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Connecticut College News

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NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 25, 1919
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Service of Smith Unit in France

Miss Alice Leavens, who, with the Smith unit, has been doing reconstruction work in France for over a year, was the Vesper's speaker last Sunday. Miss Leavens said that she went over with the idea of doing reconstruction work in the devastated parts of France, but that before her return she had served in every other capacity imaginable. The Unit first started in a village which had been destroyed by the Germans, and attempted to make some of the houses temporarily habitable and to relieve some of the suffering which resulted from the destruction of homes. After a time they were driven out by the return of the Boche, and the work which they had done was demolished so that the enemy might not find it.

They were then pressed into service as nurses and as 'cheerers' for the soldiers who were convalescing. The need which our men felt for touchers of home and for someone who could speak English Miss Leavens especially brought out, and at the same time emphasized the fact that good which the various organizations have done in supplying this need. The Smith unit has been able, during its stay in France, to serve, in some way, men in physically every branch of our service. No service has been too menial or uninteresting for it to undertake, and this is the secret of all success in serving. Miss Leavens said at the beginning that the girl who could not forget herself and do the task which no one wanted to do would not in any sense be of value in the work which had to be done nor would she herself have any satisfaction in her work.

One of the most vivid pictures which was drawn during the talk was that of the one of the people who, because of the guns roaring in the distance and the constant danger of bombs could not sleep and who, when they could stand it no longer took the blankets off, in the case of old people, chairs, and went out on the hillside where they were a little safer than in the city, and where they could get a little rest. In concluding, Miss Leavens said that there is still much work to be done by American women, but that the work which is now to be taken up will be of a more permanent nature. Houses will be built anew, not just patched, and villages will be planned for the future, not for a few weeks.

Dramatic Club Presents Its First Plays

On January 17th, the Dramatic Club presented the two sketched, "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsmay, and "The Man On the Kerb," by Alfred Sutro. Owing to the illness of Miss Helen Perry, the club was unable to give "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," which was to have completed the programme. In view of this fact, Mr. Currie under whose direction the plays were staged gave several recitations, which were done with that expression and spirit which Mr. Currie shows in all his work.

In the "Lost Silk Hat," Miss Doris Patterson enacted with much maimness and humor the part of the man caller who had left his hat in the house of his rejected fiancee. In her vain attempts to recover the hat from the house she sought aid from a laborer, Miss Helen Gage, a clerk, Miss Grace Otten, and a poet, Miss Jeannette Sperry. They all refused to help her, so in desperation she at last was forced to go for it herself, much to the sorrow of the poet.

Miss Mary Hester as Joseph Matthews, and Roberta Newton as Mary, Joseph's wife, played the roles of poverty-stricken parents in "The Man On the Kerb," with deep feeling and emotion. Both the actresses deserve much credit for their work.

The cast of the play follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Lost Silk Hat</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Caller .......Doris Patterson, '21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Woman .......Helen Gage, '20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Clerk ........Francis Otten, '21</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Poet ..........Jeanette Sperry, '22</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Policeman ....Lydia Marvin, '21</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Man On the Kerb</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Matthews ....Mary St. Clair Hester, '20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary (his wife) ....Roberta Newton, '21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Second Senior Sing in Full-Moon Light

Ordinarily one would do a thing more than twice before one dared to call it a custom, but the Seniors felt after their second full moon sing that it was indeed an established tradition. Not one of them but realized that the stonewall gatherings would become one of their most vital memories of C. C., with the gold moon over the live stone of New London Hall, with the harbor lights gleaming, with the familiar tunes in the clear air, with the close comradeship of the black-gowned group (with the honey-colored half of the cheerleader in the moonlight). The beauty of all these was increased by the delightful flavor of its being indeed a custom.

But just because a thing is a tradition C. C. doesn't think that it shall forever persist firm and unchanged. The Seniors have pressed into their tradition may be enriched and extended with each repetition. While the Seniors gloried in the success of their first two sings, they also enjoyed the anticipation of their ever-widening significance. The full moon and the singing is much too nice to be monopolized, even if the Seniors do have first right to the stone wall and the picturesque (at least in the dark) robes. The Senior songs are really the nucleus for college sings—when the Seniors gather monthly to bring their new songs to the stone wall, the other classes will gather about and contribute something new, too.

This will all be very nice in general, and here is a particular way in which it will be nice—it will stimulate the production of those college songs we need so badly. Why don't YOU fall to and write one for YOUR class to bring to the next sing?

FRESHMAN FEATURE

Lolly-Pops

The final bond of relationship was established between the Freslihman and Junior classes on Friday evening, January 16th, when the Freshman entertained the Juniors in the gym. The Freshmen lived up to their reputation for originality by making it a middy party. The informality implied was carried out to the full by the character of the entertainment. Dignified Juniors joined with great hilarity in the rollicking games. Even the Faculty were pressed into the service of helping amuse. The refreshments were a little safer than in the city, and where they could get a little rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Give Joint Recital

The first full moon of the New Year beams auspiciously for the first formal public gathering at Connecticut College this year—the joint recital of Mr. and Mrs. William Wheeler, on Thursday evening, January 16th.

The program was unique in representing various members of the college department of music: Mr. Wheeler, the vocal instructor; Mr. Bauer, accompanist, professor of piano; and Dr. Cochrane, head of the department, represented on the program by his charming "Wild Rose," sung by Mr. Wheeler.

The numbers of the program were well chosen and varied. Especially lovely were the duets, in which both voices blended delightfully. The songs by Dvorak were particularly pleasing—especially Mrs. Wheeler's interpretation of the gay "Tune thy Strings" O. C. "Ory." and her Wheeler's solo, "The Cloudy Heights of Tarn." The old folk songs, quaint, humorous and pathetic, found a sympathetic and appreciative audience, especially "A Ballad of a Balloon," which Mr. Wheeler had to repeat.

A pleasant surprise in the program was Professor Bauer's piano solo, Rubenstein's Contredance, a long and difficult selection, which brought repeated applause from the audience, but encore from Mr. Bauer.

This is the first of a concert series which includes The Gerardi Trio; Violinist, Violoncellist, and Harpist, all members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; on March 15th, and a Violin Recital by Helen Jeffrey on April 17th, in addition to the Student Recitals and the Glee Club Concert. The series is well worth the enthusiastic support of the entire college.

DEEP STUFF

This is the result of psychological discussion upon the active and passive person!

Passive subject: I'm becoming active! I'm beginning now.
Active subject: Well, will you kind--become active enough to hand me that knife?
Passive subject: No, but I'll be passive enough to pass it to you.

Dr. Bussimee is fitted into the general spirit of the evening: people pranced gaily 'through the Virginia Reel with lolly-pops pro-truding rakishly from their mouths. The singing closed with songs and cheering.
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A MID-YEAR'S REVEILLE.
By this time we have hosen over the exam schedule for uncounted moments of dreadful despair, and we have discussed the immense disadvantages of our particular share in the above mentioned academic activity from every angle. The semester, like a good first act, has skillfully coursed and maintained suspense and interest (see Archer, pages 64-91), heightening the tension at appropriate times by quizzing and mid-term leading all up to this grand climactic triumph. We have been knitting the scarf of our academic Destiny, until all that remains to be done before submitting the finished article to the faculty for private exhibition is to finish the last row and cast off the stitches.
Yes, that is all. But some of us have several bales of yarn to knit up ere the end. And it's going to mean that we will have to knit a row a minute to catch up to the schedule. Some of us, in fact, will have to work overtime.
We have set ourselves no simple task. It is going to be long and monotonous. It is going to mean staying up late and getting an early start. Lucky is it for us that we have no rules and regulations concerning lights out. Cramming is decidedly the most strenuous of college activities.

BY THE WAY—
It's not necessary to be reading about the intensive cultivation of fruit from the tree of knowledge, isn't some of the material driven home more vigorously than it would be by daily research? Particularly in a group which has highly praised these days, why not intensive culture?

Besides, some cynical friend has remarked that "You go to college to learn to forget." A more optimistic commentator has said that "If you remembered all you learned in college you'd be as wise as Solomon." So, evidently, there is hope for us even though our academic memory be somewhat elusive at times.

But this is no time for procrastination. Nor even for discussion. It is the time for action. By taking thought we cannot add one second to the blessed pursuits of the evening. We must all cut a regular New Year's resolutions. Not like some other resolutions, it's too good to keep. So here we are, in the year 1919, A. D., absorbed in the whirl of the semi-annual academic clearance sale. In which some of us will get the worst of the bargain. But, as Tiny Tim did not say, may hock be with us, every one!

ALMS—FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH—ALMS
If we were suddenly stricken with poverty, discovered to be absolutely penniless, and in our abject misery turned to you, oh, my sisters—you, whose hearts are full and overflowing—tell me, would you turn away, ignoring our outstretched, empty hands and white, beseeching faces? Say not, "No!

Now it happens that we have lost what in far more precious than mere money—to wit, our bag of tricks and delusion. Delusion without which the paper can succeed? You, on the other hand, have scarcely opened your bags this year, wherefore, they must be full of splendid, original ideas. Ah, my sisters, hearken. I prithee, to my woorful cry—be generous, open your bags, and out with all your clever thoughts! Alms—for the love of Allah—Alms!

ON DELEGATIONS
Eight Connecticut College students attended the Y. W. C. A. conference at Silver Bay last summer, where they acquired a great deal of valuable information. Not one of the eight would hesitate to say that the trip was well worth the two or three hundred dollars which it cost the students and friends of the college.

However, does it not seem that this delegation is rather small? I know, some others have sent out large parts of them to constitute themselves a little group which they call an interest other girls in the annual conferences, and help to send more girls from Connecticut College than has yet been possible.

I hesitate to think of the group as a Silver Bay Club, such as exist in many colleges, for some one would immediately object that we are already over organized. Besides we are. Without the necessity of charter or constitution, a little informal group of delegates could do a great deal toward devising ways and means of raising a Silver Bay Fund to defray future delegation expenses, and could find ways of expressing the true information which came into their lives during the ten days of the conference.

What do the other delegates think about it?

W. F. Y. '19.

SYMPATHY FROM THAMES HALL
All the other reception rooms must be lonely. They are never the remners of every house on campus, of every class, of every organization. Other reception halls are actually emotionally empty for the people of the house to enter, to use without interrupting a meeting.

Think how uninteresting that would be! All the uncertainty of being disappointed of reaching the reception room and finding it resounding with a class ring would be done away with. Life would indeed be monotonous!

What dissipated lives the other students must lead! Why, they may gather in the reception room with their roommates, make another cooking fire afterward dinner after until the quiet hour bell rings!

How thankful the girls of Thames Hall are that their lives will always be righteous, studious, and exciting, because they cannot meet nightly—weekly or monthly either—in their dear little white background of the room. And means of expressing the true information which came into their lives during the ten days of the conference.

It's not that you were, but so sooner you did you become buried in an exciting story then your mother called. "Mary Jane, will you see if there is water enough in the beans, I think I can smell them?" You had to leave your story and pour water into the beans. Yet after you were in the kitchen, you didn't much mind that you had been disturbed, for you wanted the beans to be sure that they were cooking fast enough—at least you believed that was why you tasted them—you could eat a freshly baked cookie, and nibble a tiny bit of pie. At last supper time came. Didn't your whole family gather around, while your mother got the brown bread out of the pot, and all offer suggestions as to the best way of making it come out whole? But finally without your mother's taking anyone's advice, it came out a steaming and perfect loaf, which the youngest of the family proudly carried to the table, while someone else followed with the beans, and someone else with the butter. Waht's the Saturday night supper al- ways the jolliest in the week, for wasn't your whole family at home, and wasn't everyone hungry and happy; and didn't everyone have such funny stories to tell that the room fairly resounded with your laughter and Merriment? But most of all on Saturday night, didn't you wish that you never had to leave baked beans and brown bread?

Cecilia Washburn '22.
on argument for free verse, since it encourages the simplest expression of genuine emotion, and thus gets down to truth and life—or reaches up to them, if you prefer—for more surely than by saucering on the wings of form alone.

Simplicity, sincerity, reality, truth—they are the vital factors in a poem. Music may have its charm, but the best expression of the greatest things in life is the simplest. Some of our ultra-modern free verse is horrible, but some so-called lyrical verse is equally so. Stripped of all artificialities, beautiful in clarity and elemental simplicity, they are equally beautiful. Thought, mood, motive, determine the form.

We have grown used to a certain type of verse, and are accustomed to associate with the word "poem," a certain position on a page; a certain method of printing, indentations, stanza, etc.; certain rhythms; and usually rhyme. And our systems are so ordered that we object to new things, object to having to adjust ourselves to a new order, and to changing our well-formed system. A simple thing, beautiful in its nudity, expressive of basic, elemental emotions, seems crude and vulgar to our sensitive ears. It startles us, and our object to being startled. But after all, shocks are very salutary.

The pitfalls of verse-making are many, perhaps, in free verse than in lyric, because, after all, form will "hide a multitude of sins." All the more reason, then, why we should not utterily condemn the new poetry. It is difficult to do well, it is crude, and undeveloped, but its aim is to dig down beneath the surface, to thrust off all artificialities, and stand forth in its own sheer beauty—the beauty of unadorned simplicity and truth. It is an attempt to crawl out from the suffocating mediocrity of yesterday, and approach the sincere and simple beauty of our real masters.

Public opinion ances, but that is a

Compliments of

A FRIEND

OUR DARK BROTHERS

Before the United States entered into the world-war there was much said in this country about the attitude the negroes would take if called upon to fight. There was a great deal of speculation as to whether the negroes would forget the lynching, race riots, and shameful arrests of the past. It has already been seen, how willingly they did enter the conflict, and how courageously they fought for a democracy not in the full sense of the word theirs. And why was this? Merely in the hope that after they had faithfully and heroically done their duty they would be given real democracy and justice.

Yet only a short time ago from some small town in Georgia comes the news of the lynching of a negro soldier returned from the trenches of France. On the trivial charge of having robbed a fellow negro he was arrested. Upon resisting the officer, he was pursued and killed. Had it been a white man, he would have been given a slight imprisonment or a fine for a similar offense. Well might those who fell in France demand: "Is this then what we have fought and died for?"

Small nations, weak nations, oppressed European races are all being cared for at the Council of the League of Nations. Is it not only fair that the negro question be considered and looked into? Can we say that the United States is truly safe for Democracy without doing so?

BROOKS PHELPS '22.