Elections Year Book and Class Festivities

Year Book:
Editor—Marion Kofsky '19.
Assistant Editors—Julie Hatch '19, Juliane Warner '19, Margaret Ives '19.
Art Editor—Miriam Pomeroy '19.
Assistant Art Editor—Barlow '20.
Photographers—Mildred White '19, Elizabeth Perdue '19.
Business Manager—Florence Lennon '19.
Assistant—Loretta Higgins '20, Dorothy Doane '20.

Senior Week:
Class Day Committee—Winona Young, Chairman. Madeline Rowe, Alison Hastings, Miriam Pomeroy, Frances Osten.
Senior Night Committee—Esther Batchelder, Chairman. Jessie Wells, Marion Wells, Mary Chipman, Helen Cannon.
Commencement Committee—Virginia Rose, Chairman.
Junior Week (May 16):
Executive Committee—Alice Horrax, Chairman. Margaret Davies, Loretta Higgins, Henrietta Costigan, Helen Gage, Betty Rumney, Mildred Howard.
Junior Prom Committee—Helen Perry, Chairman. Helen Collins, Elizabeth Williams, Elinor Seaver, Frances Barlow, Fanchon Hartman, Edith Lindholm.

Plans for a Sophomore Hop and Vaudville Show scheduled for February are under way.

The Dramatic Club Plays

On Saturday, December 14th, the Dramatic Club is to present two plays by Sutro, "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," and "The Man on the Kerb," and by one by Lord Dunsany, "The Lost Silk Hat." The first is a satire on society life in England and is not only cleverly written but succeeds in holding the interest as to the outcome up till the very last. "The Man on the Kerb" is a very human tragedy, as simple as it is happening on all sides every day. Sutro has treated it in such a way that the irony of the situation is well brought out while none of the pathos of it is lost. As to "The Lost Silk Hat," it scarcely needs mentioning, for it is the five plays, which have, in the past few years become so widely known, none is more humorous or has a more universal appeal.

The record of the Dramatic Club for

Alumnae Challenge
Faculty to Soccer

Student Employment Committee Reports

During the United War Work Campaign a temporary employment bureau was started on campus, and then it was felt by some of us that a permanent Committee on Student Employment might prove to be a very valuable institution at C. C.

Such a committee has been organized, and perhaps it would interest you to know what has been done, and what the possibilities are.

Publicity is what we needed more than anything else so that people in town would know, if there was a need, that we are here to fill it.

Various newspapers had articles about our Committee on Student Employment, and several ministers in town announced it from their pulpits.

We have written and interviewed a great many heads of business concerns, stores, and offices. Many of these have answered that if a vacancy occurred we would be asked to fill it, so that now we can only await their call.

Naturally no girl attends college so that she may work eight hours a day down town, and even though we work, we do not supply one girl every hour of the day at any place. For instance, among the girls who have signed up for work no one is free on two occasions in the week.

Consequently there are only a very limited number of positions we can fill. Secondly, not all of the girls who are working are skilled in any phase of work, and the greatest demand so far has been typists. Just because you are a college girl people do not give you a trial because they expect a certain degree of intelligence, but if after a very short time you cannot compete in efficiency with others, you certainly do not deserve any preference. If a girl is truly serious about wanting a position let her make every possible effort. Try our Committee on Student Employment, but let that be only one of your agencies. If we do not succeed, perhaps you will through some other channel. There is always that possibility.

By reading advertisements in the "Daily" and "Telegraph" we are keeping in touch with conditions in town, and whenever a position seems suitable, within our limited possibilities, and the type of work worthy of a college girl, we certainly notify applicants for work.

A ten per cent. fee will be collected

Joys of Thanksgiving at Connecticut College

Weren't you all just a little bit sorry, and didn't you pity us who had to stay behind over the Thanksgiving vacation? Of course you did; we pitied ourselves. But all the sympathy was wasted, for it happened that a Thanksgiving vacation spent at college was just as much fun as those spent at home, as far as festivities go. The dinner was served at a long table in the annex of the dining-room, and evidences of our attractive decorations still remain. But it wasn't the table or the decorations which made our mouths water; it was that big turkey, which was sitting there very proud and proper, an attitude quite befitting his first annual visit to Thames Hall.

One of the usual Thanksgiving dishes was forgotten. President Marshall sat at the head of his huge adopted family, which comprised many members of the faculty as well as a number of students.

So much for the dinner. You can imagine the amount we ate, and the uncomfortable feelings we had later.

Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg entertained. That one word "entertain" explains everything, because every single girl had the time of her life. Besides having a good time, we did something more. Some of us worked down town at "regular jobs," and the rest of us worked at odd things about campus. You haven't any idea how much we pitied ourselves on the label, "United War Work Fund.

Now the story of the Thanksgiving is told; the first New England Thanksgiving for a great many, and a very happy one for all.

One of those who stayed behind.

Hitting the Bull's Eye.

Senior Darja—"Miss F. — h - - y. translate into Spanish, 'can you kill the cow'?

Miss F. — h - - y in English—"No, but I can throw the bull.

on every position given out next semester, so that the Committee on Student Employment may be self-supporting. Office hours have been posted on the bulletin board, and if anyone wishes to consult with members of the committee, she is requested to do so during the specified hours.

We are hoping that the Committee on Student Employment may be of real service to C. C.

Leah Nora Pick, Chairman.
WHAT DOES THE COLLEGE NEED MOST?

A new college has almost as many needs as it has students. The student body necessarily increases faster than the equipment. The buildings that were sufficient for one class cannot meet the demands of four. A continual expansion must be provided for by gifts to the college. One such gift has recently been made by Morton E. Plant, genius as it is, it does not defray the cost of a completed college equipment. Only the two most pressing needs can be met.

And what are these needs? A home for the President on the campus, a library, a dormitory, an infirmary, a faculty house, a boat-house, an administration and arts building, and a chapel—all these are of vital importance to the college community.

Not only does it add to the difficulties of administration for the President, in days of uncertain and infrequent car service, to live in town. His absence is a positive loss to the students—a loss of close and inspiring contact with a great administrator and educator. The President, on the other hand, loses that intimate personal understanding of the college body which only propinquity can give. That the President should have a worthy home on the campus is a need that has been felt by students and faculty alike.

But what about a library? Much has been written and said on the conditioned state of these two rooms now devoted to the intellectual center of the college, on the poor lighting system, on the scarcity of reference books. It is an old story, but none the less an ever recurring problem. A new dormitory will always be welcome. Girls living in the oneco section are not only losing the privilege of campus life, but in many instances are inconveniently far from the main buildings of the college.

As for the spiritual needs of the college—they can be but partially met by worship and chapel services held in the gymnasium. There is a spiritual inspiration in swinging rings and giant strides. No matter how fine the speaker or how vital his message, a devotional atmosphere cannot be created in a gymnasium.

By sad experience has the need of an infirmary been demonstrated. While it is true that among a comparatively small number of students, the still smaller number ill at any one time would not seem to warrant an entire new building, is the refectory the best place for an infirmary, bearing in mind the noise of the patients and in view of possible infection of the food? A campus faculty house also demanded, for several of the faculty are obliged to live at inconveniently long distances from the college, and this number will increase as the college grows.

Nor must the boat-house, though a smaller building, be forgotten. A new boat-house filled with new boats would do much for the recreational side of college life.

Last of all in the list, but not less important, should be included an arts building with offices for the administration of the college. New London Hall is equipped as a science building for laboratory work. Its present crowded condition both hampers scientific research and lengthens the recitation session. Few colleges hold classes during the summer, but New London will extend its session from eight until six. From nine to three is a normal session. The long day puts an unnecessary strain on faculty and students.

Eight of the pressing needs of Connecticut College have been enumerated. How far will $500,000 go? If two must be taken and six left, which shall they be? Possibly the president's house, the new dormitory, and the library deserve first rank in importance, although the trustee may have been led to a different decision by his clearer knowledge of the case at their meeting.

ONE OF THE NEW COUNTRIES.

How is Poland becoming a nation, free and independent once more? By war, sacrifice and death. There is not a regular revolution of Poles abroad, but the Poles who have died in the World War gave up their all, thinking of a new revived Poland—ruled by Poles themselves.

Thirteen colonies, almost two centuries ago, fought three long agonizing winters for freedom; fought without support from few men and in a country teemed with traitor Tories. Their revolution resulted in a free country of thirteen states which has grown into a world power—the United States.

The Holy Land has been reclaimed. General Allenby passed beneath the arch of Friends Gate at half past seven on December 11, ending four centuries of Ottoman domination over the Holy City of Christians and Jews. At the peace conference when Germany is forced to surrender Alsace-Lorraine to France, England, looking very benignant, will hand over Palestine to the Jews, accomplished this territoory. Subtle suggestions of the favors which England should be allowed in the country she willingly surrendered.

From the days when the Jews gathered in Jerusalem for the Passover up to the present gathering of the Children of Israel from many different countries about Solomon's temple is a far, far cry. The intense nationalism of the Jews has persisted for 1,700 years, unaltered by a country and with a territory and a propaganda. The Fifth Avenue of New York and the ghettos of London. History tells of no other instance which can be compared to this. No other race has; the City of David.

With this great ever-living nationalism, will a country of patriots of the highest order permit an autonomous freedom? They may be forced to become helpless infants, to suffer the protectorate of a world power, but, as full grown adults this race will exhibit the same spirit of nation, though separated by oceans and continents; they will win for themselves their own country, by their blood, with national sacrifice and suffering. And, not in the future, but in the present, the Jews will be able to speak of a native land, a land that is all their own. This land which was fought for, which was secured at the highest price, at the cost of human life, will grow. And by the financial abilities which helped France in time of stress, by the minds which struggle for right in any court and in any forum, which direct mammoth mercantile establishements, will Palestine, the land of the Jews, become a power in the world.

AMONG OUR POETS

SOAP AND WATER.

You first learned the meaning of soap—

When you were little and had your mouth washed out with it for saying naughty words. Ever since then your childish days were frothy with soap and water. Never did you come in from play or pop up unexpectedly before company but mother would say, "What dirty face and hands! Go and wash them well with soap and water."

But what avails it to believe in the "Soap and Water Gospel" as the only salvation for dirt? Of what benefit is it to be brought up in the way you should go if, when you reach the advanced stage of college, you cannot go that way? You may, with the best intentions in the world, run into the lavatory after gym to remove traces of basketball before your next class, or you may attempt to remove the odor of the "pickled Lumberjacks" from your body by soaping and toweling? Cleanliness may be next to godliness in the Bible, but it is next to impossible at college.

A. L. G. '21.

ROTATION OF CLASS COLORS.

Each of the four classes of Connecticut College has chosen its colors. Would it not be a good plan to keep these four chief colors permanently, each senior class bestowing its color to the incoming freshman class, who would have the privilege of adding a different complimentary color? For instance, the class of '21 would inherit green, and could combine with it burnt orange or any other shade they might choose for decorating. To have a regular rotation of green, blue, purple, and red would retell the tradition without destroying the individuality of any class.

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

AMONG OUR POETS

THOUGHTS.

The night blooms cold and dark,
The gathering clouds drop gray.
One light in the sleeping village,
And a phantom ship in the bay.

By that light sits a fisherman dozing.
On the stove brews a kettle of tea.
But the thoughts of the man are wandering,
And sail in the ship on the sea.

He remembers the time long departed,
When a sailor had harken'd away,
Leaving a barefoot lassie.
And a light in the hut by the bay.

He remembers the ship towing anchor,
And the last hazy vision he saw,
A fairy face dim through the window,
And a flickering lamp at the door.

The phantom ship strains at the anchor,
And no one about can we see.
But out of the past one face lingers,
And smiles on a man and his tea.


HIGHER EDUCATION.

My sister is selling her soul in the streets,
My brother is spending his youth.
And I turn away from their desperate need
To search printed pages for truth.

I stroll in the path where the violets grow,
Where pansies and red roses stray:
The soil in the dark and the cold of the earth
To die on the broad highway.
TO MY CHUM.
Respectfully Dedicated to Psychology
13-14.
You pointed out new roads, you showed the way
To lands undreamed of, where eternal springs
The well of Hope, and where the Bluebird sings
Of Happiness. You taught me how to play.
Like children, ever blithe-some, and gay.
As some wild bit of thistledown that sings
Itself before the wind. And strange new things
Changed all the drabness of my lonely day.

To glittering gold, as if at fairy touch.
And you, it was who waved the magic rod.
And you alone who opened my blind eye
To see the heart of humankind and God.
To rightly value Earth, and Paradise!

K. H. '20.

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Mrs. M. E. Austin, Mgr. Tel. 573
like to cook luncheon at his cabin, and
of course we accepted gladly. It was
a beautifully built log cabin across the
lake from the camp. When we in-
quired about it, he modestly told us
that he had hewn the logs all alone,
and carried them from the forest.

The interior of the cabin was as
picturesque as an Indian fort. Color-
pictures from out-of-date magazines
were on the walls, with bright picture
post cards sent him by former camp
visitors. Over the huge fireplace, as
beheld that of a huntsman, hung the
head; of that northern monarch of
beasts—the moose. On the floor were
beer skins, while smaller fox and
Canadian lynx skins hung on the walls—
trophies of solitary hunts thru the
trackless Canadian woods.

A small loft, covering only about a
third of the room, furnished Louie's
sleeping quarters. This loft was
reached by a unique ladder of short
wooden pegs driven into the chinks
between the logs. When we turned
from the end of the room we could
scarcely contain our laughter, for in
the corner was a large punching bag,
and on the pine table a small Victor
Talking Machine. Louie explained
that the latter was the gift of one of
the camp guests, and that once in a
while people sent him new records.

It was in this picturesque one-
roomed cabin across the lake from
the one spot of civilization in
that locality, that Louie the hermit had
lived for twenty years.

After we went home in the fall,
It was in this picturesque one-
roomed cabin across the lake from
the one spot of civilization in
that locality, that Louie the hermit had
lived for twenty years.

After we went home in the fall,
he moved to a new lott, a little
farther away. He tooled for it
himself, and the camp guests,
bearing many trophies
at that locality, that Louie the hermit had
lived for twenty years.

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