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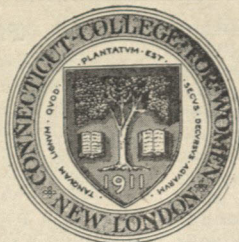
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A. C. A. CONFERENCE

On Oct. 21st and 22nd, the New London Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae were hostesses at a conference of the presidents of the branches of the North Atlantic section of this Association. The various meetings and events of the first day were held on the College campus, where the following program was carried out in detail:

3.00 P. M.

Room 216, New London Hall.

Welcome from the New London Branch, Anna Holmes Wells, Pres.

Problems of the Branches.

(1) How does the National Association Help Your Branch?

(2) Programs. Sophie S. Hart, Professor of English at Wellesley College.

(3) The Increased National Dues.

(4) The Value of a Central Bureau in Giving Information on Effective Speakers.

4.30 P. M.

A visit to the dormitories of Connecticut College.

5.00 P. M.

The College Gymnasium.

College Convocation. Address: The Purpose of the A. C. A., Mrs. Marvin B. Rosenberry, National President of the A. C. A.

6.15 P. M.

Thames Hall.

A dinner tendered the speakers and visiting delegates by Connecticut College.

8.00 P. M.

The College Gymnasium.

Dora Emerson Wheeler, presiding, Vice-President of the North Atlantic Section.

Connecticut College Choir, directed by Dr. Coerne:

"I Am the Light"..... Coerne

"A Song of Seasons"..... Hawley

Welcome to Connecticut College—President Benjamin T. Marshall.

Address: "The College Woman's Part in Americanization Programmes," Clara B. Springstead, Assistant Supervisor of Immigrant Education.

Address: "Children, Our Future A. C. A. Members," Elizabeth Woodbridge Morris.

Address: "International Relations," Mrs. Gertrude S. Martin, Executive Secretary National A. C. A.

Play by the College Girls—"A Marriage Has Been Arranged (Alfred Surtro):

Lady Aline de Vaux.

Miss Marion F. Hendrie '20

Yea! Freshman!

Audience at the Evolution of the Dance—Yea! Jacobson! Yea! Service League! Yea! Cast!

Bewildered Freshman—Who is Cast?

Some Record for Ruth

Senior—Ruth got a Yale Record today.

Junior—I didn't know Ruth owned a victrola!

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

Thursday night at quarter to seven an excited gathering of students and faculty collected in the gymnasium to find out what the Seniors had to offer by way of entertainment. Curiosity had reached its height when Manager Perry announced that a dog show was about to take place. The judges he introduced were all noted in their particular field of work—Dr. Morris, a tester of intelligence, Professor Blue, a judge of physique and stature, and Mlle. Sheurer, the famous artist whose decision on aesthetic questions is law.

Representatives of other colleges were present and noteworthy specimens from Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, and Smith were shown but the honors were all awarded to Connecticut College dogs, as follows:

Blue Ribbon—Entry No. '20

Honorable Mention No. '21

Too Small to Mention No. '22

4th to Mention No. '23

The blue ribbon was given to "Pep" the real live canine of 1920 because his physique is perfect; because nothing could excel the superb shading of buff and brown in his coat of fur, and because his intelligence was rated as being very high—indeed, the judge made the remark that "Pep" showed more good horse-sense than any dog he had ever seen.

At the conclusion of the manager's words, the Senior class arose and sang several songs to "Pep," who gleefully wagged his appreciation as he played about with the class president who had him in charge. Then a light dawned upon everyone present. This lively airdale, this epitome of "Pep" with his buff fur and blue ribbon—this was the Senior mascot whom no daring Junior would venture to steal.

FALL SPORTS

Schedule of Fall Games

Nov. 1. Freshmen Hockey Section.

Sophomore-Junior Soccer.

Nov. 8. Freshmen - Sophomore

Hockey. Junior-Senior Hockey.

Nov. 15. Senior (Winner) Hockey.

Nov. 22. (Winner) - (Winner)

Hockey.

Nov. 25. Faculty-Senior Soccer, 11

a. m.

SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Center—M. Davies

Right Inside—E. Williams (Capt.)

Left Inside—J. Munro, M. Gammons.

Right Outside—M. Warner.

Left Outside—H. Costigan.

Right Halfback—M. Howard.

Left Halfback—H. Allen.

Center Halfback—M. Hester, H. Gage.

Right Fullback—J. McGowan.

Left Fullback—C. A. Smith, A.

Hotchkiss.

Goal—M. Doyle.

TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE

On Saturday evening, October twenty-fifth, an enjoyable party was held in the gymnasium where the first dance of the year was given to swell the budget of the Sykes fund. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with multi-colored autumn leaves and smiling Jack-o-lanterns, whose eerie, flickering grins spread an uncanny atmosphere over the "lightless Jack-o-lantern dance." The music was especially lively, while the vari-colored dresses of the girls made an enticing picture.

The true success of the occasion was proved by the fact that approximately one hundred dollars was raised for the fund.

DO YOU WANT WORK?

There must be many girls here who realize the value of independence. It is difficult for us to be totally independent while we are at College, but it is the duty of every girl to do something which aims toward that goal.

The Student Employment Bureau of the Service League offers you this opportunity. There is work for YOU:

Typewriting

Care of Children

Domestic duties of all kinds.

Or have you always longed to try your art in salesmanship? If so, there is just such an agency open for you.

The first thing you must do is to sign your name for work with Ethel M. Mason, 303 Plant.

Second: State the kind of work you desire to do and the hours you have free to give to it.

Third: Await results.

ASSETS FOR MANDOLIN CLUB

The members of the Mandolin Club have welcomed in their midst the following musicians:

Catherine Stone.

Jean Murray.

Claire Calnen.

Jeanette Sunderland.

Alce Boehranger.

Katherine Culver.

Dorothy Randall.

Alice Gardner.

E. Smith.

Miss Woodford.

THE CUCKOO OF MONS

"And women will be singing in their doorways, little children playing in the streets, and from the green hills the call of the cuckoo will come again in the spring of the year." This is the new world that Connsby Dawson described Thursday evening, but he spoke in the sober tones of no light-hearted optimist. His was the voice of the soldier who had fought through months of the squalor and filth of the trenches, fought through Hell and come out alive. Oh, yes, you have all heard those phrases before, but maybe you have been joining the ranks of the "Let's forget the war" joy-seekers who cannot conceive of the disappointment of the fighting man who returned with the trenches dug in his mind, the new world slowly growing there from the poppy-fields of inspirations and heroism, to find the same old world begrudging him what little room there was left and bidding him to "fight for his own hand."

"We have been gazing so long into the heart of a furnace that we are dazed and cannot see our age, our opportunities, in true proportions." But Mr. Dawson spoke encouragingly of the signs of the new world that must eventually roll into place. The three most convincing evidences that he gave were:

1. Prohibition
2. The League of Nations
3. The Victory of Demobilization

By this he meant a sane, and peaceful demobilization. His categorizing the strikers as the "profiteers of the war" in most cases, and the "men who were scarce in the trenches," was illustrated by his saying that in the trenches labor and capital found a desire for cooperation, and new meaning of brotherhood, and forever the dissolution of class contempt and class hatred. It is up to us at home to help the returning soldier make the new world that he caught glimpses of in Europe, to hear the cuckoo sing, as Mr. Dawson so wonderfully described it, "above the grime and squalor of Mons." This city was the city of Crusades for the men "over there," for it was here that many believed the Huns saw the mystic horsemens riding on the hills to check their advance in 1914. Whether we believe this or not makes no difference. (A real cuckoo sang here for Mr. Dawson.) The point is that we should face the new problems and difficulties with a working and cooperative faith that will change squalor to beauty. The war turned the water ways of humanity into great and powerful mill-wheel forces of heroism and self denial, but the force is in great rivers now just as before and there should be no letting-down. The war taught men how to use this force. They can never forget it.

Mr. Dawson's message was direct and practical, but never once fell from the graphic and poetic strain of "Carry On" and his other books.

Did you notice the little sigh that crept through the audience when his

(Continued on page 2, col. 3)

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under act of March 3, 1879.

A Pleasant Nod

Have we lost our custom of nodding to our fellow students when we meet them on the campus or in town? Some of us do observe it, and all of us would have a smile and a greeting if we realized that it is a symbol of the democracy of Connecticut College. Then, too, a nod and a smile never take anything from the giver, but often means a great deal to the person to whom they are given. Of course we don't know every girl, but we want to, and this is one way of getting acquainted.

Appearances

"Certainly Charles didn't marry her for her looks." Upon his return from the wedding Harry made this remark about his brother's choice of a bride. "Looks don't count." I was polite, but could not contradict the statement. Harry, however, was not thus easily subdued. "No, but they help!" was his prompt rejoinder. I laughed and said no more.

Nevertheless, the meaning in his thoughtless words has been brought home to me many times since he gave them utterance. In fact, I have come to realize that he was giving expression to one of the fundamental defects in present-day, yes, in all society. What a different world this would be if appearances counted for nothing and honest, naked truth were all that mattered—were, indeed, the final judge of all things, both great and small. A change in the existing state of affairs would involve everyone, even the lowliest of men. Business, labor, capital, religion, art, education—all would undergo a revolution, if sham were eliminated and truth imported into our society.

At present, how many people are there who live on a strict basis of facts, regardless of appearances? Do we not all pay, and pay again for impressions—impressions we make upon our neighbors and friends, our individual microcosms, through public opinion? "Looks don't count." They why do we curl our hair, wear rings on our fingers, and the most costly of clothes? Why do we choose our friends from those who are blessed with money and with brains,

although they have ever so little of that which constitutes ethical qualities in their natures? Why do we misjudge and misunderstand those friends, once we choose them, misinterpreting the good in them as evil, and crushing any signs of budding morality they may display, simply because we are acquainted only with the objective, worldly side of each?

This sham, this hypocrisy extends into every walk of life. We meet it in religion, in our methods of education, in literature. Everywhere it has spread its roots, even into our language. For who is there who does not occasionally use empty words for the sake of their appearance when written and their sound when spoken? I confess, I have loved most of all the flow and rhythm of words which I have spoken and of whose meaning I have known nothing. Even as I write, I exult in phrases, mere phrases, with no thought of any sense I may or may not display. Appearances, indeed! And to these we cling!

Yet what would one advocate? That mankind change its ways and search for truth, for the hidden meanings, for facts and realities of life? After all, do enough people suffer from this sham, are enough people 'persecuted falsely for righteousness' sake, do enough innocent victims pay the penalty each year as a result of circumstantial evidence—is the number great enough to justify a change? Is it not true that the quantity of people who derive pleasure and benefit from society as it is, outnumbers by far those dissenters and those unfortunate people—society's apostates? Then the concern should be for the majority and the "minority must acquiesce," or if, indeed, it believes that "he is strongest who stands alone," let it withdraw within its strength. But let it by no means try to revolutionize the happy world—never, if it has at heart the welfare of the world, must it try to change the order of life, of the plans of "things as they are."

'20.

Serve

All of us, even the freshmen, if present at Convocation last Tuesday, have been impressed with the fact that the real reason why we are here at college is that we may be of some use in the world—in other words—to learn to serve. Of course, there are a multitude of ways to do this, for we can't all serve the same way; some learn to serve their country, and others learn to serve their tennis balls. But something we all can learn to serve is breakfast, and not only breakfast, but luncheon and dinner. Why is there such an aversion to that seat at the head of the table? We all of us avoid it and it's nearly always the last seat at the table to be filled. Those of us who get to breakfast early please sit down at the head of the table and serve. Let's not have eleven ravenous girls clamoring for coffee and cold cereal to a poor bewildered but ever patient waitress, or have two girls twisting themselves into impossible postures trying to dish something they can scarcely reach. So let's get the habit of serving—even such a humble thing as breakfast. While on the subject—remember that there is a guest book to sign up when you have a guest to meals.

The Dining Room Committee solicits suggestions.

D. Marvin, Chairman.

What Did She Mean

Instructor (to class): At 11 o'clock I'll have an office hour on Tuesday and Thursday, and all day Saturday excepting Fridays.

Public Spirit

The words "he's a public-spirited man" or "she's a public-spirited woman" are often applied to those about us. Surely you must have some ideas about what sort of people these are of whom such words are said. Usually a person who is public-spirited is one who is unselfish. He is willing to sacrifice something personal for the good of the whole. He is one who takes an active part in public matters. Above all he is interested, and not a mild onlooker with a luke-warm, valueless opinion.

To how many of us on campus could the words "public-spirited" be applied? Is each one always present at her own club meeting? Even if there is a full attendance, it is rare to find more than a handful of girls who really have a definite idea of the matters which are before the house. When we are asked not to walk on the grass because worn paths and brown edges do not improve the looks of the lawns we are trying to cultivate, is it public-spirited to walk on them? This may be thoughtlessness, but thoughtlessness is one of the things which we should try to leave out of our characters. It took a second call to get the tennis players to try out for the tournament. Now the college woman is the coming woman, and as such, her first characteristic must be that of public-spirit.

Bolleswood

As part of our campus we have Bolleswood. It's a beautiful place which we are fortunate in possessing. There are few colleges, if any, that can boast of having such a place nearby, or even on their grounds. It came as a great shock to learn that there are actually girls on our campus who have never walked there. They don't know the pleasures they are missing. When one enters there, it is like entering a wonderful new world, a place of infinite beauty and restfulness. In the Spring it's a wood full of sounds of birds and buds of flowers. In the summer it's a cool, delightful spot, restful to every sense. Just now, in the autumn of the year, it's a riot of beauty. The trees are all browns, and reds, and rich golden yellows. Bolleswood is always full of pleasant surprises; a brook here, an unusual rock in another place, and a forest of pines there. Every step you take brings another and more enchanting scene before you. If you love the beautiful, if you are tired after a long week of studying, if you want to discover new phases of nature, how can you resist going to Bolleswood!

We're Still Discussing

The discussion groups this year have been placed under the direction of three efficient leaders, Dr. Le'ib, Dr. Morris, and Dean Nye. The latter holds her meetings on Mondays at five o'clock. Dr. Morris meets the students on Tuesdays at seven thirty, and Dr. Leib holds his group discussions on Sunday evenings at seven-thirty.

The Cuckoo of Mons

(Continued from Page 1, col. 4)

last words were spoken? You had been carried with him for one short hour to the gateway of the New World and wistfully, yet with a great hope, you had imagined the sunrise gleaming on its citadels. It will be a long time before the reality comes true.

Perhaps we could all apply his most suggestive phrase to our own college and our individual lives "Crusades are never over."

Among Our Poets

THE MYSTIC WAY.

Island souls in a human sea
Ocean deeps between.
The green of your fields is lost to me;
My flowers, to you, unseen.

Hearts that quiver! but thoughts that stay,
Chilled in an icy wave,
Losing slow in the outer bay
The life-blood that you gave.

Is there no bridge from soul to soul
That a message may make at a bound?
Is there no mystic way
The world around?

Oceans that drown and choke and chill!
How may we cheat the wave
Of seas that strangle and toss and kill
The living thoughts we gave?

Thoughts have grown since the world began
Into birds, as into books.
Into songs and into man
Just as we think ourselves into our looks.

Shall a thought not think itself into a way
From soul to soul in this human sea,
That a heart may sav what a heart may say
Ere it cease to be?

A way there is. But the tides sink slow;
And chill are the seas that roll and wane.
And the thought that sang in the long-ago
Shall it sing again?
A Faculty Contribution.

TO MOTHER.

My dream in the night was of death, dear,
And the passing on of my soul;
My lingering thought was of you here
While I was paying the toll.
I went from a land that was lonely,
With a heart full of woe and distress—
For none I called friend save you only
And you I loved even to excess.

But you guessed not my love, mother darling—
You never knew just how I cared;
You thought me cold and indifferent,
Of peace for my soul you despaired
You knew not my tears in the darkness,
My prayers to be worthy of you—
You saw not that outward indifference
Masks passions volcanic and true.

My dream in the night was of death, dear,
And the future life of my soul.
My gasping breath was for you here
While I reached the journey's last goal.
I went from a land that was lonely—
My heart held nought but distress—
And I came to a place that was home—
A life that held happiness.

Love was the watchword, dear mother,
In this place where everyone cared,
And no one was ever mistaken—
For each in his brother's love shared;
Truth for all shone through the darkness,
My great love for you was unbarred.
Peace for men's souls was awaiting
In the land where everyone cared.
'20

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Exchanges

Mount Holyoke—Seventeen years ago the eighth of November saw the beginning the custom of Founder's Day. On this day the students lay ivy on the grave of Mary Lyon, the founder.

Goucher College—Goucher College has a list of seven commandments for 1923, five of which are:

I. Freshman must wear green bibs.
II. Freshmen must carry all books on trays.

III. Freshmen must wear odd stockings.

IV. Freshmen must salute every Sophomore with the right hand.

V. Freshmen must wear their hair in six wired plaits made from the front hair and protruding horizontally from the forehead.

The War Council at Goucher has been formally dissolved, since it is no longer useful. The Red Cross Work, formerly directed by the Council, will now be conducted by the Social Service League.

Smith College—A recommendation that the custom be made permanent of having one day of vacation at Thanksgiving and sixteen at Christmas was approved by the Council and will be presented for ratification at the next meeting of The House of Representatives.

Wellesley—The Vocational Guidance Committee is arranging conferences for the Freshmen with Miss Florence Jackson. At the request of the Administration of the college, every member of 1923 is required to schedule such a conference.

Junior Soccer Team

For the Soccer Team this year Esther Watrous, captain, has chosen as her players:

L. W.—Jennie Hippofus
L. I.—Laura Batchelder
C. F.—Edith Williams
R. L.—Dorothy Wulf
R. W.—Rachel Smith
Roberta Newton
L. H.—Dorothy Gregson
C. H.—Esther Watrous
R. H.—Anna Brazos
Dorothy Pryde
L. F.—Margaret Pease
Evalene Taylor
Goal—Lydia Marvin

Sophomore Soccer Team

The girls who made the Soccer team of which Catherine McCarthy is captain are:

Elizabeth Hall
Alice Hagar
Blanche Finesilver
Helen Coops

Catherine McCarty
Grace Fisher
Jesse Williams
Olive Tuth'll
Wrey Warner
Mildred Duncan
Ruth Levine
Grace Berger
Evalyn Gray
Janet Sperry

Facts About Ink

Ink is a fluid which always flows downward. It comes in a variety of colors. We know the species best by the common variety, which is a dark color. Blue, purple and black constitute the dark colors commonly found. Ink can be found in wells, in fountain pens, on the hands and clothes of users and on floors and furniture. Every year we find more and more ink on floors and on furniture. It seems to grow, or rather to spring up, in these places. Many people use ink. It is a good substitute for pencil and the proverb "In ink, on one side of the paper," is very well known. The users of ink come from all walks of life—in fact one may call ink the most democratic fluid known. It is especially used by authors, and Freshmen (the instructors of the latter class tend to use quantities of the red variety.) As well as the use of ink, there is the abuse of ink. It is wasted in the most shameful ways. Ink is wasted especially by a species of human being called "the ink-shaker." The ink-shaker looks like a normal person, but, as in the case of blondes, you never can tell. The most innocent looking person may be an ink-shaker in disguise. The only way to discover an ink-shaker is to use the old fashioned detective method: follow the trail! Soon you will come upon the culprit. She usually sits with a pre-occupied air, and then all of a sudden—woof, bang and the pen has been shaken. The floor and the people about her give you conclusive evidence. The point is, how are you going to prevent it from happening? There is no use locking up the stable, etc. How about another organization on campus called the S. P. O. I. S.?

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