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5-19-1922

Connecticut College News Vol. 7 No. 25

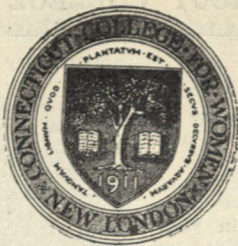
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"SENIOR DAY" OBSERVED ONCE MORE.

JUNIORS TAKE OVER STONE WALL.

In the early morning the Seniors sang beneath the windows of the different dormitories—sang to Dean Nye and to all three under classes. It awoke us to the realization that these Seniors in their gay red-and-white checked dresses and hair arranged in little girl fashion with huge flaming bows would soon be gone from C. C.—from us. And this impression stayed with us all thru the day and evening, lending a tinge of sadness despite New London Hall's flaunting streamers. We went to breakfast in great and unheard-of numbers to see the Seniors in their class colors, but they preferred to be original and exclusive—so we saw them not. Lo, they breakfasted in New London Hall on waffles and syrup.

At twelve o'clock, they planted their tree in front of New London Hall—22's maple to live and grow—an almost everlasting memorial. Then came the evening and with it the boatribe, and then the calm, quiet underneath the blue-black of heavens spattered with stars, the last stone wall sing of 1922, when they gave over the Wall to the Junior Class. Even those to of us who are disbelievers in the charm of tradition, in sentimentality, there was something very impressive in this ceremony—something that meant class spirit, college spirit—and a sense of sorrow because '22 is leaving us.

CLASS PRESIDENTS ELECTED.

The thrill of elections is still present, and the college has continued to use its superior judgment in choosing class presidents. Alice Holcombe '23, class secretary her Freshman year, Service League secretary Sophomore year, elected Service League vice-president this year, and always a prominent member on class teams, received the honor of being voted Senior class president.

Gloria Hollister '24, class president Freshman year, Student Government secretary this year, was voted Junior class president.

Sarah Crawford '25, active both on teams and as a member of her class, was elected Sophomore class president.

"THE ANCIENTS" ENJOY THEMSELVES.

Clear, warm weather, the amphitheatre, delicious food, entertainment—what could have made a picnic more enjoyable than that of the Classical Department, held on the afternoon of May twelfth?

Two selections in Greek and in Latin were enacted. Part of the fifth Idyl of Theocritus was particularly well done. Comatas was taken by Mary Higgins, Lacon by Helen Higgins, and Morson by Leora Peabody.

Eileen Fitzgerald, Margaret Call, and Dorothy Kilbourn, took the main parts in the Latin farce which followed. Dean Nye and Dr. Cole both acted as charming hostesses.



MISS HELEN AVERY
Elected Editor-in-Chief of the News

HISTORY CLUB VISITS EXHIBITION.

Everyone who is interested in sea life and in relics of the past should visit the Shaw Mansion, in this city, where there is being held a most interesting exhibition of articles and implements relating to old whaling days. The display, which is being conducted under the auspices of the County Historical Society, has been arranged by Miss Ruth Newcomb, with the help of Miss Sherer and Mr. Selden and others.

On Saturday afternoon, May 13, the History Club, with Mrs. Noel, visited the old house and revelled in the relics to be found there. Among the exhibits was a number of charts of the Indian Ocean dated 1850, and Russian charts from 1849 to 1857. There was also a collection of whaling irons, harpoons and lances and cutting-in spades. There were, too, relics from the South Sea Islands, including hunting spears, paddles, war club, and fishing implements, several of which were beautifully carved.

One of the most fascinating collections was that of ivories—tusks and teeth—carved and painted in different designs, some by the sailors and others by natives. Carvings in bone were also of interest.

Illustrated log books told the stories of the old whalers. Ship lamps and compass, models of old whaling schooners, Hawaiian Kyaks and Catamarans of Ceylon—all were fascinating. One article of particular interest was a model of a Clipper Ship, made by Mr. Selden.

There were countless other articles of historical value and interest in the house and it was with some difficulty that the Club members tore themselves away. Those of the Club who could ended the afternoon with a delightful trip to the beach, where they cooked an out-of-door supper along the water's edge.

Student, naming Burns' best known poems:
Tam o' Shanter and *Cotter's Saturday Evening Post!*



MISS HELEN HEMINGWAY
Elected President of Service League

"GASOLINE TRAIL" WINS APPLAUSE

Friday evening the Sophomores put on the newest musical comedy, "The Gasoline Trail", for the benefit of the Silver Bay delegation from that class. If the Sophomores could only repeat this laughable performance, they might be able to send four or five girls to Silver Bay instead of the usual one!

The comedy was a "take off" on the "Poppy Trail", and the applause and peals of laughter from the audience were sufficient proof of the perfection of the "take off", as portrayed by each member of the cast. Eugenia Walsh, as "Check-em-up," daughter of "Wash-em-clean", with her admirable power of combining grace and humor, was the star performer. She begins to loom large as heroine for next year's comedy! Elizabeth Merry and wife, Catherine Wells, made us think of Politician Sperry and his movie queen from start to finish, not omitting the "Oh dears!" and the need of a trip to the beach. Katherine Slater, as the loud Irish girl, shrieked "Texaco" at her lover, Jean Mundie, imitating Winifred Powell's refined cries of "Mexico" at her lover! Katherine Hamblet, the laundry-man, with the squeak, never pretended to have the soulful, alto voice of Hung-Ki, the sober Chinaman, but she made us laugh all the more. Margaret Call, in the well known "Slater Slang," while not like the Goddess Ryan, was just as interested in the affairs of these mortals and just as kind! "Little Private" recovered the oil can and Starch with as much shyness of manner as the famous "Little General" did the document and song-pipes. Her dance and grin were particularly good.

The entire cast was well picked and seemed to enjoy itself almost as much as did the audience.

Marion Vibert was the clever author of this new phase of comedy. Let's repeat!

Coming on Saturday
FRESHMAN MAY DAY FESTIVAL.
THE OPENING OF VINAL COTTAGE

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY OUTLINED.

DR. EDGAR S. SMITH TELLS OF
AMERICAN CHEMISTS.

Dr. Edgar S. Smith, President of the American Chemical Society, and Provost Emeritus of the University of Pennsylvania, proved to be one of the most interesting Convocation speakers for this semester. Dr. Smith, who took for his subject *Chemistry and Civilization*, spoke of the wide prevalence of interest in science among the early settlers of America, and mentioned the fact that John Winthrop was prominent among the alchemists of that time. He gave an interesting account of the life of Charles Hatchett, and told of the discovery of a new element—the only one originally found in America, which he named *columbia* in reference to this country. A sample of the metal had been sent to England by the son of John Winthrop who founded New London in 1661. Dr. Smith also told interesting facts concerning the life of Joseph Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen, who was persecuted in England because of nonconformity to the Anglican Church. He came to America and settled in Philadelphia where he established a Unitarian Church, and also a society of chemists in 1792 whose aim was to develop the natural resources of this country and to further the teaching of science in America. Other great names which are important in the history of American chemistry are those of Benjamin Silliman, Robert Heyer, Benjamin Russ and John Goram, who was the first professor of chemistry at Harvard. In closing, Dr. Smith reminded us of the comfort and happiness which a knowledge of chemistry has made possible, and of the foremost position of our country along chemical lines because of the active interest of our government in chemical thought and application.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH- DAY CELEBRATED.

The annual Shakespeare Birthday Festival, celebrated at the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, began this year on April 17, and was concluded on May 13. The program consisted of performances by The New Shakespeare Company, under the direction of Mr. W. Bridges Adams. It was organized by a joint committee of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre and the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. The chairman of the committee is Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. The eminent Shakespearean scholars, Sir Sidney Lee and Sir Israel Gollanez, foremost in the Memorial National Theatre movement, were again among the chief agents in the Festival.

An excellent cast of English actors presented with what is reported to be notable success five performances of each of the following plays: "The Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "All's Well That Ends Well." The programme was arranged on an approved repertory system.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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

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Virginia Rose '19

WE ENTER

Humbly we take our places, we the staff of 1922-1923,—humbly and with a certain feeling of smallness as we measure the responsibility which has been given to our trust. But withal, there is confidence and enthusiasm, as we take up our work. For, under the able guidance of the out-going members of the staff, we have grown to think much of the "News" and of that for which it stands.

We have watched the successful efforts of the out-going Staff to build the paper along many lines. So, we too are fired with an earnest desire to keep up the good work and make yet more progress. We have listened gratefully to their suggestions and advice. We do aspire to "maintain the highest possible standard"; we do dream of an arrangement by which the "News" may come out more promptly; we do hope to find some means of stimulating further the expressions of public opinion. Furthermore, we have visions of an extra sheet in the "News" each week, which will provide for a greater variety of material. And many other things we hope to do, when once we are firmly established.

We maintain that the "News" is a newspaper, through whose columns are published all important college doings, either before or after they occur, opinions of the student body, ideas and doings of students of other colleges, and any other news which shall concern or interest the college. We want literary material of the right sort and in a moderate amount,—not predominating. It is this organ of news that we wish to make vital and actively interesting to all who read; and we wish it to accurately reflect the college, not only for our own benefit but for that of others outside.

To you, Senior Staff, we express our thanks for all you have given us, and, just as you have wished for us, we wish for you success in all you undertake. May you go with a feeling of satisfaction that you have given us of your best.

Florence Silver '21, and Mary Jane White '23, now Mrs. Periz, were visitors on campus this week-end.

FREE SPEECH.

[The News does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.]

To the Editor:

I enjoyed the open-letter in your last issue. I chortled over it for hours. I thought of my own past experiences. Once the News begged for material, I humbly tendered them a theme—or whatever it might be called—one rather dear to my heart. Immediately, it was returned to me with the comment that the first sentence naturally debarred it from publication in any decent periodical. The first sentence—I had a vague recollection of that first sentence—could it be possible? "I want a long, slim amber cigarette holder, not for a cigarette but merely to look at." I studied it—I saw that it ended with a preposition that must be the solution and yet—any "decent periodical?" I meekly asked the Powers-Who-Be if it were the offending preposition trailing weakly at the end to which they objected. No, it was the mention of a cigarette-holder! "Oh," said I, with the air of one enlightened, and withdrew. Then I laughed a mighty laugh—and wrote about the system of entry into the dining hall, which reminds me of a cattle-run. It was scowled upon and omitted.

Still, I write one—I have "no ardour to see myself in print"—I write merely because I enjoy it. If the News thinks that after it corrects my works of art others may be amused thereby, far be it from me to make objection. So I submit to corrections, I submit to the omission of phrases long toiled over. I see myself under atrociously trite titles, I discover my things cut beyond recognition.

But then you see. I recognize my own many short comings. I realize I can neither spell nor punctuate. I know quite well that I rave on endlessly, uselessly for pages about nothing, at times I grow maudlingly trite, at others, descend to that stark realism so bleak, so unattractive, so "Big-Ben" and "thick china-ish." I am not above criticism. I rise above a petty quarrel over a misplaced comma, for lo! I am no genius—and I know it! '23.

To the Editor:

In the last issue of the "News" a contributor complained because the children of her brain were sent out in blue dresses and returned to their doting mother in pink. Perhaps an explanation is due, not only to satisfy the complaining contributor, but to explain to any one else who may have been irritated at being unable to recognize her works of art in print.

In the first place, the space in the "News" columns is limited and a variety of material is necessary. If every article were printed just as it is given into the hands of the News Editor, the "News" would sometimes be made up of a dozen or so long, exhausting articles and no reader would take the trouble to wade through them. So, of necessity, the articles are cut down to fit the space allotted to them according to their importance.

The suggestion that the author be allowed to correct her own work is a good one. But, unfortunately, it will not always work out. The material must go to the printer at a certain time, and it must be read by several persons before it is sent to the printer. If work is handed in a few hours before time to send the material, or even the night before, there is little time for it to be given back to its author for correction. However, if articles are given to the Editors several days before the "News" is published, then, if necessary, the author may be given an

opportunity to make her own corrections.

Sometimes an article is not well written, and, since the Editors hold themselves responsible for all news except open letters, they feel that they have the right to change the article according to their judgment.

An Editor.

To the Editor:

A few weeks ago there appeared in the "News" a comparison between the Freshman, and the Upperclassman. In this article the Freshman was pictured as a buoyant, happy personage, enjoying life to the fullest, taking the past, the present, and the future without question, while the Upperclassman was of a moody, melancholy, questioning, unsatisfied disposition. "Why?" the writer asked.

I think all that is true in a way, but just consider! Is it right that we should be innocent and unquestioning Freshmen all our lives? We came to college to learn, and when we learn, we not only discover new things in books, but we begin to discover ourselves, and those about us.

We find that Upperclassmen are human, and therefore, not different from ourselves. We learn not only observation but introspection. The ego becomes a bigger problem than we ever dreamed it could be. We are like books that we know well from the outside, but are unconscious of the wealth of thought stored within. When we do learn more about ourselves and those about us, the horizon of life expands. Paths down which heretofore we blundered happily are now revealing obstacles that must be understood and overcome. We find the things we had always believed unquestionably true are doubted, if not disbelieved, by others. That these beliefs may not be wholly shattered we have to think and read about them. Thinking and reading may bring doubt but also bring light. Then there are new paths opening up before our eyes. Because we can see a little into the distance, we eagerly desire for more and because it does not come immediately we are disappointed. Life isn't so sunshiny after all, we think. It's so disheartening, so unsatisfying. So much patience and unrewarded struggling is needed. Those years of real activity out in the world seem like unknown ages yet to come.

Because they have a vision, because they question, because they have to work and wait,—that is why people think the Upperclassmen are tired, restless, and discouraged.

And you who ask why there is a change in Upperclassmen will some day find that change in yourself. When you do you will know that you have not lived here at college in vain. It is doing just what it should for you.

Just because some Upperclassmen have changed I have not noticed that they wear any longer or more serious faces than the Freshmen. In spite of new discoveries, life is full of pleasure and rewards. We all often feel life is a great bore, but we as often change our mind. Am I not right? '24.

HEIGHT, A DOUBTFUL PLEASURE.

Although it may be an advantage to be tall, the process of acquiring an abnormal height is far from pleasant. When I arrived at the age of twelve my feet, already snugly ensconced in a size eight shoe, had not visibly grown for nearly nine months, and I thereby inferred that my height would soon cease to increase. Before this phenomenon actually occurred, however, however, my mother, less optimistic than I concerning the end of my growth, thought it necessary that I take some variety of tonic. I lacked

Continued on page 3, column 2.

IN THE LIBRARY.

Have you read Garland's *Son of the Middle Border*? It is a book of great beauty; an appealing picture of sturdy, homely pioneer life.

Son of the Middle Border was one of the first five in a list of fifty, chosen to be translated into various languages, as expressing American life. We have also the sequel to this in his *Daughter of the Middle Border*.

MARY ROYCE CRAWFORD,
Librarian.

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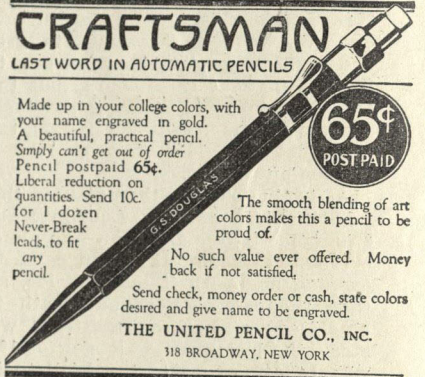
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DOROTHY RANDLE ELECT- ED PRESIDENT OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

When it was announced that Dorothy Randle had been elected President of the Athletic Association for 1922-23, everyone was delighted. It is quite evident that Miss Randle will fill the position efficiently and tactfully, for it is in this way that she has carried on other duties. In her Freshman year at college, Miss Randle was Vice-President of the class and in her Sophomore year acted as President until she was compelled to resign because of illness. Moreover, she has always been prominent in athletics and has held positions on several teams. In tennis, both at college and outside, Miss Randle is a champion, and besides winning cups and tournaments she has won the sincere respect and goodwill of the student body.

HEIGHT, A DOUBTFUL PLEASURE.

Concluded from page 2, column 3.

the specified proportion of hemoglobin that a person of my age and size should have, and that, added to my thinness, had caused the doctor to pronounce that I had "outgrown my strength."

So he prescribed Scott's Emulsion as a cure for both my ills. Faithfully, for six months, I suffered under Scott's Emulsion. Summer came and the emulsion spoiled. Ah, I thought, now I shall be free from a "tonic." But no, Wampole's Cod Liver Oil was destined to replace it. I was still thin and still anemic. The doctor claimed that I would soon become plump under my change of tonics. Once more blind faith deceived me and I expected the doctor's prophecies to be fulfilled. For three months I gallantly choked down the Cod Liver Oil. Still no improvement had commenced. In fact I was thinner than ever. "A change of tonic, that is all you need," the doctor said reassuringly. This time Fellow's Hypophosphates succeeded the Cod Liver

Oil. Now my faith was not quite so blind. I was becoming a bit skeptical of "tonics." After three more months I still remained unchanged. It was to Averpharin I was then assigned. Now I was completely skeptical concerning the marvelous cures effected by "tonics," but my mother remained loyal to their reputation.

Averpharin failed as all "tonics" had failed, but the doctor continued, and still continues to prescribe "tonics" for me. I still obediently force them down my throat and my mother still expectantly awaits the "marvelous change." I no longer think of them as possessing any beneficial qualities, but take them from habit and out of a sense of duty to my parent and the doctor. I am still thin and still anemic. It is with envy that I think of my short, plump sister, and wish that I might be like her and thus escape the ever present "tonic."

"SEVEN SWANS" SING SONG TO CHILDREN.

On Saturday afternoon, May 13, the children of New London met in the Vocational High School to see the very last performance for this year of their own particular movies: "The Seven Swans."

The whole picture was a succession of beautiful, fantastic scenes, with plenty of excitement, shown by the vociferous applause and gleeful shouts.

Marguerite Clarke was the dainty little princess of the story—the "most beautiful and the most mischievous princess in the realm." Many sorrows, thrills and joys lay before her. First of all her seven beloved brothers were turned into swans by a wicked witch, but the Fairy of Good Deeds helped her find them, and she kept house for them until Prince Charming came sailing down the stream and they both fell madly in love at first sight!

But a wicked Queen still pursued, bringing her huntsman to shoot an arrow in the heart of the princess, who, meanwhile, had to weave seven shirts of straw, to break the spell of enchantment that held her seven brothers. She could not speak to tell Prince Charming she loved him, nor to tell her father, the king, that she was his daughter, and so save herself from death.

She was brought to the stake to be burned, all the while weaving the seven shirts of straw. Then all of a sudden the seven swans flew down in the market place at the feet of their unhappy little sister, and she flung the shirts of straw over them. At once there rose seven princes, swans no more. Then Prince Charming galloped into the scene on a white charger and saved the little princess. And "they all lived happily ever after."

HEARD AT PROM.

M. P. to E. T.: "Coming up to song-practice? Bring your man, too!"

Ted, who comes from the Base: "I can't sing."

M. P. (brightly): "Oh, you can sing sub-base!"

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Engagement Announced.

Prof. and Mrs. John H. Gray, of Northfield, Minn., announce the engagement of their daughter Evelyn, '22, to Mr. George Edwin Talmage, Jr., of Oyster Bay, Long Island. Mr. Talmage graduated from Rutgers in 1920 and was a member of Chi Psi fraternity. He is now in business in New York.

NEWS FROM OTHER COLLEGES.

Hunter is discussing the adoption of the Honor System. The faculty agree to support any system that sixty-five per cent. of the students accept.

The Senior class of Bryn Mawr are departing from their mid-victorian tradition this year, in the giving of a modern psychological play, "Lady of the Sea," by Ibsen.

New York University is about to establish a wireless station for the purpose of sending broadcast lectures in economy, psychology, and mathematics. The university also plans to offer courses in foreign languages by radio.

Princeton is to erect a new chapel, which will be almost a small cathedral, and will cost over one million dollars.

The University of Michigan is to have a campus theatre costing \$400,000, which will house campus productions. —Exchange.

Amherst and Mt. Holyoke joined in the successful giving of Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple". The May Day play to be given at Mt. Holyoke is "Much Ado About Nothing."

TO THE SENIORS.

The tenth of May was Senior Day, They came in red and white, With hair in curls and frizzes, And skirts most out of sight.

They sang to us at early morn, And we began to think, How we should all be feeling, When next year, it came "sprink."

They left their colors everywhere, As if we should forget, That Senior class of twenty-two, The best class we've known yet! '23.

Heard in English class: "Tennyson was fond of inverting his feet."

RATHER A POINTED QUESTION.

It was at a college dance. The young man had just been introduced to her and after a brief and awkward silence he ventured, "You are from the West, I understand."

"Yes, from Indiana," she replied, "Hoosier girl."

He started and flushed deeply, "Why-er-really," he stammered, "I—I don't know, that is, haven't quite decided yet."—Ex.

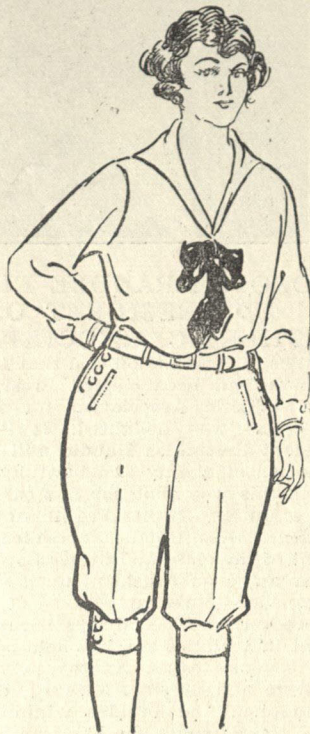
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