Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 22

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1918_1919

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1918_1919/26

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1918-1919 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu. The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
TRUE HAPPINESS WITHIN: DR. PHELPS REASSURES

In his lecture to the college on May 6th, Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale began by quoting, “The happiest person is he who thinks the most interesting thoughts.” He continued by saying that true happiness, like virtue, comes from within, and is not dependent upon other people or things without. Some people’s happiness depends upon what is said about them. They allow their enemies to judge whether they shall be happy or not. Other people let their happiness be stolen from them by misfortune. Happiness should be an inseparable part of the personality.

If the original proposition is true, that the happiest man is he who has the most interesting thoughts, then we all grow happier as we grow older. Hence the first secret of life is to grow old cagily. The fear of (Continued on page 5, column 1.)

VOLLEYBALL BATTLE

The preliminary matches between the class volley ball teams were close, exciting and well played, and in addition to that, if we may judge from the attitude of the audience, decidedly amusing. In the first series ’21 was victorious over ’22 and in the second ’19 conquered their old rivals ’20.

The teams playing in the first match were:

Freshmen—Captain, Catherine McCarthy, Grace Fisher, Helen Coops.
Gordon, Traurig, Duncan, G. Smith, W. Warner, Tuthill.

Sophomores—Captain, Marion Adams, Wulf, Dreyer, Waitoux, Rehan, Eddy.
Arkin, Marvin, Brunos, Roche, Rich, Raynwhiel.

Participants in the second match were:


Senior—Captain, Lenon, Anderson, Anacle, Barnes, Cartw, Espenscheid.
Emerson, Hastings, Hatch, Kugler, White, Pomeroy.

MR. GRIFFITH BRINGS BACK “NIJINSKI”

The return of old friends is always welcome to C. C. students but the welcome is all the more ardent when they bring new friends with them. When Mr. Charles E. Griffith played here a year ago he immediately made a host of friends for himself and his violin. On May 9th when he again visited the college, this time with Mrs. Griffith as his accompanist, he made many new friends who had not had the opportunity of hearing him last year. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith presented a charming program composed of pieces by German and American composers. Among those by American composers was Nijinski by Mac-Millan which Mr. Griffith played last year and which on both occasions was received enthusiastically. Romances by Beethoven was another which was especially appreciated by the audience as well as the Minuet by Beethoven.

After the Musicals, there was dancing, some of the girls playing the piano, and punch was served. It was good to have all the classes and faculty together for an all college function before the breaking up which is coming so shortly and the commencement festivities.

It is certainly to be hoped that a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Griffith will become a yearly institution and that they will count C. C. among their friends.

A. A. ELECTIONS

At the meeting of the Athletic Association held on Friday, May 9th, officers were elected for the following year. It was voted that four regular meetings were to be held next year, in place of monthly meetings, and that the fine for absence would be raised from ten to twenty-five cents.

President, Mildred Howard ’20.
Vice-President, Harriet Allen ’20.
Secretary, Marion Doyle ’20.
Treasurer, Dorothy Wulf ’21.

SENIORS, JUNIORS SPORT THEIR MEN

Dainty, vari-colored evening dresses and men’s stiff, black evening suits, in the middle of the afternoon—surely, it was a gay enough sight to make the bashful and ill-behaved sun elbow his way through the thick grey mist-clouds, and take a peak at the gay spectacle. For was it not the very, very first Prom. that Connecticut College had ever witnessed?

Perhaps after all Mr. Sun hid his face on purpose, knowing that the heavy looks of the poor Juniors would be changed to smiles when they saw how nicely things were going to turn out. While the long lines of electric lights over the court became a lovely welcome through the mist, with an unexpected tea tables to keep them company, Prom. guests were enjoying (Continued on page 5, column 1.)

HOUSE ELECTIONS

Elections of house presidents were held in the dormitories Wednesday night, May 14th, for the year 1919-20.

Blackstone, Jessie Menzies.
Plant, Margaret Davres.
Winthrop, La Petra Perley.
North Cottage, Laura Batchelder.

The other houses will elect their presidents next year.

NEWS ELECTIONS

The results of the competition for assistant business manager were that at a regular meeting of the staff held Thursday night, May 15th, Wrey Warner ’22 was elected assistant business manager, and Blanche Finesilver ’22 Sophomore Proof Reader.

IS THIS DRAMA?

Dr. Wells, summing up the characters in Cynran de Bergerac:

“And how about Rageneau (the pastry cook)?”

Some brave spirit: “I think he is very well defined.”

Dr. Wells: “I think he is a personified role.”

THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Clyde Fitch’s The Truth was the play presented by the Dramatic Club in the gymnasium on Saturday, May 16.

It was considered a most successful part of the Prom. festivities by the Juniors and Seniors and all their men friends.

Shall any of us ever again believe a word Fanchon Hartman says? Shall we not inevitably think of her as Becky Warder, the most fascinating liar in the world? Helen Perry, as Mr. Warder, played the forgiving husband most convincingly. M. P. Taylor drew a continual succession of laughs every moment that she was on the stage. Her red skirt, her earrings, and her nasal voice were irresistible.

Dora Schwartz, as the villain, and Marion Hendrie as the injured wife portrayed the trials and tribulations of the eternal triangle with deep understanding. Jeannette Sperry, as Becky’s father, made a delightful republate.

Indeed, the whole play was acted with skill and precision, and was a most gratifying example of the excellent work which the Dramatic Club has been doing throughout the year.

CELLA HANTS AGAIN

When Cecilia halted in Norwich on the evening of May 13th, she found a packed house to witness her performance, which went off with professional smoothness, and was a tremendous success. Norwich showed its appreciation of the peppy music and the dainty and effective dances, by repeated encores.

Never did Mary Chipman, as Cecilia, look more charming nor sing with better effect, and Miss Fitch, in the role of lover, was a decided credit to the Navy. Helen Perry, as Eddie, added just the right touch of comedy with her witty remarks.

About $126 was made by the sale of music of “Halt, Cecilia!” and by the sale of candy, part of which Mr. Peterson donated for the purpose. The (Continued on page 5, column 1.)
Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor-in-chief—Alison Hastings '19
Associate Editors—
Miriam Pomery '19
Panchon Hartman '20
Irons Wholey '20
News Editor—
Julie Hatch '19
Managing Editor—
Kathryn Hubert '20
Art and Publicity Editor—
Elizabeth Williams '20
Assistant Art and Publicity Mgr—
May Buckley '19
Business Manager—
Dorothy Peck '19
Assistant Business Manager—
Dora Schwartz '20
Hattie Goldman '21
Reporters—
Julia Warner '19
Marion Hendre '20
Alice Gardner '20
Ann Arkin '21
Abby Gallup '21
Evalene Taylor '21
Ann Hastings '22
Cecilia Washburn '22
Proof Readers—
Helen Rich '21
Barbara Ashenden '21
Faculty Adviser—
Dr. Nye

EDITORIAL

The Senior and Junior Class announce the debut of their daughter Junior Prom.
Saturday, May seventeenth, Connecticut College.
Extract from the "Night."

Miss Junior Prom. held her coming out party in the college ball room on Saturday, May seventeenth. Many distinguished guests were present, including President and Mrs. Marshall, Dean Nye, of Connecticut College, and others too numerous to mention. She was literally showered with flowers. Her dress was of pale blue charmeuse trimmed with buff chiffon, and she carried a tremendous bouquet of blue and white roses tied with green and gray ribbon. Tucked coquettishly into her golden hair waved a branch of apple blossoms. Her particular partner was one of New England's most promising scions, late of the U. S. Navy, graduated with honors from Yale, Harvard, Brown, and Amherst, and one of the industrial kings of America. Teas were held in her honor at the homes of well known citizens. Plant House, North Cottage, Blackstone, and Winthrop House, which was named after one of the early governors of Connecticut.

Miss Junior Prom. is the first promising debutante of the younger set, and will doubtless receive much attention in the daily press, of which this paper is but one admiring representative.

Prom, week-end activities opened on Friday afternoon with an informal "Tha Dansant." The gymnasticum decorations were especially attractive—laurel apple blossoms and ferns around the room and roses on all the tables. Music was furnished by the Norwich Jazz Orchestra, who played from four o'clock until six.

A committee of ten Freshmen served tea, sandwiches and cake between dances and looked out for the various needs of the guests. Several of the girls mothers were present as patronesses and a great number of brothers were among the guests. In a way, this dance set a standard for the rest of the week-end with its atmosphere of success and keen pleasure.

The number of people steadily increased until at seven o'clock, nearly all the members of the Junior and Senior Classes with their guests, were ready to go in a group to Thomas Hall for dinner.

AMONG OUR POETS

A DAY

The day had been a song
From the first moment
When I awoke
And the sun shone.

A brilliant flood,

And made my room
Golden—
Just ordinary things
Were measure, rhythm, cadence—
Lyrical.

The shining stirring rhythm
Of the sky and sea.
The long green sweeps
Of hazy hills;

The clean, strong, pulsing swing
Of vigorous youth;

The laughing, joyous lift of comradeship;
The haunting, moving, strains
Of fleeting moments
When clear eyes seemed to meet,
And souls, softly,

To touch;

The deep moving cadence
Of emotion;

There were all close interwoven—
A changing melody.

From its first moment
The day has had,
The pulsing, stirring, measure,
The lingering, haunting, rhythm,
The poignant, yearning, cadence,
Of a song.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING COMMONPLACE

Being commonplace is not the worst affliction in the world. In fact it has decided advantages, the chief of which is the fact that you always have the crowd with you. I think you really would have to have an impossible angelic disposition to be a genius and still have friends, because there would be so few people on a plane equal to you and every genius must get tired of the same people. Then he has nowhere to turn, and his only outlet is in writing socialist essays, or passionate poetry. Consider the case of the commonplace person. Has he lost interest in a certain friend, or exhausted that person's possibilities? Well and good. He has but to turn around and he sees a host of other people, so more brilliant than he with whom he can fraternize. It really is a great deal more democratic to be commonplace, and democracy is the ideal for which the world is struggling.

Then, too, being commonplace involves so much less effort than being unusual that it is really soothing. These frenzied geniuses, who, if all the world were wearing chic and well-tailored costumes, insist upon appearing in the street in frowzy negligees, or who, if the hot-pot has a fondness for graceful draperies must needs costume themselves like wet pussy cats, have to work so hard to be out of style that one pities them. What little real genius they possess has no chance to develop because they spend all their time in displaying it. Another advantage of being commonplace is that you can have so many of the joys of life which are so easily obtained. The search for happiness is not a hard one if you know where to look, but when you shun everything uninspired, as you would shun poison ivy, then matters become complicated. For instance, think of the wonderful evening you can have for a quarter if your tastes incline toward the vulgar. You can sit in the gallery of the movies for eleven cents; you can buy an enormous bag of peanuts for ten cents more, and you still have four cents left for lollipops and licorice sticks to eat on the way home. I say "you can"—yes, but not if you are cursed with an aesthetic sense that will not let you forget that Charlie Chaplin is crude, that the heroine has gold teeth, that the hero has about as much brains as a pale green worm, and that the licorice is probably made of pig's feet.

The summary of all this raving is "Sour Grapes."

AND AS TO CRUSHES!

Well, what about crushes? They are pathetic, aren't they? Agreed, let us continue. They are the bane of a boarding-school or college existence. Agreed again. In fact, they are, in their effect upon the individual, a very disturbing hindrance to the formation of friends. But what is the psychology of this delightfully troublesome state of mind—in other words, why do crushes crush the crushed? (That's a plagiary. Honesty got the better of me after I wrote it down).

This question has been frivolously answered as being due to the absence of men from a college campus, and this is quite plausible when one realizes that the crush is usually of a rather masculine type.

Wouldst be a crush, gentle reader? 'Tis simple enough if you can get away with it. Can you combine a stock-collar, a sport suit, a brooding look in your eyes, a fondness for Tagore, a leaning toward writing passionate pink poetry (disclosed only in suddenly confidential moments) and an indifferent and distant air—above all the indifferent and distant air? If so, your future is assured. You are destined to be a crush, and the recipient of flowers and candy and flattery and passionate purple poetry—all of which is not unpleasant, you say—who, not in the least. But before you buy out the men's furnishings, consider the effect upon the crushed. Never look at a situation before you buy out the men's furniture.

The first essential of greatness is breadth; they are great in this case. The crushed is in a state worse than that of a stray puppy who has just found a new master. She becomes nothing more nor less than a high-grade imbecile. The mere sight of the object of her dreams walking across campus will completely unnerve her, and kisses are sarcastic when she can know that (Continued on page 3, column 2.)
SATURDAY morning, May 17th, was set aside for the athletic attractions of Prom. week. Three very excellent tennis matches were played off.

Helen Coops and Betty Rumney defeated Ruth Wilson and Alice Horrax in a set of doubles with scores of 10 to 9 and 3 to 6.

Alice Hastings won from Margaret Davies in singles, 6 to 2, 6 to 6.

On the third court Ray Smith lost to Dorothy Wulf with scores of 6 to 3 and 3 to 6.

DR. NASMYTH SPEAKS ON "PROM." SUNDAY

Prom. Sunday might be called an "anti-climax," but it was more properly, a "happy ending"-sort of a gentle let down after the more strenuous activities of the week-end.

Sunday morning one did what one pleased—most pleased to go to walk or ride—some even went to church. But in the afternoon one virtually made the rounds of all the house teas, acquiring as the afternoon progressed a more and more fastidious attitude toward tea and sweet cakes.

Social duties nobly performed, the slightly thinned-out ranks of Prom. guests accompanied their fair hostesses to Vespers, to hear Dr. George Nasmyth speak with inspiring optimism on "The League of Nations." Thus ended in an appropriately dignified manner the long-talked-of, long-anticipated Junior Prom.

And who begrudged the two lost hours, when she had a chance to put into the extras all, or nearly all, the people she couldn't squeeze into the thirty-five scheduled dances? Footnote and weary the promenaders may have been, and doubtless were, but no one discovered that until long afterwards—there was too much else to think about. For there were...
And You are only asked to save and not waste Food

right. Literature and science contrast as do anarchy and order. The same novel may be both silly and sublime as it appeals to different people. The books of literature, but not the books of science, are eternally true, because they are founded on human nature, which never changes.

These pleasures of art, music, and religion, in contrast with physical pleasures, never go back on you. Everyone in the world, if he applies sufficient energy, gets what he wants. Hence everyone may have the true happiness.

Enjoy life now, urged Professor Phelps, but remember that you are going to be happier and happier, richer and richer, as you grow older, and don't be afraid of age!