“WOMEN AND WAR WORK”

Our interest was keenly aroused a few weeks ago by Miss Fraser’s lecture on women’s part in the war. A continuation of her lecture, a more detailed account of her experiences and knowledge of what is going on all over the world, is to be found in her book, the book of which we’ve heard so much, and which we are all going to read, if we have not done so already.

The book is marked by the same easy style which attracted us to her, full of her personality as well as of intensely interesting facts. Through it the English girl becomes a vivid example of what women can do, of what we can do. The same problems confront us today that confronted England, and we shall answer them as England has, with the further advantage of her example. Girls and women from our country have already stood beside English women—have died with them in the war’s service, as our men have in the ranks.

Miss Fraser deals with the problem from every point of view, the economic and the moral, the health and the spiritual. She faces the issues squarely, and has an answer ready for every difficulty—and that answer is Women. A few years ago men laughed at that reply—today they take off their hats to the women of their country—to the munition workers, the policemen, the maid who is doing war service and her mistress who works at her side; to the uneducated woman who strives to take the place of those she has given to actual service at the front, and to the society girl who scrubs the Hospital steps.

The actual service of the women, aside from being invaluable now, will prove equally so in the days of reconstruction. England was brought face to face with a great crisis, but in her answer she found her soul. Everyone is doing her part in work is finding the answer to all her problems. All have learned the soldiers’ cry—“cheerio!” and all “carry on” with all the strength and fervor of their souls. We shall not do less, especially with their example before us. Miss Fraser’s record is for American women primarily, written in the hope that it might be of “some small service.” That the service will be great is unquestionable. We can

A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE.

Even the joys of an Easter vacation were unable to blot out the memory of William Lyon Phelps’ charming talk to us on March 16th, on “A Literary Pilgrimage in England”. In one hour we were transported from Robert Herrick’s home in Devonshire, to the tiny church of Lorna Doone’s tragic wedding scene—thence to Land’s End, the subject of many poems. We were made acquainted with Tintern Abbey, the place where Tennyson wrote his “Tears, Idle Tears” and a place equally renowned through Wordsworth’s poetry. We could almost see Dove Cottage, with its little garden path worn bare by the feet of the poet as he composed his immortal verses—and the very field which inspired the famous “Tadfoolad”. The “Pilgrimage” included a trip to Scotland, to the desolate home of the Carlyles—the lonely, yet sacred birthplace of “Sartor Resartus”. Ireland, too, has a new association; it was here that the speaker procured a lump of butter two hundred years old!

As for living English authors—Professor Phelps’ charming personal touches concerning them, though unwritten in ink, will remain indelibly impressed upon our hearts.

Nor were the English “literary” birds forgotten. The speaker’s amusing, almost futile search for the persistently evasive nightingale; the description of the call of the cuckoo; the ac-count of sky-lark and blackbird have made these birds familiar to us in a delightfully unique manner.

In fact, since hearing Professor Phelps we are tempted to sing with the poet, “O to be in England, now that April’s there!”

THE FINAL STRUGGLES.

Unfortunately, there were probably no Homeric bards nor modern short story writers at the final Junior Sophomore Basket Ball contest on March 18; they would have gloried in the bountiful literary suggestions the games presented. A Homer could not have resisted a tempting simile of the backing frog catching flies, had he witnessed Wholey’s miraculous skill at snapping up the ball in mid-air. And wouldn’t Ralph Henry Barbour have revelled in the tense, last minutes of the first team contest when the Sophomores had already an appalling score to the Juniors’ zero—and then Hastings scored those mysterious six baskets in almost the same number of minutes? To be sure, she didn’t win the game for the Juniors, but saved them from an ignominious defeat of 240, by making it 24-12. And anyway, the Juniors surpassed in the second team game by a score 13-10. There were some very good plays by all teams: if the class teams have these players or their equals next year, we can be sure of some exciting games.

THE BELGIAN FUND.

During the Easter recess $511.83 were raised by groups in several towns for the Belgian Girls’ Fund.

# PROGRAM

| Middletown  | Thé Dantant | $93.83 |
| Hartford    | Silver Tea | 73.50 |
| Stanford    | Movies     | 62.00 |
| New Haven   | Soirée     | 55.00 |
| New Britain | Soirée     | 28.00 |
| Saybrook    | Cake Sale  | 15.00 |
| Brooklyn    | Bridge Party | 14.50 |
| **Total**   |            | $511.83 |

1919 BUYS $500. BOND.

The Third Liberty Loan Campaign is on! Are we in it? Well I guess! The class of 1919 is! Its members have bought a $500. Bond with the money obtained for the Doctor Sykes Memorial Prize. Thus, in fulfilling their patriotic duty, they have not forgotten their duty to uphold the name of one whose memory they will always cherish.

1920 GIVES DANCE.

On Friday evening, April 19th at 8.00 o’clock, the class of 1920 will hold a formal dance in the gymnasium for the benefit of its Frederick Henry Sykes’ Prize. The New Haven Symphony Orchestra of New Haven will furnish the music. Subscription $1.50.

C. C. RE-TREATED.

Neither the pelting blows of a March rain nor the fierce onslaughters of a C. C. wind dismayed a large audience from attending the Seydel-Bauer concert on March 14th. The concert was unique in three respects: we were favored with a second concert by Miss Irma Seydel, who so delighted us last year; we had the opportunity of hearing the never-tiring skill of one of our musicians—Professor Bauer; and (last but not least) we were privileged to hear compositions by our own composer—Dr. Coerne.

Besides his lovely Swedish Sonata, Miss Seydel also played as an encore, Dr. Coerne’s delightful composition—“A Message”, which is dedicated to her. The other numbers of the program were equally well rendered, especially the Mozart Sonata, with the thrilling on the violin, and the runs in unison with the piano; and the Davenport-Engberg “Butterfly”—with its sweet, high tones, the playing almost wholly in harmonies. Professor Bauer likewise displayed his usual remarkable technique—particularly in the Mendelssohn Scherzo and Liszt’s Venice and Naples. The Brahms waltz 15 was a delightful and fitting encore to such a program.

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PRICE 5 CENTS
WHEN PETTICOATS VOTE.

"And it shall come to pass, that in the first day of the fourth term there shall be many assemblies, and the students shall choose, those who shall lead them in the following year,"—thus saith the book of laws called "C."

Our fourth term has come—and on Friday elections begin—Student Government president followed by the other major offices. Who is ready to vote? True, some have been discussing possible candidates for the several offices—and several Senior offices, discuss the Executive Committee Chairman as one of the speakers. Who is ready to vote accordingly? Consider, when electing class president, that she is to be a coeducational leader. When electing class president, that is to be a coeducational leader. She is to be a co-educational leader, in every way a woman to be a co-educational leader. Thinking of the unusual conditions brought about by this war. This war is an actual catastrophe and we are constantly being brought to face the fact more and more. It involves us all—we cannot get away from it, but some of us fear to hurt ourselves by thinking seriously of the alternating pleasant things or those that lack the flavor of sensation.

There is need for about one hundred women bacteriologists to take the place of men in the canteen laboratories, the Surgeon General’s Office of the United States Army announces. The service of the men is demanded for the hospital units which are going abroad and their places at the home canteens are to be filled by women. Applications are arriving from all the camps, some asking for as many as nine women.

A good practical knowledge of clinical pathology and diagnostic bacteriology is required for the work. The present salary is $50 weekly, with maintenance and $1200 without, with transportation furnished by the government. Applications may be made to Office of the Surgeon General, Washington, D. C.

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.

"Community Centers and Democracy" is the title of the new National Service course at Columbia University, New York City, as announced by the faculty. This course will be open to both men and women. It is the first one to be given in response to the campaign for the school as a campaign which is being carried on by the Council of National Defense and the Bureau of Education. The University is giving these courses to train the student aid in assisting the official machinery of the Council of National Defense to reach into the smallest communities to mobilize and make available the efforts of the people for the prosecution of the war.

The course will begin on Wednesday, April 3rd, and last until May 4th. Commissioner Claxton of Education, will be one of the speakers.

CURRENT EVENTS.

"Ignorance is bliss" sometimes, but not always. Evidences of the history making events that are happening daily throughout the world. And yet it is surprising how many of us are meandering along, seemingly unaware of the history we ourselves are helping to make!

The Service League, recognizing the fact that little time is afforded for the careful perusal of newspapers and magazines, amid the rush of college activities has organized a get-together hour for discussion of current events. Under the direction of a member of the faculty—true, some have been discussing this a required course knowing its importance, but to you is given the freedom of choice. Does this enter into patriotism?

—E. Webb ’19

CONVOCATION.

To the Editor:

A Presidents’ Club? Then that good suggestion made last year hasn’t been entirely forgotten. As an officer of one of the College associations, may I most heartily second your welcome editorial in a recent issue of the News.

Personally, I strongly feel the need of cooperation among the many organizations which have so quickly sprung up here. Of course, we would not only tend to knit together our wide spread interests, as individuals, but would be of invaluable assistance to the leaders of clubs.

There has been much difficulty in arranging club meetings, satisfactorily—so as well as the various entertainments. Girls who are interested in two organizations, for example, whose meetings are scheduled for the same hour are forced to give up one or the other. Perhaps a Presidents’ Club could regulate the matter by changing the hours. An organization has very “stupid” meetings, another is always well-attended. Presidents’ Club should offer valuable suggestions for stimulating club interest. The questions of fines, absences, taxes, refreshments—admission to department entertainments—such are the questions that confront every club separately, and waste the time and patience of members and officers. Why couldn’t the matters be discussed by the officers, first, until some decision is reached, and the results suggested to the various clubs for approval?

The editors are up for vote—here is one "aye". What is the pleasure of the rest?

—Leah Nora Pick.
LEST WE SOAR TO WORLDS UNKNOWN

A NECESSARY ADJUSTMENT TO OUR ENVIRONMENT.

OUR CAMPUS.

Visitors to the College comment, almost without exception, on our wonderful view, and on the force of the wind. The former is our glory, the latter is not, to be sure, our blame, but is at least a constant cause of discomfort and distress. It is doubtful whether any point in the state could have been selected as a site for the College more exposed to the inclemency of the weather than our hill top. From October to April the air rises from the surface of the relatively warm waters of the ocean to the south and east with the result that the partial vacuum thus created is filled again by the air rushing in from the north and west.

"I do not understand how one can conceive here of such a thing as a quiet day" remarked a gentleman who recently came to the College to deliver an address at convocation. To resist the force of steady and violent winds requires something more than weight and muscle. It makes a heavy demand upon one's nervous force. Low temperature and high winds have, to be sure, a tonic effect, but let us remember that they add nothing to our strength. They do, however, exert an influence which will doubtless be too late.

"Knock the "L" out of Wilhelm."

BUY A LIBERTY BOND

"Keep Smiling"--That's All
Dear—

**** When I arrived in England and afterwards in France, I was quite sick. However it was quite interesting in England; the hospital was one in which there were nothing but wounded Englishmen and I got right in the middle of one branch of the British Army. They were even going to issue me one of the horrible looking blue uniforms with a bright red tie which are worn by the convalescent men. **** We are now in a small French farming village of the most primitive kind. The town-crier beats his drum and shouts the news to the populace, two fountains comprise the water supply, and the washing is done in the open at the three public wash houses where any day the women can be seen pounding the clothes with flat wooden paddles.

Three of us are in a small room and live in comparative comfort. This letter is being written on a soap box by the light of a candle while at the same time I am eating Page and Shaw's in surroundings that at home would indicate poverty of an intense kind.

The scenery is often wonderful, probably the more so as we are up before the dawn. Just the other morning I saw a picture of unusual interest to me. I was rushing to breakfast through the morning mist, when suddenly there appeared a French machine gun battery on their way to the trenches. It was very similar to one of Coles Phillips illustrations only their faces were clear and the gun was smoking as if a machine gun was being fired. It was very similar to one of the horrors of the war. It was a picture of unusual interest to me.

I wish to receive for publication interesting "bits" from letters from France.

---

MY HOSIERY.

The hours I spent on thee, dear sock,
Are as a string of pearls to me,
I count them o'er by the weary clock,
My hosiery, my hosiery.

First two I knit, then two I purl,
And round the leg I slowly reel;
Now joyful pasens to the Heavens I hurl.
I've turned the heel.
Oh, knotted ends that scratch and burn.
Oh, stitch that dropped, uneven row—
I kiss each blight and strive at last to learn
To reach the toe, sweetest heel, to reach the toe.

---

THE WEAK-LESS WEEK.

Monday Pete-less
Tuesday Movie-less
Wednesday Meal-less
Thursday Study-less
Friday Sleep-less
Saturday Gym-less
Sunday Class-less

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