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Connecticut College News

Vol. 2 No. 5.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, DECEMBER 15, 1916.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Coming Events

December 15th.

Informal reading and tea in the Students' Rest Room from 4 to 6 o'clock. Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, the donor of Bolleswood, will read from her own poems.

December 15th.

M. Jules Bois will lecture at Thames Hall in French on the subject "La Femme Francaise."

December 16th.

At 8.15 in Thames Hall the Dramatic Club will give a play of Rudyard Kipling's, "Poor Dear Mama."

December 18th.

The regular meeting of the Glee Club will take place at 5 o'clock in Room 113 N. L.

December 19th.

The regular meeting of the Mandolin Club will be held in Room 5, Blackstone.

December 20th.

The regular meeting of the Glee Club at 5 o'clock in Room 113, N. L.

December 22nd. (noon) to January 2nd. (noon) — Christmas Vacation. These dates must be observed closely.

Debating Club Officers Elected.

At the last meeting of the Literary and Debating Society the following officers were elected:

President—Mary Erwin.

Vice-President—Florence Lennon.

The following membership committee was appointed.

Alison Hastings,
Margary Rowe.

Hereafter the meetings will be held at 5 o'clock in Room III, the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

Convocation Reports.

At convocation, on Nov. 28th, Connecticut College had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Sykes lecture on the life and works of George Eliot. Dr. Sykes had expected a speaker from outside, but no one was disappointed when he announced that we were again to receive the benefits of "home talent."

The lecture should have been of especial interest to students of this college for George Eliot was an ardent friend of higher education for women and a member of a class of '19, herself, just one century ago. Dr. Sykes depicted the struggles of the shy, awkward girl through her youth and young womanhood with rare sympathy and understanding. He carefully traced the growth of her philosophy from its earliest development to the stage which made her a psycho-realist, and so great a genius in letters. Numerous quotations from her chief novels of provincial life, and the many references to the characters in them, showed clearly the trend of George Eliot's thought. Her women characters were particularly referred to as being pioneers in the field of broader activity for woman.

The lecture concluded with a few stereoptican views of scenes closely connected with the life of the great novelist and copies of portraits of herself.

December 6th.

The speaker at convocation, Dr. Cephas Guillet of the State Normal School at Westville, Mass., was most enthusiastically received. His talk was on Psychology and Education. He gave the results of some interesting experiments with a little boy to show the growth in the ability of the child to give the definition of a number of words in clear expressive terms. Dr. Guillet spoke of the fact that a child's expression is nearly always subjective, and is given in terms of action.

The subject of inferiority among children was discussed at length. Dr. Guillet said the teacher often fails to inter-

(Continued on page 2)

Hockey.

The following two act play was presented by the students of Connecticut College on December 9th at 10 A. M. Owing to lack of a theatre, which it is hoped will be in the promised Field House, the play took place on the Hockey Field.

HOCKEY

A Two-Act Play

Dramatis Personae

Team of 1919

Center	Louise Ansley, (c)
Right inside	Madeline Rowe
Left "	Dorothy Upton
Right wing	Dorothy Peck
Left "	Esther Batchelder
Center half back	Norma Regan
Right "	Priscilla Ford
Left "	Julie Hatch
Right full "	Marenda Prentis
Left "	Esther Barnes
Goal keeper	Florence Carns
Substitutes	Emmetta Weed Florence Lennon

Team of 1920

Center	Mabel Torrey
Right inside	Marion Warner
Left "	Joan Munro
Right wing	Mildred Howard
Left "	Margaret Davies, (c)
Center half back	Harriet Allen
Right "	Dorothea Marvin
Left "	Justine McGowan
Right full "	Josephine Emerson
Left "	Dorothy Stelle
Goal keeper	Helen Harris
Substitutes	Helen Gage Eleanor Seaver Alice Horax

Cheer leaders

Lillian Shadd, '19
Helen Townsend '19
Frances Barlow, '20
Helen Hankemeyer, '20

Cheerers

Dr. Sykes, Miss Partridge, Dr. Cary, Miss Reicheldorfer, Mrs. Young, Members of the classes of 1919 and 1920.

(Continued on page 4)

Patty's Parasol.

(Prize Story)

"What illogical little creatures we children used to be! It's fortunate we ever came out as well as we did."

Barbara, from habit nodded assent, but after consideration queried, "But why, Pat?"

"Oh," Patricia's deep voice showed perfect assurance, "we weren't trained to be logical; we were denied here, indulged there, not treated at all as reasonable beings. By study, a child's every instinct can be understood and properly trained. Come! compare my Patty's belongings to the heterogeneous playthings thoughtlessly bought, with which our tastes were perverted." Carried away by her subject, she sprang up and opened the door into the sunny room where scientific childhood reigned supreme. There was a low white bookcase with big colored books, on one side, and in the corner a box of letter blocks and a blackboard where Patricia was religiously trained to form letters with her short round fingers. A row of dolls garbed in chambray rompers, or gingham dresses and with round unbreakable character faces occupied a wooden bench between the windows while across the blue rag rug was built the sentence, "I have a cat," in big, clean, wooden letters. Patricia shook her head at this and called out the window, "Come Patty, please."

Patty dropped her cart and came dancing in. She was a perfect little creature, tall, straight, with round, firm, little limbs and a beautifully modelled, strong-willed face. After watching her obediently pick up the letters and fit them exactly into a wooden box, Barbara went away, as usual, a firm admirer of her wonderful sister and her success in the science of child-training.

It was not until Christmas vacation that Barbara came to her sister's again. She realized immediately that all was not well in the household of Rudd. She watched anxiously the danger signals in the faces of Patricia and her big husband, John, but received no inkling of their cause until she saw them strongly

(Continued on page 2)

COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Fortnightly

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Nye, Dr. Marjorie Barstow and Miss
Carola Ernst.

Editorial

You see the "News" has taken unto itself something of the spirit of the old slogan, "Do your Christmas shopping early," in that it believes in getting out its Christmas issue early, for this is our last issue before the holidays.

Though your hearts may be sad at the thought that you will not see another "Connecticut College News" until next year, you may be somewhat solaced when you realize, also, that soon you will leave old C. C. to return no more until 1916 has become a thing of the past. But that is getting apart from Christmas which should be the theme of this editorial.

Probably the day we celebrate as Christmas is one of our oldest holidays. Of course, as a holiday, it did not originate in the Christian religion, but was the time of the old Roman Saturnalia; the festival that marked the closing of the year. Then it was arbitrarily settled upon by Christians as the time for celebrating the birth of Christ.

Does it not seem particularly fitting that the day celebrated by the ancient Romans as marking the close of the year; the end of an old order and the beginning of a new one, should have become the day consecrated to the memory of Him who more than any other changed the old order and brought in a new? What better time could we choose to celebrate the birthday of Christ?

I think it is true that we have no holiday that means so much to old and young, alike, as Christmas. The very word always causes a certain tingling thrill of joy and excitement.

Christmas is indeed a word to conjure with, for it opens hearts long unresponsive; it brightens the eyes of the little child, it brings a smile to wan and weary faces; and it always carries with it the spirit of brotherhood of man and good will to all.

It is the happiest, merriest time of all the year! Then we remember old friends and forget old enemies, for we are all friends at Christmas-time. It is then that we remember those less fortunate than ourselves, and make it Christmas in their hearts and homes, too. It's Christmas time that all these things are true!

There is no finer spirit than the true Yuletide Spirit. It is the very essence of Christ's teachings. When the day comes, well may we hope that the Christmas message may enter the lives of all. May the great nations now in conflict feel the Christmas love in their hearts, and remember that it is in truth their brothers who meet them on the field of battle.

On this day when we celebrate the birth of Christ, let us remember His message to the world. The Christmas spirit will be in all our hearts, and let us keep it there the whole year through to shed its warmth of love and good will through all our lives.

"Blow bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease.
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began;
Sing of glory to God, and good will to man."

Faculty Notes

On December seventh, Dr. Coerne lectured in New London, at the Vocational High School, on Wagner's Parsifal.

Miss Ernst spoke in Chattam, New Jersey, December eighth, in behalf of the Belgium Relief Fund.

Mrs. Louise Ryckeman Sykes is taking Dr. Barr's classes during her leave of absence.

Dr. Nye spoke on "Shakespeare's Use of Classical Literature" at the annual meeting of the Classical Association of New England. The meeting was held at Trinity College, December ninth.

New Valuations in Point System.

The following valuations have been made in the point system.

- Hiking Leader—10
- Dining Room Committee
- Chairman—25
- Member—15
- Standing Committees in Clubs
- Chairman—10
- Member—5
- All Other Committees
- Chairman—20
- Member—5

Patty's Parasol.

(Concluded from page 1)

accentuated when at bedtime Patty went to the big fire-place, and called up the chimney, "I want just only that red umbrella. 'Night, Santy.'" After hugging all she trotted out of the room and clattered up the stairs. John and Patricia simultaneously breathed a sigh of mingled relief and despair.

"Well, I must say," said Barbara, "you two people act like two days before an execution, rather than two days before Christmas."

"Well," John began, "Patty has upset the peace by choosing for Christmas a parasol affair with dangles."

Here Patricia interrupted excitedly, "Barbara, I do believe that children are logical beings and should be treated as such. I have always said that indulgence of little whimsies makes the multitude of 'queer' people of today, and that a reasonable child can easily be produced by a little care and firmness. And I've given so much earnest thought to Patty, haven't I, Barbara?"

"Patricia, what are you talking about?" Barbara was completely mystified.

Patricia shamefacedly collected herself and began, "Two weeks ago Patty set her heart on an atrocity of a child's parasol, which she saw down town. It was bright red silk, itself ruinous to eyesight, and hideously decorated with ruffles and tassels. She has not forgotten it for one minute and daily assures me that 'Santy' will bring it, though I've as often told her she can't have it. Now Barbara, it's a conflict between my theories and Patty's will. I have always believed that those things which a child should not like, should be denied in order that she may be trained to like things which she should like."

Before Barbara could decide what to say, callers furnished a welcome interruption to the conversation.

Two days later on Christmas morning Barbara, who had gone over every year since Patty's first Christmas, to see that shine of her eyes when she beheld the never palling splendor of the sparkling tree, appeared as usual at seven-thirty. The tree was in the pretty white nursery and the four stockings hung over the crackling Christmas fire. The room was full of Yuletide spirit, bitter-sweet edged the picture-rail, crooked but cheery holly wreaths, made by Patty herself, hung at all the windows. But the "un-Christmassy" tragedy of the two people in the room would have been comical if it had not been so real. John paced up and down with an impatient frown on his forehead. Patricia sat in utter dejection between the smiling dolls on the bench. Having nothing to say, Barbara sat down and disconsolately scanned the ceiling. Once Patricia spoke, "Her Christmas will be spoiled! She's eaten supper in her room twice because she persistently contradicted me when I said she couldn't have the thing. She has cried herself to sleep but awakened

in the morning perfectly sure that Santy would bring it."

John groaned and quickened his pace, and Patricia twisted her dress. Barbara tapped her heel on the floor uncomfortably. The clock had ticked five minutes more when there was a patter of feet upstairs.

"She'll dress in a minute," said John and fastened his eyes stupidly on a scraggly wreath.

Determination crossed Patricia's face. She jumped up sending the fat dolls in all directions. "Oh, I can't stand it! The last thing she said last night was 'Santy's going to bring me the red umbrella.' John, run quick! You have just time to get down and save the day."

John whooped like a school-boy and dashed out of the house looking five years younger. Patricia took a last look at the sparkling tree and gently picked up the abused dolls, while Barbara went out to drop off her furs. Ten minutes later after Patty had danced three times around the fairy tree and opened the top package a hurried step was heard on the porch and John came into the house. Powdered with snow, he burst into the room, shoving a long paper parcel into his daughter's arms.

Patty drew forth the famous red parasol. They all leaned forward expectantly.

"Thank you, daddy," she said, then laying it on the chair, "But daddy, see my doll with really eye-winkers," and she smoothed its starched dress lovingly.

Patricia plumped down on a chair and looked very young and inexperienced. Barbara put her arm gently on her shoulders, but could not forbear whispering, "What illogical little creatures children still are!"

Convocation Reports.

(Concluded from page 1)

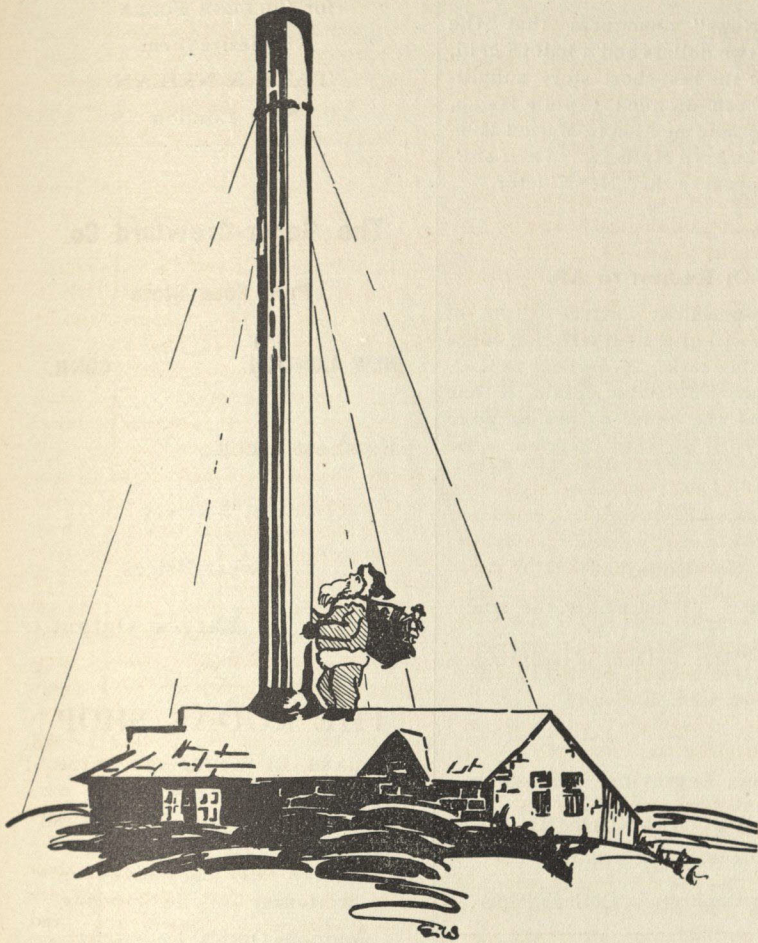
pret the child's answer in the light of the child's own experience, and therefore is not a proper judge of the intelligence of the young pupils. The teacher who can discover the hidden meaning in what a child says is the only good teacher. The speaker believes the greatest educational needs of our day are the better classification of pupils, and teachers who are investigators. The necessity of understanding the mind before it is possible to train it seems to prove that the study of the science of the mind is essential to teaching. Dr. Guillet's ideal of education is "Every child his own curriculum, every teacher his own method."

Change in Eligibility Rules.

The following change has been made in eligibility rules.

Any student who has more than ten points of D-work in the preceding semester shall be ineligible to hold an office of over thirty points.

Student Council.



There's No Hope for the Engineer!

Thames Tide-Rips.

Merry Crissmuss!

* * * * *

The "muss" will come a few weeks later, in January, when our thoughts turn from the merriness to more trivial things. Mid-years, for instance.

* * * * *

Class of 1920 mark your opportunity for a place in the origin of college traditions! This year, for the first time, Freshmen will be permitted to give Christmas presents to the Sophomores.

* * * * *

At all events, the "presents" of the Freshmen will be expected at chapel the day before college closes.

* * * * *

Of course the presence of the Sophomores is always expected. Only you never can tell where to expect it.

* * * * *

Why is the first of the year like a zephyr in the spring-time woods?

It precipitates the rustling of countless new leaves.

* * * * *

Speaking of new leaves and some of the unintelligible failures they've re-

corded in past years, reminds us of a red ink note our teachers used to write across our copy book, "Can't you write more legibly?"

* * * * *

We guess we've failed as far as a pen and ink are concerned; so this year we are going to try it with our grey matter.

* * * * *

At this season our minds unconsciously drift to the motto, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I say our minds drift "unconsciously," but I can't be too certain. Those mid-term report notes may have had something to do with it.

* * * * *

Since the Deutschland's return to Bremen, we should conclude that as far as England's control of the seas is concerned, Germany has "double-crossed" her.

* * * * *

Speaking of Santa Claus' mode of locomotion, somebody says that he has turned back his 1915 Zeppelin and to be strictly up to date is coming in a submarine. We're sure that must be so because we heard brother Tommy say only yesterday that he "bet there was sompin' fishy about that Santa Claus story."

I. H. S. '19.

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STANTON & COOK

Hockey.

(Concluded from page 1)

Staged and directed personally by Miss Hazel Woodhull

ACT I. Scene: Hockey Field

Time: 10 A. M., Saturday, Dec. 9, 1916

Large hockey field, extreme west one goal, extreme east another. Players stationed in positions on field, 1919 west half, costumed in middies and bloomers, gray socks and hockey sticks; 1920 east, costumed in middies and bloomers, green socks and hockey sticks. North side line 1919 cheerers, swathed in sweaters and robes, seated and standing on a bench; south side line 1920 cheerers in similar costumes and positions. Play opens with cheers from both side lines; large touring car, decorated in green and gray drives to north side line, bearing more 1919 cheerers. Action starts at sound of whistle blown by Miss Woodhull.

Ansley and Torrey bully. Ball is carried up and down field. Davies drives goal.

1920 cheerers: "Yea, Freshmen."

" " "

" " "

1919 cheerers: Strychnine, quinine
Blood and dust!What in the dickens
is the matter with us?"

1919! 1919!

Ansley and Torrey bully again.
Batchelder '19 drives goal.

1919 cheerers: "1-2-3-4

3-2-1-4

Who are we for?

Batch! Batch! Batch!

1920 cheerers: We want another goal!

" " " "

" " " "

Similar action continues until 10.30
A. M.

Curtain falls on Act I, score 1-1.

Intermission.

1920 cheerers march around field, in
single line, halting at north side line.1919 cheerers, ten abreast, led by team
with sticks linked, march around field.Miniature Field House is drawn past
Hockey Field. Cheering from both
sides. Honking of automobile horn.

Teams are photographed.

* * * *

ACT II. Scene: same.

Time: 10 minutes later.

Action starts at sound of whistle
blown by Miss Woodhull.

Ansley and Torrey bully again.

Ansley drives goal.

Rowe " "

Batchelder drives goal.

Ansley " "

Action same as Act I, except that
goals are driven only by 1919 team.

Cheering by 1919 enthusiastically.

Curtain falls on Act II, score 5-1.

* * * *

FINALE.

1919 team is carried off field on shoulders of admiring cheerers. Carried to waiting car. Automobile drives to center of the field. 1920 team and cheerers picturesquely and expectantly grouped about the car. Miss Young '19 presents Captain Davies with a token.

Miss Young: "May the beads of this necklace stand for your beads of perspiration and this nipple as your comforter. The whole your Rosary."

Captain Davies immediately puts comforter in mouth and her face is lighted by a peaceful expression.

Teams and cheerers leave field shouting.

FINIS.

On the whole, the acting of all was very good, nothing was overdrawn. As Miss Woodhull said, the play is sure to have a successful run next season.

The players entered in with vengeance and gave required action. Florence Carns should be presented with a bottle of "Sloan's Linament" for the bravery she revealed in stopping the ball with all parts of her body. Madeline Rowe and Louise Ansley were right there to "put it through." Ford, Prentis, Barns, Hatch, Upton and Regan fitted like a jig-saw puzzle and worked together. Batch was like an eel in the way she slid in and out, and there was a Peck of luck when Dot got the ball in the wing.

There was good, clean cut work on the Freshman team. Torrey and Munro would Warner not to go too fast but on Marion sped with Howard, Allen and Marvin. The other players whose work should be commended were Dave, who unlike the little shepherd boy kept calling to McGowan, Emerson, Stelle and Harris, "Don't get cold feet even though it is a damp day, and don't get hot headed even though there is a lot of firing from the cheering forces. Such ammunition won't explode." And so the Freshmen went to it with warm feet and cool heads, and, if they keep it up for four years, they're bound to win sometime!

Jessie Wells } '19
Marion Kofsky }

And So——

The mistletoe hung on the chandelier,
The lady was near, oh so very near,
We met half-way and she smiled at me;
The mistletoe hung near the Christmas
tree.

We met and we smiled, nor said a word
Until she drew back and said, "Oh,
how absurd!"

But the mistletoe hung on the chan-
delier,

What else could I do with the lady so
near?

Short Story Contest Awards.

The "News" announces that the prize of two dollars and a half in gold, offered for the best short story submitted has been awarded to Julie Hatch, with honorable mention to Marion Hendry and Kathryn Hulbert. Their stories will appear in the "News" later.

Of Interest to All.

The Connecticut College Club of Brooklyn will give a subscription dance on December 28th. Everybody at C. C. is invited. The subscription is one dollar and the proceeds are to go to Miss Ernst's girls in Belgium. Do come!

CURIOUS.

Freshman—"What makes the studio so cold?"

Soph.—"Mr. Selden is painting a frieze."

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