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### ConnCensus Vol. 43 No. 3

Connecticut College

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# Garb, Gab, and Gals Galore



Mascot Hunt came to a triumphant close at five o'clock on Wednesday, October 9. At four-thirty, the Sophomores were still engaged in clue-hunting and the Juniors were eagerly awaiting the news that someone had, after three days of searching high and low, found the banner. Within the next half hour, the banner was discovered inside a pillow, and the final clue inside a tennis ball. While the Sophomores heaved sighs of relief and exhaustion, the Juniors threw down their slickers to don dresses and heels in anticipation of Junior Banquet, which was to be held in Freeman and Jane Addams.

It is the custom for the two classes to meet after dinner to discuss informally the haps and mishaps of the Hunt. When the Juniors had settled themselves comfortably in Knowlton Salon with cups of coffee and knitting, the Freshmen entered and, under the leadership of Martha Guida, class song leader, sang their class song

for the first time. The Sophomores then entered en masse. Following the announcement of the Junior Class Gift, the fun began with the reading of the suspect lists. The Sophomores were victorious in this respect, getting a total of three out of ten correct guesses. Unfortunately, the Juniors were not so perceptive and their score was considerably lower—namely zero. Then as the Juniors hung their heads in shame, the actual committee members were revealed. The members of the Sophomore Class Secret Committee were: Jeanne Chappell, President; Polly Kurtz, Keeper of the Log; Jill Reale, Linda Strassenmeyer, Jane Harris, and Sue Ryder. Their Runners were: Pebbles Rockefeller, Maureen Mehls, Joan Wertheim, Kathy Warme, Nancy Waddell, and Robin Schaw. Members of the Junior Committee were: Emily Hodge, President; Judy Eichelberger, Keeper of the Log; Mimi Adams, Betsy Peck, Judy Petriquin, and Jan Blackwell. Their Runners were: Sally Flannery, Peggy Brown, Mary Byrnes, Muffy Hollowell, Andy Thelin, and Mary Elsbree.

Polly Kurtz stepped forward to read the events recorded by her in the Sophomore Log. For the benefit of those who did not attend the festivities, ConnCensus has chosen to reprint a portion of what was contained therein.

"Mascot Hunt started at 7 a.m. Monday morning . . . A meeting was planned in the Auditorium for 12:15 that day. The secret committee was told to lie down between the rows. Jill Reale arrived at 12:25 wearing sunglasses and a rainhat. Sue Ryder arrived at 12:26 wearing a pink sailor hat. Jane came at 12:27 wearing sunglasses. Linda and Jeannie never appeared . . . At dinner on Monday night in Freeman, all the girls brought trench coats and two Ideal Linen towels. Naturally, the

Juniors were there, but still didn't know exactly what would happen except that our manners were mysterious . . . during the excitement of the meal, B. G. Flower received a phone call, but like a loyal Sophomore, her reply was, "Tell him to call back later." As the meal progressed, more and more Juniors appeared outside the doors, their noses pressed to the glass. Fearing mob violence, we called Branford and were guaranteed their aid . . . After the dishes had been cleared, a blanket was hung in front of the glass doors, and the venetian blinds were closed. All 87 of us, dressed in our prescribed attire, trudged out of the dining room. We were successful; the Juniors were baffled, and Jeannie succeeded in getting away . . ."

The Junior Log took the form of an A. A. Milne creation, the committee members assuming the proportions of characters in Winnie-the-Pooh. Emily-the-Pooh Hodge and her friends Piglet Adams, Christopher Robin Peck, Rabbit Petriquin, Eeyore Blackwell, and Owl Eichelberger were pitted against the Sophomore Woozles and their leader, Hefalumph Chappell. Reprinted below are portions of this fanciful account of how Mascot Hunt '57 might have been viewed by Mr. Milne.

"Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Spring, Winnie-the-Pooh invited us all, including I myself the Owl, to come to a very important meeting. Pooh said not to tell a soul or to let anyone know we were going, because it was all very, very secret. Thus on this very foggy night, I left my beech tree in the forest and flew to the third floor of Fanning.

One fine Fall day, after a long, long time, as Winnie-the-Pooh was brushing away the leaves in front of his house, he happened to look up and there was Piglet. Piglet See "Mascot Hunt"—Page 4

## Conn Census

Vol. 43—No. 3 New London, Connecticut, Thursday, October 10, 1957 10c per copy

### Miss Julie, Film Festival Winner Scheduled Oct. 12

The campus movie scheduled to be shown on October 12 is Miss Julie, winner of the Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival. The film story is an adaptation of the play of the same name by August Strindberg, and features Anita Bjork, Ulf Palme and Anders Kenrikson in the leading roles.

The story is set in Sweden in 1888 and the action takes place in a few hours on Midsummer's Eve on the estate of a Count. The owner of the estate has gone out, but his beautiful daughter, Miss Julie, remains to view the festive celebrations of the servants. Suddenly she demands of Jean, the valet, played by Ulf Palme, that he dance with her. When the young man refuses to do as she asks, Julie wanders out into the field to watch the young lovers there. Jean meanwhile confides the story to his fiancée, Kristin, the cook.

When Kristin has left the kitchen, Julie reenters and begins to flirt with Jean. Slowly the two become friendly and an affair is begun which leads to the eventual seduction of the girl. Stricken with remorse at her actions, Julie tries to persuade Jean to run away with her, in order to escape the wrath of her father. The valet realizes, however, that the gap between servant and master can never be bridged and tries to explain this to her.

In a final effort to win him over to her way of thinking, Julie tells Jean the tragic story of her growing up and her unhappy love affair. By this time the evening is drawing to a close and as the sun begins to rise, bringing with it the approach of the Count, the lovers come to the realization that they can never go away together. Julie appeals to Jean for help and his answer to her brings the plot to a shocking and dramatic conclusion.

The film, a Swedish export, is presented by Rogers and Unger Associates. Its running time is 91 minutes, which give the promise of being an hour and a half of excellent dramatic enjoyment.

### Tryouts October 16 By Wig and Candle For Chalk Garden

Room 111 in Fanning on Wednesday, October 16, will be the scene of try-outs for The Chalk Garden, a three act play being sponsored by Wig and Candle the week end of the Sophomore Hop.

Written by Enid Bagnold, The Chalk Garden was Siobhan McKenna's first American production a couple of years ago. The play concerns an elderly woman, her daughter and granddaughter, and a governess who comes into their lives. The action is dominated by a butler who is never seen and about whom circulates an aura of mystery.

The grandmother, whose daughter and granddaughter are not overly well adjusted themselves, spends the entire course of the play trying to raise a chalk garden without much success. At last the daughter and granddaughter leave the old woman, with the hope that, once out from under her influence, their lives will assume some aspect of normalcy. The governess, on the other hand, remains with the old woman to help her raise the chalk garden.

Mary Ann Handley, President of Wig and Candle, urges anyone interested in trying out to be present in Fanning, October 16, from 5:00 to 6:00 and from 7:00 to 9:00. There are eight excellent character parts in The Chalk Garden, six female and two male roles.

### Shoo, Flu!

All those who have not as yet received Asiatic flu shots are cordially invited to drop into the infirmary—immediately. As of 4:00 on Wednesday there were no cases of flu on campus. Other colleges—Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Trinity, Williams, and Harvard—already have serious epidemics, and have been quarantined. Needle-less to say, we want to avoid being quarantined if possible.

Remember—a shot of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

### Richard Niebuhr, Professor at Yale, Will Speak Sunday

The speaker at the Vesper Service this Sunday will be Helmut Richard Niebuhr, Professor of Christian Ethics at Yale Divinity School. The service is at 7:00 p.m., Sunday, October 13, in Harkness Chapel.

A graduate of Elmhurst College, Illinois, Dr. Niebuhr attended Eden Theological Seminary, secured his M.A. at Washington University, his B.D. from Yale Divinity School, and his Ph.D. from Yale University.

Mr. Niebuhr is an ordained minister of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. After holding a brief pastorate in St. Louis, he became a professor in Eden Theological Seminary, and later President of Elmhurst College. In 1931 he was made Associate Professor of Christian Ethics in Yale Divinity School and in 1938 professor.

Mr. Niebuhr is the author of Social Sources of Denominationalism, The Kingdom of God in America, and The Meaning of Revelation.

The following hymns will be sung by the choir at this Vesper service: My Shepherd Will Supply My Need, arranged by Virgil Thompson, and Blessing, Glory, and Wisdom, ascribed to J. S. Bach.

### Freshmen Feted by Juniors at Coffee

The Junior-Freshman Entertainment has become a coffee this year. Thursday, October 10, is the evening the Junior Class will entertain its sister class, the Freshman, in each of their three dorms, Harkness, JA, and KB.

Each house is inviting Freshman groups to an evening coffee instead of a series of games and hunts as in previous years. In this way the Juniors hope to promote a more friendly and personal relationship with their sister class. Lynn Graves as social chairman is in charge of the Entertainment.

### Martin Masters Assumes Post Of Press Relations Director

President Rosemary Park has announced the appointment of Martin M. Masters as director of press relations for Connecticut College.

A native of Lebanon, Conn., Mr. Masters has worked on the editorial staffs of several Connecticut newspapers, including the Hartford Courant and the Hartford Times. He has also had experience in radio broadcasting, public relations, publications and advertising.

He received an A.S. degree from Willimantic State Teachers College in 1945 and a B.S. degree in sociology from the University of Connecticut in 1947. At the university he worked on the staff of the student radio station, drama workshop, literary magazine and the Connecticut Campus student newspaper. He was awarded the Walter E. Stemmons award of 1946, given outstanding members of the Campus staff.



Mr. Martin M. Masters

After graduation he was a social worker with the Connecticut State Welfare Department in the Division of Public Assistance. He has also been associated with summer theater and does free lance writing for newspapers and magazines. He will continue as promotion director for the American Dance Festival and Connecticut College School of the Dance, a position he has filled for the past three years.

### Press Articles

Interested in municipal government, Mr. Masters was assistant in public relations to former City Manager Irving H. Beck of Norwich for two years and has written articles on consolidation and the council-manager system for the National Municipal Review and other publications. His articles have also appeared in The Rotarian Magazine, Afro-American Publications, New York Herald Tribune, Toronto Star Weekly, New York Sunday News, Vox-Cop and professional journals.

He is a former managing editor of The Scope, employee newspaper published by the Electric Boat Division, General Dynamics Corporation. Under his management the newspaper's format and typography were completely redesigned and the publication received an award for overall excellence given by the Connecticut Industrial Editors Association in 1955.

Mr. Masters is a member of the Colchester Junior Chamber of Commerce, Eastern Connecticut Public Welfare Association and the Connecticut Industrial Editors Association.

## Home Is Where You Are

Connecticut College students, faculty members, and alumnae have always given generously of themselves (their time and—when necessary—their money) to further the material and academic excellency of the school. Often, however, the community is forgotten. Service League has as one of its special functions the fostering of college-community relationships by the sponsoring of various charitable works. At two of these, Bloodmobile and the Community Fund Drive, the appeal is directed at the entire college.

The importance of answering these particular appeals cannot be over-stressed. One is expected to support the community in which one lives, and our support, therefore, should go to New London, as the town in which we spend three quarters of every year. The pat objection to this is, of course, that our fathers include us in what they give to the drives in our own hometowns. This idea fails to stand careful scrutiny, for our fathers do not base the size of their gifts upon the number of their dependents (at least, not directly). Even if this were the case, however, we as dependent students still lack a way out. The area of New London is a much better place in which to live, a much safer and a much healthier one, because of its own charity projects. It is to our benefit to help New London, because we cannot help but be affected by the general welfare of its citizenry. Bloodmobile especially, gives life to a program which could literally save our lives.

But the real reason for helping New London goes beyond this. Establishing and maintaining friendly relationships between college and town is essential to each unit concerned. In our particular situation, the relationships are very good. The college brings money and cultural programs to the town, and the town supports our programs. This mutual give and take relationship is not, unhappily, always present between a college and its surrounding area. We know of a case in West Virginia where the town voted to have the State Prison rather than the State University within its limits. This town made its decision on the basis of bad-relationships which it had noticed at the time in various other college towns. New London is our friend; support her.—BKS

by Jean MacCarthy '59

Sarojini Balreddy came to the United States this summer from Madras, India. She lived in Bronxville, N. Y., and in New London with members of the Warnshuis Foundation. Saro is very eager to learn all about American women—their customs and culture—in order to accurately represent American

women to different groups in India. She also wishes to share with her students "the rich experiences which I gain here through my academic courses." Saro herself very graciously answers any and all inquiries concerning life in India.

Saro has noticed the biggest difference between India and the United States in their school sys-

tems. Saro started school in southern India when she was five years old. In India the school year begins in the middle of June and continues until about the third week in September. This is the end of the first term and school commences two weeks later after the September holidays. This second term, called the "short term," ends in the third week of December for the Christmas Holidays.

The final term begins during the second week of January and this "long term" does not terminate until the third week of April. The number of grades in Primary and Secondary school are somewhat similar to ours except in high school. Saro went to three years of high school which would be equivalent to our four years.

Saro then attended an "Intermediate" or Junior College. When Saro was in school, there were not any four year colleges near her. During these two years Saro majored in Chemistry. Unlike our colleges, she could only take courses in chemistry, physics, logic, English, and her mother tongue. After these two years, Saro continued her education in one of the colleges in Madras. Here she majored in Home Economics.

After these four years of school, Saro got her B.S. degree. Then she went to a Teachers Training College where she received her B. T. diploma. Saro was now twenty and she procured a position in her own high school teaching children ranging from twelve to sixteen years. She taught English, General Science, and Home Economics to a student body composed almost entirely of girls. Saro has taught for four years in this school which is 100 miles from her home in Madras.

All of Saro's schools were mission institutions, and she was educated mostly through scholarships. Many of the Indian children do not go to school at all. Some will attend until the fifth grade, others until the eighth, and some even through high school. The children of these missions are of all religions and languages.

Saro is able to speak and write two Indian languages and English, and she is able to speak a third Indian language. After Connecticut, Saro would like to study in a University which would be credited by her University in India, so that she could receive her M. S. in Home Economics.



a boy of 19, and also a student of National High School. A negro of See "Free Speech"—Page 3

## Free Speech

A Forum of Opinion From On and Off Campus

The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect those of the editors.

(Editor's Note: The following letter was received by us last week. We have the idea that the boy who wrote it did not realize that we are a "female" college; but if anyone could arrange to have this letter passed on to a proper place, both Mutaini and ConnCensus would be pleased.)  
Mutaini Quihoyi  
16, Porter Street  
Lagos, Nigeria

Dear Sirs,

It has been my wish to have pen-friends in America as I have had in some other parts of the world. But when your address was given to me by one of my best friends, I seized this immediate golden opportunity of writing you. Also I wish you will not disappoint my hope by failing to publish my name and address in your newspaper.

Before I go further, I like to introduce myself—I am a boy of good character, moral and obedient. My name and address is as you have mentioned above. I am

## So You Think We Live In That Ivory Tower

by Sue Ryder '56

If the going-back-to-school dol-drumms have hit you full blast, and you'd like to do something to brighten up your outlook, why not try the latest thing from Fifth Avenue? It's the "cupcake silhouette," no shoulders, no waist, no nothing; just one bulge from head to foot. One store offers it in flowing black silk chiffon, guaranteed to pep up your spirits and wow everyone at Fife and Mondo's. The cost for all this cheer? A trifling \$470.

Some Washington, D. C., sub-debs must have had something of the same idea in mind when they decided to brighten up their next party with the addition of none other than Vice President Nixon. But before all you Sophomores rush to your stationery

with just the thing for Soph Hop Weekend, take heed. The Vice President was very appreciative and all that, but he just couldn't make it. The Government, or something.

And you'd really have to be down in the dumps before you'd try this remedy, originated by a disgruntled student in sunny Italy. In the midst of a discourse on the Pythagorean Theorem, it seems, this boy decided he just couldn't stand it any longer. So he whipped out his trusty revolver and plugged the stupid thing six times right through the hypotenuse. Having thus given vent to his frustrations, he was carted off to jail, to await trial on charges of disturbing the peace.

And finally, here's a way to make money while you're cheering yourself up. You might try painting in the manner of an English art student. Here's how. Take one canvas and several cans of paint. Spill the paint on the canvas, then run over it in your bare feet, throw broken glass at it, and ride over it with a flat bicycle tire. Let the result dry, and sell it for \$280.

If you're planning to break a leg or an arm in the future, be sure that you're in Long Branch, New Jersey, when you do. The hospital there offers you not just a prosaic old white plaster cast, but new pastel shades! You can have pale rose, blue, or yellow, or flesh if you're unimaginative. Does wonders for your morale.

And when you buy your next moskovich automobile, why not play it safe and get the newest model? It's just the thing for those tropical sojourns... ant-proof! Its seats and motor parts are absolutely safe from those pesky little bugs. That extra touch of security is yours for only twelve thousand dollars. (Editor's Note: twelve THOUSAND DOLLARS?—wow, better start saving your Confederate money.)

## Flick Out

CAPITOL THEATER

Wed., Oct. 9—Sat., Oct. 12

No Down Payment  
Sheree North  
Copper Sky  
Jeff Morrow

Sunday, Oct. 13—Tuesday, Oct. 15

Task Force  
Gary Cooper  
Fighting 69th  
George Brent  
Alan Hale

GARDE THEATER

Wed., Oct. 9—Sat., Oct. 12

St. Joan  
Richard Widmark  
Richard Todd  
Jean Seberg

Spring Reunion  
Betty Hutton  
Dana Andrews

Sunday, Oct. 13—Tuesday, Oct. 15

The Young Don't Cry  
Sal Mineo  
James Whitmore  
No Time to Be Young  
Robert Vaughan

## Chapel Programs

Friday, October 11

8:00 a.m.—Andrea Thelin '59

Sunday, October 13

7:00 p.m.—Dr. Richard Niebuhr, Yale Divinity School

Monday, October 14

8:00 a.m.—Silent Meditation

Tuesday, October 15

5:20 p.m.—Mr. Miller

Wednesday, October 16

4:20 p.m.—Mr. Sherman R. Knapp, Connecticut College trustee. As president of the Connecticut Light and Power Company, his topic will be "Outlook for Atomic Electric Power in New England."

Thursday, October 17

5:20 p.m.—Organ Meditation, Mr. Quimby  
Music by Dietrich Buxtehude

1. Prelude and Fugue in E minor
2. Chorale Prelude—"Christ Our Lord to the Jordan Came"
3. Fugue in C major
4. Passacaglia in D minor
5. Prelude and Fugue in F sharp minor

Friday, October 18

8:00 a.m.—Margaret Goodman '59

## ConnCensus

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# Dear Diary . . .

(Editor's Note: The following is a more or less—choose one—authenticated account that we came across in our Freshman Sister's room. We thought that it was so good that we decided to borrow it for a while. We hope to be able to continue borrowing it for the rest of the year. Any letters that our readers wish to send to this diarist should be addressed to FRITZY.)

**Friday, October 4, 1957**

Dear Diary,  
Today I became a scientist—My biology lab. We were discussing field bio. We decided that the best way to study our creatures would be to visit their habitats. With butterfly nets in hand, and jars staunchly in our grubby fists, we started out, with the precision of a cadet corps—"to the Aboretum!" was the cry! I really looked impressive swishing my white net—butterfly, not hair—through the long grass trying to catch insects—having caught them, we had to take care of them so they would be in good shape for our observations.

We returned not quite as enthusiastically as we left—in fact, it really wasn't too near after all. I think that I will buy moth balls for my drawers tomorrow; I hate moths and such.

Am very stiff,  
Love,

**Saturday, October 5, 1957**

Dear Diary,  
This morning dragged slowly as I impatiently waited for the moment when my anxious eyes would again behold my date—a COASTIE— Oh well, C'est la vie,

## Are You Coming? Pressboard Meeting On October 14th

This Monday, October 14, Pressboard welcomes any and all interested to its first organizational meeting in Fanning 111 at 5:20 p.m.

Our campus news agency is an essential arm of the Connecticut College Publicity Office and can be a strong source of college publicity. Letting newspapers know what is going on on our campus—that we exist—is most important. Giving them the true facts is equally essential.

Pressboard offers you an opportunity for fun, invaluable experience which any future employer will like to see on your record, and in time the possibility of becoming a permanent correspondent for one newspaper WITH PAY! Neither experience nor glamorously stylish writing is needed—we will train you.

Photographers with a press camera are also urgently needed and there are many other openings for jobs.

All are most heartily welcomed to the meeting.

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beggars can't be choosers. During the movie there wasn't a place for the poor boy to put his hat so he decided the ideal place would be my head, I discouraged him by throwing wet kleenex in his face. Now he knows I really had a cold. After the movie Death at Cross Bars Pass, we sated our appetites at the "Raspberry Briar Patch" since the time was getting late (10:05 p.m.) I decided we'd better hustle. We walked back, or should I say hobbled, in my four inch spikes, arriving at my sanctuary by unlocking the door, time (10:15). Am really bushed. Will write tomorrow.

**Thursday, October 3, 1957**

Dear Diary,  
Tonight I heard RUMORS that the dinner was to consist of liver and bacon, so I decided it would be nice to go to the Snack Shop. At 8:00, starved, I rushed madly to get a big juicy hamburger, only to find the Snack Shop closed. A coca-cola was my only alternative. So I went from the Snack Bar to the only coke machine. It, of course, was empty. So Dear Diary, I am so hungry, I am too weak to write. Am hoping for a good breakfast.

**Sunday, October 6, 1957**

Dear Diary, Slept till noon—was supposed to meet that at Church, but I just could not get up.

Went to lunch—pretty good, chicken, etc. Then played bridge, skipped dinner, more bridge. I'm exhausted! Goodnight.

**Monday, October 7, 1957**

Dear Diary,  
I have a problem; I have been at Conn. for three weeks and I'm in love with my history teacher. I've fought it, I really have, but everytime I go to class, ALL I can think of is him! I know he doesn't even know I exist. Everytime he speaks, my heart plays tic-tac-toe with my stomach, "Now that I love him my heart's in my nose and his tobacco is my favorite perfume" (Carousel). My biggest problem is that if I keep my eyes on him too much, I'll be below point. Then I won't be able to go to winter carnival. What can I do?

Hopelessly desperate

**Tuesday, October 8, 1957**

Dear Diary,  
This morning I woke up and it was raining. I hear this ain't unusual but it sure is depressing—oh—I keep forgetting, the word depression is out of fashion this

year—actually, I no longer care for the style of the day because if anyone has a right to be depressed, I do.

In the first place I slept thru the class that that divine Hist. prof. teaches that I told you about yesterday. Then, what could be more depressing than no mail? You're right! I got three Dear Mary letters. This kind of poops next weekend—and—there is no Trinity mixer—this kind of louses a lot of weekends maybe. When I finally got to lunch, having slept thru breakfast, having had coffee jitters all morning, and discovered that consisted of fried squash, burnt sausages, sour milk, wilted lettuce, surprise! Suddenly I felt sick—so I went to the infirmary. There they discovered I hadn't had my Asiatic flu shot yet so now I have a sore arm and I think I'm getting a cold. It's now only 4:00 p.m. and I decided that today was too depressing to continue, so I have retired for the night!

**Wednesday, October 9, 1957**

Dear Diary,  
Mascot Hunt has been going on—What madness this is! I really tried to do my part—you know, join the crowd—Well anyway, I followed my Senior Sister all afternoon because I think she's on a secret committee—but I didn't learn a thing. Tonight we give our flowers to the Juniors at some dinner. They never did tell us why. Tradition, I suppose!

Received a D—on my posture picture today—So now I have to do exercises and have my picture taken over an' over again 'til I can hold my big fat stomach in and throw my shoulders back—

Letters from Mother today and a check from Dad—Guess that's all—Better head for the library and some Sr.'s carrel—(they never use them!).

## Free Speech

(Continued from Page Two)

Yoniba descent. My hobbies are table-tennis, swimming, football and athletic.

Also an intimate friend of mine wants his name and address to be published too. His name is Fa-

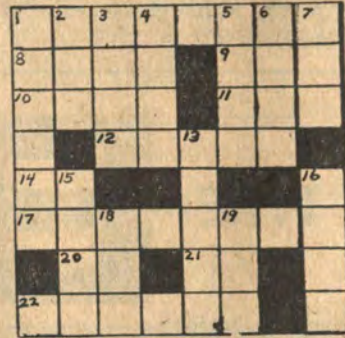
## Crossword Puzzle

Across

- One of the duties of a student under the honor system is to \_\_\_\_\_.
- The other function of the only "temporary" building on campus.
- Alpha Chi \_\_\_\_\_.
- The former first company at the Coast Guard Academy.
- An infantile manner of speech (spelled backwards).
- The name of our yearbook.
- Freshmen have been on \_\_\_\_\_ this past week.
- The Irish version of the street on the East side of campus.
- Comparative suffix.
- An active organization on Campus.
- Found on Ocean Beach (or the mystery meat of the week).

Down

- THE all-college meeting.
- A small amount.
- Served at all meals.
- The college version of butter.
- One of the golf clubs.
- To be "with it" is to be \_\_\_\_\_.
- "To live high on the \_\_\_\_\_."
- A handy thing to have on washday. (First word only of the three word phrase.)
- A happening which gives a clue to the future.
- A \_\_\_\_\_ sock.
- Feminine appellation.
- Necessary to most forms of propulsion. (Or what you take when you do this puzzle.)



tan Aronine of 4 Atin Street, Lagos. A student of my school. His age is 20.

I shall be very much grateful if my application is favorably considered. See "Free Speech"—Page 4

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# Jean Seberg Plays Saint Joan; Reviewer Overlooks Faults

by Carol Plants '60

Following in Ingrid Bergman's footsteps "to raise the siege of Orleans and crown the Dauphin Charles at Rheims Cathedral," is a hard task for Jean Seberg. As the screen's latest and youngest St. Joan Miss Seberg almost looses her way. With Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, and Sir John Gielgud in supporting roles the story trudges to its best moments in the scene of Joan's court trial.

The Maid of Orleans travels with shaved head and a borrowed army uniform to the court of the Dauphin in order "that the will of God may be done in France." Turning what might have been a moving scene into a sacreligious episode, Joan incites the phlegmatic Charles "to dare and dare again in God's name."

Not satisfied with the Crowning of Charles at Rheims, Joan feels it is she who must rouse the Court of France and push the English out of la Mere Patrie. Appearing

more like a bright eyed ingenue than an inspired woman, Joan continues her pilgrimage entirely alone, with her companion voices urging her to carry out the will of God for France.

The climax however, is the very effective court scene where Joan is tried and momentarily repents her "sins." Among a great assemblage of Bishops and Higher Clergy, Joan in gunny sack is a forlorn yet emotionally inspired young woman. The Maid's faith is magnificent despite excruciating tension coupled with the knowledge of immediate torture to her person Joan renews her position before her God and the Court as the Archbishop echo's "Justice comes first." A moment later Joan is hurtled towards the awaiting stake.

The supporting players add moments of good characterization; the sets and costumes are quite interesting although not in color. Otto Preminger directed.

## Mascot Hunt

(Continued from Page One)

was walking around and around in a circle thinking of something else, and when Pooh called to him, he just went on walking. "Hello," said Pooh, "And what are you doing?" "Thinking," said Piglet Adams. "Thinking what?" said Pooh. "Thinking of where I can give two parties, and they are to be a special sort of party because of what you told us last Spring on that very foggy night . . ."

The first thing Pooh did on Monday Morning was to go and get dressed quickly and leave the Katherine Black Forest. He hadn't gone more than half way to the hockey field when a sort of funny feeling began to creep all over him. It began at the tip of his nose and trickled all through him and

## Free Speech

(Continued from Page Three)

sidered and our names and addresses are published. I beg to pause here.

Yours Faithfully,  
Mutaini Quihoyi

out the soles of his feet . . . then he thought, "I hope my special friends are all ready for our special party in the basement of Katherine Black Forest."

It was a strange sort of party that Piglet Adams had planned. It was given in a room about the size of a big cardboard box, and it had all kinds of wood and cans and stuff in it. Christopher Robin said he couldn't stand the odor, so he had to hold his nose, which he said wasn't very comfortable. I believed him . . . Pooh finally came to the party, since he was the host. When he came in, and I must admit he was rather out of breath, all he could say was "This is a meeting!" And for some reason we all repeated his words . . .

The night of the very same day, it rained, and it rained, and it rained. Piglet told himself that never in all his life—and he was goodness knows how old — 20, that's old—had he seen so much rain. "If only," he thought as he looked out Miss Taylor's window, "we had planned the second special party in Pooh's house . . ." Even I, the wise old Owl, said to myself, "I wish Pooh were with me. It is so much more friendly with two!" Not far off, Rabbit was saying to himself, "It's a lit-

tle anxious to be a very small animal entirely surrounded by water. But I'll make it!" Christopher Robin and Pooh got there by climbing trees, and all were there by 7:30. It wasn't a very long time before one of the special friend's friends told us that we could go home if we wanted to, or do what he was doing. "What ARE you doing?" asked Christopher Robin and Pooh, both of them together. "Hunting," said a friend who could run very fast. "Hunting what?" "Tracking something," said the other very mysteriously. "Do you think it is a Woozle?" I asked. "No," said Pooh, because the Woozle makes a different mark. It is either two Woozles and one, or two, as it might be, Wiz-zles and one, if . . . so it is! Woozles—let us continue to follow them.

And that's exactly what we did for a very long time—well, two days, if that's such a long time. Of course I haven't begun to tell you all the exciting things that happened to each of the special friends, but I, being the wisest of the wise, know that only they could tell it as it happened to them, if it DID happen to them at all, and of that I'm not really too sure . . .

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