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HOW MODERN YOUTH DANCES.

Ever since the craze for dancing has entered modern youth, our fathers and mothers have looked askance at the Degraded Ideals of a generation who have lost their sense of propriety and maidenly modesty to such an extent that they indulge themselves in modern "jazz." The guarded rose of thirty years ago, who fitted gracefully about in the carefully measured semi-circle of her partner's arm, to the music, conservatively strung of the Blue Danube for five minutes at a time, and then with a delicate, subtle, smile of thanks returned to her chair, is now pompously fanned by an appreciative but distant partner, a belle, and a beautiful one.

She held her head with poise, and her fragile, corseted figure moved perfectly to the rhythm. Her feet lightly skidded over the floor, and she moved with an easy, elegant grace. But occasionally, alas, the tide has turned, and the graceful dancing of the late Victorian era has reacted to the "Shimmy," and every vagary and fluctuation of the "Jazz" music. Apparently you are "in dance" to dwell upon. This dance well is a broad statement, but does not include our parent's version of doing the light fantastic.

I have seen at times that I have been the stern mother of a wild-eyed, jubilant girl. I have also seen in full five hours' straight dancing, reproach my daughter bitterly: "You'll use your body to do that any vulgar woman can do that sort of disjointing wriggling to music in the close embrace of a man. Whereas the "snapper" looked at her mother with implicit self-confidence, and lamented to herself the inability of her mother to understand the thrill of the "Tickle Toe." Nevertheless, there is a great deal to be said in its favor. Apparently for a popular, sought-after figure on the dance floor, the modern maiden must abandon all self restraint to the rhythm and dictates of the syncopation. With a sure and steady foot she follows the numerous and intricate steps of her leader. She fares much better than the modern maiden who may be whirling, whirling couples in a dimly lighted ball, with the meaning of the muffled saxophones giving somewhat the effect of a variegated dance in a Zulu jungle. Her nerves are all asleep. Every muscle of her supple body is alive with the thrash of the music. The girl drifts off into the measures of the dance. To the on-looker, she seems to be clinging bit of femininity; bent to distorted, clumsy lines, to fit the light grasp of her leader. But in reality, she is cleverly commanding her posture to follow the dance, with the agility of a bird, and the lighting of a feather.

The aim of the modern girl dancer is to be as nothing in her partner's arms and in the dance. She abandons the beauty and grace of the old-fashioned dance. But she has now for herself the ability to follow with ease and grace the rhythm of the modern standard of good dancing.

M. P. 22.

The Seniors welcome our Good Fairy with open arms and open hearts and preclude the forethought of the Juniors in making their majorette the fateful year of '21.

THE VALUE OF TYPE-WRITING.

The following is from an article entitled "Opinion in Yeshiva College Courses," by Elizabeth Adams, in "The Wollsey Alumnae Quarterly." She says:

"I contend * * * that there is educative value in any training that means a gain in control. Any such form, whether it be the resolution process or the typewriter, or control of mind and body found in the ability to write good shorthand, or the power to reason in the realm of ideas. * * *

The process of learning to manipulate the forty-two keys of the typewriter, if presented to the point of accuracy and speed of standardization, commercial value demands a higher degree of patience, perseverance and exactness. This training is demanded of any of the academic subjects."

This little secretarial course trains the student to "follow directions without deviation; to carry the task through with slight relaxation of personal and attention; to make repeated trials until a hard task is successfully accomplished; to prevent waste; to be orderly; to look ahead; planning by the hour." When one has spent an hour, hours, days, weeks, months, or even years with an uncomprimising, merciless typewriter, there comes a certain humility bred by no other form of study I have yet entered. An error is an error and throws out the work of a successful effort, so one simply has to become 100 percent correct. There is no getting by with an average of 80 percent accuracy and 20 percent error. The work must be 100 percent correct or it is worthless. This habit of absolute accuracy seems to me a habit of value, comparable to none, because into the forming of it has gone such persistent, honest effort. Yet no teacher can force such a course. Lobster demand no such standard of a passing mark as 60 percent correct.

ALMIRA LOVELL.

STUDENTS' FUND.

After drastically giving musicale, rehearsing breakfasts and selling cakes, candy, sandwiches, hot fudge sundaes, etc., to enable us to pay our pledges, $1,065.71 was the contribution of the students.

DON'T "KEEP ON HOPIN'" FOR A NEW SONG—WRITE ONE! 
CONNETICUT COLLEGE NEWS

HOW TO SHOOT A GUN.

It looked so deadly—so long—so black and glooming, that I didn't dare to argue; refused to see reason; simply does not wish to see. Your point is well taken and therefore I have made the effort. Your lunch hour is empty, and you have missed your victim, as your victim escapes minus a new view.

Though you seem a trifles preening in trying to force your arguments upon an unwilling subject, you have espoused a worthy cause. The nation, bigoted, selfish, and underfed is far too prevalent among us. We are not generous enough nor have we sufficient eagerness for just arguments to make us willing listeners, even seekers after the other person's point of view.

Rather than to make useless New Year's resolutions let us direct our energies. Perhaps we shall get the other person's point of view—out from politeness only, but to gain the greater intelligence which consideration from a new angle is bound to bring.

HOW TO COOK—AND COOKING.

Nobody knows better than I just how to cook. Indeed, nobody could live with Aunt Leocil as I did for four years, and not know enough to cook. One just couldn't escape it. It was inescapably as much of a way of life as the world. I struggled hard at first and allowed no aptitude as a pupil, but it was the only way—I was taught the same. I never understood, though, and neither did Aunt Leocil;—why it was that, although I could learn perfectly well how to cook, I never COULD cook. The reason, I suppose, I am just as much a cook for it though I know the process from A to Z.

First of all, you must always keep your kitchen spick and span so that your pots shine, and if your husband is too poor to buy aluminum right away, you must sand and buy it gradually, because it is the only kind where there is shine and lust. All tables should be covered with zinc, because then nothing happens if you spill things or put a hot dish down hastily. There should also be a tin plate behind the stove to keep the wall clean, prevent fire and to hang pots on. Each pot should have its own place, to facilitate matters when you are hurried,—which you ought never to be in the kitchen.

In the second place, you should learn to know your oven. Any practical cook seems to be a half stand pro or con and refuse to be swayed or to listen to the person giving the mat- ter in question.

Don't let your cherished mist- taken ideas concerning the melting in- fluence of argument, and through your lunch hour have sought to convert to your way of thinking. Some delus- trants unbeliever, Loudly and at length you have expounded your views. You have brought experience and superior wisdom to bear. You have produced arguments that you never suspected you possessed. Fortunately you have strained to make your unbeliever see the light. Though you are famished, striven to make your unbeliever see the light. Though you are famished, you have produced your influence, and through your lunch hour have sought to convert to your point of view. It seems to be to take a hasty stand pro than in most communities. But do we have the greater intelligence which the other person's viewpoint. So though I cannot write one, just what to write about. All you had to do was to shoot, at the stone into the water, making an ovoid, and you struggled desperately to steady yourself.

The News recommends the following for winter:

1. The Unforgettable Kim. Miss Linnet
2. The Phony Prosperity. Miss Nellie
3. The Unforgettable Ed. Miss Maggy
4. The Phony Prosperity. Miss Edith
5. The Other Person's Point of View

THE BILLBOARD

The News recommends the following

Skeeter Smith's Heartsease

THE ELEMENTS OF FATE.

A certain day dawns suddenly:
The gray, huge clouds obliterate
The sun, whose ancient warmth is
Now drowned and dead in depths of gloom.
The river, ashen twit sand colored banks,
Flows, with inward agitation—
Heart hurrying to the deep mouthed
Nether in her aspect seems
Aware of some portentous weight,
Pondering, and a sign is palpable.
To us she know the wind's and river's speaking
That may the ways of fate are past, all seeking
R. P. O.

WANTED.—A SUBJECT.

I'd like to write a poem
But I'm very much in doubt
And really cannot decide
Just what to write about
It's not a lack of subjects,
As indeed you might suspect
But rather, such a plenty
That I find I can't select.

Some poets choose the autumn
With its color.
The red and yellow tinted leaves,
Which whirl and twirl in play
Through the streets.
And rose-lipped, violet hills.
Of evening silence, broken
By the nightingale's sweet trills.

Of dainty pictures murmured
In some solitary pool
Nearby a stray deer grazing
In the twilight shadows cool,
Theirs are tales of loves,
Of battle, storm, and strife.
And all the tales we wish to make
Which go to make up life.

We may have dirges sombre,
Or joyous carols gay,
They all are vastly different.

Each perfect in its Way,
So though I cannot write one,
And must think them all instead
Still should I not be thankful
That I have them in my mind
G. H. '24.

SPIRIT OF WINTER.

Gray, weeping clouds in a gray, gray sky;
Koen wind—and the tumble-wind gusts,
Brown, leafless leaves on the frozen ground;
Wild hawks—and the far-off bay of a sound;
Swinging flight—wild, dark and bleak;
Sleet—on the storm wind's haunting chaise.

Warm lights shining out in the vast unknown—
Lost stars—or the comforting lights of home;
Pine logs piled high on a blazing hearth;
Warmth and happiness—light and warmth.

Ogrim, gray and old at the planet's birth;
The spirit of Winter still walks the earth.
Forever beseeching the thresholds of
And baffle—seeking the darkness again
E. M. '24.

HOW TO COOK—AND COOKING.

(Concluded from column 2.)

It, adding baking powder or leaving out altogether—all to no avail. And so I have come to the sad realization that, although in this, I have the technique but lack the feeling I can never, never be a cook.

E. M. '24.
THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)

first year at college the house couldn't hold the lad. Foot-hall had stretched his legs an' he'd his chest— an' Lor', the muscles stood out like lumpa o'iron on them arms o'his. I declare I felt plump like an invalid round that boy—for he would have made two o' me!

Yes, ma'am—it's fine trainin' for the world. It took me fifty-old years out in the world to learn about half o' what Nate learned in four years at that Yale college. I got my education by makin' fifty years full o' little mistakes. To be sure I never made the same mistake twice, but it was a mighty slow, painful way o' learnin' the right ways of the world.

Pausing to re-light his pipe, Cap'n Nate's old shoulders again shook with suppressed laughter.

"Neighbor, I would have done your heart a world o' good to hear my Nate handle a real estate deal for me last summer. The old skink-fish who was buyin' the property tried to coax Nate to lend him the deed, to look it over before he made payment. But Nate was too sharp for him an' pumpe-him so full o' law an' what would happen to him if he didn't abide by it, that the old fellow backed out o' the front faze scared out o' his wits. He didn't know my Nate was a lawyer—a full-fledged lawyer! I declare mother and I laughed over that 'til we had to catch our breath.

Yes, ma'am, college is the only place for a lad. Gets him round on the top shelf o' the world, an' makes him as bail as all mighty hearty as if he'd taken a four-year sea voyage!

Well, Neighbor, I'm sorry ye must go along. Louie's? Lor', me, I plumb forgot—Bel'n a grandaddy has another wite in for him! How will them there in the basket do? No, Neighbor, you haven't a cent o' change. We can settle that up in a day or two. No, go—it'll go till ye drop in again some other day.

BEAUTY IN BILLBOARDS.

Billboards are often criticized in that they mar the beauty of the landscape. Why couldn't we continue to have billboards, yet have some system in their arrangement? For instance, why not confine ourselves to the Main Street in New London, the boards might be arranged in the following sequence for the entertainment of their readers:

Burlington Heights Hotel
Ask Dad, He Knows
Kirk Home For Croup
Eat Marigines
Join the Marines,
And Bathe in Campbell's Soup
Use Shaving Cream
And Dandrine
Wear Walkover Shoe
Pyrene for Fire
Time to Retire—and Stick With LePage's Glue.

FACULTY KIDDIESYS*

(Continued.)

*Excessive material made it necessary to omit the following from our previous issues.

LA MORRIS ARTHUR WESSEL

Morris had learnt a new word, was wriggling in his mother's arms crying.

"Don't carry me, mudder, I not too big to walk."

After having been told that the specific cause then was being heard was a kitty crying, Morris called attention to the fact that he heard the birds crying. But they were "singing." A little later: "The dog singing."

Peering into a bowl of goldfish—"See the fishie's toes movin'?

"That is the fish's tail, dear. "Oh, the fishes got his loss in his tail. Didn't he?"

GUESS WHO THESE ARE?

Two boys, dressed alike, and starting an afternoon walk, were met by a stranger, who asked: "Are you boys?

Whereupon the younger, aged three, proudly drew himself up and said: "No, sir, we're brothers."

Two youngsters were engaged in a friendly tussle, when the elder hit the other. The younger, only two years and a half old, cried: "Oh, Mother! Clarence has tasted me."

Little Boy, on his first appearance at dinner, noticing his smaller helping: "I don't want that much, I want mucher."

FUNNY FINGS.

Senior to Freshman—"Going to the Yale's Dance, Mary?"

"I only wish I could but I don't take Psych."

Professor Lawrence—"Taft was a stout advocate of Harding."

Peggy Call, taking the part of the nymph, opened the dance when her mistress summons her and inquires indulgently, "Did Madame care?" Norton said:

"I don't believe in parading my virgins."

"You couldn't. It takes quite a number to make a parade."

The Dawn.

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COMMENTS.

Did you ever visit

The freshman's costumes worn by the waitresses at the Triton's dinner brought forth many compliments from the faculty.

Another college

The singing of the choir at the Christmas party on Thursday, December 16th, was especially good.

Where they had

Red-striped candy canes swung on the Seniors' door knobs as sleepy-eyed they opened their doors to see the early morning carolers. Two by two and bearing lighted candles the Sophomore choristers marched slowly through the corridors of their dormitories singing Christmas carols.

Rooms and rooms

If you see said Seniors spinning tops or playing marbles or Freshmen absorbed in making puzzles or building blocks, lay it all to the Bradford Christmas tree—though you dare not call the gifts inappropriate.

Of funny ways

"Holy Night," softly sang many voices, the Freshmen sung to each dormitory in turn at midnight on Thursday, December 16th.

Peggy songs

Do you think publicity is a good thing? Do you think the News is an effective means of publicity? Then, whenever you plan a dance, a tea or some sort of entertainment, won't you tell the News about it?... Likewise, if you see staid 'Seniors spinning tops or playing marbles or Freshmen absorbed in making puzzles or building blocks, lay it all to the Bradford Christmas tree—though you dare not call the gifts inappropriate.

Individual college songs

It is perhaps just as well that the trenches are at last being filled up if people have taken to falling into them. And think forcibly

Now that exams are looming up in the near future we understand why Thomas Hall tried "lights out until Christmas." That at C. C.

A conspicuous poster marks the spot. You can't miss it if you ever cross the threshold of the Library Annex. So just walk over to the Exchange shop and see what your sister colleges think of Connecticut; see how your paper compares with theirs; follow the news of other colleges. Read the Exchange and learn.

We had some such songs

At the Junior Prom we expect no less than a circle of expectant "peppy" patrons waiting until 11.30 P. M. that they may safely take "Sonny" home in the machine.

Your's your chance!

Did you all know that the college has acquired a psychology laboratory this year, that the library is constantly acquiring new books? Improvements and additions are constantly being made in the various departments and these department notes are of interest to everyone. The News will welcome any such items.

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