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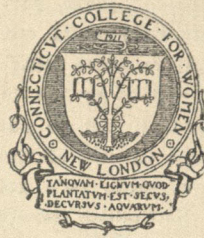
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1715-1932

COLLEGE

THE



HERALD

Vol 1 No. 1

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT. DEC. 10, 1915.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Class of 1919 As a Pioneer.

The word pioneer is derived from the Latin *pedes* meaning literally, a foot-soldier; one who goes before an army to clear the road of obstructions. Pioneers then are those people who cut pathways "through jungles of myth and legend to the realities of things." Montaigne is indeed a splendid example of a pioneer—a pioneer in education. We are not merely interested in the fact that he was a teacher and also the founder of a French school but above all in the fact that he was a philosopher—one of the educators of the French mind. We are concerned mainly with the truth that he was a pioneer—pioneer because he dared to cut pathways "through jungles of myth and legend to the realities of things." The institution he founded might truthfully have been called the School of Common Sense, because it subordinated instruction to education; memory, to judgment; and science, to conscience. He taught independence of thought. To learn how to think freely, to dare to be original, and not to follow blindly in the tracks of another; to become capable of judging for oneself, to be bound only by truth and reason, in other words to know how to live, were his doctrines.

We, too, the students of the class of 1919—the first class of Connecticut College—are pioneers. We, unincumbered by college traditions are preparing the way for the masses to come. We are as one voice crying in the wilderness, "Freedom." "The New Freedom"—"Freedom in Thought," and "Freedom in Service;" for the old order is past and the new arises. Any change in the law of things is brought about by the play of opposing forces. The conflict is between the past bound and ensnared by legends, myths and traditions, and the future—that vast unexplored territory, that shapeless something waiting to be moulded into

(Continued to Page 2.)

C. C. Activities. Sports---Social.

Only through organization can great things be accomplished. In the beginning there was chaos, everything was if bathed by the river Lethe, only darkness and silence reigned supreme. The Light dawned, penetrating the very depths, absorbing all unknown matter and there was light. Then followed the need for form, which found expression through action, movement, and so courtesy to us, the first form.

DRAMATICS.

Saturday, December 4, 10 p. m.

"All the World's a Stage."

Reading of—"A Doll's House,"

Henrik Ibsen

Election of officers: President, Winona Young; secretary, Mildred Keefe; treasurer, Charlotte Keefe. Officers appointed on constitutional committee.

Sunday, December 5th, 4.45 p. m.

Vesper service at Thames hall. Sermon—"In Him is Light," by Rev. C. Harley Smith of New London. Cello solo by Virginia Rose, accompanied by Grace Cockings. Hymns by the College quartet.

Monday, December 6th, 7.45 p. m.

Meeting of the French club; president, Mary E. Dougherty; vice president, Margary S. Rowe; secretary, Lillian Shadd. Reading and adoption of the constitution. Social program—Professor Dondo on La Organization de la club Francais. La Marseillaise sung by the club, Norma Regan at piano. Violin solo by Anna E. Chercasky, Miss Marion Wells at the piano. "The Rosary," sung by Miss Jessie Wells, Miss Marion Williams at the piano. Piano solo, Miss Marion Wells. Announcement of the next meeting will be made after Christmas recess.

(Continued to Page 2.)

Faculty Gives Degree "May-be."

"Oh, I never did believe in fairies anyway," I boasted as I stretched my superior freshman self on the divan before the roaring in the big old-fashioned hearth.

"It's all very well to talk about your fairy grandmother, but if I have one she always appears to have a pressing engagement around mid-year time and a D minus paper never seems to get an A plus mark." But Bert didn't appear to be militantly interested and had already snuggled up in her big arm chair on the edge of the relicht and was undeniably falling asleep. Bert and I were spending the Christmas holidays at our old family place in the country. She had always lived in the west where everything is new and wanted to see a genuine antique so I had taken her out to our little red house in the east—a substantial old relic of 220 years ago, whose moss grown eaves slanted over the little windows with their multiples of tiny panes, while above the roof white smoke from the stout red chimney, drifted, and the chattering wallows circled at evening.

A log tumbled down out of the fire, stooped forward to push it back when suddenly out of the red coals popped a little round man whose flame colored clothes were grimy with soot.

"Why, who are you?" I cried

"Oh, I'm the genii of the hearth, and have lived here ever since your great, great, grandmother picked this spot as a site for her home when she rode through the woods on her eighteenth century honeymoon and dropped her kerchief on the place where this hearthstone is laid. I wanted you to know that there were really fairies and came to tell you so."

"But what proof can you give me, I may be merely dreaming and you may be just a dream fairy?" I persisted.

He pondered a moment, then cried,

(Continued to Page 3.)

Wise and Otherwise.

Jake in Biology Class—"How did the name 'funny-bone' originate?"

Prof. Osburn—"From the fact that a part of the upper arm is called the humerus."

Jake—"Is that why one laughs up one's sleeve!"

Ima Nut—"Does your fountain pen leak like that all the time?"

So Ami—"Oh, my no!—Just when I have ink in it."

Wonder if Mr. Crandall gets papers like this?

Willie writing on the American Revolution—"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary war. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes."

Prof. O.—What insect lives on the least food?"

Brilliant Student—"The moth, it eats holes."

M. D.—My teddy bear says, "Mama" and "Papa."

M. E.—Pooh! My dolly says, "Votes for Women"

LET THIS BE OUR MOTTO

"I'd rather be a 'Might-Be' if I couldn't be an Are,

For a Mighty-Be is a Can-Be, with a chance of reaching par.

I'd rather be a Has-Been than a Might-Have-Been by far.

For a Might-Have-Been is a Has-not been and a Has-Been once was Are.

First Student—I should think that Professor Kip's children would be talented writers

Second Student—Why?

First Student—Well, aren't they little Kiplings?

COLLEGE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER

ESTABLISHED, 1915

Published Weekly

Staff.

Editor-in-Chief and Manager,
Iveagh H. Sterry
Associate Editor, Mary E. Erwin.
Sports Editor, Madeline Rowe.
Club News Editor, Margary S. Rowe.
Exchanges, Norma Regan.
Contribution Editors, Helen C. Townsend,
Roberta Morgan

EDITORIAL

When Joseph Pulitzer established the New York World in 1883 he determined that the paper should be, "An institution that should always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty."

We will not attempt to improve on Mr. Pulitzer's phraseology and although he was defining the position of a big newspaper in regard to the great public, nevertheless the practical application of his standard to a college paper will be apparent. As a true voice of Connecticut College, the Herald will ever fight for progress; it will aim to feel the pulse of the institution, and to be a means through which the hopes and fears of the college may find expression; in short, to be a true record of college life.

The Herald aims to put before the student, the weekly happenings of our college world including its various academic, social and athletic activities. For the purpose of collecting and revising the news of these several branches, a club news editor, a sports editor, and contribution editors have been appointed. It is manifestly impossible for a few students to get and write all the news of such an institution and since the paper aims to be truly a college Herald let it be a paper,

of the students, by the students and for the students. Contributions of all sorts, short stories, poems, jokes, personals, club news, entertainments, etc. are solicited, and may be given either to the contribution editors or left in a contribution box which will be put in a convenient place in one of the college rooms. Now, girls, let's get together and make the College Herald the Best-Paper-on-Earth.

Class of 1919 As a Pioneer.

(Continued from Page 1.)

form, that land of ideals and of the new vision.

Breaking away from wrinkled custom does not mean the following of each freak and fancy, each new turn of fashion, regardless of due consideration. It does not mean the acceptance of ideas of every futurist or cubist, because they are novel, it merely means the use of common sense; toward progress, and the advancement of civilization. It means the realization of the fact that there are two sides to every story and that either may be a path obstructed by the dominance of custom.

May we, the class of 1919, have courage to face the road and good cheer to bear the travelers' load. May we as pioneers, unbounded by tradition and educational mechanism, ever keep our faces turned toward that unlimited expanse of horizon, the land of sunrise, of glory and of gold. Then dipping our pens in the sunset of freedom, of knowledge and of wisdom, write in the book of learning above all, the name of our own college—Connecticut College—That College by the sea.

There are grey walls on the hilltop, I can see them still afar,
There's a ripple from the flagstaff,
'tis the flag that's like a star.
And the breeze is in the elm trees, and
the glint is on the sea,
Like the moonshine on the river comes
the sweet, sweet, memory."

Now may it be the aim of every student of the class of 1919 to build this college, that it may be a monument of education, an honor to the State of Connecticut, to the generous benefactor—the City of New London, President Sykes and the faculty.

MARGARY S. ROWE '19.

C. C. Activities. Sports---Social.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Meeting of the Glee Club 5 p. m.

President—Mary E. Strange.

Secretary—Helen Gough.

Librarian—Alison Hastings.

The club is rehearsing for a concert to be given in Norwich after the Christmas holidays.

Tuesday, December 7th.

11 a. m.—Convocation.

Reports from the Athletic association.

Announcement of fund of \$504.10 raised by the Konomoc Hose Company for the establishment of a loan fund for the benefit of New London girls attending college.

Vocal Solo—Beatrice Ashe.

Illustrated lecture on Nocturnes—Rev. Walter S. Swisher.

5 p. m.—Meeting of the Mandolin club.

Manager—Amy Kugler.

Conductor—Katherine Barry.

Pianist—Florence Carns.

Thursday, December, 6th.

5 p. m.—Meeting of the Debating and Literary society. Officers present; chairman, Margary S. Rowe; secretary, Winona Young. Reading of the constitution. Social hour devoted to open discussion of moving pictures. Selections by the Mandolin club.

Friday, December 3rd

5 p. m.—Meeting of the Athletic Association. Discussion of point system, but no final decision made. A constitution will be submitted to the next meeting of the Athletic Association.

The Black Hockey team defeated the White in the final and most exciting game of the series on Saturday morning. Each of the teams had one victory to its credit and Saturday's game meant the championship. Every one of the 22 players on the field realized the opportunity and the friendly rivalry between the two teams rose to its highest pitch. Twice the score was tied (4-4, and 6-6) but a few minutes before the final whistle blew the Blacks made another goal and although the Whites again invaded Black territory to the 25 yard line, time was called and prevented a pos-

(Continued to Page 3.)

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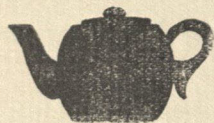
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C. C. Activities.
Sports---Social.

(Continued from Page 2.)

sible tie. The first squads picked for the season follow:

Whites—Dorothy Gray, l w; Esther Batchelder, l i; Madeline Rowe, (captain) c f; Louise Ainsley, r i; Virginia Rose, r w; Emera Weed, l h b; Roberta Morgan, c h b; Mary Strange, r h b; Iveagh Sterry, l f b; L. Anderson, r f b; Grace Cockings, g. Blacks—Ruth Trail, l w; Dorothy Upton, l i; Marion Wells, c f; Laura Jacobs, r i; Mary Chipman, r w; Dorothy Trenholm, l h b; Norma Regan (captain) c h b; Julia Hatch, r h b; Esther Barnes, l f b; Mary Erwin, r f b; Florence Lenehan, g.

Games	Blacks	Whites
9.15 Saturday, Nov. 28th	8	6
4 Tuesday, Nov. 23rd	6	18
9.15 Saturday, Dec. 4th	6	4

Faculty Gives
Degree "May-be."

(Continued from Page 1.)

"Why, I'll show you some scenes of the past, actual events which took place under this very roof. Is that proof enough?"

"Ah yes," I sighed most happily.

Smoke clouded the fire place but slowly cleared and in the place of the coals, I saw the room in which I was seated but it was vastly changed. In one corner great, great grandmother Mary was seated at that beautiful old spinet which had come down to us from her. Two curly headed children crawled about the floor when suddenly a shrill war-whoop resounded and immediately the paint besmeared features of a red-skinned face shot up outside the window. Slowly the grin of savagery relaxed—ah, Grandmother

Mary was softly touching the keys of the spinet before her. Was it the Great Spirit which spoke from that box of wood? The Indian turned and fled.

Then the scene after scene found shape and faded against the background of the hearth. A courier announced the disaster of Bunker Hill; another called all men to rally for the defense of New London against the invasion of the traitor Arnold; later, the ridiculous marriage of Lorenza Dow performed by my great grandfather who descended in his night cap and gown to perform the late marriage; the romantic courtship of my grandmother, and the following departure of my grandfather commanding a company of volunteers to defend the Union; all came and went. A hush fell when the flag hung coffin was brought into the house and later when the military volley of salute echoed over the grave in the valley.

Who was that ridiculous small person sitting on the mantle piece. I had always thought myself a rather sweet child but that person was wiggling her legs in a most undignified manner. Yes, it was clearly me and I had been perched high and dry on that lofty shelf by a mischievous uncle as a punishment for amateur aeroplane stunts attempted from an attic window with the aid of an umbrella. The picture faded. "But I want more," I cried still giddy from a sight of the mysteries of the past. "I'll believe there are fairies if you let me have just one glimpse at the future." The genii hesitated and then—Great grey walls that crowned a hilltop rose out of the smoke. A long line of girls in caps and gowns sat breathless as the graduation exercises drew to a close and the degrees were about to be awarded.

"No, no," broke in the little black man as he waved his charred stick and banished the scene. "You can't see the future—its too uncertain!"

I. H. S.

Girl from Plant—I see that work has been commenced on the grading of the college grounds to make ready for grass seeding.

Girl from Blackstone—Oh, no, not grass seed—just wild oats.

Miss G.—Have you read the book of instructions on how to work your typing machines?

Precocious Student—No, I'm waiting 'till I learn all about the machine then I'll be able to understand the instructions.

Mrs. Frederick H. Sykes is entertaining the students at a series of teas, and was hostess on Thursday and Friday of this week.

Miss Helen Townsend of Blackstone House left Friday afternoon for Northfield, Mass., to spend the week-end at Northfield where she was formerly a student.

Messrs. Frederick Weld instructor in voice, and William Bauer, instructor in piano, will give a pupils' recital at Thames Hall on Wednesday evening, December 15. On that occasion the glee club will make its first public appearance and will sing two numbers.

Rev. Joseph H. Selden of Norwich will be the speaker at the Sunday afternoon vespers and will preach on the Gospel, a gift to the Imagination

Miss Marion Wells, president of the athletic association, will entertain a number of the college girls at tea at her home on Montauk avenue Saturday afternoon.

Physical training classes in sports will be held on the gymnasium of the Williams Memorial Institute on Saturday morning. The class in advanced sports will meet at 9 o'clock, and the class in elementary sports, at 10.30.

Prof. Raymond C. Osburn lectured to the students and faculty on the subject of Porto Rico in his lecture room at New London hall Thursday afternoon. He discussed the natural conditions of the island, its geology and climate and their effects on the lives

(Continued to Page 4.)

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of the people and on the industries, especially on sugar, tobacco, coffee and fruit growing. He took up the island's natural history, which he illustrated with many lantern slides. During the past summer Professor Osburn spent six weeks at Porto Rico, where he went in the interests of the New York Academy of Science for the purpose of publishing a natural history survey.

At Physical Exam.

Student—The dentist told me that I had a large cavity that needed filling.

Instructor—Did he recommend any special course of study?

Two microbes stood on a pantry shelf,

With faces sad and pained,
And said, as they watched the milkman's stunts,

"Our relations are getting strained."

Pat—"Mike, which would you rather be in an explosion or in a collision?"

Mike—"In a collision."
Pat—"Why?"

Mike—"Because in a collision there you are; but in an explosion, where are you?"

At the movies the other day a picture was shown entitled: "As God Made It."

Immediately following the projection of the title on the screen came the flash: "Approved by the Ohio Board of Censorship."

"Tell me something of ancient Athens," said the instructor in world history.

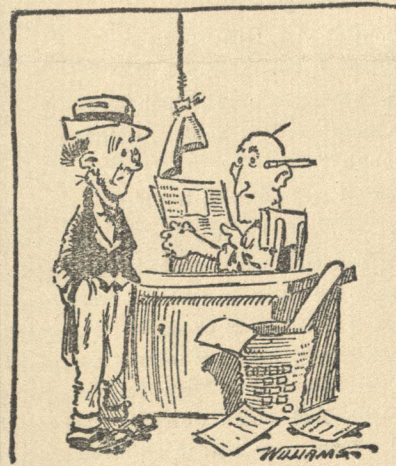
"Athens," said the student whom no one knew whether she was smart or foolish, "was always one of the most famous Greece—spots."

Qualified.



"Jones has started a correspondence school of pugilism."
"Has he had any experience?"
"Yes, he used to work in a box factory."—Pittsburgh Press.

Advice.



Jones—I have lost my last dollar. What would you advise?
Lawyer—Consult a cheaper attorney.—Chicago News.

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