Coming Events

Convocation Reports.

Convocation was held as usual on Tuesday, November 14. The Rev. W. S. Swisher of New London gave a lecture-recital on "Chopin and the Polonaise." Dr. Kip was chairman and introduced Mr. Swisher as a clergyman who preaches equally well with his tongue, his life, and his fingers.

Mr. Swisher gave an outline of the form and content of the Polonaise, together with its history from the origin as a court dance to the perfect, idealized dance form it assumed under Chopin's genius. Mr. Swisher is a pianist of remarkable ability and his brilliant interpretations of Chopin's masterpieces were a delight to his audience. He generously played several of the most famous of the Chopin polonaises, ending with that great masterpiece, in a flat minor, which typifies so realistically Poland resurgent. Mr. Swisher kindly responded to the enthusiastic encore with a final selection, the Military Polonaise. Dr. Sykes expressed deep appreciation to Mr. Swisher for his delightful program.

At Convocation on Tuesday morning, November 21, the College had the pleasure of hearing Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University give an illustrated lecture on "Turkey." Professor Huntington has spent several years in this most interesting country and his lecture and slides, many of which were made from photographs which he took himself, gave us a vivid idea of the country and its inhabitants.

It was rather a surprise to hear that the Turks are a very hospitable people, and kind-hearted, in spite of the many massacres for which they have been responsible.

Professor Huntington also told many exciting experiences which he had encountered in his trip down the rapids of the Euphrates River.

The real work of the conference began with a closed meeting from nine until twelve o'clock on Friday morning. Quiet regulations, dormitory rules and various penalty systems were discussed to the mutual benefit of the delegates. The Barnard president presented a new field for student activity in telling how the undergraduate associations of Barnard is co-operating with the faculty in the present revision of the college curriculum.

"The possibilities of future expansion of Student Government" was the topic for the open meeting on Friday afternoon. The president of each organization gave a five minute talk upon this topic. All were thus afforded a glimpse of the subject from many standpoints.

"Green Stockings" presented by the Dramatic Club, made Friday evening a play time. Broadway's stars evidently have promising rivals in the Mt. Holyoke Dramatic Club. The Mt. Holyoke girls added an even more festive touch, by singing several of their favorite songs between the acts.

The business of the conference was continued on Saturday morning. Practice and success of the Honor System were fully discussed, and many methods of controlling social life in colleges were explained.

Of the eight invitations extended for next year's conference, that of the University of Syracuse was accepted.

The False Lay of the Romantic Freshman

(With apologies to all would-be authors in the class of 1920)

If you are a Freshman who takes English from Dr. B.—w you will know without my telling you how she happened to have dreamed the wonderful and strange dream which I am about to relate, but if you are a Sophomore you may not understand without this foreword. The setting of our tale is—do not blush, frankness is a virtue of modern art—in bed. The time is midnight, a crisp autumn midnight with a big, mischievous, yellow moon. The attendant mental background, which is now a recognized part of any modern drama, is a peculiar, psychological upheaval due to the plunge from the heights to the depths of freshman literature. There is only one more fact to state, namely that the above heroine is fond of pageantry. Our preface, introduction and index is now complete, and we can proceed to the body of this ponderous history.

Miss B.—w was awakened, as she thought, by the far-off clang of a musical bell. Her head was lifted suddenly, (we do not mean that a pulley was employed,) her head then, as we have said, was lifted by her own volition from the pillow, whose downy contents had been plucked from the wings of many a goose, not to mention a few chickens. Before her eyes was a sight which might well make the heart of any hero from Herr Wilson to Don Villa pause and meditate in wonder, for in a twinking the room had been changed. In place of the rude wicker chairs, the frugal desk, the warm but homely radiator, were furnishings of surpassing magnificence. In fact, not wishing to conceal anything from our innocent readers, we must in all truth say that the small apartment had become a queenly hall where gold and crimson reigned, not blush, frankness is a virtue of modern art—in bed. The time is midnight, a crisp autumn midnight with a big, mischievous, yellow moon. The attendant mental background, which is now a recognized part of any modern drama, is a peculiar, psychological upheaval due to the plunge from the heights to the depths of freshman literature. There is only one more fact to state, namely that the above heroine is fond of pageantry. Our preface, introduction and index is now complete, and we can proceed to the body of this ponderous history.

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COLLEGE NEWS

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Editorial

From the time when we were children in the kindergarten all of us have written on the subject of Thanksgiving. We can well remember our Primary School attempts at the "History of the First Thanksgiving," our moral Thanksgiving stories tinged with a little jolly good time in the country all of us have written on that over-worked topic, for I fear there is nothing new to be said. The saying is, however, that there is nothing new under the sun, so perhaps this may as well be another Thanksgiving affiction as anything else.

Hasn't the idea of Thanksgiving changed somewhat from what it was in the days of the Pilgrims? To many of us now, Thanksgiving merely means a jolly good time in the country with plenty of delicious things to eat, particularly turkey and pumpkin pie. I remember last year hearing my aunt say to her family, "Now this year we won't have turkey for Thanksgiving. We'll have a roast of beef." She got no farther for a walk went up from the the boys, "Aw, mother, it won't be any good time in the country. There were no poor who stood outside the gates and looked in with hungry eyes, and we were not invited to the feast and thanksgiving.

When we stop to think of it, is it not true that the real spirit of Thanksgiving is often to some extent lost in our more highly complex social life? We have kept the turkey and the pumpkin pie and the idea that we should be thankful. But what of the spirit that prompted the Pilgrims to invite the Indians and all share their happiness one with another as they had shared their sorrow? There was no selfishness in their prayers of thankfulness. They were, but the simple, honest expression of a pure, noble feeling. They were not thanking God because they were better off than some one else. As a matter of fact there were many far better off than they. They were thankful merely that they were alive and that life held some hope for them in the coming winter.

Thanksgiving has become too much of a habit with us for it to mean what it really should. The whole Thanksgiving performance has become a sort of reflex action. Let us bring it back to the level of consciousness.

There are no poor who stood outside the gates and looked in with hungry eyes, and we were not invited to the feast and thanksgiving.

Let us for a moment think of the original Thanksgiving. After a terrible year of suffering and death, the colonists reap a plentiful harvest, and though their numbers were diminished it was a courageous little band that gathered in the crops that fall. So, it was decided that a special day should be set apart to give thanks to God for his mercy and kindness in bringing them at last to better times that held bright hopes for the future. Did the Pilgrims get together alone to thank God that they had lived, though so many had died, and that they had plenty to eat though others might not have? We all know the story of how they invited the Indians and all shared in the general rejoicing and Thanksgiving. There were no poor who stood outside the gates and looked in with hungry eyes, and we were not invited to the feast and thanksgiving.

If, however, we are not invited to a feast, let the matter drop. But, on second thought, we all decided that there was talent enough in this college, if only we all were there therefore. So we have decided to give the literary genius here a second chance to bloom.

We announce, then, a second Story Contest which will close at noon, Thursday the 7th of December. Now let's have some interest in this opportunity to vindicate your literary reputations. Send in some good, sensible short stories. Don't be melodramatic; don't write about something you know nothing about, but write something worth while in a natural, simple style. You know how to do it! Remember, we want these stories short and crisp. They must not be over 1,000 words at the most. An 800 word story would be about right in length.

Watch the bulletin board for news of this contest and in the mean time, all hands to the pen. Get busy over Thanksgiving vacation, if not before, and make this second contest a truly worth while in a natural, simple style.

The prize of two dollars and a half in gold will be awarded if there are ten good stories submitted, but, of course, we expect many more than ten this time.

Faculty Notes

The second lecture, in the course of free lectures for the citizens of New London, was given November 16, in the auditorium of the Vocational School by Dr. Sykes. His subject was "Rudyard Kipling."

On November 17, Mrs. Belle Johnson of the Connecticut Public Library Committee, addressed the Library Economy classes and librarians from the neighboring towns, on "Public Libraries of Connecticut." After her very interesting lecture, an informal tea was held, to which the faculty and visiting librarians were invited. The meet was a nice one.

A Place for Current Events.

In these busy college days many of us, I believe, feel the lack of worthwhile information concerning state, national and world events. There is little time at our disposal for reading the daily papers and the periodicals, and in that short time we cannot choose facts from the varied and contradictory reports that we read.

Would it be advisable or possible to give a short space in the "College News" to a statement of the events which would interest us? Perhaps that as the paper is issued fortnightly the report would not hold as much interest as if given each week. Another and perhaps better possibility would be to set aside five minutes of the weekly conversation period in which our President or some member of the faculty would give a crisp report of the things happening from day to day about which we ought to know.

I believe that if such a report were given, it would be an incentive to read from material in the library, or the topics suggested, whereas now we read a short story or glance at a few pictures and cartoons, altogether shunning the newspapers.

R. K. T. '19.

Wanted—A Design.

The Athletic Association has offered two dollars and a half in gold to the person presenting the best design for a banner, pennant, or any other means of display for which the organization may desire to use it.

The following committee will judge the designs submitted: Mr. Seldon, chairman, Mrs. Bostwick, Miss Woodhull, Miss Reichelderfer, and Miss Madeline Rowe.

A Report from Our Delegates

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 1)

The Saturday morning meeting.

During the afternoon, small groups held informal discussions on subjects of vital importance to their own colleges. The spirit of the conference might well be expressed in the words of Dean Purington: "Student Government is not an end, in itself, but a means to an end." The term implies not suppression but expression.

Perhaps the President and the other administrative officers said and did all in their power to show that they believed Student Government to be the means not only of developing individual self-control, honor and uprightness, but also of serving profitably the community at large.
Joke Column

HEAVENS! ANOTHER APOLOGY.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream!"

Many a morning we have pancakes, Sunday noons we have ice-cream.

Steak it is or else starvation Seams our destined end and way.

Let's remember each to-morrow Brings us near Thanksgiving Day.

-H. M. H.

Some members of the soccer sections are good players, and others are better still!

LAUGHABLE.

Soph.—"Why aren't you going to the Yale-Harvard game?"

Fresh.—"I haven't been asked."

Soph.—"That's funny!"

Fresh.—"But not half as peculiar as your sense of humor."

Once for all, we wish to announce that we do not know, neither do we care what were the whereabouts of Mr. Robinson Crusoe and his man, Friday, on any particular Saturday night, or in fact any other week-day night. We would recommend to those desiring information the three volumes which explain his life and actions.

NOTE-The above mentioned books are no doubt to be had at the library.

EDITOR'S NOTE-The only joke in this last issue was left out (if you can follow so complicated a statement) with the exception of the title which read as follows, "Why is this a joke to English '11-12'?" Sometimes this joke will be printed and you will die laughing.

Watch the papers! Watch the papers!

Winthrop House Warming.

A very enjoyable House Warming Party was held in Winthrop on the evening of Friday, November 17th. The girls gathered about the fire-place—some knitted, popped corn, or toasted marshmallows, and all listened eagerly to the selections read by Dr. and Mrs. Sykes. Hot chocolate and dainty crackers were served.

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STANTON & COOK
The Deutschland.

Although I did not see the interior of the merchant submarine, Deutschland, as that privilege was extended only to a very limited number of people, it was my good fortune to get a full view of the exterior.

The Deutschland was anchored between the new million dollar pier and the S. S. Willehad, a North German Lloyd boat upon which the officers and crew of the submarine lived. It was as I stood upon the deck of the Willehad that I saw this dream of past centuries.

The submarine is 315 feet long and about 30 feet wide; that is approximately three times the size of United States submarines. It is built in the shape of the lower portion of whale back liners and although its function necessitates size, it does look a bit clumsy. The merchant submarine does not possess those slim lines we usually associate with submarines, as it is rather wide in proportion to its length.

The Deutschland is painted a greenish blue. At both ends are port holes with spiral stair cases leading down through which the crew may get on top. The submarine was submerged about 15 feet when I saw it. The periscopes, two in number, are only about 4 feet long and on the outside are painted in blue and white ripples so as to resemble the water.

The Deutschland has made it impossible to completely shut off trade and thus it has revolutionized war probably more than any other one thing. It was truly inspiring to see a boat of that description and to consider during what tremendous stress it was able to reach New London.

—Leah Nora Pick '20.

Dr. Hulbert Lectured to Mr. Crandall’s Classes.

Rev. Henry W. Hulbert lectured to all classes. He lectured on the subject of The Age of the French Revolution. Dr. Hulbert is a thorough student of history and his ideas of that important period in European development were of great help to the history students. Dr. Hulbert did Connecticut College a great kindness in giving it the benefit of so much of his valuable time and work.

Visitors from New Haven High School.

On November 10, Connecticut College entertained fifty girls who are seniors in New Haven High School. The Student Council had appointed committees to meet the guests and conduct them on a tour of inspection. They were shown around each building and finally escorted to the Students’ Rest Room where tea was served. The New Haven girls were so delighted with our college that many of them have decided to enter their names on the roll of class 1921.

Blues Won Soccer Game Saturday.

The Blues made the only goal in the game Saturday during the last minute of the last third. If no score had been made the championship would have gone to the Whites. The Blues winning, however, necessitated another game to decide the championship.

Whites Hockey Champions.

The Whites left the hockey field in high spirits Saturday, having won the hockey championship over the Blues. They won two games out of the three in the series. The big event in the hockey field, however, will be on December 9th, when the Freshman and Sophomore Hockey Teams will meet each other.

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