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COMEDY WINS GREAT APPROVAL.

The first performance of "The Poppy Trail" was given in the Gymnasium on Friday evening when 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 Birkard as Patience, wife of the Member of Embassy and ex-opera queen, was one of the best in the cast, not only in her solos but also in her songs. She livened up the play with a waltz, and the "Humming Blues" was the perennial song on the program. The two leads were very good, if not the best of the lyrics and several of the songs, made a very fair showing in the realm of true subde fashion. Jeanette Sperry showed her dramatic ability again in the part of Patna, the politica . Miss Sperry always presents a finished part. Julia Smith played up to her former reputation as an ideal leading man, and was admirably supported by Emily Warner, her sister, as "Buddy," peer school poet, and ardent devotee of "Bquette." It is to be regretted that Mildred Reely, as Hung Kh, 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 lifting Chinese chorus. The comedy roles were appreciated immensely by the audience. Grace Fisher, who for three years has amused audiences in such parts as the Gemini, the monkey, and in her way, "Pee Wee," the bell hop, created another unique role as "Colonel" the street switch, who makes things come out right. Her accordion solo and her dance with John Warren, "the king of the short of it," has never failed to please a hearty laugh. She shared honors this year with her dog "Wero," an Airedale, whose stage presence for a beginner was remarkable. Mentioning comedy, one cannot fail to recall the "de- fective" with their red vests, police badges and flapping gowns. M. P. Taylor proved again her peculiar talent for humor.

The costumes and the scenery could not help but laud itself. Never has "The Poppy Trail" Colliers boasted such gorgeous costumes, such colors and imagination. The women of "These Women" chorus made a beautiful picture in red, yellow and purple with their back background of "Puppetry" chorus to the "Humming Blues" music. The colors of "These Women" chorus are supposed to be. Helen Hemingway made a stunning peacock in the Fashion class, though marling mariquas and Pierrettes, in orange and green, were very cute as were the cowboys with their red lamps in the "Lamp-light" chorus. In the second act the temptation was too great for some of the others given in the past. Evelyn Ryan, as the Goddess hidden behind a 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 vermilicon at the back, flanked on each side by a huge Chinese lanterns, offered opportunity for a display of the costumes of the choruses. This very successful performance of Comedty was given under the auspices of the New London Association of University Women.

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 Prince- ton? Your tiger, so hearty and hale. We reverence quite as profoundly His 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 We’ve done the road just a way. Wesleyan, brother, right welcome. And Trinity, you’re glad to be good. You know that we welcome you, This little, but growing C. West, Dartmouth, how comes it, old Feltham? You haven’t been noticed before? You know that you won’t be kept for us forever. At Connecticut College’s door. Come in, and you, too, friend Colum bus, 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 nice neighbour? Of course; it is friend M. C. T. And sure, may I ask who U. B.? You’re young and far distant, (Is Cornell really that wild?) But me the less hearty welcome. And you, now pray, who may be R. U. Of course, now I know you’re from Harvard. Oh dear, I’m quite losing my mind To see closely Looking 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— Glad bless you, my dears, aren’t you MIN? Senor Pinol to inattentive student: "Of the imperfet of the varc west." Girl, looking up with a dazed expression: "Imperfecto, Imperfectos, Imper te..." The comedy roles were a.ppreciated immensely by the audience. Grace Fisher, who for three years has amused audiences in such parts as the Gemini, the monkey, and in her way, "Pee Wee," the bell hop, created another unique role as "Colonel" the street switch, who makes things come out right. Her accordion solo and her dance with John Warren, "the king of the short of it," has never failed to please a hearty laugh. She shared honors this year with her dog "Wero," an Airedale, whose stage presence for a beginner was remarkable. Mentioning comedy, one cannot fail to recall the "defective" with their red vests, police badges and flapping gowns. M. P. Taylor proved again her peculiar talent for humor.

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 is. Miss Hemingway is remarkably well fitted to undertake the direction of the affairs of the League, because she has served on its governing board for the past two years as a member of the Sunshine Committee and Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. 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 CHOSSEN 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 Xews 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, she felt confident that she will continue her services for the Xews in this natural, splendid spirit that has characterized her work in the past, and are assured that was tendered according to the constitution, the candidate failing to be elected Editor-in-Chief becomes, Xews Bureau. Miss Katherine Francke, who has served on the Xews staff for two years, is well fitted 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 Birkard of the special program a brief account of Cervantes’ life. Ann Graham read and interesting paper on “Influence of Cervantes of the literature of the different countries—Cer vantes France, South America and especially England.” Then Dorothy Wheeler read one of the most famous chapters of “Don Quixote” called “His Encounter with the Windmills.” At the meeting Miss Pinol spoke in a general way concerning Cervantes’ work.
A GIRL AND THREE MEN.

She—"You dance beautifully." He—"And you." She—"You dance beautifully." He—"Look up at me and tell me so again." She—"You know, you do know!" He—"And because you say I dance beautifully and I know you dance divinely—together we—" She—"Let's just dance."

Was it mere to see if, to once, I couldn't say? 

"Who is it?" We both thought, and who, going about with long hair, but we were anywhere but here.

"Aren't you bored with it all?"

"Are you bored with it all?"

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

"Is that an insult? Anyways I like you a lot, and I look at you, too."

"You didn't particularly—but I saw you doing something."

"Everyone does it."

"You're a quicksand of words, but they do talk about the mission of each of us in the school and college."

"They?"

He—"Yes, the train was late—thirty-five hideous minutes—and so they convinced me in the station—oh, the rest of—the College. A seething mass of smart, giggling, cigarette-chomping, obviously new spring hat, combination shoes, lavender and rose and blue and home-spun sash all with bulging bags and little bundles, short ones and tall ones; with, 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 non-conceptions out of dances and theatres and their one pronoun—she.

Oh, the nauseating sameness of it all—sort of "time," same pretense, same "good time," same pretense, it was almost worse than usual—almost because there was a saving grace—a kindred soul, who, too, noticed the progresiveness tendency of human cattle. And yet we, in our very dissimilarity, were the same! Same, I mean, Grumpus, please—The Horrible Niece.

HATE.

I hate to write expressively description hate is worse to write about than local custom. Anyhow, the only one we have in our town is blackening the school's reputation, and that is so painfully universally local, I might say, as to be monotonous. In order to create interest now, one's gossips to have 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 ropees at the Gare Central Station, each in turn rushing up to kiss the poor girl or relative just arrived, and I can hate people cordially. I even hate the innocent girls and relatives who have such friends and relatives and to meet them. If only everybody would parenchome!

I'm sure those people who vaguely talk about the mission of each of us in the college, Those people who talk about service and helping mankind? They huddle, they flounder about in words, but they don't mean anything. Some of them talk about love. They disgust me. How do they know that there is any such thing as love? I abhor their foundations. I hate, too, this parent and children argument; I hate parents' ingratitude that their children are indebted to them. Say the parents, "I gave them the gift of life." That satisfies them as an unanswerable argument to all doubters. I don't believe in 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 I'm too 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 being which may be quite as contemptible to him? All the goody-goodies swoon from shock at such talk. Let them, I hate them for being Pamela. Just because they were brought up in the old-fashioned way, they no reason why they should continue to think as generations have thought before the beginning of time. Then, poor fools, they don't think. What a queer thing life is! We step up through balmy air and drink a lot of vile milk, a beverage which I can't imagine a person enjoying. Then we waste through school and college, learning an endless number 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 way? Bah, we fight for position, we strive to gain this called patience, this much-talked of thing called love, and it all ends in a cheap, hot foot a few feet under the sod.

Well, as I was saying before I digressed, I hate expression description and local customs. And as I was going to say, I hate the new spring clothes which yesterday were so pleasing to me. Worst of all, the salted almonds I have just been eating. It is wasted breath to gossip about their eccentricities.

"A girl and three men." I wish you hadn't."
THE TREE OF THE GARDEN

It was my junior year at Connecti-
cut College, months before Sam and I —but that's another story. I shambled silently in the nebulous moonlight. In unconscious bliss I lay on my sagging army cot. Then I was aware of some-
one caressing my hair. A strange tenderness came over me for this person who was watching the moon-
light glisten on my hair. It must be prett)' I reflected, "the gold lights against the white pillow—Elaine the fair, Elaine the ill-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. "Real-
dy, really?" I asked. "It's twenty-thirty." It was enough that she should wake me, but it was absolutely
unanswerable that she should in-
sult me by telling me that my hair
was like my brother's briefly, under-
nibly red stouts. 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 sis-
ters for my brother, and when he
wrote that Oliana had made him
the happiest man in the world ad in-
finium, I was only slightly disap-
pointed at his lack of originality and
invited her down to New London for
the week-end.

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

I was glad I had not 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 concealed beyond ex-
pression. If I were you, I'd keep him guessing. You're making him too sure of you." She radiated fury. "Cruel! Unhys-
pathetic," I said tersely. "He's like a
Sensitive Plant. He must have spiritual sunlight and air, and I must give it to him."

Mentally I screamed "Vine, Cling-
ing Vine," but I said, "Well, Minister-
ing 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 study, my roommate. I bet her I'd meet the man I'd marry at Prom. I'm glad you're not a child. You under-
stand 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
Of standards and of swords;
I saw myself anointed
To vanquish mighty herds.
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 station,
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 midady's train,
They ridiculed my pleadings.
And sought the ranks again.
They could not crush my glory,
The watches of the night
Behind 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 un-
opened 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 leg-
ible, 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 untwist the envelope and untwist it with a hair-pin. Trembling, you pull out
one thin sheet on which is written that
ends but infinitely sweet expression: "Glad to accept your invitation for prom, and while we both know your	acching head upon the desk you murmured devotion. "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 think so all the time!"

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BACK TO THE NURSERY.
Sing a song of Prom nights,
A campus full of men.
Music, dance and laughter
Remind me of the 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 curt,
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 "chay" 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 chaperones 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 hardly was no prude.
And while the chaperones all beamed,
And praised his wondrous charm,
He kissed her Valentine style,
And no one took alarm.

"NEW TRANSFORMATIONS"
"The Paristienne no longer has a pendant wave, marcel wave, or resort 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 hyphenation of Psyche and Pegasus. There is the usual distinguishing knot of the girdle, but a length and suppleness of neck and a "nostyle wild play" suggestive of the flying horse—at least the idol appears thus in one view.
There are four exposures, the collection reminds one variety of Beysold's angel heads, only there is nothing of the angel of the lady. She has rather, a satanic charm. Her almund-shaped French eyes are narrowed dangerously, and undecided whether to look at each other or down her long, slender Boutonnetic nose.
In the 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 hair-cintherie curls were grown in Mann's shop.
The Paristienne can also charm with her modesty. The "transformation" will adapt itself to a soft wave 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 ingenuous gaze. With this coiffure Paristienne wears long, pendant earrings, denying the otherwise innocent girlishly of her mien.
Ah, Paristienne, your appearance in the Sunday repit sheets of the New York Times sustains that wonderful conception of our sisterhood public—"You cannot be truly French and be truly innocent." O. J. 34.

“CRUSH”?
It is too bad that there seem 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 convulsive penitentiary will insist that hers is the Real Thing. And it is. This experience is one more mark in her sum total of living, and, as such, merits its proper place because of its bewildering influence. The devotee 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, lying put on a pedestal is appealing but the position is difficult to maintain. The idol discovers that her devoted one has no heart. To make a Prom girl sore?

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