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President to Dedicate Service Flag

"I believe that the college should hold a special service of dedication," said President Marshall, speaking of the Service Flag which has been ordered for the college. This service will be a special feature of Vespers on Sunday, November 17th.

Six stars have been recognized by the Connecticut Council of Defense. These will symbolize the work of Lieutenant Crandall, Lieutenant Manwaring, Lieutenant Morris, Miss Woodhull, Mr. Weld, and Olive Stark.

Seven dollars in nickels and dimes was the generous response to the appeal of the News. It is expected that the patriotic flag, the Service Flag, would be torn into ribbons between two weeks and two months. Instead, a worthy place of honor was proposed for the flag, impractical. According to calculations based on the wear and tear on the American flag, the proposed location for the flag, impractical. The strong winds which sweep across the campus render the mast, a proposed location for the flag, impractical. According to calculations based on the wear and tear on the American flag, the proposed location for the flag, impractical.

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SENIORS DEFEAT JUNIORS

The Seniors defeated the Juniors in a well-played game resulting in a score of 7-0 Saturday afternoon, November 14th. This success redeemed the defeat that '19 experienced last year at the hands of its rivals. Alison Hastings and Ruth Anderson made the two goals of the game. The lineup was as follows:

JUNIOR - FRESHMAN

The Music Department is offering its usual attractive program in this winter's concert series. The concert scheduled for November fourteenth was transferred to April seventeenth. Otherwise the dates posted remain as scheduled.

December 17th—Student recital.
February 13th—Glee Club concert.
March 22nd—Boston Symphony Trio: Violin, violoncello, harp.
April 17th—Helen Jeffrey, violinist (who has been touring with Melba).
May 22nd—Student recital.

Tickets may be ordered from Clementina Jordan '19.

On Thursday evening, the 31st of October, at eight o'clock, President and Mrs. Marshall gave a reception for the four classes and faculty. This was the first party at C. C. which four classes have attended as well as the first since quarantine began. We certainly enjoyed it even more than most parties because of its very novelty. The gymnasium was gaily decorated with huge beads, golden pumpkins, and sheaves of corn, all suggestive of Hallowe'en and merriment. An orchestra from town played for the dancing. Each class gave a stunt during the course of the evening. The Seniors gave a comic mock wedding with Jake Wells officiating, Margaret Mahler as bride and Amy Kipler as groom. Miss Blue was the leader of the Junior entertainment; a bright skit from the play, "The Spring Maid." Helen Perry as the "dainty, little rabbit" drinking from the "bubbling brook" (Henrietta Costigan), caused much laughter. The Sophomore stunt was in two parts: a back fence with two noisy cats, who were represented by Bobby Newton and Dorothy Gregson; and a tragic and weird duet by Laura Batchelder and Helen Newton. Portia Freshman dressed as ghosts, formed an orchestra which was led by Evelyn Gray. They played several pieces with just such lugubrious notes as one would expect to hear from a phantom crew. Refreshments were served during the evening. Led by the orchestra we all sang the Star Spangled Banner, and then, most regrettably, the party broke up. S. C. W. '22.

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

Withrow and her guests gathered around the fireplace for an informal reading and sing and sipped one Sunday evening not long ago. President Marshall read war poems while we watched the flames flicker and fall. His interpretation of Kipling's "Back to the Army Again," was especially appreciated. It is not often that President Marshall and the students meet informally.

EXTRA

The class of '21 has voted $15 toward C. C.'s quota for the Allied War Fund.
Connecticut College News

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PEACE AND THE COLLEGE.

When the report of the German Revolution reached us, we were carried away with enthusiasm. Peace! We had been waiting for it so long. Then we joined the great crowd that surged restlessly up and down State Street. We sang the Star Spangled Banner in front of the Municipal Building. We rang the church bell. We cheered for the little French soldier lifted on the shoulders of the crowd.

But now we have heard definitely that no such armistice has been declared as inciting all New London that the Frenchmen would return to the trenches.

We, Connecticut College, we, too, are disenchanted.

What was the value of this disappointment? President Marshall said that it was dangerous to disappoint the enthusiasm of youth. And many among the glorious company of the psychologists have agreed with him.

But the wonderful thing about our enthusiasm Thursday night was that it was collective. One common thought was exciting all New London that night.

We, Connecticut College, we, too, have entered into the collective soul. War brings to us a respect for the individual soul, for our neighbor. Every girl is potentially of value to our country.

And every one of us has some friend on the firing line. Every one of us is getting letters from France. And every one of us knows that the girl she meets crossing the campus shares her hopes and her anxiety. We are all one—the girl from Winthrop and the girl from Plant, the Junior and the Sophomore, the resident and the town girl.

But often from our actions one would never suspect that we were bound together so closely, not only by our college affiliation, but by our common sympathy. "Together we serve," has been our motto in time of war. Now that peace is so near, let us make it the truth. We are all one. And when peace comes let us rejoice together as we have done once before. When you and I march down State Street together again, let it be in full knowledge and understanding and sympathy. Let us rejoice together, you and I, not as we have so often sorrowed alone and holding ourselves aloof. Then our enthusiasm will not have been in vain.

AMONG OUR POETS

These verses are reminiscent of Alfred Noyes.

A CALL,

I look for you, my love,
And wait, the long cloud-darkened day
I hang a lantern at my gate
And deck my hair with flowers.

I look for you, my love,
And wait, the wind cries at the garden gate:
The clock in the belfry strikes eight;
But love will come no more.

I hang a lantern at my gate
And deck my hair with flowers.

And these are decided "in lighter vein."

IN MEMORIAM.

Their happy days of yesterday
One whitther have they went!
Our beaux, our beaux where be they now,
My heart in two is rent.

I used to have a score or more
A-hangin' at my heels
An' now I ain't held hands so long
I can't think how it feels.

I used to set an' watch the moon
With Hiram or with Jake,
An' now with none but girls around
You've just plum got to fake.

Them movie shows we used to see
By gum! but they was fine,
With we a' holdin' Jimny's hand
And him a' holdin' mine.

Ah me! But we must not repine;
We maidsen fair has work;
We've got to help the boys along
And just can't ford to shirk.

And when the boys come home again
There'll be the same old moon
A'shin' down upon us here
On some swell night in June!

IN MEMORY OF

MORTON F. PLANT,
FOUNDER AND TRUSTEE
OF
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE,
DIED NOVEMBER 4, 1918.

Mr. Plant was the donor of Plant and Blackstone Houses, and of the million dollar endowment fund that has made possible the opening and maintenance of Connecticut College.

During the hour of his funeral on the seventh of November, all college activities were suspended.

WITH THE OCEAN

Dear—

... The first two days when I have already told you about were commonplace enough. The morning on which I was to be relieved I was awavling myself of a privilege which we can only enjoy at the Postes, namely sleeping late. I think thin, and some tea and coffee which was made of barley, roasted and boiled; the big meat was at noon and consisted of a bowl of soup, rather employed in the kitchen, and I would come down and interpret for them. Please do not think that my French is that good; but it seemed to me not as we have so often sorrowed our actions no one noticed. But often n-om our actions no one knew. They continued to sleep between the walls. The sounds of the trench were heard and the Frenchmen said, "You are good. You are friendly."

After they had escaped from the camp proper, they were not followed, but it was then too late to try and slip across, so they found a convenient shell-hole and prepared to spend the day there. Of course no German dared to appear out of the trenches while it was light so they were undiscovered from that side, and the French didn't fire much, so they got through the day all right although some shells came pretty near to them.

The hardest part was ahead of them: so as soon as it was dark, they started. They continued to slip between the French lines and crowd under the wire, and as they were building; and they could not keep their directions and were afraid they were going parallel to the trenches when all of a sudden a machine gun started to fire. They recognized it as German from the sound, and by getting their directions from it they wiggled under some more wire and came upon another trench. They had been making a lot of noise, but the Germans had no attention to it. However, the French were on their guard and sent out some stink shells to see what was up. When the Englishmen recognized the French Holmets, they lost no time in making themselves known. The French sentry counted them with his gun until he was sure, and then welcomed them into the trench with open arms. They said that the treatment they received was wonderful.

Their opportunity to observe conditions behind the lines was rather limited but they had made the most of the chance they had, and I would not be
surprised if the staff got some valuable information from them. They said that everything there was a substitute; the only things which seemed to be in abundance were iron and wood; for instance, they had sprung arrangements in place of rubber tires, cried leaves for tobacco, clothes made of nettles which some of their company were employed in gathering, and cheese made of fish. * * * FROM AN AMBULANCE DRIVER.

FIVE OF CLUBS

The Literary and Debating Club held their first meeting of the year Thursday, November 7th, at 5 o'clock. It was decided that our first half of the year should be devoted to the literary work, which should comprise a study of American literature, and perhaps a brief resume of modern fiction toward the end.

The course will be divided into prose and poetry, with the emphasis laid upon poetry the first half, and prose the last half. It is not yet certain just whom the study will begin—probably with Lowell and Lane, equally prominent authors. In any event, the course is sure to be most profitable, and we would urge the attendance of those whose interest lies in that direction.

IN OLD MADRID.

The Spanish Club has been newly organized for the purpose of furthering the interest in Spanish in the college. It will represent the activities of the Spanish department, and will give opportunity for an informal study of the Spanish language. With a membership of thirty and the prospect of complete organization within the month, this new club promises to become an important force in the college community.

President, Clementina Jordan. Vice-President, Olive Doherty. Secretary, Marion Wells. Treasurer, Helen Collins.

Under the leadership of Senor Barja and Miss Ernst, the club is preparing to give, before Christmas, the play, "La Vida es Sueño," by Calderon. The cast includes Helen Collins, Irma Hustler, Marion Wells, Mariesther Dougherty, Frances Saunders, Olive Doherty, Rose Doherty, Anna Fhairy, Irene Whitley, Harriet Johnson, and Clementina Jordan.

PRIDE AND PLEDGES

Jeanette Thompson rustled into 215 Park Hall, slammed the door behind her, and sank awkwardly, but luxuriously, into the wicker arm-chair by the bay-window of her dormitory room. She had done it. The outcome she knew not. Her parents' opinion she cared not. It was what the other girl's had done, and if she was to make anything of herself, she must, somehow, keep up the great illusion. She gazed at her shiny, patent leather pumps, the silk stockings and the taffeta shirt she had bought with her child-savings—at the expense of a new, warm coat for her mother. But, after all, hadn't it been worth it? To be sure, her summer's earnings were rapidly vanishing in her rot infrequent treats and fees with which she entertained the senator's nieces, the mayor's nieces, and the granddaughter of the Western railroad president. And everything had gone very well. But now—now Jeanette arose and dabbed her nose furiously with her powder puff for the Allied Drive.

Fifty dollars pledged! Fifty whole green dollars! She could not do less. Althea DeWitt had pledged fifty and a Liberty Bond. But where should she get the money? Why couldn't she have a bank account like Althea, and simply write off her check and be done with it? To be sure, she might earn the money—other girls were doing it; but they were those who couldn't afford to give without earning it. Somehow, there was a community about those working girls. They lacked the polish and refinement of Althea, who could write checks. Jeanette had never for a moment admitted to her friends that she herself had earned money, in Dr. Franklin's office that summer. She had turned over a new leaf and would even forget their personal experiences in the war. Perhaps.

The first regular meeting of the Dramatic Club was held on October 31st. Two plays were read: "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," by Alfred Sutro, and "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsmury. On December 8th, the club is planning to present its first play of the season.

Miriam Taylor '22, has been elected treasurer of the Dramatic Club.

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The Sixty-ninth year begins September 18, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German). Four months' preliminary didactic and laboratory course for those expecting to enroll in a nurses' training school.

For announcement and further information, address Martha Tracy, M. D., Dean, 2101 North College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

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int; nothing but dancing, reading and "No, Aunt Jane's invited me over." Althea laughed pink manicured hands. Any way, she mysteriously wasn't going to degrade herself by Saturday morning. Jeanette Thompson, manual labor. Writing letters and answering the phone was, after all, Franklin's house. She was assured lady-like work. work enough to earn her pledge, and "Coming to lunch?"

It was Althea, stopping for her on her way down. A maid—or-alt-work. in dust cap and apron, was mopping the porch. One would never know that Althea's What a degrading position! Jeanette. rather was, a bank president, Her- super-tor, walked to the door, clothes were straight, tailored models, "Why, Jeanette! Thompson!" her hair was drawn smoothly off her forehead. Jeanette was disappointed in her for that. But then, her bureauest was solid silver, and she was always drawing checks from her little leather check book. "I don't know what for." I asked what Althea was strangely excited this hey were around here for ana when noon. one of them replied, "We are three friends, and have just escaped from the Hun's," you could have knocked the door down.