President to Dedicate Service Flag

"I believe that the college should hold a special service of dedication," said President Marshall, speaking of the Service Flag which has been ordered for the college. This service will be a special feature of Vesper on Sunday, November 17th.

Six stars have been recognized by the Connecticut Council of Defense. These will symbolize the work of Lieutenant Crandall, Lieutenant Manwaring, Lieutenant Morris, Miss Woodhull, Mr. Weld, and Olive Stark.

Seven dollars in nickels and dimes was the general response of the college to the appeal of the News.

The strong winds which sweep across the campus render the mast, a proposed location for the flag, impractical. According to calculations based on the wind and tear on the American Flag, the Service Flag would be torn into ribbons between two weeks and two months.

Instead, a worthy place of honor has been reserved for the Service Flag in the gymnasium, on the left of the stage. A smaller flag will be hung over the fireplace in Thames Hall.

Now that peace is imminent, it is even more fitting that the patriotic service represented by the Service Stars should be formally recognized.

SENIORS DEFEAT JUNIORS

The Seniors defeated the Juniors in a well-played game resulting in a score of 2-0 Saturday afternoon, November 16th. This success redeemed the defeat that '19 experienced last year at the hands of its rivals. Alison Lennon, before of 2-0 Saturday afternoon, November 17th.

As November 17th was the defeat that '19 experienced last year, this success redeemed the appeal of the News.

Six stars have been recognized by the college to Ashes—Peace Reigns

ALLY OF THE ALLIES

Connecticut College has plunged full force into the Big Drive. Even though the first wave of enthusiasm did not carry her quite over the top, she is quite determined that her final pledge will not fall a penny short of the responding numeral was her, after the first canvas Saturday noon the amount pledged was something over $5,000 more than $1,000 less than the objective.

But the committee undauntedly proceeded to set in force means which brought swift results. Helen Perry '20 displayed her eloquence and her generosity at the same time. The total was raised to over $4,000.

Although we have not yet reached our objective of $1,000, we are exemplifying the motto, "Never say die." We have until January 5th, and we are not leaving unturned a stone that might conceal a dollar. Who knows what we can do?

VESTMENTS

Black gowns with white collars have been decided upon by the College Choir. Round caps will complete the uniform vestment, which will so greatly enrich and beautify the Vesper Service held every Sunday in the gymnasium.

JUNIOR - FRESHMAN MASQUERADE

Egyptians, Turks, Hawaiians, sailors, cowboys, clowns; representatives of each were present on the evening of November second when the Juniors gave a masquerade for the Freshmen in the Gymnasium. At the entrance each Freshman was presented with a lovely bouquet. There was also a group of three Hawaiian singers and two Egyptian dancers who entertained us. Junior and Freshmen voices joined in singing and cheering, and "Good-bye" was the signal for lights out and the end of a happy evening.

SLIPPERS AND COFFEE

John C. Powys was the first Convocation speaker this year. Mr. Powys, who is a writer of verse, romance, and essays, spoke on "England During the War," and especially of his impressions of England and the English gathered during the past summer when he was lecturing for the Government throughout England.

Mr. Powys is known to be a speaker of unusual force and effective personality. His descriptions of the poverty which existed in England prior to the war, which have now almost disappeared, were unique and vivid.

"England," he said, "has become more individualistic than ever during the past four years. The government is more considerate of the individual as a parent might be. Englishmen have become more considerate and less complacent. The war has spiritualized, not brutalized, England."

In the evening Mr. Powys spoke on modern English novel writers, especially Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett, his vigorous characterizations, and his equally vigorous denunciations were most amusing. He judged the present day authors from an artistic standpoint. The names of Walter De La Mare and Gilbert Cannon are still prominent in hot corridor discussions, and many of the books he criticized have been much sought for in the library.

TREATS IN STORE

The Music Department is offering its usual attractive program in this winter's concert series. The concert scheduled for November fourteenth was transferred to April seventeenth. Otherwise the dates posted remain as scheduled.

December 17th—Student recital.


February 18th—Glee Club concert.

March 18th—Boston Symphony Trio: Violin, violoncello, harp.

April 17th—Helen Jeffrey, violinist (who has been touring with Melba).

May 22nd—Student recital.

Tickets may be ordered from Clementina Jordan '19.

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

Winthrop and her guests gathered about the fireplace for an informal reading and sing one Sunday evening not long ago. President Marshall read war poems while we watched the flames flicker and fall. His interpretation of Kipling's "Back to the Army Again," was especially appreciated. It is not often that President Marshall and the students meet informally.

EXTRA

The class of '21 has voted $15 toward C. C.'s quota for the Allied War Fund.
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PEACE AND THE COLLEGE.

When the report of the German Revolution reached us, we were carried away with enthusiasm. Peace! We had been waiting for it so long. Then we joined the great crowd that surged restlessly up and down State Street. We sang the Star Spangled Banner in front of the Municipal Building. We rang the church bell. We cheered for the little French soldier lifted on the shoulders of the crowd.

But now we have heard definitely that no such armistice has been declared. We are disappointed.

What was the value of this disappointment? President Marshall said that it was dangerous to disappoint the enthusiasm of youth. And many among the glorious company of the psychologists have agreed with him.

But the wonderful thing about our enthusiasm Thursday night was that it was collective. One common thought was inciting all New London that night.

We, Connecticut College, we, too, have entered into the collective soul. War brings to us a respect for the individual soul, for our neighbor. Every girl is potentially of value to our country.

And every one of us has some friend on the firing line. Every one of us is getting letters from France. And every one of us knows that the girl she meets crossing the campus shares her hopes and her anxiety. We are all one—the girl from Winthrop and the girl from Plant, the Junior and the Sophomore, the resident and the town girl. But often from our actions one would not ever suspect that we were bound together so closely, not only by our college affiliation, but by our common sympathy. “Together we serve,” has been our motto in time of war. Now when peace is so near, let us make it the truth. We are all one. And when peace comes let us rejoice together as we have done once before. When you and I march down State Street together again, let it be in full knowledge and understanding and sympathy. Let us rejoice together, you and I, not as we have so often sorrowed alone and holding ourselves aloof. Then our enthusiasm will not have been in vain.

AMONG OUR POETS

These verses are reminiscent of Alfred Noyes.

A CALL.
I look for you, my love,
And wait, the long cloud-darkened night.
I hang a lantern at my gate
And deck my hair with flowers.
I look for you, my love,
And wait, the wind cries at the barnyard gate;
The clock in the battled Tower strikes eight;
But my love will come no more.

And these are decidedly “in lighter vein.”

IN MEMORIAM.

Them happy days of yesterday
On whither have they went!
Our beaux, our beaux where be they now,
My heart in two is rent.

I used to have a score or more
A-hangin’ at my heels
An’ now I ain’t held hands so long
I can’t think how it feels.

I used to set an’ watch the moon
With Hiram or with Jake,
An’ now with none but girls around
You’ve just plum got to fake.

Them movie shows we used to see
By gum! but they was fine,
With we a’ holdin’ Jimmy’s hand
And him a’ holdin’ mine.

Ah me! But we must not repine;
We maidens fair has work;
We’ve got to help the boys along
And just can’t ford to shirk.

And when the boys come home again
There’ll be the same old moon
A’ shinin’ down upon us here
On some swell night in June!

M. P. T. ’32.

IN MEMORY OF
MORTON F. PLANT,
FOUNDER AND TRUSTEE
OF
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE,
DECEIVED NOVEMBER 4, 1918.

Mr. Plant was the donor of Plant and Blackstone Houses, and of the million dollar endowment fund that has made possible the opening and maintenance of Connecticut College.

During the hour of his funeral on the seventh of November, all college activities were suspended.

WITH THE OCEAN

Between Us

Dear—

... The first two days when I have already told you about were commonplace enough. The morning on which I was to be relieved I was avail ing myself of a privilege which we can only enjoy at the Pose, namely, sleeping late. I fact it was a chance to indulge much, as they woke me up about eight o’clock and said that there were three English soldiers down in the kitchen, and would I come down and interpret for them. Please do not think that my French is that good; but it seemed they couldna speak a word. I went down and found three of the sorriest looking human beings I have seen in a long time. Their uniforms were torn and covered with mud and of a rather nondescript nature; but it was their faces which attracted my attention. Two of them were so thin that the bones seemed to almost stick out through the skin; all of them looked weak, and their eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. I said, “Hello, the Frenchmen have sent me down, but I don’t know what for.” I asked what they were around here for and when one of them replied, “We are three prisoners. However, I just escaped from the Huns,” you could have looked me down and I don’t suppose you would believe me.

After they had escaped from the camp proper, they were not followed, but it was then too late to try and slip across, so they found a convenient shell-hole and prepared to spend the day there. Of course no German dared to appear out of the trenches while it was light so they were undisturbed from that side, and the French didn’t fire much, so they got through the day all right although some shells came pretty near to them.

The hardest part was ahead of them: so as soon as it was dark, they started. They continued to slip between the French groups and crawl under the wire, several was too dark that they could not keep their directions and were afraid they were going parallel with the trenches when all of a sudden a machine gun started to fire. They recognized it as German from the sound, and by getting their directions from it they wiggled under some more wire and came upon another trench. They had been making a lot of noise, but the Germans had paid no attention to it. However, the French were on their guard and sent out some stretcher bearers to see what was up. When the Englishmen recognized the FrenchHolmes, they lost no time in making themselves known. The French sentry covered them with his gun until he was sure, and then welcomed them into the trench with open arms. They said that the treatment they received was wonderful.

Their opportunity to observe conditions behind the lines was rather limited but they had made the most of the chance they had, and I would not be
A A.

Ruth Wilson '20 is the new leader of the Outing Club. Varsity basketball will be a new feature of winter sports. This will be an all-college team, and will play outside schools and colleges. Competition will undoubtedly be very keen, especially for the privilege of playing against Sargent School.

HISTORY CLUB

Student Government has chartered one more organization in C. C.—the History Club. The first meeting of the club was held on Wednesday evening, November 6th. Officers were elected and plans were made for the year's work. The officers elected were:

President, Ruth Anderson.
Vice-President, Lucy Marsh.
Secretary, Ethel Mason.
Treasurer, Esther Bellows.
Chairman of the Program and Publicity Committees, Mildred White.

The publicity committee will have use of a bulletin board in New Garden, December 22, has been elected treasurer of the Dramatic Club.

PRIDE AND PLEDGES

Jeanette Thompson rushed into 215 Park Hall, slammed the door behind her, and sank awkwardly, but luxuriously, into the wicker arm-chair by the bay-window of her dormitory room.

She had done it. The outcome she knew not. Her parents' opinion she cared not. It was what the other girl's had done, and if she was to make anything of herself— if she was to retain the friendship of the elite students with whom she was now associating, she must, somehow, keep up the great illusion. She gazed at her shiny, patent leather pumps, the silk stockings and the taffeta skirt she had bought with her child-savings—at the expensive chiné shirt waist, which, with its transparent make, represented the sacrifice of a new, warm coat for mother. But, after all, hadn't it been worth it? To be sure, her summer's earnings were rapidly vanishing in her rot infrquent teas and feasts with which she entertained the senator's daughter, the mayor's niece, and the granddaughter of the Western railroad president. And everything had gone very well. But now—now Jeanette arose and dabbed her nose furiously with her powder puff for the Allied Drive.

Fifty dollars pledged! Fifty whole green dollars! She could not do less. Althea DeWitt had pledged fifty and a Liberty Bond. But where should she get the money? Why couldn't she have a bank account like Althea, and simply write off her check and be done with it? To be sure, she might earn the money—other girls were doing it; but they were those who couldn't afford to give without earning it. Somehow, there was a commotion about these working girls. They lacked the polish and refinement of Althea, who could write checks. Jeanette had never for a moment admitted to her friends that she herself had earned money, in Dr. Franklin's office that summer. She had turned over a new leaf and would even forget those disagreeable days herself. Yet—how else would she get those fifty dollars? If she only didn't have to let the other girls know how she got it; she wouldn't mind earning the money.

Jeanette toyed with the letter-opener on her desk. Aunt Jane's invitation for the week-end lay beside her. Yes—that was all over now. Jeanette supposed—she must give up all her pleasures now. O, why was there a war to spoil all your dreams and your ideals? Jeanette nearly snapped the delicate letter-opener in two. But—wait—Aunt Jane lived only a short ride from college, in the very same town with Dr. Franklin, and the doctor's little secretary was ill. Jeanette wrote an acceptance to Aunt Jane's invitation. As she sealed the envelope she laughed, no one would know from her appearance that she had been doing...
ing nothing but dancing, reading and being entertained. She gazed at her pink manicured hands. Any way, she wasn't going to degrade herself by Saturday morning Jeanette Thompson, manual labor. Writing letters and answering 'phone was, after all, Ladylike work. work enough to earn her pledge, and "Coming to lunch?"

"No, Aunt Jane's invited me over." "Aunt Jane? Oh!" Althea laughed. It was Althea, stopping for her way down. A maid of all-work, in dust cap and apron, was mopping the porch. One would never know that Althea was strangely excited this noon. "Going to be here this week-ends" one of them replied, "We are there-er-s, and have just escaped from army."

"Well, the Frenchmen have sent me down, but I don't know what for." I asked what Althea was strangely excited this noon. "Going to be here this week-ends" one of them replied, "We are there-er-s, and have just escaped from army."

"No. Aunt Jane's invited me over." "Aunt Jane? Oh!" Althea laughed mysteriously. Saturday morning Jeanette Thompson climbed the steps in front of Dr. Franklin's house. She was assured work enough to earn her pledge, and no one would be the wiser. She would spend her week-ends with Aunt Jane.

A maid of all-work, in dust cap and apron, was mopping the porch. What a degrading position! Jeanette, superior, walked to the door. "Why, Jeanette Thompson!" The maid had jumped forward. The maid was Althea DeWit.

Jeanette was disappointed in her for that. But then, her bureau set was solid silver, and she was always drawing chez from her leather check book. 'Phone 403 Manwaring Bldg.

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