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### Connecticut College News Vol. 5 No. 27

Connecticut College

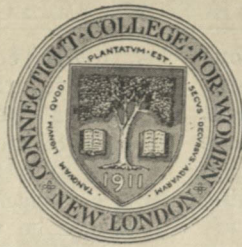
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## "WE'RE FEELING AWFULLY PEPPY"

"We're Feeling Awfully Peppy," sang the Juniors, clad in gay colored sweaters and white skirts, as they ran onto the platform on Thursday evening, May 13th. It was the last of the series of songs, lead by the four different classes. The Juniors were fairly bursting with vim and the sing was full of life. There were many songs, the music of which was original, and others with original words set to familiar tunes. Some of the best are printed below:

Oh grey walled Alma Mater,  
We bring you highest praise;  
Oh youthful Alma Mater,  
We'll strive through all the days.  
The wild winds on your hilltop,  
The far glimpse of the sea,  
Will be like misty memories  
Of happiness to me.

(Chorus)

Our Connecticut College,  
Hear us when we sing.  
Our Connecticut College,  
All our voices ring!  
From your hills and brooks and  
rills

Comes the echo clear.  
Oh our Connecticut College and  
The memories we hold dear.

—Music and words by

Roberta Page Newton.

Our College on the hilltop stands,  
A beacon on our way;  
No matter where we wander  
She will not let us go astray.  
Her love, her honor, binds us fast  
With a banner true and blue.  
Oh C. C. know we ever stand  
Thy daughters proud and true.

(Chorus)

(Continued on Page 3, col 3)

## STUDENT GOVERNMENT ELECTIONS

During this week, the election of Student Government officers was completed as follows:

Vice-President—Rachel Smith, '21.

Treasurer—Constance Hill, '22.

Secretary—Julia Warner, '23.

Chairman of Executive Committee—Anna Mae Brazos, '21.

By election, the pin with the torch will henceforth be the pin of Connecticut College, worn by a girl after the first half of her Senior year.

## PROM NOTES

On Friday night, May 14th, the Junior Promenade started with the performance of the Musical Comedy, "O Aladdin." Inspired by the appreciative audience, the play went exceptionally well. The guests were especially delighted with the color effects, the pretty and novel costumes, and the unusual choruses. Grace Fisher, as the bell-hop, was applauded with much vigor by the audience. The success of the comedy was auspicious as a good beginning for the wonderful times that followed.

Between the acts, Miss Blue, who coached the players, was presented with a traveling watch from the Service League in appreciation of her services.

Sunday afternoon the Prom. week-end festivities closed with house teas given in Blackstone, Plant, Branford, Winthrop and North Cottage. Members of the faculty poured in the different houses which were made especially attractive by the lavish use of flowers. These teas had a large attendance and were thoroughly enjoyed.

## STUDENT GOVERNMENT MEETING

At the last regular meeting of the Student Government Association on May 10, many matters of importance were taken up. Several changes were made in the constitution: The Editor-in-Chief of the News was made a member of the Council; the election of officers was arranged so that they would be chosen in the following order: President of Student Government, President of Service League, Editor-in-Chief of the News, Presidents of the classes; and the Vice-President of Student Government Association was given the duties of the Social Calendar Secretary.

The following budget for next year was accepted which will make the tax of the Association one dollar:

Women's Intercollegiate Student Government Association dues	.....\$ 15.00
Expenses of delegate to Intercollegiate Student Government	..... 100.00

(Continued on Page 4, col. 2)

## MAY DAY

Wednesday, May 12th, dawned bright and clear, and at last the long-deferred plans of the Freshmen for May day could be carried out. The exercises began in the morning when the Freshmen in white marched from the chapel singing a song written by Julia Warner. After forming in a circle around the Freshman tree they sang the tree-song, composed by Eleanor Whitten.

In the afternoon at five, Mohegan Avenue was lined with an eager throng laden with pillows and rugs, wending their way along the Norwich trolley track to the amphitheatre. The audience sat on a grassy hillside overlooking the appropriate picturesque setting for the masque. A rocky hill, in the nooks and crevices of which were concealed gnomes and rain-maidens, formed the background. To this place a little boy and girl came, following some minstrels who were wandering through the country-side; and, growing tired, the children lay down to sleep under the open

(Continued on Page 3, col. 2)

## THE COLLEGE SONG BOOK

C. C., as we all know, is "right up-to-the-minute in everything that she undertakes to accomplish. Perhaps the latest and most interesting endeavor is the College Song Book, the preparations, and plans for which are under the efficient management of Kathryn Hubbert, '20, and Margaret Davies, '20. A third member of the committee will be appointed later. We all like to sing and would like to be known as a singing college. Heretofore our original songs, with the exception of a very few, have been composed and sung for special occasions, and then "thrown aside." Was it because they were not worth preserving — because they did not appeal to the majority of the students? Certainly not. No one can deny that we have had some songs worth saving and passing on to future classes. Besides, what could be more precious in years to come than to have the most worthy of our college songs

(Continued on Page 4, col. 2)

## DEAN ARNOLD SPEAKS ON "COLLEGE AND AFTER"

We, as students of Connecticut College always enjoy listening to representatives of other colleges. It is doubtful, however, whether any speaker has impressed us more than did Dean Arnold of Simmons College at Convocation, Tuesday, on the subject, "College and After." The very fact that Simmons is a sister pioneer, founded about 18 years ago, made us eager to understand what she had to tell us. Dean Arnold in a pleasing manner and with humor portrayed her experiences both in western and eastern colleges as well as abroad, where she spent two years in war service. Especially did she emphasize the fact that an education did not mean everything in life; but that there were vital questions which an education could help to answer. According to her opinion, an education should fit a girl to look across from coast to coast as it were, and be able to realize the greatness of tasks to be accomplished. Just as we desire to establish the best possible tradition for our Alma Mater, so ought we to be able to look on the future of the whole country.

The later career of the college girl differs from that of the college boy in being less definitely

(Continued on Page 3, col. 2)

## SENIOR PLAY CHANGED

Because of the illness of Mrs. Wells, the Seniors have been obliged to change both play and cast. Instead of the play first chosen, Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," which Mrs. Wells was to coach, a comedy by Arnold Bennett, "The Title," will now be presented, under the direction of Mrs. Avery.

The play will be given on May 29th, as planned.

The cast is as follows:

Mr. Culver ..... Helen Perry  
Mrs. Culver .... Marion Hendrie  
Hildegard Culver..Helen Collins  
John Culver ..... Helen Gage  
Tranto ..... Mary Hester  
Miss Starkey—Fanchon Hartman  
Sampson Straight.....

Marion Gammons  
Parlor Maid .... Eleanor Seaver

## 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.

## STAFF

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..... '22

..... '22

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ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTOR

Alison Hastings

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## CHAPERON RULES

The present chaperon rules are rather in need of change. It has previously been perfectly fair that after 7.30 no girl should motor without a chaperon and no underclassmen should leave campus unless attended at least by a Junior or Senior. But now daylight saving has brought the necessity for a change. At 7.30 it is still light and pleasant to be out-of-doors. In fact, it is the pleasantest part of the day. And it is unfortunately one of the most restless hours. It seems hard to settle down to study during an hour made apparently for recreation. But what can we do? Although our campus is extensive its variety of paths is exhausted—and the underclassman may not venture further.

The appearance of riding horses on campus has also served to produce complications in regard to the chaperon rules. For there is always a demand for the limited number of horses available in the

evening. But after 7.30 one cannot ride off campus unchaperoned. And, as horseback-riding is difficult to chaperon one must be content with cantering madly around campus imagining a glorious ride.

Motoring, too, is unduly restricted by the 7.30 hour in daylight saving time. For like horseback-riding it is pleasantest in the quiet hours between the afternoon and the evening. At Student Government meeting it was therefore voted that students be allowed to go unchaperoned until 8.30 P. M., which is in fact the original 7.30 hour.

The question of studying immediately arises. Surely this extension of time will interfere with the preparation of the next day's lessons. But this is rather unlikely. For the early hours of the evening are little spent in study. Therefore the proposed revision of the chaperon rules would not seriously interfere with studies and would meet the wishes of the student body. It is an experiment which seems quite worthy of a trial.

## FREE SPEECH

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed in this column.

To the Editor:

Far be it from us to seem unprogressive, or too conservative or any other such thing long out of vogue; and we heartily agree with your statement that the chaperon rules are decidedly obsolete and restrictive. Of course young minds and limbs must have freedom to follow their fancies, and willingly we'll admit the unusual inspiration offered by the twilight hour. Chaperonage of horseback riding, unless a panier saddle could be devised, or a gentle donkey taught to meekly bear some observing faculty, is decidedly out of order. And we ask, with you: did the Creator make the most quietly beautiful part of all his day to be spent bending over a green or blue blotter, when we might be out "roaming the trackless" and communing with nature. The answer is obvious. He did not.

But here "is the rub," if we might be so unkind as to suggest it. The extension of chaperon rules until 8.30 might be employed in sane and safe riding or walking in the opposite direction from town. But we sorely fear the white lights. We know their attraction. And we could never forgive our laxness if someone yet new and unimbued with inborn or acquired honesty should so take advantage of our generosity as to spend an extra hour not seeking

health and communion with nature, but rather sustenance and perhaps a stray movie in the metropolis to the south.

Like all other complainers we have no special remedy to offer. It would be unthinkable to suggest giving the extension to—say upper classmen. Of course nothing of the kind could be thought of. Why half of our athletes and poets are but lately arrived here! No, that is not the solution. But there must be some way out of the dilemma. We wish you luck; now that we have given you the hint. Perhaps you'd thought of all this before! If so, and you still seriously contemplate changing the rules, we are silent. We bow to those higher up in position and—judgment. —'21

## HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THE \_\_\_\_\_?

Two indolent C. C. students leaned far out beyond two classroom window-sills. Their respective right toes swung gracefully, their left toes rather insecurely anchored their extended bodies to tipping chairs. They swung and listened to the energetic rap of hammers, and the slamming of boards against more boards. They turned languid eyes on the scene without.

Said one, regarding the fairly shapeless structure backed up against one of the numerous stone walls: "Whazzat?"

Replied the other: "That's going to be the \_\_\_\_\_."

Days passed. The structure took upon itself one definite shape, and many indefinite epithets. Not yet, but again the two students swung from their windows. (Did you ever remark how often students hang over window-sills. Some unfathomed attraction?) Said the one who had spoken first on the previous occasion: "What did you say that was?"

"That's the \_\_\_\_\_."

The first student looked with interest upon the gleaming green paint, eighteenth century windows, and hinged doors. "Ah!" she breathed. "A \_\_\_\_\_."

—P., '21.

## THE WEATHER

We do not begin to appreciate the valuable service rendered us by "any or all of the common phenomena of wind, rain, heat, cold and sunshine," as Webster defines the weather. When we say weather we immediately recall the spring showers, the snow storms of winter, or possibly the extreme heat of summer. We contrast all the discomforts and pleasures of these seasons, and we

conclude that we would not part with any of them. We remember the rainy days over which we so often rejoiced, not thinking of the crops, but of the opportunity of staying home to finish some long neglected tasks. We remember the wonderful sleigh-rides which were successful only on bright crisp winter days after a regular blizzard. And the summer's heat recalls picnics, sailing trips and bathing that we would not forfeit for any amount of coolness. Such are the things of which we think when asked what the weather means to us.

If we consider it again, however, we will find more than these memories of good times for which the weather is responsible. It renders equally valuable services in a less objective sense, for what would we do without weather for a topic of conversation? If it were taken from us we should be lost indeed. It is the one common subject about which we can all talk fluently and at length, with any person, at any time, and in any place. Two strangers coming together will not begin discussing their business, but will drift into it gradually after opening their conversation by lamenting the past weather and predicting the future. They both are firm in their convictions that their native climate is the ideal one, although they admit times have changed since they were boys.

What should we do for a friendly greeting if it were not for the weather? Although quite unconscious of the true atmospheric conditions, we accost our friends many times a day with a cheerful "Good-morning" or "Good-afternoon." Even if a week of rain has dampened our spirits to such an extent that we have given up hopes of seeing the sun again, we continue our "Good-mornings." Then we leave with an equally meaningless "Good-night" such creatures of habit have we become. Think of the long embarrassing minutes of silence that can be so easily filled in with some casual remark about the earliness of spring this year, or the possibilities of a rainless summer.

The weather, too, seems to be a never failing subject for pessimists. For want of better material, they take a particular joy in emphasizing the misfortunes brought about by unreliable weather conditions. They never plan ahead for fear of a storm. Each winter is always the hardest one they have ever lived through, the rainy day of spring always gives them severe colds, and the extreme heat of summer exhausts them. "Did you ever see such weather!" they exclaim when-

ever one meets them. What would these people do without a temperamental climate for an excuse when they are indisposed?

We must not pass by the importance which poets, artists and writers attach to the weather. Pages and pages are devoted to rare June days, fleecy clouds, and snow bound roads. Artists are rated highly if they succeed in reproducing the calm of a summer day or the fury of a storm. And what hero or heroine has not had some features compared to an enviable condition of the elements?

So it is that both consciously and unconsciously we come to make use of the weather in our every day life. This may be because we know so little about it, or because the seasons have so often been used to symbolize the span of a single life. At any rate we cannot get away from it so we abuse it in our conversation, using it as a convenient excuse for all of our troubles, and explaining how it affects us in our daily lives. In either case, however, we must admit "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

—A. B. L., '21.

**Dean Arnold Speaks**

(Continued from Page 1, col. 4)  
prescribed by custom. Her main duty is often to make a home, but what she shall do before that time is uncertain. Perhaps several interests are in her mind, and in order to be of some use she must recognize her special aptitude, and cultivate it. Dean Arnold recognizes two great opportunities for college women; the making of a home, and the "mothering" of a community and quite as important the preparation for some means of supporting herself and others if the necessity comes. A wise woman discovers the blessing of taking care of needy ones, and recognizes a road in which everyone may walk for common good. Her world is not centered around herself; she is not only good but good for something, and in the words of Emerson her "Wagon is hitched to a star," her guide throughout life.

**MAY DAY**

(Continued from Page 1, col. 3)  
sky. Far above them on the edge of the cliff, restless spirits, half hidden by the green branches, in costumes of flame-color, leapt high in the air and danced in wild abandon. Soon a mischievous little gnome in scarlet jacket and cap, crept out from his hiding place and hunted out his companions hidden in the rocks. Then, joining in a merry dance on the green, they circled round the children, who awoke to find the South Wind dancing for them. Close after her, the rain-maiden came gently down the cliff, and fluttered here and there about the green as though blown by the wind. Then, all suddenly running forward together, they dropped gracefully to the ground, rose, and ran forward again with outstretched arms. Soon, from a hill-top three nymphs in green danced gaily down to the children, frightening the rain-maidens away. Grouped together, they danced forward; and then, kneeling in a circle, as though round a pool, they played with the water. After dancing about for a while, they grouped again and returned

to the children. The Spirit of Spring, garbed in yellow, her red-gold hair crowned with a wreath of nasturtiums, followed after her nymphs and danced the message of spring to the children. They were then delighted to see far off in the distance a May-day procession coming toward them. Preceded by a page and a flower-girl, and followed by her train of maidens, woodsmen, and dancers, a beautiful May-queen, robed in pure white and carrying flowers, marched slowly toward her shining throne under the blossoming cherry tree near the children where she was crowned. For her entertainment her jester commanded the gypsy and shepherdess in her train to dance on the green before her. Then the children in their joy danced together. To end the ceremony, the jester called a number of his maidens, who, dancing in and out, wound the May-pole. At the setting of the sun, the procession went on, leaving the weary children happy with the memory of all they had seen.

—F. A. H., '23.

**"We're Feeling Awfully Peppy"**

(Continued from Page 1, col. 1)  
Then here's to dear C. C.,  
Our college on the hill top by the sea;  
Her classes four shall evermore  
Stand by in all sincerity.  
Extol her noble name,  
Tell abroad her noble fame.

C. C.,

To thee,  
We sing in love and loyalty.  
The lessons that we learn from thee  
Go with us all our days.  
Thy campus is our temple in which  
we sing thy hymns of praise,  
Enrich our lives with all thy truth  
And let us worthy be—  
Of all thy love, thy faith, thy hope,  
Alma Mater, dear C. C.  
—Words and music by  
Ruth Wilson.

Grey walls that stand throughout  
the years for visions wide,  
The blue and white will ever be  
Our greatest pride.  
Oh college years that pass away  
We cling to thee,  
Your meaning treasured in our

hearts  
Will ever be.  
The hills mean faith, the river  
fealty,  
And the wind from the sea brings  
us hope.  
C. C., we lift our hearts to thee.  
Alma Mater fair.

Words by Olive Littlehales

From every corner of the world,  
By love's strong fibres bound;  
Our voices blend to send  
C. C. praise the world around.  
As girls we come to live here,  
With river, wind, and hills.  
Thy beauty grips our lives and  
Womanhood instills.  
Beloved Alma Mater,  
Our own fair C. C.;  
Thy inspiration in our hearts  
Will forever be.  
From thee we humbly catch a  
glimpse,  
Of greatness real and free.  
Thy power mysterious inflames  
our souls;  
Our lives will honor thee.  
Our hearts are bound to thee in  
loyalty,  
For your message is ours to unfurl.  
C. C., our Alma Mater fair,  
All hail to thee!

—Words by Rachel Smith.  
—Music by Roberta Newton

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**Student Government Meeting**  
(Continued from Page 1, col 2)

Women's Vocational Guidance Association dues .....	15.00
Silver Bay Delegate ...	45.00
Account Books .....	15.00
Printing .....	15.00
	<b>\$ 205.00</b>

Rachel Smith was unanimously elected Vice-President of the Association for next year and nominations were made for chairman of executive committee, secretary and treasurer, balloting for these offices to take place the next two days.

There was some discussion as to whether girls should be allowed to go horseback riding after 7:30 without a chaperon, then some one suggested that if horseback riding why not motoring and walking. The whole trouble seemed to be that with the clock moved an hour ahead it does not get dark as soon as it used to, so it was voted that during the period of daylight, saving students may do as they wish until eight-thirty; quiet hours, however, will be as before.

This will not be effective, however, until it has been approved by the faculty.

**The College Song Book**  
(Continued from Page 1, col. 3)

in such a form that we could always keep them as a reminder of our pleasant days spent at C. C.?

Therefore the committee, imbued with this idea, have already planned to have a book about four and a half inches by eight and a half inches, probably covered in heavy paper, in which the most popular songs of each class and all college songs that receive

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at least second attention will be contained. There will be also blank sheets so that new words can be added from time to time. The class of '19 is to be largely represented; and contributions from that class will have first place. Complete arrangements will be made with the publishers after the Community Sing is over, and all songs are collected.

**CURRENT EVENTS**

**Mexican Trouble**  
President Carranza is a fugitive and is now reported to be surrounded at a station in the State of Puebla. According to dispatches received here, hard fighting has been going on between the rebels and Carranza's forces.

Mr. Thomas Lill, who was influential in effecting the complete reorganization of the Mexican Government in 1917 and 1918, wrote a letter to the generals who are leading the rebellion. In this letter he said that they had done "the most injurious thing." Mr. Lill believes the United States has a right to intervene in Mexico if "President Carranza is not permitted to finish his term and if a new President cannot be selected by the usual methods of civilized nations."

A transport of 1,500 marines left Philadelphia on May 13th, for Key West where they will be ready in case they are needed in Mexico.

**Barracks Destroyed in Ireland**  
During the past week, extensive raids have been made upon public barracks and upon public stations. All of this destruction was on a well organized plan and was carried out by armed and masked men in various parts of Ireland at the same time.

**'HUCK AND TOM'**  
—AT THE—  
Children's Pleasure House  
—SATURDAY, MAY 22nd—  
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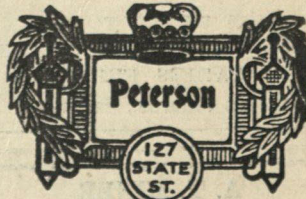
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