Connecticut College News

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Silver Bay Issue

THAT SPIRIT may be intangible in that it cannot be described, but is certainly definite in its results. 21.

The election of Mildred Donnelly, Marion Vibert and Louise Hall. Leslie Alderman is Assistant Art and Publicity Editor. The Freshman Committee for the three Sophomore Reporters resulted in the election of Mildred Donnelly, Marion Vibert and Louise Hall.

CLASS PRESIDENTS ELECTED.

Constance Hill is the Senior Class President. Miss Hill has always been a popular member of '21, having been on its executive committee for three years. For the past year she has been the Treasurer of Student Government. Julia Warner has been chosen Junior President. Miss Warner was the Freshman President '23, and has been Secretary of Student Government during the past year.

Twenty-four has a capable President in Mary Shodgras. We feel confident that Miss Shodgras will hold her responsible position as leader in the year that is to come.

NEW OFFICERS APPOINTED.

Helen Avery and Caroline Francke have been appointed Junior Associate Editors while Leslie Alderman is Assistant Art and Publicity Editor. The Freshman Committee for the three Sophomore Reporters resulted in the election of Mildred Donnelly, Marion Vibert and Louise Hall.

THE CHALLENGE AND THE PROMISE.

How many times do the lights across the river and down in the harbor beckon to you and prophesy great deeds for the future? To Freshmen they promise four splendid years, filled with study, play, love and great achievements. To the Seniors they promise opportunities for lives of service and accomplishment, of help to be made for the glory of their Alma Mater and for every one living here. On this hilltop the lights are an inspiration, a stimulation for their dreams and plans, and a challenge for the future. Whether here at C. C. or far away in distant parts of the world we carry always with us a picture of these beckoning lights. At moments when we are tired and discouraged, when it seems that after all life is not quite what it was before we have met with any of its real problems, we picture again the vision of those lights, shining as brightly through darkness and storm as when the mists and fog have rolled away and all is calm and clear. We have a vision of their beams lighting the dark waters for the sailors on the sea and life becomes bright and promising again. Like the light, it beckons us to struggle to make our lives shine for others, traveling on a darker sea.

As the lights are always to C. C. girls a challenge and a promise of the future, so Silver Bay will always be a challenge to be lived up to in its shores every year.

Do you remember, how in the days preceding your entrance to college, you were fired with such splendor! Silver Bay gave you a fascinating glimpse of friendship and some eagerness to follow great leaders, who were to open to you vast fields where you might engage and do your best. You founded, where you could reap the most and give the most for your fellowmen? We all know only too well how all these ideals were founded on little that was to be attained only after years of struggle and then perhaps occasionally the struggle has seemed almost too great.

But then at the end of a year when all your ideals and hopes seem to be broken and your hope almost worthless, you go to Silver Bay. You go, perhaps, with a feeling that Silver Bay really is, but because everyone says you will not be able to do it.

(Continued on page 4. column 1.)

GLIMPSES OF GLORIOUS DAYS.

At the Silver Bay Conference last year Jonathan Day remarked "a prayer meeting is a small body of men in deep thought." This witicism had a tremendous appeal, because of its obvious humor. Strangely enough the Student Y. W. C. A. Conference is comparable to the prayer meeting--a large body of girls surrounded by a few men. The fellowship of several hundred girls is only one of the big things at Silver Bay. To eat together, work together, play together, gives rise to a wonderful spirit of comradeship. Because girls are free and not restrained, they give to the Silver Bay Conference, a stimulation for their dreams, a encouragement and hope for mankind! What vast achievements for its weaknesses. Not until this time has she been sure that college loyalty and love and great achievements. To the Seniors they promise opportunities for lives of service and accomplishment, of help to be made for the glory of their Alma Mater and for every one living here. On this hilltop the lights are an inspiration, a stimulation for their dreams and plans, and a challenge for the future. Whether here at C. C. or far away in distant parts of the world we carry always with us a picture of these beckoning lights. At moments when we are tired and discouraged, when it seems that after all life is not quite what it was before we have met with any of its real problems, we picture again the vision of those lights, shining as brightly through darkness and storm as when the mists and fog have rolled away and all is calm and clear. We have a vision of their beams lighting the dark waters for the sailors on the sea and life becomes bright and promising again. Like the light, it beckons us to struggle to make our lives shine for others, traveling on a darker sea.

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(Continued on page 4. column 1.)

THE INTELLIGIBLE.

What "It", the Spirit, Has Meant to Us.

You may think—and rightly to a certain extent—that college has done much both for the world and in its people. You have adopted yourself to new surroundings, you have made warm friendships with girls whom a few months ago you never knew existed, you have come to love your college dearly, to think it your home. But have you questioned the reason for this?

Possibly no, but probably yes—that is, unless you have been fortunate enough to go to Silver Bay. The girl who has been there knows that much farther than this, for she has experienced the joy of outdoor living, singing, and worshipping with hundreds of other girls who represent many colleges and all nations. She has not become narrow to her own particular type of college woman, for she has seen and known the ways of many splendid college people. She has seen her own college personified—favorably and otherwise—with these others. Not until then has she been sure of its biggest points, not thought of remolded ideals and hopes.

Most of all has this Silver Bay student been inspired by the vastness of everything concerning the Conference. What a real thrill one gets in finding many hundreds of young people coming together in a common interest and hope for mankind. What vast ideals and hopes the leaders give to everyone there! Yes, even the atmosphere lends itself to the inspiration of the place; those great hills whose tops were usually hidden in the clouds' that rallied the field in the most ludicrous war declared the field in the most ludicrous war; those great hills whose tops were usually hidden in the clouds' that rallied the field in the most ludicrous war.

Then there are excursions up the lake on the big launch, and some drive across country to Fort Ticon-derog in a rickety stage. Will any of us ever forget the ride on the board of the one auto bus? Little Japanese girl, who fits through the water like a sunbeam? A day of water-sports gives you a chance to vie with girls from other colleges in various sorts of boating, diving and swimming.

Hiking is one of the chief delights of Silver Bay. There are several mountains of imposing height that urge to be climbed by enthusiastic girls. Perhaps the most popular trip is the climb up Sunrise Mountain at three a. m. What could be more fun than to arrive at the topmost pinnacle and be greeted by the place: those great hills whose tops were usually hidden in the clouds' that rallied the field in the most ludicrous war.

The baseball game between the B'ac and the Freshmen was fast and furious. The burly Ruth to see the dignified Jonathan Day slide for bases. The sunrise Mountain at three a. m. What could be more fun than to arrive at the topmost pinnacle and be greeted by the place: those great hills whose tops were usually hidden in the clouds' that rallied the field in the most ludicrous war.

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MOVIE OF SILVER BAY

Talk by Miss MARY WEISEL

Singing by our Silver Bay Girls

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 7 P. M.

IN THE GYM

Come and learn about a REAL CHANCE to go to a REAL PLACE

(Continued on page 4. column 1.)
Connecticut College News

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Established 1916

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THE SINGING CONFERENCE

"The singing conference"—that is Silver Bay has come to be called, and justly, too, for whether it be conducted by college groups, or mere individual outbursts, it is welcomed—nay, even encouraged at Silver Bay to its fullest extent.

Before hours one has even caught sight of the conference flag, the group realizes that singing must be a specialty there for after the ceremonial call of the gong or the dinner bell, the church and dining hall, are answered, and at last we have reached Silver Bay.

From then on, organized singing has its place in the day's schedule. Singing the morning and evening Vesper by the side of the lake, we are

Spirits of Cooperation

We never think of a Silver Bay Conference as so many hundred leaders who are gathered together to talk. Rather do we think of it as a united whole so constituted as to bring about effectual cooperation. Just as soon as we realized that we were members of a group of people who were united in an effort to give and get the best, then we were in a position to enjoy Silver Bay to its fullest extent.

Connecticut College realized with the greatest vividness the operation, for again and again our group of ten was called upon to act as commentator. This duty brought us on the boat when five of us made a trip on the Mystic River. The large delegations from Vassar, Col- umbia, and Adelphi.

All of us were impressed anew with the fact that cooperation is the key to success for the college in any endeavor. Cooperation is one of the few tangible things which together with many other

experiential elements go to make up what we so often hear spoken of as the "Spirit of Silver Bay."
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TO THE ADVENTURE-SEEKER.

Do you crave excitement? Does your soul vibrate to the medieval days when life was uncertain and death in a bed to be dreaded? Then, my dear girl, you need not go to Mexico to be knifed by brigands, nor to yet to Wyoming to be devoured by bob-cats, nor yet to Bolivia to encounter the trump peril. Go to Silver Bay, where the spirit of danger is doubly intensified because of its unexpectedness.

For instance, you may at any moment be burned to death like Joan of Arc. I am the first to admit that C. C. fire-drills have not the least suggestion of a thrill. (I feel very strongly on this subject, but I shall suppress my emotions). But it is part of the charm of Silver Bay that anything has a thrill. Midnight--muffled shouts of men—the smell of smoke—and pitch darkness. We all arose, Betty Hall trampling over Judy in her excitement, and trailed out on the porch. The handsome young heart-breaker known as the "Princeton Puppy" was busily unwinding a fire-hose, and between gasps he informed us that the power house was on fire. With visions of all the forest, the cottages, the hotel, and incidentally ourselves returning to ashes, we clung to each other watching the smoky forms lost in the smoke. Finally, after an hour's watchful waiting, there was a sound as the excitement died down and we went back to bed. The only sufferer was Ethel Mason, who after an hour's watchful waiting, there was a sound as the excitement died down and we went back to bed. The only sufferer was Ethel Mason, who had packed a snout to one's sleeping hours.

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"WE LARFED AND LARFED." 

Us 'n' Spunk, we was takin' a boney ride up Fort Ticonderoga way. Spunk and Ethel Mason, they was sitting on the front seat with the buggy driver—he was there too—you know the type—a bouncy-handed, big-hearted son of the soil with a fever and adenoids. "Ain't nature grand!" cooned Spunk, squeezing the hand nearest where her hand was at. 

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

But we in the stern of the bouncy, we larfed and larfed—that hand wasn't Ethel's at all. 23.

WHO GOES TO SILVER BAY, AND WHY? 
(Concluded from page 5, column 1.) 

the Chinese delegation, or the quiet scholar talk by the Brahman state (who is not yet willing to accept Christianity and shows us of the beautiful strong points in the religions of other peoples)—from each and every one we gain that none are "foreigners" at Silver Bay but all are related with common problems and joys, and that each one is filled with the same purpose to go out and spread abroad the message of Silver Bay, the brotherhood of man. 21.

SILVER BAY.
Blurry mountains enclosing a rest, white-capped lake on whose shores a multitude gather from far and wide for inspiration, instruction and companionship—Silver Bay.

DIVERSIONS OF C. C. ITES AT SILVER BAY.

Dodie Greg—Holding a delegation meetings far into the lightless hours of the night and continuing same through the night—wth Miss Butler as audience.

Bay—Leading the "Tuneful Ten" when C. C. burst forth into song.

Al—Doing the "athletic—form mock baseball games starring "Daisy" who caught everyone's fancy, to então hikes up Sunrise Mountain at four of the morn.

Edith Swift—Petitioning conferences with the learned.

Evelene—Shaking her delegation for the rest of friendly communion with other. 21.

Joaquita Sperry—Laughing loudly and long at her latest funny story.

Bette Hall—Making embarrassing remarks, yea--To the Dean of Bryn Mawr, "Gee, lady, I wish the kids back home could hear you."

Judy—Imperating the man as usual. (Mr. Mitchell) And a "salt and pepper" is almost as becoming as a "teeth." 17.

Ethel Mason—Locking up her jailing suit so she wouldn't have to "dip." 23.

but could indulge in her usual afternoon nap and book.

Ally—Eating chocolate procureed from the little store. (Blessed little store.)

Glimpses of Glorious Days. 
(Concluded from page 2, column 1.)

thrills of a galaxy along the bluffs of Lake George, of tennis, of rowing, of singing together, of Hunt day and the rest. It would take forever and a day. They are things we shall never forget. They are worth more than gold, these days of work, play, and comradeship. We cannot tell you more: we can only point the way. If you would have happiness rare, come with us to Silver Bay. R. H. 22.

Mount Holyoke's Prize Song.

As we sing together 'neath old sunrise Mountain And the dusk comes creeping near over the silvery waters, We sing songs that cheer us, We have dear friends near us, We all know that spirit—Silver Bay.

Here is love that quiets us when cares fast surround us, Here is faith that holds us firm when we might have faltered, Here in joy smiling—here is hope eternal, This all makes that spirit—Silver Bay.

The Challenge and the Promise.

(Concluded from page 4, column 1.)

And then you discover yourself in the midst of a little community, on the shores of a lake whose clear waters glisten with the rays of the sunlight or gay dark mysteries in the shadows cast by the encircling foot of the great mountains. This community is peopled with eight hundred students fired with the zeal of life and an enthusiasm for work and play. The leaders of the community are the chief men and women of the thinking and working world. Coming from the rush of business and struggle of living, they are joyously happy and fairly throbbing with eagerness and enthusiasm to tell you that there is a place for you in the world and that the world wants you, but wants you on condition that you remain true to your ideals which you suddenly discover are going to bring the greatest happiness to yourself and to all mankind. If you can have the strength to make them real and vital. And so there comes to you the challenge and promise of Silver Bay—the challenge of a Christian life of friendship, and love, of loyalty and service, and the promise of the greatest happiness the world can give, a final satisfaction in a life well lived. When you sail down the shores of Lake George, you do not leave Silver Bay behind you for whichever you may go its challenge and its promise will follow you, as the challenge and the promise of the lights will follow us all our lives! R. T. 21.