Connecticut College News

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NEW LIBRARY DEDICATED AT MAY DAY

CHAPEL EXERCISES.

Mr. Palmer Makes Dedication Speech.

Bright sunshine, singing birds, gladness in the hearts of everybody. Thus dawned May Day.

On this first day of May Chapel Exercises were held out of doors, and the Palmer Library was formally dedicated. At nine o'clock the gathering assembled in front of the new gray stone building. The Faculty in full academic regalia occupied the platform, the choir grouping at the foot and the rest of the student body gathered near them in semi-circle.

After brief words of prayer and praise, and psalms, and prayers of intercession for the gladness of God in Nature, Mr. George S. Palmer addressed his Mansion to the gathering. He dwelt upon the transitoriness of the present and the imperishable things that last.

For the whole of the hour the Palmer library was observed, its noble design and structure being a source of inspiration to noble thoughts and deeds it would have accomplished in the years to come if it had been accepted in the beginning. It was dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. William C. Palmer who had been a leader in the cause for this Library in the College. There remained to be learned by the students of the College in the Palmer Library.

Baron Eggleston, A. A. 1924, delivered the first address of the afternoon. He had been engaged in the planning of the building during the time of construction and he had been present at the dedication of the library when it was thus opened for use.

Miss Crawford, Librarian, then told how adequately this new Library is satisfying the needs of the faculty and students graciously accepted by the magnificent gift, Miss Crawford, the Librarian, then told how adequately this new Library is satisfying the needs of the college.

And now on the highest point of land on campus towers a Library—an Library. It is a shrine devoted to the master minds of all ages, and it mutely calls us to worship.

Juniors Enjoy Their Prom.

There was a stir of excitement on campus and an abstraction of thought in the class of 1924 that was dreamed-of, planned-for, long dreamed-of, and at last arrived—prom night. The Junior class, as usual, was the largest of the afternoon, the Junior Prom.

Motors filled with laughing gay girls and men flashed upon campus. As the light slowly dropped over the hill top, the happy couples all turned in the direction of the gym. The dramatic Club's first presentation of Shaw's "You never can Tell," opened the activities of the week end. After the play dancing was enjoyed till one o'clock.

The next morning the sun still favored us with its smiling face and '24 felt that the butning honor to them after his behavior in previous years. At 10:30 girls and men in gay sport suits made brilliant the athletic field. All were eager to see the girls beat the men in baseball. But even under heavy handicaps we must admit that the men outplayed the girls and deserved the higher score.

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But my main theme today is the Junior Prom. As the sun slowly set the Auditorium was brilliantly lighted with electric lights and a throng of happy, gowned and gowned, filled the Auditorium.

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THE RIGOROUS GAME.

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and a rigid fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the eccentric who detested those "who do not play cards, but only play at playing them." Our hearth is clean. Those who preceded us have left us the management of the Xves, a paper, which by means of much thought and work, is sound from a journalistic and a business standpoint. It remains for us to see that the fire is clear, that is, that we endeavor to fulfill the purpose of the paper by clear thinking and skillful reflection of our college life and thought. In the endeavor to do that is the rigour of the game.

We called Mrs. Battle an eccentric, but if such were we, we can only hope that any organ of the Press may occasionally overtake us of the News Staff, for Medfordians is that thing from which we wish most constantly to flee. Only the vital force, the fire of constant, intelligent effort, can come from playing at this task, certainly not an easy one.

It has been said that there is no real need for the Xves. We cannot believe that. Like any organ of the Press, it has an inestimable two-fold opportunity; it may both reflect and guide the opinion of those for whom it exists, and as long as people think, there is need for the reflection of their thought. The skillfully managed journal, by means of the recording of opinion, cannot but guide further opinion.

One word more.

Once more and for the last time we appear in print,—we, the outgoing Business Manager and Assistant Business Manager of the Connecticut College News. What "WOULD SHE WEAR?"

There was a girl whose name was Peg

She needed a shoe, so she went down there

To the shoe store, and then

We invited you to look them over

To the Editor: We have been in possession of our literary magazine several weeks, it has been formally dedicated and we are not certain if I am not grateful for its existence, but and here perhaps we should almost be inclined to say "but" and yet—well—let's put it out—with but—why is there no need for it? Is not a soul a building whose very existence, is it, or is it service to the students, and what student is there who can work without a single minute. And, when you criticize, make your criticisms just and fair.

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Assisted by the Assistant Business Manager and Assistant News Editors, and as long as people think, there is need for the reflection of their thought. As we read the little warning on the wrapper which by means of much endeavor to do that is the rigour of the game. This was the eccentric who detested those "who do not play cards, but only play at playing them." Our hearth is clean. Those who preceded us have left us the management of the Xves, a paper, which by means of much thought and work, is sound from a journalistic and a business standpoint. It remains for us to see that the fire is clear, that is, that we endeavor to fulfill the purpose of the paper by clear thinking and skillful reflection of our college life and thought. In the endeavor to do that is the rigour of the game.

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THE BAKER'S PUNS.

Girl Wanted (in a bakery)—A rising young woman from the country.

"Good Enough for Everybody But Not Too Good for Anybody"—Yassar.

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ALUMNAE.
Harford Busy With Endowment Plans
The Hartford Chapter met at the Y. W. C. A. on Saturday, April 21, 1933.
The absence of Miss Winona Young, who has been ill, Miss Winona Young
presided at the business meeting.
Endowment Fund plans were again foremost in all minds and the district
chairman was called upon for a report on 10-10-10. Since a report had been
sent from college during the week to all alumnae, the chairman merely em-
phasized some of the figures, showing that a large number from the Hartford
District had not been heard from at all. Everyone was urged to write in
her choice of method and her list of 16-10-10 donors immediately and we
hope by the time this report has reached the New every Hartford girl
will have accounted for herself—in a way to be proud of.
Chapter activities were then dis-
cussed. It was voted to run a "chil-
dren's movie" some Saturday during
May and at least one of the three to
be arranged for by the Entertain-
ment Committee. It was voted at least one of these to be run by
May and Mrs. Abbie Carley was appointed to take charge of this affair.
Organ recitals were discussed since we
wished to bring to Hartford the privi-
lege of hearing one of the best
reciters. It was voted that the Enter-
tenment Committee see what plan
might be made for a Sunday after-
noon organ recital in some central church. We were all warned that at
the next meeting we should un-
doubtedly be called upon to do our part on one of these propositions and all
present were sure that there would be plenty of willing helpers.
Having thus dedicated ourselves to a large order of work next month we
turned with pleasure to the delicious ice cream cakes which Zevy Green, Emma
Whippert, and Wrinko brought forth. We had a chance to chat with a "Crash" Cone who
was spending the week-end with Zevy,
and to admire the pictures of Edith
Sykes Gamburger.

A Suggestion.
Though the year is almost over, un-
doubtedly you are wondering what has
taken up so much of your leisure time.
You've never seen your notice of where-
abouts in the columns—and you haven't
received an answer.
Why not send questions to the New?
This column would have a question and
answer box, if you like. The occupa-
tion is "Unknown," the specialty is to
try to get full particulars for you.
Aren't there some ex-members of your class who have
vanished from your horizon? Ask us! Are there
some with whom you've kept in con-
tact? Then send us their data.
Here stands a high-power motor, in
perfect condition. In the driver's seat is
one who can take your car wherever
you like. You are eager to reach your destination—and quickly, too.
Expectantly you take your place, im-
patiently awaiting. But the car will
not start. Perseveringly, the driver
shifts gears, pushes buttons, struggles
and screams in vain. There is no power.
You have the car at your disposal. We are only too willing to take you
wherever you want to go. Our only
 stipulation is that you furnish the gasoline. We cannot run this column on
"hot air!"
May we take the liberty to repeat
the request for alumnae contributions to
the 10-10-10 issue. We have about ten thousand words (10,000) at
least, and need 1.
2. Poems.
4. Photographs and snapshots.
5. Cartoons.
6. Excerpts from letters from other alumnae.
7. Weddings, engagements, names
and birthdays of our second genera-
tion.
8. Reminiscences.
9. Funny experiences you have had.
10. Anything original that we haven't men-
tioned. And suggestions for any-
body else.
Pictures must be in not later than the
15th of May.
Other material the 15th or 20th of
May at the latest. Address,
N. JOLINE WARDEN,
44 Washington Apartments,
Paterson, N. J.

Harford—Since its earliest founda-
tion, Harford has stood for the
riddle of no discrimination among
students or entrants upon the grounds
of race or religion. Recently argu-
ments were presented for a modific-
tion of this policy, but when a
question was put to the Overseers
they were unanimous in their desire
to adhere to the old liberal principle.

No Arbitrary Limitation of the number of
students, and a policy of giving genera-
to the sons of graduates among
applicants for entrance were agreed up-

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COMPLIMENTS OF
ISAAC C. BISHOP
PHOTOGRAPHER
Phone 403 Manwaring Bldg.
FROM PERFORMANCE OF "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

Connecticut College News
From Performance of "You Never Can Tell."

Concluded from IX, column 3.

No narrative movement from the pioneer to her child, no undertow present impervious to the mind against the eternal passing of things. McComas says to Mrs. Claddon: "We're old-fashioned, the world thinks it has left us behind. There is only one place in all England where young ladies still have to be taught the "etiquette," and that is the Academy where Mrs. Claddon is brought up." Mrs. Claddon: "The Church, perhaps?"

McComas: "No, the theater."

Katherine Wells made a good maid, inarticulate, and keeping most tidy to her place, she was noticeable because of her pleasant appearance and the simplicity of her manner.

Having expressed our candid opinion on the feminine characteristics, let us turn to the stronger sex.

It is awkward, we must admit, to depend upon young ladies to present masculine figures. A Tech-boy who cast aside the false mask and was much better to have seen in girls' parts. I doubt it. Well, these preliminaries are intended to set the emotion that, to my mind, Elizabeth Merry was the only one to the case who, at times, did not betray the lamb under the wolf's clothing. The dentist was too young, thirty-one out of eighty. He had some difficulty with the obdurate Miss Merry, but made to look the part. It was a success; she played well and with perfect understanding.

In spite of his youthful heart, Valentine assured anyone who had seen the play that Philip's case, Watteau would have nodded in approval for these two children well might be considered a perfect manners and beauty and anxiety of his suffering soul on the other; all these complex elements were brought before us in the voice, the attitude, the drawn face, the liability and apprehension, the unhandsome attire of the actor. To this end, much thought and much rehearsing has been necessary.

Philip Claddon and his twin sister forsook their emancipated, Phillips and burned the hands were too small (Miss Bassetville with her object in view) not an inimitable womanly. But Greuze and Watteau would have ridicled in appearance these two children were made to pose for an eighteenth century French artist. And now, the gowns again: this "handsome man in miniature" had not the "perfect manners and the finished personal style" which were required by the play. Only, in Philip's case, it was comparatively unimportant.

McComas was satisfactory, but he was not at his best. There was much in him that distinctly minded Philip's case, McComas is a man whom public opinion would easily put in the upper half, and, in the play, he gave too obvious signs of childish weakness.

Not so belated William. Miss Ramsay was magnanimous, prompt and considerate, pleased with the other and the self, silly and taciturnly unconsciously when occasion demanded, pompous, incorruptible and sufficiently indolent. But this ineffable walker had not brought up his son well. Both, in fact, was no credit to him. He did not seem to grasp the importance of his part, and I have a suspicion that he did not know his lines to perfection. Had there be any definite theory as to what he was meant to be? Did he force his listeners before the stage and the audience in the room to recognize themselves by throwing away the mask of conventional lines? His entry was a failure, his appearance hybrid. He sometimes addressed the wrong person. Up did not fit into the picture. He was not impressive and displayed no power of logic. He could not be called a "joke" and seemed a harmless jesting clock.