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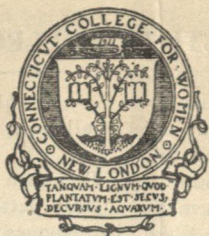
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Connecticut College News

Vol. 3 No. 1.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, OCTOBER 12 AND 26, 1917.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Life of Dr. Sykes

Frederick Henry Sykes was born in Queensville, Ontario, October 21, 1863, the son of James and Sarah Sykes. His forefathers were New Englanders of English descent. He was graduated from Toronto University in 1885; took his master's degree the following year in the same institution. He was student, scholar and fellow in Johns Hopkins University in 1891-5, taking his degree of Doctor of Philosophy there in 1894. He was in Exeter College, Oxford (England) in 1899, and that year married Louise Ravell Ryckman of Brockville, Ontario, whose father was a noted clergyman. Mr. Sykes was a teacher in secondary schools of Ontario from 1885 to 1891, lecturer in the Ontario School of Pedagogy in 1892-3; Examiner in English in the educational department of Ontario and in the University of Toronto from 1893 to 1897; was professor of English and History in the Western University of London, Ontario 1895 to 1897; staff lecturer in English literature for the American Society for Extension of University Teaching from 1897 to 1903; professor of English literature and Director of Extension Teaching for Columbia University from 1903 to 1910; Director of Technical Education in the schools of industrial and household arts, and Professor of English in Teachers' College (Columbia) from 1910 to 1913 when he was elected President of the Connecticut College for Women.

Dr. Sykes was lecturer for Johns Hopkins University in 1900 to 1902, for the University of Chicago in 1902, for the Brooklyn Institute 1900 to 1902 and 1906 to 1910. He was a member of the Modern Language Association, of America; of the Royal Society of Arts.

He was the author of "French Elements in Middle English" (1909); "Elementary English Composition" (1901); "Syllabus of Lectures on Shakespeare", (1903); "Literature in the Nineteenth Century" (1904); "Composition for Grammar Schools" (1908); "Ontario Public School Composition" (1910). He was editor of various English texts, general editor of the Scribner's English Classics Series.

—From "Who's Who" in America.

Some Personal Reminiscences of Dr. Sykes

To the Editor of Connecticut College News:

It was my privilege to know Dr. Sykes very intimately during the years when Connecticut College was only an idea and to be with him much when that idea was working out.

The place to begin is at the beginning, so first let me tell the story, never before printed, of how Dr. Sykes was first thought of in connection with Connecticut College. One of New London's young women, Miss Anne G. Hield was visiting relations in Lowerre Summit, Yonkers, the Doctor's home, at the time the project of the college was first broached. She said to me one afternoon:

"Dr. Sykes is just the man to head the new college."

I agreed instantly. From the beginning I had been interested in the college project. I had felt the great need of a college for women in America different from and better than anything in existence, a college that should be something more than an imitation of the type of men's colleges that prevailed 25 years ago. Dr. Sykes and I had discussed these things many times. He was particularly interested in the education of women. He had in his vision a college, that, while not neglecting the conventional cultural studies, should direct its activities toward the realities of life, a college which should turn out graduates really fitted to help in the work of the world, and to assume places of immediate usefulness; a college that should be easy to get into, if the individual had real college stuff, but harder to get out of—that is one that should require evidence of real work and development to win its degrees; a college that looked forward not backward, a college of breadth in its ideas and sympathies; truly religious but not sectarian, scientific, dynamic, democratic; a college for women.

(Continued on page 3)



DR. FREDERICK H. SYKES.

First President of Connecticut College.
1913-1917.

Egressus

O Lord of every saddened world,
O Lord of every suffering world,
O Lord of every stricken world,
Be with us now!

Thou called our friend, and Thine,
O Lord,
Who felt our grief and Thine, O Lord,
To share Thy perfect sorrow.

Thou called our friend, and Thine,
O Lord,
Who knew our joy and Thine, O Lord,
To share Thy perfect triumph.

Thou called our friend and Thine,
O Lord,
Who served his world and Thine,
O Lord,
To share Thy perfect service.

O Lord of every clouded world,
O Lord of every changing world,
O Lord of every chastened world,
Be with us now!

—Alison Hastings '19.

Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes

Connecticut College and its friends met in the college gymnasium Wednesday afternoon, October seventeenth, to pay tribute to the memory of Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes, its first President. It was a memorial service, but a service of sunshine.

President Benjamin T. Marshall, assisted by the Reverend Philip M. Kerbridge, the Reverend W. S. Swisher, and the Reverend Dr. Selden conducted the services. The sentiments expressed from the hearts of these men, these friends of Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes, are almost too precious to be set down in black and white; they are enshrined in gold in our hearts for ever.

"Everything changes but nothing is lost". The soul of Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes still lives, still dreams his visions of Connecticut College, his wisdom, courage, self-sacrifice and love still have their potent influence, still teach but with a clearer, more profound vision. A permanent monument to the first President of Connecticut College is to be found in the spirit of Connecticut College, in the ideals he cherished and set before us in eloquence. The only adequate tribute to the memory of Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes would be the perpetuation of his ideal for the College. It is our duty to engrave in our hearts his ideals and transmit them undimmed to the classes who shall succeed us in the years to come.

Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes was a teacher of literature—he was equipped for this work by a broad and generous sympathy, marvelously penetrating and kind. He opened the door of literature to many of us, he made us aware of the inexhaustible treasures of inspiration. Doctor Selden gave us this last beautiful thought: If Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes could speak to us to-day, he might say:

"Call me not dead, when I have gone into the company of the high and most glorious poets—let thanksgiving be made that I meet such men as Keats,

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COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Fortnightly

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Esther Wimovsky.

Editorial

Work has begun anew at Connecticut College. With the opening of the third academic year, a great change has taken place in the administrative leadership of the college as well as among the students. To our new President who has come into our midst with a generous coöperation and sympathetic understanding of pioneer problems, the students extend their hearty welcome.

To President Marshall and the new members of the Faculty the students voice also their loyalty—a loyalty unique in its two-fold strength. It is sprung not only from the hearts of the youngest classmen who feel that a natural bond of friendship links them with those leaders who are beginning life at Connecticut College in the same year, but also from the hearts of the older students whose privilege it is to keep alive the splendid influence of esteemed and absent leaders, by a steadfast expression of loyalty and love for those who now join their guidance and wisdom with the endeavors of those who have gone before in the noble work of founding a great college.

To the class of 1921 we give a sincere welcome—none the less cordial because it is expected in the first editorial of the year, but heartfelt because we begin to know how much college may mean to the girl who enters it with an appreciative attitude.

It is never more true than now that "ye are the heirs of all the ages". From the battle front of a changing world comes the plea to all of us for the best that we can give of physical, mental and moral strength. Sacrifice and opportunity may now be regarded as almost identical, and in answer to the call for trained women, let us respond by an attitude of devoted seriousness to our studies.

"But with all your knowledge get understanding". Not books alone, but also human experience is necessary for the sound judgment and sympathetic understanding which every trained woman needs. Through the student activities and association with college friends in community life, much of this

experience may be gained. Let us remember that the making of true and permanent friendships is a great art. We shall need to be unselfish and considerate in the little things that make life worth while. As Henry Ward Beecher has said, "Every man should have a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends". That the members of 1921 may have many friends and true is the wish of their "big sisters" of '19 and '20.

With *Service* for our watchword let us of Connecticut College enter 1917-18 with the determination to give our best in thought and deed to the great cause of suffering mankind.

Sept. 26, 1917.

Dear people, if you want to read
About the fitting way
Our president addressed us, why,
Read the *New London Day*.
You see, we aren't reporters, and
That's just our missing link,
But if you really want to know
Just what we really think,
We'll try our best to tell you, and
To make it very clear.
And even though we write in rhyme,
We surely are sincere.

A golden-rayed September sun
Shone joyously above,
To consecrate the opening year
Of college work and love.
Upon the elevated stage
The faculty were ranged
And most admiring glances by
The students were exchanged.
The Juniors held the foremost seats
Of dignity and age;
Upon the left the Sophomores sat,
As wise as they were sage.
The Freshmen followed afterward
Our third and newest class,
But one which no old colleges
Could possibly surpass.
But—our president is coming;
The college will arise,
To him its heartfelt loyalty
And love to signalize.

And thus he spoke,
"We are no selfish slackers here
assembled
To appreciate this heritage so new;
We come to learn to give with minds
so chastened
By the discipline that gives the broad-
er view,
That scholar's art and science may
illumine
Wider fields of service than before we
dreamed;
And every good and perfect gift may
render
Sure allegiance to a world still
unredeemed.
By this college pours the shining river
Saver deepened by abounding seas
And strengthened by the friendly busy
city
'Till perennial charm and grace from

all of these
Shall make its women young forever."

President Marshall then read the following letter from Dr. Sykes, written in response to a personal letter from him:

"Accept warm thanks for your letter. Connecticut College, as you realize, must have a lasting place in my life and thought as a great possibility in the education of women. The opening of the third academic year gives me opportunity to send to you and to the students my cordial greetings and heartfelt good wishes. May it flourish under your presidency."

(Signed) FREDERIC H. SYKES.

The Juniors marched down one by one
The aisles of Hillyer Hall.
The other classes followed them,
And none of them did fall.
With thoughts of welcome in their
hearts
They face the coming year
Of onward, outward progress full,
Of fellowship and cheer.

Trojan Women

Friday night you will have your first opportunity of seeing "The Trojan Women"—the first play to be given in our college gymnasium. The play will be repeated Saturday night.

A great deal of time and labor has been expended on this play both by the actors, who are members of the Greek Department and by Mrs. Anna Holmes Wells who has kindly contributed her time, talent, and large professional experience in drilling the actors and arranging the tableaux.

Other members of the Faculty have given their share of time and talent. Very interesting scenery has been designed by Professor Selden who has made a special study of recent productions of Greek plays by Gilbert Parker, Margaret Aanglin and others. The costumes, designed by Mr. Selden, have been decorated by Miss Sherer, an student of the advanced class in design.

In addition to an excellently trained cast and beautiful and appropriate costumes and scenery there will be a notable musical program. Dr. Coerne has written special music for the choruses and himself trained the singers, who were selected from the Glee Club. Prof. Bauer will play the accompaniments and provide incidental music.

The Trustees have generously made this production possible as an invitation affair by equipping the gymnasium with an enlarged stage, a fine velvet curtain, and by promising \$50. toward other expenses. Though no tickets will be sold, yet owing to the limited seating capacity, admission will be only on ticket. It is hoped that all who may desire may be accommodated.

Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes.

(Concluded from page 1)

Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, listening to chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hills".

The Glee Club sang "Dismissal", written by Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes on this hill top. We treasure the precious memory that we have known and loved a truly great man and friend.

Dismissal

(Frederick Henry Sykes)

God in His mercy attend us,
God in His steadfastness stay;
God in His love befriend us,
Seeking the Heavenward way.

College Prayer.

Spirit of all things, grant us still
To know Thy way, to work Thy will!
Nor great nor small to Thee whose eyes
Forever scan the eternal skies:
All service welcome to whose sway
Controls the stars, awakes the day.

Within this maze of mortal life
Beset with error, wrought with strife,
Perplexed we wander; we would fain
Win to Thy calm, in Thee remain:
In Thy vast working find our peace,
And in Thy service our release.

Thou whose eternal thoughts renew
The spring's return, the heaven's blue,
Teach us the incomparable dower
Of beauty in the sky and flower
Grant us the boon of boons,—a heart
Open to nature, life and art.

Teach us the worth of hardship, dearth,
As travail of the spirit's birth:—
To greet the chance in toil and shock
To win our self from out the block;—
To wrest from failure, loss and sin,
The miracle of grace within.

Grant us to love our human kind,
Grant us to love the life of mind;—
To honor work of hand and brain
Keep faith intact,—a purpose plain
That speaks in deeds;—the torch we
bear
With those in greater darkness share.

Stablish our souls in passions pure,—
To think, to love, to dare, endure,
To spend ourselves that others see
To find life's guerdon, sure confessed—
The best is his who seeks the best.

To seek, to strive—till on our ears
Break Thy far music of the spheres;—
Our darkness flush with rose afar;
Beyond our waves, The Pilot Stars
Then lifts the soul above the clod,
And frames a vision of the God!

—F. H. Sykes.

Some Personal Reminiscences of Dr. Sykes.

(Continued from page 1)

en, not a college for children merely old enough to be women; a college that from the first, by reason of its ideals and aims, by reason of its faculty even if small, should be individual, wholly worth while in its usefulness to a purposeful, working world.

I came to New London especially to tell two members of the Board of Trustees, with whom I was acquainted, about Dr. Sykes. At their request I wrote all I had to say in a letter to the full Board. I did no more. Many candidates were in view at that time, but in February of the following year (1913) the Doctor received the appointment. He was at that time still professor of English in Teacher's College, Columbia University, and head of the department of Industrial Arts. The Connecticut Trustees, on account of the great amount of work which, from the very start, he was doing for Connecticut, offered the Doctor full pay from the date of his appointment, but, although so busy night and day on Connecticut College problems, he refused to accept salary, until after the close of his contract with Columbia the following summer.

The prodigious work done by Dr. Sykes in those formative days few ever knew. He never had another vacation. He gave up all his remunerative outside work of authorship. He seldom knew even a Sunday of complete rest. It was intended at first to open the college in 1914, and tremendous exertions toward that end were made before the idea had to be given up.

At that time the center of very important college activities was in New York. It was here that the architects had their offices, and in their work had to consult Dr. Sykes frequently. It was here that candidates for the faculty were to be seen to the best advantage. It was here that the various contractors, supply men, etc., furnishing things to the college were to be bargained with. The intimate building needs of a woman's college were known to the Doctor as to no other of the Trustees and the work of planning and direction fell to him. He consulted with countless experts on all these things and made intensive studies on all the topics.

I was, all during this period, in close touch with the Doctor's labors and took part in many of the councils and conferences during these planning and constructing months. Dr. Sykes was the inspiration and director of the college in its idea, its curriculum and its physical structure. Seldom if ever has a college represented so fully the aspirations of a single person. It has never been given to me to see such enthusiasm and such a lavish outpouring of effort. He worked with almost a religious intensity.

One of Dr. Sykes' hobbies was architecture. He had been abroad a great

deal, had made a survey for Columbia of the vocational schools of Europe, and had studied architecture in both its artistic and utilitarian aspects as few others had. All this, taken with his profound scholarship and his great experience as a college executive and man of affairs made him one among thousands for the building of the new college.

As director of University Extension Work in Teachers College in earlier years and in his touring about as extension lecturer the Doctor had attained an uncommonly wide acquaintanceship with college men and women. This was a valuable asset in the selection of the new faculty.

In all these labors, at one with him in the vision for the development of a great institution the Doctor had the aid and enthusiastic support of his scholarly wife, herself a woman of magnificent collegiate achievement and a teacher of note.

In his last address to the students at Connecticut the Doctor said:

"Hitch your wagon to your talent. Our students, to a woman (note he did not say 'to a girl') see the world as a place for work and service; and they look to take an efficient place in it and earn by glad faithful work in the world the right to live."

That was his idea of the women this college should bring forth. His conception of the education he tried to realize here was: "the union of the old education with the new, ideals of culture and character united with technical training, social direction and human sympathy."

Never had college a nobler inspiration or worthier object.

But that is all on the serious side. But wonderful worker as he was, Dr. Sykes could and did play just as earnestly. He had dabbled a bit at golf but had not the time it demanded. In his boyhood days, as son of a lumber mill owner in a small Canadian town he had learned to love nature and the out-of-door life. He was immensely fond of working with his sons at carpentering, doing things with electrical apparatus, camping or exploring the woods. With his college friends he played—out of doors—tennis; indoors he played chess, or occasionally checkers, still less often bridge or whist. Chess was his favorite game, and it took a good player to checkmate him.

Another side of the Doctor few knew. He was an artist, while he knew something of music and played a bit; he was a poet,—a real poet. But to few was it given to read the things he wrote. Some day I hope to see a volume of his verse, for in his portfolio are some most beautiful bits, true lyrics. Many of them were written about members of his family, and a great number are immensely and finely humorous. Such for instance might be an invitation, or rather a challenge in verse sent to a friend to join him at luncheon and chess. He was a great man for his friends and on Sundays as he could get for leisure he was sure to

have some at his house. And they were always worth while.

Needless to say the Doctor felt very deeply the world issues brought to the fore by the great war. A Democrat of Democrats—in the broad sense of that term—he felt deeply that the issue will be the historic and ultimate settlement of the age long conflict between the democratic and the autocratic philosophies. But he felt that America was still backward in the war. Only a few weeks ago I had a note from him saying: "The psychology of the American people is only half right and half awake. The war must be won HERE. The country needs a book—'The Plain Truth About the War'."

This is the man we have lost, the sudden ending of whose career is indeed a pity and a tragedy. But these ideals cannot be lost if we are worthy of them. Such a man was a fit founder for a great college. Connecticut College may well plan a memorial to Frederick Henry Sykes and in all the years to come hold his memory and his name in the highest honor.

WILLIAM WELTON HARRIS.

Notes from the Commentator June 1917.

New London has bidden god-speed to Dr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Sykes. I wish that every reader of this column, every New Londoner in fact, might have taken part in the gathering which gave expression to the sentiment of the people of the city and vicinity toward the departure of this man and woman—and toward the man and woman themselves.

Because then you would all have had the opportunity to see how big and courageous and generous men and women can accept the mandates of fate.

To those who were not there; those who have been friends and partisans of Dr. Sykes, those who have been indifferent and those who have found his views and theirs irreconcilable, I want to say that Dr. Sykes goes away from New London absolutely unembittered, with the same sanguine outlook, the same keen interest, the same invincible, kindly sense of humor, the same delightful humanism, the same splendid intellectual poise, that were his rare possessions, when he arrived, more than two years ago, to undertake the materialization of a magnificent vision.

If this were not wholly true we should have to attribute to this man such marvellous histrionic gifts as were never bestowed upon the greatest play actor that the world has known.

There is no utility in threshing old straw, in prodding raw sores. Long ago the Commentator stated his position in the college controversy. It was that a great mistake was being made. That is my position today. But the book of this world's progress is one long record

of mistakes—many of them rectified after a more or less long time, many of them yet to be rectified. Anyhow, what is done is done and there is nothing else to be done now but make the best of it.

I should be untrue to myself, however, and unfaithful to those good friends who look to me for the expression of their thoughts and hopes and fears, if I did not say here and now that as Dr. Sykes and his brilliant, brave wife go out of New London they take with them the love and devotion of thousands of New London's people; that never before, perhaps, even in a lifetime, have two people so entwined themselves in the affections of this community as have this man and woman.

If the admiration of New Londoners for the late president of Connecticut College and his helpmeet were confined to purely intellectual circles, it would carry with it no special or remarkable significance. But their friends are numbered by sincere, devoted hundreds in the humbler homes, in the shops and stores, in the streets, and byways, everywhere.

There must be a reason for this aside from winsome personality, because among these many, many friends are hundreds who have never entered into personal contact with the college president; scores, no doubt, who would be unable to identify him if they met him on the street. And it seems to me that the principal reason for Dr. Sykes' wonderful hold upon the regard and imagination of the people of New London lies in the fact that from the very beginning of his career here he succeeded in making them understand that the things he stood for were the democratization of culture, the education for service. He came to us alight with an inspiration—and in his brief stay among us he has spread that inspiration among us like a benediction.

New London loves this man because the last thing that he has ever thought of is himself—and, you know, we are not quite well accustomed to people like that; neither are we, nor yet other communities; they are rare souls—but because of their example and their teachings there will be more like them by and by. He brought us fine, high ideals of the purposes of life and learning. He taught us that the good thoughts and the wise words of the ages were for you and me and the man over the way, to have and to hold for our own—not the hereditary birthright of an intellectual aristocracy to be exploited for its social and spiritual aggrandizement.

And now he has taught us a thing that, in this time of war, it is very needful indeed for us to know—how to take crushing disappointment with a high head and a high heart; how to receive tactical defeat without strategic surrender; how, if we plant a tree in soil that

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Editorial

On October 13, 1917, the life of the first president of Connecticut College came to a sudden end in Cambridge. In this land and many others his loss will be mourned by those who knew him as kindred by birth, as a fellow-student, profound scholar, a master teacher, an inspiring leader, a true friend.

Many able writers and eloquent speakers are eulogizing Dr. Frederick Henry Sykes to-day, and in their less learned ways the students of Connecticut College are seeking to express the deep sense of grief which has come like a swift and silent shadow across the sunshine of nearly three hundred young lives.

Long before it was our privilege to meet President Sykes, he was working to establish for us—and for untold generations which shall yet feel the blessing of his spirit—a new type of college, conceived in the true spirit of democracy, founded on broad basic principles of freedom of thought, and dedicated through its students to the noblest service of humanity. When the arduous and varied work of initial plans had been made, when the first permanent buildings of good gray granite had been created, the doors were opened wide to young women from all parts of the country. With faces filled with anticipation, with happy hearts and sturdy spirits, they came one hundred and fifty strong to meet President Sykes, and be instilled with the consciousness of their responsibilities as a faithful, loyal pioneer band in the upbuilding of this new institution.

The radiance of October sunshine which flooded the gay Autumnal hills, and cast a brightness over the glistening of the sea will never be forgotten by those students who listened intently to the revelation of the magnificent vision presented by our first president, and from the depths of youthful joy silently promised allegiance to the greatest pioneer of all—Dr. Sykes.

In his own bright and beautiful way, Dr. Sykes taught us to love the sunshine, and wonder at the glory of the hills and mysteries of the seas. While he was guiding us to an appreciation of nature, he was seeking to inculcate in us a deeper love for our human brothers and was leading us to a realization of the opportunity for service which was our heritage. Dr. Sykes was a prophet of large vision, and like all true leaders, he possessed as well the fine faculty of courage to carry out his convictions.

During the two years of Dr. Sykes' leadership in Connecticut College, the band of student pioneers greatly increased in numbers, and all came to know him as an energetic worker, a broad-minded teacher, a sympathetic counselor, and a faithful friend.

In the weeks just previous to his departure, we were able to appreciate his splendid magnanimity and bravery of heart as he laid down, uncompleted,

the task into which he had wrought the finest fibre of his being, into the making of which he put the culmination of the noblest aspirations of his thought and experience. The pioneer band had its leader wrested away, but it kept in memory the way he went—with love in his heart for "all things both great and small," and though enduring the unfathomed suffering occasioned by injustice practiced against him, with charity for all.

Our president left Life in the quiet of a precious home, in the company of rare books, and surrounded by those who were nearest and dearest, was laid to rest in his northern homeland, beneath the saddened sky of a gray October day.

He was great and good, and the noblest of all memorials—for there will be many—which it shall be our privilege to establish in his memory, will be the expression of his spirit in our daily lives, and such a transmission of that spirit to the future students of Connecticut College that beside the "Loyalty of '19" and "Loyalty of '20", may stand the "Appreciation" of Connecticut College.

Our recollections of last year are saddened by the tragic death of Alice Coleman, which occurred on June 23, 1917. Her memory will be cherished in the hearts of all those who were privileged to know her. Those of us who were less fortunate than her intimate friends loved her light-heartedness, and joyous charm, her cheery word and never-failing smile. She was healthy and happy and talented, a joy-bringer to all who knew her, merry alike in play and work.

Like a radiant bit of sunshine, she came into our lives for a brief instant, and with her passing, left the imprint of her character in the heart of each who knew her. Her sweet face is missing from our number, but deep in the hearts of all members of the classes 1919 and 1920 her memory will live forever.

Our Message.

To you who shared the founding
Of this college on the hill
When all was new and boundless,
By the strength of your good will;
To you who yet have left us,
Now by other tasks beset,
Would we, who miss you, comrades,
Say—we shall not soon forget!

To you who now are joining
This, the college newest born,
To aid the joyous venture,
Its tradition to adorn;
To you who are beginning
Work with us as well as play,
Do we, who like you, comrades,
Say—we want you all to stay!

—Alison Hastings '19.

Action on the Death of Dr. Sykes

Immediately after the announcement of the death of Doctor Frederick Henry Sykes, the Student Government Association met and took the following action: a committee consisting of Esther Batchelder, Winona Young, Virginia Rose and Marguerite Mills was appointed to draw up fitting resolutions; each class, including the Freshman class, voted to send floral tributes; the two Student Government Presidents and the Presidents of 1919 and 1920 were delegated representatives to attend the funeral. As it later developed that the services were to be held in Toronto, Winona Young, alone, represented the student body.

Doctor Kip is Chairman of the Faculty Committee in drawing up resolutions and sending flowers; Miss Cary, Miss Woodhull and Mr. Selden were the Faculty representatives at the funeral services.

Copy of Resolutions.

Inasmuch as death has come, silent, without warning to Frederick Henry Sykes, first president of Connecticut College, great teacher and friend, we, the students of Connecticut College, do hereby unanimously pass the following resolutions:

RESOLVED: We who knew and loved him and were allowed to work under his master leadership cannot adequately express what an inspiration his life has meant to us. Something of his intellectual attainment, his broad humanity, his prophetic vision and his will and courage, which made possible to so great an extent the realization of his hopes and ideals, he left with us, for a great and good man was our friend and leader.

RESOLVED: We, the incoming class, although we knew him not, have caught the spirit and the vision which his life and work instilled in that which is the soul of Connecticut College.

RESOLVED: We, the Student body, in deepest appreciation of one whose life here is ended, do dedicate ourselves to the great work he left unfinished. "And from our honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which he gave his last full measure of devotion." We will strive in his spirit to attain that goal which he himself expressed in the words, "to make Connecticut College an institution, the most beautiful and spacious, the widest in scope of instruction, the most steadfast in faith in woman and her ability so far founded on the earth."

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Sykes, to Connecticut College News, and to each of the local newspapers.

(Signed) Esther Batchelder,
Virginia Rose,
Marguerite Mills.

Committee of Students.

Service!

Cold shivers ran down two hundred and fifty spines in damp Hillyer Hall Tuesday morning. Within five minutes after the Service League meeting was called to order, thrills of enthusiasm chased away the cold shivers and the warmth of service dried the dampness of Hillyer Hall.

The President of the League, Alice Horrax '20, welcomed all the students and the Secretary, Mildred Provost '19, read the constitution. A sketch of the plans for the coming year was given by Miss Horrax and the chairmen of the standing committees. We learned that a lost and found bureau is to be established in the Service League office; that a change may be made in the constitution; instead of regular dues, voluntary contributions are suggested. Ruth Trail '19, chairman of the War Relief Committee announced the following plans:

1. Knitting, under direction of Frances Barlow '20. Yarn to be obtained in the Red Cross room in Hillyer Hall during the hours 9-10 A. M. and 1-2 P. M.
2. Surgical dressings, under direction of Mildred Keefe '19, in Red Cross room, hours to be announced later.
3. Courses in dietetics and first aid.
4. Special Christmas work for men in training camps.
5. Raising money for the Army and Navy Fund.

Jessie Wells '19 announced the Social Service work:

1. Visiting the hospitals, under direction of Marion Williams '19, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.
2. Organization of a club for the working girls in New London, under direction of Isabel Rumney '20. The club room is to be in the Associated Charities building and its motto is to be: "Not what we give, but what we share."

Emetta Weed '19 announced the work of the Program Committee:

1. Obtaining speakers for the League's regular meetings.
2. Obtaining speakers for Convocation and Vespers.
3. Lecture by Dr. Helms of Boston, Saturday, October 13, at 8.00 P. M. in Hillyer Hall.

After these reports were made, motion was carried that the officers of the League request three members of the Faculty to act as honorary members of the League and as chaperons for our work in town.

Miss Horrax introduced Mr. Jackson who has been sent to New London by the Government to help in providing proper recreation for the men in uniform who are stationed near New London. Mr. Jackson outlined one phase of work which all members of the League can do—correlate our forces for the benefit of New London and the men in uniform. New London is to have a Public Hospitality Committee to plan

entertainments for the men, a Public Welfare Committee to take care of the men in the hospitals and the men who have been arrested. But the greatest problem is the girl problem. "The girls and women of New London are suffering from a terrific dose of uniformitis." A trained worker is coming, who will gladly work with us to teach these girls and women to uphold the highest ideals and social standards. If we will act as entertainers and afford recreation for the girls and men, we will learn a lesson here which will be a great step in our development as leaders. In closing, Mr. Jackson said "the first victory our men win, will be won by the communities adjacent to the training camps. New London will wake up and discover her soul."

Cards were distributed on which each member of the League checked the branches of work she wished to enter.

Bolleswood Day.

A joyous gathering in the warm noon sun—

With laughter gay was Bolleswood Day begun.

For lunch, sandwiches, fragrant cheese, and cake,

Of which the honored guests did first partake.

A bottle (ginger ale) beneath the Bough
O wilderness were Paradise enow,
With you, sweet Freshmen, there to entertain

With fitting verse which was not writ
in vain!

With small white beans your triumph
was acclaimed,

O Freshmen three, as honored poets
named—

E'en from the tender green of early
youth

May fall in rhyme the golden words
of Truth.

Ah, with the poems of Allen, Bugbie,
Pease

But to recline beneath a tree at ease!
In very truth the hours too quickly
passed,

And we must needs retrace our steps
at last.

At Blackstone's honored gate once more
we fed,

And offered up our thanks to Doane.
Then sped

We, one by one, with happy hearts
away,

Content with this, our second
Bolleswood Day.

Great Bargains! Read News Exchange Ticker!

In this issue, notice what we collegians are doing toward the great cause.

Hunter College—Collecting magazines and books, especially those written in Italian and Spanish, to be sent to

the Yaphank camp. *The Bulletin* states its appeal very well, "Remember that you are just as much of a slacker in this way as in any other, if you neglect to do anything in your power to strengthen the morals of our selected soldiers."

Mount Holyoke—Five new courses are being offered: Home Economics, Red Cross War Relief, Gardening, and Secretarial, without College credit.

Radcliffe—Raising a Library Fund, collecting magazines, offering extra war courses, lessening of social activities, doing Red Cross work, doing food conservation work.

Smith—Shipping books and money November first to one of the camps.

Wellesley—Collecting books from students and faculty to forward to the distributing station for the camp and hospital libraries; raising two thousand dollars to buy an ambulance and keep it in commission for one year, to bear the name of Sophie Jewett, a former teacher of English literature.

Our Library.

Figured mathematically, one and one-half rooms divided by three hundred students anxiously seeking knowledge does not allow much space per head or per foot. Nevertheless, such are the conditions in our library and we must fit ourselves to them.

There are a few ways by which we can relieve the congestion and confusion, and incidentally some of the trials of the Library Committee. Please do not go to the library and occupy one of the few chairs or use one of the scarce reserve books unless you really intend to work and to work diligently. Please do not walk off with reserve books under your arm. Please sign for reserve books, taking care that no one else has previously signed for the same hour. And please read again and again the Library Rules found in the College "C". Commit them to memory, as well as the college cheers and songs.

Let us make our library not merely an orderly collection of books, but an orderly collection of books and students.

—MARION KOFISKY, '19.

To the Editor:

Perhaps President Marshall's address in behalf of the Students' Friendship Fund has started some of us thinking about the problem of service, and trying to define the word in regard to what it may mean to us, or demand from us.

It may be that, because we have begun to realize the wonderful scope of the word "service," both in reference to ourselves and to all whom we try to help, we have also felt a bit skeptical as to the true value of the so-called service, recently attempted among the navy and militia in our vicinity.

In these attempts at service, members

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of both navy and militia have been entertained on our campus and in our halls. Yet—and here lies the real difficulty—the “service” has not been so worthy that those who have chosen to play the part of hostesses as their bit, have shown the unselfishness and consideration that should accompany any endeavor that is worth while. The custom of all day quiet on Sunday has been maintained since first we belonged to the college and in the disregard of this custom, and the accompanying discomfort to others, a lack of appreciation of the true values of service has been shown.

When we consider the fact that many of our number have undertaken other branches of service, infinitely more exacting and those which demand much perseverance, do not these Sunday evening entertainments seem unworthy of the name of service if they are conducted to the joy of the few and discomfort of many? We ought to consider the situation seriously, and determine that whatever form our endeavors are to take, they shall be in accordance with the rules of courtesy, unselfishness and good will.

—K. O. H. '19.

Latest Return from the Exchange Market.

Radcliffe.—The Camp Library Fund has grown to two hundred dollars. Food conservation is being observed in the lunch-room and dormitories. Lateness at classes is regulated under Student Government. Those students arriving late to classes sign their names on the pad on the class-room door. The late slips are recorded by the Student Government and excessive lateness is reported to the Executive Board, which is empowered to impose a suitable penalty.

Smith.—The Smith College Weekly devotes one column in each issue to World News. This column treats of the war in Europe, foreign affairs in general, domestic affairs in Washington and domestic affairs in general.

Wellesley.—An auction is to be held for the benefit of the R. X. Every girl is expected to give a treasure. A list of interesting and valuable articles relating to the war is to be published each week in the Wellesley News. This war-time reading list is prepared by the War Relief Board and the Library of the College.

A conference of Intercollegiate Community Service Associations is to be held at Wellesley on October 27th.

Notes from the Commentator

(Concluded from page 3)

proves to hold some chemical inadaptability, the thing to do is not to abandon the tree but to take it up and transplant it; how to go on doing the worthwhile

thing, not because it can be done in pleasant surroundings, but because it is the worthwhile thing and it is the doing of it that counts.

Yes, New London has had to say adieu to Dr. Sykes and his brilliant lady. But they have not gone out of our lives and they never can go out of our lives. They will be infinitely more than a memory. They will continue to be a force and an influence to New London, yes, and a force and influence in Connecticut College—a splendid, humanizing, broadening, cultural influence—for longer than you or I or the man over the way shall know anything about.

And they go away richer than they came by hundreds and hundreds of human hearts. The Commentator.

What We are doing for Our Country.

Connecticut College News is pleased to announce that it is the first of our college organizations to subscribe for a Liberty Bond in this second great drive, in accordance with the suggestion of President Marshall in chapel, Tuesday, October 23rd. This was made possible by the amount cleared above expenses by the staff of 1916-1917.

House Reports.

Meetings were held in Blackstone, Plant, and Winthrop Houses on Thursday, October 11th, for the election of Secretaries, Treasurers, and Chairmen of Entertainment Committees. Results of the elections were as follows:

BLACKSTONE—	Jessie Menzies '20 Sec. Joan Munro '20 Treas. Mary Hester '20 Ent.
PLANT—	Rachel Smith '21 Sec. Amy Kugler '19 Treas. Elizabeth Williams '20 Entertainment
WINTHROP—	Rachel Parker '20 Sec. Martha Houston '21 Treas. Edith Williams '21 Entertainment
TEA HOUSE—	Charlotte Hall, Pres. Lydia Marvin, Sec. Louise Bailey, Treas. Norma Kimball, Ent.
THAMES HALL—	Harriet Allen, Pres. Dorothy Gregson, Sec. Esther Barnes, Treas. Margaret Pease, Ent.

On Friday, October 5, the following elections took place at the first regular meeting of the class of 1919.

Cheer Leader—Mildred White
Treasurer—Margaret Maher
Chr. Ent. Com.—Marguerite Mills

It was also voted that a committee of three be appointed by the President for the purpose of raising the fund to support the prizes given annually in honor of Dr. Sykes.

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