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### Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 2

Connecticut College

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



*Hastings*

## Shall the College Girl Take Up Nursing?

War calls to everyone, and especially, perhaps, to the college girl. She does not romance about it very much. She does not visualise herself raising the stricken wounded from the battlefield. This is a practical age. The girl hardly hopes to be sent to France. She simply wants to serve, and nursing seems to be the only way. When she goes to college she tries more than ever to be unselfish and helpful. That she must be of some use in the world comes over the girl in a flash.

To most people nursing is a disagreeable, hard, strength-consuming profession at best. The training is a constant drain on strength, nerves, and intellect. Although people glory in its merciful, kindly aspect, there is also a relentless, heartless side. People say, "You will soon get hardened to it." This hardening brings about the "professional" manner—the cool, steady, distant attitude. The best nurse in time of emergency is the most mechanical. Can the emotionally inspired college girl hold herself on this plane of professionalism? Can she view the patient not as a pathetic, hurt life, but as a broken piece of machinery sent to the repair shop? Can she rise above the dirty and the disgusting through a steadfast belief in her ideals? Or will she, overcome by the revolting sights, give up nursing and present herself to the world as a coward? In other words, should the average college girl, not temperamentally fitted to be a nurse, and buoyed up largely by unselfish zeal, undertake hospital training?

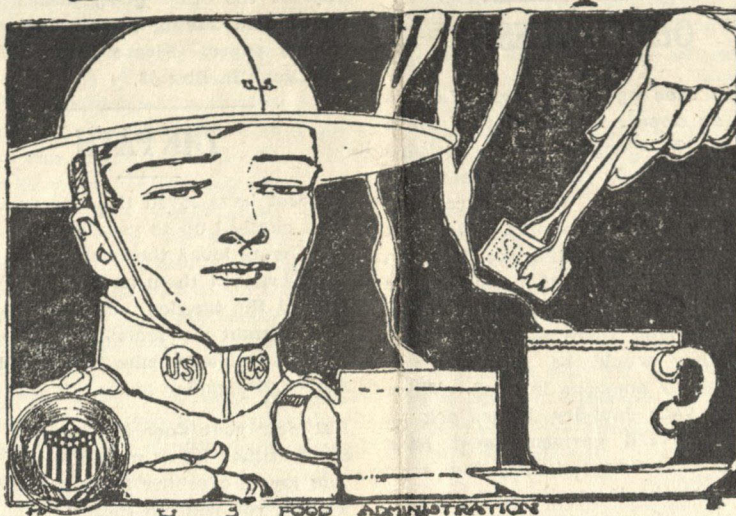
If her strength of character is great enough, if her altruism is thorough enough, if her desire for service is powerful enough,—yes! The hospital will not admit her unless her physical endurance is good, but she alone can gauge her mental endurance. If she is determined to conquer her own weakness through an all-consuming desire to serve as a nurse, let her undertake the task fearlessly, for the need is great.

ANN F. HASTINGS '22.

## SPRIT OF '22

The freshman class has already manifested an interest in athletics. Helen Coops and Wrey Warner have been chosen to lead the blue and white sections respectively.

## In Who's Cup?



### WAS IT YOUR CUP?

A little lump of sugar lay packed cubically among its comrades in a New York warehouse. The Lump was very much excited. Hadn't their carton been jostled about that very day—lifted and dropped again, until all the Lumps thought they would lose every trace of their individuality? And, hadn't the Lump heard a voice, (very muffled, sounding, to be sure, coming through all the cardboard, and pasteboard, and through the other Lumps)—hadn't it heard a voice say something about France?

Before the Lump became a Lump, it had heard a great deal about France. The workers in the field where it grew, as a sugar cane, were, some of them, going to France. It had heard them say so as it climbed up the cane, in the sap. And in the factory, while the Lump was being developed from sap to sugar, and sugar to Lump, it had heard more of France. People were hungry for sugar over there—people were starving. Soldiers (some of those plantation hands, the Lump thought) needed every grain to help them fight. And when it was being packed, the Lump heard about the little children, who were so hungry for sugar, and about the kind American ladies that sent candy over to them—and about the hard time the American ladies had to get the sugar, because other Americans wanted it for themselves.

But, tomorrow, the Lump thought—tomorrow it was going to go to France. Would it go to the army, where it could sweeten some soldier's coffee? Per-

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

### YEA FACULTY!

"The Faculty accept the Senior challenge to play them in Soccer at the close of the season." How this announcement rearroused the thrills of that last year's game! Who didn't remember the lengthy and formidable full back (Florence Lennon did anyway), the Cheer Leader, and the whole team of honourable Faculty who came off victorious in the never-to-be-forgotten match last year? Mr. Thomas will have to hustle to keep up his predecessor's reputation, but Miss Woodhull has two to make up for her. We're all glad to know that in spite of the changes in the personnel of our Faculty, their old spirit and good sportsmanship remains.

### SUNDAY SERVICE

The weather again frustrated an attempt to hold Vesper service in Bolleswood, when it threatened, all last Sunday, to break out into a heavy storm. This time, however, an informal service, held in Thames Hall, was arranged to take its place.

Immediately after supper the chairs and tables were pushed back and everyone gathered around the open fire. Mr. Kellogg took charge of the first part of the service and spoke for a few moments on religion viewed from the academic standpoint. After the singing of "The Flag That Makes Us One," the service was placed in the hands of the girls, who chose the hymns and old songs which have been a part of our "sings" in other years.

## An Old Opportunity In a New Light

This is a question which we all have asked ourselves, time and time again. And it is a question that the majority of us feel we can never sufficiently answer.

To be sure, there are the obvious things that everyone can do and not everyone does: knit, make surgical dressings, save sugar, buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps. "But," you say, "these things are so commonplace and small." Of course, in a sense, they are small. Although one might venture the platitudinous remark that, after all, it is the small things that count.

But there is another thing that we can do. We have heard not a few times that we belong to an "enlightened community." We have all had the experience of being placed upon a rather embarrassingly elevated pinnacle, simply because we were college girls. Whether deservedly or not is another question. The fact remains.

And it is a fact which embraces both a great privilege and a great responsibility: a privilege in that one is given the opportunity of helping to mould that subtle but potential force, public opinion; a responsibility in that so much depends on how we use that opportunity.

"Pshaw!" you say, "What possible difference can it make what I say?"

We will be surprised to note with what respect and interest our opinions are received. For we represent college thought and atmosphere.

Obviously, then, the thing to do is to get the right opinion. And the next thing to do is to have the courage of our convictions—to express ourselves whenever we have an opportunity. So much depends in these days of stress upon the attitude of the country at large. This has been particularly demonstrated in the last few momentous days. If we can feel that we have helped to propagate and preserve an atmosphere of courage and cheerfulness, of indomitable belief in the ultimate victory of right, of strong and earnest opposition to any peace that does not mean universal peace—surely it is no small thing.

A. GARDNER '20.

Freshman, living in Blackstone: "I like the dormitory all right, but it's simply over-run with seniors."

## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916  
Published Weekly

### EDITORIAL STAFF

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Fanchon Hartman '20

Irene Wholey '20

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Julie Hatch '19

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Kathryn Hulbert '20

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Juline Warner '19

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Alice Gardner '20

Ann Arkin '21

Abby Gallup '21

Evalene Taylor '21

Proof Readers—

Dorothy Matteson '20

Barbara Ashenden '21

Faculty Adviser—

Dr. Nye

### SHALL CONNECTICUT COLLEGE HAVE A SERVICE FLAG?

Have you ever noticed the Service Flags in the business section of the city? Have you ever noticed the Service Flags in the churches? Have you ever wondered why Connecticut College has no service flag?

It is not because we have no representatives in the service of the United States. Lieutenant Frank Morris is training at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia. Lieutenant Crandall was wounded in overseas service, and is now connected with liaison work in Paris. Dr. Manwaring is a commissioned lieutenant of the Medical Corps. Mr. Weld serves in the capacity of Director of Music in all the Navy training camps. Miss Woodhull is sailing for France very soon as a canteen worker. Miss Reichelderfer has been accepted as a reconstruction aide, and either has already sailed or is sailing in the near future. Olive Stark '21, has joined the yeomanettes. Perhaps you know of others.

It is not because we will not have more members in the service. Miss Snevily has passed her examination as reconstruction aide. Lillian Shadd '19, Esther Pedrick '21, and Ann Hastings '22, are preparing for the three years' hospital training course in nursing. Have you ever realised that all the men of the Faculty, with three or four exceptions, are registered under the new draft law?

Shall Connecticut College delay honoring its representatives any longer? Surely, it cannot have been called to our attention before.

The News is lending its contribution

box in the gym for the subscriptions you will be wanting to give. There are so many of us that contributions will be limited to twenty-five cents. Could you find a better use for that nickel or dime than that of dedicating it to the Seven Original Stars in the Connecticut College Service Flag?

### PUBLICITY AND MORE OF IT.

May Buckley '19, has been elected Associate Art and Publicity Editor of the News.

### OLD CLOTHES!

Some time ago the Service League made an appeal for old clothes to be sent to the Commission on Belgian Relief. Strangely enough we have received none as yet. We are sure there must be a few on campus. Just look in your wardrobes and see if there aren't a few things which you thought you might possibly wear—and don't let them hang there all winter long when they would be so much appreciated by someone in need. When sending your laundry home, ask to have some old garments sent back in it, so that Connecticut College may prove that she is awake to every call. Then leave them in the Service League office, Room A, Plant basement.

JESSIE H. WELLS '19.

### SCRAPS OF PAPER

All the citizens of the United States realise that it is a patriotic duty of the highest order to assist their government by purchasing Liberty Bonds.

Paper conservation and Liberty Bond purchase are widely differentiated in importance. Yet the Liberty Bonds have been bought, and the paper must be conserved. Big issues are generally easy to support; small issues are generally easy to neglect.

But the chemicals which are utilised for the manufacture of paper are indispensable for the manufacture of munitions. By conserving paper you are materially ameliorating the difficulties of war conditions. Don't hesitate to help your country in its time of stress. Turn that inattention in regard to saving envelopes, typewriting paper, used theme paper, old newspapers and magazines to "attention." Old paper can now be remade into clean, new paper. If your waste paper—real waste that cannot be used again even for scraps—should be collected, many bales would be bound up here every week.

Regard the conservation of paper in the same way as that in which you hold the purchase of Liberty Bonds.

ANN ARKIN '21.

### "OVER THERE"

Newspaper reports about the doings of the boys "Over There" are interesting, but there is the lack of the personal element. Letters, on the other hand, which tell the experiences of any

one man, are apt to have an individual, vivacious spirit, and if you know that the writer is a real person and the news authentic, you are interested so much the more. We cannot all get letters from abroad; we aren't all so fortunate as to have some one there who will keep us informed; but there is no reason why things cannot be evened up a bit, and everyone get a chance to read a first-hand account. Whenever you get a letter that contains news that is different from what one usually hears, or that you think will interest the other girls, please waste no time in having it printed in your college paper. Please leave all contributions in Box 62.

### THE PATH

My feet have loved the stony path  
That climbed up to your door.  
My fingers loved the friendly weeds  
That brushed them as I passed.  
I loved the tangled, clinging vine,  
That caught my footsteps back,  
And lazy violet shadows splashed  
Across the golden grass.

But now your door is closed to me—  
My feet may know no more  
The joy of climbing toilsome ways  
To find you waiting there.  
For now your soul is strange to me—  
Far and cold as a star.  
And silence mocks my longing cry  
With poignant emptiness.

—'20.

### WITH THE OCEAN BETWEEN US

As you probably know, we were in on this last American drive about a week ago, and came out with whole skins and a much more optimistic view of the war situation at present, and the possibilities of the future than we have had heretofore. We have seen beaucoup German prisoners and the great majority of them are a mighty dejected and poor looking lot, I can assure you. Some are old men of fifty-five or sixty years of age, with little wizened-up faces, and big, anxious eyes peering out from behind their spectacles. Others were youngsters of fifteen or sixteen; undersized and otherwise physically unfit. They could much more profitably have been at school, or at home, than adding their efforts to their hopeless cause. Our infantry advanced so quickly after the first bombardment that the Germans' retreat developed into a rout, and a large quantity of ammunition, guns, motor trucks, and other material fell into the hands of the Americans. A company of our engineers came upon a German canteen hastily abandoned with all of its supplies left behind; so these fortunate youths were having a great time smoking Boche cigars and cigarettes, and eating Boche biscuits. The souvenir hunters were right on the job when we reached a place and could rest or look around a bit and they found every kind of trinket, helmets, pistols, bayonets, mess kits, canteens,

an Austrian war cross, and even a complete German telephone and telegraph outfit. I laid my hands on a small German novel, which I found, and am laboriously trying to put the fruits of my high school and college German courses to practical test.

FROM A MACHINE GUNNER.

### A DAUGHTER OF THE REV- OLUTION

"The third passerby"—Her lined face was tense as she strained to see them look at the new flag, hung high between the white pillars, which hid her from the street. As she was grateful for their shadows to hide her tense expectancy, so for many years past had she been glad that they provided a place where she could sit alone in her sorrows and watch with a bitter sort of pleasure the life of the quiet street. How long ago it seemed. She thought of the proud, handsome woman she had been when her pride in her position, family, and most of all in the vigorous stock of Revolutionary heroes from whom she was directly descended, had been broken, and she had first sought the shadows of the pillars to sit bitterly bemoaning the failure of her life. Day after day she had sat there, the indomitable pride that had kept her carriage erect and her head high, powerless to prevent the gradual deepening of lines of bitterness and shame in her face. She had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless semi-invalid for life. She had watched his bent, trembling figure return from his daily trip to town, dreading, yet watching, for the pitying expression of the passerby. But the tragedy of this period had not been so bad as the weeks when a lowered voice and a raised eyebrow seemed to the lonely watcher always to be accompaniments of the passer's conversation. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a colorless sort of way when she saw him quite forgiven, indeed lauded and honored, when he returned rich and successful from the city. Perhaps because she realized her own responsibility, did the bitterness of her third cross assume disproportionate strength.

But, perhaps, most strongly of all had she felt that the privilege of his inheritance had been disgraced in her third son. Just because two silly girls had tittered "Miss" Taylor as they passed the sober, gentle figure of her youngest boy, why should these words have been engraved on her heart, making his inefficiency and effeminacy overwhelm her true realization of his utter sacrifice of his ambitions to plod along in the little village post-office, of his utter sacrifice of his whole life to his saddened mother?

From out on the street a child's shrill voice pierced into the pitiless review of her reverie. "Two soldiers already! Whew—"

The long, drawn exclamation quick-

ened her very heartstrings. Half unconsciously she went to the edge of the porch where the Service Flag hung new and bright in the sunshine.

"Two soldiers," she repeated, "in my sons I have fulfilled the inheritance of my ancestors."

The spring wind blew the flag against the white pillar, and in the faded blue eyes of the sorrow-conquered woman, shone for a moment a light of victory and exultation, a flame of the unconquered pride of a Daughter of the Revolution. J. H. '19.

### TEXTS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY

A great demand on the part of our soldiers and sailors in camp, field and overseas has developed for books of serious study, not merely in military technique and in every branch of applied science, but in pure science—mathematics, chemistry, physics, astronomy, and in history, particularly the history of the United States, of England, France, and Italy. In every one of these subjects thousands of our soldiers and sailors are requiring text-books, and in all of them also sympathetic instruction is being given by the military authorities, the Y. M. C. A., and institutional agencies.

The American Library Association, which, by invitation of the War and Navy Departments, is helping to supply books for our men, has asked the aid of the Bureau of Education in obtaining those text-books. The Association has not sufficient funds to permit it to purchase all of the books required, although it is supplying them to the limit of its ability.

There are, no doubt, in the possession of college authorities, members of the faculty, or of the student body numerous copies of text-books which have been superseded in one way or another, but which would be of great service to the soldiers and sailors. The Commissioner of the Bureau of Education therefore asks that Connecticut College contribute such books. The books need to be fairly recent.

Here is an opportunity to do a real

service for our men. Think over the text-books that you have stored in boxes in the basements or filling up valuable space in your desks. Some of them you may need for reference, but many of them you will never read again. You would sell them second hand if anyone would buy them. They aren't of any particular use to you. So why not donate them to this very patriotic cause?

Bring your books to the News' office.  
Bring your old clothes to the Service League office.

Or do both at once.

### WAS IT YOUR CUP?

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

haps,—perhaps, it would go to a sweet American Red Cross lady—who would give it to a little French child. And the little kiddie would jump up and down, and kiss the lady, and cry, "Merci, Merci" (that was what the packing-room girls said they did). And then the Lump would be happy—because it would make the little French kiddie happy . . . .

A jolt—a jar—a grating feeling as Lump rubbed Lump in the carton—and then a long, long rumbling and grating. Some more jolting and jarring, squeaking of nails, and tearing of paper and cardboard. The Lump blinked. It was being poured into a glass jar with other Lumps, and carried to a bright, lighted room. Was *this* France?

Something shiny and silvery pinched the Lump's sides. A moment, and it was dropped into something hot and brown. It felt itself going—it was dissolving! This couldn't be France—no kiddie had screamed "Merci" and

kissed a lady's hand—no soldier had held it in his hands. The Lump was fast going. Would it never see France? This was America! Tomorrow it would be no more. Some of it might be lying in the sink drain, where the maid had scraped it out of the bottom of the American cup, and washed it down the sink. N. J. W. '19.

### FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY

Wellesley has made herself popular with French children, through a gift of fifty dollars' worth of lollypops. The money was given by a member of the faculty.

The college is taking up the Discussion Groups through its Christian Association. The topics are very similar to those adopted by Connecticut College.

Vassar has organized a history club not unlike our own—called War Discussion. The purpose of the club is to include not only vital causes and the events of the war, but a discussion of the social and economic problems and their solution—preparation for conditions after the war.

The Vassar "News" contains a column—"The War in a Nutshell," which summarizes the most important events of the war, military and non-military.

The Rutgers "Targum," for October 3rd, contains an interesting description of our youngest sister college—the New Jersey State College for Women. Like C. C., it is the only college of its kind in the state. Unlike our college, "New Jersey" started with only forty-nine students. Its faculty numbers

seventeen. The first seniors will graduate in 1921. The courses lead to degrees of A. B., Litt. B. and B. S.

Smith College Red Cross, this year, will be busy with making garments and comfort kits, instead of knitting and surgical dressings.


### APOLOGIES TO A. P.

(From English 25-26)

First on this hill I try these Popish strains,  
Nor blush to sport on C. C.'s blissful plains;  
Where nymphs with joyous cries the Welkin fill,  
And even David's fleecy care do thrill;  
Where sports of stick and ball as well as mind  
Make sylvan strains resound the hills behind.  
Not as of old these verdant valleys ring,  
Where Solitude sweet comfort once did bring.  
Oh, former bliss that ne'er can be revived,  
Where art thou, now that 22's arrived?  
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!

But o'er the rural scene a cloud appears!—  
Thou canst not long abuse our gentle dears,  
Vile Demon, fluent in thy raging course!  
To Inoculation, goddess fair—resource?—  
Nay, better yet much water and much air,  
And blissful walks across th' enameled fair,  
The blushing dawn with circling mists of light,  
Or Cynthia's rising horn, to greet, by night.  
But alas!—Resound, ye hills, my mournful lay.  
We can these things no longer truly say.  
For Pope was made for Thee, Oh Age-worn Muse!  
And let not us, the sylvan crew, abuse.  
Poor parody, farewell, and all who read, adieu!  
To all who love a joke, this is alone for You.  
"AN UNFORTUNATE LADY" ('20).

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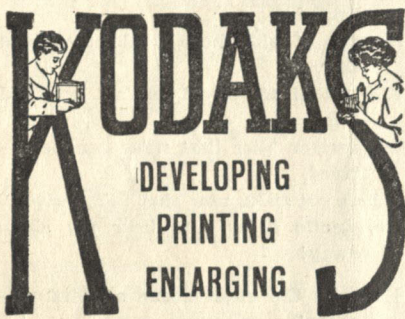
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Secretary, Rena Broderick '19  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Fanchon Hartman '20  
Fire Captain, Marion Warner '20

**Plant House—**  
President, Dorcas Gallup '19  
Treasurer, Helen Rich '21  
Secretary, Anna Buller '20  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Esther Watrous '21  
Fire Captain, Ruth Anderson '19

**Winthrop House—**  
President, La Fetra Perley '20  
Treasurer, Margaret Milligan '20  
Secretary, Dorothy Muzzy '20  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Dorothy Stelle '20  
Fire Captain, Harriet Allen '20

**Thames Hall—**  
President, Catherine Cone '21  
Treasurer, Mildred Fenelon '21  
Secretary, Barbara Ashenden '21  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, E. Bellows '22  
Fire Captain, Marion Lyons '21

**Mosier House—**  
President, Olive Tuthill '22  
Treasurer, B. Clark '22  
Secretary, M. Baxter '22  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Helen Coops '22  
Fire Captain, Alice Purtil '22

**North Cottage—**  
President, Helen Cannon '19  
Treasurer, Marion Keene '21  
Secretary, Roberta Newton '21  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Doris Patterson '21  
Fire Captain, Justine McGowan '20

**Deshon House—**  
President, Charlotte Hall '21  
Treasurer, Deborah Jackson '21  
Secretary, M. Pollard '22  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Ruby Tracy '22  
Fire Captain, Eleanor Haasis '21

**McQuinnney House—**  
President, Marjorie Doyle '20  
Secretary and Treasurer, D. Hover '20  
Fire Captain, Marjorie Doyle '20  
Fire Chief, Loretta Higgins '20  
Fire Captain of the Refectory, Mildred White '19

**FACULTY NOTES**

Senor Barja, in spite of the prevailing war conditions, spent some months in Spain this summer. He has kindly promised to write for the News an article on his experiences.

Dr. Thomas was one of the leaders at the Student Y. M. C. A. Conference, held at Northfield, early in July. For the first time in the history of the Conference, foreign students were present.

At the close of the summer session of the University of Wyoming, where she was one of the instructors, Dr. Thompson went to Idaho, Washington, and Colorado. She is now head of the Dietetics Department of the Kansas State College.

Miss Black has just returned from Bridgehampton, L. I., where she and Miss Woodhull directed our farm unit this summer. In going over the books, she found that the girls had done over \$4,500 worth of work. About eighty girls worked in the unit during the four months. Their employers were so pleased with their work of the farmettes that they are planning to offer them the use of a house for next summer.

While Miss Woodhull is waiting for her sailing orders, she is a volunteer member of the Liberty Bond Committee in New York. She has been selling bonds from the information desk in the Grand Central station.

Mrs. Arthur Mavity, known better to us as Dr. Barr, has published work in this month's issue of the Bookman, and also in the Stratford Journal of Boston, and the Unpopular Review.

Miss Barnicle spent some months in research work this summer at the Widener Memorial Library of Harvard University.

Miss Beach spent her summer at the University of Wisconsin, where she did graduate work in English and methods of composition.

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