Service League Outlines Its Plans For Year

Miss Helen Fraser, who last year made such a profound impression on the faculty and students, will speak again to the College on Friday, December sixth, at five o'clock. In the evening she will hold an informal conference with the students. Miss Fraser is recognized as one of the most brilliant women speakers of Great Britain. She has been working for various departments of the government, particularly those pertaining to war economy. Miss Fraser was received formally at the White House. Last year she gave 212 lectures, thus holding the record of women speakers in the United States. To hear Miss Fraser speak a second time is a privilege which will be highly appreciated.

Miss Fraser Again To Be Speaker At College

Juniors Guests At First Man Dance Of Season

And we are jolly good fellows”—that was the spirit in which seniors met juniors Saturday, November 23, in the Gym. The seniors certainly presented a most astonishing variety of types of masculinity and would-be masculinity. The program of the evening was conventional, but various novel features were introduced. The juniors chose different parts of the program by the inviting appearance of their feet projecting from beneath the curtain. During the intermission the seniors supplied their partners with novel but very acceptable refreshments. There were flash-light and lucky number dances and Mad Rowes, as a very rakish young sport, did several very entertaining song and dance numbers.

WHEN THE M-MOON SHINES

SARGENT CHALLENGES C. C.

When the moon shines, the old, grey stone wall west of New London Hall became a sacred spot on the college campus on the evening of November eighteenth, when it became the setting for the first “Senior Sing.”—l9's permanent contribution to College traditions.

Sargent, at the rising of the full moon, a long line of black-robed seniors gathered on the wall, faced by a long line of white-robed juniors, together with faculty and other students. Song after song arose in praise of “Goddess Moon,” “Mr. Moon-Man,” and of the important new tradition. Popular songs, old class songs, and cheers for faculty and the other classes rang out over the hilltop, until “Good-Night, Ladies,” was indicated that the “wall-sing” was over.

Mathematics Club Meets

The Mathematics Club elected Louise Avery '21, as their treasurer at the first regular meeting of the year. Dr. L. was awarded an interesting paper entitled “Arithmetic.” Motions were passed to invite Miss Rosannoff to become an honorary member of the club; to ask dues of fifty cents a year of each member, and to meet on the first Friday night of each month.

MATHMATICS CLUB MEETS

Senior Hold Four Years' Hockey Title

During the four years that the seniors have played hockey, they have never lost a game. According to the seniors, this is due to the four years' leadership of their captain, Louise Ainsley.

The fall matches of November 9 and 17 leave them champions of the hockey field.

Junior-Senior.

Junior Squad, Senior Squad.

Williams, R. W., Capt. Anderson
Davies Ansley, Capt.
Warner, M. Rowe
Monro Trail
Cammons Fock
Allen Emerson
Doyle Hatch
Smith, Californias Hastings, A.
Hulbert Cookings
Costigan White
Horrax Lennon
McGowan, Capt. Carns
Hester Kugler
Score: 1-4.

Freshman-Sophomore.

Freshman Squad, Sophomore Squad.

Coops Rich
Bellowa Littleboles
Bursley Newton
Fisher Batchelder, L.
Gordon Hippolitus
Hastings, Ann Wolf
Levine Smith, R.
Taylor Eddy
Smith, G. Arkin
Henshaw Burman
Tuthill Patterson
Williams, J. Watrous
Wilson Marvin
Warner, W., Capt. Williams, E. Capt.
Score: 6-1.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE.

Freshman Squad, Sophomore Squad.

Coops Ansley, Capt.
Taylor Hastings, A.
Smith, G. Anderson
Fisher Batchelder, E.
Gordon Rowe
Hastings, Ann Cockings
Warner, W., Capt. Hatch
Williams, J. Emerson
Tuthill White
Levine Prentis
Wilson Lennon
Bursley Carns
Bellows

Score: 1-4.

questions on the preceding lecture, in order to make the instruction more worth while.


THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

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EMPLOYMENT FOR CONNECTICUT COLLEGE GRADUATES.

When we hear that the Service League has established an employment bureau for girls in the college who desire such work, we wonder whether any steps are being taken toward a college employment bureau. It is true that the year has only begun, and already many a senior is wondering what will be in store for her after the dignity and ceremony of commencement days are over. It is nothing to be wondered at for the fields about to be opened to the present senior group, equipped as they will be with a college education in related major branches. Many of the present seniors became pioneers in Connecticut College in place of attending the larger and older women’s colleges, because Connecticut College offered vocational as well as academic training. Were the seniors after all justified in looking to Connecticut College for this opportunity?

It is very well to enjoy wholeheartedly a senior year diversified and multiplied in worthy activity as this is proving to be, without any definite expectation of employment at the end. It is also very well to defer the evil day with vague visions of bright possibilities. But June is not so far off. The day of reckoning is approaching.

Women have been able to “claim a labor for their province” while the men were on the fighting line. College graduates were in great demand for the duration of the war. Experienced or inexperienced, valuable and responsible positions were open to them. Deindustrialization, however, is gradually taking place, and men will be available in increasing numbers. Positions which are now open will be closed. The “job” may be a highly elusive thing, wisp by wisp by next June.

It is possible for every senior to put herself in touch with authorised college employment agencies. Educated women will undoubtedly be needed in many lines of work, war or no war. But each senior does not know where to find the position best fitted to her previous training, and she does not know how to secure a position that will prove congenial to her special talents.

What positions are there open in Connecticut or elsewhere to college girls? The administration of the college is the natural source of advice and information. Moreover, since Connecticut College is so new that the present seniors will not be only the first graduates, but the first representatives of the college in the business and professional world, it is possible that a graduate from Connecticut College might not be rated on an equal basis with those from Vassar and Smith, either academically or economically.

Only through the administration of the college will the credentials of Connecticut College be recognized by the business world.

Is there a possibility of an employment bureau for Connecticut college girls? The question is a vital one, not only to the present senior class, but also to the classes that will benefit or lose by the reputation gained by the first graduates in years to come.

JOBS.

The words, “I have a job!” coupled with an expression registering great delight on the part of the speaker are gratifying to hear on the campus of C. C. these days. “How wonderful!” her listener may remark superficially—&quot;doing what?” It may be the gratified parent’s cry, but it is also a question that shows how the opportunities open in fields of real work are growing, and how many of these have come about through the personal effort of the librarian and individual instructors.

The girls are showing a splendid spirit in the way they are trying to meet their pledges for the Allied drive. They have risen to the occasion, and have indicated their eagerness to do all they can to pledge to their utmost. But how to prove that this money was the question that immediately arose. Most of the allowances are not munificent enough to cover the heavy strain that these pledges would occasion. So the girls are solving this problem by earning the money.

The appearance of manicurists, seamstresses, janitors, and waitresses has been the outcome—everyone who has time or talent has rushed to them. Some have used the buffer bestowed a glistening luster on her friend’s finger-tips—for a reasonable charge; the girls clever at plying the needle and darning for her less skillful companions—at a price; the more muscular girl cleans and sweeps; the girl with instincts of equilibration, and an eye for beauty, takes on the task of the telephone and door bells; others have charley of the library; still others disappear afternoons to do mysterious work at “Deant Board.” The task of caring for children has been frequently mentioned, but as yet no such job has materialized.

Not to have, nor to be looking for a job at C. C. makes one feel decided “out of the run of things.” Everyone is trying to do something and it is to be believed that those who heretofore lived in luxurious idleness and who now are fortunate enough to have procured work are quite enjoying the experience.

Helen Dwellar ’22.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Ever since the peace conference was proposed editorials have appeared concerning the presence of Woodrow Wilson at this meeting. If we lay national opinions aside and look at the newspapers it is very noticeable that they have lined up according to party doctrine. Republican papers have long columns, full of vague reasons about lowering of prestige and needless sacrifice; the Democrats talk of closer relations between Europe and the United States which will be brought about, and so the story runs.

Considering this, it would seem that the country is not untypically against allowing its chief executive, with his ideals, to cross the waters and to bring to Europe his message.

A. M. A. ’21.

CHAINED OR UNFETTERED?

Connecticut College is peopled by a liberty-loving group dedicated to a fine feeling of freedom in all things. But like most groups its members have a desire to conserve old institutions and traditions. The old and new are constantly clashing, but the wisdom of the older groups has made arrangements to wash the garments of her less energetic classmates; in either case she is gazed upon with envy by her less fortunate friends.

“Doing what?”

The job may be chained or unfettered. The decision of the Senate to treat the League has established a task for the girls who desire outside work, we wonder what will be in store for us. Is there a possibility of an employment bureau for Connecticut college girls? The question is a vital one, not only to the present senior class, but also to the classes that will benefit or lose by the reputation gained by the first graduates in years to come.

JOBS.

The words, “I have a job!” coupled with an expression registering great delight on the part of the speaker are gratifying to hear on the campus of C. C. these days. “How wonderful!” her listener may remark superficially—“doing what?” It may be the gratified parent’s cry, but it is also a question that shows how the opportunities open in fields of real work are growing, and how many of these have come about through the personal effort of the librarian and individual instructors. Others are loaned by instructors from their private libraries.

Simultaneously with these losses comes an increased need for reserve books through the formation of new classes, the approach of examination periods and the assignment of special reports.

What method of correction shall be adopted? It has been suggested that every student pay an annual library fee. By means of the fund thus created all lost books could be replaced. At the end of the year a student would have her proportional share of the original fee refunded.

Another method would be to expose publicly any college student who showed such irresponsible habits as have been evinced in several cases. Still another method would be the conventional plan of having special reserve and institutional libraries. All reference and reserve books are cataloged behind iron bars and dictionaries and encyclopedias are chained to the desks with iron links.

“But C. C. ’s always different” claims our song. May not the best method of all be an intermediate training of students which shall not only keep our books, but keep them unfettered?

W. F. Y. ’19.

Glasgow, Scotland, October 31, 1918.

Hello, Everybody;

We came over here Monday and said hello to everybody we had met before and some more we hadn’t. Then Tuesday A. M. I went all over the house, then showed the boys’ quarters and I went back to the hotel and to bed. Believe me, this “Fun” is anything but slow. Yesterday afternoon they brought me a gramophone and a phonograph, and I was much quieter and more comfortable, so I think I ought to be up in a day or so. I was taken about ten minutes ago that it takes for a record to come. Now I believe I have had a good time so far, so by the time you get this I’ll have forgotten I ever was a “Brite.” I am on mother’s old favorite record. I am a music nut and believe me, I like it for it’s the first milk I’ve had since I left home—that is to drink.

Now I must tell you about my work. We have a large building, which after our formal opening tomorrow night, we will call a hotel for American boys or any boys on leave. We have six floors; 250 bedrooms; a half dozen big drawing rooms we will make into game rooms, etc.; a large auditorium, two large dining rooms, etc. Doesn’t it sound grand? Well, to shock you still more, may I add that little me is housekeeper, matron and general good-time maker of the hotel. There are 37 men, 19 women (of our party) the stenographers, and myself, and about 100 volunteer workers, two cooks, etc., to handle—and land only knows when I’ll ever do it. But, I’ll just have to take a chance and go ahead.

Tomorrow night we open officially with an open house and concert and I am so mad to think I’m up here in bed. This whole place must be spotless as you know.

This is a great, old town. They think something is wrong if it doesn’t rain every day. But just let me tell you—the sun is out today. I bet it’s the first in a month or so. The most valuable garment I brought over with me is that little slicker. I wore it nearly every day on ship board and least half the time on land. I guess I was just getting ready for Scotland.

Miss Irene Dwellar, one of our nice “T” men, just got a letter from home saying that the States are over with “Fun.” I certainly hope that you people got it. If you did I hope you went right to bed. She also tells me Austria is suing for peace. That sounds good, but I suppose when
this letter gets to you the war will be over.
If I can spare enough money I'll send a holiday wire, but, believe me, money is scarce and wires frightfully expensive as is everything else. For example, Mr. Lockwood brought me a bunch of grapes yesterday. I don't mean to be mercenary, but in American money they would be $2, a pound. That's the first fruit I had since I left the boat. Fruit is simply out of sight and it is the one thing all of us crave. Some day I'll get rash I'm afraid—and then you'll be getting 8, 8's. But don't let that worry you.
I suppose you all think I'm wasting myself up here—but don't you feel yourselves. There is far more important and harder work here than across the channel—when I get back I'll tell you why. This is real constructive brain work and will not be monotonous like the other is certain to be the first four months by probation, for this is pioneer and not probation. I wish I were empowered to tell you that.
They have the most beautiful cherryantheums over here. But I'd just as soon have a garden. Tell some of your friends I want to buy the boys some of those miserably expensive fruits—apples—for Xmas they might suddenly tumble over, and of course I don't expect to be here for her the Sykes Creative Prize in 1917 and the interest which she showed in the college are very highly appreciated.

ON SEEING CHICAGO GO MAD ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918.

You frenzied mob, you rabcbe riotous.
You surging throng, each vying with the other,
What do you this way celebrate?
That man there,—no, the next one, with the feathers and confetti—
Is he trainer in some circus?
And the pistol shots? What mean they?
Take your horn down, girl, and tell me
Why the whistles, bells and tumult!
What's that? NO! Ah, no! You're joking!
Peace? Net—no you can't mean—
Why then,—this? this desecration?
O'great God of all creation,
Take me to some lonely chapel!
There in solitude and quiet
Let my aching soul find haven,
While in awe I do Thee honor,
And in actation, thank Thee.
MARGARET C. GREENBERG, '20.

Compliments of
A FRIEND

AMONG OUR POETS

It is with great pleasure that the following poem is printed in this column. Margaret Greenebaum was obliged to leave college in her sopho-
more year. But the talent which won for her the Sykes Creative Prize in 1917 and the interest which she showed in the college are very highly appreciated.

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EXTRA MATH

(Submitted by one of the faculty.)

What shall the verdict be, now that at last
The action's ended and the strife has passed?
What shall the verdict be of those who lend
A listening ear for what the times may send?
Too much we bear the challenge forward thrown,
That war is good, that through it man has grown
To noble stature, that no other end
Can take its place the flagging soul to mend.
As if again and ever more again
Into this furnace we must throw our men,
To change their spirits and to render whole
The peace-afflicted, half-matured soul.
What? Shall it be said
When all this history has been writ in red,
When we have paid
The lives of thousands unafraid,
To render up their cherished breath
In one last act of sacrifice to Death,
That this whole sacrifice was vain,
A play that life shall reproduce again,
A tragedy of ignorance, thought the last
Before the farse of nation pride was past?
Where is the victory? Wherefore is the gain?
When all the countless youths their lives have laid
Upon the earth of struggle-reddened France,
If these lives count the world not some advance?
Is there no goal in life's advance of soul with soul,

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Sixty-ninth year begins September 14, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German). Four months preliminary didactic and laboratory course for those expecting to enroll in a nurses' training school.

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE EWS
STARS OF THANKSGIVING IN COLLEGE FLAG

Six blue stars now hang gloriously in the gymnasium, where they were raised on Sunday, November 16, at a special Vesper service of dedication and thanksgiving.

President Marshall, who conducted the service, spoke of the prevalence of service flags throughout the country—in great institutions where the numbers are indicated by figures of stars to the humble farm-house which displays one, two, or three stars in the remotest corners of the land. Colleges, too, he said, are flying their service flags. Even women's colleges have given members to the service. Connecticut College, he continued, has representatives in very diversified phases of war work. Then, as the flag was raised to its position on the left of the stage, he read the names and the work which the stars represent: Lieutenant Candall, in service in France; Sergeant F. E. Morris, in the medical corps in this country; Lieutenant Manwaring, who is giving her medical service abroad; Miss Woodhull, who is awaiting her call for canteen work; Professor Frederick Weld, who is in charge of the musical training of the navy in the United States; Olive Stark '21, a veileenette.

After a prayer and a hymn, President Marshall concluded the service with a Thanksgiving sermon. Three special reasons for thankfulness this year, he said, are the fact that our cause is righteous, that the people of the nation have stood solidly behind it, and that the world has not been perfected.

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