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"TOM SAWYER"

Saturday afternoon, March 6, the Service League showed the moving picture "Tom Sawyer" at the Vocational High School. After watching the antics of Jack Pickford as Tom, we feel that he might well have been the original inspiration of Mark Twain for the famous boy character. In spite of the storm, more than two hundred children attended and showed their approval by shrieks of joy as Tom Sawyer came through his adventures, unscathed and smiling. The scene where Tom's friends white-washed his fence for him and gave him their most cherished possessions for the privilege of doing so, was unforgettable.

The exciting contest for a name for the children's movies came to an end last week. Mayor Morgan who, addressed the audience, announced that the judges had decided on "The Children's Pleasure House," the title given by Max Piltz, of Grade 6, Nameaug School.

COUNCIL NOTES

At the last Council Meeting, there was discussion as to whether the song, "Dear C. C." should be chosen as our College Song. The fact was brought up that Dr. Sykes never intended it as such. It was decided to have a vigorous competition for a College Song and for other all-college songs. Each class is to take over a community sing, and to present at that time songs composed by members of that class. At the fifth sing, the different classes will sing again those of their songs which were best liked, and will present any new ones, which may have been composed in the meantime. Helen Perry has offered a prize to the girl whose song is considered the best. The judges are to be Mr. Weld, the four college cheer leaders, Helen Perry and Alice Horrax.

The matter of cutting classes during the semester was taken up by the Council. It was decided that our Student Government President should speak at the Freshman and Sophomore class

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SENIORS CHAMPIONS

On March 6, the Senior and Sophomore first teams met in the Gymnasium to play the second game for the final championship. This was the most exciting game of the series with swift passes and many pretty field goals made by McGowan and Coops. The wall-play of the Seniors and criss-cross play of the Sophomores made the game especially interesting to watch and the teams showed that they had had strenuous practice with excellent coaching.

At the end of the first half the Seniors scored 21 points and the Sophomores 17. At the end of the game the score was 51-37 in favor of the Seniors, making them champions for this year in basketball.

The Seniors and Sophomores are now tied for the cup, each having 22 points.

The line-up of the teams:

Seniors	Sophomores
Center	Berger
Hester	Guards
Howard	Finesilver
Allen	W. Warner
Forwards	
McGowan	Coops
Doyle	McCarthy
Davies	

SECOND TEAMS

On March 6, the second teams of the Seniors and Freshmen played the decisive game for the second team championship. The game was a spirited one and Hemingway showed great skill in making baskets.

At the end of the first half the score stood 21-13 in favor of the Freshmen. The last half brought a score of 42 points for the Freshmen and 31 for the Seniors.

The line-up of the teams:

Seniors	Freshmen
Center	Bigelow
Ragsdale	Picket
Forwards	
Wholey	Hemingway
M. Warner	McCarthy
	E. Taylor
Guards	
C. Smith	Anastasia
Taber	Lowenstein
	K. Shaw

A TALK ON RAILROADS

In Convocation on Tuesday, March 2, Professor Charles Zueblin, publicist, and author of "American Municipal Progress," spoke upon "Railroads for Speculation or Use?" Professor Zueblin is an unusually interesting speaker with a forceful, enthusiastic, and convincing way of presenting his subject. He began with a few humorous remarks upon the "palatial" station of New London at which he arrived that morning, and remarked on our good fortune in having to pay only a five cent fare to reach the College from town. He then proceeded to "puncture several of our national superstitions." They are, according to Professor Zueblin:

I. That private business is better than public business.

II. That the railroads before the war were run well.

III. That the railroads during the war were run badly.

IV. That the railroads are better in the hands of private owners than in government hands.

In discussing private business vs. public business, he cited the city of Gary as an example of the failure of private business. Although the steel industry in Gary is splendidly organized, and the school system is unusually efficient, the idea of those who control such communities is not primarily to benefit the people who live in them but to benefit the Trusts which look upon them as investments. He gave the Post Office System of the United States as an example of more or less inefficient public business but he emphasized the fact that if it were possible for such a system to be in the hands of private business, that it would be run still more inefficiently. In other words both public and private business in the United States are inefficient but the former is by far the better of the two.

To prove the general lack of system in the operation of our railroads before the war Prof. Zueblin described the inconveniences, in a very humorous way, of travelling from the East to the West of the United States. Incidentally he remarked that our trunk lines run only east and

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JUNIOR CLASS EARNS MONEY

Everyone realizes the pleasures of a Junior Prom, but everyone does not always realize the heavy expenses. To meet this demand on their class treasury the Juniors are giving a series of Teas, the first of which was held in Blackstone living room on Wednesday, the third of March. Dr. Black and Miss Blue acted as hostesses and Martha Houston, Ruth Wilson, Laura Batchelder, Catherine Cone, Dorothy Gregson, Raechel Smith and Marion Keene served. The Tea was well supported and was a great success both socially and financially. Over thirteen dollars was cleared. The next one will take place the seventeenth of this month. Those who did not attend the last Tea certainly missed a good time and should make an extra effort to attend the coming one.

MRS. GREENBIE'S SKETCHES

Members of Connecticut College will be interested in a series of travel sketches entitled "The World Is Here," by Marjorie B. Greenbie, who is better known here under the name of Marjorie Latta Barstow. These articles are now appearing in the Green Book Magazine. "Adventure like the vote," says Mrs. Greenbie, "is no longer a masculine prerogative." She proceeds to demonstrate it by an account of her unique experiences in queer corners of the world during war time.

Mrs. Greenbie is the wife of Sydney Greenbie, himself a wanderer, the stories of whose adventures have been appearing in Harper's Monthly, Dial, Asia, North American Review, and whose book, "Japan: Real and Imaginary" will be published in the spring. The book is dedicated to Marjorie Latta Barstow.

Mrs. Greenbie was an instructor in English at Connecticut College during the year 1916-17.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

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What has happened to all our music lovers? Time was when the Music Department concerts were among the most staunchly supported events of the year. Surely affairs have come to a sad pass when we have to be urged to attend a concert by well-known artists. More than that, the situation has actually come to the point where the series will be discontinued if more interest is not shown. This step is absolutely necessary, for without the response from the students it is impossible to meet the expenses incurred. The matter is really serious, as will be obvious after a moment's reflection.

There are few of us who will miss the opportunity of hearing good music, which is certainly rare enough to be worth while. Moreover, there are not many who would wish to subscribe to the disgrace of having one of our earliest customs abandoned through lack of support by the students themselves. Let us then try to make reparation for our omissions of the past by showing

a full attendance at the concert to be held down-town Thursday night.

The French play has dug up again one of our ancient bones of contention: the matter of "Dressing up." It is ancient but it is not worn out yet. It is certainly true that we do not, here on campus, dress up much. Indeed, says someone, why should we? It's an awful bother. True, it is "an awful bother." It is so much easier to rush over in our middies, and what difference does it make?

But after all doesn't it make rather a good deal of difference? Not tangibly, but it is the intangible things which are most worth while. We live in a breathless, hurrying age which takes no account of the niceties of life. And is there not perhaps lacking among us a certain richness of atmosphere, a leisurely repose which is an indication of poise and balance? These things we need, and these things we can help inculcate by the simple matter of "dressing up." —A. G.

AND THERE WAS LIGHT

Once upon a time there was an article written up in the News entitled "Let There Be Light" and now we are glad to be able to finish the title and say "And there was light." The sight of neat, green-shaded lamps in the Library is a joyful one. It may be imagination, but it does seem that the soft glow of the light makes for an atmosphere of quiet and restful study.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

On a bleak November day, heavy, leaden clouds portentous with the fury of a coming storm hung low over the slate-colored sea. Great waves broke with a dull, ominous roar at the foot of the cliffs rising sheer and stark above the vast expanse of dark water stretching away until it mingled with the grayness of the sky. At the top of the cliffs sheltered by massive rocks was a tiny, weatherbeaten house, as desolate as the boulders to which it clung. A stony path, slippery with rain-soaked leaves, zig-zagged in and out among the rocks until it finally dropped at a sharp angle to the edge of the sea where a few old boats lay at anchor.

Presently two women, one gaunt and gray-clad, the other with a red shawl hanging loosely from her heavy shoulders, came down the path, paused while the thinner of the two unlatched the door of the house, and then both disappeared within. With a gesture

of fatigue the gray-clad woman wrung the salt water from the bottom of her dress. The row across the bay had been a hard one for even an experienced oars-woman.

"'Tis a sad woman that Oi am with nivver a soul in me house but a lad that is bloind and lame, God bless him," said Mary Moriarty as she stretched her coarse, red hands to the blaze in the fireplace.

Jane Dawliss did not answer. What could a garrulous Irish scrub-woman, who had never lost any sons in the war, know of sadness?

"'Tis Thanksgivin' to-morra and all the foine folks in the land will be havin' their feasts with their kin, but there is nothin' for the widow and son of Tom Moriarty but a piece of bread and some potatoes in the pot," continued Mary mournfully. "One heart would not be grievin' so if Mickey was loike the ither lads. But 'tis always cryin' he is with the pain in his legs and the blackness of night in his poor eyes." Mary wiped her cheek on the corner of her shawl.

"And that is not the worst," she went on. "But sometimes when Oi am wurrkin' in the garden, he goes down on the rocks. 'Twas fuml'n' around in a boat that he was one day when a fisherman found him." Mary broke forth in louder lamentations, as she rocked back and forth, her shawl falling to the floor.

Jane Dawliss silently lit the oil lamp. Would this woman never be gone that she might be alone with her own grief? Why must she, the last of a splendid line of aristocrats, always be listening to the complaints of an ignorant foreigner? Wasn't there a place in the world where one could find solitude and peace?

"'Tis late and Oi'll be afther goin'," said Mary, gathering her shawl about her. "You're a quiet woman, Jane Dawliss, now that them foine sons of yours be gone foriver. But didn't the major himself tell ye that they were heroes and that his honor had seen them havin' a dacunt burial? Ah, 'tis a lucky woman I'll say ye are."

"Here's an orange and some cake for Michael," said Jane brusquely, but not without tenderness, as she unfastened the door.

"'Twill make him happy, God bless ye," and Mary was gone.

The wind howled and shrieked about the little house. White-capped waves, vaguely discernable in the fast deepening twilight, splashed in rapid succes-

sion against the foot of the bluff. Great drops of rain struck the windows. The lamp flickered fitfully in the breeze that came in through the cracks of the house. The flames of fire made strange, grotesque shapes against the sooty blackness of the fireplace.

"Thanksgiving to-morrow," Jane spoke aloud as is the habit of one who lives by herself.

"Thanksgiving," she said bitterly, as she sat staring at the ever-changing flames, replenishing them often as the storm and cold increased without. Finally, shaking her head despairingly as though she had looked to them for spiritual as well as physical warmth and reassurance and had found them wanting, the silent woman rose, started toward an outer room, and then paused to listen. Above the roar of the storm and the sea, footsteps could be heard coming down the rocky path—footsteps as of a stout person running. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Mary Moriarty, spent and breathless, fell heavily against Jane's shoulders.

"'Tis a terrible thing that's happened. He's gone." Weeping, the woman sank in an exhausted heap on the floor.

"I'm afraid 'tis the sea and he'll be afther drownin' in this wicked night," Mary moaned. But no one heard her, for Jane had gone out into the darkness.

The rain as it beat against her face was like the prick of a million needles, the wet rocks bruised her as she half-slid along the treacherous leaves, slimy, snaky ropes of seaweed wound about her ankles as she clung to the edges of the cliff to keep from being blown into the sea. Far behind, she could hear the thud of Mary's feet stumbling after her. As Jane reached the edge of the rocks, her eyes sought the boats thrashing in the foamy water chilling her with its angry menace of death. In the one nearest the shore a small figure sat very still while the tiny craft tossed from the crest of one great breaker to the next, now slipping into the gray valleys of the depths, now re-appearing on the surging waves. With cold-numbed arms and bleeding hands, Jane tugged at the iron chain which fastened the little boat to the rocks. A mighty heave which sent the woman staggering, brought the little figure within reach of safety. Bracing herself, she reached out and drew him to her with one hand, while she secured the rowboat with the other.

"Oh, Mickey boy," she sobbed, gathering the little fellow in her arms. Cuddling against her, he said something which she could

not hear. The re-ascent with the added burden of the child's weight was a difficult one, but Jane had no thought for the rocks that bruised her and the sea-weed that caught about her ankles. Half-way up she met the mother groping slowly along in the night.

"Is it safe he is, or dead?" was Mary's hoarse question as she caught at the curly-haired bundle in the other woman's arms.

"Safe, Mary," was the low, tense answer.

The rest of the ascent was not hard. There was a lull in the storm as the women reached the cottage, and went in by the fire.

"'Twas a beautiful time I had a-riding on the water. The boat was near the rock where I went down, mither," piped Mickey, as Jane rubbed his cold hands and feet.

"Ah, me lad, me lad." Mary's arms went about her boy.

"And thin it was far at sea that I was for a long time when I couldn't touch the hand to the rock. And thin when Oi was getting cold, the Jane lady brought me home," he finished happily.

"That is right, Mickey boy, and tomorrow you and your mother and the Jane lady will have a Thanksgiving dinner together," murmured Jane Dawliss huskily, as she stooped to caress Michael Moriarty's curly head.

M. V.-'20

CURRENT EVENTS

Suffrage News

Suffrage was defeated in West Virginia. Although the lower House gave its approval, the Senate rejected the resolution twice. Oklahoma has adopted the amendment—Washington is to take a vote on the amendment on March 22, "when adoption is certain."

"This would make a total of thirty-four states that have ratified, leaving two to be obtained from the following seven: Vermont, Connecticut, Delaware, North Carolina, Florida, Louisiana and Tennessee."

It is almost certain that Florida and Louisiana will not ratify the amendment. North Carolina it is thought will vote for suffrage when the legislature meets next June. The Governor of Tennessee has declared that he will not call a special session for the consideration of the matter. As to the ratification in the eastern states of Connecticut, Delaware and Vermont, "chances of even a test of ratification sentiment in the legislature seems to rest on the ability of the suffragists to induce the Governors to call a special session for the purpose."

The Treaty in the Senate

Although the treaty debate still goes on, a final determined effort is being made to "rescue it from the deadlock toward which all leaders agree it again is headed." Some of the Senators who are desirous of compromise think that there is still a possibility of a modification acceptable to all.

The Shantung reservation, modified to eliminate references to China and Japan by name passed the Senate, with practically an unanimous vote.

The League representation reservation modified by Senator Walsh, Democrat, of Montana, providing that American representation in the League of Nations be chosen by congressional action, raised bitter antagonism and in passing the Senate broke down for the first time the solid Republican line-up behind the Republican reservation program.

Both of these reservations were

changed to conform to bi-partisan compromise the one on representation passing over the vigorous protest of Mr. Lodge.

"The discussion rambled over the whole battle ground of the issues that have been debated almost continuously for more than a year." It is interesting to note that when the Adriatic question was brought up, Senator Borah, Republican, declared President Wilson was right in asserting that "the United States could not join in European settlements unless they were to be based on a new rule of justice in international contracts."

The League of Nations Council

The next meeting of the League of Nations Council will be held in Paris on March 12. The commission which is to investigate conditions in Russia will be organized.

The official organ of the League of Nations has just been issued. It contains the account of the first Council meeting, the covenant of the League, a list of the nations which have already ratified the Treaty of Versailles and, also the events in the first meeting of the International Labor Council. This publication, printed in London, is in both French and English.

Turkey's Treaty

The Council of the League of Nations will finish the drafting of the Turkish Treaty at their next meeting in Paris. The Allied Supreme Council decided that the Peace Treaty should provide for the breaking up of Turkey's war ships, thus disposing of the Turkish navy. The Council has also declared that the Army will be reduced to such a point that it can never be effective against another country.

Turkey has been stripped of virtually all territory in Europe, but retains the sacred places and Adrianople by the treaty now being completed by the conference of foreign ministers and ambassadors. Thrace has been given to Greece, and Smyrna put under Greek control.

On Sunday, March seventh, President Marshall spoke at the vesper service of Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire. The subject of his address was "the Promises and Guarantees of Youth."

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DRAMATIC CLUB PLAYS
On the evening of Saturday, March the thirteenth, the Dramatic Club will give the final performance of the year consisting of three one-act comedies. Contrary to the usual "press-agent" style the club does not urge everyone to attend, nor does it brandish a club and threaten dire consequences to those who do not. But after it is over, and you have heard ejaculations of delight over the unusually clever dialogues of "Lima Beans" and "A Good Woman" and when you have listened to tales of the fine work of Caroline Francke and Marion Hendrie in "Suppressed Desires" you will regret the day, or the night that prevented you from seeing the productions and having a good laugh. Rehearsals under the able direction of Mrs. Wells are being pushed forward and it is rumored that in one of the comedies we are to behold something new and novel in costumes and scenery. Let us set this evening and the necessary change apart and make the performance a big success.

COUNCIL NOTES
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and that the President of the other two classes speak to their classes about it.
The Council decided that no excuses for leaving early or returning late at Easter should be accepted after Tuesday, March ninth.

A TALK ON RAILROADS
(Continued from Page 1, col. 2)
meetings regarding this matter, west, and that strategically we are at a serious disadvantage since there are no trunk lines running north and south. The chief difficulty in our system he says is the unscientific disposition of trains at railroad terminations.
Professor Zueblin was particularly vehement on the question of government operation of the railroads during the war. Although the government was slow in its work, and travellers were seriously inconvenienced, it was through the government mobilization of

our railroads that we played such an important part in winning the war.
That a political platform of 1924 will be government ownership of railroads was the prophecy of Professor Zueblin. Private management of railroads will be so inefficient, he predicts, that such a platform will arise of necessity.
Finally, he said that women are greatly influencing politics today, and that consequently all women, particularly those with college training, should know how they stand on public questions and how to vote on them intelligently.
Although a number in the audience did not agree with some of Professor Zueblin's beliefs, all appreciated the large amount of information concerning railroads in the United States which he gave, and the working basis he presented for further consideration to this vital problem.

MOON MADNESS
Comes the wistful moon like a lonely child
With tangled clouds about her face.
It must be hard indeed for her
To watch the winds at play in the trees,
Or blowing the saucy sails at sea!
I wonder if she'll always be
As prim and sedate as she seems to be.

The crescent-moon is a dagger cold.
Beware, little boy, of the pirate bold,
Who rides with it tight in his teeth!
The ends are curved by the rush of air,
And the fire of his breath as he steals from his lair.
He's out to plunder the star-kings of gold.
Beware, little boy, of the pirate bold
Who rides with the moon in his teeth!

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