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Connecticut College News Vol. 2 No. 10

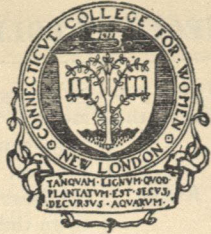
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Connecticut College News

Vol. 2 No. 10.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MARCH 16, 1917.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Coming Events.

March 17th.

At 10 o'clock in the Baptist Church basement the first of a series of three Basketball games will be played off between the first and second Sophomore Class teams and the first and second Freshman Class teams.

March 17th.

A "Mad Frolic" is to be held at the Oswegatchie Inn for the benefit of the French Relief Fund. The hall is to be arranged as a cabaret with tables placed promiscuously about the room; refreshments will be sold. Guests are requested to be attired in costume and wear masks. Interspersed throughout the regular program there will be feature dances. A special car will leave campus at 7:15 o'clock.

March 18th.

The Rev. R. C. Denison of New Haven will speak at Vespers at 4:45 o'clock in Thames Hall.

March 19th.

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

March 20th.

Regular meeting of the Mandolin Club at 5 o'clock, Room 4 Blackstone.

March 21st.

Regular Glee Club meeting at 5 o'clock Room 113 N. L.

March 23rd.

Regular meeting of the Dramatic Club at 4 o'clock in Room 206 N. L.

March 24th.

Basketball Game. Sophomore vs. Freshmen, 10 o'clock in Baptist Church basement.

Convocation Reports.

February 27th.

President Sykes gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on "The Architecture of Oxford". We were taken back over the six and a half centuries of Oxford's existence, a period filled to the uttermost with beauty and tradition. Dr. Sykes spoke of the effect of the great University upon civilization in general, and even on our own College.

The order of administration of the University was also most interesting. Most of the executive power seems to rest in the hands of the fellows of the University. A "close-up" of the windows of Lewis Carrol was shown. One can but wonder how much of the quaint philosophy of "Alice in Wonderland" was gleaned through glimpses of life through those windows! The plan of the huge campus was made clear by means of a map, and views of many of the colleges of the University were shown. Not of little interest to us, were the pictures of the annual races on the river, and the interest was augmented by the very vivid descriptions given by Dr. Sykes.

March 13th.

Mr. Thomas Brabazon lectured on the "Decorative units of Indian Art", a subject most interesting and rather unusual. The talk was illustrated by sketches done in bright colors by Mr. Brabazon. He spoke for a while about the Indians in general, how they were scattered about the territory of the United States, before white men came here; but most of the lecture was about the Sioux family and their picture-words.

The different meanings and uses of feathers in the sign language was explained. The interpretations of some of the signs were quite as interesting as some of the picturesque words of the Homeric Greeks. One thing in particular bore a striking similarity: that was the sign for a coward. It was an

(Continued on page 2)

The Vassar Conference.

The conference held at Vassar College on March 10th at which the *Association of News Magazines of Women's Colleges* was organized, proved to be a fine success. The Vassar Miscellany Weekly was rightly extended a vote of thanks for taking the initiative and calling the convention.

The editor of the Vassar paper, who presided, showed excellent judgment in having the meeting entirely informal, for besides being more enjoyable, much more was accomplished by following this plan than if we had been hampered by formalities.

At the morning session we organized, and voted that the *Wellesley College News* should provide the association with a president and a secretary and treasurer for this year. Dues were fixed at one dollar and a half a year.

Then we took up the discussion of the various problems of the college newspaper. Among topics discussed were manners of electing the staff and board; division of work among members of the board; faculty supervision; scope of interest of the paper; various editorial policies; methods of paging and spacing material, etc. As the delegates are to give a report at a mass meeting in the near future the details of these discussions will not be given here.

At the afternoon session the delegates criticized each others papers, and all the papers received some good constructive criticism and suggestions.

The editors of the *News* feel that the conference was indeed beneficial, not only from the discussions that were carried on, but also from the increased interest of the several colleges in each other through the common interest in the problems of the news magazines. This new intercollegiate association will be another factor in bringing the activities of our several colleges into closer and more personal relationship.

The Dickens Recital.

On Tuesday evening, March 6th, at Thames Hall, Mr. Frank Speaight of England breathed very much into living reality the well-known characters of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers", before an audience of college members and friends, appreciative, and "intelligent". It was a dramatic recital long to be remembered. One minute Mrs. Bardell walked across the stage before our eyes; then came the immortal Pickwick himself, puffing away above his great waistcoat; and close behind him slim Sam, the twinkling-eyed, with his finger side of his nose. We felt as if Mr. Winkle and all the rest of the Pickwickians had stepped right out of the book even down to the snoring Fat Boy who required a pinch in his leg to awaken him. And as for Mr. Speaight being "a very natural horse", we certainly agree with his Western auditor. The climax of the evening came with the "Great Trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick", when poor Mr. Weller was quite overcome because the verdict was not obtained by an "allybi".

At the close of the program Mr. Speaight read us a few selections from his Dickens' book, which has recently been published in New York. "Mrs. Harris" seemed to be a general favorite with the audience. Then he gave us a unique and interesting interpretation of Edgar Allen Poe's "Bells", which was very effective despite the acoustic limitations of Thames Hall.

Did you see any one, who came away from Mr. Speaight's recital, who wasn't at the mercy of a broad grin with a hearty laugh near the edge? It was the interpreter's own vivid personality that brought to life those fictitious characters; and as a result of that evening I am sure there are many of us who have taken out our copies of Dickens and refreshed ourselves with their breezy, lovable contents. Is it not indeed true that "we read modern novels twice because we forget them; we read the novels of Dickens twice because we remember them"?

—K. H. '20

COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Fortnightly

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Editorial

We do not like to say this kind of thing too often, but the facts of the case are these: The paper needs better support from the student body. Did you ever think of this: "What kind of paper would our paper be if every student were just like me?"

If the editors of the *News* might feel that this year they had got the College into the habit of sending contributions to the paper without waiting for some editor to follow the students about campus soliciting material, we would be satisfied that we had accomplished something.

One important problem which the editors of other college papers have to solve is that of cutting down the contributions handed in, and deciding what they can best leave out. We can not help envying them this problem.

The editors realize that the College is new, the paper is new and we are all just growing up together. There are many things to claim our time and attention, but isn't the college paper one of them?

There are many ideas and opinions you want to express and don't forget that you have a paper in which to express them; *Connecticut College News* at your service! Give the editors some good material and lots of it to edit.

Do You?

Do you belong to the Debating Club? At present this is practically the only means which the College offers for practice in public speaking. Class recitations and debates show a most decided need of some such training. Do you know that Mrs. Sykes has offered a prize for excellence in public speaking? Are you interested?

Join now before elections, so that you may choose those who are to direct the interests of your Club.

—N. K. Regan

Pertaining to Religious and Philanthropic Organizations.

To the Editor of the *News*:—

Judging from our last editorial, there seems to be a dearth of expression of opinion concerning the formation of a religious or philanthropic organization in Connecticut College. Let us hope that this lack of public expression does not indicate a lack of interest, for there are many kinds of organizations, worthy our earnest consideration.

There is the national movement of the Y. W. C. A., with an enrollment of some one hundred and forty thousand college women, or the Christians of Vas-sar, which is a similar, but non-affiliated association. There are many types of Settlement Guilds whose work is exceedingly worth while, other philanthropic societies doing equally good work, and of course, denominational groups. But does Connecticut College want organizations of any of these types? Personally, I say NO. By a process of elimination, let us seek that form which will fill the need of the individual, and at the same time be best for the college as a whole.

We have here a small group of about two hundred girls, of whom more than half live in residence. This means that we are deprived of many of the most helpful religious meetings to which we were accustomed at home. A doubly keen realization of the need of spiritual guidance comes to the young girl for the first time leaving the protection of her home. Therefore, I would rule out merely philanthropic societies, and ask for something with a religious element.

Let us now consider the group of individuals which make the college as a whole. Shall we regard them as divided into small bodies of Protestants forming a Y. W. C. A., and Catholics with a Newman Club, and Christian Scientists, Unitarians, Agnostics and others all following different purposes? By no means can we attempt to do as a great city college might, for we are a small group of pioneers, who must remember that in "unity is strength." May we not compromise and for the present organize the type of association which Radcliffe finds successful?

Its aim is: "To keep the students true to those ideals of love and service which are found in religious fellowship, and which may be too easily forgotten in the rush of smaller college activities." Two monthly meetings, weekly Sunday evening meetings, and daily morning meetings are held to carry out this purpose. There are also Bible and Mission Study Committees, Philanthropic enterprises, war relief funds, scholarships and sales committees run by the Guild. An organization of this

order seems broad in scope, and has the merit of being one to which every girl may conscientiously belong if she so chooses. I would not be misinterpreted by those who think we seek to "let down the bars" apparently. Nor am I unconscious of the danger of "believing as little as possible," but I have enough confidence in the honest thoughtfulness of my fellow-students to know that a broad pledge, earnestly taken, would make for helpfulness and religious spirit in the college. Rather than keep a girl out of an organization because she does not belong to any church, or to one not on the approved list, let us so word our purpose that non-members may perhaps be led to church membership through the college organization, and active members win strength and courage in their convictions through Bible Study and exchange of religious thought.

It is truly said that the college is overorganized, but such an organization as I describe would embrace some student activities now existing separately. Also, the feeling of religious quietude and strength might fill those restless gaps which are now crammed with cruelly thoughtless gossip. Thus, the ultimate strength of the individuals in the present organizations, would become a distinct benefit in their work.

At the coming mass meeting let us either respond to the question of a religious and philanthropic organization with a thoughtful "nay" or an earnest, enthusiastic "aye".

A motion is in order. What is your pleasure?

—W. F. Young.

Faculty Notes

Dr. Sykes addressed the Mothers' Club of Greenwich, Connecticut, on Monday, March 5th.

On Tuesday evening, March 6th, Mr. Frank Speaight of London, England, gave a most entertaining recital in Thames Hall, on "Pickwick Papers".

Rev. C. Harley Smith of New London spoke at Vespers on Sunday, March 11, his subject being "Two Talent People".

On Sunday, March 11th, Dr. Sykes addressed the Young Men's Hebrew Association, on "George Eliot".

There will be a Faculty-Student Tea, March 25th, at which Dr. Hulbert will give a review of his book on Armenia. Mrs. Osburn will be hostess.

Dr. Osburn has accepted a position in the University of Ohio, as chief of the Department of Zoology.

Convocation Reports.

(Concluded from page 1)

arm and wrist, with a hook in place of a hand, meaning that the man "came back."

It was most interesting to learn that many of the Indians kept accounts of important events themselves; some of the families wrote their histories on the flaps of their tepees. The Sioux Indians, as a tribe, kept a complete record of the tribe happenings for every year, written on huge skins or on bark.

One myth which most of the Indians had in common was that of the Thunder-Bird. This bird was supernatural, and correspondingly huge and awful. The noise of its wings as it flew was the thunder; the light from its eyes was lightning. It carried a lake on its back, and as it flew about, it tipped the lake and caused the rain to fall. Four was the magic number among the Indians. Not unlike the Egyptian belief, is the meaning of the four feathers which the warriors wore. They represented the four spirits of the body. One died with the body, one remained near the body after death, the third accounted for the deeds of the dead man, and the fourth stood for a lock of the dead warrior's hair, which was preserved by his relatives, and at a certain time was thrown into the camp of the enemy, supposedly bearing with it all sorts of bad influence and misfortune.

A Winter Night.

When clouds pass over the moon,
A thousand lurking shadows leer,
A thousand black-faced shadows
peer
From behind the trees, and beside the
wall, and across the snow
At me.

When clouds pass over the moon,
The spider-like shadows weave
webs with a grin,
The finger-like shadows are
hungry-thin,
Close beside the wall, and behind the
trees, and across the snow
Near me.

When clouds pass over the moon
The wind shakes out her lengthless
hair
And shrieks in the night through
fingers bare
From behind the trees, and beside the
wall, and across the snow
At me.

—K. H. '20

Music of Night

Again the symphony of Night, is writ,
In saffron chords, upon a darkling sky.
Earth, wearied with Day's splendor,
yields a sigh,
And sinks to rest. Dim shadows echo
it.
See where the sweep of Heaven,
infinite,
Bends low and spreads a velvet robe
afar,
As if to cradle there a timid star,
That trembles as the last ray jostles it.
Be still, my heart, your pulses but
repeat
The silent rhythm of this hour. The
wine
From berries, crushed, may cool a
tortured throat;
And fallen flowers soothe the traveler's
feet.
And longing must not be the marring
note,
The discord, to this harmony divine.

Joke Column

Freshman—"I wonder what makes some girls fail so miserably in recitations?"

Soph.—"The professor—he asks the question!"

INFORMATION.

Dr. Barr—"Can anyone tell me if Frederick Harrison is still living or not?"

Bright Student—"Well, he was when he wrote this essay."

THE IMPORTED "MAN".

"Of course he's nice! What do you think I'm trying to unload on you,—a bum? Good-looking? Well—tout ensemble—yes. Of course if you pick his features to pieces—. Simply stunning in evening clothes! I should say he is full of fun! Why, you'll just roar at him! No—not now. He was separated from his college in February. Something awfully queer about that too. Everyone said it was pure spite on the part of the Faculty. Oh yes, I learned to fox-trot with him! He certainly *does* drive a car, and he goes so fast, one doesn't have time to think. The one objectionable thing about him is his name. I can't stand Percy, can you? Oh I *do* hope you'll like him. I'm afraid you won't think him good-looking. Oh dear, I'm afraid to ask him.
(Telephone rings).

Well, never mind, he can't come anyway."

1st Student, (dashing into cloak room)—"Has anyone noticed my new arctics?"

2nd Student—"Evidently, since they are now nowhere to be seen."

The War of the Records

"Why, mother, it's midnight! You're not waiting up for me, are you?" Mrs. Barker found herself enfolded in the strong young arms of her son Jack.

"No, dear, I couldn't sleep. But where have you been?"

"I took Elsa Schlobaum to the theatre."

"Oh, Jack! Not one of that horrid Schlobaum family! Why, they have been keeping me awake all night playing that awful old phonograph of theirs. It's after twelve now and they're still playing. I wouldn't mind if the phonograph was harmonious and the records varied, but it's one of those pioneer Edisons with the cylindrical records—you remember the kind—the first ones that came out—and they don't play a thing but 'Deutschland uber alles' and 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and 'Die Lorelei' and a lot of other old German pieces. I certainly shall go crazy."

"They probably don't realize they are disturbing you, mother. Why not call them up and ask them to stop?"

After a little urging Mrs. Barker stepped to the telephone and registered an apologetic request for silence from the Schlobaum home. An angry sputter and a muttering which gave Mrs. Barker the impression that they would do as they pleased, terminated the conversation, but the noise stopped for the night.

The following Tuesday was the Fourth of July, and Mrs. Barker favoring the "safe and sane" plan, had purchased a dozen patriotic records for the benefit of her small son Bobbie. Bobbie became very much attached to a certain patriotic march and proceeded to use the greater part of a package of needles playing it.

At about four in the afternoon, in answer to a frantic ringing, Mrs. Barker went to the telephone. A masculine voice spoke.

"Stop that d— machine of yours oder ve vill call der police."

Mrs. Barker gulped and hung up the receiver. War had been declared between the two families.

Within the next few weeks the hostility between them was manifested in various ways. Phonographs were worked overtime. The wheezing of the old style Edison, grinding out German airs was answered by a return salvo of American patriotic tunes. It was a war of the records, cylinder against disc.

Between Heinie, the twelve year old German off-spring and Bobbie Barker the feud was carried on with fists. German efficiency scored point one, blacking Bobbie's eye. Bobbie returned the compliment by purchasing a large sized package of catnip and sprinkling it liberally over the Schlobaum's back porch. By midnight every cat within sniffing range had cleared the ramparts of the

(Continued on page 4)

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STANTON & COOK

The War of the Records.

(Concluded from page 3)

Schlobaum's back fence and assembled in a caterwauling concentration that bombarded sleep effectually from all the Schlobaums.

But the resources of the ancient Edison cylinder were not yet exhausted. Maddened by the midnight strains of tango airs from an evening of jolity at the Barkers, Herr Schlobaum sat bolt upright in bed with a happy thought.

"I'll fix 'em," he muttered.

Picking up the machine he carefully set it on the roof of the back porch, aiming the muzzle of the sound-enhancing horn straight at the Barker's parlor windows. With evident zest he turned the winding crank to its farthest limit and picking up a phonographic cylinder he turned it wrong end to and slipped it into place. At the first touch of the needle such sounds issued forth as had never before been heard by mortal ear. "Deutschland uber alles" was being produced backwards and fired point blank at the Barker's house like a cloud of poisonous musical gas.

Bewilderment was pictured on the faces of the Barker's guests. Shrewd suspicion that the dissonance was not entirely neighborly was quickly followed by polite farewells and assurances that they had had a charming evening. The reversed cylinder had done its deadly work with casualties total.

* * * *

Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Aug. 7, 19—

Mrs. F. P. Schlobaum,
49 Fremont Street,
Yarville, N. Y.

Jack Barker
and I were married this evening. Love,
Elsa.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Aug. 7, 19—

Mrs. A. C. Barker,
51 Fremont Street,
Yarville, N. Y.

Elsa Schlobaum
and I were married this evening.
Love.

Jack.

(Society item from the Yarville Gazette)—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Barker and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Schlobaum entertained their friends with a joint musical this evening. American and German National airs were the feature of the evening.

The war of the records was over.

—Jean Harris '20

Thames Tide-Rips.

Hear the loud telephone bells.
Calling bells.

What a world of suspense now
Their turbulency tells.

In the ears of many knights
At great distances and heights
So surprised and eager—but—
They have used up every cut
Far too soon.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy
of the dean,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf
and frantic dean,

Hopes rise higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
As true as Launcelot's lance
To attend the college dance.

Oh the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of dismay.

How their clanging now appalls
When the Western Union calls,
And the clerk dictates: "I cannot get
away."

Hear the taxi with the belles.
College belles.

What a world of happiness their
merriment foretells.

Feel the air with laughter tingle,
On St. Patrick's patron night
While the men that intermingle
Must have left the guard but single
At the Navy Yard this night.

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
Come cadets from Trumbull's clime
For the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,

For the joy and entertainment of the
belles.

To Burne-Jones' "Hope".

With hand outstretched to tear apart
the veil

That hides from mortal eyes the
scheme of life,

Its joys and fears, eternal peace or
strife,

Thou standest, youthful Hope,
though sad and pale,

With steadfast confidence that can not
fail;

With firm belief that earth with
passions rife

Is but a fitful, passing dream—not
life—,

That true life lies behind the unpierced
veil.

Thy lovely form, thy gentle charm and
grace,

Symbolical of youth and early spring,
The apple-blossoms pressed against thy
heart

And scattered at thy feet; thy sweet,
sad face—

All fill my tired soul with peace and
bring

To me a flash of sunshine—That is Art.

—M. Pomeroy '19

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