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## Connecticut College News Vol. 2 No. 1

Connecticut College

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# Connecticut College News

Vol. 2 No. 1.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, OCTOBER 13, 1916.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## Coming Events

October 13th.

A meeting of the French Club will be held in Room 309 New London Hall at eight o'clock. The presence of former members is urgently requested as work for the ensuing year is to be discussed.

October 13th.

The Dramatic Club will hold try-outs for membership in Room 206 New London Hall at four o'clock.

October 16th.

The regular meeting of the Glee Club will be held from five to six o'clock in Room 113 New London Hall.

October 17th.

The regular meeting of the Mandolin Club will take place at five o'clock in Room 11 unless the studios in Blackstone are completed.

The Literary and Debating Society plans to organize two teams for the purpose of the informal debates given at each meeting. A public debate will be held during the winter. The date for the first meeting will be posted later.

The German Club is to resume its regular meetings at an early date. An interesting program is planned. Speakers from other colleges will address the members at various intervals during the course of the winter and the club will present a play in the spring.

Watch the "News" for club notices.

## Plans for the Gymnasium.

It seems at last that our gymnasium is really about to be. At a meeting of the college trustees, Friday, Oct. 6, the executive board was empowered to act in this matter. Plans will be immediately drawn and work on the building begun as soon as possible.

## The Picnic we gave the Freshmen

It was Saturday, the 30th of September 1916, that the first sophomore class of Connecticut College exercised for the first time the power of their age and wisdom. In other words, that was the day we gave a picnic for the freshmen, and they furnished the entertainment.

It was a crisp, blowy day, just the kind of day for fun. About fifty sophomores and as many freshmen started, in high spirits, for Bolleswood, the lunch and entertainment committee leading the way in state.

Perhaps mischief was in the air, for the freshmen kept close together. Once in a while a sly, wondering glance strayed to a crowd of sophomores who seemed to have plenty to amuse them. Truly, if our thoughts were reflected on our faces they must have looked very happy.

The picnic grounds reached, the freshmen clambered to the best seats on the ledge overlooking what turned out to be their stage of action. They did not enjoy their seats long, however, for the very idea of freshmen sitting down in the presence of sophomores! So they were obliged to stand in respectful silence while we sweetly sang for them the following song to the tune of "There's a Quaker Girl."

There are Freshmen now at dear C. C.  
The greenest Freshmen there could be;  
We gave an inch, they took a mile,  
And they surely make us smile.  
They came to town with haughty airs;  
They sought to make ours, their affairs.  
But very soon they'll know that we are  
not so slow,  
For the Freshmen must be taken down.

Then, that not being sufficient, we gave them another little gem to the tune of "Orange and Black."

After this a slight murmur from the ledge was heard by some. It was said to be a cheer for 1920. Doubtless that was what it was.

We then allowed the freshmen to sit

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## Mrs. Hamilton's Nephew

"Now I hope I can get my Vergil done this afternoon, in time to go to Mrs. Charles Edmund's, for tea, and meet her nephew from Harvard."

Marion Roberts folded up her apron and walked out of the kitchen. Housework these past few weeks had been a cheerfully borne burden for Marion. Since her father's business failure, she had sacrificed her pride and had gone to live with Mrs. C. Edward Hamilton, that by a little light housework she might relieve the drain on the thin paternal pocket-book.

"Her nephew's in Mauries' class," she continued to herself. "Wouldn't it be jolly if he knew Brother?"

She sat down in the cosy arm-chair in the dining-room and took up her books eagerly, that she might not waste a moment. Just then the telephone rang.

"Hello—yes, 1356—Mrs. C. E. Hamilton? No, she won't be in until six,—Can I take a message for her?—Her nephew?—No, I didn't understand she was expecting anyone. I'm sorry she isn't home. Yes, she ought to be here by six—Certainly you may wait at the house—Oh, to get here? Take the car at the West Park Green, and get off at Elm. The house stands on the corner of Elm and Morton avenues, opposite the Park—You're quite welcome—Good bye."

"Well," thought Marion, "that's queer. Mrs. Hamilton has never said anything about a nephew, let alone expecting one to stay over this week-end. She surely wouldn't forget he was coming. He said he wrote her he would be here some time today, but would telephone when he arrived. That's strange—and he doesn't even know where she lives. I don't know what to think about it. Well, I can be decently civil to him if he is her nephew, and if he is an imposter he'll know he has something to deal with. I suppose I must get him a light lunch, whoever he may be. It's four now, and he'll have a long wait until his 'aunt' comes back—funny that she should forget a visit, like this. Well, and that means no Vergil this after-

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## Convocation Reports

The first convocation of this year was held on Tuesday, Oct. 3. Dr. Sykes explained the meaning of Connecticut College Convocation to the new students and called for reports from the various organizations.

Professor David D. Leib addressed the college on the subject: "The Place of Mathematics and Physics in the College Curriculum." Professor Leib is a very entertaining as well as instructive speaker and his historical sketches of the mathematical sciences proved of exceptional interest to all his audience. Dr. Leib made so clear the necessity of mathematics in a complete college course that the department should be a popular one in this institution.

At the convocation period on Tuesday, Oct. 10, Miss Polly Sabine, the field secretary of the "Franco-Serbian Field Hospital of America," gave an illustrated lecture on Serbia. Miss Sabine went to this afflicted country when it first began its part in the War and worked both among the orphan children and wounded soldiers. The pictures, taken by Miss Sabine, herself, were exceedingly interesting and brought vividly before her audience the fearful hardships the Serbians have undergone.

Miss Sabine is to return to Serbia soon with supplies for the people and equipment for hospital service at the front. She earnestly urged the girls of Connecticut College to do what they can to aid this brave little country, which has suffered, perhaps more than any other in the present war.

## A New Loan Fund Established

Once again we must express our gratitude to the alumnae of Wesleyan. They have established a loan fund of a thousand dollars for Connecticut College. Miss Wright and Mrs. S. H. Williams of the trustees of Connecticut College, and Mrs. Herbert Belden of the Wesleyan alumnae form the board of control.



## COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Fortnightly

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## Editorial

Another year is here! The second year of the history of Connecticut College has begun, and, as part of that history, the "Connecticut College News" makes its second bow to the public. We have a larger and wiser student body (do not mistake me, freshmen, the "wiser" refers to the sophomores) and we feel sure that it is going to give its best efforts to the College paper.

For the sake of those who do not know, and to remind those whose memory may be somewhat faulty, a few words about the "News" may not be amiss. It is a paper published by the student body of Connecticut College. Notice, I did not say, by the staff, nor yet, by the brilliant sophomores, but the student body. Now freshmen and sophomores all, that means you, collectively and individually. We advertise this paper as one published by the student body and theirs it must be. You all have the "News" to support, both by your contributions and your subscriptions. It is yours to make what you will, yours to be proud of, yours to enjoy.

Just look through the As You Like It column, and then sit down and write a letter to the "News," with a suggestion from you as to how you'd like something.

I am sure the joke department need not suffer for lack of material here in college. When your classmate covers herself with glory in the way of making a joke of herself, send an account of it to the "News" and let us all enjoy a laugh. We must always laugh at some one's expense and we're all willing to be the subject of a smile once in a while. (The rhyme was accidental. Please excuse it.)

The "News" stands ready to receive with open arms, the short story writer and the poet. Do not be backward about coming forward with your literary contributions. Let your first step toward fame be the publication of your

work in your college paper. Now does not that sound romantic and inviting? Well, accept the invitation and the romance shall be yours. Do not forget that if your first attempt is not successful your second may be. You know we are all young and inexperienced, and the wisest of us are only sophomores.

I think I have mentioned enough of the departments of the paper to remind all that what we want our paper to do is to reflect the life of Connecticut College in all its many phases, and to be a true representative of the fine spirit and thought of its student body.

In the name of the Connecticut College News, then, we welcome all, Faculty, Sophomores and Freshmen, to the second year of college life here, and congratulate all on the great things to be achieved and the ability and ambition which say they shall be achieved. So, girls, with a cheer for our College, and another for our College News, let us start another year filled with a mighty purpose to succeed. And now, to work with a will!

## As You'd Like It

"Of what good is the Student Government Association, anyway?" was a question I heard asked the other day. It appalled me to think that any girl who had watched its progress since its organization, could ask this; one who had known that several girls had spent hours upon the preparation of its constitution; and who had known that the Faculty had carefully studied this same constitution, commending much and correcting little. Lest others may have the same question in mind let us see just why we have such an organization.

We read in our Hand Book: "Seeking to cultivate a feeling of responsibility and self respect among the students, and to increase the spirit of loyalty to the college, we, the students of Connecticut College, hereby organize an association for entire self-government."

Surely this, thoughtfully read, tells us clearly and concisely just the "what and why" of our organization. Read it over! Think it over! No further answer need be given.

We hope that as the College grows, as more classes enter, as new members are added to the Student Council and new faces are seen among the officers, this question will be answered by each individual before it is ever asked aloud.

Let each girl have this "feeling of responsibility and self respect" and thus let us all increase our "spirit of loyalty to the College." We all love the College,—why not love the organization which is the promoting factor of the student body? May we realize more and more the value of this Student Government Association and may we hope that its constitution of the students, by the students, and for the students shall not perish from Connecticut College.

—Marenda E. Prentis '19

Several girls have wondered if the college students have any right to make suggestions as to the Bulletin board in New London Hall. We have found it hard to distinguish new notices from old and have occasionally seen that old notices of no value have been kept on for some time.

We realize that Miss Sutton is very busy and can not attend to everything and would venture to suggest that a girl be appointed to watch the board, remove notices when out of date, and arrange all notices for the convenience of the students. Would it not be well to have all Club notices of any kind grouped and the "Lost and Found" separated from the others? This is offered merely as a suggestion from a humble Freshman.

—K. H. '20

## Faculty Notes

The inauguration of the new president of Dartmouth College, Edward M. Hopkins, took place on October 6. Dr. Osburn was sent as representative of Connecticut College, and carried greetings from President Sykes and the College.

Our College has accepted an invitation to take part in the Yale Pageant which is to be given October 21. The representatives of the College, about ten in number, will appear in the first interlude as introducing the arts and sciences to the world. Dr. Barstow, Miss Woodhull, and Miss Reichelderfer will chaperone the party.

## Pincic we gave the Freshmen

(Continued from page 1)

down again while we went to the hamper and were served. The freshmen eyed us hungrily but they wisely thought it best not to come to lunch until they were called. We considered this realization of their position very commendable. After the sophomores were served the children were called down. Of course the ledge was meant for none except the sophomores and we merely accepted what was ours when we took the seats vacated by the freshmen. The lunch was very good and we were considerate enough to bring plenty of milk for the freshmen. This they partook of most heartily.

Time was allowed for our repast and then into the center of the stage below us stepped our mistress of ceremonies, Mildred Provost. The freshmen were marshalled into a semi-circle facing our seats. Our leader made a few remarks upon the advisability of freshmen doing as they were told and made it emphatic that she who hesitated was lost and a dunce cap and lasting disgrace would follow disobedience.

Their acts were performed with vary-

ing degrees of grace and—well you can imagine what else if you have seen the freshmen. After the performance the sophomores were in the possession of some valuable information as to the abilities of various freshmen.

We discovered some admirable soloists for convocation and similar occasions. We might recommend, especially, Maud Carpenter, as the possessor of a voice of rare quality and power. Her rendition of "America," with much fervor and patriotism showed rare talent. She was presented with an oak twig in recognition of her success.

Leah Pick proved a very forceful speaker, and her discourse upon clothes was most interesting. The description of her private wardrobe proved especially instructive to Easterners.

We were surprised to find such natural ability for interpretive dancing as we found in the freshman class. We would recommend to Miss Woodhull, Jean Harris, as a prospective student of aesthetic dancing. Her talent in that direction seemed marked, though uncultivated.

One was discovered, in that marvelous freshman class, who might well be a model lady's maid. Helen Hanke-meyer seemed to have extensive knowledge in the art of correct dressing.

The great beauty of the locks of several freshmen was discovered at the picnic, when, at the command of the sophomores, eight girls took down their hair. It was then found that each had enough to make ten, long, shining pig-tails. Indeed, these freshmen were so charmed at their own appearance that they returned to college with their hair in this fashion. It required severe threats from the sophomores to make them put their hair in proper order before going to dinner. Ah! Vanity, thy name is Freshman! Watch for these girls in an exhibit in Nichols' & Harris' Drug Store. The Seven Sutherland Sisters have them in mind.

It was too bad that many of the freshmen seemed very much frightened and awed in our presence, in spite of our benign and protective attitude. It required many gentle words and encouraging pats on the head before some dared to say much about their first impressions of the college or the model sophomore class thereof. But after much kindness on our part they so far overcame their fear as to be able to talk without biting their tongues. (Their teeth chattered so, you understand). While their words were pitifully childish and trembly, we graciously excused them, and allowed them to sit down before their knee bones were cracked by their violent knocking together. If any of the psychology students wish to describe the appearance of a person in abject terror, we recommend these freshmen as perfect examples.

At the end of the freshman activities they all knelt before the sophomores assembled. In tones full of reverence, and while while going through the ges-

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## Picnic we gave the Freshmen

(Concluded from page 2)

tures of the Mohammedan in prayer, they repeated three times, "We respect you, sophomores. We respect you."

Then, at the bidding of our leader, they arose, and from that time forth were treated as true members of Connecticut College. "Dear C. C." was sung with enthusiasm by all, and every one agreed that the freshman class was a bunch of very good sports, quite worthy to be our under-classmen.

## Mrs. Hamilton's Nephew

(Continued from page 1)

noon, either, and no tea this evening—dear, dear!"

She prepared a dainty lunch, and as she did so, her imagination led her on—he was a detective, come to quiz her while she was there alone, to find out whether her father had been defrauding the company. Or he might be a spy, or a thief, who had taken advantage of the absence of the mistress of the house, to get possession of certain valuable material Dr. Hamilton had been collecting for several years, in proof of a scientific investigation—Yes, that must be it, but she would have to be civil to him, in case he were a nephew.

There was a hum of electric wheels, a bell signal, and the trolley car stopped. A young man sprang from the car and with athletic stride made his way up the walk. Marion, at safe distance from the window, watched him closely. He looked like a college man, and didn't appear very villainous. But one never can tell, she reflected. She had read of the gentle-faced villain, and his clever frauds. She would be very careful, and not let him get out of her sight one moment.

There was a jingle of the door-bell. Marion jumped, waited a moment or two and slowly walked to the door.

"Good-afternoon," said a pleasant, boyish voice, that almost made Marion's heart relent. She looked up into two honest brown eyes, and a round, smooth face overspread by a broad smile. "Mrs. Hamilton's nephew," he hastened to explain; for Marion had been so overcome by the apparent honesty of the guest, that she had not replied.

"O—yes," she stammered, guiltily, and then bracing up to her pre-decided attitude, she bowed a little stiffly, and stepping aside asked rather coldly, "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, yes," replied the pleasant voice again, with another broad smile,—of amusement, this time.

He was acting his part well. Marion thought—if she hadn't been wise enough to forsee his evil intentions, she would have been trapped at once. And yet, he might be a thoroughly honest nephew.

The caller had hung up his hat, and stood, quite at home, with hands in his

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## Joke Column

Joke Editor—"Oh Dr. Osborne, can you tell me where to find some good jokes?"

Dr. O.—"Well, there's a pile of freshman Biology papers!"

## IT HAPPENED ON REGISTRATION DAY.

A youthful appearing Sophomore was meeting trains on registrtion day and upon seeing a tall freshman alighting from the coach, approached her saying, "Connecticut College?" The freshman looked down from her superior height and answered, "No, little girl, this is the Union station!"

## PREPAREDNESS?

We believe in preparedness, but why have fire drills for freshmen? Green material won't burn.

Which makes us think to ask: Why is the freshman class like Dr. Barr's wardrobe?

(Editor's Note—Answer in next issue)

Lillian—"Last night Mr. Casket Mountain proposed—"

Helen—"My dear!" Tell me all about it!"

Lillian—"that we go to Pete's after the movies."

## NOT FOR CENTIPEDES.

Last summer while shopping in town I met a friend similarly occupied. This friend has a brother who comes home from college each summer and likes to imagine that he works on the farm during that time. On this particular day, he had asked his sister to purchase for him a pair of overalls, and she being reluctant about entering a men's furnishing shop asked me to go in with her.

When we were inside, she took a slip from her bag and after looking it over said to the clerk, "I want a pair of overalls with thirty-four legs."

The clerk looked at her for an instant and then replied, "My dear young lady, we sell overalls for bipeds only."

## EXTRACT FROM A 1915-16 HYGIENE PAPER.

"No one should ever go near a sick person on an empty stomach."

## CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN A NEW LONDON DEPT. STORE.

Clerk—(to customer buying talcum powder)—"Will you have it scented or not?"

Customer—"I'll take it with me."

(Editor's Note—We beg to announce that while some of the jokes in this column are not original, the above is at least true).

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## Mrs. Hamilton's Nephew

(Concluded from page 3)

pockets, gazing curiously at a mounted deer head hung on the wall.

"Jove, Uncle's got a good-looking house here. But I'm stumped if I know where he got that head. He hates the things, and so does Aunt, and neither of them have been out West. Humph! and there's a leopard's skin over the sofa—Well, they've changed their likes and dislikes since I knew them last. Got some new furniture, too, along with their house. Some change!" He had been musing to himself as he looked about. Marion had been closely watching him. This observing stranger was too much at home to please her. His plot wasn't working out very well, for she knew that Dr. Hamilton and his wife were very fond of trophies of the hunt, and both, moreover, had spent years in the West while Dr. Hamilton was making his investigations. It was not a very clever ruse, to pretend so much knowledge of this "Uncle" and "Aunt" of his. But let him dare to take anything in the house, or even so much as look into Dr. Hamilton's study. She had taken precaution to lock the study door, and the key was even now beating against her chest, as it was urged up and down in her pocket by the palpitations of her heart. She was perplexed as to how to get rid of the stranger. Plainly, he was not a nephew, and even civility was hardly necessary for an impostor.

He had reached the dining-room door now, and saw the dainty lunch spread out upon the table.

"O, have I interrupted your tea?" he asked apologetically, "don't bother about me. I'll go to Uncle's library and wait until they come home."

"No, this is not my tea—it is a light lunch I prepared for Mrs. Hamilton's 'nephew.'" She could not help the bit of irony in the last word. Apparently he could not grasp the meaning. But he passed it by. This coldness was more amusing than irritating to his genial nature.

"O, how kind—it looks mighty good." His eyes gazed eagerly upon the chocolate cake and the dish of fruit as he sat down at the table, and proceeded to make away with the edibles.

If he were a spy, he was hardly assuming hunger, as part of his role, Marion thought. No man could eat with such a relish and be merely imitating. It was a fortunate thing, indeed, to have thought of the lunch—it was keeping him away from Dr. Hamilton's study. When he had finished what was on the table, Marion offered more fruit from the side-board—the cake was in the pantry, so that she could not leave him, to procure more of that. But he was now through, and the problem of entertaining a nephew or ejecting an impostor lay before her. He pushed back his chair, whisked a few crumbs from his lap with his napkin, and prepared to rise. He saw the opened Vergil lying on the window-seat.

"You were studying," he said to Marion. "I won't interrupt you. If you don't mind showing me Uncle's study, I'll spend the hour there."

Marion wanted to retort that she had suspected his thieving purposes, with all his polished politeness. And yet those honest brown eyes and the frank mouth deserved no such reproof. But be he honest or not, Dr. Hamilton's house was in her care, and she was responsible for those precious papers in his library-study.

"I am sorry," she replied coldly. "Dr. Hamilton does not allow visitors in the library without his knowing about it. You may sit in the living-room, if you like—we have several new magazines you might be interested to see."

This was not a very courteous way to treat a nephew—but he wasn't a nephew, she knew. The visitor looked rather surprised. Then the amused smile returned. This girl's tactics were interesting.

"O, very well," he replied. "I'm not particular. My! but Uncle's fussy lately. He must have some precious animal in the library, too."

Marion made no reply, but arose to lead the way into the living-room. Then she turned. She must not allow the man to remain. He was plainly no nephew of Dr. Hamilton, she was convinced. He probably had in mind some other way of getting into the study; he might use violence, and force her to give in. And yet—those brown eyes—

The door-bell rang. Marion stepped to the door, and found the post man. She took the proffered mail, and glanced at it, keeping one eye upon the athletic figure at the living-room door.

"This letter is not for us," she said, holding out one to the post man. "It is for Mrs. Charles Edmund Hamilton, on Cliff Street. This is Dr. C. Edward Hamilton's house."

She closed the door, to find the young man had stepped eagerly to her side. "May I ask if I am not at Charles Edmund Hamilton's house?" he questioned.

Marion looked surprised. "Why, no—this is Dr. C. Edward Hamilton's house. People always get us mixed." Then it dawned upon her what had happened.

"Are you—are you Mrs. Charles Edmund's nephew from Harvard?" she questioned.

"Yes!" he replied in surprise. "How—how perfectly stupid of me—I might have thought of it before. And I've been treating you like a—like a thief!" she exclaimed. "Will you please excuse me?" she added, extending her hand, though her head was lowered. What would this young student think of her now, after her cold reception? It would be a good joke at the tea that evening at Mrs. Hamilton's and Marion resentfully rejoiced that her Vergil would now keep her away.

But she found her hand heartily shaken by another larger one, and the boy-

ish voice saying, "Well, well, this is a good one on me. But I'm the one to ask pardon—I am very sorry I was so rude about taking things for granted. Uncle, you know, lived with us for years, and we were both good chums. I haven't been to see him since he came North to live, and so I thought I'd run down for the week-end. Wrote them I was coming, and said I'd 'phone, but of course 'phoned the wrong C. E. Hamilton—I was boob enough not to see there were two in the directory."

Marion was smiling now, and as he reached for his hat and suit-case, she asked eagerly, "Mrs. Hamilton, your aunt, told me you are in Brother's class at Harvard. Do you happen to know Maurice Roberts?"

"What, Bobs?" the young man turned in surprise. "You mean the pluckiest fellow in our class?" The lad that took the prize in Math, and has started working his way through, on account of his father's failure?"

Marion nodded proudly, eagerly.

"He's one of my best friends—we've been chums ever since we lived on the same corridor in Freshman year. My name's Bates," he said, "Bob Bates—we are known as Bob and Bobs."

Now it was Marion's turn to be surprised. For often her brother had written about the brilliant young Bob Bates, the son of a wealthy manufacturer.

Instinctively she held out her hand, as he turned to the door.

"I am very glad to meet you," she said heartily, "but I feel as though I ought to ask pardon all over again, for being such a beast to Maurice's dearest friend."

"And I," he replied "to the pluckiest little sister a plucky fellow ever had."

—Juline Warner, '19

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