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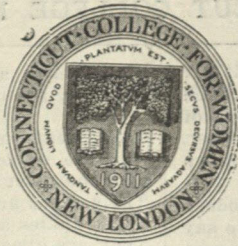
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CERCLE FRANCAIS GIVES "LES BOUFFONS."

Difficult Roles Well Taken By Caste.

The biennial play of the Cercle Francais was presented Saturday evening, December sixth, before a creditable audience with a success justly gratifying to all who figured in its production. The choice of Lamacois' "Les Bouffons" seemed a notably felicitous one, due to the engaging plot and varied character interest, the underlying thesis regarding the relative attractions to woman of wisdom and beauty, the abundance of action essential to a play couched in a foreign language, and the several comic elements. If the audience was responsive mainly to the overt and mechanical humor at the expense of that arising from the personages and dialogue, this was certainly not the fault of the actors.

The dilapidated dignity of a sixteenth century chateau was realistically presented in the first act, the bare walls being subsequently adorned with wreaths and flowers and pleasing color effects being introduced. The costuming and make-up were also carried out to an unusual degree of accuracy and elaboration, yet without exaggeration.

The leading role, that of René or Jacasse, was admirably filled by Pauline Alper '27. She delivered her lines with clarity, an enviable French accent, and excellent flexibility of tone, especially observable in her long lyrical passages. Her bearing was easy and unconscious and she seemed to have achieved the ability, rare among amateurs, of losing her own personality in the assumed one. Grace Demarest '25, in the allied part, Narcisse, also acquitted herself with credit despite the difficulty of giving an appealing interpretation of an essentially egotistic personage.

Though the role of the heroine seemed to have been made curiously subordinate by the author, it undoubtedly required acting ability to realize all its delicacy and finesse. Margaret Battles '27, brought out admirably the charming character of the unsophisticated but naturally refined Solange de Mautpré.

Vulcano, the amazing violino Fiorentine, won great popularity in its interpretation by Ruth McCaslin '26. The drunkard's reeling steps and hissing enunciation could not have been better simulated. The control with which the part was rendered is also to be commended, for any exaggeration here would readily have reduced the play to melodrama.

The difficult role of Olivier was excellently humanized by Mildred Beardsley '27, who showed versatility in playing equally well its pathos and humor and its moments of excitement.

Olive Hulbert '25, readily assumed her baronial dignity and proved real acting ability. Her long narration to the servants in the first act relative to the fictitious family treasure was notably well done.

Other parts worthy of mention are the vivacious Italian Baroco (Louise Wall), the delightfully, thrillingly

Continued on page 3, column 2.

ARE YOU WORKING FOR PEACE?

Through contributions made to the Student Friendship Fund you are helping to promote international fellowship and understanding among the students of the world.

WILL YOU HELP TO RELIEVE SUFFERING?

Your gift will mean immediate relief in the form of books, supplies, opportunities for self-help. If you have not already done so, give to the Student Friendship Fund without delay.

Eastern Press Boards Hold Conference.

Smith College Entertains.

The Association of Press Boards of Women's Eastern Colleges held a conference at Smith College, December 6th. Connecticut College sent as delegates the three officers of its Press Board: Alice Taylor '25, Hazel Pendleton '26, and Minnie Watchinsky '27. There were ten other colleges represented at the conference, Wellesley, Goucher, Radcliffe, Simmons, Skidmore, Brown, Elmira, Adelphi, New Rochelle, and Smith. It is pleasant to know that Connecticut College ranks second among these colleges in the management and development of Press Board work. Smith College easily holds the first honors.

The programme of the conference included informal conferences in the morning, concerning the gathering and distribution of news, followed by luncheon at The Manse. Mrs. Harry Greenby, of Mount Holyoke, Miss Helen MacMillan, of Wellesley, and Mr. Robert Withington, of Smith, were the speakers at the luncheon. In the afternoon there was a financial conference, followed by dinner at The White House Inn. Mr. McKernon, superintendent of the eastern branch of the Associated Press, delivered a most interesting lecture, in the evening, on "The Liberty to Know."

PROGRAMME PRESENTED BY MUSIC STUDENTS.

Students in the Department of Music gave an informal recital in the Gymnasium, Thursday evening, December 11th, at 8 o'clock. The programme is as follows:

1. Cyril Scott
Lento (from Pierrot Pieces)
Margaret Howard '28
2. Backer-Grondahl.....Waltz, Op. 36
Gertrude Salyer '28
3. Goltermann Andante
Komzak Fairy Tale
Roberta Bitgood '23
4. MacDowell Shadow Dance
Dorothy L. Ayers '28
5. Chaminade Madrigal
Isabel Bullis '25
6. MacDowell Witches' Dance
Frances R. Andrews '27
7. Massenet Elegie
Isabel V. Grinnell '27
8. Liszt.....Liebestraume in A Flat
Charlotte B. Sweet '28
9. Mary Helen Brown
(a) God touched a Rose

Continued on page 4, column 2.

Math. Club Holds First Open Meeting.

Mr. Rittenhouse C. P. A. Speaks.

The first open meeting of the Math. Club was held in New London Hall, Monday night at 7.00. A few of the faculty and many of the student body were present.

Dr. Leib opened the meeting with a little preliminary talk on theory and practice. He said that there should be more contact between the theory and practice of any subject studied. He claimed that this contact tends to produce better results. At the close of his talk, he introduced Mr. Charles B. Rittenhouse, C. P. A., of Boston, as the speaker of the evening. Mr. Rittenhouse has taught for several years and has been a worker in the outside world ever since.

Mr. Rittenhouse then delivered a most interesting talk in a very interesting fashion. He began by saying, "Whatever hopes are after college, you should be interested in it for two reasons. First for its vocational value, and second for its own value." He went on to tell of the many possibilities for graduates who have specialized in mathematics and business.

He said that the public accounting field holds many opportunities for women. For the time being, the field opens to women, inclined to take accountancy, is restricted to small shops, public institutions, and small businesses and colleges. Mr. Rittenhouse gave several suggestions. Women with proven spirit could open an office of public service in a small town. They would not only find it profitable, but also very interesting work.

Mr. Rittenhouse then told of the type of training needed for public accountancy. "You should have all the economic, banking, business and finance, salesmanship and mathematical training you can get." The ability to use the English language well is another requirement. "The accountant," Mr. Rittenhouse said, "must sell his idea, either in verbal statements or writing. The accountant must have constantly developed original ideas, have a creative ability, and must be able to analyze the problem before him."

"It is my opinion that the women of this country need a training in money and banking, very much more than men do," said Mr. Rittenhouse. Women should build a budget, and look out for future needs.

There are two benefits derived from business and mathematical courses, according to Mr. Rittenhouse. First, the certainty that the training will be of lasting value; that it makes

Continued on page 4, column 2.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH GIVES POETRY READING.

New London Poet Delights Audience With Her Works.

Convocation of December 9th had the privilege of hearing the poet, Anna Hempstead Branch, read and tell somewhat about a group of her own songs. Many New London people were at the lecture to enjoy the readings of their native poet.

Miss Branch had chosen for her audience ten poems from her store which she felt would be most greatly appreciated. Her choice was characterized by the local settings, inspirational tone, sympathetic and humorous themes, and childhood memories. All of Miss Branch's work is musically beautiful because of the strongly stressed rhythms.

The poet's first reading, she explained, was a poem conceived on our own college hilltop, years ago, when it was still an unbuild, wild, green knoll. The traveler's journey, which is the theme of this road song, circuits familiar old Connecticut towns, introducing the specific names as delightful surprises. "The Monk in the Kitchen," a lyric of labor, is characterized by its opening verses:

"Order is a lovely thing,
On disarray it lays its wing."

and, further on:

"Whoever makes a thing more bright
He is an angel of all light."

The poem describing the fury of a New London storm seemed especially genuine to C. C. listeners. The theme of the over-dressed city shop girl, who goes to meet her beau on Sunday, was both humorously and sympathetically treated in another selection. In her haunted charm, she is described as

"One of the sacred few
Who madly sought the best they knew."

Miss Branch's poem about a dog awakened a responsive chord of rebellion in the heart of her listeners:

"If there is no God for thee
Then there is no God for me."

"In the Beginning Was the Word" told in triumph of the author's experience of reading the Bible through in ten days, and of her finding in its diversity the note of unity she sought. "Vicarious" and "My Mother's Hands" must be grouped together as they both are particularly fraught with childhood elements. "The Bubble Blower" in its simple tale of loving service was immensely enjoyed by the listeners. Its advancing refrain fascinated:

"The Bubble Blower sat on his three legged stool,
Said he, I've just begun;
And the Bubble Blower blew and he blew,
And the Bubble Blower's clock struck one."

Perhaps the most beautiful of the whole group of poems read by Miss Branch during the hour was "My Mother's Words." The poet explained her own quaint fancy that words are the ancient spells and charms brought down to modern life. Then, in lovely appreciation, in her poem she characterized her mother's use of language:

"Her speech is as a thousand eyes
Through which we see the earth."

Connecticut College News

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PRACTICAL PACIFISM.

War comes from lack of understanding. It is bred through ignorance, through failure to arrive at a common point of contact, and from the emphasis of the trivial over the fundamental. Nations which understand and respect each other's aims, policies, and ambitions, can find no cause for war. In the same way, people who have a common interest, and who are working toward the same end, can hardly quarrel or disagree to any great extent. Such people always resort to arbitration if any difficulties arise, because they have a basis to work on, and cannot think each other capable of vicious intrigues.

The main thing is to find a point of contact. It would seem that artistic, literary, and intellectual interests held in common would be the most lasting and enduring. Students the world over have this great common interest, which they often fail to realize and to evaluate properly.

It is on such a foundation that peace is built. If pacifists who sincerely abhor war and all that it stands for would pay more attention to the fundamental causes and differences which bring on war—it would be better for the world. To resist war after it is an accomplished fact is to ignore the issue. The disease must be dug out by the roots.

In this Student Friendship drive, we on this campus have a chance to work for peace in a direct way. By recognizing fundamental interests we shall become pacifists—not of the ideal, abstract sort—but practical and useful.

FREE SPEECH.

[The Editors of the News do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.]

Dear Editor:

Stop a minute; look around; and listen to what is said. Are we deaf, dumb and blind? Are we using our heads at all? Are we just attending Connecticut or are we really part of it; adding every day a bit to its notorious spirit, an atom to its future greatness!

This college has changed! Student Government does not stand for all it did! Is it because our classes have not the stamina, the grit, the sportsmanship which those who have gone

before us had? Who will admit it? Probably no one, but it is true. Each one of us individuals as part of Connecticut College, our Alma Mater, which we love deeply, is falling down on her job!

We boast that we go to a modern college, an up-to-date college. We say proudly, "We have Student Government." And there it ends. We have an up-to-date college but we have not enough of the modern spirit of clean playing and squareness to be true to it. We have Student Government but do we give all we can to it, do we live up to its ideals? We have voted for it, what is the matter with us? Why not stick to it? If you don't like it come out and say so! If you believe in it live for it!

Just stop and think, don't just attend this college, become part of it and then you will come to appreciate its true value. '25.

I LIKE AMERICANS—THEY ARE SO RIDICULOUS.

Some Aspects of the Free and the Brave as Seen From the Place de l'Opera and Adjacent Points.

[This poem was written by an American girl who was a Red Cross Nurse during the war. Helen Hemmingway '24, who is studying at Tours, France, submitted the poem to the "News."]

I like Americans.
You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.
They sleep with their windows open; Their bath-tubs are never dry.
They are not grown-up yet. They still believe in Santa Claus.
They are terribly in earnest.
But they laugh at everything.
They know that one roll does not make a breakfast.
Nor one vermouth a cock-tail.

I like Americans.
They smoke with their meals
The Italians are nice;
But they are not so nice as the Americans.
But they have been told that they live in a warm climate.
And they refuse to heat their houses
They are forever sobbing Puccini.
They no longer have lions about to prey on Christian flesh.
But they have more than a sufficient supply of certain small carnivora.
And if you walk in the street alone, somebody pinches you.

I like Americans.
They give you the matches free.

The Austrians are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.
They eat sausages between the acts at the opera.
But they make you go out in the snow to smoke.
They are gentle and friendly. They will walk ten blocks out of their way to show you your way.
But they serve you paper napkins at the table.

And the sleeves of their tailored blouses are gathered at the shoulders.
And they don't know how to do their hair.
I like Americans.
They dance so well.

The Hungarians are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.
They make beautiful shoes.
Which are guaranteed to squeak for a year.
Their native tongue is like a typewriter in the next room, and every word beginning with the shift key.
Their wines are too sweet.
I like the Americans.
They wear belts instead of suspenders.

The French are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.
They wear the most charming frocks in the world.
And the most awkward underclothes.
Their shoes are too short.
Their ankles are too thick.
They are always forgetting where they put their razors.
They have no street-corner shoe-shining palaces, where a man can be a king for five minutes every day.
Nor any Sunday Supplement
Their mail-boxes are cleverly hidden slits in the wall of a cigar store.
They all put their cream into cheese.
Your morning cup of chicory is full of boiled strings.
If you want butter with your luncheon, they expect you to order radishes.
And they insist on serving the vegetables as if they were food.

I like Americans.
They make a lot of foolish laws.
But at least their cigarettes are not rolled by the government.
The material of which the French make their cigarettes would be used in America to enrich the fields.

In the city the French are delightful.
They kiss in the cafes and dine on the sidewalks.
Their dance halls are gay with paper ribbons and caps and colored balloons.
Their rudeness is more gracious than other people's courtesies.
But they are afraid of water.
They drink it mixed with wine.
They swim with wings.
And bathe with an atomizer.
Their conception of a sport suit is a black taffeta gown, long gloves with fringe on, a patent leather hand-bag, and a dish-mop dog.
In the country they are too darned funny for words.

I like Americans.
They carry such pretty umbrellas.
The Avenue de l'Opera on a rainy day is just an avenue on a rainy day.
But Fifth Avenue on a rainy day is an old-fashioned garden under a shower.
The French are a jolly lot.
Their cities have no traffic regulations.
And no speed limit.
And if you get run over, you have to pay a fine for getting in the way.
They have no ear drums.
Paris is the loveliest city in the world.
Until she opens her mouth.
Should the French go forth to battle armed with their taxi-horns, they would drive all before them.
I would "liefer" live in a hammock slung under the "L" at Herald Square, than in a palace within ear-shot of the Place de la Harmony.

I like Americans.
They are so ridiculous.
They are always risking their lives to save a minute.
The pavement under their feet is red-hot.
They are the only people in the world who can eat their soup without a sound as of the tide coming in.
They sell their bread hygienically wrapped.
The Europeans sell it naked.
They carry it under the arm.
Drop it and pick it up.
Beat the horses with it.
And spank the children.
They deliver it at your apartment.
You will find it lying outside your door on the door-mat.
And European hotels are so hateful and irritating.
There is never an ash tray in your bedroom.
Nor a waste basket.
Nor a cake of soap.
No sweet little cake of new soap all sealed in paper.
Not even a sliver left behind by a former guest.

No soap.
No soap at all.
And there's always a dead man in a blanket across the head of the bed.
And you can't get him out. He's tied there.
And the pillow-slips are trimmed with broken buttons.
That scratch your ears.

Then there are their theatres.
They make you tip the ushers.
And pay for your program.
The signal for the curtain to rise is the chopping of wood off stage.
Especially in France.
Have to get there forty-five minutes ahead of train time, or stand in the aisle all day.

Pay for every pound of trunk.
Never a soul in sight who knows anything about anything.
No place to sit.
No place to powder up.
And before they will let you in the station at all, they insist on your pushing two sous into a slot machine.

When you have just had your pocket picked of the last two sous you had in the world.
And you are expecting your only husband on the express from Havre.

I like Americans.
They let you play around in the Grand Central all you please.
Their parks are not locked at sunset.
And they always have plenty of paper bags.
Which are not made of back numbers of LeRire.

The English are nice.
But they are not as nice as the Americans.
They wear too much flannel.
No matter with whom they are dancing, they dance a solo.
No matter where they go, they remain at home.
They are nice. They keep the tea-set at the office.
But the Americans keep the dish-pan in the music room.
The English are an amusing people.
They are a tribe of shepherds, inhabiting a small island off the coast of France.

But they have one idiosyncrasy.
They persist in referring to their island as if it were the mainland.
The Irish are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.
They are always rocking the boat.
I like Americans.
They either shoot the whole nickel, or give up the bones.
You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.

The Time For
THE
LITERARY CONTEST
FOR KOINE
Has Been Extended Until
After Christmas

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**ARE YOU INTERESTED IN STUDENT GOVERNMENT?
THINK IT OVER DURING VACATION.**

Beginning with the first issue of the *News* after the Christmas vacation, there will be a Student Government Column in each issue. The purpose of this column is to provide a space for student criticism, suggestions, and questions. If you are dissatisfied with the existing order, if you have any constructive suggestions to make, or if there is something you don't understand, here will be the place to make yourself articulate. A box to receive such material will be placed in the basement of New London Hall.

**CERCLE FRANCAIS GIVES LES
BOUFFONS.**

Concluded from page 1, column 1.
Ingrubrious Hilaire (Estred Alquist), the titillating Nicole (Dorothy Wigmore), and the merchant (Jessie Williams).

The success of the presentation was largely the result of Dr. Setchanov's painstaking coaching of the cast whose indebtedness to her cannot be exaggerated. Madelyn Smith '26, as chairman of the Scenery committee, also contributed substantially to the effect of the production.

The characters of the play were as follows:

René dit Jacasse.....Pauline Alper '27
Nicole.....Dorothy Wigmore '25
Solange de Mautpré
Margaret Battles '27
Vulcano.....Ruth McCaslin '26
LeBaron de Mautpré

Olive Hulbert '25
Robert dit Narcisse
Grace Demarest '25

Olivier.....Mildred Beardsley '27
Baroco.....Louise Wall '27
Hilaire.....Estred Alquist '27
Jacques.....Margaret Rich '27

Roger.....Pauline Warner '26
Jeannet.....Katherine King '26
Julien.....Mary Clish '27

Pierre.....Alice Cook '27
Le Marchand.....Jessie Williams '26
1er Porteur.....Elizabeth Arnold '28

2e Porteur.....Aimee Wimelbacher '28
3e Porteur.....Grace Bennett '25
4e Porteur.....Katherine Bailey '26

Chairmen of Committees.
Publicity.....Lois Gordon '26
Scenery.....Madelyn Smith '26

Costumes.....Annette Ebsen '26
Properties.....Katherine King '26
Ushers.....Eleanor Harriman '25

**STUDENT GOVERNMENT
NOTES.**

Students are asked to take notice of the following regulations: Students may not return to college on trains arriving between 9 P. M. and 5 A. M.

Musical instruments, excepting pianos, may be played at the discretion of the students during the day.

Chaperonage for Students, Section 2. For movies, theaters and entertainments other than dances, the chaperons must be notified of the number and the names of those in their party, by 7 P. M. For dances she must be notified by 10 P. M.

**COLLEGE GIRLS AND
READING.**

College years are crowded so full with joyful work and energetic pleasure that often they seem to allow little or no time for desultory reading. For reading that is unproscribed and voluntary, that suits the individual personality and mood, surely this is so enjoyable and so very valuable a practice that some particular time should be set aside for it.

You say that this cannot be done, that the days are already stretched out so far that nothing more can be crowded in? Perhaps, but just try it and see. Catch the idle minutes that slip by you and invest them in what you want to read. Don't let your conscience, (and this is heresy) prick you too often toward those volumes that you feel you ought to read, but let it rest for a time while you go to the shelves where there are fairy tales, stories, novels, magazines. I warn you not to let it go too sound asleep or there will come disaster, for time cannot be made, it can only be reclaimed from the waste heap of our idleness.

Continued on page 4, column 2.

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ONE'S FRESHMAN YEAR AT COLLEGE.

To girls who have not been away to school before, coming to college means the beginning of a new and very different life. To any Freshman, it means an entire reversing of her ideas. The proverbial first hundred years are probably just about as difficult as a person's first year at college.

The Freshman year at high school is difficult, too. It represents a different mode of work than one has been used to before, and there are, of course, terrifying new rules, new ideas, and new standards. But it is not, on the whole, so revolutionary. The freshman at high school is among a group of girls and boys, a number of whom she has gone to school with before; she is at home where her parents still advise her constantly concerning everything she does; and she is living in the town to which she is accustomed, among friends whom she has always known. She soon becomes accustomed to the new routine, and the years are not slow in passing. Before long she has become a Senior, an exalted person towards whom (she believes) all underclassmen, particularly Freshmen, look with reverence and awe.

What a terrible shock it is to her the next year when she finds herself once more a Freshman, but this time a Freshman in a more terrifying sense! True, when she goes home for vacation, she will find it great fun to prattle to her friends, particularly the Seniors in high school who were Juniors the year before, on the overwhelming advantages of being a college woman with no parents to curtail her freedom, and with all sorts of new advantages. When she is home she will begin to feel very important with her par-

ents as though she were somebody, and her friends treating her with the respect she has always felt was due her. But vacations end, and when she leaves her home again it will probably be with a deepened feeling of being cast off by home and friends.

O, she enjoys her Freshman year; of course she does. But she is likely to consider it not as a year of fun, but as a year that must be lived through in order for her to become that object of admiration—a Sophomore.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND READING.

Concluded from page 3, column 3

However little you think is there, investigate and see if it is not more than you thought possible.

Should you feel the need of an added stimulus, just draw up a compact with yourself, or better with a group of friends. Decree the length of time that you should spend in reading and the forfeit to be paid, should you fail to do so. Perhaps this little prodding is what we need to make us do even that which we enjoy.

It would certainly be interesting to take a census of the reading that is done in college, and were this plan of submitting oneself to a pleasant obligation adopted, to see the difference in the lists, if any.

MATH. CLUB HOLDS FIRST OPEN MEETING.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

a better woman, who is able to manage her own affairs wisely. Second, large profits are derived.

After the close of the talk, a short business meeting was held.

PROGRAM PRESENTED BY MUSIC STUDENTS.

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

(b) Love came creeping into my heart

Dorothy Ward '25

10. Saint-Saens...Allegro Appassionata
Gertrude E. Noyes '25

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