Year Book

Editor—Marion Kofsky '19
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Senior Week

Class Day Committee—Winona Young, Chairman. Madeleine Rowe, Alison Hastings, Miriam Pomeroy, Frances Oiten.

Senior Night Committee—Esther Batchelder, Chairman. Jessie Wells, Marion Wells, Mary Chipman, Helen Cannon.

Commencement Committee—Virginia Rose, Chairman.

Junior Week (May 16)

Executive Committee—Alice Horrax, Chairman. Margaret Davies, Loretta Higgins, Henrietta Costigan, Helen Gage, Betty Rumney, Mildred Howard.

Junior Prom. Committee—Helen Perry, Chairman. Helen Collins, Elizabeth Williams, Elinor Seaver, Frances Barlow, Fanchon Hartman, Edith Lindholm.

Plans for a Sophomore Hop and Vaudville Show scheduled for February are under way.

The DRAMATIC CLUB PLAYS

On Saturday, December 14th, the Dramatic Club is to present two plays by Sutro, "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," and "The Man on the Kerb," and one by Lord Dunsany, "The Lost Silk Hat." The first is a satire on society life in England and is not only cleverly written but succeeds in holding the interest as to the outcome up till the very last. "The Man on the Kerb" is a very human tragedy, so simple that it is happening on all sides every day. Sutro has treated it in such a way that the irony of the situation is well brought out while none of the pathos of it is lost. As to "The Lost Silk Hat," it scarcely needs mentioning, for of the five plays, which have, in the past few years become so widely known, none is more humorous or has a more universal appeal.

The record of the Dramatic Club for Faciltty to Soccer

The line-up included:

FACULTY
Sawyer............ c. f. .......... Anderley
Leib............. r. l. .......... Anderson
Selden........... l. i. .......... Hastings
Black............ r. w. .......... Rowe (Capt.)
Snively........... l. w. .......... Batchelder
Blue (Capt.)..... r. h. .......... Hatch, Emerson
Thomas........... l. h. .......... Provost, Prindle
Bauer............ r. f. .......... White, Weed
Marshall........... l. f. .......... Lennon
Kellogg........... g. .......... White, Barnes

During the United War Work Campaign a temporary employment bureau was started on campus, and then it was felt by some of us that a permanent Committee on Student Employment might prove to be a very valuable institution at C. C.

Such a committee has been organized, and perhaps it would interest you to know what has been done, and what the possibilities are.

Publicity is what we needed more than anything else so that people in town would know, if there was need, that we are here to fill it.

Various newspapers had articles about our Committee on Student Employment, and several ministers in town announced it from their pulpits.

We have written and interviewed a great many heads of business enterprises, stores, and offices. Many of these have answered that if a vacancy occurred we would be asked to fill it, so that now we can only await their call.

Naturally no girl attends college so that she may work eight hours a day down town, and even though we work relays we cannot supply one girl every hour of the day at any place. For instance, among the girls who have signed up for work no one is free on two-four-three in the week.

Consequently there are only a very limited number of positions we can fill. Secondly, not all of the girls who want to work are skilled in any phase of work, and the greatest demand so far has been typists. Just because you are a college girl people think you will work for a dollar an hour.

So much for the dinner. You can imagine the amount we ate, and the uncomfortable feelings we had later.

Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg entertained. That one word "entertain" explains everything, because every single girl had the time of her life. Besides having a good time, we did something more. Some of us worked down town at "regular jobs," and the rest of us worked at odd things about campus. You haven't any idea how much we produced with the label, "United War Work Fund."

Now the story of the Thanksgiving Day is told; the first New England Thanksgiving for a great many, and a very happy one for all.

ONE OF THOSE WHO STAYED BEHIND

Senior Baille—"Miss F—. h—y—y translate into Spanish, 'can you kill the cow?'

Miss F—. h—y—y in English—'No, but I can throw the bull.'

Joyes of Thanksgiving at Connecticut College

Weren't you all just a little bit sorry, and didn't you pity us who had to stay behind over the Thanksgiving vacation? Of course you did; we pitied ourselves. But all the sympathy was wasted, for it happened that a Thanksgiving vacation spent at college was just as much fun as those spent at home, as far as festivities go. The dinner was served at a long table in the annex of the dining-room, and evidences of our attractive decorations still remain. But it wasn't the table or the decorations which made our mouths water; it was that big turkey, which was serving there—a very proud and proper, an attitude quite befiting his first annual visit to Thames Hall.

Not one of the usual Thanksgiving dishes was forgotten. President Marshall sat at the head of his huge adopted family, which comprised many members of the faculty as well as a number of students.

So much for the dinner. You can imagine the amount we ate, and the uncomfortable feelings we had later.

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE

Senior Darja—"Miss P—f—y, translate into Spanish, 'can you kill it?"

Miss P—f—y in English—'No, but I can throw the ball.'

On every position given out next semester, so that the Committee on Student Employment may be self-supporting.

Office hours have been posted on the bulletin board, and if anyone wishes to consult with members of the committee, she is requested to do so during the specified hours.

We are hoping that the Committee on Student Employment may be of real service to C. C.

Leah Nora Pick, Chairman.
WHAT DOES THE COLLEGE NEED MOST?

A new college has almost as many needs as it has students. The student body necessarily increases faster than the equipment. The buildings that were sufficient for one class cannot meet the demands of four. A continual expansion must be provided for by gifts to the college. One such gift has recently been made by Morton E. Plant. Genial as it be, it does not defray the cost of a completed college equipment. Only the two most pressing needs can be met.

And what are these needs? A home for the President on the campus, a library, a dormitory, an infirmary, a faculty house, a boat-house, an administration and arts building, and a chapel—all these are of vital importance to the college community.

Not only does it add to the difficulties of administration for the President, in days of uncertain and infrequent car service, to live in town. His absence is a positive loss to the students—a loss of close and inspiring contact with a great administrator and educator. The President, on the other hand, loses that intimate personal understanding of the college body which only propinquity can give. That the President should have a worthy home on the campus is a need that has been felt by students and faculty alike.

But what about a library? Much has been written and said on the conditioned condition of the two rooms now devoted to the intellectual center of the college, on the poor lighting system, on the scarcity of reference books. It is an old story, but none the less an ever recurring problem.

A new dormitory will always be welcome. Girls living in the onecase section are not only losing the privilege of campus life, but are in many cases inconvenienced far from the main buildings of the college.

As for the spiritual needs of the college—they can be but partially met by prayer and chapel services held in the gymnasium. There is a spiritual inspiration in swinging rings and giant strides. No matter how fine the speaker or how vital his message, a devotional atmosphere cannot be created in a gymnasium.

By sad experience has the need of an infirmary been demonstrated. While it is true that among the comparatively small number of students, the smaller number ill at any one time would not seem to warrant an entire new building, is the refectory the best place for an infirmary, both in view of the noise for the patients and in view of possible infection of the food? A campus faculty house also deserves consideration, for several of the faculty are obliged to live at inconveniently long distances from the college, and this number will increase as the college grows.

Nor must the boat-house, though a smaller building, be forgotten. A new boat-house filled with new boats would do much for the recreational side of college life.

Last of all in the list, but not less important, should be included an arts building with offices for the administration. New London Hall is equipped as a science building for laboratory work. Its present crowded condition both hampers scientific research and lengthens the recitation period. New buildings hold classes successfully. Few classes hold classes satisfactorily, the limit being from eight to eleven each.

Eight of the pressing needs of Connecticut College have been enumerated.

How far will $500,000 go? If two must be taken and six left, which shall they be? Possibly the president’s house, the new dormitory, and the library deserve first rank in importance, although the trustees may have been led to a different decision by a clearer knowledge of the case at their meeting.

ONE OF THE NEW COUNTRIES.

How is Poland becoming a nation, free and independent once more? By war, sacrifice and death. There is not a regular revolution of Poland alone, but the Poles who have died in the World War gave up their all, thinking of a new revived Poland—ruled by Poles themselves.

Thirteen colonies, almost two centuries ago, fought three long agonising winters for freedom; fought without support from few men and in a country peopled with traitor Tories. Their revolution resulted in a free country of thirteen states which has grown into a world power—the United States.

The Holy Land has been reclaimed. General Allenby passed beneath the arch of Friend Gates at half past seven on December 11, ending four centuries of Ottoman domination over the Holy City of Christians and Jews.

At the peace conference when Germany is forced to surrender Alsace-Lorraine to France, England, looking very benignant, will hand over Palestine to the Jews, accomplished by the temporary subtle suggestions of the favors which England should be allowed in the country she willingly surrendered.

From the days when the Jews gathered in Jerusalem for the Passover up to the present gathering of the Children of Israel from many different countries about Solomon’s temple is a far, far cry. The intense nationalism of the Jews has persisted for 1,700 years, unfaid by a country and with little propaganda. To have a regular rotation of green, blue, purple, and red would retain the tradition without destroying the individuality of any class.

EDITH ALLEN ‘21.

AMONG OUR POETS.

THOUGHTS.

The night blows cold and dark,

The gathering clouds drop grey,

One light in the sleeping village,

And a phantom ship in the bay.

By that light sites a fisherman doing,

On the store brews a kettle of tea,

But the thoughts of the man are wandering,

And sail in the ship on the sea.

He remembers the time long departed,

When a sailor had hurried away,

Leaving a barefoot lassie,

And a light in the hut by the bay.

He remembers the ship towing anchor,

And the last hazy vision he saw,

A fairy face dim through the window,

And a flickering lamp at the door.

The phantom ship strains at the anchor,

And no one about can we see.

But out of the past one face lingers,

And smiles on a man and his tea.

M. ST. C. E. ’20.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

My sister is selling her soul in the streets,

My brother is spending his youth.

And I turn away from their desperate need

To search printed pages for truth.

I stroll in the path where the violets grow,

Where pansies and red roses stray:

That tell in the dark and the cold of the earth.

To die on the broad highway.
TO MY CHUM.

Respectfully Dedicated to Psychology

You pointed out new roads; you showed the way.
To lands undreamed of, where eternal springs
The well of Hope, and where the Bluebird sings
Of Happiness. You taught me how to play.
Like children, ever blisterome, and as gay.
As some wild bit of thistledown that sings
Itself before the wind. And strange new things
Changed all the drabness of my lonely day.

And you alone who opened my blind eye.
That set the planets tumbling in their orbit.
To glittering gold, as if at fairy touch.
There's a throbbing in the wind I can hear.

You pointed out new roads, you showed me paths
That led my father's heart to Stephen
That I might find the well of Hope
And Paradise! I
Before the start of a destiny
Though to my friends my hands were bare,
Yet, I was living, and I was free.
To my friends, from where I began

WIND-SONG.

There's a throbbing in the wind I cannot hear.
But once my soul was part of it,
And formed the unseen Harmony
That set the planets tumbling in their orbit.
And now—sometimes when wings of earth
Are racing by,
My soul remembers that first life
And struggles to be free—off—
In one fierce burst of song.
How can I keep her safe,
When there's a music in the wind I cannot hear?

K. H. '20.

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Bordeaux, France, Nov. 3, 1918.

Dearest—

* * *

We spent almost two weeks on an English boat with a Chinese crew, and taking the boat into consideration that I wasn't ill at all, I can say it was a good trip. How I escaped it, I really can't say, because almost every other fellow on the boat was ill at some time. What did mind was that we had to sleep in hammocks on the way over. We arrived at a port in northern England, dethroned, and then remained at the docks for several hours before entraining for southern England. We arrived at a large city and marched to a rest camp. The march took us close to an hour, and it was through the heaviest sort of rain. We were escorted to our barracks and upon inquiring as to where our "bunkies" were, we were told that the floor was our bed. Scalded to the skin we slept on this floor, and covered ourselves with blankets equally as wet. Our stay at this camp only lasted a little over a day. It was followed by another march in the pouring rain back to the docks where we embarked for France. We found ourselves on a boat loaded with hundreds of horses and mules, and there were no signs of bunks or even hammocks. We walked about all night long trying to keep warm, and while it was raining we dropped anchor in a French harbor and had to wait for the tide to come up before we could dock. For the first time, we saw the sun shining, and we realized the difference between France and the home. It was some thirty odd years later that I met Louie Mosier. One evening in July, after my first dinner at a nurses' training camp in northern Minnesota, my attention was attracted by a group of people, mostly children, gathered at one end of the dining room porch. Strolling over we saw a roughly dressed man with a kindly face, bronzed as an Indian, whistling a small piece of wood and talking to a young boy who stood near. He was telling of a time years ago, when while hunting he had lost his way and wandered all night. I learned that this was Louis Mosier, a guide for the camp people. Shortly after our arrival father engaged a guide to take us fishing for the day, and to our delight secured Louie. At noon he asked if we would keep smiling.

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WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE
OF PENNSYLVANIA

Sixty-ninth year begins September 18, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German). Four months' preliminary didactic and laboratory course for those expecting to enroll in a nurses' training school. For announcement and further information, address:

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like to cook luncheon at his cabin, and of course we accepted gladly. It was a beautifully built log cabin across the lake from the camp. When we inquired about it, he modestly told us that he had built the logs all alone, and carried them from the forest.

The interior of the cabin was as picturesque as an Indian fort. Gay pictures from out-of-date magazines were on the walls, with bright picture post cards sent him by former camp visitors. Over the huge fireplace, as befitted that of a huntsman, hung the head of that northern monarch of beasts—the moose. On the floor were bear skins, while smaller fox and Canadian lynx skins hung on the walls—trophies of solitary hunts thru the trackless Canadian woods.

A small loft, covering only about a third of the room, furnished Louie’s sleeping quarters. This loft was reached by a unique ladder of short, wooden pegs driven into the chimney between the logs. When we turned from the end of the room we could scarcely contain our laughter, for in the corner was a large punching bag, and on the pine table a small Victor Talking Machine. Louie explained that the latter was the gift of one of the camp guests, and that once in a while people sent him new records.

It was in this picturesque one-roomed cabin away across the lake from the one spot of civilization in that locality, that Louie the hermit had lived for twenty years.

After we went home in the fall, it

ANOTHER CHALLENGE

St. Margaret's School in Waterbury has accepted the challenge of the 'Varsity basketball team for a game this winter. No date has yet been set. This is the third challenge that has been accepted by out-of-town teams so far. About sixty candidates are trying out for the 'Varsity team, and prospects for the season are most encouraging.

COLLEGE TO HAVE RINK

A skating rink is under construction by the college workmen on the third tennis court. A shallow embankment is being raised around the edge of the court, and the enclosure will be flooded. The college has never found a skating pond near the campus, and this is a splendid opportunity for the whole student body. The pond will be under the direction of the Physical Education Department, and will form one of the regular elective courses in the department.