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Connecticut College

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Dr. Melish speaks on College morals.

Interested in the subject, "Campus Morals," and attracted by the enthusiastic reports of our Silver Bay girls concerning the speaker, Dr. Howard D. Melish, a large number attended Vespers on Sunday evening, April 30. Dr. Melish is pastor of the Holy Trinity Church in Brooklyn, and is a popular lecturer at Silver Bay. Dr. Melish held the audience in a period of great advancement in many directions. Dr. Melish believes the college girls set the standards of dress today, and should, therefore, regard the matter with a sense of real responsibility. He spoke freely concerning dancing and respect for private property, and warned against the temptation which many girls have of other others.

After Vespers a group talked informally in Bradford with Dr. Melish about Silver Bay and the ideals for which it exists. Dr. Melish stressed particularly the wonderful spirit of Silver Bay which one cannot feel without having attended the Conference herself.

Seniors follow tradition.

Early on the morning of May, 1st, black-robed figures, C. G. Seniors, were seen on the steps of 219 Hall. Everything was hushed until after 8 o'clock when the hymn came the class song followed by the Alma Mater and the seniors sought more silence and fulfillment of tradition.

ProM dinner given at Thames Hall.

Very enjoyable was the formal evening dinner meal was the dinner on Saturday evening. The table was elegantly arranged with plates of salmon and chicken, as well as a variety of other dishes. The evening was celebrated with lively dance programs for the girls and roast chicken and attractive sweaters—just two short hours—anticipation! And you have the afternoon before Prom.

Prom dinner given at THAMES HALL.

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On with the Dance.

Seldom has the gymnasium looked as well dressed for a ball as it did on the evening of the Junior Prom on May 6th. The canopy, which covers the apparatus in an effort to create a decorative way, was successfully concealed beneath streams of orange cloth which was draped over the side walls aswell. Very often there was a black or gold and gold Japanese round casement window, painted with gold C's after the design in the Junior room. An exquisite Japanese parasol with soft-colored lanterns was cleverly used as a background. The students' duckies, velvet curtains as a background, against which hung a black and gold Japanese round casement window, was massed with potted plants and branches of dogwood. The orchestra—Willett's, of New Haven—occupied the center of the floor, surrounded by palm trees, Marjorie Buxon, as chairman of the Committee, has the congratulations of the College upon the charming atmosphere created by the novel and most attractive decorations.

Continued on page 4, column 5

Professor Kelly outlines sociology.

The science of society.

At Convocation on May 2nd, Professor Albert G. Kelly, of Yale, spoke on "The Science of Society." He said that people in general had very vague and uncertain ideas as to the real nature of sociology. To many it is a joke and the reason is principally the number of meddlers who have become interested because of the novelty, Professor Kelly said that sociology is spoken of as the Science of Society because of the desire for a rent science. As in all sciences, sociology has the theoretical as well as the practical side, and it is necessary to work plans out theoretically before any practical plan is made to put them into practice. This study of the activities of the society, and it is necessary to work plans out theoretically before any practical plan is made to put them into practice. This study of the activities of the society, and it is necessary to work plans out theoretically before any practical plan is made to put them into practice.

Coming: Latin picnic.

The Classical department again showed its ability with a well-arranged picnic. They held a picnic to take place in Bolles' woods the evening of May 16th. After the reading, they planned a picnic and those fortunate enough to be invited were singing, dancing, and choruses is now being rehearsed in order that the invited guests may be entertained. It is expected that even a Latin picnic will be good fun.

From men make hits.

The sun was more welcome than the warmth of the prunal, when we beheld its cheery beams on Saturday morning, for it was the day of the big baseball game—prom men versus Junior team.

At eleven o'clock a large crowd gathered on the field—all expectation and cheer resounded—briskly clamped the knicker clad, slightly nervous girls, and the assured rather amused men. The clock chucked over their shoulders—running bases—running bases—running bases on the first half way, having only two strikes, and letting the girls take their bases on three. The girls sliding bases, the basket formation of their Thoroughbreds, the professional manner of the first basemen, the skill of the second baseman, and the cheerfulness of the
LINE UPON LINE

We have a heavy line of business, we say. There is the heavy line, the fast line, the terrible line, the cute line, the clever line, and so on. The categories of categories are exhausted. Apparently it is not stimulating enough to better material testify to this. Year after year, and quite confident in their years to strengthen the policy of this staff, we would say to those in charge to bring in an era when even the least rankstranger who behaves with courtesy could be entitled to a scintillating dinner party, and, of course, according to the discerning Mr. Pullman, the Flapper has made Line what it is today.

We are always desperately untruthful. Personally, I believe that I'm in love with you, and not the least interested in the bringing in of the year when every maskless man is regarded with illiconcious suspicion. When I say I'm in love with you, it is not because I have pretended, simply, to be better from my young sister when I knew as yet to be delivered in clichés and cranks in which all women are probably absolutely terrible, "She has a terrible child, isn't she?" I long to stride before unformed responsibility anything. "Is there some honest person left among you? Let's hope so—by the word is half a twist?"

Even the professors are reputed to have "excellent lines.

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WE MAKE OUR ADIEUS.

"When our college years are over,

Our stories have not been written,

The world is not the only place to

Send our stories.

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CONNCTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

JOE HUNTERS, BEWARE!

Concluded from page 6, column 1.

With the assistance of several able riders, we had jiggled around in the rain. He who has never ridden a horse may not imagine the state of mind and body experienced by the novice. Your internal organs are jounced and bumped, causing untold agony. The inside of your stomach, tickling violently, each time the horse raises one ear or slightly increases his gait, and if your horse should be presumptuous enough to Canter, your terror and agony is such that you close your eyes and long for death. Only the violent clutch on your arm made by some kind groom or experienced rider saves you. You hear unintelligible mumbling issuing from him such as "That's fine--stay new, steady. You're doing great. Just pull your reins a little tighter." But your frenzy renders such comments incomprehensible. Your horse at last slows down.

"There, wasn't that jolly?" some audacious, cynical person burbles. You are trembling from head to foot, but you tearfully agree but think you've had enough for today. Thank you. With wabbly legs and shattered nerves you stumble back to your room.

The doctor had told me the patients needed diversion which would abate their attention. They had it. Some jokes and jocular promises succeeded the equesitriennes. For a week my recruits numbered in the twenties. Then slowly they decreased until only three stomachs remained.

I racked my brains. What next? My spirit still high, we were not to be so easily subdued. The moon, nearly full, would surely catch my attention. A hay ride!—I thought—what better? Once more the flame was kindled. It would be a good old-fashioned hay ride on a hay rack with a picnic supper around a great bonfire. The patients were elated. They had not been on one since they were girls. Now I was met with slight opposition from others in authority. The roads were too rough, it would surely rain when the time came; a picnic supper would not appeal to the patients. But I was unsquelched. The patients backed me. I mounted one of the now despoiled horses, and after three hours riding over all the neighboring roads, discovered the ideal one which wound through the woods. Temporarily becoming a master, I planned and arranged the provisions for supper. Coffee, cocoa, milk, corn and potato pies, raisin, bacon and eggs, sandwich, cake, cookies, fruit, and many other items to toast. The weather I risked and it did not fail me.

Prom Men Make Hits.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

A short stop, the ever present comments of the gripping second baseman of the men's team, the quick pass work of the men—all helped make the game peppy and amusing. It ended with a final score of 11 to 8, in favor of the men.

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JOB HUNTERS, BEWARE!
Continued from page 1, column 4.

Twenty-six of us scrambled in and
killed absolutely on the soft, sweet
smelling hay. The night was superb
and the ribs merry. Even the most
penniless individuals cracked jokes.
The road was smooth and the horses
perfectly safe. After a while we
stopped; everyone got out and
stroked herself on the ground while
I gathered the wood, built a fire and
did the cooking. A few were tempted
to assist me and succeeded inAPO
burning the hot coffee on their
companions, and being generally
annihilated. They found themselves
useful, however, and all were happy.
In the way home conversation tilted
and some few souls became fidgetry,
immediately I burst into a sentimental
song and all joined me and sang
the rest of the way home.

I was gradually learning by expec-
tation. Degrafting their urging and
apparent enthusiasm for any one event
I must not plan the same thing twice.
My resources were being wasted out,
but I was not yet at the end—Ah, yes,
I'd divide the patients into small
groups and go on canoe picnics with
them. Fine, All approved. But what
would happen to those who turn it
was I never seen at home? Must they
be idle and become too introspective?
Of course not! They could play cards—bridge, fifty
hands, or poker. I knew an infinite variety
of games of solitaire. Just the thing!
Why hadn't some one thought of cards
before? So each evening for two
weeks I manoeuvred a boat picnic
and I-had jackets, baby blankets, mittens,
bed socks, and innumerable other
beautifully, but the knitting was
simply—Juggling.

May Birch admiring scenery on
sight—“Would you mind riding it
for me?” Could I refuse when it was
the intention? “The Victoria idea
worked beautifully, but the knitting”—
I might go on indefinitely naming
groups of diversions I introduced—
social dancing, aesthetic dancing,
play reading aloud, automobiles,
golf, gardening, but soon each was
decades to the same invariable task.
All would take it up at first and after
ten or twelve days only four or five
would continue in it. Each time I
started something new I had still to
continue with the four or five who re-
ained faithful to the previous
pastime.

At the end of four months I made a
decision. If I remained one week more,
I, too, would be a neurotic. The in-
hel ic craving for something new
had exhausted me and at last I suc-
ceeded. I felt, feeling like an escaped
convict.

A KISS.
I bob around and dance merrily, for
I too, am subject to her charms. When
she dances, I dance; when she bows,
I nod my head in a friendly way, and
reflect the smile in her face. She is
there, there, turning and tripping
gaily, softly, fantastically,
hear her and she gently twists me
in her finger tips I am happy.

Nauk—silence for a brief second
before she bursts forth with a
song which thrills the hearts of her
hearers. She crushes me to her bosom,
then touches me to her lips—a sweet
kiss, an impressed kiss for there on my
velvet whiteness is a red mark, left by
her lips. Swiftly I pass through space
and—her white, white rose—am
caught by an adoring lover.

Years have passed. I no longer am
white, white, velvet, and fragrant
instead I am soft brown, brittle, and my sweet-
ness has changed to mustiness. But
faintly, very faintly, can be heard
more, more, more—“My mistress
kissed me. Long ago she forgot
little white rose which was so happy
to be hers.”

Now my master has forgotten me.
He used to come and look at me—and
murmur sweet lines about her
beauty; but now—I lie year in and year
out between the leaves of this great
book—crushed and out. But my kiss—
hers—is there, and I have not
fortified my—my dancing mistress.

TAIL-LIGHTS.
Planet—Comedy announcing the
next chorus—“Please Marry Me.”
Mr. G.—“Any time you're ready.”
Buy your umbrellas when the sun is
raining.——Juggling.

Some girls are like dictionaries—
nothing to them but words.—The
Tiger.

May Birch admiring scenery on
sight—“I'd like to go out here!”
Mr. Hatch Conn (accommodatingly)
climbed up a tree and fell for
you!”

Dr. Wells (receiving some seventy or
couple)—“Who'd like to be President and shake hands
with the multitudes.”

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