NINETEEN SECRETS

The Senior meeting was notable for the number of important matters discussed and decided, but to every one of those present notable most of all because of the first common realization of the real Senior spirit—an Intangible something, somehow inextricably bound up with the discussion of class books, pins and caps and gowns, and even more essentially with the miniture of the actual realization of Commencement, intangible, yes, yet a something felt by every Senior. The class of 1919 is to increase the efficiency of its activities by a naming committee with Esther Batchelder as chairman. It is to entertain the Freshmen in the very near future, and it is to do something which is very novel and interesting—but that is a secret!

NEWCOMERS ON CAMPUS

Miss Mildred Stanton, R. A. Brown, Assistant in the Zoology Department.

Dr. Helen B. Todd, M. D., Boston University. College physician and Fellow of Thomas Hall. Dr. Todd was at the Minneapolis Maternity Hospital last year.

Miss Florence Sivivir, University of Utah. Graduate of the University of Chicago and of Sargent School, Director of Physical Education. Formerly Director of Physical Education in Public Schools in Chicago and instructor in the Nobel High School of Chicago.

Miss Beryl E. Sawyer, Sargent School. Instructor in Physical Education.

Miss Mary C. McKeen, M. A., Pennsylvania College for Women, Assistant in Chemistry Department. Formerly head of the Department of Chemistry at Hollins College, Virginia.

Miss Lilian Rosanoff, Ph.D., Clark University. Instructor in Physics. Miss Rosanoff was an instructor in Wells College last year.

Dr. Allan Thomas, Ph.D., Cornell University, Instructor in Philosophy and Psychology. Dr. Thomas was instructor in Philosophy at Cornell University last year.

Mrs. Lois S. Davidson, Director of Residence. Mrs. Davidson was formerly with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

Mr. Edwin H. Kellogg, A. B. and B. D. Assistant Professor in Biblical Literature. Mr. Kellogg was a Fellow in Church History at the Hartford Theological Seminary last year.

ALL ABOARD, '22

On October 31st in 113, New London Hall, the freshmen held their first mass meeting resulting in the election of the following officers:

President, Olive Tuthill.

Vice-president, Constance Hill.

Secretary, Ann Hastings.

Treasurer, Minnie Pollard.

Historian, Elizabeth Hall.

Crowded in the corridor and outside the windows were groups of interested upper classmen who every minute while the meeting was in progress chanted their candidate's name. The freshmen applauded vigorously. After the meeting the newly organized class collected in the reception room in Thomas Hall and with much cheerfulness and enthusiasm carried their new president by storm through the dining room. Cheer after cheer sounded through the room, "Rah, Rah, Rah, Tuthill!" Singing, cheering, the class wound in a snake dance around the tables and triumphantly seated their president.

B.—At last the class of twenty-two is really organized and has shown itself to be a class of spirit and pep and one mighty proud of its new president.

A. P. H., '22.

DID YOU KNOW

that one of the greatest mediums of advertising, if it is not the greatest, is the newspaper? The object of the advertiser is to get his merchandise before the public. The larger the circulation of the paper the more anxious he is to put an advertisement in it. There's no doubt but that we do read the advertisements. We can't help it when a whole page advertisement or the starting headline of a big sale takes our attention before we even read the news items.

In the matter of advertising the News is limited. The advertisers can have but small space; there is no room for full page advertisements, and the starting headlines are missing. On the other hand the News readers have the advantage of knowing that the merchants who advertise are reliable, carry the best goods in their line, and are always accommodating. Their advertisements coming regularly in the News ought to be a constant reminder that they advertise in the News because they believe in the circulation and influence of the News and that YOU as an intelligent and wide-awake reader should give him, and the store he represents, your consideration and patronage.

Connecticut College News
ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly
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Pancheen Hartman '20
Irises Wholey '20
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Kathryn Hubert '20
Art and Photography Editor—
Elizabeth Williams '20
Assistant Art and Publicity Mgr.—
May Buckley '19
Dusk Manager—
Dorothy Peck '19
Assistant Business Manager—
Dora Schwartz '20
Hattie Goldin '21
Reporters—
Juline Warner '19
Marion Hendre '20
Alice Garder '20
Anna Long '20
Abby Galup '21
Evelene Taylor '21
Proof Readers—
Dorothy Matteos '20
Barbara Ashenden '21
Faculty Adviser—
Dr. Nye

MONEY!

The calls for money nowadays are many—money for loans that are stretched over long periods of time, money for outright gifts. None of us begrudge it for any of these causes. Our purses are always open, for we realize fully that it is the least we can do to show something of the spirit that animates the men "over there," but sometimes the amount within our purses seems tragically small, in comparison with the demand.

However much we drown to appear generous and noble, expenses must be met. To-day the cost of living is appallingly high, and shows signs of soaring still further. Those to whom this statement is merely an item of the least of us is "Tired of giving!"

M. K. P. '19.

OPEN LETTERS

[The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the views expressed in this column.]

JANITRESSES.

To the Editor:

"Release a man for the front."

The motto of C. C.'s Fanterettes has been transferred from Long Island field work to college housework. Student janitresses have taken the place of men in all but two of the college buildings. The work in the gymnasium, Blackstone, Plast, North Cottage, Deshon and Mosier is done wholly by students, while New London Hall's janitor has two assistant janitresses.

But rumor indicates a growing objection to our janitresses; not that students are to be scoured for working, but that such work is to be scoured by students.

C. C. is proud of her democratic spirit. Since the opening of the college, most of the highest offices have been filled by working students. The idea of democracy is being tested. Does it not show itself to be somewhat superficial and aristocratic?

C. C. is proud of her Fanterettes.

Why not of her janitresses? Is there much difference between hoisting the soil outdoors and sweeping it up, when the work is transferred to the building? Are our janitresses not as truly serving their country by taking men's places indoors as outdoors? True, their work is not so conspicuous, nor so inviting. But is that not all the more reason why C. C. should be proud?

C. C. is proud of starting new traditions. Faw, if any, society women have undertaken janitor positions as a place of war work. C. C. is proving that the educated woman may undertake even so humble a task and elevate it. To the Red Cross nurse at the front, to the refugee and reconstruction worker behind the lines, the mild, orderly, sanitary duty of keeping clean a modern American building, would appear child's play. No one scorns the work of our women "Over there." One who should be so objectionable to us, in America?

France and England thrill us with the tales of the sacrifices of their women, but how many of America's women to whom it presents a serious problem more or less interest are lucky. Those to whom this statement is merely an item of the least of us is "Tired of giving!"

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BELLS FOR THE BELLES.

To the Editor:

Yes, these are war times. All our enterprises young electricians, or, more sagely, clockmen, seem to have departed, to help make the world safe for democracy.

It requires, you will agree, something more than a marathon winner to accomplish the following feat: after being dismissed from class at 11:15 to get down two flights of stairs (four at a time), across the lawn by leaps and bounds, into the dorm, change to gym suit, and out on the field by 11:20. Invariably the one who attempts it is, after the strenuous performance, rewarded by being marked absent. And such occurs, four times a week.

We all admit that a professor cannot lecture with one eye on the clock and the other on the class roll. He has no time to think of his thoughts on the passing time, and the other half on the subject under discussion. The remedy is dependable belts.

Among some fifty or sixty students of physics in this college, can't some genius be found who will regulate clocks and belts? Lesser deeds have received the D. S. Medal.

E. B. D. '20.

DESPAIR.

An old man knelt by his rickety bed, "My God," he prayed, "let me die to-morrow,"

Cecilia Washburn, '22.

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AMONG OUR POETS

Verse is the hardest thing in the world to appreciate. Prose always means what it says. Verse goes deeper, and implies a world of significance below the surface. Verse is rarely obvious. Read it once, and perhaps you will understand a little. Read it twice, and you will understand more. Verse draws largely upon imagination and intuition. And verse is word-music. Read it aloud, and you will hear many things that you would not see if you glanced down the page.

AUTUMN SONG.

Sweetheart, the pines are sighing
And the alders bending low,
And there comes a mournful crying
From the valleys far below.

I can hear the north wind calling
To the southward fleeting birds,
And the drying leaves are falling
On the closely huddled herds.

But the autumn sun is smiling
And I find when you are nigh,
A melody beguiling
In the sad wind's lullaby.

[Compliments of 25 Union Street]

THE LOVER.

Beside the ocean's rocky walls
Two pointed pine trees grew,
But one made love to a frozen wave
As she dashed from the azure blue.
Then with the wind she went away
As a restless child goes off to play.
And as she went, I heard him say—
"Rush on, wild wave, unto the sea,
For still I'll wait and wait for thee,
My heart beats fast, my heart beats slow.
Rush on, wild wave, if thou must go
Far out across your azure sea.
But still I'll wait and wait for thee."


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MARIA TRACY, M. D., Dean
2181 North College Avenue
WITH THE OCEAN
BETWEEN US
Zona di Guerra (Italy).
Dear—
Yesterday I supervised the taking of some movies. Sort of "Persuing's Crusader" stuff—only of course much better. My work is tiring them, choosing settings and working in the machines as effectively as possible.

These were taken for the American Army and are for the records of American activity on this front.

Rather a funny little incident occurred at one of our advance posts a few days back. The Italians pulled a big trench raid and nacked back about twenty-five prisoners. These were brought down to our post to be searched. One reached into his pockets and drew out a tinny looking object. All the onlookers stepped back, thinking that he was going to obliterate the bunch with a hand grenade. But he held it up—it was merely a half empty tin of jam that a Croce Rossa soup lieutenant had tossed out to him. Fritz was allowed to keep his "bornb" but he held it up—t was merely a half empty bunch of jam. And he were strangers.

An Austrian plane fell near this same post. It had beautiful jet black crosses on the wings and tail. I drew my trusty cheese dagger and started for the fray. But alack, four fierce bayonets beat me to it—and frowned with an expression that clearly indicated that jam and he were strangers.

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From an Ambulance.

FACULTY NOTES
Dr. Chapman has an article entitled "Captain Tom Beebe’s Choice," in the current number of the Yale Review. "That is the title, but alack, four fierce bayonets beat me to it—and frowned upon my enterprise. Had there been two—perhaps—but four big shiny ones oh no! I contented myself with a couple of photos.

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