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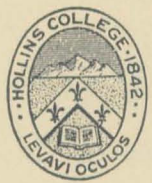
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# Hollins Alumnae Quarterly



October, 1931

VOL. VI

No. 3

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# The Hollins Alumnæ Quarterly

(Published Quarterly by Hollins College Alumnæ Association, Inc.)

VOLUME VI

HOLLINS COLLEGE, HOLLINS, VA., OCTOBER, 1931

No. 3

## A Cross-Section of Life in Durango, Mexico

By LUISE RATH BONNET, '19

IF YOU travel six hours off the beaten path by a most informal Mexican train, you will come to the sleepy, but charming, little city of Durango. It is on a plateau, 6,200 feet above the sea level—distant mountains to the south and east, the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains to the west, and directly to the north, standing like an eternally vigilant sentinel, the famous Iron Mountain, which is to Durango what Tinker is to Hollins! A great, gaunt heap, two-thirds solid iron, it is at this time of the year at its loveliest and greenest, thanks to the rainy season. At other times it is less attractive in appearance, with one huge, rusty end brutally exposed by the pickaxes of the ore workers, and the rest covered with a dried-up, stubbly growth. However, the Iron Mountain gives a certain character of dignity to the town; topped by an immense cross, it stands as the guardian and landmark of Durango, and it is respected and loved as such.

It is to this little capital of the State of Durango, Mexico, that we were sent nearly four years ago—a young consular family filled with the curiosity and eagerness and hope that always accompanies a transfer to a new post.

We found a very old city—all its houses and public buildings ancient and, although pretentious, most of them a bit down at the heel. The churches, of which there are many, were moss-grown with age and extravagantly decorated with the most beautiful hand-carved stonework imaginable. Everywhere were evidences of an unusually wealthy and cultured center—gone to seed. The explanation for this, we discovered later, was to be found in the revolution of 1913 (the Mexicans, certainly the Duranguensians, never considered any other a *real* revolution!). That was the beginning of Durango's troubles and a great many others have followed in its wake. Durango is, or was, a great agricultural and cattle-raising center, though the Agrarian Laws have deprived wealthy landowners of their lands. It has been for centuries a great church center (Willa Cather mentions Durango several times in "*Death Comes for the Archbishop*"). The Mexican church controversy has resulted in the closing of convents and church schools, and in the taking over by the government of the barracks of a seminary for the training of priests, which attracted students from the whole country. To the devout Catholics here this is an outrage. Finally, Durango was a great silver mining, lumber and turpentine center, and you in the States know even better than we what has happened to the prices of these commodities in the last two years! Hence the general air of poverty in the city and of the resentment of its once wealthy and still aristocratic inhabitants.

The American consulate is typical of the old colonial homes to be found here—a one-story adobe and stone building, plaster-covered, ninety feet square, standing directly on the street and enclosing several patios within. Imagine our consternation on stepping into an empty living room 30 by 16 feet, with an 18-foot ceiling! And we, with a small, four-piece wicker set, a table and a small desk and chair as our sole living



room equipment! The rest of our house and, I might add, the rest of our furniture, was in proportion. Even to-day, though we have added substantially to our household equipment, we have two large rooms that are not used at all.

But too much space was not the worst of our troubles in the beginning. Our babies—Blue, two years old, and Virginia, fourteen months at the time of our arrival—objected seriously to jumping from sea-level at Belize (our last post) to the high altitude of Durango and spent the first five months here getting acclimated—night and day! Looking at them now, I can hardly believe I used to sit down and weep over their scrawny little necks and pale little faces.

Then there were the language and servant problem to be overcome. To-day the former is only partially mastered, partly because of Blue, Senior's, ability along that line, partly because the better classes here speak excellent English. My only practice comes with servants, the market folk and some of the shopkeepers. The children, now going to a Mexican kindergarten for the second year, have discarded English entirely, except occasionally as a courtesy to me.

The servant problem is most happily solved. After securing a great many through trial-and-error we have two "good old-fashioned girls"—Elena in the kitchen, and Petra, house and nursemaid. Their willing hands are supplemented by those of Isabel, the janitor, or *mozo*, of the consulate, who has been serving American consuls in Durango for twenty-five years and who has been our "sturdy oak" through thick and thin. All over town he himself is known as "The Consul" and he is really dignified enough to hold that title down, though he is not above chopping fire wood, killing chickens and taking care of the children when the occasion demands it. Hollins alumnae housewives will turn a delicate green when I tell them that for this cluster of jewels we pay the equivalent of fifteen dollars a month (Isabel gets a government salary besides) and they are being unusually well paid, for Durango!

And so life runs smoothly within the four consular walls. Outside we find amusement and recreation in tennis, swimming, riding and contract with American and Mexican friends. There is no country club, no golf course, no good restaurant, no "tourist" accommodations. In many ways we are simply another Tepoztlan, so graphically and interestingly described by Stuart Chase in his "*Mexico*"—a good deal less primitive—yes, and many more machines, perhaps. But isolated as we are, the masses



Partial View of the Main Patio (impromptu barber shop), American Consulate, Durango, Mexico

of the people are still dependent largely on their Dias de Fiesta and their fireworks for their amusement and on their tortillas, made from hand-ground corn, and their frijoles for a livelihood; still wearing the same kind of crude garments worn by their ancestors hundreds of years ago; still plowing their fields with wooden plows. They have been a bit more exposed to civilization than their neighbors farther south, but it is doubtful whether they will be much affected by it for many years to come. They are simply in no hurry!

Outside of the city itself, the State of Durango offers many interesting points to be visited. We have followed the twisting, climbing railroad track to the west and within a few hours have found ourselves in a country entirely different from that surrounding the city. At 10,000 feet the Sierra is full of immense pine trees, oaks and madroñas, deep canyons, brooks and rivers. Except at points along the railroad track, a trail here and there is the only sign of the presence of human beings for miles and miles. This is a good hunting country for deer, wild turkey and bear. Blue even proudly brought home an enormous wildcat skin as one of his trophies last year! When my sister, Dinny, and two of her friends visited us here this summer, we spent a delightful, if very moist, week on a timber ranch in the Sierra, riding to our heart's content from morning till night, completely swathed in rain-coats that hung way below our feet, after we were mounted.

On the other hand, we recently went in the opposite direction through the farming country, for a week-end on a most interesting ranch, "La Punta," whose house was originally a Jesuit convent and is two hundred years old. Practically no repairs have been put in it in all those two hundred years, which is precisely what makes it so charming. A family of five are now living in this house, ninety yards square, surrounded by the adobe huts of the peon ranch hands. Our host had the best collection of horses I have ever seen and the twelve guests took full advantage of them. The country there forms another strong contrast with that surrounding Durango City, although it is only an hour away by train. Along the river banks for miles grow cypresses, forty feet in circumference, festooned with lovely Spanish moss. Such a tropical scene was one we never expected to find here! The various falls along the river are not the least of its attractions, and as for the wild flowers, you simply would not believe so many varieties were possible—all in one spot! What a paradise "La Punta" would make for a dude rancher!

Practically the whole State of Durango is high up, but should we crave a dip in the sea once more, an hour's ride by airplane can take us to the Pacific coast. Blue has enjoyed such a trip, but so far I cannot bear the idea of the motor going dead right over a canyon in the Sierra! Some day, if we are left here long enough, we may all be air-minded enough to try it.

Which brings me to the thought that we must not be surprised from now on, at orders to pick up our goods and chattels and move elsewhere. We have been here longer than at any other post and it seems that we shall really be leaving home. We can ask nothing better of our future posts than that they give us the same joy of living that we have found in Durango.



*Blue and Virginia in Mexican Costume.  
Back Patio and Garden of the  
American Consulate*



## Hollins Opens for Eighty-Ninth Session

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, on September 18th, the formal opening of Hollins College took place in the Little Theatre. The solemnity of the occasion was enhanced by the academic procession, led by Miss Matty L. Cocke and Doctor E. H. Kirk, of Baltimore, Maryland.

Doctor George Braxton Taylor, the chaplain, opened the exercises with an invocation. Following this, Mr. M. Estes Cocke welcomed the new students and announced the changes in the faculty for the coming session. Miss Cocke then introduced Doctor Kirk, the speaker of the evening.

Doctor Kirk, D. D., LL. D., received his education at Southwestern College, Memphis, Tennessee. He is now the pastor of the Franklyn Street Presbyterian Church, in Baltimore, and a member of the faculty at Goucher College. He is well known, both as a speaker and a writer.

Doctor Kirk's speech was centered around the need for a new potential of energy. He interpreted the present depression as the fruit of wrong thinking and the fear of war. To combat this state new energy is needed. The greatest danger facing the world to-day is war, for war is in the air. The mind of Europe, the mind that knows fully the horrors of war, the mind that understands the unspeakable effect of war, not only upon human lives, but upon the life of the world, that mind is dwelling on the fear of another war. The United States can no longer remain aloof; it is time to take definite steps to change the idea of war. This is the time for a new potential of energy which, according to Doctor Kirk, is embodied in public opinion. Since people live largely by conventions, it is the work of the people of to-day, and especially the women, to make war unconventional. "For a woman," said Doctor Kirk, "has the advantage over men in not having common sense." Because of this fundamental difference, combined with the unwillingness to accept complacently that which she believes is impossible of execution, the educated woman has demanded for herself and her ideas a prominent place in the world. It is, consequently, to her that the older generation looks to-day for help. For in the vision, in the ardent belief, the unshakable determination of young women lies the hope for a world at peace.

This stirring appeal brought to the entire student body the boundaries of the College campus. In the seclusion of life at Hollins there is a tendency to forget the problems and causes with which the world is concerned. After all, beside being citizens of the College community and citizens of the United States, we are citizens of the world.—*Hollins Student Life.*

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REMEMBER . . . . .

A Hollins Map is a Good Christmas Present

BOX 48, HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA

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## Barns for Riches

(A Partial Answer to "Embarrassment of Riches")

By MARGARET TYNES FAIRLEY, '26

SOME time ago we acquired an old house off the coast of Maine. It sits like a pert white rabbit at the end of a spruce-pointed island. Green swells roll in from the south to toss their cargoes of water upon gray wharves of rock. To the west, across the island-moored bay, the blue arched Camdens fortify the mainland and support the drama of sunsets, or echo the brilliant color and vigor of northwest days when clouds boom up the horizon as if shot from cannon. This summer we moved in, semi-primitive fashion, preferring to stare the falling plaster into silence and do our own repairing, rather than wait for a finished house.

I had visions of a leisurely summer; Jimmy turned loose to graze with the neighborly sheep, long hours of dreaming, endless speculation on the insatiable curiosity of the sea nosing all the little coves and beaches around our point. The sun should be my only clock; wind and tide and favorite book walk beside me every day, while a shabby pencil scribbled the summer's diary and took the pulse of freshly stimulated mind and pounding energies.

I did nothing of the kind. To be sure, I gorged on the beauties of nature and plunged deep into the vitality of that exciting climate. Otherwise I borrowed the stability and noon tide mentality of the cow, worked hard at manual labor most of the day and never spent a more glorious summer.

I emerged with the sense of three solid months of permanent, creative accomplishment (although I did little except repeat the formula—wash, cook, sleep) and in a state of query as to past ideas of living. Where were my theories of the rebelliously domesticated animal—woman? How valuable, after all, was college when one could find contentment in such a simple existence? Long had I pitied the college woman who went forth from Milton and Marcus Aurelius to milk bottles and maidless days. Long had I wondered how the woman with more education than money could be content in the mentally limited and nerve-taxed arena of housekeeping and baby-tending, however great the emotional advantages of that role. I do not claim to have solved the problem, but out of the past summer I glean a few grains of comfort and a large hill of hope. Perhaps these are merely personal, or perhaps they may strike some responsive alumnæ chord. At any rate, a summer of suspended mental activity has whetted my appetite once more for theorizing.

To begin with, I must admit that the setting of domestic labor makes a world of difference. When one can hang baby clothes in competition with a southwest wind purling across green waters, having wrung them out in the sight of the blue dignity of far mountains, they assume inspired shapes. When the kitchen windows look out on a hillside spicy with moss, fresh spired with spruce trees climbing to the top, and tapered with the delicate moth mullein flower, dishwashing tends to merge in the setting. When one can sit on an old well, where a brown crock casts blue shadows on the silver boards, and watch a young son adventuring about, his sure instinct for forbidden fruit promotes only mild wonder as to what will happen next.

And how much longer and fuller the days are. Every small event assumes the dignity of being, rather than the nonentity of routine. In the morning, one unlatches the universe just by opening the doors on the day to see if the sky is a flawless blue or riddled with clouds. Skillfully collecting half a bucket of water from the well is a breathless moment and going for the milk at dusk, through apple-scented hollows, or across a beach drained of blue sea, but steeped in sunset colors, is a pilgrimage of joy.



How different from working in a town apartment where only roofs reflect the weather and walls snub the affection for a new day.

And yet I stop to wonder, amid this work in ideal surroundings, how much of my enjoyment has roots in those years of college from which I seem so far removed. I am confident that unconsciously I draw much of my pleasure from past wells of more intellectual endeavor coupled with hill-dreaming in a far away land. One may be too tired to read Keats by candle light and too busy rescuing Jimmy from the jaws of breakers to ride the waves with Shelly; but how infinite the surprises of the woods, and how delicately alluring all the reaches of the land, the cavern-stored wisdom of the seas, because at some time one has read and absorbed their beauties from great writers. Sticks and stones are not just objects, but mossy with those earth traditions that John Cowper Powys loves to ponder upon. Bees are winged with magic because of their intimacy with Emily Dickinson. It is this bright lens of observation, first experienced while learning to read at college, and looking to the hills for interpretation, that heightens the horizons of summer endlessly.

There was no time to read novels, it is true, but there was endless opportunity to explore the personalities of the islanders, savoring with them, in their own fashion, their economical interpretation of existence, their close-knit humor and naive exaggeration of the simple details of living. Then, again, when the larger world occasionally intrudes, a copy of *The Nation* knocking in the mail, one relished more than ever the challenge of a sliding world. Just as in history class Miss Scott used to throw mental bombs by juggling Metternich, Mussolini and any old age, making them assume immediate importance, so the appearance of *The Nation* on isolated Eagle Island jolted one into a new relish for decisive facts.

Another query comes to me as I look back over the summer. Perhaps my reaction to the college woman plunged in domesticity is a bit out of gear. College prepares one for a heightened intellectual and emotional enjoyment of life, I once argued, and hence unfits one for the labors of domesticity, unless one is blessed with tremendous energy or is independent economically. But I now find myself thinking that if college stretches our mental horizons, one result should be a willingness of mind to adapt oneself to any situation and wring from it the most joy possible. After all, adaptability and consequent contentment are chiefly habits of mind. I now wonder, too, how much mental energy I have wasted reflecting on the unpleasantness of necessary housework. It is not, I now see, the courage to forget a past or face a future that we often lack, but the will to enjoy the moment. Across the waters of the Penobscot Bay the mountains, with their deep reserve of wisdom, their infinite response to each hour of every morning and every night, challenged me to glorify the simple work of every day, to refuse to reflect on what I might rather do and wrest from each moment a sense of power, in activity at least.

Does all this mean that having found a pleasant meadow I am now content to be a cow? What of my vision that some day the college woman who marries early can eat her cake and have it too; enjoy a home and fulfill her possible cravings for a professional or artistic career? And what of my theories that the college should help her to attain this dream? They are still there. The summer's experience has meant for me not a settling of these difficulties, but a more hopeful and contented attitude while this generation continues to explore the realms of solution.

Perhaps I may relinquish the idea that a woman's college might harmlessly provide her with some technical tools. Women's colleges, rather more than men's, seem acutely sensitive to endangering their cultural standing, or to introducing a commercial note. Moreover, those women who might need, more than all others, technical assistance in the art of homemaking are usually the most indifferent about it while in college. But am I wrong in believing that women's colleges could be of immense help to the students, without endangering the cultural emphasis, by establishing first-class vocational bureaus, as links between the college and the world of experience, whether in professional, artistic or domestic lines? Because careers are still new to women, and so many college girls, unlike their grandmothers, must look forward to a servantless or semi-servantless day,

a girl is much more likely than a boy to drift into uncongenial vocations or to assume the responsibilities of marriage before she really knows what they mean and is wise enough to adjust herself to the restrictions. From her freshman year, it seems to me, a girl should be conscious of what she might do after graduation and should be encouraged to use her summers exploring future possibilities.

Many college women, I feel sure, would be happier if, before assuming family responsibilities, they could try their hands at some extra-domestic interest. This, of course, need not exclude early marriage. Then domestic life, as a career, can be wisely and deliberately chosen, with the sense, too, of some experience to fall back on in the future. Why should not the women's colleges be sensitive to these essential feminine problems and encourage the young student to face them early?

But returning to the theme of my summer's experience, I submit as proof of my faith in the college woman's ability to win contentment in restricted areas, our recent purchase of a winter home in the country some fifteen miles outside of Philadelphia. My friends said, "What on earth will you do in a half-baked country house, with two children and no help?" But when I discovered my husband labelled "Research" for the year, with a liberal traveling field and a salary which ideally interpreted suggests scorn for almighty mammon, I determined to seize the opportunity further to explore domestic labor in the rich setting of the country.

And so, from an old stone and plaster farm house, near Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, I shall watch the autumn colors come to shake the hills until the woods stand silent as the winter skies. Then I shall begin to look for spring when the shadowy willows quicken with gold and lilacs swell in the sweet May wind. And my thoughts will turn southward to the gates of Hollins where another graduating class stands tiptoe with expectation, eager to cast their books upon the waters and see to what harbors they return and what strange cargoes they will bear. Merry be their sailing and rich in experience the fruit of their return.



## To a Friend, Getting Married

Words that turned deftly with a tool's clean grace  
To chisel beauty from the stone of thought  
Are blunted in my need, nor can they trace  
Imperishably what I long have sought:  
So deep a joy has come to touch your face  
That we, who see, must share the calm of ships  
At dawn, of pilgrims near a holy place,  
And love has laid its finger on my lips.

Mutely hand touches hand in peace so sure  
That words would stumble should they enter in;  
Eyes speak of truths untold, untold before  
Till understanding links us close akin.  
Caught in a spell more deep than joy or pain,  
Ours is a silence music would profane.

—FRANCES STOAKLEY, '30.





## A College President Comes to the Shore



Miss Matty L. Cocke (center) enjoys the distinction of being president of one of the four oldest women's colleges in the country—Hollins College, in Virginia. It was founded by her father in 1842. She is accompanied by her niece, Miss Sully Hayward, of Roanoke, Virginia (left), and by her sister, Mrs. Bessie Barbee, of Hollins.

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(The above picture was taken while Miss Matty Cocke, Miss Hayward and Mrs. Barbee were visiting at Atlantic City during the past summer and appeared in the *Boardwalk Illustrated News* of August 19, 1931. It is used here through the courtesy of the *Boardwalk Illustrated News*.)



*Letter to Chairmen of Hollins  
Alumnae Chapters from President  
of Alumnae Advisory Council*

DEAR CHAPTER CHAIRMEN :

ONE of the loveliest young women in the New York Chapter said recently: "I am frank to say I do not understand what the Council is nor what it is all about," even though a most interesting meeting on the subject of the Council was held by the New York Chapter last spring.

Realizing that one meeting is not sufficient for a clear comprehension of the Council and how it may mean a new interest to every Hollins alumna, the New York Chapter planned that the program for the first fall meeting shall again be mainly devoted to this subject.

At this meeting a resumé of the Council will be given, with definite instances of how it can serve each group—trustees, faculty, students and alumna—composing the College (see "Suggestions for Alumnae Advisory Council" in July, 1930, *QUARTERLY*). There will also be presented by four members of our Chapter the four reports of the Council Round Table Discussions, held at the first annual meeting at Hollins last February.



Will you, Chapter Chairmen, please follow this plan, or devise any other, for your Chapter and at all subsequent meetings continue with information about the Council until it is understood by every chapter member? For material for your program see July, 1930, and April, 1931, *QUARTERLIES*, and will you please send a full report of this meeting to the alumnae office?

When each member understands and knows that, through the representative her Chapter is entitled to send to Hollins to the annual meetings of the Council, she may share in the discussions of the problems of her College and be thrilled and inspired by the information of the plans of her College, *then* the Council will become a new and definite interest in her life.

Will you please begin now to plan for your Chapter to be represented at the second annual meeting of the Alumnae Advisory Council, which will be held at Hollins in February?

Faithfully yours,

ANNIE MOOMAW SCHMELZ,  
*President of Alumnae Advisory Council.*





Fincastle, Wednesday morning

My dear Sir

I intended, on passing by you I am this morning from the Sweet Springs, to have called, but I learnt from your Cousin that you were not at the house and he was not certain whether you were at Grove Hill or at some other place. I am on my way to the Botetourt Springs to meet there my son in law and daughter, who are on the road to Tennessee. I shall remain with them to night, and tomorrow, and return on Friday or Saturday (most probably Friday) immediately after breakfast. I mean then to have the pleasure of seeing you, in company with one or two young friends, my fellow travellers, if you should not have left home. In the mean time I am truly and sincerely

Yours  
H. Clay

Gen. Breckenridge

Henry Clay, traveling from Old Sweet Springs to Botetourt Springs, stopped at Grove Hill, the home of General Breckenridge, just outside of Fincastle. Having missed General Breckenridge, Mr. Clay wrote the above letter from Fincastle.

#### Henry Clay a Frequent Visitor at Botetourt Springs

It has always been known that Henry Clay frequently stopped at Botetourt Springs (now Hollins College), but there was no documentary evidence to that effect until recently when Mr. Jos. A. Turner received a copy of a letter written by Henry Clay, which was sent to him by Mrs. Jean Watts Staples, '02, of Roanoke. The letter was written to General James Breckenridge, an ancestor of Mrs. Staples, and an interesting photostat copy appears here:

## An Announcement

**T**HROUGH the coöperation of the National Broadcasting Company and a group of educators interested in the future of the Liberal Arts College as a vital unit of our American educational system, a national radio program on the general theme of "The Liberal Arts College" has been arranged for Saturday, November 14th, from 9:00-9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

The national directors, who have charge of the program, are:

Mrs. Cleveland E. Dodge, Trustee of Wells College.

Albert C. Fox, Dean, John Carroll University.

Robert L. Kelly, Executive Secretary of the Association of American Colleges.

Charles R. Mann, Director of the American Council on Education.

Albert N. Ward, President of Western Maryland College and Chairman of the Liberal Arts College Movement.

Albert St. Peter, Executive Secretary.

The program will consist of a half-hour given over to talks by President Hoover, Dr. Robert L. Kelly, Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr., Dr. John H. Finley and Dr. A. N. Ward, broadcast from the National Broadcasting Company studios.

Hollins alumnæ are urged to "listen in" on this program, as the occasion will afford an excellent opportunity for the recognition of the place and function of the Liberal Arts College in our American life.



## Represents Hollins in Radio Talk

**M**ISS AGNES GRAHAM SANDERS, Associate Professor of Chemistry at Hollins College, spoke over the radio in a recent program sponsored by the Virginia Academy of Science. The program, which consisted of a series of talks on scientific subjects, was broadcast each day over a period of a week, beginning August 24th. Miss Sanders spoke on "Contributions of Chemistry to Human Welfare."



## Alumnæ of Greensboro, N. C., Reorganize

**A** GROUP of alumnæ of Hollins College met on September 16th with Miss May Bush, '24, on Sunset Drive, Irving Park, to reorganize a Greensboro branch of the Hollins Alumnæ Association. Miss Virginia McClamroch, '29, was elected president.

After talking over college days and planning in a tentative way some alumnæ activities the group enjoyed tea with Miss Bush, assisted by her sister, Carolyn Bush, '26, as hostess.

Alumnæ present were: Virginia McClamroch, Julia Smith, Mrs. Clifford Frazier (Margaret Armstrong), Mrs. John Bonitz, Mrs. George C. Brown (Louise Daniel), Mrs. O. S. Poer (Dorothy Clark), Mrs. J. Ralston Cargill (Mary Evelyn Thacker), Carolyn Bush and May Bush.



## Faculty Notes

**D**R. GLADYS PALMER, formerly Professor of Sociology at Hollins, has resigned her position in order to do important research sponsored by the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Palmer's study, which deals with women workers in industry, was the subject of an Associated Press dispatch from Washington recently. Having made a survey of 609 women workers in four industrial summer schools, Dr. Palmer has found the American working girl to be a "typical worker" in that she is "restless, seeking variety of location or occupation." One girl had nine jobs in thirteen years in as many different industries and locations.

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Miss Rachel Wilson, Head of the French Department, is at Chicago University for a year's leave of absence.

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Dr. Natalie Colfelt, of the Sociology Department, has a year's leave of absence which she is devoting to writing and study at Leland Stanford University.

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Mr. Estes Cocke, Dean of Instruction, announced the following new members of the Faculty, and the change in rank of old members, at the formal opening of the College, Friday night, September 18th. The new members are:

Frieda Baird, Associate Professor of Economics, Acting Head of Department; Ph. D., Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics.

Elizabeth J. Cook, Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry; A. B., Mount Holyoke.

Margaret Glasgow, Instructor in French; A. B., Hollins College; M. A., University of South Carolina.

Anne Louise Erwin, Instructor in Physical Education; A. B., North Carolina College for Women; M. A., Columbia University.

N. R. Green, Instructor in Psychology; M. A., University of Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Edna Havens, Instructor in Economics and Sociology; A. B., Hood College; M. A., University of Virginia.

Mabel Martin, Instructor in English; A. B., Wells College; M. A., Columbia; B. Litt., Oxford.

Mary Wood Whitehurst, Assistant Professor in Public School Music and Harmony; B. M., Hollins College; M. A., Columbia University.

Elizabeth Zimmerman, Instructor in Zoölogy; M. A., Brown University.

Mrs. Elizabeth Poulton, Assistant in Social Office.

Changes in rank are:

Grace Chevraux, Acting Director of Physical Education.

Laura E. Gustafson, from Assistant to Associate Professor of Latin.

John M. McGinnis, from Associate Professor to Professor of Psychology.

Letha Ann Smith, from Instructor to Assistant Professor of Physics.

Grace M. Sproull, from Assistant to Associate Professor of French. Acting Head of Department this year since Miss Wilson is on leave of absence.



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*President of  
Athletic Association*



DOROTHY SORG  
*President of  
Dramatic Board*



BEVERLY CHALKER  
*Editor of Student Life*



KATHERINE WITSCHEN  
*President of  
Senior Class*



LEONORA ALEXANDER  
*President of  
Student Government*



BETSY RICE  
*President of  
Y. W. C. A.*



MARTHA HUGULEY  
*Editor of Spinster*



MARJORIE EINSTEIN  
*President of  
Music Association*

**Student Officers for 1931-32**



## Personals

'82, *Crews*—Mrs. E. L. Faber (Ellen Crews) died on March 15th, in Richmond, Virginia. Her husband and three children survive her.

'88, *Quimby*—Mrs. Sumter Smith (Lizzie Quimby) stopped at Hollins for a short visit during the summer. She is at present head of one of the houses at the Lawrenceville School for Boys, Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Her late husband, Sumter Smith, was for many years principal of the Randolph-Macon Academy.

'89, *Gay*—Mrs. James Gaston (Annie Gay), of Hai-chau, China, is spending a year in this country at The Rectory, Fork Union, Virginia.

'91, *McNeal*—Mrs. Duncan Lamont (Katherine McNeal) has written of the death of her sister, Lucy McNeal (Mrs. W. H. Toffling), which occurred in Denver, Colorado, November 6, 1930. Mrs. Lamont and her two sisters, Lucy and Lizzie, had the distinction of being the first Colorado girls to attend Hollins and were students when Mr. and Mrs. Cocke celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Lamont said, "All the girls had to send home for wedding dresses for the gay event."

'99, *Babb*—Mrs. J. W. Scherr (Justina Babb) and her husband, of Cincinnati, were visitors at Hollins in September.

'00, *George*—An announcement has been received of the marriage of Eliza George to Mr. George Robert Hudgins, of Sandy Hook, Virginia.

'10, A. B., *Lewin*—The following interesting news from Lucy Lewin comes from a letter written by her to Miss Matty Cocke. Miss Lewin, who has a national reputation as teacher of the deaf, and who for many years has been connected with the School for the Deaf in Staunton, Virginia, is now with the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, Massachusetts. Miss Lewin writes: "You will probably be surprised to learn that I have left Staunton, for a while at least, to be a director of the

teachers' training department here. When the offer came last year I felt that I could not afford to refuse, for we look upon this school as the foremost of its kind in the United States. . . . It might be of interest to you to know that among the students in the normal class are a young Japanese woman from Yokohama, a man from India and a man from Hungary. The Hungarian explained to me to-day that he had had no friend to help him, so six months ago he began to learn English from a book!

"Do you know this section of the country? The mountains around us are not so unlike the mountains at Hollins. There are Mt. Tom, Mt. Holyoke, Sugar Loaf, where King Philip sat to watch the white settlers; beautiful views in all directions. With good walking shoes and a Ford I expect to have a pleasant year."

'12, *Slaughter*—Hollins has learned with much regret of the death of Mrs. Cuyler O. Meeds (Charlotte Slaughter), which occurred on April 15, 1930, in Talladega, Alabama. She had been ill for one year, following an operation. A few days before the death of Mrs. Meeds, her husband died of pneumonia, having been ill only three days.

'15, A. B., *Riddick*—Juddith Riddick was married August 22, 1931, at her home in Norfolk, Virginia, to Mr. Charles Price Reynolds, of Washington, D. C. Ruth Riddick, '11, sister of the bride, was maid-of-honor. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds are making their home in Washington.

'15, *Nurnberger*—Mrs. Lombard Brinson (Wilhelmina Nurnberger) is head buyer for women's ready-to-wear for J. B. White & Co., Augusta, Georgia. She recently sponsored the opening of a "College Shop" giving an attractive display of costumes and accessories for young women going away to college. The costumes were selected by alumnae of various colleges. Natalie Merry Cullum, '28, Catherine Calloway Lee, '13, and Wilhelmina Nurnberger Brinson, '15, chose a complete outfit suited to the needs of a girl attending Hollins. Other colleges

were represented by their respective alumnæ.

'18, *Matthews*—Mrs. W. P. Zachary (Mary Matthews) and her husband stopped at Hollins recently while motor-ing from Atlanta to their home in New York City. They have an interesting family which consists of three young daughters, Mary Anne, aged 6, Charlotte, aged 4, and Virginia, aged 9 months.

'21, A. B., *Hunter*—Rev. and Mrs. Lewis LaMotte (Sarah Hunter) have announced the arrival of their second son, John Hunter LaMotte, on August 17, 1931.

'24, *Fettig*—Mrs. Lee S. Palmer (Jean Fettig) has a daughter, Jean Louise, who is now about eight months old. Mrs. Palmer is living at 16254 Linwood Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

'24, *James*—Mrs. S. R. Wilcox (Catherine James) is case supervisor, Child Placing Department, Department of Public Welfare, Richmond, Virginia.

'25, A. B., *Wood*—Kathryn Wood, who has spent the past two years at Bryn Mawr doing graduate work, is in France for the winter working on her thesis for her doctor's degree.

'25, A. B., *Barger*—Agnes Barger was married on September 26th, at her home, "Walnut Grove," Shawsville, Virginia, to Mr. Albert Bertram Calfee Bray, Jr., of Logan, West Virginia.

'25, A. B., *Barron*—Kathleen Barron was married May 20, 1931, to Mr. Arthur Charles Brennan and is living at 152 Aberdeen Road, Hamilton, Ontario.

'25, A. B., *Boyd*—The engagement of D. Louise Boyd to Mr. Parmely Clark Daniels, of Madison, Wisconsin, has been announced.

'26, A. B., *Stone*—Page Stone was married October 7, 1931, at the Second Presbyterian Church, Roanoke, Virginia, to Mr. Leonard G. Muse and is living at 300 Richelieu Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia.

'26, A. B., *Coon*—Mrs. A. C. Wemple (Sally Coon) has a daughter, Sally Ann, born July 26, 1931.

'26, A. B., *Ragsdale*—Marie Ragsdale was married on August 12th, at her home in Florence, South Carolina, to Mr. Harry Lee Shaw, Jr. Mary Monroe Penick, '26, was maid-of-honor.

'26, *Hildreth*—Jane Hildreth is working at the University Hospital, Charlottesville, as technician; Frances Hildreth, '28, is teaching French at St. Anne's School, Charlottesville, and Katherine Hildreth, '34, has enrolled for several courses at the University of Virginia.

'26, *Stuart*—A daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Mrs. Herbert Gwathmey (Elizabeth Stuart) on June 30, 1931.

'28, A. B., *Bell*—Blanche Bell was married on September 8th, at her home in San Antonio, Texas, to Mr. Henry Jackson Sanford.

'29, A. B., *Gray*—Mary Shepherd Gray was married on April 22d, to Mr. William Carol Rustin.

'29, A. B., *Fairfax*—Alice Fairfax, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Fairfax (Elgie Crook), '92, was married on October 17th, to Mr. Samuel Miller Stone, Jr. After the first of November Mr. and Mrs. Stone will be at home at 320 Wisconsin Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

'29, *Gillen*—Hollins has recently received word of the sad death of Gladys Gillen. On the night of July 31st, while crossing the street near her home in Chicago, she was struck by an automobile and very severely injured. She was unconscious for three days and died on August 3d, at the John B. Murphy Hospital.

'30, A. B., *Wilson*—Eleanor "Siddy" Wilson is at Swarthmore College, where she has the position as secretary to Dean Valentine.

'30, B. M., *Bohannon*—Anna Bohannon was married on August 22d, to Mr. Booker Carter. They are living in Richmond, Virginia.

'30, A. B., *Baker*—Margaret Baker will be married on October 31st to Rev. John Walthour. The wedding is to take place at her home in Jacksonville, Florida, after which they will live in Waycross, Georgia, where Rev. Walthour is pastor of the Episcopal Church.



'30, A. B., *Scott*—The marriage of Cecelia Scott, of Reidsville, North Carolina, to Dr. William H. Hester, also of Reidsville, took place on October 10th in the First Methodist Church. Mary Lee Wiltsee, '30, was maid-of-honor and Elizabeth Morris, '30, and Mary Elizabeth Perry, '31, were bridesmaids.

'30, A. B., *Turner*—Angie Turner was married on September 12th in the First Baptist Church, Roanoke, Virginia, to Mr. Sidney B. Jeffreys, of Chase City, Virginia. Among the bridesmaids were Nancy Lee Turner, '32, Vera Wilhelm, '32, Margaret Jeffreys, '34, Anna Whitman, '30, and Fannie Botsford, '30. Mary Turner, '31, was maid-of-honor. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys are in Boston for the winter, where Mr. Jeffreys will work on his master's degree at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He received his bachelor's degree in the Class of 1931 at V. P. I.

'30, A. B., *Quarles*—Dorothy Quarles was at Hollins for a brief visit recently on her way to Cambridge, Massachusetts. She is working on her master's degree at Radcliffe.

'31, A. B., *Holmes*—Mary Adams Holmes, with her sister, Sarah Holmes, a Holyoke graduate of '31, has been in Germany since June. Part of her time has been spent in study at Heidleburg, with some days off for a hiking trip through the Black Forest.

'31, A. B., *Uzzell*—Mabel Uzzell is living at the Parnassus Club in New York City and studying at Columbia University.

'31, B. M., *Kabler*—Helen Kabler is studying at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. She received a

scholarship from that institution, awarded on the merits of her original composition, which was presented at Hollins last commencement by the Haesche Ensemble Club and under the direction of Miss Kabler.

'31, B. M., *Deaton*—Mary Belle Deaton is teaching public school music at Statesville, North Carolina.

'31, A. B., *Freeman*—Eugenia Freeman is studying law at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee.

'31, A. B., *Love*—Elisabeth Love sailed the latter part of August for Geneva, Switzerland, where she will spend a year studying.

'31, A. B., *Price*—Mary Price is studying at Columbia University.

'31, A. B., *DuFlon*—Dorothy DuFlon was married on October 24th at her home in New Canaan, Connecticut, to Mr. Henry McComas, of New York City.

'31, A. B., *Lineberger*—Frances Lineberger recently made her debut in Raleigh, North Carolina, after which she sailed for a year's study in Florence, Italy.

'31, A. B., *Geer*—Rachel Geer is doing graduate work at Columbia University.

'31, A. B., *Trenbath*—The engagement of Betty Trenbath to Mr. Irving Fitzpatrick, of Montclair, New Jersey, was announced in June.

'31, *Jones*—A son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. William Harrington (Virginia Jones), of Cambridge, Maryland.

'31, *Partlow*—Margaret Partlow, who graduated from the University of Alabama last June, had the distinction of being elected to Phi Beta Kappa before her graduation.

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