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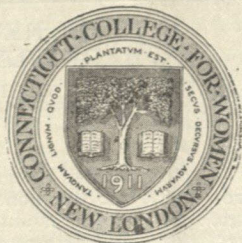
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SERVICE LEAGUE IS ACTIVE.

Plans For Song Contest Suggested.

At a regular meeting of the Service League held Thursday, January 18th, Mr. Weld urged college singing. He said that the main reason for the discontinuing of Thursday night sings was the lack of appropriate songs. As a remedy for this, he suggested a competition, the songs to be written during February and the competition to take place during the month of March. Mr. Weld also mentioned the possibility of a Glee Club, and asked how many students would like one. The suggestion was received very enthusiastically, and the possibility may become a reality in the near future.

Also Olive Brooks told about the Scholarship Fund that is being raised in memory of the late Dr. Coerne.

Mary Snodgrass then read a letter from Miss Blue, in which she stated that every summer, she would like eight girls to volunteer as counselors at Camp Felicia for the first two weeks of August. This camp is supported by the Hudson Guild of New York, in which Miss Blue is especially interested.

It was announced that there would be opportunity for college girls to assist the New London Y. W. C. A. either at the cafeteria or as leaders of a new girls' club. Already there are three clubs being run by college girls.

The meeting ended with the plans for tea dance which is to be held February 10, from three to five-thirty and from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

CLUB MEETINGS.

Spanish.

At the third meeting of the Spanish Club, held January 17th, the purpose was chiefly entertainment. Mr. Pinol had borrowed for the Club, from Los Institutos de las Espanas in New York City, fifty lantern slides of famous paintings and illustrations for "Don Quixote". The adventures that these slides depicted were described by members of the third year Spanish class, who are studying "Don Quixote", and who had seen the slides during several of their class hours. It was a great privilege for the Club and the Spanish Classes to be able to see these slides for some are of great paintings, others are amusing caricatures; all helped greatly in bringing the adventures of Don Quixote before the Club, and in making the members realize how amusing, and at times how pathetic were the wanderings of that famous Spanish knight.

German.

The German Verein held its monthly meeting in Branford living room Wednesday evening, January 17, and most of the business discussion was devoted to the plays which the Club will present some time in March. It was voted to have the regular program committee, consisting of Mlle. Berg, Gladys Forster and Vera Lear Grann, take charge of the programs and pub-

Continued on page 3, column 3.

GERMAN PLAY CAST ANNOUNCED.

Saturday, March 24th, is the date set for the dramatic evening of the German Club. The Dramatic Club and the French Club have each in their turn given us a sample of their dramatic ability, and it now remains for the members of the German Club to show their talent. The program includes two plays with the following cast:

"Müller als Sündenbock."

Gottlieb Müller.....Ruth Bacon '22
Salome Schmidt.....Anna Frauer '24
Katherine Homann.....
Catherine Dodd '23
Ein Polizeibeamter.....
Gertrude Koetler '24
Eine Putzmacherin.....
Leora Peabody '23
Ein Hausknecht.....Lillian Scher '24
Ein Junge.....Olive Brooke '24
Ein Kellner.....Vera Graum '24
Eine Hausiererin.....Gladys Harris '25
Ein Barbier.....Dorothy Wood '24

"Günstige Vorzeichen."

Hofrat Rillberg...Marjorie Backes '23
Karoline seine Tochter.....
Suzanne Stolzenberg '25
Brunhilde seine Nichte.....
Mary Bristol '23
Holdhaus.....Anna Buell '23
Reitknecht.....Frances Angier '26
The committee in charge consists of Dean Nye, Professor Ernst, and Dr. Kip.

It is hoped that with the financial assistance of the Dramatic, French, and Spanish Clubs, a spotlight for the stage can be bought before the plays are given.

MARIONETTE THEATER HAS CURIOUS HISTORY.

By Nancy Barr Mavity.

(San Francisco Chronicle)

Professor Mathurin M. Dondo of the University of California calls the Marionette Theater the most ancient form of dramatic art, and with a quick twirl of leaves produces quotations from Herodotus, and records of marionettes shows performed in the processions of Isis and Osiris in ancient Egypt, where they were a part of the dignity of religious ceremonial.

In Athens in the great days of Sophocles, they had fallen somewhat from their high estate, though not from their popularity in the minds of the people. When a marionette show was performed in the theater of Bacchus, the "high brows" among the Athenians gave signs of shock, and protested against the "prostitution of the theater to dolls." But the people liked them. And the Athenian public in the time of Pericles resembled the American public in the time of Harding in at least one respect—it knew what it liked, and it got it.

In Persia, in China, Japan and primitive Java the popularity of the miniature performers may be traced through chance references in literature and scraps of record. Specimens are preserved in the museum of the Vatican. The Roman philosopher-emper-

Continued on page 4, column 2.

C. C. REPRESENTED IN Unbound Anthology.

Connecticut College is now represented in the *Unbound Anthology* by a series of poems written by graduates, and by former and present members of the faculty of Connecticut College. These poems are on sale at the College Book Store, either singly or as a series.

The series includes the following poems: (1) "A College Prayer", by Dr. Frederick H. Sykes, the first president of this college. This poem was written with special reference to C. C. (2) "Cloud-Capped Towers", by Nann Clark Barr, instructor in English and Psychology at Connecticut College 1915-1917. Miss Barr is now Mrs. Arthur B. Mavity of Oakland, California. This poem was written here at college, and it, too, has a special significance for C. C. (3) "Faith", by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, a former instructor; (4) "A Pledge to Alma Mater", by President Benjamin T. Marshall; (5) "Autumn Song", by Miriam Pomeroy '19; (6) "Winter Night", by Loretta Roche '21; (7) "Annunciation", by Alison Hastings Porritt '19.

JUNIORS ADOPT MASCOT RULES.

The following rules will be in effect during the mascot hunt which will be held directly after exams. It is understood that a small ship bearing the signatures of the presidents of the Junior and Sophomore classes and wrapped so as to approximate the sign of the original will be hidden instead of the original mascot, as it is such a fragile piece of work.

1—The mascot cannot be taken before the presentation to the college or before 9.30 of the same night. The time of hiding shall be from 8.30-9.30 of the night of presentation and during this time there shall be no spying.

2—The mascot shall be hidden on campus and not in a private room. It shall not be locked up.

3—Hostilities shall cease at the end of ten days. If, at this time the mascot is in the possession of the Sophomores, it must be returned within a month. The match shall be one of wits not of force.

4—Seniors and Freshmen shall give no organized assistance to the other two classes.

5—There shall be no mascot activities before 6 A. M. out of doors.

Smith—The Senior class at Smith has recently voted to use the plan of taking out class insurance to raise their class gift to the college. Twenty members of the class will be insured for twenty-five years, the premiums being paid by collecting \$4.50 a year from each member of the class. By this plan at the end of twenty-five years the class of 1923 can make a gift of \$45,000 to the college.

Radcliffe — A Radcliffe graduate, Ruth Chorpenning '20, is now playing Lady Macduff and other parts in Walter Hampden's Shakespearean Repertory Company.

IMPORTANCE OF DYE-STUFFS REVEALED.

Prof. Bogert Relates Dyes to Individual and State.

Professor Marston T. Bogert, of Columbia University, seemed very much at home behind the rows and rows of tiny bottles which he used for demonstration on the stage of the Gymnasium at Convocation on January 23rd. Professor Bogert was full of this subject, which was "Synthetic Dyestuffs, and their Bearing on the Life of the Individual and of the State." He briefly traced the growth of the dye-industry, stating that before 1856 all dyes were natural products. After that time chemists experimented more and more with artificial dyes until now the synthetic dyestuffs have almost entirely replaced the natural dyes because of their great variety and richness of color, and their cheapness of production. Synthetic dyes are built up from coal tar as the crude, through the "intermediary" stage, to the final usable dyestuff itself. There are five crudes only, three hundred intermediaries and one thousand complete dyestuffs today.

Not the least important phase of the industry of artificial dyes, is their close connection with collateral industries, as munitions, drugs, and perfumes. By way of illustration, Professor Bogert traced the building up process from three substances—benzole, toluene and carbolic acid, each of which, by combination with other chemicals, may produce such products as indigo, tear and sneeze gases, perfumes, vulcanizing products and explosives, sulphur black, and asperin, and many others.

If the dye-industry, and the making of its by-products, which now involves the safety of the state and the health of the individual, were to be suddenly abandoned or curtailed, the result would be appalling. Thousands of trained men would be thrown out of employment, valuable research work would be necessarily stopped, and science would be infinitely retarded. In case of war, we would be face to face with famine and drug shortage—"War is 100 per cent. Chemistry." In closing Professor Bogert said, "The life of the nation may depend entirely on synthetic dyestuffs, so great is their bearing on the individual and the state."

EX-FACULTY MEMBER HONORED.

Dr. Helen Bishop Thompson, Professor of Dietetics at Connecticut College from 1915 to 1919, and at present Dean of the Department of Home Economics at the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, has recently been summoned to Washington and appointed on a commission to "investigate the facilities and opportunities for higher education in the State of Massachusetts." Dr. Thompson is already in Boston beginning the work which will occupy the commission for a month or more.

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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WHY BOTHER?

In Europe conditions are in a very critical state, if we may judge from the newspapers, and in them we are forced to place comparative trust. Here at college however, the news of impending war came suddenly, and as a shock to most of us. This was true because we had not read the papers.

Why we had not read them is an interesting and significant question. We deprecate the fact that many of our newspapers tend toward sensationalism, but we do not read even those which do not. The great journalistic task is to discover the methods of making the usual as dramatic as the unusual. War is the most dramatic thing in the world, and the news of war is therefore read with avidity. The newspapers wield an unthinkable influence at such a time, because "international affairs have to conform to this condition of news-reporting."

The problem is to find a means of making good will easily dramatic, or readable. That would be peace propaganda, and the only way in which we can assist in bringing such a condition about is to read the newspapers at all times, and to encourage those journals which devote themselves to telling of the real advances of mankind. Such journals are not popular. It is our duty to make them so.

Such a suggestion at this particular time may not be popular, but it is in the true sense a propos.

GIVE US OF YOUR SONG.

Make your college a singing college! We sing hymns, we sing popular songs, but we sing class and college songs only on "special" occasions. It is partly because most of our college songs are those which can appropriately be sung only on those special occasions. But why not have some songs for all occasions, for every day? Good college songs, written in our minds and hearts, will help to bind us all closer in love and loyalty for one another and C. C. They will make the true college spirit. O, ye Poets—for we have some among us—feel your responsibility and duty, and give us of your song.

Princeton—A "treasure" exhibition was recently held at Princeton of rare and interesting books and manuscripts owned by undergraduates.

FREE SPEECH.

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

THE LATEST RAGE.

To the Editor:—

The very latest rage, or, more appropriate to my theme, the latest outrage, among the collegiate is the silk scarf, the neckerchief, or the bandana—whatever one chooses to call it. This fantasy of silk and color is the child of the new year.

When I returned from my vacation, spent in our small, unfashionable town, my eyes were first smitten by a bandana, gloriously mottled in yellow and orange. Never dreaming there was more than one such in college, I wondered just what the idea was. I turned from the grape fruit and tangerine combination only to be jostled by a shoulder wearing a much less futuristic sketch of a watermelon whose luscious ripeness, entwined by leafy vines, rested on a black background. I then made my way to the dormitory and there broke in on an important clinic. The case under discussion was the method of joining three pieces of paisley to form a bandana. The pattern much resembled that in my grandmother's spare-room bedquilt.

Now, thrice mystified, I begged an explanation. The only satisfaction given me was, "O, it's all the rage. Aren't you going to have one? You'd better buy it by the yard—it's cheaper."

Right here, I protest. It might be all right to introduce such a style after mid-years, but now, when everyone is under a constant strain, is it kind, is it necessary, is it pardonable to surround us by these giddy distractions? One can look above gingham stockings and below jazzy ear-rings, but there is no evading a bandana. Yesterday in history class I sat behind a scarf whose rainbow shades ran round and round like the white filling in a chocolate caramel. I tried to concentrate on Louis XIV, but my eyes ached, my head reeled, and that dizzy kerchief filled my horizon.

My conclusion is reached. In a last act of desperation I shall get even with this enervating fashion. After carefully thumb-tacking my black middie tie to the molding, I shall mount a chair and carelessly daub ten or twelve contrasting colors over one whole side. (The other side must be preserved for gym.) When the result is sufficiently noisy, I shall knot the bandana jauntily over my left shoulder, put on amber-lensed glasses for self-protection, and go forth to join the collegiate horde. '26.

Dear Editor:—

As some of us mortals enjoy ill health, in like manners do others find a kind of morbid joy in anticipating exams.

Are you acquainted with the girl who tells everyone she meets how she dreads exams, that she knows she will flunk them all flat, and that she might as well pack and go home now? The same girl has not cracked a book since mid-semesters, she has millions of back experiments and outside-readings to do to say nothing of her American history essay due on Tuesday, which she has not even started.

Does this girl flunk? Well, hardly. She goes to the movies every night during exam week. She studies for perhaps an hour before an exam, and pulls—"A's" The hypocrite!! '25.

Dartmouth—Twenty students of journalism at Dartmouth recently received practical experience on a newspaper. They assisted the editors of the Manchester Union Leader in putting out the Sunday edition of the paper. Regular reporters' assignments were given the men in the class room.

BITS OF NEWS FROM MISS BARNICLE'S LETTERS.

The Rectory,
Tarrant Gunville,
Blandford, Dorset,
July 15, 1922.

Greetings from a wanderer whose tent for the nonce is pitched in Dorsetshire—a county of swirling downs, of square-towered churches, and of inarticulate, unfeathered two-legged things called men.

But I must tell you a little of my doings of the last two years. The University of Minnesota was about as complete a change as I could possibly have had after Connecticut College. It consisted chiefly of quantity with very little quality. Thirty instructors and assistant-professors were kept busy in teaching the Freshmen the elements of composition and of reading. The students come largely from Minneapolis and St. Paul, the Dakotas and from Iowa. The majority of them are Scandinavian—stodgy, heavy, and plodding. Their preparation is scandalous; in many cases they possess no language at all, for the ten or twelve hundred words of the English language which they know can scarcely be called a knowledge of English. At the end of the first month the instructor has the power to fail from the course all who are below standard. And here, thank Heaven, is the instructor's opportunity. Once upon a time I had a theory that admission to college should be free—let all come and then let the instructor weed drastically; but at Minnesota the practice of this theory was not satisfactory. It was wasteful all round—wasteful of the instructor's teaching energy and of his time spent in the correction of themes; wasteful of the time of bright students; and wasteful of the time of moronic students who might have been frying doughnuts or riveting bridges. Then, too, the standard of the whole class is lowered, for very few instructors are willing to fail one-half or three-quarters of their classes. The result was that I became very callous in the matter of failing poor students and now feel convinced that the salvation of these larger Western Universities depends upon the rectitude of judgment of Freshmen instructors and their courage in carrying out their judgments. After all, the great point is that teachers recognize good students and set bad students off on ways of life least harmful to society.

This little place, Tarrant Gunville, a parish of 270 souls, is Hardy to the life. It consists of two large houses—Eastbury and Westbury, the latter is also called the Manor House, the Rectory, the church, a small village school, and inn, the Bugle Horn, and cottages. Farquharson, the landowner—he owns all Tarrant Gunville and Tarrant Hinton—is given up entirely to the pleasures of the flesh, charges the cottagers who work his lands and live in his houses the highest possible rent and gives them the lowest possible pay, is interested in no reforms or bettering of his villages. The lady of the Manor, Mrs. Hughes-Gibb, is a dreamy, poetical lady who carries on a large, unnecessary menage in order to give employment to the people. The lot of the cottagers is little better than that of serfs—if they have enough initiative they can move on or emigrate. Most of them, however, are of low mentality and rather inarticulate. Their cottages are small and damp, for they are built without cellars; some are spotlessly clean, others frowsily dirty. On the surface, however, one could have no more charming a spot—a green village, girdled about by ancient downs, some turned into corn fields, others with the undisturbed turf of ten centuries still covering their rolling, sheep-studded sides; the thatched cottages nestling close to one

another, each in its garden, yellow and blue and scarlet with its masses of bloom, and the Rectory is a delight of delights. It is a large, wide-windowed stone mansion, set in a delectable garden, and covered inside with

Continued on page 3, column 3.

TWO-FACED JANUS.

A warm shower, a glorious rainbow, pink clouds at sunset,—thus ended New Year's day. As I walked home thru the mud I felt slipping away from me that unquestioning acceptance of Winter which had left me content with frozen ground, keen winds and open fires. My mind flirted with thoughts of Spring. I felt hot sunshine, listened to the rushing of turbulent brooks down the cobbled gutters, pictured the water dripping from overhanging grassy banks, like bright drops from a mermaid's hair. Orderly living became loathsome, my morale was shattered.

Then came the great snow-storm. Rebellious, I started back to college. Hour after hour dragged by on the road. We moved forward a few rods,—waited, waited,—moved again. The weary travellers stared unceasingly thru the frosted windows. I cursed all snow. I counted the days until Easter vacation. "O Lord, how long?"

The next morning a turquoise-blue sky, midnight-blue river, sunshine more brilliant than diamonds, fair beauty of heaven—pure snow. Winter is challengingly beautiful! I raced about through the soft enfolding drifts that flowed away from me like the ripples at the bow of a swift cutting ship.

Then rain,—freezing,—snow.—Day after day without sunshine;—sly, mean weather that pinches your most tender parts, insinuates itself into your most private recesses, pursues you evilly indoors and out.—Oh, I'm tired, tired, I loathe Winter!

A warm, sensuously soft day, alluring drifted clouds. Sparrows fluttering in the weeds above the snow make soft twitterings and my heart leaps with the memory of Spring's full calling choirs.

O, two-faced Janus, why must thy duplicity torment me so? '24.

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ALUMNAE COLUMN.

New York Alumnae at Christodora
Vespers.

True C. C. spirit was displayed by New York Alumnae on Sunday, January 14, when, in the face of a threatening blizzard, they met at Christodora House to act as hostesses at the Vesper services.

The presence of Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, who is greatly interested in the settlement house, carried the C. C. girls back to other stormy Sundays on a wind-swept hilltop, where neither rain nor snow could daunt the spirit of youth. Miss Branch, representing the bond between Connecticut College and Christodora House, explained to the audience the part which New York Alumnae hope to play in the work of the community. With the inspiring vision characteristic of her, she pictured the vast possibilities of service thus opening to New York Alumnae, and the fascination of watching the growth and maturity of the seed but now planted.

After an address by Miss Wells (a former Y. W. C. A. secretary), and hymns, accompanied by Rachel Smith ('21), tea was served to the guests. Here poet, alumna, and guest of high or humble station mingled in a charmingly democratic group, while Mrs. Hazel Woodhull Cline poured chocolate, and C. C. girls passed sandwiches and cakes.

The children's hour, an impressively simple service of songs, Psalms, and a Bible story (told by Juline Warner '19), concluded the program.

Participation in the Sunday services once a month is a part of the program of the New York Chapter in its co-operation with Christodora House.

Who's Who in New York.

Sister Alumnae will be interested in the following "among those present" of the New York group:

Mary Robinson '19, a resident teacher in the School for the Deaf, through whose kindness the New York Chapter has the privilege of meeting in that place.

Helen Collins '20, of the Investment Trust Division of the Guaranty Trust Company.

Mildred White '19, on a year's leave of absence from the C. C. library, to study in the Library School of Pratt Institute.

Gertrude Espenscheid '19 still in the Children's Museum, Brooklyn, where Jessie Menzies '20, is also working.

Dorothy Wulf, who is pursuing physical education at Central.

Anna Mae Brazos, secretary to the principal of a New Rochelle school.

Dorothy Gordon (ex-'22), now in her last year in Teachers' College, Columbia.

Henrietta Costigan '20, who is both studying and teaching dancing in New York.

Agnes Mae Bartlett Clark ('20), of Atlanta, Georgia, home for the holidays.

And several more, whose activities have already been mentioned, or still remain an unfathomable mystery.

Recent guests at New York meetings have been: Mrs. Hazel Woodhull Cline, and Miss Edna Blue, both of whom are living in the vicinity; Agnes Mae Bartlett Clark '20, of Atlanta, Georgia, and Mildred Howard '20, of National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C.

1920 Replies.

Margaret Davies '20, has replied to the appeal to her class with several most interesting items. She says, in part:

"My engagement has been announced to J. Bennett Cooper, of Dover, New Jersey. We are to be married in the

spring, and will make our home in Dover.

"Frankie Barlow Jopson and her husband are going to England in June.

"Miff (i. e. Mildred Howard) is assistant in the Physical Education Department at National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C.

"Al Horrax Schell is at present freezing to death up in Duluth, Minn. They are there only temporarily, I believe."

BITS OF NEWS FROM MISS BARNICLE'S LETTERS.

Concluded from page 2, column 1.

books of every possible sort and over them presides Mr. Rhys, the Parson, a man of the most nimble alertness, wide reading, and radical thought. In addition he is a classical scholar—he has just been intoxicating himself upon Plato's *Republic* and is now hard at Tacitus and Livy.

The Rhyses possess a Ford, and consequently we go picnicking frequently. Last Wednesday we went to the New Forest. It was a brilliant day—a periwinkle sky, and innumerable droves of fat, lamb-like clouds gambolled about the heavens; a sea of hills close at hand and again in the distance spacious tier upon tier of delicate, evanescent blue. I do not wonder that the early Anglo-Saxons sang always of the glory of God. Arrived at the New Forest we spread our rugs upon the heather which is beginning to purple the hills, and by turns basked in the sun, read, or gave ourselves up entirely to sniffing new and unknown fragrances.

We have also been to Bournemouth and are to go to Salisbury tomorrow, it's Market Day. If, however, I speak of Bournemouth and its solemn bands of merry-makers, I shall never finish this letter.

* * * * *

93 Brown Street,
Salisbury,

Nov. 19, 1922.

At Christmas-time Miss Rhys and myself are expecting to go to Paris and at Easter to Christiana. We choose these times because they are Miss Rhys's holidays. The latter is a Resident-Lecturer in French and English at the Salisbury Training College. The College is an old Tudor building, situated opposite the west front of Salisbury Cathedral. The place is very High Church as one might expect of a college lying beneath Salisbury spire and cheek by jowl with North and South Canonries, Deaneries, and Choir Boy Schools.

Do you know Salisbury at all? I am quite enchanted with its mediaeval peace, its embattlemented walls, and its ancient, quiet houses. Just now the lichened grey of the houses and walls against the soft, misty scarlets and yellows of the trees gives the appearance of an old tapestry. And wherever one looks, one sees groups of roof-lines of a Whistlerian purity of composition.

I hope that 1922-23 is a most prosperous year for Connecticut College.

CLUB MEETINGS.

Continued from page 1, column 1.

licity for the play and in conjunction with Dr. Kip to name the patrons and patronesses.

The properties committee of which Minnie Kreykenbohm is chairman consists of the following members: Dorothy Randle, Charlotte Lang, Charlotte Tracy and Sara Jane Porter. Anne Rogoff was chosen a committee of one to arrange for the music.

The Club voted to give ten dollars toward a spotlight which is very much needed for dramatic productions. The Spanish, French and Dramatic Clubs will also be asked to contribute. The rest of the meeting was devoted to games.

Continued on page 4, column 2.

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"WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

The six-faced dragon—Exams—reared up and struck the doughty youth a blow on his steel breast-plate. The youth swayed, dizziness filled him and he trembled; but the spirit of self-confidence returned and braced him anew. With thrice the amount of power he wielded his shining blade; the air was filled with sighs and groans and heavy noise while the beast and the youth wrestled—for it was a matter of life and death! The youth with a desperate clutch placed his fingers around his victim's wind pipe and steadily—mightily—vanquished him.—He looked down on the six-faced dragon—Exams—as it lay there in its gore. He was proud—but weary. Ahead of him stretched long days of greater struggle—and he needed rest! So for three days and three nights he slept and played prodigiously—preparing for the next combat with a four-headed griffin—Second Semester!

YOU HAVE TO STUDY.

When the sky is brightly blue,
And the air is bracing too,
And the sun comes shining thru—
You have to study!
When the sleigh-bells ring around,
And the hard snow packs the ground,
And the sleds and skis abound—
You have to study!

When your teacher's kindly say
"We shall have review to day,"
And you long to run away—
You have to study!

When the mail men come and go,
And your mail grows less, you know
Letters to your friends you owe—
You have to study!

As the tea dance dawns in view,
And you dream the long night thru
Of the joys to come to you—
You have to study!

And you long to spend each day
Dozing all the hours away,
To go skating or to play—
You have to study!

There's a reason for this tale,
It's the cause of many a wail,
Warning you to no avail
You have to study!

For exams are drawing nigh,
So you grit your teeth, and sigh,
Tho' you feel about to die:
You have to study!

BARBARA BROOKS.

NOTICE!

Amy Peck who had charge of sending out last year's *Koiné* asks that each one who received a copy during the summer send her twenty-five cents for mailing expenses, or pay that amount to Ruth Bacon at College. She also requests the girls who asked for *Koinés* to be sent them with the understanding that they would pay later to send her the four dollars and a quarter as soon as possible. Miss Peck announces that a few copies are still on sale at the bookstore for those who could not get them last spring.

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SOME MORE "IFS."

(Apologies to Kipling)

If I could take my ease when all about me
Were cramming, stuffing, jamming
for mid-years,
If I could know there was no need to doubt me
That all was right, and mine were foolish fears—
If I could dream, and not be waked from dreaming,
Or, sleeping, not to be in real need of sleep,
If on my brow enlightenment was beaming
And of my sowing I need merely reap,
If I could think, and not be tired by thinking,
And surely know that I'd sufficient knowledge
To pass my mid-years without even blinking,
Then I'd be anywhere except in college.

LORRAINE FERRIS '26.

Gleanings from Political Science.
A. H. "The Department of Justice—was created—in the beginning—"
Dr. L. "It isn't recorded in the Book of Genesis, is it?"
Another student: "The Department of Agriculture was started with a head in the cabinet."
Yet another student: "Each department under Civil Service was organized under a simple head."
(We wonder at their efficiency)

CLUB MEETINGS.

Concluded from page 2, column 2.

Mathematics.

The Mathematics Club met on Thursday, January 8. The meeting was taken up largely with a paper on "Magic Squares," read by Ellen Wilcox, and another by Mrs. Hopkins entitled "The Theory of Numbers," which was written for Departmental Honors.

ONE WILD NIGHT.

"Hello! I want to order a box for tomorrow night!"
"What size?"
"There'll be six of us in the party."
"But they only come in single sizes—We'll have to have it made special."
"Is this the Lyceum?"
"No, this is the undertaker."
—WILSON COLLEGE BILLBOARD.

MARIONETTE THEATER HAS CURIOUS HISTORY.

Continued from page 1, column 2.

or, Marcus Aurelius, found room for them in his "Thoughts."

Far Back in History.

Then the night of the Dark Ages passed over Europe: but in the morning, there were the marionettes again! Their part in the pagan religious festivals was exchanged for a position in the dramatization of Biblical stories and ecclesiastical legends which at once educated the people, in the days when only a church man or "clerk," meaning "cleric," could read, and satisfied the universal and perennial love of drama.

Continued in next issue.

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