THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS '19 AND '20

The third Senior-Junior "get together" was held Wednesday evening, February 4th, in the Gym, from 6:45 till 7:30. The Seniors were in charge and introduced several novel ways of selecting partners for dancing. A new C. C. song was sung by some of the Senior song birds and then more music was supplied for dancing. The bell for quiet hours came all too soon and the girls very much regretted that the fun could not last longer. Those informal gatherings are proving very satisfactory as a means of drawing the two classes closer together.

ST. VALENTINE'S APOLOGIA

I crave your indulgence, Queen of my heart—Long years have seen vulgar imitations
Of my one letter to thee—My letter—A passionate outpouring of the pure and holy love
I had—and have—For thee—Love like a white flame soaring Steady and true Toward Heaven.
Of that which can the crowd under- stand? Each year they insult me anew With tawdry epiteles—Each a thoughtless imitation, A mockery Of thee and me, Heart of my heart, With bruised soul and ashamed I crave thy pardon—Heart of my heart, M. P. '19.

SOLACE FOR THE WEARY

C. C. is most fortunate in having a faculty who appreciate the "trials and tribulations" of examination period. During the recent mid-years they did everything possible to relieve the tension of examinations. On Friday, January 30th, Mr. Bauer and Mr. Rich very kindly gave a recital for the students. Loretta Higgins sang. It was a very informal and pleasing hour, and gave everyone inspiration and strength for the final days of the mid-year examinations.

From all accounts the Tea Dance this year is going to be even nicer than that much-talked-of one last winter. Everyone who has the two requisites, money and the man, is going, and it is hoped that the fund for Belgian Relief will be swelled quite considerably by the proceeds. The patrons and personas for the affair are Misses Alcott and Mrs. Frank E. Morgan, President, and Mrs. Burton, from the War Service, Marshall, Dean Irene Nye, Rev. and Mrs. Edward Chapman, Miss Dr. W. F. Cable, Miss Mary E. Holmes, Miss Cady, Misses Sydney Minor, Mrs. Beatrice Parmenter, Mr. George F. Kenland, Dr. Lena, Mrs. Frank T. Cable, Mrs. F. S. Newcomb, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Joseph H. Beattie, Mrs. Ada Krupp, Miss M. G. B. Brown, Mrs. Beth Comstock and Mrs. John E. Foran.

GOOD THINGS IN STORE

The week-ends from now until the Spring vacation are well filled with an interesting variety of entertainments and social events. The schedule in full is:


February 26th—Sophomore Hop. March 1st—Senior Calendar Secretaries. March 14th—French Play. March 1st—Sophomore Vaudeville. March 14th—Music Department Concert. March 14th—French Play. The Senior Calendar Secretaries, Ruth Trail and Winona Young, are assisted by Justine McGowan, Junior Secretary. These secretaries have office hours in the student Government Office from 3:30 to 5:30 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and from 5:15 to 10 on Tuesday and Thursday.

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WILL YOU, WON'T YOU, COME AND DANCE?

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NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, FEBRUARY 12, 1919

PRICE 5 CENTS

C. C. W RITES FROM TEXAS

FORMER MEMBER OF '19 IN WAR LIBRARY SERVICE

Dear Connecticut College News:

Shut your eyes, count three, then open them quickly. You will see a dim room with a great many double stacks filled with books, and in the corners huge piles of fiction, which there has never been any room to shelf, and on the stairs are books (these stairs lead to the Eil Paso Public Library above). There are books under your feet, books falling on your head, and still others which seem likely to be suspended in the air, for this, if you please, is the War Service Library in El Paso, Texas. Perhaps it would be better to say this was the War Service Library, for to-day being Friday, the thirteenth, said library is about to move itself unto a new home.

Beyond this region where erudite spiders spin geometrical webs, from the dusty science books to the dustier histories, and where sober book-worms progress through so many romances that they begin to fancy themselves glow worms or fireflies, there is an office with librarians, and filing cabinets, and a clicky typewriter, not to mention a black stenographer. Now, for the first time, you see an earnest, dusty young thing, in a high collar, and sensible shoes. You are wondering why she interests you, when you hear the editor exclaim, "Same old Thomas, as serious-minded as ever! Those feet, those hands, were the joy of Rodd's existence!"

Immediately you feel more comfortable. It is a comfort to have a former Exchange Editor about, who apparently knows the geography of this strange library. You are thinking of speaking to Tommy Morris, when you hear a tramp of feet. A war-like guard in khaki, with a cartridge belt about his waist, armed with both pistol and rifle, is before you. He thumps the office floor with the rifle, salutes the head librarian, and announces "Prisoners from the Post Stockade." Two little prisoners in rugged blue overalls, and brown caps and sweaters, follow. If this were a Christmas fantasy, they would represent wood-mice, their frightened, brown eyes reminded one of mice, and their quick timid glances. They shuffle and shuffle, and the guard puts them to packing books. A tall Sergeant in a long line of rag-muffs, each carrying his box, have arrived from the Quartermaster's. The Sergeant smokes, he used to spend his winters at Palm Beach, but he has...
Connecticut College News

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Published Weekly

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EDITORIALS

RESPECT FOR PRECEDENT OR ENVY?

Much criticism has recently arisen because the Freshmen are giving a formal dance on February fourteenth. The Freshmen being a notably law-abiding people have asked, "wherefore this criticism from upper classmen?"

The answers to their query do not seem to be based on reason or generous impulses. Some of the objectors feel that the social schedule committee did not do its part to give formal dances. Has Connecticut, which prizes itself on being different," suddenly become so moss-backed that it is unwilling to try at least once what seems to be a harmless experiment?

No other Freshman class has ever given a formal dance at Connecticut say some other critics. True, but every our package has been given ample opportunity to establish new precedents of their own choosing. Are we so selfish as to fancy that the first three classes have a corner on the establishment of precedent? Are we unwilling to share pioneer privileges with our fourth class?

A third criticism has been made that a dance on Valentine's night is too close proximity to the Dansant of the Service League the follow ing day. To this argument the officers of the League have given their active reputation. Do we not know that the League made a special effort the year before last to move their annual hop to the Seniors on Valentine's night, because it was nearer the time of the Dansant than February?

The most valid reason why the dance should not be given this year, might be that it crowded a rather full social schedule. Has this objection been suggested except by the schedule committee? No.

If we are criticizing the Freshmen, it seems to be on selfish, envious grounds. To be left out of the formal dance seems to be a hard blow for upperclassmen, though they are to be entertained by the Freshmen when the more attractive Spring days come.

If we are criticizing the social schedule committee's judgment in permitting a slightly questionable experiment, why don't we do it ourselves? The members of the committee have grown accustomed to the confines of college life, and stand ready to accept objections courteously and reasonably.

Why not try our experiment, before we condemn the result? If there is then just criticism, why not place it where it belongs—not on Freshmen, but on Seniors and Juniors?

V. C. R.
Acting Editor

LET US READ MORE

In time of depression, of weakness, and sorrow those of us who have the reading "habit" may find diversion, strength and hope. For, even though our external life may, at times, seem dull monotonous we can find recreation as a cogent novel or a clever drama. For example, will not Balzac's
powerful genius and the transcendent force of personality which he displays in his vividly alive, and passionately emotional stories. He is the author of the well-known book, "December." He has been driving Army trucks, successfully, since the war, while his men fill the boxes with fiction. The prisoners have revived miraculously, and they proceed to entertain their fellow-laborers with brilliant bits of autobiography. The slim, brown boy explains that he is being punished for trying to impersonate the Kaiser, but the little fat one, who upon inspection closely resembles a German sausage, is not to be outdone. He is being kept in the stockade, he affirms, because he refused to eat, and this lack of appetite was mistaken for some malignant failing. The audience is vastly amused.

The books have been filled. The truck is loaded. Books racks tower in the air like the partitioned chimneys, desks rock back and forth, and the legs of helpless chairs protrude through the horizon. The moving corps, pronounced "corpse" by all good privates, undertakers, besiege the truck. One perches himself on top of a bookcase which the Tower of Babel might recognize as a brother in leaning. Two sit on the desk, and a third crawls into a corner, concealing all of himself but his eyes, and a ragged cap. Two dirty assistant librarians, one of whom you recognize as your old friend Thomas, loaded with the correspondence box, and the other ink, climb into the seat beside the driver. The two prisoners, with the guard between, sit close behind, with their feet dangling in the librarian's ears. One prisoner is armed with paste, and the other glasses blissfully at the passerby, while drop by drop the ink from the patent ink-well goes to join the patches and holes on his fine gold; for by increasing the love for beauty in every phase of life, in art, in music, in literature, it gives us a deep, sweet, and lasting happiness. 

Crippled Warbirds '22.

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Sixty-ninth year begins September 11, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English. Poetry, which must be French or German. Four months' preliminary didactic and laboratory course expected to enroll in a nurse's training school. For announcement and further information, address Mrs. M. E. Austin, Mgr. New London, Conn.
AMONG OUR POETS

FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS

Roses in February?
Where do they blow?
Not in a hothouse garden,
Bunched row on row;
But in pink clustered borders
Round every wall
Of a chintz-certained room, that
Welcomes them all.

Pussies in February?
Where do they grow?
Not by a warm wood fire,
Curled up just so;
But in grey willow pattern
Round a brown stem,
Down by an icy pond, that
Melts its heart for them.

A. H. '19.

SUCCESS

A withered hand reached out,
So old, decrepit, dry, and sore,
It grabbed the border of my cape.
A leper at my door,
I pass it by,
Why should I stop?
The great assembly meets at four.
I hurry on,
Why should I heed
An orphan lying at my door?
So let them reach, and clutch, and beg,
The strong I love, the weak, abhor,
I'm needed in the ship of state,
I trample beggars to the floor,
The gray pall of futility.
And then, I wonder,
Would they,—dare they
Think me so ill-fated?
Of this they do not know.
They call me unfortunate.

Why should I heed
A beggar groveling at my door?
M. St. C. H. '20.

STAFF LOSES ONE

AND GAINS THREE

Dorothy Matteson '20, has been
Forced through ill health to resign her

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