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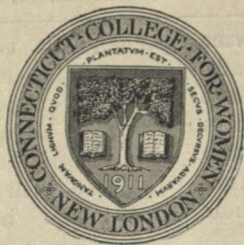
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SOPHOMORES CONTRIBUTE

Present Many Songs

At the community sing in the Gymnasium on Thursday evening April 22, the Sophomores took their part in the all-college contest by presenting a most interesting and novel program of class and college songs. Arrayed in their class colors, red and white, and with much spirit and "pep," '22 made a fine showing despite the comparatively small size of the class. Under the able leadership of Helen Coops, they sang songs to the other classes. A history in verse of the founding of C. C. written by C. Hill was sung. A ukelele quartet, composed of M. P. Taylor, W. Warner, H. Coops and B. Finesilver made a great hit as did also a solo by Helen Clark, giving the story of the arrival of '22 as Freshmen.

There were five songs to our Alma Mater, (!) written by the following girls: Helen Crofoot, Helen Coops (music by Marjory Wells) Miriam Taylor, Elizabeth Hall, and Marie A. Taylor (music by Ann Slade).

(Continued on Page 4, col. 2)

PROF. HAYES ON FRIDAY

Next Friday afternoon, April 30, at 3 P. M. the students of Connecticut College and their friends will have an opportunity to hear one of the really "big men" educationally, of the country. Professor Carlton Hayes, at present head of the Department of History in Columbia University, will speak in the Gymnasium on "History and the War."

Professor Hayes is the author of a very recent work entitled "History of the Great War." His earlier works include "Sources Relating to the Germanic Invasions," published in 1913; "Political and Social History of Modern Europe" in two volumes, 1916 numerous magazine articles and contributions to the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Professor Hayes is a fascinating speaker, as well as an authority of modern history. This is one of those opportunities which no one should miss.

O! ALADDIN!

Do you know that after April 30, and the initial performance of the comedy in Norwich, such expressions as "Oh my gracious!" and "Oh my dear" will be entirely out of date? Well, they will for you will be saying instead, "O! Aladdin" this and "O! Aladdin" that. Ah yes you will for you won't be able to help yourself from it. For this sparkling, captivating and altogether charming little comedy is going quite to take your breath away. You're going to be so enthusiastic about Aladdin and his Bobbed Hair chorus, and slave girls, and Wedding Bells, yes—and Prohibition—that you will think of nothing else for weeks after. The costumes are original, the singing all that could be desired and the music—well, just wait till you hear it next Friday night! The whole production is something novel and refreshing in the musical comedy line. There is a genuine Aladdin's lamp guarded by jealous and watchful genii, who produce the Royal Red Banana in a miraculous manner. You will fall in love with Peggy and find yourself "strangely drawn to Mama." Miss Blue is coaching it. That in itself is promise of a fine performance. And with Roberta Newton curator and conservator of the fascinating melodies—well, what more can one desire? Come next Friday night and see if you aren't just in love with the whole thing.

Miss Tousley to Lecture Here

Miss Tousley, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, is coming on May 11th to speak to the sociology students and to all others who are interested. A fund has been given to this organization to be used in entertaining twelve college Juniors as its summer guests. They are to be chosen from the leading men's and women's colleges of the East, and Connecticut College is fortunate enough to be one of these twelve colleges elected. Many college graduates choose the field of social service work and it is thought that this plan would be very valuable both to the student and to the community to give him definite knowl-

(Continued on Page 3, col. 3)

"THE MASQUE OF MAY"

May the first has been granted to the Freshmen as their day, and they have planned an entertainment for the College and their friends which is to take the form of a pageant, if it may be so called, built about this tale:

Many years ago when the world was young a band of wandering minstrels passed through a mountain hamlet telling by their melodies of the coming of Spring in the Forest and the ancient ceremony of the Queen's coronation which takes place at the hush of sunset every year on the first of May. Among the villagers were a boy and girl who listened starry-eyed to the ballad and followed the merry fiddlers into the forest. Footsore and weary the children fell asleep and as they dreamed Spirits of Restlessness passed through the wood, and the mountain gnomes, full of mischief, climbed down from their rocky homes to awaken the sleeping children. Then the South Wind with soft whispering, beckoned onward the rain maidens with their silver rivulets; nymphs stirred from their drowsiness, came from their haunts to play together with the pools and breezes. The Spirit of Spring followed her nymphs to dance the dance of Spring. At last the children saw a goodly procession accompanying the Queen of May—a jester, a band of jovial woodsmen and maidens bearing flowers. When the Queen was crowned all the merry folk from the country-side came flocking up to pay homage to Her Majesty, and to dance upon the green.

Trustee Writes a Book

A review of a book by one of our trustees appears in the Nation for April 17, 1920, "The Young Man and the Law," by Judge Simeon Baldwin. Who's Who gives a list of seven books by Judge Baldwin. Judge Baldwin gave \$5000 last year for a Library Fund. He is one of the most regular attendants at the meetings of the trustees.

MAJOR ELECTIONS OVER

Class Presidents Chosen

Juniors — Esther Watrous.

The successful candidate for the presidency of the class of 1921 elections for which were held Thursday, April 22, was Esther Watrous. Miss Watrous has already shown her ability for executive work as secretary of her class this year. She has always shown true '21 spirit and has been an able captain of soccer and basket-ball teams. It is the expressed opinion of all that Esther Watrous is well fitted to take the responsible leadership of next year's Senior class.

Sophomores—Jeannette Sperry.

On the same day with the Juniors, the Sophomore class showed their good judgment in electing Jeannette Sperry for their Junior leader. Miss Sperry has gained distinction in both dramatics and athletics and will make a "live" Junior president.

Freshmen — Dorothy Randle.

On Friday, April 23, the Freshmen class held their elections and can no longer be considered "green," for they showed judgment in choosing a capable leader in Dorothy Randle. Miss Randle has already won her laurels in athletics and will most assuredly continue in her successes as Sophomore president.

News Elections

Editor-in-Chief, Abby C. Gallup, '21.

News Editor, Margaret Jacobson, '21.

Managing Editor, Barbara Ashenden, '21.

Business Manager, Hattie Goldman, '21.

Assistant Business Manager, A. Wrey Warner, '22.

DR. COLLINS COMING

Girls who have already been to Silver Bay will be interested to learn that Dr. Raymond Collins of Cambridge, Mass., will be our Convocation speaker in the near future.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Wednesday throughout the college year, from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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Approaching Death

With less than one week to live it's hardly appropriate or in accordance with our mood to write an editorial that might seem light or frivolous. Of course we've had plenty of time to prepare for dissolution; we have passed over our last papers and given the new staff voluminous advice. Yet we are loathe to leave, so this editorial must be in the nature of a will—a serious and tear-spattered document written, not so much for our own sakes as for those who come after us.

To the new staff we bequeath a desk containing many valuable papers and a chair to match, a lovely affair which turns in all directions. To the reporters we leave a quarter of a share in an Underwood Typewriter, Model 5, warranted for a year of hard use. To the Business Managers, we leave some bills. To the Managing Editors we leave a great quantity of patience, and a number of pairs of spectacles which

may be found in the Service League lost and found department. To the Editors we leave the campus, the sky, the motto "C. C.'s always different," the river, and the weather as the main sources of inspiration for their editorials.

But to the News and the College do we bequeath our most cherished possession — with it goes our faith and confidence for a successful year — the new staff. We do not need to introduce them; they have been working for you all this year. It's only the change of position that is new. We have no hesitation in leaving them, so capable are they of carrying forward the work and the interests of the paper and of their college. We can depart with a satisfied and contented feeling.

Two Errors in Last Issue

The issue of February 18th was the one which was referred to in the editorial of last week.

"The Flirt" was written by Marjorie Viets, '20; her name was omitted.

FREE SPEECH

The editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions and views expressed in this column.

To the Editor:

I have often questioned the function and good of the bulletin board which occupies so much wall space in New London Hall. I always supposed that besides lists of those who have made athletic teams, and lists of those who owe 25c for Student Government meetings, etc., the bulletin board was more or less for the purpose of announcing meetings, as well as Junior teas, cake sales, concerts and entertainments.

Yet if I harbor the idea that the bulletin board ought to shed some light on a prospective meeting my search for a notice will most assuredly prove fruitless. Secretaries seem to have formed a coalition to see how late before a meeting the notices can be posted and still meet with a response. These faithful few must either be blessed with a sixth sense which miraculously remembers the irregular dates for regular meetings or else they have sufficiently late classes to enable them to glean all from the bulletin board before the engagements of the evening. Now I have neither, but in their stead a poor forgetting brain which cannot remember that class meetings occur the first Monday in each month. It seems that no sooner have I

placed one comfortably behind me than another steals up as a surprise. And I find that other meetings have the same tendency.

Perhaps the fault is with me and not with the bulletin board. But I still blame the bulletin board. For on several occasions when I have been informed that important meetings were on hand I have at considerable inconvenience to myself planned to attend in spite of the blank uncommunicativeness of the bulletin board on the subject. And, more than once there has been no meeting.

The experience, though irritating, really doesn't matter except to produce a negligent attitude toward meetings in general. And when you consider that my attitude may be shared by others who have also been inconvenienced by meetings that didn't meet, perhaps the poor attendance at the majority of meetings is in some measure explained.

The bulletin board may after all, be a poor means of circulating the date of a meeting. The practice of spreading the information by word of mouth might be more effective. And yet, when I think of the many times my inquiries as to the time of meetings have been answered by "I don't know," I resort to the bulletin board and ask that it may be made of timely use.

Notices of cake sales are always definite enough as to time and place and allow sufficient time for one to discover them before the event. Possibly if notices of mere meetings were posted with the same wide margin of time before the hour set, the bulletin board and the meetings in question would take on a more businesslike aspect.

Spring Planting

Oh where have our scribblers gone! We realize that the long-haired type has gone out of existence, but surely some short-haired ones are on campus to take over the vacant places. Just sit in the quiet and let the spirit move you and then leave the results of your inspiration in the News office. We have no regular humorous column, so you run no chance of being embarrassed by having your brain child relegated to such a repository.

Long, short, and medium-sized articles are what we like; and don't forget that it is also the season for poetry. You'll find that a typewriter is a great piece of machinery for recording moods and fancies. It's a great deal more sympathetic than your friends.

With all the spring planting going on about us, we surely expect to see a number of budding geniuses appear in the next week or so.

ON SLEEPINESS

From the happy land of unreality you are recalled by a whirring, metallic, insistent voice. It matters not that you attempt to ignore it, it will be heard; like Tennyson's brook, it goes on and on. The rich fabric of a fanciful dream is ruthlessly torn; the stern reality of a cold, bleak day confronts you. For several moments you lie and calculate sleepily as to the day of the week. It seems as if it must be Sunday; but why should you have set the alarm? If it is Sunday, then yesterday must have been Saturday. Did you, or did you not, perform the weekly ablution upon the kitchen floor? You finally decide that you did not.

Meanwhile the faithful voice is still raised in warning. With eyes still closed in the luxuriant unconcern of delicious uncertainty you grope for the creature. Before you can reach it, however, it topples over from its position on the extreme edge of the bureau, and still weakly clamoring, hurls itself to the floor, entirely overcome by the force of its emotions. It is finally strangled under a mountain of clothes.

The east is now richly dyed in old-rose tints. You ought to get up! You must get up! Your reputation is at stake. A THEME is due! Alas! the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. You thrust out a tentative nose into the crisp spring air. It returns to you several shades more brilliant. You turn a fishy, lack-luster eye toward the timepiece. Again you calculate drowsily. You always keep it fifteen minutes fast for good measure. It gains four minutes every three days. Therefore you deduce the following: by standard time, the good old time of your ancestors, it is exactly 5.15 A. M. Of course it is too early. It is indecently early. But a three-hour theme, and you go at ten. That unpleasant thought insists upon intruding itself. In vain you toss it from you; it returns insidiously.

The radiator begins to fill, and the most delightful of languorous warmths steals softly forth. After all, what do these minor details matter?

Again you fall back limply. You doze in blissful unconsciousness for a minute or two. You arouse yourself, appease a hardening conscience by scolding yourself in weak accents, then doze again. You repeat this performance.

Such is the influence of mind over matter that in one of these periods of rationality you are able to persuade yourself that you can very easily write the aforementioned theme in two hours. You yawn — huge, earsplitting, soul-satisfying yawns. You arise to a sitting position. Again you yawn. You close your eyes a short, sweet second. Gracious! You could sleep on a hook with the sword of Damocles suspended over you.

A lusty crowing outside your

window breaks in on one of these prodigious yawns. A slight uneasiness takes possession of your spirits. Once more you direct your gaze toward the trusty timepiece. In one fell swoop, life loses its zest, sleep loses its delight, for it is late; it is eight o'clock. No longer buoyed up by the principles of Christian Science, you see yourself truly as a poor weak mortal, requiring at least three and one-half hours for that despicable Theme. Bitter are the fruits of Procrastination!

You arise, a disillusioned soul, still sleepy. All day you carry around your burden of sleepiness. Somehow that long drowsy day drags to a close. Somehow the masterpiece is composed. Somehow you manage to continue a credit to your family.

The last class arrives, and you droop visibly. A weight of a thousand stone presses down your eyelids, so that it is impossible to register more expression than a blind horse. At regular intervals, you force an automatic smile to indicate that you understand. But you do not understand. At times you emerge long enough from the fog of drowsiness enveloping you to echo the last syllables of the class when they answer in concert. You welcome the instructor's every return to the blackboard, for it gives an opportunity to stretch and move your unhappy skeleton. To disarm her awful suspicion that you are inattentive, you assume an interest in the diagram which she is constructing. You bite your pencil with the fierce determination to follow her into the enchanted realm of electricity.

And then a demon of unrest takes possession of you so that it becomes impossible to sit still. A hundred times you change your position restlessly. From the covert of the back row, you wriggle and turn and twist. There is one square inch of back that seems to gain no support from the chair. Every separate part of your body shrieks for a change of position. In five seconds you move ten times. The instructor

eyes you with a suspicion that rapidly grows into certainty. Her poorest student is evidently afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance.

And always your glance hangs upon the clock. It is on one of these return trips that you again encounter the orb of your instructor. Apparently she is entirely disgusted at the reception of her pearls of wisdom, for henceforth she showers them upon the girls at the other end of the class.

Just as human endurance is at an end, and you prepare either to shriek loudly or else kill the instructor, the gong sounds. Never was there so welcome a release!

"Spring fever," announces Mother wisely. "A good lot of sulphur and molasses for you."

—Emma Wippert, '20

Miss Towsley to Lecture Here

(Continued from Page 1, col. 2) edge and practical experience in social work before graduation. These twelve students will be able to observe at first hand the concrete efforts that public and private organizations of New York are making.

Miss Towsley is speaking also at Vassar, Smith, Mount Holyoke and Wells. The need of family social work and the philosophy behind it will be described in these lectures.

Announcement Regarding the Acheson Bible Prizes

It will be recalled that Bishop E. Campion Acheson, of the diocese of Connecticut, generously renewed at the last Commencement his offer of four prizes in Biblical Studies, a first and second prize each in Old Testament and in New Testament.

It is the desire of the donor to stimulate a regular use and reading of the Bible as a book of devotion, of culture, as a manual for daily living, and as contributing richly to the development of character and personal quality. The examination, therefore, is not to be technical or critical, but will be adapted for those who have read their English Bibles with thoroughness and understanding.

The books in the Old Testament upon which the examination will be made are: Ruth, Job, and the three prophets, Amos, Hosea, Micah. The examination will not cover all these books, but material from some two of them will be chosen.

In the New Testament, the books to be read especially are: the Gospel According to St. Luke, the Pauline Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians. Here again the examination will

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Sophomores Contribute

(Continued from Page 1, col 1)

Below are some of the songs:

(Music by Ann Slade)

When our college years are over,
and the time to part has come
In our hearts there'll be forever,
mem'ries of the race we've won.
There'll be friendships to remember,
and the happy times we've had

But even at the parting, our
hearts cannot be sad.

We have years of joy behind us
and a wealth of life before
And friendship's ties and loyalty
will bind us evermore
To our college by the river, our
class we'll e'er be true,
And our heart's love and devotion
we will give to '22.

—M. A. Taylor.

(Tune—Bohunkus)

There was a hill sat by the sea
All lonely and forlorn;
A hill with naught for company
And naught to do but mourn.

One day a college came along,
And sat down on its top—
Said she, "I like you very well,
And here I think I'll stop."

The sun did shine, the river
flowed,

The sky was blue above,
The hill again was happy quite
Made glad by youth and love.

The girls they came from every
side,
From east and south and west;
To see this wondrous spot of earth
Where all with good were blest.

And often by the soft moon light
They sang with love and jest
Sang to the college on the hill,
The college quite the best.

No longer lonely sits the hill
So close beside the sea;
For there is life and joy enough
To keep him company.

—C. A. Hill

(Music by Marjorie Wells)

Hail to thee, our college home,
C. C. Alma Mater.

We are true, where'er we roam,
C. C. Alma Mater.

Hear, oh, hear our loyal praise
From grateful hearts, our songs
we raise

A pledge to thee through all our
days,

C. C. Alma Mater.

Fair and full of fame thou art,
C. C. Alma Mater.

Pride of every loving heart,
C. C. Alma Mater.

Time and change shall naught
avail,

Where'er upon life's sea we sail
Friendships true will never fail,

C. C. Alma Mater.

—Helen Coops

Announcement Regarding the Acheson Bible Prize

(Continued from Page 3, col. 3)

not be on all four books, but upon
some two of them.

The date of the examination
will probably be set in advance of
the final examination period. The
papers will be read jointly by rep-
resentatives of the Department of
English and of Biblical Litera-
ture.

The prizes are \$15 and \$10 each
for the Old Testament, and equal
sums in the New Testament.

It is urged that many students
take these examinations, and all
who desire to do so, must make
known their intention to the Reg-
istrar in person not later than
May 25 this year.

ADVANCE NOTICE

May third has been reserved for
Miss Mary Weisel who has been
invited to speak to the students
about Silver Bay. This will be in
preparation for the appointment
of Silver Bay delegates, so that
the students may know the nature
of the conference to which they
will send their representatives.

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