together as a group.

It was extremely interesting to note that the eighteen persons present represented over a hundred thousand college women in America whose combined efforts might easily play a prominent role in a national emergency project.

## - - - and the Alumni Council Conference

THANKS to the proximity of the Hotel Gramatan in Bronxville, four alumnae officers were able to attend a conference of District II of the American Alumni Council. Catherine Baldwin Woodbridge, chairman of the Fund; Gene Pertak Storms, editor of the *Monthly*; Amy Schaeffer, secretary of the Fund; and Page Johnston Karling, secretary of the Alumnae Association, were present at one or more of the sessions which covered all forms of alumni work from publication subscription lists to prep-school cultivation. With one exception, all the speakers represented men's colleges or universities, yet it was encouraging to learn that their trials and triumphs are just about the same as ours, only differing in the number and sex of alumni who contribute to the trials and can be credited with the triumphs. The one exception was a notable one, for Amy Schaeffer represented the only women's college on the program. Her subject was "The Techniques in Women's College Funds."

The conference, covering many subjects pertinent to our work on 120th Street, was both stimulating and informative, and left us with only one regret—that we don't have a football team!

# Meet Miss Marx!

NINE years ago the telephone company made a mistake. It thought it could afford Emily Marx House the same sort of treatment it was dealing out to a good many other New Yorkers. So it didn't send a man around to remove a bulky kitchen 'phone that had been installed for the former tenants of the House apartment, not even when Mrs. House politely requested the removal. So Mrs. House deducted five dollars from her telephone bill every month for about six months, charging the money off to storage rates for the extra 'phone, and marking her checks "Payment in Full."

The telephone company accepted the checks, thereby committing a, for them, fatal error: the phrase "payment in full" on a cashed check is a legal bar over which a ducat-digger can't jump if as an afterthought he decides his debtor owes him more than he's been paid. The telephone company tried to overlook that, when finally it checked up. It tried to reason with Mrs. House. It tried to get Mr. House to reason with Mrs. House. Mr. House, both as a lawyer and as a husband, would have nothing to do with the case, and his wife stood firm.

The telephone company finally caught on to the fact that Emily Marx was a lawyer just as efficiently as Mrs. House was a housewife. It threw up its hands. But since it couldn't admit its own negligence in not removing the offending 'phone in the first place, it wrote off the five dollars in a quaint subterfuge of bookkeeping. It 'phoned Miss Marx. "Has John Smith been admitted to the bar in New York?" it asked. Miss Marx told it where that information was available. "Thank you," the telephone company said gratefully, and forthwith wrote off the accumulated storage charge deductions to legal counsel fee, thus squaring their books and leaving Mrs. House triumphant on the field.

There's an accomplishment, as anyone who's ever had a brush with AT&T will agree. But it's a minor one in the life of Emily Marx House, Barnard 1923. After graduating from Yale Law in 1925, she was admitted to the New York bar, and has been successfully practising ever since. Moreover, she has given the lie to Blackstone, who declared that law is a jealous mistress that brooks no divided love. Mrs. House has two children, a boy of three and a girl of eight. Their upbringing is her only real hobby, though a daily horseback ride and a perennial interest in politics (she ran for the legislature



twice) take up some of her extra-curricular time, too.

Every now and then you meet someone whose outside life seems perfectly rounded, and who is completely suited to his work. Miss Marx, as she calls herself professionally, is such a one. She has no special fields of legal interest. She believes there are certain simple, fundamental principles behind all complicated legal matters, and has done a great deal in trying to interpret them to the public, chiefly through a series of radio talks on WEAJ in 1927-28, and in her new book for aliens. What she likes is law in general, and a case that demands a new approach in particular.

Of recent years she has been doing a lot of immigration work. She argued one alien case before the United States Supreme Court, on the same day that John W. Davis argued a similar case. Miss Marx sought to convince the nine judges that her client, a Canadian woman, might conscientiously object to promising to bear arms for the United States and still be eligible for citizenship. (When the justices filed in and saw Miss Marx, Justice McReynolds remarked in a voice loud enough for all to hear, "Do we have to listen to a female?")

There was a five to four decision against the plea, Justices Brandeis, Holmes, Hughes and Stone dissenting. But the case set a precedent, and it was

lost in good company, Miss Marx points out: John W. Davis got exactly the same treatment at the hands of the bench.

Miss Marx has helped numbers of aliens out of their scrapes, often by attacking their problems with the "new approach." The federal government is cooperative in such cases if they are dealing with someone they can trust. Miss Marx, for instance, advises the immigration authorities of each step she's been taking. "Now I'm getting him divorced from the wife he's been separated from for years," she told them at one point in the case of a Waldorf chef who was illegally here. "Now I'm getting him married, and his new wife is becoming a citizen." And so forth. The net result was that the chef kept his job during the three years it took to legalize his status.

Her work with aliens caused Miss Marx to write "Alien Into Citizen," a pamphlet on how to enter, stay in and leave the United States of America. She found no simple texts and a great deal of stupid confusion on the subject, so she wrote the book to help clear the minds of the two to three million aliens who are estimated to be in the United States illegally. One of the sections is titled "If you

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(Continued from page 9)

by me not unnaturally with a sort of maternal interest. I prophesied that they would fight like demons and I was right. If their ancestors are watching, they must be proud. What saddens me is that Italy—may Heaven be praised that it is 'Italy,' not 'Rome!'—is the country to be guilty of so foul an attack upon Greece. No Roman would countenance it. When one considers Caesar, Cicero, the younger Scipio and especially Flaminius—and then one turns one's mind to Mussolini and his myrmidons—one shudders, for the contrast is hideous. Greece! to whom Rome owed—and knew she owed—so much.

"I yearn for the day that the war will end, as does every person, but I don't want it to be one day sooner than the day that will smash Hitler and Hitlerian philosophy. The British people are of fine calibre. Their courage is steely, so is their determination. . . . People lose their families, their possessions, their friends, but they carry on with even more spirit than before disaster. The more terrible the adversity, the greater the British become. Hitler will never defeat a people like this people. He might as well give up trying."

smuggled yourself in, read this (for Gate Crashers)." Another is advice on "Your taxes (Pay Them)."

Miss Marx's success with immigration and other types of legal work is pointed up by the fact that she seldom has to plead a case in court: most of her cases are settled without getting on the court calendar. Incidentally, she declares that a woman lawyer is apt to get more credit than a man for presenting good briefs and doing good work generally. Contrariwise, she gets more blame for being a bad or mediocre lawyer, and her lacks reflect on other women lawyers disproportionately.

The prejudice against women lawyers, when it exists at all, is due to their faculty for quitting their profession after time has been spent training them, and to their lack of proper legal background. When she served as a judge in the Domestic Relations Court last summer, Miss Marx found no prejudice against her because she was a woman, nor has she ever been conscious of it.

Speaking of women, she believes that colleges could do a lot more than they do in training girls for the roles they will play in what is jocularly known as the Outside World. Personal appearance and the relating of academic courses to practical problems are two things she would stress. And as far as teaching methods are concerned, she would have more teaching by suggestion—stimulating students to use their own ha'penny worth of brain for original thought—and less inoculation of doses of information that leaves a mind informed but unthinking.

Amy Schaeffer

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#### Administration Notes

At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of Barnard College, held on Thursday, December 5th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mr. Lucius H. Beers, chairman; Mrs. Ogden Reid, vice-chairman; Mr. Duncan H. Read, clerk; and Mrs. Adam Leroy Jones and Mr. Lindsay Bradford, members of the executive committee for a term of three years.

The Board of Trustees also elected as trustee the Reverend Donald Aldrich, D.D., rector of the Church of the Ascension. Dr. Aldrich is also chairman of the Church Congress and president of the Standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York.

# Barnard Publishes

THE LISTENING MAN, by *Lucy Embury*, Barnard, 1904. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. \$2.50.

Lucy Embury (Hubbell) has written another book for young people, and your reviewer would rate it as better than this author's earlier "Painted Saints" even if the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation hadn't awarded it two thousand dollars for children's literature this fall.

The listening man was first a listening lad, small Ollave who lived a life of pastoral dreaminess with his family in Ireland back in the turbulent sixth century. He listened to his mild father, who fished all day from a stoutly woven little coracle anchored on the river Boyne, and Thought About Life. He listened to his loving, bustling mother, who planted and hoed the crops, cooked the meals, spun and wove and dyed the clothes, and doctored the offspring. He listened to the old Druid who lived in the cave on the hill. But most of all he listened to the sounds of the countryside and the seasons, and loved them all. Eventually Ollave became a pupil at Clonard, that refuge founded by Prince Finnian for scholars in flight from barbarous Europe. Clonard was only half a day's gallop from Tara, and when he became a man Ollave went to that great seat of kings to sing his songs.

There is a deep, underlying love of peace and simplicity all through the book. The details of sixth century life—their foods, their hunting, their ignorance and wisdom—seem accurate and round out the story well. Perhaps a little too much loving care was lavished upon the style in which the tale is told; it is effortless with an effort.

THE DEADLY SUNSHADE, by *Phoebe Atwood Taylor*, Barnard, 1930. New York: W. W. Norton.

If you happen to know that atropine is a poison made from an attractive, purple-flowered vine called the deadly nightshade, and if you further happen to remember Pat Taylor's passion for puns and for slipping clues into her titles, you will start this mystery story a couple of jumps ahead of the average American subway reader. That's all the help this column will give you as to who killed whom and why, and no true Asey Mayo fan will ask for more. The plot is a bit involved, but it hangs together, and justice, Asey, and the comic relief all triumph in the end.

If you are not an A.M. fan, dig up some of the back installments and get busy. If you are, you will not need to be told that murder has again reared its ugly head on Cape Cod, that Asey happens along at the right moment, that he talks freely about the case to all listeners (this always makes me nervous) drives like Jehu up and down the old cowpaths *and* U.S. 6, indulges in caustic asides to his explosive Dr. Watson, dear old Cummings, and finally finds the pea under the right shell.

You might like to hear, however, that this Asey episode is better than some recent ones as to quips and cracks. It has long been my theory that anyone can write a book in which somebody kills somebody else, baffles the police, and gets caught at last. An awful lot of people have written same. I did, myself, with a classmate at Barnard, when both of us should have been doing term papers. (We had sense enough not to waste postage sending it to any publishers). But not many people can do it and be hilariously funny at the same time. It has always been the humor, dry or slapstick, of the Asey books which has endeared them to readers. The funnier an Asey mystery is, the more it shines among other detective stories. My colleague, Clifton Fadiman, intimates that he doesn't like the plot of this one. Poohdiddle, Clif. Anyone can chart a plot. I read Asey for the gibes, and he is in fine form this time.

## Alumnae Library

Lately the library has received only a very few gifts for the Alumnae Library. The library has no fund with which to buy these books and would be so grateful for gifts. If by any chance the book is already here, it will be added to the general collection unless I am asked to return it to the sender.

If you are interested in seeing this collection, you may do so. It is in the book case directly opposite the entrance to the library. There is a card catalogue of the collection in the library.

You will be surprised and I think pleased to see the number and kind of books and reprints of articles which Barnard authors have written.

BERTHA L. ROCKWELL, *Librarian*



## TWO APPEALS

THE library lacks a good many numbers of the Class Day booklets or programs published each year at Commencement. We need the copies for the Archives file as well as for the file kept in the library.

Can anyone supply any of the missing numbers? If so, please send them to me.

The numbers we lack are—anything before 1908, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1923, 1924, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1939, 1940.

BERTHA L. ROCKWELL, *Librarian*

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THE Costume Committees of Greek Games are in need of two sewing machines, since the ones we have are at least 25 years old and beyond the stage of repair. Greek Games Central Committee will be glad to pay the expense of delivery, or would even appreciate sewing machines being loaned from February through April 5th. All of you alumnae know how important the sewing machines are to the Costume Committees and to Greek Games, so won't you please help us out?

MARION STRENG

## OUR OWN AGONY COLUMN

*Notices which alumnae wish to appear in this column must be mailed before the fifteenth of each month to the Editor of the Agony Column, Alumnae Monthly, Barnard College, New York. Commercial notices cannot be accepted for publication here, but alumnae interested in placing such advertisements may communicate with D. Putney, care of the "Monthly" and will receive a discount for graduates.*

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WILL SWAP A PAIR OF SOFT GREEN CURTAINS, gorgeous silk rep, extra long, for child's table and chair set in good condition.—*Mater Familias.*

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ARE YOU A MASON? IT DOESN'T MATTER, IF YOU can tell me where I can get a daguerreotype revived, reasonably.—*Old Mug.*

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ATTENTION, BIG BEN! WHERE IS A DEPENDABLE clocksmith to repair an old clock of mine?—*Stopped Short.*

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HAVE BOY'S WINTER OVERCOAT—SIZE 16—IN EX-  
cellent condition. Also a blue flannel suit and a white Palm  
Beach suit. Anyone interested?—*Suburban.*

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WILL SWAP ANYTHING WITHIN REASON OR EVEN  
pay cash for second-hand baby carriage. Any year, make or  
model.—*Class of '22.*

# The Barnard Clubs

The Barnard College "Alumnae Monthly" has a reputation for always meeting the announced date of publication. This is not an empty honor; it is a source of actual advertising revenue.

If we are to retain this valuable selling point we cannot promise to accept for publication in the issue in preparation, any club news received after the fifteenth of the month.

Please send your club notes direct to Mrs. James E. Flynn, 430 West 118th Street, New York City.

### Albany

The newly-formed Barnard Club in Albany had its first meeting—a steak dinner—at the Hotel Wellington, Albany, on December 14th. Eleven alumnae were present and about fifteen more indicated that they were interested in future meetings. The group has been invited to hold the January meeting at Polly Cooper Hamilton's. Annual dues were set at \$1.00, and the following officers were elected: president, Mary Blackall; vice-president, Mary Foxell; and secretary-treasurer, Margaret Graff. Others

present were Mary Goggin, Elsa Becker Corbitt, Kathryn Trowbridge McCormick, Irene Frear, Eleanor Van Horne, Wilhelmina Jackson, Darl Cunningham and her guest, Elsie Tisch '36, of New York City.

### Boston

At the November meeting of Barnard-in-Boston, held at the home of Henrietta Swope '25, the following officers were elected: president, Emily Ried-

## BARNARD COLLEGE ALUMNAE MONTHLY

inger Flint '30; vice-president, Garda Brown Wise '23; secretary, Viola Walser Goodrich '20.

Mrs. Goodrich has recently moved to Cambridge from Baltimore.

The Seven Colleges tea for future students was held on December 4th at the College Club, and was attended by about one hundred and fifty girls from neighboring schools. The Barnard alumnae were represented at this meeting by Olga Ihlseng Nunan '11, Emily Riedinger Flint '30, Elizabeth Kleeman '38 and Mary Heuser '39.

A luncheon was given at the home of Eleanor Touroff Glueck '19 on Saturday, December 7th, in honor of the fine arts students from Barnard. Fifteen students and two members of the faculty were present, as were also Henrietta Swope '25, Emily Riedinger Flint '30, Olga Ihlseng Nunan '11, Louise Stabler Parker '93, Elizabeth Kleeman '38, Mary Heuser '39, Margaret Howland '27, Ruth Magurn '29, Mary Craig Rice '34, Dorothy Kirchwey Brown '10, Dorothy Hall Morris '19, Mildred Williamson Johnston '25 and Violet Walser Goodrich '20.

On January 25th Barnard-in-Boston is to be hostess for the meeting of the Seven Colleges at the Statler Hotel. Dr. Gulli Lindh Muller has charge of the arrangements. Dean Gildersleeve and President Davis of Smith College will speak.

### Brooklyn

Barnard-in-Brooklyn's annual Christmas party was held at the home of Eleanor Dwyer Garbe '08, on Friday, December 13th. Santa Claus (Amalia Gianella Hamilton '16) distributed gifts to the tune of Christmas carols which issued forth from a beautifully decorated tree. After several hilarious games, refreshments were served and a toast drunk to the club's president, Helen Mayer '30, who has announced her engagement to James A. Folliard. The next meeting of the club will be held at the home of Mabel McCann Molloy '10, on February 19th. Dr. Gulielma Alsop will be the guest speaker.

### Mount Vernon

On Wednesday evening, December 18th, a Christmas party was held at the home of Genevieve Perri '37. Everyone enjoyed the carol singing, games and grab bag. Following the festivities a short business meeting was held to make plans for the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of the club, which will take place in March.

### New York

The War Relief Unit of the Barnard College Club reports an ever increasing number of workers and hopes that many more will find time to help after the first of the year. Sixty-six club members and sixteen non-members have either contributed money for supplies or have been responsible for the completion of fifty sewn and one hundred and thirty-one knitted and crocheted garments. In

addition, quantities of miscellaneous clothing and other useful articles have been donated.

Four sewing machines and a fine pair of shears, all donated—not to mention the ping-pong table—now make it possible to cut and make much-needed clothing from our own material. The Relief Unit meets regularly every Tuesday from 10 A.M. until 10:30 P.M. Wool is also distributed at the Monday teas. May we remind you again that non-members of the Club are invited to join us in this work?

Because of the opera benefit on January 10th, no activities other than the Monday teas will be scheduled during the month. The tea on January 20th will be for the benefit of Everybody's Thrift Shop.

### Pittsburgh

Freda Kirchwey '15, editor and publisher of "The Nation," was the guest of honor at a tea given by the Barnard College Club of Pittsburgh during her busy day in that city on December 11th. Mary Pyle Fleck '24, president of the Pittsburgh group, and Gertrude Robin Kamin '27 were chairmen, and Mary Schollenberger Lester, ex-'35, and Merla Rosenfield Crip '34 poured.

The members who attended included Margaret Hatfield Breckenridge '26, Hazel Burkholder '12, Rosemary Casey '26, Emma Coulter '38, Lucile Fiske Cuntz '30, Lillian Friedman '20, Gertrude Cahill Hollinshead '23, Margaret Southerton Hough '12, Anne Johnston '36, Maxine Rothschild Male '31, Lucille Bosshardt Marzolf, ex-'34, Doris Pascal Read '36, Ruth Abelson Seder '31, Alma Champlin Smythe '31 and Hattie Sondheim '14.

Among the invited guests were George Seibel, former dramatic critic of the Pittsburgh "Sun-Telegraph"; Mrs. Vincent Drayne and Miss Helen Ryman, president and vice-president, respectively, of the Women's Press Club; Mrs. Paul Abelson; Mrs. Bertram Rothschild; Mrs. John E. Nelson, former president of the College Club of Pittsburgh; Miss Frances Kelly and Miss Althea Curran, both of the Carnegie Library School.

Before the tea, Miss Kirchwey had been entertained at luncheon by the Lecture Committee of the Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Associations, had given an interview to a reporter from the Pittsburgh "Post-Gazette" and had visited new housing projects in the city.

In the evening, before a large and enthusiastic audience in the "Y" auditorium, Miss Kirchwey spoke on "The Refugee Problem," and the work of the Emergency Rescue Committee headed by Dr. Frank Kingdon. This committee has coordinated the efforts of many overlapping organizations in bringing refugees to this country, and has already brought at least one hundred and fifty prominent anti-Fascists out of Europe. Miss Kirchwey feels that the task of aiding these refugees is a tremendous one, and that what has been accomplished is very little, as thousands of them are still in acute danger.

**San Francisco**

The recent luncheon meeting was highlighted with interesting bits of news of Barnard alumnae as reported by Edith Willman Emerson who had returned from a recent visit to New York. In the over-the-table discussions the mention of well-known names and even those not so well known brought back many interesting experiences. An intimate word picture of the new home of the Alumnae Office made its recent transformation easy to visualize. Other details of campus activities were of lively interest to this far western branch of the alumnae family.

Members welcomed Lilian Egleston '10 from Elizabeth, New Jersey, who was a guest at the meeting.

Among Barnard alumnae attending the meeting were: Ethel Reges Brown '16, Olive Thompson Cowell '10, Edith Willman Emerson '19, Eleanor Scott Paine '28, Gertrude Keiley Patch '24, Harriet W. Poore '14, Mathilde Drachman Smith '21, Margaret Grant Wehmeier '39, Emma Cole Young '07.

The January meeting will mark the second anniversary of the club, at which time the annual election of officers will take place.

*Buy-Ways*

If Aunt Tillie gave you some money for Christmas, you'd better have something to show for it before it evaporates, as Christmas money has a way of doing. There's no better investment than **Topley's Tweeds**. If you don't find a suit or coat that is just exactly what you want, you can have one made for a very modest price. You'll have to see the materials to know how fine they are. Why not drop in and look them over? The address is 105 West 40th Street, Room 709.

If you've been thinking about a fur coat, **Florence Cole** can help you get one at a saving. She is a furriers' representative and has been in the business for years. She knows what each manufacturer specializes in, so you have an unlimited choice. She also knows the status of animal life—whether a pelt is good, or just indifferent, whether it died from old age, or was still in its prime when fashioned into a coat. You can reach her at 516 Fifth Avenue, Suite 405—write or telephone (MUrray Hill 2-3383) for information.

Not many of you have to be reminded about the **Leona Fur Studio**, 105 West 72nd Street. So many of you have gone and taken friends that you know how good the coats are, and how inexpensive. Leona has written testimony from many satisfied customers.

**The Barr Studio**, 10 East 53rd Street, Studio 7, has bargains galore in the way of dresses, coats, and suits. The prices are so low that we didn't believe them until we had looked them over. Mrs. Barr has been selling sample clothes

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for many years. It's high time more of you looked into her wares.

Next month we'll deal with one of our favorite topics—resorts. In the meantime, **The Farm on the Hill** or **Pleasant Mountain Inn** may be just what you are looking for. You'll find them on page 17.

We can't resist telling you right now, though, that **Pleasant Mountain Inn** is the ideal spot for either a summer or a winter vacation. In summer you can stay in a cabin, if you prefer, and there is a fireplace in each room and a connecting bath. And we still remember Mrs. Riley's steak and French fried onions!

## Class Notes

**1900** (Class Editor—THEODORA BALDWIN, 430 West 119th Street.)

SARAH ROSENSTEIN BLANK has moved to New York from San Francisco, and is now living at 305 West 86th Street.

**1902** James H. Mathias, son of ALMA ROSENSTEIN MATHIAS, has recently married MARJORIE DAVIDOW, Barnard '39, who is the daughter of RUTH HAYS DAVIDOW, ex-'18.

MARGARET CLARK SUMNER made a short visit to New York in November and was greeted by a number of her classmates. Mrs. Sumner makes her home in La Jolla, California, where her husband, Dr. Francis B. Sumner, professor of biology at the University of California, is stationed at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

**1904** (Class Editor—FLORENCE BEECKMAN, 141 West 104th Street.)

LUCY EMBURY HUBBELL has an article, "Paris Travels," in the December issue of *Travel*. She also wrote "The Odyssey of Uncle Sam's Eagle" for the May issue of *Natural History Magazine*, and "Conservation," published by the American Forestry Association.

**1908** (Class Editor—A. MILDRED KERNER, 407 West 34th Street.)

JOSEPHINE COOKE PASHLEY and her husband, Captain William H. Pashley, are living on the *U.S.S. Seattle* at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn. She writes that her special interest this winter is a club for the wives of the enlisted men. She is also taking a course in Textiles and Costume Design at the Brooklyn Museum.

**1909** (Class Editor—ETHEL GOODWIN, 438 West 116th Street.)

The regular fall get-together of the class was held at the Barbizon on Saturday, November 30th. It was an informal luncheon meeting and the following members attended:—Helen Newbold Black, Gladys Arkenburgh Chandler, Julia Goldberg Crone, Ethel Goodwin, Alice Grant, Alice Jaggard, Margaret Kenney Jensen, Myra McLean, Helen McPherson, Dean Smith Schloss, Herlinda Smithers Seris, Lucy Thompson, Dorothy Calman Wallerstein and Helene Boas Yampolsky.

HORTENSE MURCH OWEN writes from Hubbardsville, New York, that her husband has bought a farm in that town and they are raising chickens. She has two sons who are married

and one at home who expects to enter Colgate next year. The daughter is training to be a nurse in the East Orange General Hospital.

UNA BARNARD SALT, sending greetings from California, said that she was in New York last year for the first time in twenty-one years and "felt like Rip Van Winkle on coming out of the subway at 116th Street and seeing traffic lights. Only the board fence seemed unchanged."

ETHEL IVEYMEY LANGMUIR is spending a few months in Pasadena, California, with her son, Robert, and her first grandchild, Alan Dean Langmuir, who was born on August 18th.

F. MAY INGALLS BEGGS is head of one of the freshman houses at Wellesley College for this year. She writes that it is quite a change to be in the house with thirty-one girls after twenty-five years of seeing only men in a college for men! Her husband up to the time of his death last year was chairman of the department of civil engineering at Princeton University. Her son graduated from Princeton in 1938 and is now married and working in the electrical research field.

JESSIE LEVY FEIST, writing from Tacoma, Washington, tells of the loss of her husband last January, as well as the happy news that she has a grandson two months old. One of her daughters is attending the University of Oregon.

ELEANOR GAY VAN DE WATER writes from her home in Brattleboro, Vermont, to say: "We are as much in love with life in the country as ever, after six years here on our hill-top, and manage to keep busy: I with A.A.O.W., British Relief, Hospital Auxiliary, Women's Club, etc., my husband with his writing, lecturing, etc."

EDITH M. TALPEY is spending the winter with her parents in St. Petersburg, Florida. She writes that she is planning to do some work with the Children's Service Bureau taking the responsibility of care of refugee children as they are sent to that agency.

CECILE DE BOUY HERRICK is living in Greenwich, Connecticut, and cordially invites any 1909-er who comes that way to look her up. She has a daughter ten years old.

HANNAH FALK HOFHEIMER reports that her oldest son who is finishing his third year at Yale Law School was married last June. Her daughter is a junior at Cornell and her younger son a freshman at the same college.

EVA VOM BAUR HANSL sends word that her son is Junior Officer of the Princeton ROTC and her daughter, who is in California, is in charge of the Glee Club at the Thacher School where her husband is teaching French.

LOIS KERR is spending the winter at Anna Maria Island, Florida.

MARY DEMAREST is still working in China and sent greetings in the form of a calendar gotten out by the Mission.

ADELAIDE SMITHERS, who is doing mission work in China, reports that the town has been bombed by the Japanese but the work still goes on.

1918 (Class Editor—Mrs. HAROLD BENEDICT, 110 Riverside Drive.)

ELAINE DRAKE has won the 1940 A. M. Sachs interior decoration award with a living room corner treatment. We hope you saw its picture in the *Sun* of November 16th. Other current examples of her work are on display at the Number 10 Gallery, 19 East 56th Street.

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## BARNARD COLLEGE ALUMNAE MONTHLY

JANET FOUTS MARSH is doing graduate work in English at Smith College.

ADELE FRANKLIN, who is director of the Chelsea School Project, has an article, "Healthy Is as Healthy Does," in the current number of *The Day Nursery*, official publication of the National Association of Day Nurseries.

A gala cocktail party for the class will take place at the Barbizon on Wednesday, January 15th, at 4 o'clock. Some of the more luminous of our classmates have promised to attend as bait; and the final drawing for the couch throw will climax the festivities.

**1919** (Class Editor—ELIZABETH HEROD, 430 East 86th Street.)

ERNA GUNTHER is head of the anthropology department of the University of Washington and is director of the Washington State Museum.

ARMITAGE OGDEN MARKHAM's daughter, Peggy, is a sophomore at Wellesley College.

JANET MENEELY SHEPARD has taken two British children for the duration of the war. Pauline Thomas, aged 15, and Trevor Thomas, 12, arrived in July and spent six weeks with the Shepards at their home in Montclair. At present they are at school in St. Louis, but expect to return to Janet's in the summer.

**1923** (Class Editor—AGNES MACDONALD, 865 West End Avenue.)

The Club Notes editor apologizes for a serious error in the November *Monthly*. The name of FRANZISKA BOAS' partner was badly mangled—it is Melvenc Ipcar.

GERMAINE LEHMAN, ex-'23, has a secretarial position with a firm on the New York Produce Exchange.

EMILY MARX HOUSE has recently prepared a supplement of her book, "Alien Into Citizen," published in 1939. Since there have been important changes in immigration and naturalization law and procedure since then, this supplement brings the book up to date.

**1924** (Class Editor—MARY BRADLEY, 88 Morningside Drive.)

ELEANOR PEPPER has opened a new studio for consultation on architectural design and interior design problems at 61 East 66th Street.

**1925** (Class Editor—HELEN YARD, 140 East 63rd Street.)

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ter Haar (MAFALDA DARIUS, ex-'25) are the parents of a son, born October 4, 1940.

**1930** (Class Editors—JEAN CRAWFORD, 155 East 47th Street, and MRS. HOWARD ORTGIES, 2622 Grand Avenue.)

HELEN MAYER has recently announced her engagement to James Folliard, a graduate of St. John's College, Brooklyn. Mr. Folliard and Miss Mayer both teach at S. J. Tilden High School in Brooklyn. They will be married in April.

**1931** (Class Editor—SALLY VREDENBURGH, 145 East 52nd Street.)

ISA McILWRAITH gave an organ recital of music by Johann Sebastian Bach at the Ochs Memorial Temple in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on November 7th.

BEATRICE KLIPSTEIN is not attending the Presbyterian

School of Nursing, as reported in November. To correct a wrong impression, here are the facts. Beatrice was married to Jules E. Stocker in 1932 and has a two-year-old daughter. She received her M.A. from Teachers College in 1937.

**1932** (Class Editor—HELEN APPELL, 338 South First Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.)

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Jay Bunim (MIRIAM SCHILD) have a daughter, Lesley Schild, born on October 28th.

HELENE MAGARET has written a new book, "Father De Smet," published by Farrar and Rinehart.

**1933** (Class Editor—RUTH KORWAN, 2564 31st Street, Long Island City.)

Mr. and Mrs. Mario Melano (MARIE D'ANTONA) have a second child, Laura Maria, born November 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes Dawson (ELIZABETH POLYZOIDES) have a daughter, Zoe, born November 14th in Phoenix, Arizona.

ETHEL ELISE DANN has been married to W. Paul Schackelford for some time.

**1934** ANNA JACOBSON is a research worker with the National Industrial Conference Board.

Married in September—NANCY VAN RIPER to Cecil J. Varney. They are living temporarily in Jamaica, Long Island.

RUTH TINTERA is a clerk in the credit department of the Chase National Bank in New York.

**1935** (Class Editors—MARGERY SMITH, Barnard College, and RUTH REIDY, 415 West 120th Street.)

RUTH SNYDER writes that she is temporarily interrupting her research work to sail with her husband, Dr. Kenneth W. Cooper, a member of the biology faculty of Princeton, for Panama. She will spend about a month on Bairo, Colorado Island, where a biological laboratory is maintained. "Paths through the jungle are kept relatively clear," she says, "otherwise it is unspoiled by man, and is said to be a tropical paradise for anyone interested in natural history." Ruth hopes to collect amphibia and do some ecological and experimental work on them. She expects to learn a good deal about the fauna and flora of the tropical American rain forests, which are the most dense in the world, while her husband studies certain parasitic insects in which he is extremely interested for cytological research.

DOROTHY ATLEE was married to Strother Holland Walker on October 5th. Mr. Walker is a graduate of Harvard.

DOROTHY ROBINSON is a librarian in the Department of Genetics, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

EDITH SCHULZ is a secretary with the American Association for Adult Education.

Add marriages: ALBERTA RADER to Henry A. Voorhis, and RUTH BEDFORD to Charles B. McDaniel, Jr.

**1936** (Class Editor—MRS. HARVEY GODFREY, 55 Tiemann Place.)

SHIRLEY SEWARDS is secretary-translator (Spanish) with the Minchona Products Institute, Incorporated.

CAROL FRANZ is assistant in the library of the Commonwealth Fund.

ELEANOR BRINKMAN, class editor, was married last summer to Harvey Godfrey. Won't you send news of yourselves and your classmates to her new address above?

## BARNARD COLLEGE ALUMNAE MONTHLY

**1937** (Class Editor—Mrs. JOHN KARLING, Barnard College.)

FLORENCE CAREY has joined the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency as a secretary.

ALMA BOWEN LAWRENCE is a tissue technician in the laboratory of the Delaware Hospital in Wilmington.

ELIZABETH WALTON is secretary to the principal of the Pleasantville, New York, High School.

JOSEPHINE MCGREGOR is Spanish-English secretary to the vice-president of Richard Lapeira and Company, Incorporated, an exporting firm.

RUTH DIETZ CHURCHILL has a temporary position in the Personnel Research Section of the War Department in Washington.

GRACE NORRIS is proof reading for the Prentice-Hall publications.

MARGARET HOWLAND is doing graduate work at Radcliffe.

VIRGINIA LE COUNT is a Spanish translator and assistant circulation manager with Guildhall Publications.

**1938** (Class Editor—Mrs. ARREN BUCHANAN, 115 Kingsbury Road, Garden City, Long Island.)

KATHRYN SMUL is now Mrs. Philip Arnow. Mr. Arnow is an economist with the Wages and Hours division of the Department of Labor. They are living in Arlington, Virginia.

MARJORIE SNYDER, who received her M.S. in bacteriology and clinical pathology last June from Emory University, is now doing research in the department of medicine of the Duke University Medical School.

HELEN HIRSCH is giving a course in French phonetics at Columbia University Extension.

BETSY ROSS RICH is an assistant in the music library of the Library of Congress in Washington.

CAROLINE BABCOCK is studying at the School of Social Administration of the University of Chicago, where she has a scholarship.

EVELYN LICHTENBERG is a teacher-in-training in government and history at the Haaren High School in New York.

BARBARA McCANN HESS is a statistician with Bristol Myers in New York.

RUTH FRANKFURTER is teaching kindergarten at the Hoffman School in Riverdale, New York.

AUDREY SNYDER is a secretary with the Society of Automotive Engineers.

DORIS MASSAM is a secretary with Copy-Craft.

JEAN BULLOWA is taking a secretarial course at the Pratt School of Business.

**1939** RUTH SHAW is certainly right in the midst of the good neighbor trend. She is a translator of French and Spanish correspondence for the Block International Corporation, an

import and export firm dealing with South and Central America.

RUTH ARONSON MEYER is doing volunteer secretarial work with the Child Study Association.

JOSEPHINE CASTAGNA is a receptionist with the Exclusive Syndicate, a French news service.

PATRICIA SPOLLEN is a proof reader with Prentice Hall publications.

RUTH HALLE is now Mrs. Seymour Michael Rowen.

MARGARET HUSTED is an assistant in the office of the principal of the Fieldston School.

NAN EISLER writes us that she is stock supervisor in McCreery's sports department.

MARGUERITE VER KRUZEN is studying at Wellesley College.

MARJORIE ROBERTSON HEALY is engaged to Richard Winslow of Lenox, Massachusetts. Mr. Sharp was graduated from the Loomis School and from Bowdoin College in 1937, and is a member of Zeta Psi. He is associated with the Berkshire Gravel Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Escobosa (JOAN RAISBECK), of Seattle, Washington, announce the birth of a daughter, Ann Else, on October 9th.

**1940** LOUISE VOLCKER is a student at the School of Social Administration of the University of Chicago.

JOYCE KENT writes us that she is a secretary in the Nursing School of St. Luke's Hospital in New York.

AMY KRBECEK is a secretary with H. B. Boland, an investment securities firm.

ALICE WILLIS is a secretary with the Schaeffer Art Galleries in New York City.

If you received a Christmas card from Dr. and Mrs. Leon Hervey, perhaps the news that ANNETTE HOCHBERG is now Mrs. Hervey will clear up the mystery.

REBECCA PRICE, holder of this year's Murray Fellowship, is studying at Columbia University.

ANNE WENNEIS, GERTRUDE DELVY, REINE TRACY and MURIEL UEBEL are all taking courses at the Miller Secretarial School.

Did you read of ANNE MEDING's engagement to Gilfillian Avery?

HELEN SMITH is working at the Republic Aircraft offices in Farmingdale, Long Island.

GERALDINE SAX is doing bookkeeping and statistical work with Cluff and Pickering, Limited.

ELSIE BOMHOFF is taking a secretarial course at the Interboro Institute.

ISABEL GLEASING is working for Broadcast Music, Incorporated.

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## IN MEMORIAM

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**1909** JOSEPHINE DEMPSEY BORKES died on September 13th after a short illness. She was a teacher in the Samuel Tilden High School. She left a husband and step-daughter.

ELFRIDA HARDER died in her room at the George Washington Hotel on September 11th.

**1936** HENRIETTE HOLSTEN HEHRE died on November 16th at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in New York following the birth of her child, who also passed away. Mrs. Hehre, in addition to her husband, is survived by her mother, a sister and a brother.



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