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Connecticut College

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Elections Year Book and Class Festivities

Year Book.

Editor—Marion Kofsky '19.

Assistant Editors—Julie Hatch '19, Juline Warner '19, Marjorie Viets '20.

Art Editor—Miriam Pomeroy '19.

Assistant Art Editor—Frances Barlow '20.

Photographers—Mildred White '19, Margaret Ives '19.

Business Manager—Florence Lennon '19.

Assistants—Loretta Higgins '20, Dorothy Doane '20.

Senior Week.

Class Day Committee—Winona Young, Chairman. Madeline Rowe, Alison Hastings, Miriam Pomeroy, Frances Otten.

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 Vaudeville 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 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, so simple that 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 of 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

Preceded by a brass drum, automobiles, and a long procession of students, the faculty of Connecticut College marched out to a second victory in the second Faculty-Nineteen game on November twenty-sixth.

Ph. D.'s and Phi Beta Kappa's forgotten, the members of the faculty team summoned back the energy of their youth and displayed remarkably supple skill in athletics.

Although numerous fouls and misplays were committed by the less practised team, and in spite of frequent collisions and tumbles, both sides put up a good game. The skill of former football stars and of three instructors in physical education saved the reputation of the Faculty team. Long kicks, well aimed by President Marshall's practised foot, skillful stopping by the goal-keeper, Dr. Kellogg, and frequent upsettings of Dr. Thomas and a senior more than once kept the ball from passing the posts.

Each side, however, made one goal. The Seniors failed to score, for the whistle blew for the end of the half just before the ball passed the goal line. The Faculty won the victory when their half-back, Miss Sawyer, kicked the ball through the goal-keeper a moment before the final whistle, making the score, 1 to 0.

Nineteen, however, is still doubtful of the Faculty's invincibility. The class is awaiting eagerly the results of the game with the Seniors next year. More than that, Nineteen's team is planning to return as alumnae and redeem themselves in the eyes of the college in a Faculty-Nineteen game in the future.

The line-up included:

FACULTY.	SENIORS.
Sawyer.....c. f.....	Ansley
Leib.....r. i.....	Anderson
Selden.....l. i.....	Hastings
Black.....r. w.....	Rowe (Capt.)
Snevily.....l. w.....	Batchelder
.....c. h.....	Cockings
Blue (Capt.).....r. h..	Hatch, Emerson
Thomas.....l. h..	Provost, Prentis
Bauer.....r. f.....	White, Weed
Marshall.....l. f.....	Lennon
Kellogg.....g.	White, Barnes

last year was so splendid that they will have to go far to surpass it. However, an excellent cast has been chosen and the very fact that Mr. Currie is directing the productions assures success.

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 enterprises, 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 in relays we cannot 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 forenoons in the week.

Consequently there are only a very limited number of positions we can fill. Secondly, not all of the girls who applied for work are skilled in any phase of work, and the greatest demand so far has been typists. Just because you are a college girl people may 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 "Day" 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 will 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. Not 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 put aside with 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.

Senor Barja—"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.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

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Dr. Nye

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. Generous 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 congested condition of the 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 are in many cases inconveniently far from the main buildings of the college.

As for the spiritual needs of the college—they can be but partially met by vesper and chapel services held in the gymnasium. There is no 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, both in view of the noise for the patients and in view of possible infection of the food?

A campus faculty house also deserves consideration, 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 the college life.

Last of all in the list, but not less important, should be included an arts building with offices for the administration. 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 straight through from eight until six. From nine to three is a normal session. The long academic day puts an unnecessary strain on faculty and students alike.

Eight of the pressing needs of Connecticut College have been enumerated. How far will \$250,000 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 trustees may have been led to a different decision by their 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 alone, but the Poles who have died in the World War gave up their all, thinking of a new revived Poland—ruled by Poles for themselves.

Thirteen colonies, almost two centuries ago, fought three long agonising winters for freedom; fought without supplies, with few men and in a country peopled 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 flat arch of Friend 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, accompanied by the customary 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, unaided by a country and without a leader's propaganda, in the Fifth Avenue of New York and the ghettos of London. History tells of no other instance which can be compared to the devotion that this homeless race has for 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 as helpless infants, to suffer the protectorship of a world power, but, as full grown adults this race will exhibit the ties of feeling that kept them a nation, though separated by oceans and continents; they will win for themselves a country by their blood, with national sacrifice and suffering. Then, and not before, will the Jews be able to speak of a native land, a land that is all their own. This land which was fought for, which was gained 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 New York courts, and by the brains which direct mammoth mercantile establishments, will Palestine, the land of the Jews, become a power in the world.

A. M. A. '21.

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 childhood 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 scrub them well with soap and water."

But what avails it to believe in the "Soap and Water Gospel" as the only antidote 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 Lumbricus" from your hands after zoology: all to no purpose. Water there is a-plenty, but what avails cold water without soap and towels? Cleanliness may be next to godliness in the Bible, but it is next to impossible at college.

A. I. 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 bequeathing its color to the incoming freshman class, who would have the privilege of adding a different complimentary color? For instance, the class of '23 would inherit green, and could combine with it buff or white or any other shade they might choose for decorating. To have a regular rotation of green, blue, purple, and red would retain the tradition without destroying the individuality of any class.

ESTHER ALLEN '21.

AMONG OUR POETS

THOUGHTS.

The night looms cold and dark,
The gathering clouds drop grey,
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 hurried away,
Leaving a fair 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.

M. St. C. H. '20.

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:
They toil in the dark and the cold of the earth

To die on the broad highway.

'19.

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 Blue-
bird sings
Of Happiness. You taught me how to
play,
Like children, ever blithesome, and as
gay
As some wild bit of thistle-down that
flings
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
eyes—
For this I cannot praise you over-
much—
To see the heart of humankind and
God—
To rightly value Earth, and Paradise!
'19.

WIND-SONG.

There's a throbbing in the wind I can-
not hear.
But once my soul was part of it,
And formed the unseen Harmony
That set the planets turning in their
course.
And now—sometimes when wings of
earth
Are racing by,
My soul remembers that first life
And struggles to be free—and off—
In one fierce burst of song.
How can I keep her safe,
When there's a music in the wind I
cannot hear?
K. H. '20.

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Bordeaux, France, Nov. 3, 1918.

Dear—

* * * * We spent almost two
weeks on an English boat with a
Chinese crew, and taking the fact into
consideration that I wasn't ill at all.
I can say it was a good trip. How I
escaped it, I really can't say, because
almost every other fellow on the boat
was ill at some time. What I did mind
was that we had to sleep in hammocks
on the way over. We arrived at a port
in northern England, debarked, and
then remained at the docks for several
hours before entraining for southern
England. We arrived at a large city
and marched to a rest camp. The
march took us close to an hour, and
it was through the heaviest sort of
rain. We were escorted to our bar-
racks and upon inquiring as to where
our "bunks" were, we were told that
the floor was our bed. Seaked to the
skin we slept on this floor, and covered
ourselves with blankets equally as wet.
Our stay at this camp only lasted a
little over a day. It was followed by
another march in the pouring rain
back to the docks where we embarked
for France. We found ourselves on a
boat loaded with hundreds of horses
and mules, and there were no signs of
bunks or even hammocks. We walked
about all night long trying to keep
warm, and while it was yet dark we
dropped anchor in a French harbor and
had to wait for the tide to come up be-
fore we could dock. For the first time,
we saw the sun shining and my first
impression of France was a good one.
We were greeted with bands, and the
reception we got made us feel right at
home. At the dock were thousands of
German prisoners doing work. They
were scarcely guarded. The few guards
who were with them said that the
Huns were so glad to be there as
prisoners that they couldn't be driven
off much less wish to escape.

We spent one night in a rest camp

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similar to the one in England; and
then came to our present destination
via freight cars. Two days and nights
of slow travelling in these cars, which
were absolutely bare except for our
own packs, made us more keen to get
somewhere and start working.

* * * * For almost two weeks
we worked steadily and harder than I
ever thought human beings could work.
But we are all proud to say that we
helped to construct the largest and
most modern cold storage warehouse
in France, and what's more, the work
was completed several weeks ahead of
schedule. We have since built shower
baths, wash houses, and mess halls.
Our work comes in fits and starts.
For a few days we will have nothing to
do, when suddenly a ship will come in
and the whole place is as alive as a
bee hive. My work is at the docks.
Every incoming load has to be checked
up and taken care of and nothing in-
terferes until this is completed. One
day I started working at seven in the
morning and didn't finish until three
the following morning. During that
time we put into cold storage millions
of pounds of beef. It is no unusual
thing to work for twenty-two hours
steadily, but when we see supplies in
the warehouse enough to feed a good
portion of our army, we feel fully re-
paid.

FROM A MEMBER OF A
REFRIGERATING PLANT.

LOUIE

Some fifty years ago, in a pioneer
village of western Canada, a baby was
born to Jacques Mosier and his wife.

When the tiny Louis was but two
months old his mother died. Times
were hard for Jack, as the men called
him, but he managed to keep the little
Louis warm and contented thru the
dreary, Canadian winter.

And later on in the evenings when

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Jack came home from the forest, he
would get Louie from some kind
neighbor's, where he had been all day,
and after their hearty meal, little
Louie would bring his three-legged
pine stool beside his father's arm chair
in front of the fire. Then Jack would
tell exciting tales of "la France" many
years ago.

Tho a rough man, Jack Mosier was a
skilled artisan. During these winter
evenings, his hands were never idle.
He carved beautiful bowls, canes, and
other exquisite things such as the
townsfolk had never seen. Sometimes,
when a traveler came to town Jack
would sell one of these treasured
pieces, and then Louie would have a
pair of new shoes.

Seven years passed, and we find
young Louie living with a Canadian
half breed, and his Cree wife; for one
day a giant pine had fallen in the
wrong direction, and the sobered log-
ging crew brought Jack Mosier's body
home for good.

The boy made himself useful about
the house of his foster parents, carving
and whittling as his father had taught
him, until he was fourteen and a man
grown. Then he himself joined the
logging crew, and the rough yet kindly
men welcomed him in Jack's place.

It was some thirty odd years later
that I met Louie Mosier. One evening
in July, after my first dinner at a
camp in northern Minnesota, my at-
tention was attracted by a group of
people, mostly children, gathered at one
end of the dining room porch. Strolling
over we saw a roughly dressed man
with a kindly face, bronzed as an
Indian, whittling a small piece of wood
and talking to a young boy who stood
near. He was telling of a time years
ago, when while hunting he had lost his
way and wandered all night. I learned
that this was Louis Mosier, a guide for
the camp people.

Shortly after our arrival father en-
gaged a guide to take us fishing for
the day, and to our delight secured
Louie. At noon he asked if we would

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which must be French or German).

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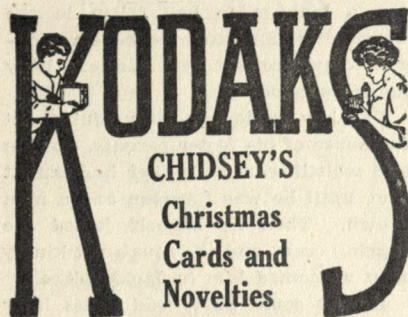
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THE OUTPUTLADIES' and MISSES'
OUTFITTERS

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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 inquired 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 fair. Gay 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 befitted that of a huntsman, hung the head of that northern monarch of beasts—the moose. On the floor were bear 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 away across the lake from the one spot of civilisation in that locality, that Louie the hermit had lived for twenty years.

After we went home in the fall, bearing many trophies of the summer, among which the choicest was a miniature chain of sixteen links, carved whole from the stick of one ordinary sulphur match, and given me by Louie as a parting gift, we sent him some of the newest phonograph records. We knew that some clear evening newcomers at camp would be pleased and surprised by hearing the strains of music coming from far out on the lake; for often the lonely man would place his cherished Victor in

his rowboat, and come out on the lake in front of the cabins.

We exchanged post cards at intervals, and late in the winter were surprised to receive a letter from Louie. On opening the envelope, we found a picture of Louie dressed in his best, seated in an armchair, while behind him stood a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, whom Louie had brought to the solitary cabin across the lake—his bride.

EVELYN GRAY '22.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE

St. Margaret's School in Waterbury has accepted the challenge of the 'Varsity basketball team for a game this winter. No date has yet been set. This is the third challenge that has been accepted by out-of-town teams so far. About sixty candidates are trying out for the 'Varsity team, and prospects for the season are most encouraging.

COLLEGE TO HAVE RINK

A skating rink is under construction by the college workmen on the third tennis court. A shallow embankment is being raised around the edge of the court, and the enclosure will be flooded. The college has never found a skating pond near the campus, and this is a splendid opportunity for the whole student body. The pond will be under the direction of the Physical Education Department, and will form one of the regular elective courses in the department.

CHRISTMAS NEWS**DECEMBER 19****For All Occasions---**

—WEAR—

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