THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS '19 AND '20

The third Senior-Junior "get together" was held Wednesday evening, February 4th, in the Gym., from 6:45 till 7:30. The Seniors were in charge and introduced several novel ways of selecting partners for dancing. A new C. C. song was sung by some of the Senior song birds and then more music was supplied for dancing. The bell for quiet hours came all too soon and the girls very much regretted that the fun could not last longer. Those informal gatherings are proving very satisfactory as a means of drawing the two classes closer together.

ST. VALENTINE'S APOLOGIA

I crave your indulgence,-
Queen of my heart—
Long years have seen vulgar
Imitations
Of my one letter to thee—
My letter—
A passionate outpouring of the pure
And holy love
I had—and have—
For thee—
Love like a white flame soaring
Steady and true
Towards Heaven.
Of that what can the crowd under-
stand?
Each year they insult me anew
With tawdry epistles—
Each a thoughtless imitation,
A mockery
Of thee and me.
Heart of my heart,
With bruised soul and ashamed
I crave thy pardon—
With bruised soul and ashamed
I crave thy pardon—

WILL YOU, WON'T YOU, COME AND DANCE?

From all accounts the Tea Dance this year is going to be even nicer than that much-talked-of one last winter. Everyone who has the two requisites, money and the man, is going, and it is hoped that the fund for Belgian Relief will be swelled quite considerably by the proceeds. The patrons and patronesses for the affair are Muyler and Mrs. Frank E. Morgan, President and Mrs. Bonfalon and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Dean Irene Nye, Rev. and Mrs. Edward Chapman, Miss Carola Ernst, Miss Mary E. Holmes, Miss Gyrce Slater, Misses Sydney Minor, Mrs. Beatrice Parmenter, Mr. George F. Kenland, Dr. Lena, Mrs. Frank T. Cable, Mrs. F. S. Newcomb, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Joseph H. Beattle, Mrs. M. A. Krupp, Mrs. G. F. Brown, Mrs. Beth Comstock and Mrs. John K. Foran.

GOOD THINGS IN STORE

The week-ends from now until the Spring vacation are well filled with an interesting variety of entertainments and social events. The schedule in full is:

February 13th—Glee Club Concert.
February 14th—Freshman Dance—Plant House Entertainment.
February 15th—The Dansant.
February 22nd—President Marshall's reception.
February 23rd—Sophomore Hop.
March 1st—Sophomore Vaudeville.
March 7th—Thames Hall Party.
March 13th—Music Department Concert.
March 14th—French Play.

The Senior Calendar Secretaries, Ruth Trail and Winona Young, are assisted by Justine McGowan, Junior Secretary. These secretaries have office hours in the student Government Office from 2:30 to 5:00 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and from 5:15 to 9 on Tuesday and Thursday.

Completely won our hearts with his violin. We are always interested in our own student talent and were delighted to hear Loretta sing. The recital surely succeeded in its purpose and gave everyone inspiration and strength for the final days of the mid-year examinations.

SOLACE FOR THE WEARY

C. C. is most fortunate in having a faculty who appreciate the "trials and tribulations" of examination period. During the recent mid-years they did everything possible to relieve the tension of examinations. On Friday, January 30th, Mr. Bauer and Mr. Rich very kindly gave a recital for the students. Loretta Higgins sang. It was a very informal and pleasing hour. Mr. Bauer more than pleased us with his piano selections, and Mr. Rich

(Continued on page 5, column 2.)
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief—Alison Hastings ‘19
Associate Editors—
    Miriam Pomeroy ‘19
    Panchon Hartman ‘20
    Irene Whaley ‘20
News Editor—
    Julie Hatch ‘19
Managing Editor—
    Kathryn Hubbert ‘20
Art and Publicity Editor—
    Elizabeth Williams ‘20
Assistant Art and Publicity Mgr.—
    Dorothy Peck ‘19
Business Manager—
    Hattie Goldman ‘21
Reporters—
    Juliana Warren ‘19
    Marion Hendrie ‘20
    Alice Gardner ‘20
    Ann Arkin ‘21
    Abby Gallup ‘21
    Evaleen Taylor ‘21
    Ann Hastings ‘22
    Cecilia Washburn ‘22
Proof Readers—
    Helen Rich ‘21
    Barbara Ashenden ‘21
Faculty Adviser—
    Dr. Nye

REPORTERS

Perhaps the title is a little misleading, for the subject under discussion is not how New York City gets its information, but how Connecticut College gets its News. The paper, as perhaps you have observed, is not the result of a haphazard process through its pages, is maintained by a staff numbering nineteen. You have met representatives of the editorial department through their announcements in the dining hall. You have met business managers at a subscription price. You have come in contact with the proof readers through the weekly distribution. But only when the reporters corner you with requests for a contribution do you meet this most important branch of the service.

At present there are five reporters wielding the typewriter for the News: one Senior, two Juniors, and two Sophomores. Five is a fine number: we have five fingers on each hand, and five main buildings on the campus, not counting New London Hall or the Edler House. But seven is a superhuman number; we have seven sensers including the static and the incense (when that is burning we are all accustomed to the confines of college life), and seven main buildings counting New London Hall and the Edler House. The News felt it to be only desirable to divide representatives for these two houses and North Cottage. Perhaps it felt that much valuable hot air was being lost from the smokestack which could be utilized better in these columns. So a long and arduous competition was held for reporters from the freshman class. The contributions have added not little to the literary value of the News. Now, after a whole semester of persevering effort, the staff has elected two from the eleven who originally entered the lists, Ann Hastings and Cecilia Washburn, whose work in its judgment seemed most meritorious. The staff feels assured that these two new reporters will add a certain youth and intensity to the outlook of the News upon life.

ON DRESSING FOR DINNER

"I don't care. I don't like it. The girls around here dress up only when there are men around." A terrible indictment, indeed, hurled against us by one of our own members. Did not we all, at some time in our lives, wear the attire that we dress for dinner on Saturday and Sunday nights, and on other nights when we do not have classes than until six, or basketball practice at half-past seven.

When other colleges cast reproachful glances at us, we promptly reply, "Oh, but you have dining rooms in the dormitories. You don't have to go out in the cold and have your clothes blown to pieces." No, but that is their hard luck. You notice, if you read magazine articles written about the college girl, or even itinerant selections from the Woman's Page of the daily newspaper, that the great test for the right kind of college girl is whether she dresses for dinner or not. If so, she has been properly brought up. If not, she displays her unfamiliarity with the amenities of life.

None of us who appear for dinner in the somber dark of eight o'clock, or even after eight, bare of accessories,哪怕是 of their own choosing. Are we so selfish as to fancy that the first three classes have a corner on the establishment of precedent? Are we unwilling to share pioneer privileges with our fourth class?

A third criticism has been made that a dance on Valentine's night is in too close proximity to the Dansant of the Service League the following day. To this argument the officers of the League have given active denial. Do we not know that the League made a special effort to have the Dansant more closely follow the annual hop to the Seniors on Valentine's night, because it was nearer the time of The Dansant than February.

The most valid reason why the dance should not be given this year, might be that it crowded a rather full social schedule. Has this objection been suggested except by the schedule committee? No.

If we are criticising the Freshmen, it seems to be on selfish, envious grounds. To be left out of the formal dance seems to be a hard blow for upperclassmen, though they are to be entertained by the Freshmen when the more attractive Spring days come.

If we are criticising the social schedule committee's judgment in permitting a slightly questionable experiment, why not do it directly to those members of the committee who have grown accustomed to the confines of college life, and stand ready to accept objections courteously and reasonably.

We condemn the result? If there is then just criticism, why not place it where it belongs—not on Freshmen, but on Seniors and Juniors?

W. F. Y. '13

CONTRACT STATION NO. 1

Did you know that Uncle Sam had taken a small apartment at C. C. Yes, he moved in on February 1st with much furniture in the way of stereo apparatus, ink-pads, books of rules and information. In other words in the little office in the gymnasium where you get your mail, Contract Station No. 1 of the New London Post Office, has been installed. That means that several conveniences have been added to the College Post Office System. Therefore, follows our announcement.

We are assured of regular deliveries of mail per day (except Sunday). And we are permitted to pick up two regular collections (from the mail box in New London Hall only, remember!) 10.00 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

The collecting of Parcel Post, we are sorry to say, is not one of the privileges of a Contract Station, so the college still has to transport the packages. Unless an increase in the number of packages sent demands it, there will continue to be just the weekly collection. The fees of five cents for the outer cover transportation still continues.

As to new powers, the Post Office here can now make out money orders, register and insure mail and parcel post packages. We have for sale, stamps, books of stamps, stamped envelopes, post cards, in fact, a line of supplies equal to that of any country Post Office and, "one to meet the most exacting demands."

Last but not least, we are provided with a long-distance letter scale, so no more will it be necessary to guess whether or not the postage on your letter is sufficient.

Daily post office hours are 9.00 to 1:45 p.m., 2:30 to 4:00 p.m. On Fridays the collection of Parcel Post packages the office will also be open from 1:00 to 1:45 p.m.

The post-mistress and her assistants ask the co-operation of the college in making our system most effective. Any suggestions for improvement will be welcomed. It would be helpful to the workers in the office if all those who have not postboxes would read the bulletin board daily for notices of unsold mail, and make it a point for it, or send for it as soon as possible.

V. C. R.
Acting Agent.

LET US READ MORE

In time of depression, of weakness, and sorrow those of us who have the reading "habit" may find diversion, strength and hope. For, even though our external life may, at times, seem darkly monotonous we can find recreation as a cogent novel or a clever drama. For example, will not Balzac's...
C. C. WRITES FROM TEXAS
(Continued from page 1, column 1)
been driving Army trucks, success-
fully, since the war, while his men fill
the boxes with action. The prisoners
have revived miraculously, and they
continue to entertain their fellow-labor-
ers with brilliant bits of autobiogra-
phy. The slim, brown boy explains
that he is being punished for trying to
impersonate the Kaiser, but the lit-
tle fat one, who upon inspection close-
ly resembles a German sausage, is not
to be outdone. He is being kept in
the stockade, he affirms, because he
data refused to eat, and this lack of appe-
tite was mistaken for some malignant
failing. The audience is vastly
 amused.

The boxes have been filled. The
truck is loaded. Book racks tower in-
to the air like partitioned chimneys,
desk rock back and forth, and the
legs of helpless chairs protrude into
the horizon. The moving corps, pro-
nounced "corpses" by all good privates,
and undertakers, besiege the truck.
One perches himself on top of a book-
shelves which the Tower of Pisa would
recognize as a brother in leaning.
Two sit on the desk, and a third
crawls into the seat beside the driver.
One prisoner is armed with a pen,
and the other with a penknife.
Two dirty assistant librarians,
one of whom you recognize as your
old friend Thomas, loaded with the
correspondence file, and the marking
case which the Tower of Pisa would
undertake to stay in the army for life If it
did not keep him away from his pigs,
and a hardware salesman who has
turned poet. These and dozens of
others keep us busy ordering books on
everything from the raising of os-
tiches to the training of police dogs.
The Army is gifted with a wonderful
imagination. The poet affords us
more pleasure than the rest, however.
He brings us all of his latest produc-
tions, and elucidates them to us if we
have time to listen. I may add, by
way of suggestion to the editor, that
he has already made a thousand dol-
lars, by having his verses printed on
postcards, and selling them to his
fellow privates, for the wonderfully
reasonable rate of three poems for ten
cents. His favorite burst of genius
begins something like this: When
Margy Clark begins to dishin' out the
soup, When Kaiser Billy's little Willie has
the cramp. This is accomplished by gestures; he
has been taking elocution, to enhance the
ccharm of his recitation. Margy is
represented as swiping the soup over
his left shoulder, and little Willie has
a violent and dramatic fit of coughing.
It ends by saying that when all these
miracles happen, and Mrs. Wilson is
reduced to taking in washing (Is that
correct? does one "take in" washing?
I am quoting the Sergeant) then, and
not until then, will the Boys in Khaki
allow the Huns "to put anything over."

But your poor Connecticut College
New London. I can hear you sighing, while
you wonder if this boring tale of a
War Service Library will never be at
an end. So I suppose I must stop, al-
though I have not yet told you about
Thanksgiving day at a deserted out-
post in the foothills, where trouble was
expected from the Mexicans, or about
the other outpost, whose top Sergeant
was so enthusiastic that he insisted
upon taking me through all of the tents
in camp, to give me an idea of the
books his men were reading. I am
afraid that my days of visiting out-
posts are over, as we have a new as-
istant who was sent to do nothing
but that, but what else? One of
us is especially remember my
last one. We had taken a library to
a small cavalry outpost, doing border
duty. Everybody but a illiterate
lieutenant, and the cook being for
all these days are the only interesting ones.

The sun was setting, a pale Decem-
ber sun, behind madonna blue moun-
tains, the bell in the old white church
rang for vespers, and a beggar, old
and bent, who sat in a doorway,
crossed himself and muttered a prayer
for each of us: To "Maria, Madre de
Jesus," and we felt that we had been
blessed.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE
OF PENNSYLVANIA
Sixty-ninth year begins September 18, 1814. Entrance qualifications Two
years of college work, including Chem-
istry, Physics, Biology, and two lan-
guages other than English (one of
which must be French or German).
Four months' preliminary didactic
and laboratory course; those ex-
pecting to enroll in a nurses' training
school.
For announcement and further in-
formation, address
MAURIA TRACY, M. D., Dean
210 North College Avenue

THE CON ECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS
NEW LONDON ART STORE
25 Union Street
Pictures, Artistic Picture Framing
Sheet Music
Umbrellas repaired and recovered

for DRY GOODS
THE S. A. GOLDSMITH CO.
Established 1850
131-143 State Street
New London, Conn.

FOR DRY GOODS
THE STORE FOR SERVICE
131-143 State Street
New London, Conn.

KEEP SMILING
O'Leary's
44 MAIN STREET

LOOSE LEAF BOOKS
DIARIES AND STATIONERY
J. SOLOMON
44 MAIN STREET
AMONG OUR POETS

FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS

Roses in February?
Where do they blow?
Not in a hothouse garden,
Ranaged row on row;
But in pink clustered borders
Round every wall
Of a chintz-curtained room,
That welcomes them all.

Pusses in February?
Where do they grow?
Not by a warm wood fire,
Curling up just so;
But in gray willow pattern
Round a brown stem,
Down by an icy pond, that
Melts its heart for them.

A. H. '19.

SUCCESS

A withered hand reached out,
So old, decrepit, dry, and sore,
It grabbed the border of my cape.
A leper at my door,
I pass it by,
Why should I stop?
The great assembly meets at four.
I hurry on,
Why should I heed
An orphan lying at my door?
So let them reach, and clutch, and beg,
The strong I love, the weak, abhor.
I'm needed in the ship of state,
The great assembly meets at four.
I pass it by,
Why should I stop?
The great assembly meets at four.
I hurry on,
Why should I heed
An orphan lying at my door?
So let them reach, and clutch, and beg,
The strong I love, the weak, abhor.
I'm needed in the ship of state,
The great assembly meets at four.
I pass it by,
Why should I stop?
The great assembly meets at four.
I hurry on,
Why should I heed
An orphan lying at my door?
So let them reach, and clutch, and beg,
The strong I love, the weak, abhor.
I'm needed in the ship of state,