Connecticut College News

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“TOM SAWYER”

Saturday afternoon, March 6, the Service League showed the moving picture “Tom Sawyer” at the Vocational High School. After watching the antics of Jack Pickford as Tom, we feel that he might well have been the original inspiration of Mark Twain for the famous boy character. In spite of the storm, more than two hundred children attended and showed their approval by shrieks of joy as Tom Sawyer came through his adventures, unscathed and smiling. The scene where Tom’s friends white-washed his fence for him and gave him their most cherished possessions for the privilege of doing so, was unforgettable.

The exciting contest for a name for the children’s movies came to an end last week. Mayor Morgan who, addressed the audience announced that the judges had decided on “The Children’s Pleasure House,” the title given by Max Pitz, of Grade 6, Nanaug School.

COUNCIL NOTES

At the last Council Meeting, there was discussion as to whether the song, “Dear C. O.,” should be chosen as our College Song. The fact was brought up that Dr. Sykes never intended it as such. It was decided to have a vigorous competition for a College Song and for other all-college songs. Each class is to take over a community sing, and to present at that time songs composed by members of that class. At the fifth sing, the different classes will sing again those of their songs which were best liked, and will present any new ones, which may have been composed in the meantime. Helen Perry has offered a prize to the girl whose song is considered the best. The judges are to be Mr. Weld, the four college cheer leaders, Helen Perry and Alcorn Horrax.

The matter of cutting classes during the semester was taken up by the Council. It was decided that our Student Government President should speak at the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

SENIORS CHAMPIONS

On March 6, the Senior and Sophomore first teams met in the gymnasium to play the second game for the final championship. This was the most exciting game of the series with swift passes and many pretty field goals made by McGowan and Coops. The wall play of the Seniors and cris-cross play of the Sophomores made the game one for the interested to watch and the teams showed that they had had strenuous practice with excellent coaching. At the end of the first half the Seniors scored 21 points and the Sophomores 17. At the end of the game the score was 51-37 in favor of the Seniors, making them champions for this year in basketball.

The Seniors and Sophomores are now tied for the cup, each having 22 points.

The line-up of the teams:

Seniors

Hester

Berger

Howard

Pincus

Allen

W. Warner

McGowan

Coops

Davies

McCarthy

Counch

Ragusa

Pickard

Whiteley

Hemingway

C. Smith

Tuber

Sophomores

Center

Guards

Forwards

Center

Guards

Forwards

SECOND TEAMS

On March 6, the second teams of the Seniors and Freshmen played the decisive game for the second team championship. The game was a spirited one and Hemingway showed great skill in making baskets.

At the end of the first half the score stood 21-13 in favor of the Freshmen. The last half brought a score of 42 points for the freshmen and 31 for the Seniors.

The line-up of the teams:

Seniors

Ragusa

Bigelow

M. Warner

C. Smith

Taber

Freshmen

Picket

McCarthy

E. Taylor

Anastasia

Lowenstein

JUNIOR CLASS EARN MONEY

Everyone realizes the pleasures of a Junior Prom, but everyone does not always realize the heavy expenses. To meet this demand on their class treasury the Juniors are giving a series of teas, the first of which was held in Blackstone living room on Wednesday, the third of March. Dr. Bink and Miss Blue acted as hostess and Miss Martha Houston, Ruth Wilson, Laura Batchelder, Catherine Cone, Dorothy Gregson, Rachel Smith and Marion Keene served. The Tea was well supported and was a great success both socially and financially. Over thirteen dollars was cleared. The next one will take place the seventeenth of this month. Those who did not attend the first tea certainly missed a good time and should make an extra effort to attend the coming one.

MRS. GREENBIE’S SKETCHES

Members of Connecticut College will be interested in a series of travel sketches entitled “The World Is Here,” by Marjorie B. Greenbie, who is better known here under the name of Marjorie Latta Barstow. These articles are now appearing in the Green Book Magazine. "Adventure like the vote," says Mrs. Greenbie, "is no longer a masculine prerogative." She proceeds to demonstrate it by an account of her unique experiences in queer corners of the world during war time.

Mrs. Greenbie is the wife of Sydney Greenbie, himself a wanderer, the stories of whose adventures have been appearing in Harper’s Monthly, Dial, Asia, North American Review, and whose book, “Japan: Real and Imaginary” will be published in the spring. The book is dedicated to Marjorie Latta Barstow.

Mrs. Greenbie was an instructor in English at Connecticut College during the year 1916-17.
The French play has dug up again one of our ancient bones of contention; the matter of "Dressing up." It is ancient but it is not worn out yet. It is certainly true that we do not, here on campus, dress up much. Indeed, says someone, why should we? It is an awful bother. True, it is "an awful bother." It is so much easier to rush over in our middles, with no difference done.

But after all doesn’t it make rather a good deal of difference? Not tangibly, but it is the intangible things which are most worth while. We live in a breathless, hurrying age which takes no account of the niceties of life. And there is not perhaps lacking among us a certain richness of atmosphere, a relish in things which is an indication of poise and balance. These things we need, and these things we can help inculcate by the simple matter of "dressing up."—A. G.

AND THERE WAS LIGHT

Once upon a time there was an article written up in the News entitled "Let There Be Light" and now we are glad to be able to announce that this article has appeared in the Library is a joyful one. It may be imagination, but it does seem that the soft glow of the light makes for an atmosphere of quiet and restful study.

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

On a bleak November day, heavy, leaden clouds portentous with the fury of a coming storm hung low over the slate-colored sea. Great waves broke with a white foaming spray at the foot of the cliffs rising sheer and stark above the vast expanse of dark water stretching away until it mingled with the grayness of the sky. At the top of the cliffs, sheltered by massive rocks was a tiny, weatherbeaten house, as desolate as the boulders to which it clung. A stony path, slippery with seaweed, led down to the threshold of death. In the one nearest the sea a teenager lay writhing on the floor, the woman sank in an exhausted heap on the floor, and balance is there not perhaps lacking for a moment's reflection.

There are few of us who will miss the opportunity of hearing good music, which is certainly rare enough to be worth while. Moreover, there are not many who would wish to subscribe to the disgrace of having one of our earliest customs abandoned through lack of support by the students themselves. Let us then try to make reparation for our omissions of the past by showing a full attendance at the concert to be held down-town Thursday night.

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not hear. The re-ascent with the added burden of the child's weight was a difficult one, but Jane had no thought for the rocks that bruised her and the sea-weed that caught about her ankles. Half-way up she met the mother, groaning slowly along in the sight.

"Is it safe he is, or dead?" was Mary's hoarse question as she caught at the curly-haired bundle in the other woman's arms.

"Safe, Mary," was the low, tense answer.

The rest of the ascent was not hard. There was a hull in the storm as the women reached the cottage, and went in by the fire.

"Twas a beautiful time I had Moriarty's curly head.

"Ah, me lad, me lad," murmured Jane Dawliss huskily, as she stooped to caress Michael Morlart's curly head.

"And thin it was far at sea that 'Twas a beautiful time I had, rice to the sun. The boat was near the rock where I went down, mother," piped Miekey, as Jane rubbed his cold hands and feet.

"That is right, Mickey boy, and tomorrow you and your mother brought me time," he finished.
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Dramatic Club Plays

On the evening of Saturday, March the thirteenth, the Dramatic Club will give the final performance of the year consisting of three one-act comedies. Devoted to the usual "press-agent" style, the club does not urge everyone to attend, nor does it brandish a club and threaten dire consequences to those who do not. But after it is over, and you have heard ejaculations of delight over the unusually clever dialogue of "Lima Beans" and "A Good Woman" and when you have listened to tales of the fine work of Caroline Francke and Marion Hendris in "Suppressed Desires" you will regret the day, or the night that prevented you from seeing the productions and having a good laugh. Rehearsals were under the able direction of Mrs. Wells. They were pushed forward and it is rumored that in one of the comedies we are to behold something new and novel in costumes and scenery. Let us set this evening and the necessary change afoot and make the performance a big success.

Council Notes

(Continued from Page 1, col. 1)

and that the President of the other two classes speak to their classes about it. The Council decided that no excuses for leaving early or returning late at Easter should be accepted after Tuesday, March ninth.

A Talk on Railroads

(Continued from Page 1, col. 2)

meetings regarding this matter, west, and that strategically we are at a serious disadvantage since there are no trunk lines running north and south. The chief difficulty in our system he says is the unscientific disposition of trains at railroad terminations.

Professor Zueblin was particularly vehement on the question of government operation of the railroads during the war. Although the government was slow in its work, and travellers were seriously inconvenienced, it was through the government mobilization of our railroads that we played such an important part in winning the war.

That a political platform of 1924 will be government ownership of railroads was the prophecy of Professor Zueblin. Private management of railroads will be so inefficient, he predicts, that such a platform will arise of necessity.

Finally, he said that women are greatly influencing politics today, and that consequently all women, particularly those with college training, should know how they stand on public questions and how to vote on them intelligently.

Although a number in the audience did not agree with some of Professor Zueblin's beliefs, all appreciated the large amount of information concerning railroads in the United States which he gave, and the working basis he presented for further consideration to this vital problem.

Moon Madness

Comes the wistful moon like a lonely child
With tangled clouds about her face,
It must be hard indeed for her
To watch the winds at play in the trees,
Or blowing the saucy sail at sea,
I wonder if she'll always be
As plain and sedate as she seems to be.

The crescent-moon is a dagger cold,
Beware, little boy, of the pirate bold,
Who rides with it tight in his teeth!
The ends are curved by the rush of air,
And the fire of his breath as he steals from his lair.
He's out to plunder the stars
Beware, little boy, of the pirate bold,
Who rides with the moon in his teeth!

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