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Connecticut College News

NEW LONDON, CONN., SEPTEMBER 29, 1922

FRESHMAN NUMBER

PRESIDENT MARSHALL MEETS CLASS OF 1926.

Miss Julia Warner Explains Student Government.

According to the custom at Connecticut, the Freshmen were called together on the first Thursday after college opened. Julia Warner, as President of the Student Government Association, called the meeting to order. President Marshall, in welcoming the class of 1926, recalled some incidents in his own first days at college, and reminisced about the pioneer days of C. C. He stressed the distinctive C. C. spirit of freedom, industry, good fellowship and inspiring work, emphasizing the joy of team work and of the equal sharing of all burdens by both students and faculty. The President stated that the one hundred and thirty two members of 1926 have been carefully picked from four hundred applicants and urged that, on this account, the Freshmen strive even more to make a record of faithfulness to Connecticut College ideals.

Miss Warner then welcomed the new students on behalf of the Student Government Association. She expressed the hope that Student Government would not be a far off, distant something, but a vital part of each student life. To quote, she said, "I want you to feel not the shiver of student government as it passes you by, but the quiver of it." A most lively and interesting discussion followed, regarding various rules and regulations of the Association.

FRESHMEN ARRIVE.

Hub-bub and more hub-bub!—girls, seemingly hundreds of them,—bright flashing colors, somber browns,—laughing eyes, drooping lips, puckered brows,—giggles, horrified gasps, despairing looks, voices high, voices low, voices deep, cards innumerable, and questions galore, exclamation marks galore.

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OPENING CHAPEL EXERCISES VERY IMPRESSIVE.

First Chapel of the Year on Wednesday, September 20.

The chapel exercises on Wednesday, September 20, at which President Marshall formally declared the opening of the eighth year of Connecticut College, were more than usually impressive.

The Seniors, charmingly conscious of their first appearance in cap and gown, made us realize, as they marched in a line surprisingly long, how greatly our numbers have increased.

President Marshall greeted the Faculty, and the old and new students, and welcomed us to the privileges of the College. He urged that we think not only of our own College, but that we visualize the fascinating picture of all Colleges of all nations opening just at this time and think of ourselves as a very definite part of this army of students searching for a broadened outlook. "In recent years," said he, "College has come to be regarded too much as a vogue. In the words of President Shanklin of Wesleyan University, 'no one deserves a College education who does not earn the right to it from day to day by strenuous life.'"

In the early part of his address President Marshall announced that a memorial service to Dr. Coerne would be held very soon.

FRESHMEN INTRODUCED AT SERVICE LEAGUE RECEPTION.

The Service League cordially welcomed the Freshmen on Tuesday evening, Registration Day. Kind Juniors piloted their little Sisters to the reception at the gymnasium and introduced them to all their friends. Almost everybody wore name cards and that helped strangers to see "how to spell it," and "to what class

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REALITY.

During the summer all of us have our flashes of sentimentality about the "good old Alma Mater." In the midst of our festivities, we pause to groan over the imminent renewal of the grind, and to sigh over the last moonlight sing.

I groaned and sighed with the rest. I cursed my probable schedule and hummed comedy music tenderly when the nights were fair. And then I had a strange experience. It was like seeing someone not seen for a long time. You create a phantom and the flesh and blood is infinitely more vivid, more interesting than you had imagined.

The College burst upon me. The surging shouting youth carried me off my feet. The river, gleaming in all its finest jewels, blinded me. The wind that makes us run, and eat, and sleep, tugged at my hair. All the haunting beauty that we accept as a common-place rose up to smite me. And I felt punished for having forgotten, even for three months. Did you feel that way? '23.

IT'S ONLY FOR A DAY.

She was a poor, scared Freshman, looking around anxiously for a perfectly strange instructor in an absolutely new place. You could tell that she was frightened. You knew that she was near to tears. Alone, bewildered, she peered from room to room. Would no one help her? The others had relatives and Juniors—those wonderful big sisters who gave directions about where and why things were. She had had no Junior—only Cousin Anne. And Cousin Anne, who had promised to look out for her, had mysteriously disappeared into the seething mass of joyful humanity that thronged the halls. Then a Junior—a fearfully unknown person—rushed up with the old question, "Can I do anything for you"? Of course she could have. She could have saved a little trembling by showing that the big new world was not entirely unfriendly. But no—she had her own Freshman and all she could say was, "Perhaps if you try Blackstone basement—". But Blackstone basement was no more familiar than Saskatchewan. The Junior tried to give more explicit directions. But still the Freshman winked and murmured, "Cousin Anne said she'd take care of me." And when the Junior asked her name she whispered, "Jane" and slipped away. But don't be too down-hearted, Freshmen. It is new and strange and there are difficulties. Cousin Anne may have disappeared and the Junior who tried to be kind may have been abrupt, but that's only one day and the first. When New London Hall and Blackstone basement are more than mere names; when the free, gay spirit of the hilltop has settled upon you; when C. C. has claimed you as her own, you will look back at that first awful day and laugh. It wasn't as bad as it seemed after all.

FRESHMEN!

Do you like to write? Are you interested in **YOUR COLLEGE PAPER**? Watch the **Bulletin Board** in New London Hall for notices regarding the **Freshman Competition**. Don't miss your opportunity!

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

WE ARE TRANSFORMED.

We are getting dressy. Our Power House squats mournfully behind Burnham wood which has certainly marched to Dunsinane and been completely victorious. New paths of cinders ruin our best Neolin soles. At the table we can no longer shout "cream, please." We must specify. We say, "may I have the cereal cream?" or "may I have the coffee cream?" There is a terrific distinction—at least in the size of the pitcher. We have pop-overs and melons in the same week. Fresh paint unexpectedly dazzles us here and there. Our rolled stockings are discreetly concealed by chaste trailing skirts. We have a library. There is a series of trenches, muddy embankments, and a general appearance of bolshevism which seems to augur that we will soon have a road.

To be colloquial—my aunt's cat's pants! What are we coming to? Soon we shall have to discard "C. C." as our title and clamor for our full dignity and awfulness as "Connecticut College for Women."

And before that occurs may the smoke-stack that shadows our gym crush us all some morning in a prayer-ful hour. But there is really nothing to fear. In a few weeks the good old routine of middies that don't fit, mud knee deep, and near-chicken salad, will once again reassure us that we shall never be perfect ladies even if we have clean forks for pie. Thank Heaven! Oh! Thank Heaven!

'23.

FRESHMEN ARRIVE.

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mations of "Thank Heaven, I'm finished," faculty looking bored,—Dr. Lieb tired almost beyond endurance,—in short, registration day.

ONLY AN ERROR.

A self-possessed Freshman, walking to town one day overtook another unknown person going in the same direction. Said Freshman immediately jumped to conclusions. She became comforting, protective, expansive. In fact she quite gathered the unknown person under her wing. Then to same unknown person: "I wonder if you will be in my Comp. class."

Unknown person smiling: "Why, yes, I'm the new English instructor.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH.

The Freshmen came in numbers strong—
One hundred thirty-two.
They came with parents fond and dear
And uncles not a few.
Into New London Hall they surged
Staunch Juniors by their side.
Some walked with bold and heavy tread,
Some scarce their tears could hide.
They went to their advisors kind,
From them they learned their fate.
They went to see the registrar,
But here they had to wait.
They lined up at the Bursar's door
To pay their entrance fee,
And last, not least, they had to go
The President to see.
Then when all things were said and done,
And they were free to roam
They groaned while heaving heavy sighs,
We've left "our happy home."
Their parents went, and uncles too,
And friends so good and kind,—
Damp handkerchiefs and noses red
Showed Freshmen left behind!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

There are schedules and meetings and appointments galore.
There are courses you vow you ne'er heard of before.
There are rules upon rules that you tremble to break.
There are penalties, too, that cause you to quake.
There are class rooms and offices upstairs and down,
Which mislead and confuse you and cause you to frown;
You dash into History,—no, that is Psych.
You think this is Spanish,—'tis the room on the right.
You find that you make forty breaks in a day.
When you dash past a Senior who stands in your way,
Or when you mistake a Faculty member For a Freshman like you, so verdant and tender!
Or when you stay seated in trolley or train
While a Senior grasps car-strap with might and with main.
Oh, yes, little Freshman, it is always the same.
You think you've been picked on since the day that you came.
But hark, little Freshman, it's all in the game!

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THINGS OVERHEARD.

Freshman: "Well, we don't mind being hazed by the Sophomores, but it's really too much to expect us to rise for the Seniors."

Another Freshman: "Well, if there are to be Senior privileges this year, I make a motion that they be withdrawn. (Look out, Seniors, your precious privileges may be in peril.)"

DON'T BE FOOLED, FRESHMEN!

Marge and Chris, giving advice to Freshmen: "You want to look out for a couple of Seniors called Marge Backes and Chris Pickett. They simply take all the food they find in anyone's room."

Unsuspecting Freshmen (gratefully): "Oh, thank you so much! We surely will. They must be horrible. What do they look like?"

EXPENSIVE COVERING

Freshman, reading bill, "Blanket tax ten dollars. But really I don't think I'll need so much cover!"

SOMEONE'S IN DISTRESS!

Help! Help!—History maps, outlines, outside readings, themes, sentence structure, phonetics—

Oh for enlightenment, brains, intelligence, anything!

Help! going—going—

Don't worry, Freshmen we've all been through it. We've lived. You will.

FRESHMEN INTRODUCED AT SERVICE LEAGUE RECEPTION.

Concluded from page 1, column 2.
each belonged."

President Marshall and Dean Nye gave a few words of welcome at this time, as did also Julia Warner, as President of student government. Each organization was represented by its leader who explained the aims and work of her particular organization, so that the Freshmen were well initiated with the various student interests and activities.

In short, Connecticut College turned out in a body to welcome its "youngest" and to show "how things are done and why."

ANOTHER BOLLESWOOD?

The Forest of Arden, Burnham Woods, and Cedar Rapids have been suggested as appropriate names for the forest which has come to us during the summer.

OUR NEW INSTRUCTOR.

Timid Freshman to our "Mike" who is serving: "What courses do you teach?"

A NEW DINING HALL.

Our cozy alcove in the Dining Hall has been given a new name. It is now a "porch", according to one Freshman.

IS THERE A RESEMBLANCE?

At the Service League reception, when Helen Hemingway gave her words of welcome, an expectant whisper was heard, "Is that the President's wife?"

BY THE WAY.

Our Freshmen are certainly developing rapidly. One day they pass out at the end of the line and the next they lead the Seniors out of chapel.

THE NEWCOMERS.

I know them by their bashful air,
Their half-shy smile, and high-piled hair,
I know them by their timid looks
Their Espenshades and History Books;
I know them by their chapel seat,
Oh! the Freshmen are a jolly crew,
And I wish that I were one—don't you?

AS THE POETS HAVE SUNG—

Cheer up, little Freshman, and don't look so blue.

A B. A. or M. A. is coming to you.

Toodly-aye, Toodly-aye.

In Psych, Math, or Chemistry

You'll get yours—by and by, by and by.

And you may be a Professor too,

By and by!