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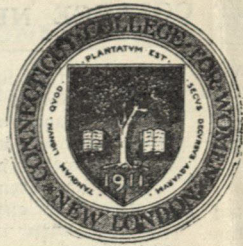
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JUNIOR PROM PROVES DELIGHTFUL.

WEEK-END PROGRAM OPENS WITH "THE POPPY TRAIL."

An enthusiastic audience, the music of the Comedy orchestra—and Prom had begun—first, Comedy, which made its usual appeal to Prom guests, and then, the dance. Of course, Juniors and Seniors with their guests enjoyed themselves, but somehow there was an atmosphere of anticipation—"this isn't the main event. Wait until tomorrow evening."

The Gymnasium was decorated only with the usual canopy; the music was only fairly good, the floor was not well waxed—but no one objected. Of course the privilege of dancing until one-thirty at a woman's college in New England, added a certain zest which communicated itself even to the guests.

TEA DANCE ENJOYED BY PROM GUESTS.

Charming organdies in gay colors, clinging georgettes in soft pastels, waved hair, bobbed hair, subdued light, soft music, murmur of voices, encores, tea in the Court, waitresses in shining satin skirts and attractive sweaters—just two short hours—anticipation! And you have the afternoon before Prom.

PROM DINNER GIVEN AT THAMES HALL.

Very different from the usual evening meal was the dinner on Saturday evening. The table decorations were charming—pale lavender, sweet peas and yellow daisies, and at each place most attractive favors—gray leather dance programs for the girls and match cases for the men.

The menu was well-planned—chicken salad, hot rolls, sandwiches olives, salted nuts, strawberry short-cake, after-dinner coffee and chocolate peppermints.

ON WITH THE DANCE.

Seldom has the gymnasium looked as well as it did on the evening of the Junior Prom on May 6th. The canopy, which covers the apparatus in an efficient but entirely undecorative way, was very successfully concealed beneath streamers of orange cloth which was draped over the side walls as well. Every so often there was a black strip among the orange, painted with gold C's after the design on the Junior ring. An exquisite Japanese parasol with soft-colored lanterns was cleverly used as a central light. The stage with the dusky velvet curtains as a background, against which hung a black and gold Japanese panel, was massed with potted plants and branches of dogwood. The orchestra—Wittstein's, of New Haven—occupied the center of the floor, surrounded by palms. Marjorie Backes, 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 3, column 3

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 B. 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.

He spoke of the wonderful social and intellectual freedom enjoyed by women of today. This freedom, he said, has not been attained solely by the modern woman, but is a direct outgrowth of the nineteenth century, a period of great advancement in many directions. Dr. Melish believes that 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 cheating others.

After Vespers a group talked informally in Branford 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. C. Seniors, gathered on the steps of New London Hall. Everything was hushed until with faint, far-off bells chiming the hour of seven the Seniors softly began the singing of their May Day hymn, the *Oxford Matins*. After the hymn came the class song followed by the *Alma Mater*—and then—once more silence and fulfillment of tradition.

CHAPEL HELD OUT-OF-DOORS.

For several years it has been a custom at C. C. to have chapel out-of-doors on May morning. This year the exercises, held in the court between Plant and Blackstone were conducted by Dean Nye. After the singing of two hymns appropriate to the day, Dean Nye led the responsive reading of a very solemn and beautiful service which President Marshall had written. Prayer followed—then other hymns—and reverent hush among the girls standing in the warm, pleasant sunshine of May morning.

SOPHOMORES LEAVE MAY-BASKETS.

Soft footsteps—a scent of flowers in the corridor—silence! Later, opened doors—starts of surprise—exclamations of pleasure and admiration—at the door of every Senior a little red and white cross-barred basket filled with fresh moss and May-flowers. Always, pleasant recollections of Sophomores in every Senior mind.

NOISELESS.

"The discharge of one's duty is rarely loud enough to attract attention."



MISS JULIA WARNER.

The college girls chose wisely when they voted for Julia Warner as President of Student Government. For "Judy" has shown her executive ability all through her three years at Connecticut. She has served as President of her Freshman and Junior classes, and Secretary of Student Government in her Sophomore year. In sports she has starred, being captain of the basket-ball team in her Freshman year, and playing on other teams since then. She has played the hero in Comedy for three years and has done countless other things for class and college. We know that "Judy" is just the one for the position, for she has proven that whatever she does, she does it well.

FRENCH PLAY READ AT CLUB MEETING.

A regular meeting of the Club Français was held Tuesday evening, May 2nd, in Plant living room. Plans were discussed for a very exclusive French picnic to take place in Bolles' wood the evening of May 16th. All the members are anticipating a social time over their Club sandwiches and French fried potatoes.

The president, Helen Clarke, then gave over the remainder of the meeting to Miss Ernst, who read passages from "Le Monde ou l'On s'ennuie," which is the play to be presented in the fall. From her delightfully able interpretation of all the characters, the Club members felt a little skeptical of ever attaining such a standard, but were inspired, nevertheless by the possibilities of the vivacious heroine, Suzanne, her gallant lover, Roger, and their mix-ups in the affairs of the English girl and the professor, and humorous young married couple, all of whom are being watched by the eccentric Duchesse, who is eventually, their means of happiness. Miss Ernst announced that anyone who has ever studied French, may "try-out" for the play. The time will be stated May 16th, and those fortunate enough to be chosen will learn their parts during the summer.

Everyone present felt this to have been one of the most interesting and helpful of the meetings this year.

PROFESSOR KELLER OUTLINES SOCIOLOGY.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

At Convocation on May 2nd, Professor Albert G. Keller, of Yale, spoke on *The Science of Society*. He stated 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 Keller said that sociology is spoken of as the Science of Society because of the desire for a real 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 attempt is made to put them into practice. This study of the subject should involve distance and detachment or, in other words, since social forms rise and decline as do organisms, there is need for a consideration of more ancient races.

Again, it is essential to see society as a whole—a task exceedingly difficult to accomplish. For the third requirement Professor Keller considered imperative a classification of the activities of society. After a thorough study of elementary society, scientists will learn what can and what cannot be accomplished for they will have perspective, bearings, and back ground. Professor Keller stated that it is first our duty to learn the basic, changeless laws of society, and then to apply this knowledge to the attainment of solid results.

COMING: LATIN PICNIC.

The Classical department again shows itself to be alive and wide awake, even if it does spend its time on dead languages. This time it has planned a picnic to Bolles' wood for Friday, May 12th. The students of the Latin B class, who are arranging the picnic are intending to invite other Greek and Latin students and the members of the Latin play caste. A short but amusing Latin farce, including singing, dancing, and choruses is now being rehearsed in order that the invited guests may be properly entertained. It is expected that even a Latin picnic will be good fun.

PROM MEN MAKE HITS.

The sun was more welcome than the return of the prodigal, when we beheld its cheery beams on Saturday morning, for it was the day of the big base-ball game—Prom men versus Junior team. At eleven o'clock a large crowd gathered on the field—all expectation—and cheered the arrival of the knicker-clad, slightly nervous girls, and the assured rather amused men. The men, who had just drawn for positions, chuckled over their handicaps—running bases backwards the first half way, having only two strikes, and letting the girls take their bases on three balls.

The girls sliding bases, the bucket formation of their fielders, the professional manner of the first basemen, the skill and maidenly blushes of the

Continued on page 3, column 2.

Connecticut College News

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WE MAKE OUR ADIEUS,

"When our college years are over
And the time to part has come."

So sang the Seniors at the last Sing when the new wall was dedicated. Shortly, another class will be singing 'neath the moon. Shortly, too, other classes will be carrying on the work of the News in order to release the Seniors for Commencement duties.

And so, at this time of parting, we, the outgoing members feel constrained to pour out our souls for the last time in these stately columns. We are very frank in admitting our failures this year, and quite confident in their omission in the one to come. At the same time we feel that the struggle this year to strengthen the policy of the News and keep its financial head above the waters has not been entirely in vain. A larger exchange list, a wider circulation and repeated efforts to better material testify to this.

The News can never hold the place that it should hold, until more satisfactory printing arrangement can be made so that news can be sent in up to the last minute before the actual publication—this eliminating "stale" news from its pages. Moreover, it will never be entirely satisfactory until it becomes more of an instrument in the hands of the students as a whole. Editorial comment—the free expression of opinions is lacking most woefully. Apparently it is not stimulating enough and staffs must feel about for the proper button before they can proceed to push it and obtain the yearned for result.

Our hopes for the future progress and development of this paper are great. We would say to those in whose efficient and interested hands it now lies—"maintain the highest possible standard always. Keep poor English and poor jokes as far away from its columns as possible. The Yale Record and Purple Cow may be had

anywhere. To you, new staff, we wish all kinds of success. We shall be watching you next year and expecting great things."

LINE UPON LINE.

We each have a line, so we say. There is the heavy line, the fast line, the terrible line, the cute line, the clever line, and so on until the entire category of adjectives is exhausted. But it's always a line, and I am sick of lines!

I am not a thorough-going Back-to-Nature advocate. I prefer telephoning for the Sunday dinner to walking to the grocery; I would rather be scraped to town by an offending but well-meaning trolley than have fallen arches from constant walking, and I thank fortune that Martha Washington and not I flourished in the days of goose-grease lamps. However, when my roommate says, after I've read her a letter from my young sister whom I know as yet to be unskilled in the arts and crafts in which all women are supposedly versatile, "She has a terrible line, that infant," I long to tear my hair. I long to stride before assembled multitudes imploring, "Is there not one honest person left among you? Let's be Natural—or is the world a ball of twine?"

Even the professors are reputed to "swing" excellent lines; the minister has a dreadful line; a man at a dance without a line is as a hippopotamus at a scintillating dinner party; and, of course, according to the discerning Mr. Fitzgerald, the flapper has made the Line what it is today.

I cannot always, utterly despair, though. Personally, I believe that it is the word and not the deed that is bringing in an era when even the rankest stranger who behaves with courtesy befitting an intelligent lady, or gentleman is regarded with ill-concealed suspicion. When we hear a word we like we hate to let it go. Line is neither beautiful nor melodious, and its connotation isn't particularly clever. When it was first popular it wasn't condemnatory, but we have used it until we believe it, and we are permitting the mere word, actually to make unsympathetic cynics of us. Let's divert this attitude by the simple expedient of a new word. We must not say Line—it denotes paucity of vocabulary—and intellect.

FREE SPEECH.

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

WE ARE REPROVED.

To the Editors:

At the request of the News I have occasionally submitted material which they are flattering enough to term "literary," and some of which they have published. But they do not always print my efforts in the same form as that in which I offer them. Others, also, must have discovered this tendency of the News staff which I find distressing.

The children of my brain are dear to me in their way, and I feel myself responsible for their behavior. I labor conscientiously to make them the best of which I am capable. When I send them out in blue dresses it angers me to have them come home in pink, because some other than their mother thinks that pink becomes them better. Neither do I like to have them come home with one shoe gone, or their heads shaved. I'd rather have them play safely in their own back yards.

But to leave the figure. If News material must be corrected and changed would it be possible to give the author a chance to make her own corrections, or explain why her words seem right to her as they stood? If the piece is too long could it not be

held over to a less crowded issue, or if the mechanical filling of the space in a given issue must be accomplished and no other materials can do it, could not the author be notified and allowed to do the cutting of her own work? Promiscuous cutting by a person unfamiliar with the author's intent is dangerous to the artistic balance of the piece worked out by the original planner. If nothing worse results it is pretty sure to lead to monotonous sentence structure. The present method considerably cools my ardour to "see myself in print," for it is not myself whom I see, but myself with one ear gone, or wearing someone else's clothes.

JOB HUNTERS, BEWARE!

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Monkeys, it is claimed, are incapable of concentrating their attention on one object for very long. With feverish intensity they commence something, only to drop it the next minute and enter upon something else with equal vim. Any one acquainted with a sanitarium is well fortified to prove the Darwinian theory. Once it was my lot to hold the official position of swimming instructor at a sanitarium. Officially, I say, I was swimming instructor, but in reality I was a social entertainer for fifty neurotics—artists, exhausted by their artistic temperament; psychologists who, from introspecting their every action or whim thought only in circles; worn out social climbers whose progress upward had been thwarted; authors' wives, exhausted by eternally striving to keep pace with their husbands; school teachers, whose patience had been tried past the breaking point; actors whose plays had failed; and the chronic invalid who physically possessed average health, but who, unable to receive attention in any other way, thought herself greatly misunderstood, abused, and above all, seriously ill.

Naturally optimistic, I assumed that a swimming instructor did nothing but teach swimming, and generally enjoy herself. Ah! How wrong I was! I started out admirably; my boundless enthusiasm over swimming soon became contagious. All sent for bathing suits and perused magazines, books and daily papers for pictures of swimming, the various strokes, the most comfortable kind of suit, or the type of suit then in vogue. In short, the whole place was teeming with the subject—at table, at tea, in the gymnasium, during walks, everywhere and with every one, swimming monopolized the conversation. Fine, thought I, buoyantly optimistic.

The suits soon came and forty-two bathing-suit clad figures jubilantly hurried to the water's edge. "Come on," I called, diving in, "let's see who'll be first!" With squeals and gasps they timidly and expectantly waded to their knees.

"It's so cold!" wailed one. "The bottom's stony," complained another, and all immediately claimed my undivided attention.

"Oh, Miss Lemert, how do you do it? Come, show me!" was the universal plea.

Standing in freezing cold water reaching to my waist, and staggering on the rocky bottom, I supported, in their turn, forty portly, nervous ladies, for upwards of two hours, appearing exuberantly happy the while.

The swimming season had started with a boom and for a week the enthusiasm lasted. Competition sprang up and she who could swim five strokes was indeed the heroine. But discouragement was destined to set in, and one by one the forty diminished. The most skilled, who could actually swim a few strokes or float, remained,

loyal for nearly three weeks, but their number had by that time dwindled to six.

Nothing daunted, I suggested horse-back riding as a substitute. Plenty of horses were available. "Fine," said the doctor, "it's just the thing."

Once more the enthusiasm spread. Too impatient to wait for the arrival of new habits, all donned bloomers and swarmed to the paddock in groups. Hysterically excited to the point of tears, they tremblingly mounted and

Continued on page 3, column 2.

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JOB HUNTERS, BEWARE!

Concluded from page 2, column 4.

with the assistance of several able riders, were joggled around in the ring. He who has never ridden cannot 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 tickles 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—steady now, 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 and you tearfully agree but think you've had enough for today, thank you. With wobbly legs and shattered nerves you stumble back to your room.

The doctor had told me the patients needed diversion which would absorb their entire attention. They had it. Sore backs and injured prides succeeded for the equestriennes. For a week my recruits numbered in the twenties. Then slowly they decreased until only three staunch spirits remained.

I racked my brains. What next! My spirits, still high, were not to be so easily subdued. The moon, nearly full, suddenly caught 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 not squelched. The patients backed me. I mounted one of the now despised horses, and after three hours riding over all the neighboring roads, discovered an ideal one which wound through the woods. Temporarily becoming a caterer I planned and ordered the provisions for supper. Coffee, cocoa, milk, corn and potatoes to roast, bacon and eggs, sandwiches, cake, cookies, fruit, and marshmallows to toast. The weather I risked and it did not fail me.

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PROM MEN MAKE HITS.

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shortstop, the ever present comments of the grinning 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 14 to 4, in favor of the men.

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TIRED.

Gray fog with slender fingers
Pressing insistently against the window-pane;

Softening harsh outlines of the nearby buildings,

And in the distance—

Neutralizing the stormy black of the ocean

Into a smiliar grayness.

With nightfall,

And the lighting of the candles

The menace of the gray fog melts away,

Leaving in its place

The deep soft blue of twilight,

Vaguely reminiscent of Maxfield Parish skies.

* * * * *

The ocean, too, exchanges its neutrality

For royal purple soft as pansy faces,

And far out on the point

The fog-horn echoes home its mellow roar

To tempt me to the deep forgetfulness and rest

Beneath the sea.

L. '24.

MANY BIRDS IN BOLLES' WOOD.

With all the rush of college life there are yet some of us who take time to discover the haunts and habits of the birds. Early Sunday morning, May 7th, a party of eight walked to Bolles' wood in search of their feathered friends. Their greatest find was a whip-poorwill. They also saw chewinks, catbirds, red-start, chestnut sided warbler, parula warbler, black and white warbler, flicker, oven-bird, cow-bird, goldfinch, blue-birds, and robins. After a very satisfactory bird-hunt, the party cooked a delightful outdoor breakfast.

FORMER STUDENTS VISIT CAMPUS.

Here, there, and everywhere might be seen Alumnae and ex-members of the Junior class over Prom week-end. Robert Newton, Dorothy Gregson, Laura Batchelder, Charlotte Hall, Josephine Pareme, Dorothy Payne, Elizabeth Colladay, Katherine Shaw and Margaret Davies, all were welcome guests on campus.

ON WITH THE DANCE.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

The Freshman waitresses, in Ting-a-Ling costumes, served punch between dances and pistachio ice cream in pyramid forms with small cakes and fancy crackers during the intermission.

Helen Hemingway had charge of the entire affair, with Mary Birch as week-end chairman. Marion Johnson, Alice Holcombe, Helen Barkerding, Ethel Ayers, and Claire Calnon also served as members.

He failed in Physics, flunked in Chem. They heard him softly hiss—"I'd like to catch the guy who said that ignorance is bliss."

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JOB HUNTERS, BEWARE!

Concluded from page 3, column 2.

Twenty-six of us scrambled in and lolled abandonedly on the soft, sweet smelling hay. The night was superb and the ride merry. Even the most ponderous individuals cracked jokes. The road was smooth and the horses perfectly safe. After a while we stopped; everyone got out and stretched 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 in burning bacon, spilling the hot coffee on their companions, and being a general nuisance. They thought themselves useful, however, and all were happy. On the way home conversation lulled and some few souls became fidgety. Immediately I burst into a sentimental song and all joined me and sang the rest of the way home.

I was gradually learning by experience. Disregarding their urging and apparent enthusiasm for any one event I must not plan the same thing twice. My resources were being weeded 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 whose turn it was to remain at home? Must they be idle and become too introspective once more? Of course not! They could play cards—bridge, five hundred, or solitaire, 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 while the others played cards, until at last the picnic-card craze died out.

Then another change was needed. I was near desperation. My ingenuity, to say nothing of my pep, was almost exhausted. This time I must find something useful. Music! Ah, yes, what could be more soothing? I was not a musician but there was the victrola. With the utmost care I sorted the records and announced that there would be a victrola concert. I foresaw that some would be restless and suggested they bring knitting or sewing. Knitting! How could I ever have made such a mistake. They approved of the idea. Oh, yes. Sweaters, scarfs, bed jackets, baby blankets, mittens, bed socks, and innumerable other things were started. At all hours of the day and night I was besieged. "Oh, Miss Lemert, I've made a little mistake. Would you mind fixing it for me?" "Could I refuse when I was the innovator?" The victrola idea worked beautifully, but the knitting!

I might go on indefinitely, naming other forms of diversion I introduced—social dancing, aesthetic dancing, plays, reading aloud, automobiling, golf, gardening, but soon each was destined to the same inevitable fate. 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 remained 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 insatiable craving for something new had exhausted me and at last I succumbed. I fled, 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 here, she is there, turning and tripping gaily, softly, fantastically. I—I am near her and as she gently twists me in her finger tips I am happy.

Hush—and silence for one 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 velvety whiteness is a red mark, left by her lips. Swiftly I pass through space, and I—her white, white rose—am caught by an adoring lover.

Years have passed. I no longer am white, velvety, and fragrant. Instead I am soft brown, brittle, and my sweetness has changed to mustiness. But faintly, very faintly, can be seen a mark—her mark. It is where my mistress kissed me. Long ago she forgot the 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 things about her beauty; but now—I lie year in and year out between the leaves of this great book—crushed and sad. But my kiss—her kiss—is there, and I have not forgotten her—my dancing mistress.

TAIL-LIGHTS.

Pianist at Comedy announcing the next chorus—"Please Marry Me."
 Mr. G.—"Any time you're ready."

Buy your umbrellas when the sun is shining; they usually go up when it rains.—Juggler.

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

May Birch (admiring scenery on island)—"I'd like to go nutting here!"
 Mr. Hatch Conn (accommodatingly)—"I'll climb up a tree and fall for you!"

Dr. Wells (receiving some seventy or more couples)—"Now I know what it is to be President and shake hands with the multitudes."

ACCORDING TO HER COOK BOOK.

Mrs. Young Bride—"Mersey! That pie is burning and I can't take it out for ten minutes yet!"

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