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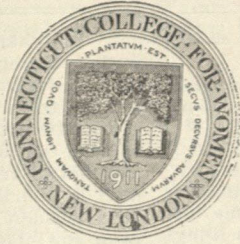
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Miss Crawford

Connecticut



College News

VOL. 8, No. 7

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, NOVEMBER 17, 1922

PRICE 5 CENTS

SOPHOMORES HAVE THEIR DAY.

Gym Transformed Into Fairyland for Hop.

The "Day of Days" has come and gone. What day? Why, the day, or night, rather, when the Sophomore Class gave their very own Hop for their very own sister class, 1923. Of course, Saturday was also Armistice Day, a day of great importance in the annals of our own country. But in the annals of the Class of 1925, November 11th, 1922, will be remembered chiefly as the long looked for day of Sophomore Hop.

At seven o'clock the Seniors and Sophomores, decked in their most resplendent colors began to lead their willing victims into the gymnasium. But who would have recognized this room of soft lights and yellow hangings as the hard, iron-cold gymnasium?

The proverbial yellow hangings were augmented by streams of yellow gauze which were draped over the side walls. Every bit of gymnasium apparatus was completely camouflaged; even the basket-ball baskets made very effective chrysanthemum holders. Lines of many colored lights were strung under the canopy. On and around the stage were palms and box shrubs loaned by Fisher and Fellman, the florists. Confiscated tea tables, easy chairs, and cushions transformed the balcony into a lounge where weary couples could rest from the strain of dancing.

The music? Wittstein's, of New Haven. That trade-mark makes any more remarks superfluous, but the xylophone must be mentioned. "My dear, it was just perfect," seems to be the general consensus of opinion. There were fourteen dances on the

Continued on page 4, column 1.

MARGARET E. LEWIS TALKS ON "SERVICE."

Miss Margaret E. Lewis spoke in Branford Lounge, on November 10th, for the benefit of all girls interested in Silver Bay. Her talk might well have been entitled "Service" for the message she brought was of the joy of work.

Mentioning first the fact that the next day would be the fourth anniversary of Armistice Day, and recalling the fight that those who died in the war left for those who remained, she announced that she was to divide her talk into service "Over Here" and "Over There".

First she emphasized the possibility of work in one's own home town however dead it might be. Then she mentioned the Kentucky mountains and described a trip she had just made through that region. She spoke of the western Indian and his appalling need for education.

Going "Over There" she showed the need for missionary work in Porto Rico, in India, in China, in Korea and closed by reading the old but ever new poem "In Flanders Field."

Those who had been to Silver Bay then sang its songs of earnest words and haunting melodies, bringing memories to those who have gone and longing to those who hope to go.

"JOB" PRESENTED AT THE LYCEUM.

The asbestos curtain slid up harshly for "The Book of Job", a Stuart Walker production. Silently and suddenly the lights were turned off, and reality faded into the misty charm of some mediaeval painting. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom we discerned two figures, the Red Narrator and the Blue Narrator, standing on either side of the darkened stage, each in a cone of light thrown from above. The preliminary story was told alternately by these two vividly dressed figures.

The rising of the inner curtain revealed the seated figure of Job, wracked with pain and bitterness, and his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, Zaphar, grouped around him. Then followed the well known dialogue expressing the inner tragedy on the universal theme of human suffering and its explanation. While Elihu, a youth, the last to enter, was yet speaking a storm slowly gathered from beyond the rocky crags in the background, and before he had finished broke wildly, with loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. The others fled, leaving Job alone to brave the storm. Then through the wind and thunder came a voice—The Voice in the Whirlwind—pointing out the futility of human efforts to explain life's mysteries. Again darkness—only the voices of the narrators who continued the story to the end—"So Job died being old and full of days".

HOLYOKE ENTERTAINS NEWS DELEGATES.

The Seventh Annual Conference of the Association of News Magazines of Women's Colleges was held at Mt. Holyoke College on Friday and Saturday, November tenth and eleventh. Delegates were present from Vassar, Radcliffe, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Barnard, Hunter, Wheaton, Goucher, Simmons, and Connecticut. The *News* sent, as representatives of their staff, Helen Avery, Evelyn Cadden and Kathryn Moss.

The program which was one of very great interest, included addresses by Mr. Waldo L. Cook, Editor of the *Springfield Republican*, and by Mr. G. M. Pinchey, Associate Editor of the *Yale News*, and also informal discussions concerning the most vital problem of both editorial and business boards. An interchange of criticisms of the representative college publications formed a most profitable part of the conference program.

The Holyoke hostesses outdid themselves in welcoming their guests and giving them a "rousing good time". A "News Conference Dance" on Friday evening, a special luncheon on Saturday noon, a tea on Saturday afternoon, and Stuart Walker's presentation of *The Book of Job* in the evening, provided delightful entertainment for the delegates. The visitors were entertained in the campus halls where they were given every possible attention to make their stay at Holyoke a "never-to-be-forgotten" event.

HOCKEY SEASON CLOSES.

Sophomores Beat Freshmen.

The tie between the Freshmen and Sophomores in hockey was played off Thursday, November 9th, at 4 p. m. The game proved to be equally as exciting as the first game and almost as close. In spite of the fact that at the end of the game it was almost too dark to see the ball, both teams put up a splendid fight. The final score was 4 to 2. The line-up was as follows:

Sophomores.	Freshmen.
C. Parkerg.	Beebeg.
Langl.f.	Whittierl.f.
E. Warnerr.f.	Edwardsr.f.
Auwoodr.h.	Sternbergr.h.
McCombsc.h.	Sterlingc.h.
Crawfordl.h.	Scarletl.h.
Edwardsr.w.	Farringtonr.w.
McCroddenl.w.	Smithl.w.
Ewingl.i.	Cerlianl.i.
Bauerr.i.	Dunhamr.i.
Aldrichc.	Damerelc.

Substituted: Gordon for Scarlet. Both teams showed great speed and good pass work, but the Sophomore forward line proved to be even speedier than the Freshman, and the work of their defense, in Crawford and Lang, was almost spectacular. On the Freshman team, Beebe, Whittier, and Sternberg also put up a strong defense.

Hockey Championship Goes to Juniors.

The Junior-Sophomore hockey game, which has been looked forward to with great excitement, was played Saturday afternoon with the result that the Juniors again claimed the victory, and the championship in hockey for this

year. The game was by far the closest and prettiest of the season, and there was a goodly number out to witness it. The final score was 2 to 1.

The line-up was as follows:

Juniors.	Sophomores.
Douglasg.	C. Parkerg.
Hollisterr.f.	E. Warnerr.f.
Marinl.f.	Langl.f.
Holmesr.h.	Auwoodr.h.
Clayl.h.	Crawfordl.h.
Hubbellc.h.	McCombsc.h.
Hilkerr.w.	Edwardsr.w.
Egglestonl.w.	Frischl.w.
Sheltonr.i.	Bauerr.i.
Corneliusl.i.	Ewingl.i.
G. Barnesc.	Aldrichc.

During the first half both teams seemed a little bit slow, as though they had not gathered up much "steam", and several of the girls admitted being bothered by lack of wind. But the second half saw them in fine play, very fast and working together well. The Junior defense proved invincible, and the forward line did some pretty work in passing by the Sophomore defense. During the first half, the ball was almost always at the Junior end of the field, although that team succeeded in scoring only one goal.

Between the halves a mock hockey game was staged, which was very amusing, and helped to relieve the tension felt on all sides. Some of the features of it were hobble-skirts, sawdust curls, croquet mallets, ice-hockey sticks, a tennis net, red flags, a tennis ball, an emergency doctor, and a real casualty, by mistake, in the loss of a tooth!

MATHEMATICS RELATED TO EDUCATION.

Teaches Rigorous Thinking.

"The Mathematical Obligation of Philosophy and Education" was the subject of the lecture at Convocation on November 14th. The lecturer was Professor Cassius J. Keyser, of Columbia University. He first explained that he was not talking for professional Educators or Philosophers but for all humanity, stating that all are educators and educated to a certain extent, willingly or unwillingly.

Professor Keyser asked the question, "How much mathematical discipline is essential to the appropriate education of men and women as human beings?" In answering this, the speaker considered humanistic education as opposed to industrial education. His conclusive statement regarding this was that industrial education, when it is supplementary to humanistic is highly commendable, but as a substitute, is contemptible and vicious. Those who advocate the abolishing of mathematics in secondary schools are not malicious, or insincere, but "well-meaning." Their defects are due to the lack of what that subject is qualified to give them.

In stressing the importance of what mathematics could give us, the speaker stated that thinking is not essential to life, but to human life, and one of mathematics' greatest aid would seem to be that of teaching rigorous thinking.

Professor Keyser then considered the question of how much mathematics is necessary to a philosopher. He pointed out the realm into which mathematics takes us, the knowledge of the spiritual that it imparts, and, therefore, its real place in a philosopher's life. For a philosopher's hope is to be in the full presence of the good and beautiful, and to bring light to others. So, philosophers need to regard mathematics with the deepest sympathy, and as a part of their lives.

DR. HOWE TO SPEAK HERE

The Convocation speaker for November 21st, will be Dr. Marshall Howe, botanist and Assistant Curator of the New York Botanical Garden. Dr. Howe is a Fellow, and an honorary member of numerous scientific societies, and has written extensively and authoritatively on the subject of botany.

RACHMANINOFF CONCERT TICKETS FOR SALE.

Tickets for the second of the Concert Series, to be given in the State Armory, Wednesday evening, November twenty second, will go on sale at Chidsey's, November seventeenth. The Concert Committee again wishes to make it possible for any member of the faculty and for any student to obtain them on the Campus prior to the public sale, at the following prices, all seats reserved: \$3.00, \$2.50, \$1.50.

Connecticut College News

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A THANKSGIVING SUGGESTION.

Almost every loyal New Englander, and, in fact, almost every loyal American, thinks much of Thanksgiving Day—a day to be at home, at the family board, visiting with relatives not seen for a year, and talking over the "good old Thanksgiving days we used to have".

However, it seems that, at college, only the ones who are fortunate enough to live within half a day's journey of their homes are permitted to return to the family hearth for Thanksgiving. And, alas, it is only for a day, and no more! Just enough of "at home with the family" to tantalize, to make one inwardly rebel at the restriction.

There are many things to be said in favor of the present system of Thanksgiving recess, from Wednesday noon until Friday noon, with Saturday afternoon classes as "make-ups". And yet, there are many persons who would like to have the Thanksgiving recess extended to eight o'clock on Monday morning. And why would not this be possible? By a process of substitution there would be no further loss of class periods than there is under the present arrangement. Instead of making up the lost Wednesday afternoon periods on the Saturday following Thanksgiving, why not make them up on the Saturday of the next week? Instead of requiring the students to return by Friday noon, why not have the Christmas vacation begin on Saturday noon instead of Friday? Then both Friday afternoon and Saturday morning classes, lost during the Thanksgiving recess, would be made up before Christmas. The Christmas recess is long enough to allow shortening by one day. In this way, a greater majority of students could be with their families on Thanksgiving Day, and many would feel much more ready and willing to return at the appointed time than under the present system.

Bates: On September 26th, the debating team of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, defeated the Oxford University team. Bates advocated the negative side of the question: "Resolved, that the United States should at once join the League of Nations."

FREE SPEECH.

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

Dear Editor: Often as I walk through New London Hall the thought comes to me: what will become of these girls, these posers, when they are away from the atmosphere which they have created around themselves? How will they stand up under the cruel, hard judgment the world will place upon them?

It seems that a girl is seldom herself. She has become so accustomed to playing a part, to attending she knows, that she must carry it one step further and pose even to herself. Where will these girls be when the first awful shock comes and they realize, or will they not even grasp it at first, that they can no longer put it over on the people around them? They will either need to begin again or they will be dismal failures.

I am not saying that it is not pleasing to have your fellow companions proud or even a little envious at your ability along a certain line. There is great satisfaction in it. But what pleasure can this satisfaction bring when underneath you know you have only pretended, you have fooled, you have hypnotized and you have even lied to the others?

Such girls succeed in college. They are proclaimed clever, artistic, literary, aesthetic, or whatever their poses may be—but afterwards—out in the world when they can no longer gather a circle of admiring and adoring victims—what will they be? They will be only an addition to the already huge pile of nobodies, and absolute failures,—who, because they were accustomed to pose to other people and to themselves, failed to see their own short-comings.

Dear Editor:

I was interested to notice a point of likeness between the feelings expressed in "A Talk with Our Dean" and "Are We?" Both pointed out that we are too busy. One suggests that the cause is too much extra curriculum, activity, the other too much intra-curriculum, i. e., that we carry too many subjects. Whatever the cause, the fact is only too evident.

Dr. Wells asked the other day if it "ever dawned" on us that we were working so hard on our subjects that we had no time for good reading, much less good thinking. It has come to me "like thunder", as Kipling says, the "dawn" comes up out of China.

Speakers are fond of telling college students that they are "the leaders of to-morrow." I should like to see college students as leaders of quiet, rather than leaders of agitation. There are enough of the travelling salesman type in the world now. Those who diagnose our age, say that life to-day is too much hurried, that people drive from one thing to another, not fully appreciating any; that they become so keyed up that a nervous gaiety is all they can recognize as pleasure. Could college become a place where we might live slowly, steadily, deeply for four years, and having there learned the secret of quiet strength be able to carry it out for the rest of our lives?

Dear Editor:

At last we have a reason why people do not attend vespers—but can it be a true one? I overheard the following conversation and I wondered at it.

L.—"We've got to go to vespers to-night. Wait and I'll go with you".

D.—"I'm not going, I can't go to vespers. I just can't see a religious service held in the gym".

Can it be that this is the attitude of many? Can they hold that religion is a feeling—an attitude which can

only be obtained within consecrated walls? Surely it is the spirit rather than the surroundings which keeps a service from being sacrilegious. That gymnastic equipment is revealed on the walls is no sign that the word of God may not be revealed from above. That mail is distributed at the back cannot keep wisdom from being distributed from the platform. A place is consecrated only as we think it so, and should we go to our gymnasium with the feeling of solemn awe, we would forget that on week days it is a place of work and fun, and would see it through other eyes—and see it glorified.

We all know that we need a chapel and we likewise know that as soon as the money can be procured we shall have one. We know that the college is young, and that we are still but pioneers, and we knew and realized all this when we came. Therefore let us consecrate, even our bare gymnasium, by our thoughts and by our spirit, and let us attend vespers with the will to make it truly worthwhile.

ATHLETES.

There are some people who are just born athletes with a talent for playing every game there is. From the first time they see a soccer ball they are almost as good as professionals; they are always in the right place at the right time; when they get possession of the ball, they keep it, dodging opponents in the most skillful fashion; when they pass the ball to a confederate it goes in the right direction and to the right person. How do they do it?

I am not one of these chosen few. I belong to a group who do not mind running up and down the soccer field for a half hour, hopping to relieve a bruised toe; who get possession of the ball sometimes, but either kick it over the stone wall in exuberance, or else pass it to the wrong person by mistake; and who receive no glory in making a goal for everyone recognizes that it is sheer good luck. Some of us are sensible and do not try out for teams, but some of us are not so wise.

Take, for instance, my case. I had never played soccer before. But taking it up this year, I had the proverbial "beginner's luck". That night I dreamed great dreams. As I was going off to sleep, snug and cosy in my bed, with the wind moaning around the eaves and rustling the ivy leaves, I conjured up a picture of myself as the great hero of the biggest game. The score was tied. The ball came towards me!—ha! Now was my chance! I took it down the field at a mad pace. My confederates dwindled away in the distance unable to keep up with my remarkable speed. The opposing side loomed larger and larger. A little kick to one side and I neatly passed the first of the enemy; a deft touch of the ball and another opponent was safely thwarted; the goal was ahead of me! A beautiful swift kick and the ball sailed between the goal-posts over the rest of the guarding team. Out of breath I sank into the arms of my confederates. Everything was a blur of cheering and yelling; the game was over and the day was won! I smiled at the patch of reflected light on the wall—a happy, contented smile. I was the hero of the season—alone in my glory—all the more wonderful because such prowess had never been suspected. Of course, the fact that no one knew but me did not matter. But everyone soon should know. I would try out for the team and show them—ah yes, that was it—try out for the team—try out—. I fell into a happy, contented sleep.

Then came the try-outs. There was an exhilaration about it—running in the open air morning and afternoon. Every time I left for the field it was with the intention of

making the dust fly. I was going to make that team! Every evening I examined with care and pride the bruises and bumps obtained during the day. Every night I vowed to do better the next day and after every game I felt that people must know instinctively that I really could play much better than I had so far shown. I always was nervous at try-outs. That was it, of course, I would play much better when the team was all picked. Whenever I doubted my ability, my dream came before me; I smiled at fate; and the cheering crowds sounded in my ears.

And then the team was posted. Of course, I have to admit that I knew all along I could not compete with the athletes. I am not dismayed, and as I clamber into bed with the clear, clean wind still stinging my cheeks I know I shall dream again—once more the ball comes toward me and I rush for the goal. Again everything is a blur of cheering crowds with perhaps a banquet or two for good measure. Now, it all takes place next fall—that is the only difference. Next year I will make the team and do great deeds—of course! What does it matter that no one else knows about it? In my dreams I can be the hero in everything—nothing is impossible to dreams, and after all, they are the thrilling, joyous events of life.

HAVE YOU HAD TEA AT Cedar Crag Quaker Hill?

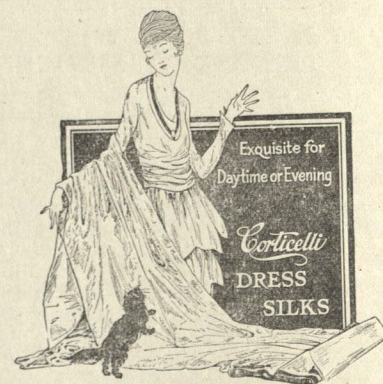
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ALUMNAE NOTES.

The New Haven Chapter.

Endowment Fund will be the main objective of the New Haven Chapter this winter, under the chairmanship of Rose Doherty, 1920. At the first meeting of the year, held on November 1st at the home of Charlotte Hall, the following officers were elected:

Louise Ansley Knapp President
Frances Saunders Tarbell,
Vice-President
Deborah Jackson Treasurer
Esther Watrous Secretary
Rose Doherty,
Chairman, Endowment Fund

Another '19 Wedding.

Amy Kugler, 1919, is now Mrs. Milton Wadsworth. She was married by her father, in Centerville, on September 26th. Grace Cockings '19, was the pianist. After a trip through the White Mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth went to live in Worcester, Mass.

Eleanor Thielen is now Mrs. Edward W. Wunch. Her address is U. S. S. O-12, Coca Sola, Canal Zone, care of Lieut. Edward W. Wunch.

Florence Silver '21, and her sister, have opened an exclusive woman's shop in Hartford.

Evelyn Bitgood, who is living at her home in Danielson, recently accompanied Grace Cockings and her mother and father on a long motor trip through the White Mountains.

Gladys Beebe is now a Junior in the the Hartford Hospital training class, having charge of surgical cases on the men's ward at present.

1922.

Elizabeth Hall is doing secretarial work in the International Branch of the Y. W. C. A. in New Haven.

Helen Crofoot is doing library work in Utica, New York.

That 1922 is not to be out-done by her predecessors, in the pedagogical field, the following items give ample proof:

Gertrude Avery is teaching History, English, and Civics in the Saybrook High School.

Helen Merritt is teaching Latin and English at Babylon, Long Island.

Marjorie Smith is teaching English and History in Windsor, Conn.

Dorothy Wheeler is teaching Mathematics and English at Stafford Springs.

NOVEMBER IMPRESSIONS.

November clouds,
Thick fog; bright sun,
Some work, no sleep,
Just fooling, fun,
Hockey games,
Inter-class fight,
Players play
With all their might.
Rehearsals call
A wearied cast,
Confusion, mess,
Success at last,
Parties, concerts,
Sophomore Hop,
Men, more men,
Abounding crop,
Everyone, everything—
Rush, stampede,
A scramble, a race,
Mad month, indeed.

'26.

Mount Holyoke: Both the faculty and students of Holyoke are this year living under a new form of community government, which, to quote their own editorial, is "plausible and workable on the face of it, and is an experiment in the art of living together which should prove as interesting to the outside world as to the college itself."

THE BLANKET TAX AGAIN.

Office of the Registrar.

My purpose in using the above title is to secure the attention of those who may have read an article under a similar caption in the last issue. Others may stop here. Even a registrar would shy at "adjusting the inevitable".

I have no quarrel with the Blanket Tax theory. Since it is a part of our private house-keeping, it is obvious that I would have no desire personally or impersonally to discuss its merits in these columns. Vicious or virtuous, it presents problems which this office does not need to solve. The "explanation" in the recent issue squarely dodges the question of showing how the entire faculty and student body can exercise their rights and attend events at which accommodations for only a small fraction of them can possibly be provided. The answer is simple—it can't be done.

The various clubs can easily take care of their own problems, for with the ever increasing number of new and reviving clubs, the patronage of each is not likely to be excessive. If such a club, as the Mathematics Club (adv.) for instance should prove too popular, it could refer its troubles to the janitor to provide more chairs.

As may be read between the lines, I am not seriously troubled about the blanket tax or the future of the Mathematics Club. But in my official capacity I am concerned about some statements in Professor Jensen's article, which harmless in themselves might create mistaken impressions, particularly among readers not familiar with the actual conditions at C. C. The "expectation" of four hundred and fifty students must have existed only in the minds of the Budgeteers. At no time did the Administration authorize, nor would our facilities warrant the admission of any such number. There was no "inevitable decrease" nor a decrease of any kind. The enrolment is greater than ever before. A freshman class of one hundred twenty-five was authorized and it contains one hundred forty members—this excess surely compensating for any abnormal shrinkage in the returning classes. Had the limitations of the college plant not compelled a restriction of numbers, the total in the college today could be five hundred or six hundred or even more as applications by the hundreds were simply not considered. Speaking for the college I am asking that this statement be printed, lest the impression be created that Connecticut College has in some real sense experienced an "inevitable decrease" in numbers.

DAVID D. LEIB.

SECRETARIAL TEA FOR ENDOWMENT FUND.

One of the first events given for the Endowment Fund this year is to be an afternoon tea served on November 24th in the secretarial rooms in the basement of Plant. Some of us have heard of Miss Lovell's College Calendars, but not all of us know their attractiveness. Here is a real opportunity to see them and buy them. We all remember Miss Holmes' Driftwood Powder and would probably be very happy to have another chance to purchase some. It also will be on sale at this tea. Then also Mrs. Wessel will exhibit her Christmas cards, and Miss McKee will have "Kentucky Mountaineer Handwork" to display for the Fund.

President Marshall will address the Junior and Senior girls of the Hartford Public High School, on Thursday, November 16th.

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SATURDAY EVENTS:

FACULTY-SENIOR SOCCER GAME

DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY:
"MICE AND MEN."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

We are more than glad to receive open letters. But, please, all ye contributors, do not forget to sign your name when sending your material to the Editor. We require only numerals to be published, but we must know your name. In the present issue we have published a letter signed "I," but we do not know who "I" is. Hereafter we will refuse to publish anonymous contributions.

SOPHOMORES HAVE THEIR DAY.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

dance order, with three generous extras. The twelfth was a favor dance with confetti, streamers, and all the "fixings".

The refreshments were very symbolic. Light-houses of ice cream cooled the heated dancers with their frozen gleams. Of punch there was a plenty to quench the thirst, and cookies and nuts to satisfy the most fastidious tastes.

Who were the dainty Greek-like maidens who served and danced gaily around the floor! The Freshman waitresses, of course. And who could have been more charming?

Last, but not least—the men. They came from far and near—"all kinds and conditions" of them; from the round-faced, rosy-cheeked variety, to the lean, sophisticated type. But they all had one thing in common;—they were having a good time.

The patrons and patronesses were Class of 1925's own—the honorary members of the class: President and Mrs. Marshall, Dean Irene Nye, Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. Lawrence, and Dr. and Mrs. David D. Leib. Miss Sarah B. Crawford, President of the Class of 1925, Miss Alice Holcombe, President of the Class of 1923, and Miss Adelaide Morgan, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of 1925, also assisted in receiving.

Miss Adelaide Morgan, as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and Miss Grace Bennett as Chairman of the Decorating Committee, were largely responsible for the success of the party. The assistance of Mr. Strickland and "Nat" was invaluable in the work of decorating.

The Hop is now a dream bubble that has burst—but it has left memories—memories

Miss Cary, calling the roll in French class: "What, no Church to-day?"

A CORRECTION.

Dot boet in your baber writes
About dem Keese dot honk;
But dell dot boet blease for me
Dot she iss all dead wronk.
I gafe dem ecks to Missus Leip—
I dink she haf much lucks
For hatchin' out of dem nine ecks
Four quackin' Pekin Ducks.
The Night-watchman,
per (Mrs. D. D. LEIB).

"AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!"

I wrote him an invyte—loving and sweet,
Full of those things one just can't repeat,
His reply O! so cold, was a terrible blow—
"Can't come. Can't be done." That was all there was, so

I wrote to another, an old friend of mine;
I told him to have him would be just divine;
I flattered, cajoled him, told lies, I confess;
The masterpiece came back; he'd changed his address.

Despairing, I wrote to a man I'd just met,
Deciding that no more would I need to fret,
For when dancing with me he had said, as men do,
"From the ends of the world I would come to please you."

He, too, as men do, had been handing a line!
He said he was sorry, he'd have to decline;
His aunt had just died—I'm afraid that he lied—
At her funeral he said he would have to preside.

By then, as you guess, it was horribly late
And the day of our Hop was a very near date,
So I dropped my address book and called it a day,
Inviting, in sadness, my own fiancé.
G. B. '25.

TAIL-LIGHTS.

Scanty Vocabulary.—Little Richard Kip, seeing the college horses approaching side by side, was heard to say: "There goes Nellie by the edge of Pete."

Psychology Professor: "Miss D--, will you tell me something about force?"

Miss D—: "Well, really, I don't think I can give anything definite."

Professor: "Well, of course, there is no definite Force except the breakfast food."

Instructor in English class: "Give a sentence containing a clause."

Voice: "Although he has come, I am going away."

Instructor: "What kind of a clause does that illustrate?"

Voice: "Contrary to fact."

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