NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, FEBRUARY 11, 1921

TREASURE HIGHLAND.

COLLEGE SUDDENLY TURNS INTO A DIAMOND MINE.

Where is the Diamond?

If Stevenson were to stroll about our campus on this fine day, for instance, he would gather much food for thought and perhaps be inspired to write a sequel to "Treasure Island." For, verily, grave matters are afoot, notably in things that are happening right under our very noses, to be exact, right under our very windows and in front of our very doors! Why these knowing looks and smiles? Why this silent movement in corridors, or this anxious whispering? Why these secret rendezvous at power-houses and trolley stations and this sudden mansions for dusty laboratory and endless classrooms in New London Hall after the last meal of the day is over? It may be the Student Secret Service out on the trail of class-cutters or Vespera-disturbers. It may be a sincere desire to receive inspiration from the hallowed walls. No, that cannot be, else why the blanched, sweltered and accelerated students scurrying with such unerring skill in the neighborhood of the reservoir the other day? Overhead that very roof, they were, and kicking up the stubble at a great rate, seemingly very anxious to find some lost article.

"My, looking for a new kind of missile, or an easy and inexpensive way to China," I mused as I slouched at my window in this very hall today, for it may be a search party out after the lost balloon and lost rune. By the way, what is that they are being employed by the department of Geology and Archaeology in taking to a museum and preparing a book on "Indians Belonging to the American System," the next, I suppose, when the Rockland Flints and Batsumi of the golden treasure, they will be diving into the reservoir itself— for the expedition seems to be thorough and thorough. And then, have you noticed how popular bloomers seem to be? For certain Rosy Dawn evening wear and a stroll about campus here and there, nothing like them. They are so comfortable, and so well adapted for climbing, and poking into cobwebby corners. Oh, yes, there's something in the wind.

"There's dirty work at the crossroads," as Kipling says, or is it Longfellow. Janitors hereforeabout considered impervious to feminine smiles, are being besought into opening passages never dreamed of. Streetcar night watchmen are pestered with inquiries as to the size and location of various parts of machinery at the power house. The search is on in earnest. What is the great mystery and when and how will it be solved? And, will it be solved? Strange.

The News announces the election of the following as temporary Freshman reporters:

Louise Hall
Helen Douglas
Mildred Donnelly
Maxine Liebenstein
Marion Viber.
It occur to you that it’s even a better idea to get your room in order, at least to make new resolutions than at New Year’s. We take new breath, then, and again, and isn’t it netting new to dedicate a few vows to our tribe? We’ve already rearranged our schedule so that we can spare at least an hour a day for good, substantial reading? If you don’t, then perhaps a moment you will see where you can spare more even better than an hour. But don’t do it! Start moderate. Like how many resolutions we have come to notice because we promised ourselves too much. And then if you feel you need more reading, give up about fifteen minutes to the newspaper. Do you ever feel it out of place when current events are being discussed? Physical isolation should not involve mental isolation.

There are heaps of other good and absolutely necessary resolutions we should have, with an earnest plea for the head-waitress, and let you think of the rest. Personally we think it’s just as easy to sit in your own assigned seat as in the wrong one. However, it is merely a personal view. From all accounts most people don’t seem to think so, but it does help the efficiency of the dining room. And if you don’t follow time, ask the head-waitress. She’s unusually amenable to reason. Resolve always to ask for food. Don’t try to get away with it yourself - you won’t - it isn’t. It still belongs to the owner. Think that they are all American with the exception of a little French girl, and two English boys, one of the big doctors in the Clinic. We’re thirty-one! I don’t know the ancient (7 and 8), Geography (4 and 7), Algebra and Geometry (12), Caesar and Herodotus (8 and 12), Latin prose. It fills up each day, as well as the brain, in satisfaction, having only Algebra and Caesar for homework. It’s so absurd to be thinking behind a teacher’s head. Sometimes it comes over me with a buzzing sense of unfitness, and I grope around for someone to blow away the mist.

The American community has taken us in so cordially that we are overpowered by the many kindnesses that is evident everywhere we go—at the Consulate Dance, the Community. All our small friends in Cairo. It is to等诸多 that we are right in our path, the Consulate Dance, the Community, our numerous Christmas gaieties.

During the month of February, a Smith 19’ girl, who came out with me, now working in the Preparatory department, has been in the capital, a kindred soul worth going around the world to find. We made the Pyramids, the Nile, Cairo and Luxor. She comes on every occasion, belonging to: Thomas, Churchill, and Durham. We met three weekly reunions when the Staff of the college, as well as the professors and their wives get together for jollification. Being four or five female-strong against the crowd of twenty-two men this year, means extra A’s, W, O, LBR!!! Most of them are Ambrose, Princeton, and Oberlin graduates, but there are representa tives almost everywhere in every small college in the Union—+ Whitman, Walla Walla. The suggestion of such a Christmas is numerous, and the methods and materials are comparatively simple.

The development of the Engineering and Medicine Departments, has helped to give a surer-terrible that the Amazonian atmosphere which I was half drunk with being an honest man and daughter! It’s a wonderful place, the faculty is original, cooperative, and bright; and the beauty of cactus-alleys, brazen donkeys, and the very few Frenchmen that saw the Syrians has still the fascination of a continued Arabian-Night’s Dream.

A dress like a dream that we all settled down for long time, and never noticed such glories as the days of the Atlantic, with glimpses of the Apex and Gibraltar; a vivid week of Naples and the hot, dark, brooding under the ground, toothpick-lighted in the hazy distillation of the night's glow; lavish of the home, the branches of the martyrs; eight days on the Mediterranean, stopping long enough to see the roses in the bloom, and high-walled gardens; at Kalamata for a swim on the beach at the end of the hot day of the birthplace of Venus. We improved by the upstair's half of an old Syrian house, stone, and timbered, and stove in with an oak.

Tripoli lies about forty miles north of the city, easy to find, it takes about ten minutes' walk, past the light-house, one minaret, and the Modern school. It has no grounds, roads, or anything about fifteen acres, a prepa depart ment with the hundred or so, and includes a Medical, Dental, Engineer ing, Scientific and Chemical depart ment. And there are cypress trees, and pepper groves, and tennis courts and glimpses of the great bay of St. George between long vistas of eucalyptus trees and "Kharab." The college owns about forty acres in all, including the Clinics and Hospitals where nurses and doctors and from all over Syria come to study. If we were in the community we have recently moved into a new school building. Set on the edge of the light-house, where a minute or so, and high-walled, with a cactus alley, there is a block high up the beach. We absolutely necessary resolutions we couldn't look at the moon, the stars, all the stars. Take a look at the moon, the stars, and the sun, even a sweater too much. The atmosphere of the college is not of us, including my brother (and it’s only two!), even our last days. We have hiked across the entire University, through the Cluering chiefs silent in their Sfu:us- }

It seems like a dream now that we could have left without a properly packed suit, a foolhardy idea. It was a little English girl. and two English boys, one of the big doctors in the Clinic. We’re thirty-one! I don’t know the ancient (7 and 8), Geography (4 and 7), Algebra and Geometry (12), Caesar and Herodotus (8 and 12), Latin prose. It fills up each day, as well as the brain, in satisfaction, having only Algebra and Caesar for homework. It’s so absurd to be thinking behind a teacher’s head. Sometimes it comes over me with a buzzing sense of unfitness, and I grope around for someone to blow away the mist.

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PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR OF THE C. C. O. C. OVER THE COCHEGAN BOULDER

As we chugged on the afternoon of January 29th, the college bus, crowded with faculty, students, and visitors, began to move. The journey started from the C. C. O. C. really was going to do a little hiking. We followed the Stony Brook road about two miles away from the main campus. The road led us to the boulder.

The firefly, weather-beaten face, is afforded a perilous foothold. Indeed, this boulder brings forth many Inian legends of the dreamer in a garden chair under the rock. All artists should carry sketchbooks when scrambling over boulders—they might find some garrets. Miss Black was administered by the conductor of her failure to tell the children the stories of the rock. Cochegan boulder is said to be erratic. having been transported in the vicinity of the college for a radius of 20 miles.

Do you like to hike—to explore the area covered will be in the vicinity of the college for a radius of 20 miles.

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THE DREAM.
A pale, nebulous crescent, the moon
A'nd caressed with slivery touch
The sleeping, swaying lily
Whose petals, white and cool, untainted.
Closed o'er its depth of gold.

A glittering, glistening thing, the serpent crept.
And cleaved—wretched, nauseous coils
That dragging, twisting, withering.
Left crushed the dark, moist earth
And broken the dew-wrapt grass.

I saw your soul in the heart of that flow.
As I stood near, chain'd mist
And in s'whirling tur'ny me your aimless arms
Stretched out to you; but in whistling
Like the sighing of spent wind, the words
Dropped from my mournful lips.

The serpent's old and still more near
And rested on its coils a green, dark head
Whose eyes swam in yellow, unholy desire
To tour and rear your head, pure bone
And fold your gold with its slime.

Do you like to hike—to explore the area covered will be in the vicinity of the college for a radius of 20 miles.

KATHRYN HULBERT WRITES FROM SYRIA

(Concluded from page 5, column 3)

Late is better than none at all. New Year's Eve is a luxury, and the long hours without seeing each other have brought an even greater distance in the week's work. I hope to make up for the lack of social life (through the children)

Suite 201.
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PLAYS ON REVIEW.
The Truth...

STRIKING THE PULPIT.

Balse.

HOLMES,

The Age of Innocence...

BENJAMIN WRIGHT A

The Gooseberry Parch...

KAY CULVER

The Sower of Seeds...

Ruth Rose

Little Shepherd of the Kingdom Come...

MINNIE MILLER

This Side of Paradise...

Caroline Keith

Baking Life Worth While...

Florence Hopkins

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IN THEIR RECENT EXAM. ISSUE.
MT. HOLYOKE SUGGESTS FOLLOWING EXAMS FOR THE
FACULTY:
I. Outline the least offensive
method of conducting chapel service,
including the following points:
a. Nineteen fresh and original
methods of introducing the Lord's
Prayer and your personal theories as
to how often the congregation may be
induced to repeat said prayer in one
service.
b. Demonstration by the use of dia-
gram, of the best means of shutting off
a speaker at 8:55 sharp.
c. Discussion of the maintenance of
composure under the following cir-
cumstances: dog fight in the vestibule,
hiccoughing of the organ, total absence
of the senior class, sophomore fall-
ning over bantry railing.
II. Make a rough estimate of the
number of times you have inscribted,
in quiz books and papers, the follow-
ing comments, and, if possible, explain
what they mean:
Well written, forceful, entertaining,
vigorous, colorful, pleasing, vague, in-
adequate, slipshod.
III. Compile a syllabus for the study
of Saturday night charlooming as a
science, include a complete survey of
the modern dances, their development
and probable origin; qualifications for
an ideal chaperon; methods of dis-
criminating between the toddler and the
camel walk; and a discussion of check-to-check versus chin-to-chin.

Hunter had a joyous celebration on
January 8th when the Associate Alumnae gathered under the college
roof-tree.

Vassor held an ice carnival on Pratt
Take on Tuesday last. Bonfires, bands,
hot dogs and doughnuts made the af-
fair a great success.

Extracts from Washington Irving:
High School Freshmen intelligence
tests:
Question: Are you a boy or a girl?
Answer: I am an Episcopalian.
Question: Tell whether each of the
following words is used in law, medi-
ation, or theology.
Answer: Larceny is used in medi-
ation.
Question: Are all barbers wealthy?
Answer: (by all Italian girls) Yes.
Question: Should a teacher be hab-
riously tardy?
Answer: (playing safe) Yes!

A little boy came with his class to
the American Book Co. to give a read-
ing demonstration and was taken out
afterwards for ice-cream. It was a
new delicacy to him. Asked to give
his favorite flavor, he thought for a
moment, and then said "Bunna-had-
dit."

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