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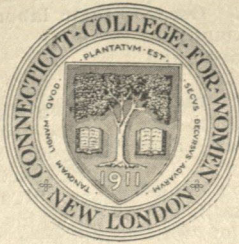
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1919 AND 1920 ON THEIR VOYAGE

The following is a list of the addresses and occupations of the classes of 1919 and 1920. Miss Holmes makes a plea to those who have not sent in such information to do so as soon as possible.

1919

Ruth Anderson, 5200 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill. Student at Chicago School of Osteopathy.

Louise Ansley, Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Conn. Secretary to the Rector.

Edith M. Baker Box 247, Madison, Conn. Teaching Science in High School.

Esther Barnes, Mystic, Conn. Clerk in office of Ross's Velvet Co.

Esther Batchelder, Rocky Hill, Conn. Chemist at the Henry Souther Engineering Co.

Ethel Bradley, 79 Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass. Assistant Chemist Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station.

May Buckley, Y. W. C. A., Springfield, Mass. Decorator at Hall's.

Helen Cannon, 717 George St., New Haven, Conn. Bookkeeper in New Haven.

Anna Cherkasky, 1323 College Ave., Topeka, Kan. Instructor in Romance Languages at Washburn College and Washburn Rural High School.

Pauline Christie, 23 Broad St., Groton, Conn. Teacher of Music in public schools of Noank and Mystic.

Dorothy Dart, American Red Cross, 17th and E. Sts., Washington, D. C. Secretary to Director of Educational Service (Dr. Steiner's office).

Madeline Dray, 28 Terrace Ave., New London, Conn. Social Work in Connecticut Children's Aid Society, 207 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.

Gertrude Espenscheid, 617 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Studying and living at home.

Dorcas Gallup, Danielson, Conn. At home.

Helen Gough, 1505 7th St., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. Student in Dental College of University of Minnesota.

Dorothy B. Gray, Y. W. C. A., Howard St., Springfield, Mass. Decorator at Hall's.

Alison (Hastings) Perritt, Hartford, Conn.

Julie E. Hatch, New Milford, Conn. Parole Office Connecticut Industrial School.

Katharine O. Holway, 10 Western Ave., Augusta, Me. Assistant Chemist in State Laboratory of Hygiene.

Irma Hutzler, Social work in Boston.

Margaret Ives, 338 Tappan St., Brookline, Mass. Studying at School of Fine Arts, 126 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass. Teaching class of children in same school.

Charlotte Keefe, Parnassus Club, 605 West 115th St., New York City. Assistant teacher of French and English, Brooklyn Heights Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Amy Kugler, 10 Chatham St., Worcester, Mass. Girls' Work Secretary, Y. W. C. A.

Margaret Maher, 883 Orange St., New Haven, Conn. Business; renting contractor's equipment.

Continued on Page 3, column 2

\$5 PRIZE

WILL BE OFFERED FOR THE BEST CONCLUSION TO
THE STORY TO BEGIN NEXT WEEK
EMERALDS and ABSINTHE
ARE YOU A GENIUS?—ARE YOU POOR?
SOLVE THE MYSTERY

MOTHER GOOSE COMES TO COLLEGE

Did you ever see such an array of kiddies? Dark ones, blonde ones, Titian-haired ones, tall ones, slender ones, chubby ones, with curly hair, pigtails, bobs, ribbons, bows, lace flounces, knickers—all very beautiful and all apparently having the best time of their abbreviated lives.

The costumes were all unique and very effective; so much so, indeed, that it required a review before austere senior judges to decide which costume was the most worthy of the promised reward. After all they couldn't decide between three, so two more prizes were hastily procured. The first, amid much applause, was awarded to a most adorable baby, Constance Louise Cornflakes. The second prize, Miss Muffit's wabbling spider, went to the little boy who could turn his tricycle around within the narrow confines of the gymnasium stage. And the third prize, Mary's little lamb, was given to Jerrie—a solemn youth in spectacles.

The Seniors, having called all these children together, must needs entertain them. So with one accord the class returned to Mother Goose days. Mr. Foster went to Gloucester and stepped in the very same puddle—he never can avoid that puddle. Miss Muffit has not yet overcome her horror of spiders—or her love of whey. The Knave of Hearts has not reformed in spite of eternal promises; the Pretty Maid is as coy and stucky as ever, and Simple Simon as simple—still finding unfathomable enjoyment fishing in a pail (kindly donated by Lovey). Fe Fi Fo Fum's hair is still a cross between Sampson's and Paderewski's; the pipe, the bowl and the Fiddlers Three still weave their old spell upon Old King Cole.

The last event on the Mother Goose program was the Muffin Man, who passed around, not muffins, but crispy ginger cookies. After supplying themselves with cookies, the Seniors leaped cautiously over the autumn foliage at the footlights and mingled with their guests.

Everybody played "Going to Jerusalem," and everybody joined in the Virginia Reel. Ice cream cones and more ginger cookies were served and then Mother Goose bade all the little guests goodnight, with the hope that they had had a good time. The chorus of "we did's" was most reassuring and gratifying. And as the Seniors sleepily collected properties and put out the gym lights, they agreed that whether in pigtailed or kiddies' clothes, the Freshmen are an adorable and jolly class.

COLLEGE ENTERTAINED AT TEA

The Deaconesses of the Second Congregational Church of New London, entertained the entire College at tea on the afternoon of Saturday, October, the second. The Faculty and Students alike were tendered a most cordial welcome by the charming hostesses and their pastor, the Reverend Mr. J. Beveridge Lee, D. D.

The spacious parlors of the Church House, beautifully decorated with dahlias, asters, and old-fashioned bouquets, offered excellent facilities for such a delightful affair. The cheerful sense of informality was greatly appreciated by all those present. Several parties of guests were conducted through the Church House, which added much to their interest. A pleasing feature of the afternoon was a program of several recitations by Miss Miriam P. Taylor. Refreshments were served at five o'clock, ice cream and delicious cakes, proving a novel substitute for tea. The College feels deeply indebted to the Deaconesses for this friendly welcome accorded them.

Mother Goose Visits College

Clad in organdies and bedecked with placards the entire News staff on the evening of October 7th marched into the dining hall to the tune of "Oh, Here's to You" singing

"The C. C. News we bring to you
And so that it may this year thrive
Desert it that would never do;
We hereby ask you to subscribe."

The line halted before the fireplace and slowly pivoted that everyone might see the

"Can You Resist Us?"

"You Bet You Can't."

"Come Across—Now!"

"Conn. College News."

spelled out by the letters on the placards.

A preliminary News sheet, the "Infant Edition" had already been distributed in the dining hall. After this had been read, Agnes Leahy, the Art and Publicity Editor, announced a competitive campaign and called for four volunteers to collect subscriptions. The one who within ten minutes had signed up the most subscribers was given a subscription to the News for a year and the table which was first to sign up 100 per cent. was given a plate of "Pete's" chocolate cup cakes. Needless to say almost the entire dining room had subscribed before the time set.

DEAN NYE TALKS ON AIMS OF OUR COLLEGE

Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock, students and faculty gathered in the gymnasium to hear Dean Nye tell something of the ideals and the early life of our college. We learned that in 1911, before even the ground was broken or a president had been chosen, a bulletin was issued, which stated that the purpose of Connecticut College was "to provide an opportunity for studying the subjects usually taught in a college of the best standing and further it was to meet the demand of modern times by offering vocational courses in accordance with the present day belief that women should be fitted for some vocation. "Julia Lathrop," Dr. Nye went on to remark—"who is head of the Children's Bureau at Washington, says that courses and research should be applied to the life and interest of the family; for the rearing of children and the conduct of the household is neglected by science." This neglect must be ended. It is the purpose of C. C. to help to meet this demand of modern life.

The first entering class, we were told, was the largest and the college had the biggest endowment of any college for women at its beginning and to show its implicit faith in the student, the faculty placed full power of self-government in their hands, this making it possible for them to make or mar the reputation of the college.

The original buildings consisted of New London Hall, the gift of New London citizens, Plant and Blackstone Houses, constructed from our own stone, and Thames Hall; and many were the services held by candle light around the cheerful glow of a hearth fire. There were no paths, no lawns, no street lights,—but nothing daunted, the first class put up with all inconveniences without a murmur, and proceeded to form splendid traditions and ideals which will be passed on down the years as long as the college shall have life.

The formal opening was held October ninth, when college presidents, eminent men of the state, trustees and friends of the college, numbering about five hundred, were entertained on campus. During the day a telegram of congratulations and good wishes came from the President of the United States.

"Our situation is ideal," said Dr. Nye in conclusion. "On our hilltop we have a clear and far off vision of river, sea, and sky. Let us keep this vision ever before us, the vision of all the ideals Connecticut College has stood for and wishes to stand for in the future, so that they shall never be lost or destroyed."

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Thursday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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EDITORIAL

A few days ago one of our instructors suggested that we students of Connecticut College use the News as an organ for literary cleverness; for, now and again, a piece of real creative writing; for witty verse and parodies; and, when I thought over what he said, there grew a great bitterness written me. I remember last year the experience of the writers of a very clever parody on Don Marquis. When her article was published in the News the opinion of the College body was that she had lost her mind. Don Marquis was as unknown to them as F. P. A., James Oppenheim, Sara Teasdale, Alfred Kreymborg or Opal Whitely.

For instance, I might labor for hours writing a charming article about "Golden Heart, A Most Friendly Brook" and sign myself "Ruby Blackely" and perhaps a score of people would know of what I was writing. Even if I put out a signpost such as "apologies to Opal Whitely" few would find the path. I might as well write a treatise on "Dental Surgery For Dogs". If I were to labor nightly and produce a piece of work resembling Walt Whitman it would again be only a score who would know the original. How can one write parodies when the originals are as

unknown to the college body as is the theory of the fourth dimension? Perhaps most of us do know the names of writers,—we have heard them often enough—Swinburne, Voltaire, Pater, Turgener, Lamb, Conrad, Amy Lowell, Henry James, Oscar Wilde, Tolstoi, Hardy, D'Annunzio, Seegar, Noyes, Kilmer, O'Brien, and Kipling. Oh Yes! old and new, we know their names but nothing more. We are too lazy, too content, too pleased with our outlining and memorizing.

Perhaps if our conversation consisted less of "Oh! My dee—ar!" and then "HE said—" and more of "Oh! Yes! I know, he WROTE life would be a thing of deeper interest and fuller beauty for us all. Certainly the News would be a paper more worth reading and less bound by the general mental laxity of its readers! Among ignorance is a loathsome smug thing.

Magnus O'Kane.

Perhaps this is an unjust accusation if so, the News is at the disposal of anyone who chooses to dispute it!

Do We Realize?

I wonder if many of us realize the immense importance of our new duties as active participants in the affairs of the nation. It is to be hoped that none of us will take it as a fad—to vote because it is the thing to do; or still worse, to vote as father votes because he must know what is best.

It would be far better to have no vote at all, than to slight the privilege. As women we ought to have a keener insight into many needed reforms. There is a common saying that 'this is a man's world.' Why? Because they have made the laws according to their point of view which is naturally different from that of women. Our interests lie in many directions that are untouched by man's work. It is up to us to avert tragedies of marriage, to correct the evil of divorce, to protect the children of the nation, to protect the women who work, to lighten the burden of the poor. All these reforms are crying for women's natural sympathy towards these causes, and for their interest to awaken into action. Why should children of fourteen and sixteen be allowed to marry? Yet they can in some states. Why should not marriage laws be uniform, a part of the federal constitution instead of state law? A correction of the marriage laws would automatically remedy a greater part of the divorce evil, and with a uniformity of these laws also, we might hope for more domestic happiness.

Now instead of merely sympathizing with "those poor children" who slave in mines and shops, whose health is undermined, whose bodies and minds are stunted and warped, we can act. We can protest at least with the ballot when a court decides that the Child Labor Law is invalid when it disturbs the financial equilibrium of Big Business. We can determine whether or not unsanitary housing conditions, outrageous prices for food and clothing and poor educational facilities shall continue.

Is not all this worth the thorough study of parties, platforms, and reforms? It matters not with what party you vote, if only you can truly say that you understand and approve of that party's platform. If you haven't time, don't vote. The country can better dispense with the vote than receive an unfeeling vote.

It is especially the duty of the college girl to take the matter in a very serious light. It is to her that women will turn for guidance and in-

formation. It is to her that the country looks for an intelligent insight into needed reforms. Ardent leaders have fought many years for the privilege now granted us. It has been a hard struggle. Don't allow their labor to have been in vain.

B. F. '22.

"The High Cost of Campaigning."

The usual accusations are flying back and forth between the rival political parties. The "Brooklyn Eagle" says: "It's O. K. for a candidate to throw his hat into the ring, but it shouldn't be necessary to pass it around." In another issue, this same paper says, "Not until Governor Cox stated that fifteen million dollars was sought to secure a White House for Senator Harding, did we realize the awful seriousness of the housing crisis."

"Women's sphere is no longer flattened at the polls."—Norfolk Virginian.

Lloyd George Is Sure.

"America will come in after the Presidential election," says Lloyd George in discussing the League. As the League now stands it is merely a "league of allies."

Metemorphosis.

'Twas our Freshman year at dear C. C. and our minds were careless and free—

As we roamed through the corridors hour after hour, as green as the wide-rolling sea.

We studied the numbers on numberless doors and knew them without a mistake;

No Senior sent us to the Chemistry Lab, if we asked her for room 1-0-3.

'Twas our Sophomore year in dear C. C. and our minds were careless and gay—

As we flunked our exams without a regret, and idled each hour away.

But 'twas during this year we received a shock which settled us down to stay.

As announcement was made in a cold clear voice, "Finals—one month from today."

'Twas our Junior year in dear C. C. and our minds were sad and perplexed—

As during each one of our classes, we made plans to escape the next.

But we came, we saw, we conquered—not only the tasks of each day—but the habit we'd formed to be idle, while still a Sophomore gay.

And now we are Seniors in dear C. C. and our minds at last are at rest.

The grind is over we shall do no more, we are ready to meet the test.

And our only hope for our fellow-men is that they may come to see, That we are perfection without a flaw—we are all that we ought to be!

Ruth Wilson, '21.

Freshmen.

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, Their angel robes and clothes so neat.

Oh! the Freshmen are a jolly crew, And I wish that I were one—don't you?

Service League Notice.
The Unbound Anthology.

1. Published by the Poet's Guild, which has its headquarters at Chirstodora House Social Settlement, 147 Ave. B., New York City.

2. The Unbound Anthology proposes to present a comprehensive collection of poems by English, American and foreign authors, each poem published separately on a sheet or sheets of paper and each selling for a few cents.

3. The members of the Guild plan in this way to make the best poetry accessible to all poetry lovers. It is believed that they will be appreciated by clubs, schools, colleges and persons interested in book-binding, and that they will be of educational value in developing a poetry loving and poetry buying generation. This will in turn react favorably upon American literature.

4. The members of the Guild will resign their royalty and publishers rights in these publications, and the proceeds will be entirely devoted to the endowment of a Poets' House, which shall be an art community center in the East Side of New York, which shall be used for Community service.

5. The Guild meets with two chief problems—how to finance the anthology and how to get it before the public. Vari clubs, individuals, etc. have already consented to endow certain poems, that is, to meet the expenses of an initial edition of 1000 copies. Each edition thus endowed will carry a statement to that effect on the back of the publication, so that it will make an interesting portion of the clubs' records.

6. Students of Connecticut College, with the approbation and consent of President Marshall have decided to co-operate with the Guild in this developing an interest in American Poetry. They are therefore seeking to interest the various constructive organizations of New London in endowing these poems. The group of poems thus endowed will be called the New London Series of the Unbound Anthology. Since these poems will carry the name of the clubs thus financing them and since they will be widely distributed throughout the country, New London will in this way achieve a novel and pleasing publicity.

7. It is hoped that the poems thus endowed by the New London organizations will be printed in time for a Thanksgiving Masque to be held at the college, which representatives from the New London clubs and members of the Guild will be interested to attend and at which the New London series will be formally presented to the Guild to be included in their Anthology.

Come to the special meeting of the Service League and learn how Connecticut College may take part in promoting The Unbound Anthology.

The Seven O'Clock Hour.

The seven o'clock hour seems more agreeable for Sunday vespers as proved by the large number present at the second vesper service held on October third. President Marshall spoke fittingly on the last few verses from the seventh chapter of Matthew. An atmosphere of quiet and worship prevailed, which was not disturbed by the late entrance of breathless girls hurrying in from Sunday afternoon occupation. This service provides a fitting close to the activities of a campus Sunday.

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Another Picnic.

Crispy slices of bacon sizzling over a darting red fire, quarts of fragrant coffee boiling in a huge coffee pot, dozens of buttered rolls, dill pickles, pears, two kinds of home-made frosted cake, a perfect day, and a jolly crowd! What more could one desire for a picnic? All these were the agreeable elements which made such a success of the picnic given by Miss Turner to the members of Student Council and The Freshmen in The off-campus houses.

When by noon of Saturday, October second, the wind and temperature had moderated to a comfortable degree making the day ideal for picnicking, groups of girls carrying huge baskets of food wandered off towards the Island. Neither walking the railroad tracks nor wading through inches of swamp lessened the enthusiasm of the party. The rapid disappearance of the picnic supplies dispensed with a liberal hand by the hostesses, the Misses Turner, furnished visible proof of the success of the picnic which also afforded an excellent opportunity for Freshmen and Council to become better acquainted.

Week-End Visitors.

Among the many week-end visitors on campus were Mareuda Prentis '19, on campus were Marenda Prentis '19, Arvilla Hotchkiss and Marlon Gon. Linton ex-'21.

Who Says C. C. Will Miss the Navy?

Freshmen, as she surveys the desert before her; "I don't like this. If you'll excuse me I'll shove off." Whereupon she rises and leaves the dining hall.

As It Happens.

"What Will They Do With It?"

After fifty years women have the privilege of voting. The question, "what will they do with it?" is heard on all sides. When one considers that women have been voting for over fifty years in Wyoming, over twenty-five years in Colorado, Utah and Idaho, and from eight to ten years in Kansas, Arizona, California and Oregon, the question might well be answered by the Westerners. Surely nothing alarming can come of it if each of these states, one after the other, enfranchised its women!

"The electoral college is another one that always guarantees its graduates a position."—Louisville Post.

**Now I Am Become A College
Freshman.**

A group seated in the reception room of B-House, from P-House basement comes the clicking of typewriters.

Freshman — shuffling expectantly; "Who's popping corn?"

Concerning Other Colleges.

Barnard Bulletin contains a very appreciative article on Jacob Schiff. Barnard indeed mourns him as a friend and "a great benefactor of Barnard through his gift of Students' Hall—which houses the religious, ethical and social activities of the students—". The article dwells on Mr. Schiff's interest in college communities and on his vision in realizing the beneficial results to be obtained from the intercourse of students in college. Not only Barnard, but all colleges recognize that Mr. Schiff is a great loss to educational and charitable organizations which have been helped through his generosity.

Hunter College ended chapel exercises last week with a sing. All the popular airs and class songs were sung with great enthusiasm, and it was suggested and warmly approved that musical gatherings be held twice a month. It reminds us pleasantly of our own Thursday night "sings" which we all enjoyed so heartily under the delightful direction of Mr. Weld. We can but express the ardent hope that they will be continued.

Prohibition seems to be spreading its influence through the colleges more and more. It hopes to enlist the student world which it considers a most important element. The American students who study in Sweden have carried a series of interviews in the Poistjornan, official organ of the Swedish Students' Union for Total Abstinence, in which emphasis has been laid on the difference between student life in America and Sweden, how the difference has on the one hand brought about a sentiment in favor of prohibition and in the other country created an atmosphere of liberality on matters of personal custom. A pamphlet on prohibition has been translated into Japanese and given to every member of the Imperial Diet. Also, students of Glasgow College have formed a temperance society.

The Light That Does Not Fail.

I know I'm not witty nor clever,
I know I'm not brilliant nor bright,
But I know of something that's certain
To make daylight shine in the night.

You may not believe what I'm telling,
In fact you may doubt what I say,
But I know of something that's certain
To make the night light as day.

If you live at the end of a hallway,
Or at least at the end of a wing,
The light that will shine through
your transom
Is really a wonderful thing!

The Spice o' Life.

Brown—"What's old Jones doing now?"

Robinson—"Oh, he's working his son's way thru college."

—London Mail.

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