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Connecticut College

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Under the auspices of the Service League and for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund, the first musical comedy ever given at Connecticut College was presented on the evening of May 3rd. Snappy music and pep were the leading characteristics of “Hall, Cecelia!” and were prominent throughout.

Mary Chipman, as Cecelia, made a typical and charming young society heroine, while Miss Blue as “the only man I (Mary) ever loved,” upheld the reputation of the Navy to the ninth degree. The rest of the cast was in keeping with these two stars and especial mention should be made of the comedians who made it seem quite like a professional production.

A great deal of credit must be given to the girls who staged the comedy so effectively and managed the entire affair so efficiently and also to the author, Miriam Pomeroy showed herself a very versatile as well as charming poet in the composition of the lyrics in which she was assisted by Rachel Smith. The very catchy music which rang in the ears of the hearers and their friends long after the play was over was composed by Roberta Newton.

On the whole the affair proved very successful, and over $300 was realized on tickets and on the candy which was sold during the performance, part of which was donated by Mr. Peterson, and the hotel wontbore lives up to reputation.

C. C. true to her youth, is testing out all kinds of experiences. She has added to her list of sensations a cabaret show, given by the Freshmen for the Juniors. The Hotel Wontbore lived up bravely to its name and expectations. That it was a hotel one saw immediately by the extremely energetic bell boy, conspicuously labelled as such.

The enemies of “cultural education” would have been discouraged from scoffing at the their music they heard Professor Martin Rosenoff of Mellon Institute on May 1, when he talked on “The Use of Science to Mankind.”

“TODAY IS THE FIRST OF MAY, MAY, MAY!”

For the first time in history there were Seniors to figure conspicuously in the celebration. And faithful sister Sophomores were well aware of it—long before the merciless fire-gong had rung, tiny gold and purple May baskets hung on every Senior’s door, filled with purple pansies “for thought,” candies, and personal May Day greetings.

The beloved Magdalene College hymn had its largest audience and its greatest choir this year—for gathered in bright array on the grey stone steps, there were three under classes, centered about the number black gowns and caps of the first Senior class.

The chapel exercises on the court completed the morning celebration in a beautifully impressive service. The quaint strains of the tiny harpsichord mingled with the chorus of young voices, until the whole campus seemed flooded with the music. The May Day response, the beautiful and dainty choir anthems, the lovely, rich, sadness of the Alma Mater, and finally—Dr. Sykes’ Invocation Ode—all told of the beauty and of the joy of the springtime, of the seasons, and of womanhood until it tuneful.

“Hills, trees, rivers, and seas, / Opened their hearts to them, / Blessing this day.”

“SPAIN DINES WITH CHINA”

Where could you find a more unique event than the Spanish banquet held in the Chinese Restaurant? The little “Chop Suey House” was filled with the spicy odor of queer and unfamiliar Spanish delicacies which constituted the menu. Between courses Helen Collins and Anna Cherkasky presented a very charming little sketch, and Marion Wells sang haunting Spanish melodies to the accompaniment of a ukelele. Clementine Jordan served very ably in the capacity of toast mistress. Miss Ernst, Dr. Cary, and Senior Barza, who were the guests of the evening, each responded with a few informal remarks which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. So with merry chatter and song ended the Spanish banquet.
Connecticut College News
ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly
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EDITORIALS

"OH, C. C.'S ALWAYS DIFFERENT
THE LATEST THING OF ALL—"

Connecticut College has done a great many big things since it opened four years ago. It has organised Student Government, and organised the Service League, and organised the other clubs which give pleasure not only to the members, but to all the college. The work of organisation will never be entirely done. But for three years we have given our time and our executive ability to systematizing the machinery of government. And now we are turning our energies in another direction. Our ingenuity and our executive ability is showing to fine advantage in the many successful social affairs that have been planned and presented this year. More than ever our versatility is being displayed. This sounds as though we were pretty much puffed up about ourselves. Well, we are. And why not? Wasn't the musical comedy the biggest success we've ever had?

It isn't an easy thing to produce a plot for anything, especially for a musical comedy. And that's why we're so proud of Miriam Pomeroy, who wrote the scenario for the Service League something to work with. If "Halt, Cecelia!" hadn't originated in Miriam's fertile brain, there might never have been a musical comedy at all.

Miriam wrote the scenario, and then she submitted it to the Service League Committee. Rachel Smith was the chairman of this committee, and she was so enthusiastic about the possibilities of the plot that she filled in the words of the songs some of which Miriam had merely indicated, and began to plan for rehearsals right away that minute.

Then she showed it to Roberta Newton, and Roberta Newton worked like a regular Trojan, setting the words to music. She became so inspired that she added new choruses here and there, up to the last minute. Bobbie put the "music" in the musical comedy.

And who put the "comedy" in the musical comedy? Well, there were so many characters, over fifty, that it is hard to say who didn't add her own special individual touch. Rachel superintended rehearsal after rehearsal, for there were seven choruses to train, and only four weeks to get it all done. Evadene, who cast contributed brillian
t suggestions.

Then there was the orchestra. The interesting thing about this orchestra was that only five of the nine or so parts had been written down, and the orchestra played entirely by ear. There were two violins, and two mandolins, a guitar, and a drum, with Bobbie gallantly zipping away on the piano.

Marion Williams was the business manager, and through her efforts enough tickets were sold to bring in the three hundred dollars for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund.

The comedy was enthusiastically played to a full house, and it made such a hit that it is to be repeated in Norwich if all goes well. Everyone of the cast looked pretty as a picture, and a hundred times more
tive. They received encore after en-
core. After the cast had been applauded, time and time again, the au-
thors came in for their own special share of the enthusiasm. Preceded by our hero, Miss Blue, and our heroine, Mr. Rockefeller, the autho-

Social Reconciliation: And Its Tendencies

One might well say, in these after-the-
way days, that "of making many
reconstruction programs there is no
only social reconciliation. It is a
watchword of the hour. So it is all
more interesting to read a sum-
maries of these programs, drawn up by
the National Catholic War Council, in this
In fact, business is to be run jointly
welfare, as well as government, is to be democ-

Among general welfare measures are
suggested government insurance on life, limb and property to all classes, including those in receipt of the minimum living wage; provision for the decent housing of workers; reduction of the cost of living through co-operative enterprises and methods of prevention of unemployment; a safeguarding of the rights of the laborer and his family to a reasonable amount of rest and recreation.

"There must be a reform," concludes the summary, "in the spirit of both labor and capital. The laborer must come to realize that he owes his employer and society an honest day's work for a fair wage. The capitalist needs to learn, the long-for
gone truth that wealth is stewardship."

* * *

The enthusiasm which has been shown at the Senior sings may well be taken as a sign that this most recent custom will become a permanent one. The black-gowned seniors, the gray-tied juniors, the green of the service league, the blue of the blue league, all standing in their respective places, sang what was perhaps the most beautiful song that college spirit has produced.

To the Editor:

It is our privilege as students of a new college to start customs which will in course of time become traditions. Only those which stand as memorials, or which are of benefit will stand the test of time.

The enthusiasm which has been shown at the Senior sings may well be taken as a sign that this most recent custom will become a permanent one. The black-gowned seniors, the gray-tied juniors, the green of the service league, the blue of the blue league, all standing in their respective places, sang what was perhaps the most beautiful song that college spirit has produced.

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BROtherhood WHAT
HUMANITY DESIRES

Dr. Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, delivered a splendid address on "The Struggle for Democracy." Tuesday, April 25, in the gymnasium. He needed no introduction to the students and faculty. As soon as he appeared on the stage he was vigorously ap-

plauded. Dr. Steiner interspersed his serious theme with his usual delightful humor. He told of the hunger of the human race, of the "call of the hungry for brotherly relationship." Because of the fact that men did not fly to seek each other but at each other, he said, the universe was wrecked. Herein came the greatest loss to the spirit of men. He emphatically stated that he had no faith in the definite power of war, no matter how great the victory. "What men want is brotherhood, and the struggle for bread. It is this con-
tinuous contention that has kept hu-
manity from reaching the starting point—the realisation of highest hun-

ger. That is the obstacle in the way of interpreting the superficial distinction of cast, color, and creed. Man is a splendid product of God. Underneath the 

external differences, all humanity is one.

COLLEGE STUNTS

FEATURE OF EVENING.

(Concluded from page 5 column 1.)

very attractive in a short Pierrot and 
Pierrette dance in costume. A vocal 

selection, "Handel" by Fenn, was charingly rendered by Marie. An-
tolette Taylor.

The last number of the evening was 

perhaps the most effective, when the 

double quartette sang in an informal 

manner a number of college songs, 

ending with our college song, Dear 

C. C.

HELM COOPS '22

OPEN LETTERS.

(Concluded from page 5, column 2.)

show up unfavorably by contrast with the 
well-selected singing of the evening. 

Each class could stand in a group and 
be led by its cheer leader. Pos-
ibly the four leaders could arrange 
some sort of a program for the even-

ing. Of course, this is only one sug-
gestion, but it may lead to more. Mr. 

Weld has shown us what well organ-
ised singing can accomplish.

The Seniors have started the cus-
tom of having the choirs come 

on stage by all means continue 

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SPRING MEETING OF STUDENT ASSOCIATION

At the regular spring meeting of the Student Government Association, the following girls were nominated for next year's presidency:

Helen Perry, Mary Bracken, Marjorie Doyle, Frances Barlow.

The Association voted its wish to adopt, permanently, instead of the former scholarship eligibility rules, the present system, namely: instead of a student's automatically having to drop any office or offices aggregating a number of points over 50 if she has had over 5 points of D work in the last semester, each case of a girl's being low in her studies is to be considered as an individual case by the (Student) Council and dealt with accordingly.

Announcement was made that no girl would be allowed to go either boating or swimming this spring until she had filled out in the office a written permission from her parents.

The Chairman of the meeting urged that students should be more careful in observing the rules regarding all matters of chaperonage. It was also announced that all over-night books were to be returned to the Library by 8 o'clock as stated in the "C." Instead of at 8:15.

YALE PROFESSOR ON LIFE IN RUSSIA.

(Concluded from page 1, column 5.)

meant. Autocracy fostered ignorance among the mass of people. The landowners were seldom on their estates, which were left under the direction of overseers. These had exacted huge profits and had grown rich. One farm of 34,000 acres in South Russia realised for its owner an annual income of only $8,000.

Meanwhile the oppressed peasantry were living in low, self-supporting villages. This life taught the peasant the principle of common ownership of land, and fostered in them resentment toward the rich. Thus the ground was prepared for a socialist revolution.

Even as early as 1868 Lenin led a small party of Bolshevik agitators. In 1917 Kerensky spread socialist propaganda, but Lenin attracted public sentiment by urging the workers to form a party and take the field. The result of 36,000 acres in South Russia realised for its owner an annual income of only $8,000.

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AMONG OUR POETS

THE FIRST OF MAY

Orange baskets, purple tied,
Orange baskets, filled with flowers,
In the early morning hours,
Every Senior door outside.

Orange baskets, softly futed,
Orange baskets, filled with kisses,—
Not a Senior's heart it misses,
Every Senior's taste is suited.

Orange baskets, sisters dear,
Orange baskets, filled with Maytime,
Shall be sunshine, night and daytime,
To the Seniors through the year.

AGAIN.

So tremulous Spring has come again
To breathe the cool fragrance on the hills.
The eager clouds shake out their hair for
Their white-soft hair for winds to frolic with.

Sometimes you see them caught in
Trees' fair arms,
Or pierced with green of popular's slender flame.
Nothing within our power could stop
This growing—

Our great strong pulling heart of
Sputtering life.
Loving and lifting the world up so,
Tune us (your vibrant sympathies,
Teach us to be brothers—all again!)

COLLEGE LIFE.

These intimate college days—
How cold and brutal will the world seem soon.
When all this cherished Youth is gone,
This garnered Youth that we have guarded here.

Counting not the golden hours
As they pour their confidence and power
Into our greedy hands—so,
We are thirsty now for everything,
Absorbing all the heavens will send.
Eagerly we run abreast, full-strong.
And stand at the touch of comrade's hand
And sound of sympathetic voice.

The jostling crowds are running side
by side,
Yet so apart—each one is bent on his own goal—
They do not see that all the goals are one.

Here in this happy college life,
How natural it is to tell of home, of
loves, of simple eager things,
Discuss psychology and art,
And puzzle out philosophies and kings,
And listen to the dreams and griefs of others here—
Well we learn to love this little golden world
This Four-year world of sun and wind:
And Borealis and Kant—
These intimate college days—
How cold and brutal will the world seem soon.

INTRODUCTION TO ANTHROPOLOGY

Lecture 1.

Come, eager students, let us go
To study, first the Esquimalx.
Upon arrival we soon learn that:
A little igloo, now and then,
Is relished by the Esquiman.
Entering the igloo we see
A...
ISTHISYOURTRUNK?

A PASSING MOOD

A feeling of loneliness came over her; deep, painful loneliness, gnawing at her heart like a wartle. "It is right," she said to herself, for she had talked, and she had talked too much, had overstressed the bounds of moderation, and, therefore, she was suffering. This was the cause of her anguish, her despair, she told herself. And now she will be laughed at, scorned inwardly if not pointed at with the finger, as, the "altogether too earnest, eccentric, little fool," and that—at what—not.

"It is best not to say anything; to be silent," as Carlyle advises, "she thus softly remonstrated with herself; unless, indeed, there is something unimpeachably strong, worthy of being said, something new, something vitally great."

"But the desire, the longing for expression!" she again remonstrated—"Alan, that is to be unmothered, to be alone, to be murdered mercilessly in its bed, to go down with the sorrower, and the sufferer into an early grave."

A deep, cold grave.

"What would we like to be—Alan, it is far, far, from us."

We stretch out longing arms on the breadth and width of the world, call aloud in the emptiness, suffer and bleed, nourish the pangs of hunger, yearning and despair, but to no avail. What we would like to be—never, never on this earth—never, never! Deep, deep insufficiency, starvation, longings, despair, and disgust with the world, with life, with systems, with laws, with "justice," and all.

IS SCIENCE OF ACTUAL VALUE TO MANKIND?

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)

by the government, until, in Mr. Rou-

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LOOSE LEAF BOOKS

DIARIES AND STATIONERY

J. SOLOMON

44 MAIN STREET

THE BALSAM OF NATURE

He walked out into the forest. The snow and turf were wet beneath his feet. The tall trees stretched upward to an amazing height. The sky hung in massy clouds overhead. A wind blew in the trees—the preparation for a storm. The birds sounded in the air—call after call, chirp after chirp, and twit, twitter after twitte fell upon his ear—beautiful the medley, different, entirely natural. Still sick at heart, he touched the bark of a tree. It was moist and cool. With a feeling of great hunger and longing of soul, he put his hand close to it. Soothingly, it acted upon the fever of his brow, and the burning passion of his spirit. The perfume of the leaves and the trees went to his nostrils. He inhaled them deeply—pungent odours—the air was laden with them, and the wind carried them, and blew them out beyond the bounds of the forest so that people passing in the vicinity of the patient heard smelt the fragrance in the softened, delicate quality, and were gladdened by the sensation, their heads uplifted; their nostrils dilated to absorb the essence of the atmosphere, and their souls felt at one with the pensiveness and wildness of the scene. So sweet and fragrant were the odours that he felt almost as if he had tasted the scents in the air. Hungry, he opened his mouth, and caught the odoriferous loveliness in deep breaths. While he stood, a fresh scent and emanated by the quickening of his senses, and the giving of his wounded soul to the winds.

G. Chorney '22.

The passing of a practical, so science should be inseparable from other studies, according, to the speaker, for the United States to foster science and the humanities. Science alone is insufficient. We should continue the study of all branches of thought, and without the question in regard to any, "What is the use of it?"

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DIARIES AND STATIONERY

J. SOLOMON

44 MAIN STREET
THE LAST OF THE OLIVERs

The race of Oliver's had steadily been declining, until there was left but one to represent a once-famous family. Sammy's appearance was not prepossessing; he was thin and small, stoop-shouldered, pale of hair and little blinking eyes—hardly one of whom the first Colonel Oliver would have been proud. He was somewhat of an institution at Cray's Landing, and every one was more or less interested when the hour approached for his appearance before the Draft Board.

That evening, as usual, a group of bouncers gathered about Lem's store to smoke and swap tales of fish caught and almost caught—deeds exaggerated and artistically trimmed, but none the less interesting to the hearers, who were stirred with a desire to go each tale one better. Tonight, however, conversation swerved from fish and fogs to war and drafts—four of the men would have to go, and were not very cheerful about it.

In the midst of the conversation, the door opened and Sammyshuffle in. He took the center of the floor quite naturally and stood there, hands clasped behind his back, his little eyes beaming up his expectant audience.

"Wal, I'm gon'!" he announced after a dramatic pause. "Me head ain't quite right, but I'm gon' just the same."

So it came about that Sammy was given the blue uniform, the instinctive choice of a man who had always lived by the water, the sea had been but little upon it. He was sent to shoring coal on a ship—a simple enough task, you would think, yet poor, considerations little Sammy did it as inefficiently as you could possibly imagine. So they tried him at this, and they tried him at that, always with the same result. His little bent figure drooped wearily, his little eyes looking more than ever incongruous in his loose and flaring trousers, and his brow was continually wrinkled in perplexity.

He was neither normal, nor yet feeble-minded—just a miserable, unhappy misfit, until one day an officer called to him.

"See here, Oliver," he demanded gruffly, "Do you know anything about a garden?"

Sammy fairly leapt to his side, his eyes alight, his back almost straight in his appearance.

"I sho' do," he exclaimed excitedly, "I can grow an'thing—anywhere!" Lawse, ef you'd seen my garden last year—"

The man who listened was a man who was interested in his fellow-men—a man who felt the opportunities as well as the obligations of his position. And so it came about that the newly planned Navy Gardens were put in charge of half-witted Sammy Oliver.

People watched for the result with sceptical interest, but at the end of the summer, Sammy returned to Cray's Landing on a farough, and you might have guessed his success from the greetings of his townspeople. Fame spread quickly, and the Navy's trust had been justified. The little shrunken figure, ridiculous in its uniform, was hailed with great archism. The last of the Oliver's had found himself; he was no longer half-witted Sammy—he was head of the United States Navy Gardens in—(Censored)—and he had run them more successfully, economically, and efficiently than Hoover could have imagined in his wildest dream.

DR. BARSTOW TOURS THE WORLD.

(Continued from page 1, column 1.)

was seeking as inspiration for her work in writing and developing pages. The climax of her unusual trip can best be given in her own words: "On the North American coast we met a hurricane. One of the seamen was washed overboard and lost, as we could not stop to get him for fear of jeopardizing the rest of the crew. Even the cabins were washed away. The ship's kitchens were flooded and we had to live on tea and crackers for several days. We wirelessed Boston to meet us with ambulances. A few days later we limped into Boston; and so ended a wonderful tour."

EXCHANGES

Barnard—A radical revision of the present cut system and the installation of one which will be more definite is under consideration.

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