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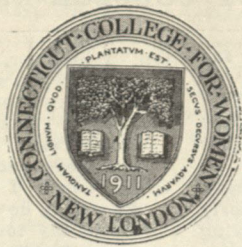
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PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA OPENS MUSICAL SERIES

Gives Delightfully Varied Program.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra gave the first concert of the Connecticut College Concert Series for 1922-1923 in the State Armory, Monday evening, November sixth. The program follows:

- Beethoven—
Symphony No. 7, in A Major, Op. 92.
I. Poco Sostenuto; Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto: Presto Meno Assai.
IV. Allegro con Brio.
Intermission.

Strauss—
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan," Op. 20

Debussy—
Two Nocturnes for Orchestra.
(a) "Nuages" ("Clouds").
(b) "Fêtes" ("Festivals").

Wagner—
(a) "Sounds of the Forest," from "Siegfried".
(b) Prize Song from "The Mastersingers".
(c) "Ride of the Valkyries".

No better concert could possibly have been arranged with which to start the season. The program was wide and varied in scope and the performance one which only a group of individual artists could give. Under the sensitive but perfectly controlled baton of Josef Stransky the music rose from meadows of lyric beauty to mountains of barbaric splendor.

Beethoven is always inspiring, and the interpretation of the Seventh Symphony was full of the frank simplicity of youth, of the idea that, after all, life is full of joy and cheer. In the second movement the subdued voice of the wood-wind choir was exquisite, and in the third movement the contrast of calmness and controlled passion delighted the audience.

From Beethoven to Strauss is a large step, but the contrast was the more effective for this reason. "Don Juan" is a masterpiece in vivid coloring and dynamic effects. The sensual Don Juan is pictured burning with passionate desires, temporarily calmed by Disillusion, and then maddened by the frenzy and fury of the very devils of hell. The crashing cymbals, the muttering basses, the crying horns, the shrieking violins created a master climactic effect. Don Juan was by far the most impressive number the orchestra played.

In Debussy's Two Nocturnes the nuances and delicate pastel shadings were superb. "Nuages" was characterized by a sensitive rhythm, and "Fêtes" by the brilliant climax and the shadowy ending as the procession dies away.

The three Wagner numbers were very masterfully portrayed. The impassioned lyrical quality of "Sounds of the Forest", from "Siegfried", and the golden flow of melody of the Prize Song from "The Mastersingers" were beautifully brought out.

The last number on the program was the famous "Ride of the Valkyries", from "Die Walkure". The wild calls of the Valkyries, the mad glory, the sheer force of elemental fury were shown in a vivid ensemble effect.

After storming applause of an audience that could never be satisfied, Stransky generously added a work of gay gypsy abandon, Brahms' Hungarian Dance, Number Five.

DEBATER TELLS OF OXFORD AFTER THE WAR.

Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, a member of the Oxford Debating Team, and a representative of the English Workers' Educational Association gave an informal talk in the Gymnasium on October 31st, under the auspices of the International Relations Club.

In a very pleasing manner Mr. Lindsay talked of an after-the-war Oxford,—an aristocratic Oxford which is enthusiastically supporting an International Club and a Liberal Club. Among other interesting things Mr. Lindsay spoke of the facts that the International Club has already admitted Germany, Russia, and the United States to its League of Nations, and that one hundred and fifty women students are enrolled in the Liberal Club.

Mr. Lindsay also explained the principles of the Workers' Educational Association, which has for its purpose a better understanding between capital and labor through the medium of education. Workers sign for three year courses in Political Economy, History, English, and cultural subjects, which are given by the faculty of the universities. Classes are carried on largely in the form of arguments. In this way the instructor learns as much practical knowledge as he gives out in theory. The workers who compose the classes are eager for knowledge and make enthusiastic students.

The students of English Universities have organized such classes all over the country, financed by the workers themselves. Similar plans are being adopted in this country.

At a later meeting in Branford Living Room, Mr. Lindsay answered many questions and further developed the idea of the W. E. A.

THE WORLD TOURS IN EUROPE.

The World Tours is arranging a tour of England, Belgium, Alsace Lorraine, Switzerland, Swiss Lakes, Italy, Italian Lakes, Riviera, France, to take place next summer, especially for members of the Teaching Profession throughout the United States, including one week of "Get together" in Paris, France, August 18th to 24th, 1923.

"This Tour is being suggested as a good medium permitting the members of the Teaching Profession to meet each other, and to discuss the possibilities of organizing an Educational Travel League, the members of which should receive Reduced Travel Facilities throughout the world, at hotels, on trains, while sightseeing.

"By joining this Tour, it will not only show to the tourists the pleasures of travelling in comfort, where every detail of arrangement has been considered, but it will afford them an opportunity of spending an enjoyable, happy week in Paris among their colleagues, after having toured and visited the Wonder Spots of Europe."

SENIOR CLASS MEETING.

At the second regular meeting of the Senior Class on November 1st, Margaret Heyler was nominated Assistant Art Editor of the Koiné. The Photography Editor, Helen Barkerding, reported that Foley from New York

Continued on page 4, column 2.

DR. MARSHALL GIVES ANNUAL PARTY.

Dancing Contest a Special Feature.

Hallowe'en-ghosts, "sperits," mirth, music, cider and doughnuts were enjoyed by the entire college Saturday night at President and Mrs. Marshall's party in the gymnasium. At eight o'clock the orchestra started, the dancing began, then ceased upon President Marshall's announcement that the story of Hallowe'en was about to be told. The lights lowered, there appeared tall ghostly figures, swaying to weird uncanny music, and accompanied by the youthful, incredulous voice of Katherine Renwick who, as a little boy was enthusiastically telling the story of Hallowe'en to his two play-mates and his cheerful, complacent and portly Mother. There came the Goddess of the Trees, slim, beautiful—a figure harking back to ancient superstition. Before her, in quick succession appeared numerous suitors, bearers of jewels and money, athletes, poets, dancers—all rejected. At last appeared an old, old hag, bent and ugly who miraculously brought an abundance of fruit to bear upon the trees of the great goddess; then stood revealed a youth of wondrous beauty, strong and brave.

The orchestra again tuned up, the dancing was renewed until once more President Marshall made an announcement. Twenty couples inspired by the stupendous thought of a dill pickle as a prize would contest their skill in the grace and agility of ball-room dancing. The Misses Farnsworth and Aldrich succeeded in carrying off the honors. But the momentous event of the evening had not yet occurred. The faculty were to compete for the honor of the greatest "waltzing prowess." Many couples started off in graceful rhythm, but one by one, they were frowned upon by the sharply discerning and critical eyes of the mighty judges. Finally there were but two couples left upon the floor. Dr. Morris and Mrs. Noel spun with grace and alacrity around the floor but with equal grace and alacrity did spin Dr. Kip and Miss Bacon. The excitement heightened, the judges watched intently and Dr. Morris and Mrs. Noel, vanquished at last, left Dr. Kip and Miss Bacon as sole possessors of the floor. KATHERINE SWAN.

INTELLIGENCE TESTING IN THE LIBRARY.

The library, in connection with Professor Morris, is trying a new intelligence test.

This test consists in keeping a record of those who are not able to interpret the "Library Information" posted near the reserve shelf, and printed in this year's "C."

The result as worked out in the library will be handed to Professor Morris to check with the information he has in the office.

The ability of the individual to interpret the printed page will be decided from this record and put on file.

Bryn Mawr: "The book of Job" arranged for presentation as a drama by Stuart Walker is to be given by the alumnae of Eastern Pennsylvania. A great deal of the effect of the production is gained by lighting.

DR. CHAPMAN FRAMES THE COLLEGE PICTURE.

Tells of Pioneer Settlers of New London.

"The Frame of Our College Picture, the Connecticut of Earlier Days," was the subject treated by Dr. Edward Mortimer Chapman, at Convocation, November 7th. Dr. Chapman began by describing the geographical surroundings of our hilltop. In particular he mentioned Long Island Sound and Long Island (very aptly), comparing that part of New York State to a whale lying on its back with jaws open, ready to swallow the smaller islands like bits of cuttlefish.

From the geography, Dr. Chapman passed to the geology of Connecticut. It is hard to realize that the gently sloping hills of the immediate vicinity were once "Alpine heights" and that the abundance of boulders is due to the far off glacial period.

Reviewing the early history of New London, Dr. Chapman mentioned two Indian tribes—the Pequots, and the Mohicans of whom Uncas was the chief. When in 1646 New London was settled, the Mohicans, having been well treated by the white men, proved very helpful to the pioneers. The Pequots, unfortunately, had, against the early settlers, grievances which caused the fearful Pequot Wars. From the story of their struggles to gain a livelihood in this undeveloped land, we find that these first settlers were hard working, unemotional, God-fearing people, "neither hypocrites nor demigods, but just folks."

A. A. DELEGATE AT CORNELL.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association it was voted to send a delegate to the Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference, held at Cornell University, November 3 and 4. Dorothy Randle was unanimously elected to attend the conference but as she was unable to do so, Amy Hilker was chosen to take her place.

Katherine Shelton was elected chairman of the Outing Club (C. C. O. C.) and Charlotte Tracy, treasurer of A. A.

FRESHMEN ELECT PRESIDENT.

Theodosia Hewlitt, of Buffalo, N. Y., was chosen Freshman class president at a meeting of the class of 1926, on Thursday, November 2. Miss Hewlitt attended Holman before she came to Connecticut, and was most popular there. Straight forward, earnest, and friendly, she has eagerly entered into Connecticut College doings and has adopted the true college spirit during the short time she has been here. Surely, the Freshmen chose their leader wisely and well.

Within a few days a question-box will be put up for suggestions or criticisms regarding Vespers and its small attendance. Give the Silver Bay Committee your opinion on the subject.

Late arrival at the hockey game: "Is this the second half?" Nearby Freshman, eagerly, "How many halves are there?"

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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

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REPRESENTATION.

(And the College is Judged by Things Like These.)

The movie house was silent, before the vividness of a tensely emotional picture. Then a clatter resounded on the stairway. There came the buzz of hurrying tongues. A group of college girls entered. They sat down noisily and in audible whispers expounded on the men they knew and the dances they hoped to attend. A man in an adjoining seat cast an appealing glance in their direction. They rattled on. He arose and moved forward about ten rows. A smaller group at the other side of the room looked at each other and blushed.

The trolley was crowded as it came up from town. A Senior mounted the steps and looked anxiously for a seat. Three Freshmen (chatting volubly) sat at the other end. The Senior walked hastily down the aisle. The Freshmen did not move. She caught the swaying strap as the trolley lurched forward. The trolley rolled and bumped. So did the Senior. The Freshmen still talked on.

As the girls arose for the *Alma Mater*, earnest seriousness marked the end of a hilarious meal. The music started amidst a deep silence. Suddenly, there came the scraping of a chair, the dash of hurrying feet, a muffled slam as the door swung to after the Freshman who had run into the cloak room. The solemn strains continued. The girl, coat in hand, hurried through the room to the other entry and disappeared as the final lines were sung.

Is it ignorance or forgetfulness?
'24.

SENIORS TAKE PRIVILEGES.

The ringing of a bell, the gathering of the Seniors in a group in front of Blackstone behind their president, who in cap and gown, stood upon a soapbox, attracted the attention of the other classes on Friday morning, November 3, immediately after chapel. Very soon the interested audience learned what it was all about. For Alice Holcomb

in flowing language announced the famous Senior privileges.

Briefly they are as follows:

1. To sit in the first two rows in the balcony if the gymnasium is over crowded at Convocation.
2. To let golashes flap *while on campus*.
3. To go into the dining-room early before every meal—thereby relieving the crowd at the door and adding dignity to the meal.
4. To get mail between 8.45 and 8.50 o'clock in the morning.

Then the Seniors each with one flapping golash, marched to New London Hall singing, "Seniors, you know them by distinctive footwear."

FREE SPEECH.

[The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.]

Dear Editor: One Sunday night I was in the infirmary and consequently didn't go to Vespers. The following Sunday I was somewhat surprised by the increased number of vacant chairs, but last Sunday night I was positively startled by the amazing number of empty places. What is wrong? Do we return to College in the fall possessed of super-abundant vitality and enthusiasm accompanied by the knowledge that by Thanksgiving, due to the apparently irremediable pressure of things, we will be Ye Olde Wearing Cynics? Are we, this year, endeavoring to ward off this usual exhaustion by adding one hour for physical rest to our Sunday evening? I think not. I also find difficulty in believing that on Sunday evenings we rush from supper to our desks happy and exultant at the prospect of an extra hour in which to pursue the academic. Certainly most of us squander this hour that might be spent at Vespers. However, most of us believe that the hour is ours to do as we choose.

Which declaration makes us wonder why, aside from the highest and most obvious reason, we should support Vespers. To sustain the reputation of the institution? To satisfy the needs of the individual? Most of us would say the latter, but it is not so, since it is included in the first. Just as in society the anarchist and many others "fail to realize the possibilities of the willing obedience of every individual to the authority of the social center for his own good," so we fail to realize ourselves component parts of the College. Vespers is an institution of the College, and so a part of it. Since we are in and of the Collegé, its institutions are a part of us. Therefore, not from a sense of duty, but from a desire to strengthen the College, and subsequently and logically ourselves, we should support Vespers.

President Marshall announced Sunday night that from now on we are to have an outside speaker each month. It is discourteous to greet a visitor with vacant chairs, but not half so discourteous as to make it painfully obvious that we regard the College and its institution only as a means to serve our individual desire.
'24

Dear Editor:

The library is too much with us; late and soon, getting and taking notes from books we lay waste our powers. Yesterday morning I came at dawn, bright with the hope of being able to accomplish a certain required reading. One glance at the Reserve Shelf proved what I already knew, that someone had the book. Then followed a feverish chasing of the cards in the wire basket to see whose steps I must dog for a fighting chance to read the assignment. Lou has it signed till

ten. I find her, a hectic flush on her cheek, her pen sputtering.

"Have you promised this to anybody after you finish?"

"Yes. Peg."

Politeness and desperation struggle in her voice. I find Peg.

"How long do you think you'll take?"

"Some say four hours, but I'm only allowing two."

No chance till noon, then. I decide to go downtown, have lunch and return.

At two-thirty I find the book again in use, with two promised after the present worker looses her dying grasp. I have with me all my portable equipment for study and decide to pitch camp here by this stream of learning. If I go out and return someone may finish a few minutes earlier than she supposes and hand the book to another, for anyone has as good a right as I, and if my rival is there she wins, for only the hope of the book can be given me in friendly promise.

At quarter of six,—dull and weary with waiting, I at last possess the book. With frenzy I start work. Ten words are scarcely written before the vultures gather around me, fighting a chance at the prey. I look at them with understanding pity. All day I have played vulture myself.

Is there no hope of a return to the good old days when the brisk could reserve a book ahead and have a sporting chance of using it uninterrupted during that time, and not waste all other free time in vain repetitions of the struggle for possession of a reserve book?

O. JOANSON.

To the Editor of the *News*:

In terming the training rules "much discussed," "25" admitted the well known fact that all of last year's training rules were not satisfactory. A. A. in not enforcing them admitted the same thing. But, while not enforcing the old rules, the sports committee is, nevertheless, in the process of revising the rules which may be rigidly enforced without resource to the frequent "special permissions" which have been granted in previous years—and also which will be satisfactory to all concerned.

In the meantime, it is *expected* that any girl who makes a team will be moderate in the matter of eating between meals and will know when to stop—in order that her wind-power may be retained.

When "25" claims a desire for training rules because of the prestige she may thereby gain, and the sympathy she may offer her "masculine athletic friends," she defeats her own purpose.

At any rate, training rules have *not* been abolished and as soon as a suitable list has been devised, it will be brought before A. A. for approval.

A Member of the Sports Committee.

Dear Editor:

Why won't people come to Vespers? For the last few Sunday nights the rows of vacant chairs have become more and more like rows of grinning teeth, and last Sunday night the mere handful of people was appalling. At this rate the choir end of the room will become top-heavy and over-balance the congregation. Is it possible that so few of the damsels at this select institution have been brought up in the church-going habit? Vespers here at College takes the place of Sunday morning church at home. It has been established by the College community and is (supposedly) maintained by the College community.

Vespers could become a habit like Sunday morning church at home, and it would be a good habit. It is possible for breakfast to become a custom so that late rising will seem abnormal and queer; it is possible for chapel to become a part of the routine so that

without it, we feel as if the day had not been started right; why is it not also possible for Vespers to become a habit—a habit so strong that the week will not seem rounded off without that quiet hour in the gym on Sunday night?

Then sometimes, perhaps, on a Sunday night during vacation, a picture would come before us of the choir in imposing array; of President Marshall in his gown seated behind the little table with its ivy plant; of Mr. Bauer at the piano; and a music would come to our ears of the response, "Peace I leave with you," or the choir singing "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" as they come up the aisle. And it is just possible that such thoughts

Continue on page 3, column 2.

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ALUMNAE NOTES.

1919.

The engagement has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Holway, of Augusta, Maine, of their daughter Katherine to John H. Powers, son of Dr. and Mrs. William L. Powers, of Machias, Maine. Miss Holway took her degree with the first class to graduate from Connecticut College in June, 1919, having transferred to "C. C." following two years' study at Vassar. Mr. Powers, Bates, 1919, is at present completing a three year course at Trinity College, Oxford University, England, under the Cecil Rhodes scholarship appointment of 1920.

Mrs. A. B. Bradley has announced the marriage of her daughter Ethel M. ("C. C." 1919) to Mr. Frank L. Firth, of Worcester, Mass. The wedding took place July twenty-seventh in Christ Episcopal Church, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Firth are making their home in Telfordville, Alberta.

1922.

Miss Evelyn Gray, who was to have charge of the School of Week-Day Religious Education in South Orange, New Jersey, was called home by the illness and death of her mother, and will remain at her home this year, at 117 Nevada Street, Northfield, Minnesota.

The New York City Connecticut College Alumnae did not meet on October 26th as planned. News of its doings will probably appear later.

FREE SPEECH.

Concluded from page 2, column 4.

of Vespers would be accompanied almost by longing.

But it is not only the music that constitutes Vespers, or the words—what is sung or what is said. The audible part may hold no especial meaning or significance for us, but the spirit of Vespers should. The peace and quiet of it—the whole ensemble—is a part of College and belongs to College as much as any other activity.

I wonder if it has ever occurred to us that perhaps those who dislike Vespers are going with the wrong attitude. Perhaps it is their own fault if the service holds no message for them. Perhaps they come with the intention of getting nothing from it and cannot disappoint themselves—Perhaps a change of attitude would help. '24.

SOPHOMORE REPLIES TO FRESHMAN LETTER OF OCTOBER 27th.

To the Editor of the News:

There seem to be some Freshmen who either in a spirit of facetiousness, or flippancy, or what-not, laugh scornfully at our traditions which are based on psychological fact. Perhaps some Freshmen think that hazing and "C" quizzes are for the purpose of making them more homesick or of arousing in them an antagonistic spirit. Quite the contrary! They are to show us of what stuff the class is made. Can we expect much or little from them? What qualities, as a class, do they show? Are they good sports?—In case anyone has not discovered this fact—good sportsmanship is a good quality to have!

The Sophomores are not hurt or chagrined because '26 failed to find the hazing or the quiz sufficiently exciting for their mature minds. They want to be the best friends of '26. But—they will not allow to pass such words as "their (Senior's) very serious caps and gowns and their very smiling faces and the attempted subtletness of when I tried to decide at which 'face value' to take them". This was entirely uncalled for and unnecessary! A little ability to put oneself in the other fellow's place might change the point of view. Think, '26—when you win the right to be Sophomores will you allow new and unpolished Freshmen to speak slightly of your sister class—the Seniors? Not at all!

Will you allow those same strangers—strangers at least for a short period—to talk of the "face value" of the revered leaders of the college? I doubt it! Criticism, as you may or may not know, is of two kinds—destructive and constructive. Destructive criticism was the order in the article referred to. Why not make it constructive—if it has to be criticism at all? '25.

ANTICIPATION AND REALITY.

Sophomore Hop a week away—my man, a sleek, dark male who dances divinely, coming—my dress, a blue lace concoction, hanging in the closet—and I, I am absolutely cold! My heart responds to no stimulus whatsoever—neither man, nor dress, nor music! I seem to have acquired a dangerous—almost incurable—case of that disease commonly known at colleges and "prep" schools as "cold feet." What shall I do with my man from four o'clock Saturday afternoon until four o'clock Sunday—a long—desperately long—stretch of time! What shall I talk about? My tongue cleaves firmly to the roof of my mouth. A tiny, icy, thrill plays lingering on my spinal column! I seem to be sinking—fast—fast—

November eleventh—the inevitable day—advances nearer—nearer—! I think of playing "possum"—but I loathe a poor sport! I think of every possible excuse—but no! I must go! I throw back my head, grasp my oozing courage with both hands—and wait—for Saturday!

* * * * *

It is all past! Only a beautiful memory, to dream over! I never—actually never—had such a glorious time! Everything was perfect! My dress, my order, my line—and *My Man!* When I think of that last dance I sigh ecstatically and muse on—the philosophy of Socrates! And that last, frantic moment on the platform of the station, just before the train pulled out, when he looked deep into my eyes—I looked particularly well, too—and said—and said—!

Oh-h-h! but I had a wonderful time!

AFTER THE STORM.

There's a wind in the night that comes from afar

With a thrill in its breath for me
Of hot, white sands and hungry lands
And helpless ships on a swollen sea.
It circles the pines with a moan in its sweep

And comes back to me again
And the moon sets stars in the silent pool
Untroubled by wintry rain.

M. M. N. '23.

AUTUMN.

Grey and yellow and bronze they are laid
In a carpet of whispering leaves
Round the edge of the steely and silent pool
Girdled by stark, silent trees.

Soft winds sigh in their mighty arms
That are gnarled with the passing years

And the fall of the sifting, reluctant rain
Is the hurt of the Dryad's tears.

The great oak with his hungry arms
Held high from the barren earth
Bemoans in the winds his loneliness
And hoary winter's birth.

M. M. N. '23.

CALENDARS READY FOR SALE.

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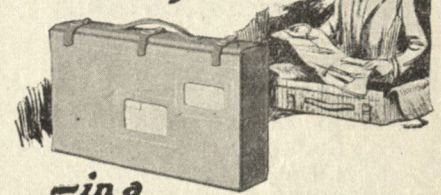
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HOCKEY WAR.
 You may talk about your battles
 'Tween the armies of the world,
 And about your bloody duels
 And your kingdoms downward hurled.
 The results of these are lasting,
 And we grant that they are bad,
 But we think a game of hockey
 Often has results as sad.

Behold at present Betty B
 And note her thumb is wrapped in
 gauze.
 She points it up to Heaven you see,
 A hockey ball the only cause.

Remark the limps of many girls,
 Their ankles grown to size immense.
 What good are now their stylish curls?
 And hockey is their one defense.

Yet hockey is a noble cause
 For which disfigurement to gain
 Its victims win our loud applause
 And scarcely seem to feel their pain.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING.
 Concluded from page 1, column 2,
 would be here the week of November
 6th to take group and individual pic-
 tures. Also, any attractive views of
 campus, and Senior snapshots should
 be placed in a box for that purpose
 on the Bulletin Board in New London
 Hall.

The Chairman of Sports announced
 that the Annual Soccer Game between
 Faculty and Seniors would be held on
 Saturday afternoon, December 2nd.
 The Senior Team will be chosen from
 both hockey and soccer teams.

FRESHMEN TIE
SOPHOMORES.
 In spite of all assertions that the
 Sophomores were going to "wipe the
 Freshmen up", and that the Freshmen
 were going to "show the Sophomores
 a thing or two", the result of the
 Freshman-Sophomore hockey game,
 played Saturday, November 4th, was a
 tie, 2 to 2. The Freshmen played very
 well for the few practices they have
 had as a whole team, while the Sopho-
 mores showed splendid form and speed
 as a result of their two years of
 hockey. As a whole the game was as
 pretty a one as could be desired, and
 the team work on both sides was well
 worked up. Much credit should be
 given to the Freshmen for working up
 such fine passing, and also to their
 coach, Amy Hilker, who has done some
 splendid work with them.

The lineup was as follows:
Sophomores. Freshmen.
 C. Parkerg..... Beebe
 Langl.f..... Whittier
 E. Warnerr.f..... Edwards
 Auwoodr.h..... Sternborg
 McCombsc.h..... Sterling
 Crawfordl.h..... Alexander
 Edwardsr.w..... Farrington
 Frischl.w..... Smith
 McCroddenr.i..... Dunham
 Haasl.i..... Cerlien
 Ewingc..... Damerel
 Substituted during the game: Camp-
 bell for Ewing, Williams for Dunham,
 Gorden for Sternborg.
 On the Sophomore team Lang,
 Crawford and McCombs put up a

splendid defense, while on the forward
 line Haas played a fine game, scoring
 both goals for the Sophomores. The
 Freshman defense was equally as
 strong in Beebe, who did some spec-
 tacular stopping, and in Whittier,
 Alexander and Sternborg. Cerlien, on
 the forward line was both speedy and
 accurate. The wings both played fast
 games.

**JUNIORS AGAIN VIC-
 TORIOUS.**

The Juniors once again proved their
 prowess in the Junior-Senior soccer
 game which was played Saturday p.
 m., November 4. The final score was
 2 to 1, and all those who watched the
 game from the side-lines will agree
 that it was one of the most exciting
 games in history. At the end of the
 first half the score was 1 to 0, in favor
 of the Seniors, but in the second half,
 the Juniors seemed to increase both
 speed and team work, and secured two
 goals, at the same time blocking an-
 other Senior goal. The two teams were
 remarkably evenly matched, and with-
 out praise for either team, it was on
 the whole an excellent soccer game.
 One pretty feature of the game was
 the passing, which was good on both
 teams, and the fine kicking. The ball
 was almost continually in the air.

The lineup was as follows:
Seniors. Juniors.
 Bristolg..... Mehaffey
 Buelll.f..... Hedrick
 Pickettr.f..... Armstrong
 Peabodyl.h..... Mahan
 Rootr.h..... Call
 Slaymakerc.h..... Slayter
 Culverl.w..... Walsh
 Anastasiar.w..... Gardener
 Wulfr.i..... Wilcox
 Higginsl.i..... Vibert
 Whitfordc..... Converse
 Substituted during the game: Hub-
 bard for Root.

The defenses on both teams did
 some very good stopping, and some
 fine passing to their forward lines.
 No sooner had one forward line se-
 cured the ball than it seemed almost
 impossible to penetrate through the
 defending line.

On the Junior team, the half backs
 and the fullbacks were both strong,
 and the goal, Mehaffey played her
 usual steady game. The wings, Walsh
 and Gardener, showed both speed and
 accuracy, and they were well backed
 up by their half backs, Mahan and
 Call.

The Seniors had a strong defense
 in their two full backs, Pickett and
 Buell. Slaymaker also put up a splen-
 did fight. The wings, Anastasia and
 Culver, were practically equal to those
 on the Junior team. Wulf and Hig-
 gins both played a fast game while
 the centers on both teams did well.

The excitement on the side lines was
 almost uncontrolled. Sister classes
 were out in good numbers to cheer,
 and there was good sportsmanship
 throughout the whole game. Since
 this was the last game of the season
 in interclass soccer, the championship
 for this year goes to the winning
 team, the Juniors, who although they
 had to work harder than ever be-
 fore, well deserved their victory.

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