Canteen Work Made Real at Convocation

"We climb our mountains after we have made our ascent."

These were the words in which Miss Winifred Hulbert opened her account of her experiences as a canteen worker in France. Not until she returned to this country did she fully appreciate her life and work in France.

It was about one month ago that Miss Hulbert began her work in a canteen in the southeastern part of France. Here she served chocolate and cakes and hot drinks to hundreds of men returning from the battlefields. These men represented a crockset of American manhood. Every type was represented. There was "Steve," a typical American boy from Massachusetts, who was homesick for his New England home. Then there was the good-natured Irishman and the Italian poet and musician. All were American citizens, fighting for America.

The canteen was established in barracks with a mud floor. There were long rows of tables on each side with a canteen counter and a kitchen at one end. The food was cooked on a field range, a square stove set up on bricks. In the evenings the men gathered at the long tables or around the piano and sang old home songs.

At Christmas the men brought a large tree into the canteen and gave a Christmas party to two hundred fatherless, French children. This love and kindness for children was one of the traits in our boys which created great surprise and respect among the French.

On Good Friday Miss Hulbert was sent to another camp in the south of France where soldiers gathered on their seven days' leave. Later she returned to the army zone where the French Army worked 'Shoulder to shoulder with the enemy. They had never been written. But Atsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein have I think the most wonderful dream the world has ever known—the dream that was born in a herdsman's stable." Miss Fraser concluded, "This is the world's opportunity to remake the

Some Activities of the Service League

The Service League has entered upon its work for the year with a vigor and enthusiasm which promise good results. The broad scope which its variegated function lends to it makes it a field of opportunity for the practise of many talents.

A group of girls entertained informally at the Y. W. C. A. house on Tuesday evening. An attractive program of college songs and dramatic sketches was given by the students, and heartily applauded by the guests at the house. The sketch, "The Three Trees," banjo, mandolin and ukelele selections by Alice Horrax and Ruth Wilson, and songs with ukelele accompaniment by Roberta Newton, were introductory to the current singing in which the men in uniform and the college girls joined.

An impromptu orchestra of army and navy talent led the singing with old and new harmony songs. Several of the girls played chess and checkers with the men while the others were playing and singing around the piano.

At the first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Friendship Club, a little dinner party was given. The table was decorated with softly shaded candles. After dinner the club adjourned to the parlor for a business meeting. At the end of the meeting an entertain- ment was given by the college girls.

The Keebac Club has begun its work with all indications of success. Judging from the two meetings held this year one might safely say that it is possessed of healthy lungs and appetites. The program usually starts with games—games not exactly Olympic in their artistic effect. Pavlova would barely grow ecstatic over the spectacle of twenty-five girls swinging to describe a violent circle around the gym floor. But that is only Pavlova's hard luck.

The program also includes entertainment by our local talent and the inevitable "eats." Again the aesthetic element may seem most amply desired. Marshmallow dust on blue surge does detract from one's dignity. But the girls are very happy, and consume a reasonable amount of toasted marshmallow.

The club is thinking of devoting one evening a month to the discussion of current topics, to counterbalance such purely frivolous evening.

There is no doubt but that the

Christmas Vesper Service; Choir Gowned

Caps and gowns were worn by the choir for the first time on Sunday, December 8. The gowns gave an air of dignity to the girls, and the blue caps lightened the dark background. A black robed choir adds a definite devotional note to the chapel service.

President Marshall's message was appropriate to the Advent season. He spoke particularly of the beauty of motherhood and of the idealism ex-emplified in all the freewillite manifestation in Jesus Christ. In closing he reminded us that every life has its message and should "follow the gleam."

DO YOUR BIT

Snapshots, cartoons, and drawings! Try any or all of these and send the results to the Editors of the Senior Class Book. Did you get a clear picture of a game or a good likeness of some member of the faculty? Either one would be very acceptable for the book. Cartoons of well-known events or scenes, original ideas for headings, are also particularly needed by the Editors. The more suggestions handed in, the more there are to select from, the better the book which will be evolved by the graduating class. Give the first class the benefit of your time, talent, and originality!

No one will want to miss the opportunity offered in the contest for the title. To give the title to the first book—a title that will live as long as the college is, indeed an honor. Every graduating class will, as the years go by, fill the book with their pictures, their anecdotes and their history, but on the cover and on every leaf will be printed the same name— your name if you choose to make it so. Think!

SPECIAL COURSE OFFERED IN LIBRARY SCIENCE

Mr. Frederick W. Edgerton of the New London Public Library has kindly consented to give the freshman class in library science a course of six lessons in practical reference work. Mr. Edgerton's course is remarkably systematic and business-like and we are very fortunate in having him.

Service League has a most successful and interesting year before it. It is living up to its name by giving service through giving pleasure.
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

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THE PROMISE OF THE NEW YEAR

Influenza has a second time invaded the campus. Like a horde of attack-
ing Huns it swept down again on a college without an infirmary. The casualty list was larger than before, but all the patients are well on the way to recovery. It takes more than that to defeat a Connecticut College girl. Just as the inhabitants of the French Foreign Legion were able to go away before the onslaughts of the Germans, so the students of the college fled before the germs. Christmas vacation began a week sooner, and lasted three days longer. It is an ill germ that brings nobody good.

But this rapid and unforeseen re-
treat must not be interpreted as a sign of weakness, academic and otherwise. Like President Marshall, the News had hoped to wish you a very Merry Christmas with a special issue, but since that is out of the question, Happy New Year to all our subscribers and friends.

At the top of the list of the col-
lege New Year's presents, stand the new dormitory plans, academic and otherwise. Like President Marshall, the News had hoped to wish you a very Merry Christmas with a special issue, but since that is out of the question, Happy New Year to all our subscribers and friends.

E. B. D. '20

"LA GUERRE EST FINIE"

The snow was falling in thick flakes. It fell on the churches and the tall buildings. It filled up the cracks in the pavement. It fell on the windows day and night. It also fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning. It fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning. It fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning. It fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning. It fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning. It fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning. It fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning. It fell on the typewriter, which was perched on a desk in the morning.

And then she opened her eyes again. The snowflakes were dancing in the sunlight. The bells were ringing from the tower. The snowflakes were dancing in the sunlight. The bells were ringing from the tower. The snowflakes were dancing in the sunlight. The bells were ringing from the tower. The snowflakes were dancing in the sunlight. The bells were ringing from the tower. The snowflakes were dancing in the sunlight. The bells were ringing from the tower.

And she dreamed of another Christmas day before he joined the aviation service.

And then she saw the grey light. The snowflakes were still falling. But they were larger now. They swirled about each other like the sands of an old hour glass. They glanced from bar to bar of the fire escape. And it was Christmas. Mildred awoke from a long sleep. It was good just to sleep. For the office was closed, and the typewriter was hidden under its hatbox.

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treat must not be interpreted as a sign of weakness, academic and otherwise. Like President Marshall, the News had hoped to wish you a very Merry Christmas with a special issue, but since that is out of the question, Happy New Year to all our subscribers and friends.
of them turned to her now, even though she was one of the "snips," as the littlest girls from Cummins House, were called by the older ones.

"Well, what are you watching us so close for?" said Kitty, tall, round, goof-natured.

Annie's brown, pinched little face lighted up, and she drew close to the group responding to the friendly tone of the rough question.

"Do you always have 'em? Christmas trees, and a present each!"

"Sure, and candy an' a orange, with singing in the evening, and no work to do all day."

Annie screwed up her nose in disgust. "I should think it 'ud be grand!"

Kitty laughed harshly. "Grand ain't just what I'd call it. It's—she frowned in her efforts to express herself—"pique, it ain't all it sounds, because—well, it just ain't."

"How could it be? We're here," said Rosha, bitterly.

And then they went on talking about things Annie couldn't really understand—there were so many things she couldn't—and she was just wondering about them all, when the bell rang to go back into school.

While they were going home on the silent line, two by two with the teacher at the back, Annie began to wonder about Christmas again. She thought about those she had known. It had been a day when her father had stayed home from work, and slept, snoring flushed and heavy, far into the morning, so that they all sat around very quietly in the rocking room, while their mother had cooked the meal, more slowly than usual, as she tried so hard to do it quietly, and to keep the newest baby, who was the sweetest of all, from disturbing the sleeper. They had all eaten quickly and run out for they knew their father would get very ugly when he finished his meal. Then if they had a nickel they would go to a crowded movie, indeed they generally managed to go to a movie anyway. By the time the line of Cummins house children had marched into their cottages, Annie had decided that beside all that, Christmas trees, and presents would without any doubt be grand. For what else made Christmas anyway?

The sewing room of Cummins was littered and boisterous, quite different from its usual spotless and orderly aspect. A large, green tree, very gay with uneven paper chains and strings of popcorn and cranberries, stood in the middle of the room. Beside it the mattron, anxious and frowning, tried to decide a near battle over a "bit" orange and a whole one without being too cross on Christmas Day. In one corner, Sophie, the littlest of all, glittlered and sticky from the many curious pieces of candy she had collected by swapping orange, popcorn, and indeed anything or everything she could discover, with the other children, lay sleeping with two last damp pieces clutched tight in her skinny little fists. Annie stood looking at it all, with her new doll held awkwardly in her hand. Perhaps it was the increasingly bitter wrangle over the orange, or only the general hubbub of the thirty loud voices—for some reason Annie crept out of the room and hid herself, all curled up in an inconspicuous corner of the coat closet. And then she began to think about Christmas again, and she suddenly remembered how when they had stolen in from the latest movie, and crept quietly into bed, their mother got up, shambled over to where they slept, and slipped a few raisins, and a brown cake into their hands, whispering in her clumsy mixture of Polish and English that they were like what they had in the old country on Christmas Day. And then Annie discovered what it was that made Christmas.

And because she had known only one love in her life, Annie buried her face in her thin, little arms and cried for her mother.

"FEARNOT"

I sat alone at the back of the great church, alone, while the world passed by to pray. The lights were dim and flickered and the figure of the usher was blurred. As he went back and forth he tottered; he was old. All about me were people in the blue of service, men and women alike serving to the utmost. The rest were old with silvered hair and lined faces and their dress was black.

The church was old; years and years it had stood through the joys and sorrows of a nation. I was old, yes, old and tired and weary.

A young lad, scarce shoulder-high, entered the chancel and lighted the candles. Like life they were more than half burnt. Then he bowed and went out. A day, a week,—no, months before it had been a tall, broad-shouldered youth, with the best of his life before him, that had stood there and now—

I remembered how when they had come from the sufferings of long nights and days it had stood through the joys and sorrows of a nation. A large, green tree, very gay and English that they were like what they had in the old country on Christmas Day. In one corner, Sophie, the littlest of all, glittlered and sticky from the many curious pieces of candy she had collected by swapping orange, popcorn, and indeed anything or everything she could discover, with the other children, lay sleeping with two last damp pieces clutched tight in her skinny little fists. Annie stood looking at it all, with her new doll held awkwardly in her hand. Perhaps it was the increasingly bitter wrangle over the orange, or only the general hubbub of the thirty loud voices—for some reason Annie crept out of the room and hid herself, all curled up in an inconspicuous corner of the coat closet. And then she began to think about Christmas again, and she suddenly remembered how when they had stolen in from the latest movie, and crept quietly into bed, their mother got up, shambled over to where they slept, and slipped a few raisins, and a brown cake into their hands, whispering in her clumsy mixture of Polish and English that they were like what they had in the old country on Christmas Day. And then Annie discovered what it was that made Christmas.

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The above list typifies the ideas of some hundred Naval Officers who have been recruited from all parts of the United States and who formally engaged in the various major professions. It is understood that these specifications practically represent an ideal. They in no way attempt to go into character detail however, as it was felt that the finer points of characteristics could well be left to the individual. A perfect score is not essential and many times not wholly desirable, as much might be lost in striving for the ideal. They might be well considered as a measure. A girl that is a Real American Girl will probably be a Real American Woman and the chances are that she will measure pretty close to the ideal. Certainly she need have no fear of her score if it is—well if it is.

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World. It is our duty to think justly, to fight for justice and to see to it that every man has an equal opportunity with us to do these things.”

EXCHANGES TELL US WHAT OTHER COLLEGES DO

Wellesley—Eight seniors who have had the highest rank in scholarship have been elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa society.

Goucher—The Goucher Farmerettes not only worked hard at their 8-hour day, but also found time to do the inside work in their house, and ran a show at Belair called “The Farmerette Folies of 1918.”

Vassar—Irma Waterhouse, Vassar, 1914, has a very interesting story of her experience in a “Y” hut somewhere in France. She was sent as one in a Vassar unit, but was the only woman for awhile until a Smith girl was sent there too. Her official title is hut hostess, and the Smith girl is librarian, but the work consists in doing everything for the convenience of the men. Miss Waterhouse makes lemonade, tendes officers French, introduces the entertainers, acts as interpreter, and answers all sort of questions in a day’s work. Of course they are anxious to get to the front, although they feel that they are doing a necessary work.

CANTEEN WORK MADE REAL AT CONVOCATION

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

Women ran out and kissed the hands of soldiers. Especially were they grateful to the American soldiers, for although the French and the British and others had been in the war much longer, it was the Americans who came to their aid just at the hour when Paris seemed to be lost.

In closing Miss P. B. Hulbert warned us not to forget the war, when our men have laid aside the khaki. We must remember that each man individually has much back of him. “It is not what a man does, but what he would do that exalts him.”

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