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### Connecticut College News Vol. 7 No. 23

Connecticut College

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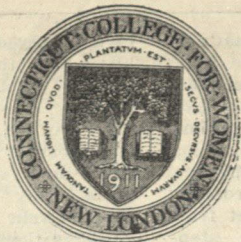
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# Connecticut



# College News

VOL. 7, No. 23

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MAY 5, 1922

PRICE 5 CENTS

## JUNIOR PROM ISSUE

### COMEDY WINS GREAT APPROVAL.

The first performance of "The Poppy Trail" was given in the Gymnasium on Friday evening where a capacity audience received the play with an enthusiasm which promised well for the following performances. The cast showed the results of good training. Helen Barkerding as Babette, wife of the Member of Embassy and ex-movie queen, was one of the best in the cast, not only in her comedy but also in her songs. She livened up the play considerably, and the "Haunting Blues" was the peppiest song on the program. The two leads were very good. M. A. Taylor, writer of the lyrics and of several of the songs, made a very sweet Chinese girl and her voice is particularly adapted to the Chinese lyrics. She sang "The Poppy Trail" with its sweet, haunting melody, particularly well. Winifred Powell, as the American flapper, took part in true subdeb fashion. Jeanette Sperry showed her dramatic ability again in the part of Jason Madison, the politician. Miss Sperry always presents a finished part. Julia Warner lived up to her former reputation as an ideal leading man, and was admirably supported by Emily Warner, her sister, as "Buddy," prep school poet, and ardent devotee of Babette. It is to be regretted that Mildred Seeley, as Hung Ki, did not have more than one song, as she has a remarkably rich voice. Mary Snodgrass, as the Chinese lover, was also good, especially in the lilting Chinese song, "China Love."

The comedy roles were appreciated immensely by the audience. Grace Fisher, who for three years has amused audiences in such parts as the Genii, the monkey, and as "Rats" McCarthy, the bell hop, created another unique role as "General," the street urchin, who makes things come out right. Her accordion solo and her dance with Julia Warner, "the long and the short of it," has never failed to rouse a hearty laugh. She shared honors this year with her dog "Nero," an Airedale, whose stage presence for a beginner was remarkable. Mentioning comedy, one cannot fail to recall the "defectives" with their red vests, police badges and flapping goloshes. M. P. Taylor proved again her peculiar talent for comedy parts.

The costumes and the scenery could not help but arouse comment. Never has the musical comedy at College boasted such gorgeous costuming, such colors and lights. "The Ways of These Women" chorus made a beautiful picture in red, yellow and purple with their baskets of fruit. And the "Futurist" chorus to the "Haunting Blues" was very unusual as Futurists are supposed to be. Helen Hemingway made a stunning peacock in the Fashion chorus. The little Harlequins and Pierrettes, in orange and green, were very cute as were the coolies with their red lamps in the "Lamp-light" chorus. In the second act the temple scene puts this comedy above others given in the past. Evelyn Ryan, as the Goddess hidden behind a

### GREETINGS.

Perchance you have come from fair Harvard,  
Your coming with pleasure we hail.  
We find that you truly are charming,  
Although our real brother is Yale.

Or come you from stately old Princeton?  
Your tiger, so hearty and hale,  
We reverence quite as profoundly  
As brother's pet dog, Eli Yale.

From Williams? Then surely you're welcome,  
As welcome as flowers in May;  
While dear Brown, he's our pleasant half-brother  
Who lives down the road just a way.

Wesleyan, brother, right welcome.  
And Trinity, you're glad to be  
A brother, we hope, to your sister,  
This little, but growing C. C.

Well, Dartmouth, how comes it, old fellow,  
You haven't been noticed before?  
You know that you won't be kept knocking  
At Connecticut College's door.

Come in. And you, too, friend Columbia,  
We hope that you'll like us right well.  
And whom do I see in the distance?  
I'll be hanged if it isn't Cornell.

From far you have come. We do greet you  
With welcome most hearty, you see.  
And isn't that a near neighbor?  
Of course; it is friend M. I. T.

And sure, may I ask who U. B.?  
You're young and far distant, 'tis true,  
But none the less heartily welcome.  
And you, now pray who may B. U.?

Of course, now I know you're from Boston.  
Oh dear, I'm quite losing my mind  
To see closely flocking around me  
Such hordes of the masculine kind.

If you have not rightly been greeted,  
Forget it, and just blame my pen.  
You know that we welcome you warmly—  
God bless you, my dears, aren't you MEN?

Senor Pinol to inattentive student:  
"Give the imperfect of the verb 'see.'"  
Girl, looking up with a dazed expression:  
"Imperfecto, Imperfectas, Imper-ta . . . ."

rosy glow, was beautiful, and the play of lights as she was revealed, was very good. The third act was an exceedingly pretty garden scene. An arched bridge of gold and vermilion at the back, flanked on each side by a huge Chinese lantern, offered opportunity for a display of the costumes of the choruses. This very successful performance of Comedy was given under the auspices of the New London Association of Univerity Women.

### HELEN HEMINGWAY VOTED SERVICE LEAGUE PRESIDENT.

The closely contested choice of the Service League President for the coming college year culminated in the election of Miss Helen Hemingway '23. And a happy choice it was. Miss Hemingway is remarkably well fitted to undertake the direction of the future affairs of the League, because she has served on its governing board for the past two years as Chairman of the Sunshine Committee and Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. In these offices she has distinguished herself for her perseverance, tact and good judgment. We know she will meet the responsibilities of the presidency of the League with the same fine spirit that she has shown before, and we wish her all success in her work.

### HELEN AVERY CHOSEN EDITOR OF NEWS.

On Friday, April 28th, the good news was spread abroad that Miss Helen Avery '23, is to be Editor-in-Chief of the college paper for the year 1922-23. Miss Avery well deserves this honor because of her earnest endeavor and faithful service in behalf of the *News* throughout her college course. During the past year, she has been a member of the editorial staff. In November she was one of the delegates sent to the Intercollegiate News Conference held at Smith College. As Editor-in-Chief we feel confident that she will continue her services for the *News* in the same splendid spirit that has characterized her work in the past, and are assured that success will attend her according to the constitution, the candidate failing to be elected Editor-in-Chief becomes *News* Editor. Miss Katherine Francke who has served on the *News* staff for two years is well qualified to fill this position.

### SPANISH CLUB COMMEMORATES CERVANTES' DEATH

An open meeting of the Spanish Club was held Monday evening, April 24, on the anniversary of the death of Cervantes. Helen Barkerding gave as part of the special program a brief account of Cervantes' life. Ann Graham read an interesting paper on the "Influence of Cervantes on the literature of the different countries—Germany, France, South America and especially England". Then Dorothy Wheeler read one of the most famous chapters of "Don Quixote" called "His Encounter with the Wind-mills".

To close the meeting Senor Pinol spoke in a general way concerning Cervantes' work.

### ADVICE TO THE PROM MAN FROM THE POETS.

It is not always May.  
Press On  
Bring Flowers  
Haste Not! Rest Not!  
One Word More  
Beware!  
No More  
Compromise.

### DR. SPAULDING DEFINES CAREER.

"There are 750,000 educational positions open to women today," said Professor Frank E. Spaulding in his lecture at Convocation on Tuesday, April 25th. Dr. Spaulding, who spoke on "Some Careers in Education Open to Women, and the Way to Them," is the Dean of the Graduate School of Education of Yale University, and is an authority on this subject. He said that in educational work the ratio of women to men is five to one. There is a far greater per cent. of women teaching in the elementary schools, although in this field the men more often hold the executive positions.

Dr. Spaulding particularly stressed the distinction between a position and a career. A position is an essential opportunity to make a career, while a career is dependent upon the person.

Straight teaching positions in High Schools afford little opportunity for the holder to rise. "But the elementary schools offer chances for advancement, provided one has the proper training and the enthusiasm and interest.

### "BLUEBIRDS FOR HAPPINESS."

On Saturday afternoon, April 29, many eager kiddies watched Mytyl and Tytyl go on their search for the Bluebird at the command of the fairy Berylune. All through strange and wonderful places they looked, only to find that magic at the very place from which they started their long search—Home!

Oh, the wonder of that magic cap that made little Tytyl see "he souls" of ordinary things like milk, fire, and water. How the young audience squealed with delight at the antics of the Cat and the Dog, and of fat, wholesome Bread and of simperingly sweet Sugar. And the gasps of horror at the mysteries revealed at the Castle of Night behind those great locked doors—ghosts, grim War, and pale shadows and terrors! And the laughs at these everlastingly feasting in the realms of Luxury.

But at last the wanderers came to the Castle of Happiness where danced the lovely fairies, Pure Air and Sunshine, and all their happy sisters.

The scenery and setting of the whole picture were charmingly artistic, especially the fairy scenes, the tableaux and the silhouette effects.

### CLASS OF '25 CHOOSES SYMBOL.

The class of twenty-five has chosen as a symbol, a Lighthouse—strong, sturdy, and constant in guiding, warning, and helping those who otherwise would become wrecked in the treacherous places. Its beacon light gives confidence and assurance; it is steady and true for on the darkest night it shines brightly.

In a symbolic way the lighthouse will guide and direct us with a warm and friendly glow—while we are in college and after we have left "our Alma Mater by the sea" to try life's battles.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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A GIRL AND THREE MEN.

She—"You dance beautifully."

He—"And you—"

She—"Aren't you bored with it all?"

He—"Yes, I am—but I'm sorry that I showed it so plainly."

She—"You didn't—particularly—but any one at all seriously-minded would. It is to me the epitome of the inane."

He—"Ah—you feel that way? Do you have a distaste for the mob and for its tendency toward the highly colored, the bizarre, the ridiculously frivolous?"

She—"I do indeed. I came tonight merely to see if, for once, I couldn't enjoy it—as others seem to—I wish I were anywhere but here."

He—"Say, a library with an excellent book."

She—"And a sympathetic person who understood and was silent."

He—"I have met few who could appreciate that atmosphere."

She—"Atmospheres—are you sensitive to them, too?"

He—"So much so that I wish we could get out of this and talk outside."

She—"Outside—and talk—yes, I would like it."

\* \* \* \*

She—"You dance beautifully!"

He—"Because it's with you."

"Oh, but of course you've said that to every other girl."

"No, because no one else has given me the opportunity."

"Was that an insult? Anyway I like you."

"I wonder—are you very, very young or very, very old?"

"I've never thot—won't you?"

"I have—long ago—you are Woman!"

"Oh."

"And what am I?"

"You are just you."

"But of course you've said that to

every other man—I wish you hadn't."

"You don't really but—"

"Do you care for night landscape—or is it too obvious?"

"Night landscape and you. Now, I'm being obvious."

"Does the suggestion appeal?"

"Because the man, who is probably married but concealing the fact from the Slip-of-a-Thing-in-Orchid, stepped on my instep—I think it does."

\* \* \* \*

She—"You dance beautifully!"

He—"Look up at me and tell me so again."

She—"You do, you know!"

He—"And because you say I dance beautifully and I know you dance divinely—together we—"

She—"Let's just dance."

He—"Talking would spoil it. Now it's an art. And between dances we'll talk outside."

She—"Talk outside we will."

\* \* \* \*

But I think the most interesting of all was the time she met the three on a house party and they remembered but she did not."

Dear Uncle:

I am back! And I loathe it! But then, I told you I would and so you're prepared. Only it was awful—worse than ever—almost!

You see, the train was late—thirty-five hideous minutes—and so they congregated in the station—they, the rest-of-the-College. A seething mass of chattering, giggling, country clod hoppers, in obviously new spring hats, combination shoes, lavender and rose and tan home-spun suits,—all with bulging bags and little bundles,—short ones and tall ones; with, here and there, one with a man—little men with too pale faces and shifting eyes,—all nationalities, all creeds, all college girls going back—and all concocting gorgeous vacations out of dances and theatres and their one pronoun—*him*.

Oh, the nauseating sameness of it all—same clothes, same slang, same "good time", same pretense—

I said it was almost worse than usual—almost because there was a saving grace—a kindred soul who, too, loathes the gregarious tendency of human cattle. And yet we, in our very dissimilarity, were the same! Save me, Grumpus, please—

The Horrible Niece.

HATE.

I hate to write expository description; I hate worse to write about a local custom. Anyhow, the only one we have in our town is blackening one another's reputations, and that is so painfully universally local, one might say, as to be monotonous. In order to create interest now, one's gossip has to be far more sensational than a mere tale of somebody's running off with somebody else's wife. That is becoming so bourgeois! Of course one can talk about the old women who do not smoke cigarettes and who go about with long hair, but they are so few, so uninteresting, that it is wasted breath to gossip about their eccentricities.

Speaking of people, don't you just hate them sometimes? All I have to do is picture to myself the eager crowd behind the ropes at the Grand Central Station, each in turn rushing up to kiss the poor friend or relative just arriving, and I can hate people cordially. I even hate the innocent friends and relatives who have such friends and relatives to meet them. If only somebody would punch somebody!

And oh, these people who vaguely talk about the mission of each of us in the world! These people who rave about service and helping mankind! They babble, they flounder about in a quicksand of words, but they do nothing. Some of them talk about

love. They disgust me. How do they know that there is any such thing as love? I abhor their foundationless ideals.

I hate, too, this parent and children argument; I hate parents for thinking that their children are indebted to them. Say the parents—"we have given them the gift of life." That satisfies them as an unanswerable argument to all doubters. I ask myself what this gift of life is which parents have so unselfishly bestowed upon their children. It is putting innocent beings into this world to bear the burdens of the world. Perhaps it is generous, perhaps it is one's duty. Then I hate generosity and duty. If parents have taken upon themselves this responsibility, why is not the parent ever duty-bound to make this life, which he has given, a path of sunshine and roses? Why is the child obliged to respect this author of his being, a being which may be quite distasteful to him? All the goody-goodies swoon from shock at such talk. Let them. I hate them for being Pamelas. Just because they were brought up in the old-fashioned way is no reason why they should continue to think as generations have thought since the beginning of time. But then, poor fools, they don't think.

What a queer thing life is! We struggle up through babyhood and drink a lot of vile milk, a beverage which I can't imagine a sane person touching. Then we wade through school and college, learning an endless maze of silly lessons which don't amount to a hill of beans, when all is said and done, and in our hearts we probably hate every bit of it. After that we fight the world to earn a living, and we hate doing that because we never reach the place in society at which we have aimed, or else we never have as much money as we had hoped to gain. They tell us that it is all a test, a lesson. In what, pray? Bah, we fight for position, we fight for money, we strive to gain this thing called patience, this much-talked-of thing called love, and it all ends in a cheap oak box a few feet under the sod.

Well, as I was saying before I digressed, I hate expository description and local customs. And as I was going to say, I hate the new spring clothes which yesterday were so pleasing to my eye. Worst of all I hate the salted almonds I have just been eating. Those, from the same box, which I ate last evening were delicious. What is it that has changed me in so short a time? It is, I confess it, just myself. Some people break out with horrid diseases like measles or jaundice. I break out occasionally with a horrid disease called Hate. And the reason I hate you so is because you have it, too but you are too much of a lady or a gentleman to confess it. Suppressing it is, I suppose, merely a universally local custom. '24.

"PROM DAYS—"

Prom days, prom days, anything but calm days, Special, and phone-call and telegram, Speeding to C. C. from The Man: "Sorry I can't come up the 6th, Can't get away—in an awful fix Sending my roommate up instead, Sweet disposition and hair brick red— Awfully good sport, I'm sure he'll fall, Pretty fair dancer but that's about all. Better luck next time, But I forgot to say How about *our* Prom The last of May? —L '24.

We wonder what the librarian means when she says, "Only low conversation allowed."—Pelican.

G.: What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?

M.: I dunno.

G.: They blush to think how green they've been all summer.

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**THE TREE OF THE GARDEN**

It was my Junior year at Connecticut College, months before Sam and I—but that's not the story. I slumbered silently in the nebulous moonlight. In unconscious bliss I lay on my sagging army cot. Then I was aware of someone caressing my hair. A strange tenderness came over me for this person who was watching the moonlight glisten on my hair. "It must be pretty," I reflected, "the gold lights against the white pillow—Elaine the fair, Elaine the lily maid." The caresses—adoring, light—continued. I speculated as to the identity of my guest. Could it be that the little Freshman . . . ?

"You know, your hair is lovely, so radiant. It's just like Wil's only his is softer." I was awake now. "Really?" I said frigidly, "I'm so sleepy, it's two-thirty." It was enough that she should wake me, but it was absolutely unspeakable that she should insult me by telling me that my hair was like my brother's bristly, undeniably red stubs. I threw off a blanket. All day and now far into the night I had borne this. I always had an affection beyond that of most sisters for my brother, and when he wrote me that Oriana had made him the happiest man in the world ad infinitum, I was only slightly disappointed at his lack of originality and invited her down to New London for the week-end.

I had expected frequent references to Wilbur, but I had not expected that every feature, every unconscious gesture, every peculiarity of speech of mine would be grasped eagerly, tenderly and ecstasized over. Most obviously she had won him by insinuating flattery, and now she was attempting to make me the agent for still further ingratiating. Except for the fact that I was Wil's sister, I perceived myself to be negligible.

I was piqued. I craved to express my Individuality. Therefore, after she had told me Wil's life history, some of which was startlingly new to me, but many details of which I could have embellished to his detriment, I said rudely, "You know you're making quite a fool of yourself. I'm fond of Wil, but he's conceited beyond expression. If I were you, I'd keep him guessing. You're making him too sure of you."

She radiated fury. "Crude! Unsympathetic!" she said tensely. "He's like a Sensitive Plant. He must have spiritual sunlight and air, and I must give it to him."

Mentally I screamed "Vine, Clinging Vine!" but I said, "Well, Ministering Angel, most humbly I beg your pardon. I would know more of this strangely sensitive relative of mine. Where did you meet him?"

"Last year at our Junior Prom. You see Cousin Jack brought him for Scuddy, my roommate. I bet her I'd meet the man I'd marry at Prom. I'm

glad you're not a child. You understand how it is."

Vine indeed! Bowing low, I replied, "Welcome to our historic family. Modern woman is indeed both capable and efficient. Will you get me a man for Prom?" She did. — K. M. '24.

**THE PAGE'S VISION.**

One night I had a vision  
Of standards and of swords,  
I saw myself anointed  
To vanquish mighty hordes.  
I rose and sought to enter,  
As champion of the right,  
The tournament of freedom—  
They turned me from the fight.

They mocked my meagre statue,  
They scorned my curls of gold,  
"Go join the ranks of women;  
We seek the strong and bold."

They sent me to the castle,  
To hold milady's train,  
They ridiculed my pleadings,  
And sought the ranks again.

They could not crush my glory,  
The watches of the night  
Behold a mounted warrior  
Whose armor is of light.

Whose steed than wind is swifter,  
Whose golden banners stream,  
Whose foes are falling round him—  
My vision rules supreme!  
—The Review.

**ACCEPTED!**

On the desk before you lies an unopened letter. In its appearance, there is nothing unusual—the envelope is correctly square, the stamp sticks with all due propriety in the upper right-hand corner, the address is quite legible, and the writing perfectly familiar. But, somehow, your heart beats a little faster. You feel slightly warm about the temples, and horribly cold in the region of your fingers. Hesitatingly, you thrust forth a hand and grasp the missive—then hastily withdraw it. You cannot. Suppose—suppose—you shudder. You try again. When your hand is almost touching the paper, you snatch it away and sink back limply in your chair. Once more. Just one more attempt. Perhaps this time—. With tremendous effort you seize the envelope and mutilate it with a hair-pin. Trembling, you pull out one thin sheet on which is written that trite but infinitely sweet expression: "Glad to accept your invitation for Prom." And while you lean your aching head upon the desk you murmur devoutly, "Thank Heaven!"

**ARE WE MOVING BACKWARD?**

Miss Ernst to French student:  
"Are you going into 18th century next year?"

Departing Guest: "Well, I'm off, old man!"

Host: "I thot so all the time!" — Log.

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**BACK TO THE NURSERY.**

Sing a song of Prom nights,  
A campus full of men,  
Music, dance and laughter  
A round, white moon—and then?  
After Prom is over,  
And classes come once more,  
Isn't that just plenty  
To make a Prom girl sore?

Pretty Prom girl, with your much curl,  
How does your Yale man go?  
With his dancing divine, and his  
clever line,  
He makes all the others seem slow.

The man she invited  
Had left her benighted,  
She said, "I can only try."  
So she wrote to friend Bill,  
And she drew such a pill,  
That she said, "What a poor fool  
am I!"

Outside the moon shone bright,  
He said, "It's a wonderful night."  
The "chap" saw but one,  
Said, "The deed's been done,"  
So she stepped in out of the night.

Girl and Man just stepped outside  
To get a breath of air,  
The chaperone went to speak to them,  
But—neither of them were there!

Her Prom Man was a Yale-man,  
Her Prom Man was a dude,  
He didn't stop at anything,  
He surely was no prude.

And while the chaperones all beamed,  
And praised his wondrous charm,  
He kissed her Valentino style,  
And no one took alarm.

**"NEW TRANSFORMATIONS"**

"The Parisienne no longer has a permanent wave, marcel wave, or resorts to dyeing the hair, for it is better to have a transformation." It must be! I dread to think what she looked like before she got it. Her present appearance is a hyperation of Psyche and Pegasus. There is the usual distinguishing knot of the goddess, but a length and suppleness of neck and a "nostrils' wild play" suggestive of the flying horse—at least the lady appears thus in one view.

There are four exposures. The collection reminds one vaguely of Reynold's angel heads, only there is nothing of the angel about the lady. She has, rather, a satanic charm. Her almond-shaped French eyes are narrowed dangerously, and undecided whether to look at each other or down her long, slender Bourbonistic nose. In this pose the "transformation" supports a large comb and displays a part "that defies even the glance of the most penetrating." Hereafter I shall suspect people whose hair is parted with too great precision. I shall try to be "penetrating." Perhaps I shall discover that their hy-

cintherie curls were grown in Manuel's shop.

The Parisienne can also charm with her modesty. The "transformation" will adapt itself to a soft curve over the brow, well-suited to the shy droop of the eyes and the sweet rising curve of the lips. Or it can be arranged with girlish simplicity, close about the head, and with soft bangs over the forehead, toward which the long lashes can rise in the wide-open frankness of ingénue gaze. With this coiffure Parisienne wears long, pendant earrings, denying the otherwise innocent girlishness of her mien.

Ah, Parisienne, your appearance in the Sunday sepiä sheets of the New York Times sustains that wonderful American conception of our sister Republic—"You cannot be truly French and be truly innocent." O. J. '24.

**"CRUSH"—?**

It is too bad that there seems to be a stigma attached to the word "crush". A crush is the noble emotion of the heart. It may be a violent affection, but while it endures, it is sincere. It has also the attributes of various degrees of admiration and respect. Any individual suffering from this form of collegiate propinquity will insist that hers is the Real Thing. And it is. This experience is one more vital mark in her sum total of living, and, as such, merits its proper place because of its broadening influence. The dévotée begins to think of some one besides herself. She may even attempt to emulate some of the most obviously admirable qualities of her idol. Sometimes she succeeds. Sometimes the legs of the idol totter on the pedestal. Being put on a pedestal is appealing but the position is difficult to maintain. Human and faulty nether extremities weaken under the strain. The idol discovers that her dévotée hasn't much of a brain. The mention of Ibsen awakens no responsive gleam. Conrad isn't included in a needed list of "Names We Should Know". The idol waxes sarcastic. . . . The beautiful bubble bursts into an unmistakable finish. . . . The dévotée is the tragic victim of a weak female's wiles! She suffers nobly and puts the erstwhile idol out of her existence as unworthy.

"And the substance of the shadow  
Is found not thru the years."  
Frailty, thy name is Freshman!  
Continue your search for perfection.  
It is admirable, though disillusionment usually waits at the end of the rainbow.  
M. M. N. '23.

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