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Conn Census

Vol. 47—No. 11 New London, Connecticut, Thursday, January 11, 1962 Price 10 Cents

The Club Presents *I Musici, Italian Group,* A Poetry Reading *To Play Baroque Pieces* By Franklin Reeve

The second meeting of The Club, an informal student-faculty group at Connecticut College whose purpose is to sponsor readings and discussions on the campus by poets, will take place Sunday afternoon January 14th at 4 o'clock in the Palmer Room in Palmer Library. The poet will be Franklin Reeve, who read at the college last year and appeared once before in 1959 on a panel of artists at Five Arts Weekend.

Mr. Reeve, who is also a student of Russian literature, returned last month from a half-year in Moscow and Leningrad, where he and his wife and children were invited by the Academy of Sciences of the Soviet Union. Their visit was arranged on an exchange basis for Russian scholars who were invited to this country by the American Council of Learned Societies.

In his appearance at Connecticut College, Mr. Reeve will read from his poems, but most of the one-hour talk will be given to remarks about the present literature of the Soviet Union.

The young poet is known for translations as well as for his verse which has appeared in the *Hudson Review*, the *New Yorker* and elsewhere. *An Anthology of Russian Plays* and *Five Short Novels* by Turgenev appeared last year in his translations. A critical work of the Russian Symbolist Alexandre Blok will appear shortly from the Columbia University Press.

During reading week, there will be activities held in the following sports: basketball, bowling, badminton, and riding at a reduced rate.

Guest artists in the third of the series of Chamber Music Concerts will be the "I Musici," the renowned Italian virtuoso orchestra. They will play here Tuesday, January 16, at 8:30 p.m. in Palmer Auditorium. There are tickets available.

"I Musici," organized at the Accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome by 12 performers on the violin, viola, cello, contrabass and piano, is currently making its fourth American tour. All performers are individually acclaimed artists in European concert circles. Each player takes his turn at both solo

and ensemble parts, in a unique revival of Baroque music.

They will open their Connecticut College performance with Pergolesi's *Concertino No. 5 in E flat Major for Strings and Cembalo*, and Vivaldi's *Concerto in E Major, Opus 51, No. 2 for Violins and Strings*. They will play *Sonata No. 4 for Violins, Cellos, and Bass* by Rossini.

Following the intermission "I Musici" will play Vivaldi's *Concerto in G minor for Strings and Cembalo*, *Divertimento in B flat Major, K 137* by Mozart, and Roussel's *Sinfonietta for String Orchestra, Opus 52*.



L. Osborne, Class President, Receives Work Scholarship

The Philip Morris Inc. has announced a campus recipient of the award of a Work Scholarship to Linda Osborne of Englewood, New Jersey. Mr. Raymond Jones, the Philip Morris Vice President for Sales announced the granting of this award as part of the corporation's College Scholarship Program. Miss Osborne is now attending Connecticut College, where she is presently a member of the Junior Class. Linda has been very active in many campus activities, including Student Government. Miss Osborne has served on Honor Court and is at present the President of her class. She has also devoted time to class Compet Plays, and athletics, such as Freeman basketball team competitions.

The cigarette firm, which was the first in the industry to support college level education by this method, also makes grants for higher education to children

of its employees and contributes to educational and research institutions in many areas of the country.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Osborne, who reside at 286 Engle Street, Englewood, New Jersey, Miss Osborne will serve as liaison between her campus and the Philip Morris offices in New York City. She will develop and work on advertising promotion projects for the king size Commander, Philip Morris, Parliament, Marlboro and Alpine brands.

Many of Philip Morris' present executives began their careers as campus business representatives. While the company's financial assistance to undergraduates carries no obligation, the sales force and other departments of Philip Morris list a number of men and women who have joined the company after having been associated with Philip Morris during their college careers.

Father Clifford, Franciscan Monk, Vespers Speaker

Father Leo Clifford of St. Bonaventure Monastery, Patterson, New Jersey, will be the guest speaker at the weekly Vespers, Sunday, January 14, at 7 p.m., in Harkness Chapel.

Born in Killarney, Ireland, the Rev. Father Clifford was educated at St. Brendan's in Killarney, St. John's College, Waterford, Ireland, and the University of Galway. He speaks Gaelic fluently as he did all of his studies in Gaelic.

The Rev. Father Clifford is a member of the Order of Franciscan Monks and has taught at St. Mary's College, Dublin. Before coming to the United States in 1954, he lectured and preached throughout Ireland and England.

In this country he has lectured extensively to the Catholic clergy and has continued his work as chaplain to the International Catholic Theatre Guild. In this capacity he has worked in Dublin, London, and Hollywood, and was associated with the BBC.

One of his most interesting experiences was that of coaching Sir Alec Guinness for his role in the film, "The Prisoners."

St. Mary's Choir of New London will be heard during the musical portion of the vespers program.

Blackstone Winner In Unique Project To Donate Books

The culmination of a unique project undertaken by the Freshman Class and organized by Skipper Skelly, Class President, dorm representatives, and Dean Johnson came Wednesday evening at 7:00 o'clock in the Main Lounge of Crozier-Williams.

Mr. Peter Seng of the English Department was the originator of the novel idea of having each member of the class bring one book to contribute to the Library. The Library could then keep the book, if it was not already a part of its collection, or sell the book in its regular book auction and use the money to get books it wanted.

Wednesday evening, at a gathering to which the Library Staff, faculty and administration were invited, the freshmen brought their books and built the pile up around Miss Johnson, Head Librarian. Miss Johnson spoke briefly for the Library Staff, acknowledging the receipt of the books. Skipper Skelly also spoke. Refreshments were served, and then the class, following Miss Johnson and Dean Johnson in a book brigade, took the books to the Library.

100% participation was the goal and competition was set up. See "Books Sale"—Page 8

The issue of whether or not to have house Honor Courts has mushroomed into one of the biggest controversies of the year. The "majority versus minority" rights has forced us into a re-evaluation of the Amalgo system. The question at hand does not seem to focus on the suitability of dorm Honor courts, but has reached into the method and procedure of the conducting of the meeting.

The most important point is that students must become aware of what is being brought up at Amalgo. Letters, articles and house meetings were presented to the student body during the last few months, yet many people were only vaguely aware of the proposed legislation, and some totally ignorant of the entire concept. It is essential that the students realize all the implications of proposals that intend to change the Constitution of Student Government, or to change something as important to us all as the question of religious activities on campus. When an important Amalgo is coming up, the students should prepare for it by examining their viewpoints, and taking a stand on the issue that they would be ready to defend. Each student should be acquainted well enough with the issue so that she will not be swayed to and fro by the amount of clapping. The student should be willing to listen to good points from the opposition, without having a closed mind. A vigorous debate is healthy in a democratic society. Secondly, this debate *must* be conducted properly.

The apparent minority coming from Fanning at 8:10 on Tuesday was not satisfied with the procedure of the meeting, and the remarks were not from mere "poor losers." The entire student body can not be expected to be parliamentarians, but more should be familiar with the rules of order. Too many things are done in a slipshod manner because of the time element and the fear of being picayune. Yet, when a body claims to be following parliamentary procedure, it must be expected that every action coincides with the rules. In a meeting that is limited because of the lack of time, all aspects of the debate should be relevant to the proposal. There is no time for speeches that are psychologically gauged to stir the audience toward emotional acceptance of the proposal.

The question also arose about the method of questioning and answering. Consideration must be given to all raised hands in the audience. By this, we mean that no preference should be given to those individuals who are known to be in the affirmative. Furthermore all questions should be answered with equal fairness, rather than with a reaffirmation of the original proposal. Queries that come from the opposition should not be ignored or shelved merely for lack of discussion time or lack of completion of details.

This past Amalgo has shaken our faith in the infallibility of true democratic system, including minority rights, parliamentary procedure, even the very issue of self-government itself. Our Student Government system gives us the right and the privilege to make changes needed for the betterment of the community. Let us continue to exercise this right.—L.A.M.



FREE SPEECH

A Forum of Opinion From On and Off the Campus
The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect those of the editors.

To the Editor:

Unfortunately I do not feel that the following statement is exaggerated: the individual students of Connecticut College will have to take immediate action or they will be endangering their rights as citizens of this community. In the Amalgo of January 9, we all witnessed an action known politically as "railroading." A motion, legally on the floor, was arbitrarily blocked by Miss Loving. The correct procedure, in view of the time limit, would have been to table the issue until the next meeting. We as students are in danger of losing our veto power over the executive's wishes.

Secondly, I should like to propose that the counting of hands is not an accurate process; this is not the fault of the tallayers, but of the process itself.

The important item of contest here is not only that which we have tried to vote on, but the vital issue of individual liberty in parliamentary affairs being annihilated.

Diana Ferris

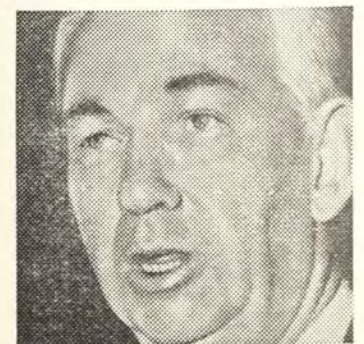
Dear Editor:

It is true that the heart of a religious attitude comes from within an individual, that unless the pursuit of one's religion is motivated from within one's own feelings, the religious forms one practices will be shallow and meaningless. A sure sign of religious decay is empty form and appearance. Religion, which is true grows and causes the believer to become receptive to other's needs and thoughts and simultaneously discouraged and hopeful about that which tends

to destroy the true creative spirit of a religious attitude.

With this understanding a student in college realizes that the number of girls who have a full formation of their own beliefs is very small. Most of us are still looking for our basic answers. With this awareness of a student's situation, it follows necessarily that an individual will pursue her own beliefs and at the same time not destroy this possibility for her fellow students.

The past generations of Connecticut College students, had
See "Free Speech"—Page 3



Strong man of the John Birch Society

His name is Robert Welch. He bosses a secret society of 60,000 members. In this week's Saturday Evening Post, Senator Young of Ohio speaks out in "The Voice of Dissent"—and tells why he believes the John Birch Society is "the most dangerous in America."

The Saturday Evening
POST
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Free Speech

(Continued from Page Two)

therefore, chosen to mark off certain periods in their daily routines when each girl could follow freely her own higher thoughts. In addition to this, students also incorporated a system of regular attendance to protect these certain hours. This system decided upon is not destructive, for it saves room for the possibility that perhaps even one girl, at one time during her four years here, might find an answer she could believe in. It did this, not by forcing attendance, but by protecting an hour in which that one girl could contemplate something higher than her own immediate routine. Without this protection, she might never have reached her own understanding.

The system does involve a sacrifice. It involves for some the sacrifice of time. For others it involves the sacrifice of a desire for a purely voluntary approach to an hour of contemplation. But for many, it also means two very important things—a practical recognition of a girl's harried academic situation during a week and a belief in the possibility that a system like this will let any student follow her own best understanding and at the same time help her fellow students by keeping alive the possibility for a religious pursuit.

Carol Williams '62

Dear Editor:

As two people who went on the sit-in Freedom Ride in Easton, Maryland, last Saturday, Jan. 6, 1962, we would like to explain why we feel it was a worthwhile experience which we would like to repeat.

We are members of a society which allows one racial group to place unfair restrictions upon another.

We are convinced that this situation must be changed and that Freedom Rides, Sit-Ins, and other forms of demonstrations are instrumental in bringing about the desired changes.

One important question confronted us before we went on the ride. Could we, as people inexperienced in demonstration action and unskilled in non-violent techniques, help in the civil rights movement? Our question was answered on Saturday.

We feel that we did help. The orientation and protest were so well organized that we were never in a position to make a serious or ehtAmestimtae error. At the same time we added to the number of the group and can hope that our obvious sympathy with and belief in the cause were a form of moral support.

This doesn't sound like much. It isn't when compared with the dedicated, consistent work of the Southern students. We can only

See "Free Speech"—Page 5

Religious Fellowship Explains College Policy About Religion

This article is intended to supply the students with information about the college policy concerning the activities of Religious Fellowship and to present our best understanding of the reasons behind it.

One basic question has to do with the organization of denominational groups. (I mean to include Roman Catholic and Jewish, as well as Protestant, denominational groups.) As you know, there is a broad statement about student organizations of a political, religious or similar nature, which says that no student group may be organized on campus with an affiliation to any larger organization. This policy, as many will agree, protects our own clubs and organizations from having to support officially any national statement or activity with which the club is not in agreement. This policy leaves room for individual support, but assures that no Connecticut College organization will be found in support of any policy which it had no actual part in promoting.

In the area of religion, many denominational groups have expressed the willingness to organize without outside affiliation. However, college policy further states that there shall be only one organization on campus which sponsors the activities of the various denominations, and that separate denominational meetings may not be advertised and organized to be held on the campus. In other words, Religious Fellowship, organized as a club to which all students belong, is required to be responsible for activities whether of a general or a specifically denominational nature if these are to be held on the campus. By conducting denominational programs in this way, it is thought that one organization, representing all students, can as-

sure a balanced distribution of activity, while avoiding religious divisiveness. At the present time, this is one area in which Religious Fellowship's program is being enlarged. Off-campus denominational student groups are also encouraged by Religious Fellowship and the college.

Another issue of primary concern is that of having separate regular weekly worship services orientated to the three main faiths and conducted separately on the campus by visiting clergymen of those faiths. The college policy is not in favor of such separate regular weekly services in the chapel. The main reason behind this aspect of the college policy is that the college prefers not to accept the responsibility for denominational worship as such. Rather it urges students to seek their own particular church's worship regularly in the churches of their choice in town. On the other hand the Vesper services are specifically designed to bring regularly to the campus a distinguished panel of notable theologians, religious philosophers, preachers and church leaders of national and world stature, and including each semester representatives of all three faiths. The Vesper music is designed to educate students in some of the great liturgical choral and organ works. The college hopes therefore that students will recognize these unusual opportunities to hear distinguished religious thinkers and leaders of all three faiths and will regularly avail themselves of this chance to broaden their religious knowledge and experience.

This article has been written for the dissemination of information and is not intended to be of an argumentative nature.

Carol Williams
Pres. of Religious Fellowship

Boston Symphony To Play Jan. 23 In Concert Series

The Boston Symphony will play here for the third in Connecticut College's Concert Series, Tuesday, January 23, at 8:30 p.m. in Palmer Auditorium. Violin soloist will be the world-famous Erica Morini. Charles Munch will be conducting.



Charles Munch

They will open the evening's program with Debussy's "Printemps." They will then play *Symphony No. 7* by Piston. Following the intermission they will perform with the solo violinist, Erica Morini, a *Violin Concerto* by Beethoven.

MISQUOTE OF THE WEEK
When in doubt, sack out.



Shirley Jones: sexpot or sweet young thing?

For years Shirley Jones was typed as "the girl next door." Yet she won an Academy Award in the role of a rough, tough trollop. In this week's Post, you'll learn how Shirley plays harlots and homebodies with equal conviction. And why many of her friends didn't want her to win an Oscar.

The Saturday Evening
POST
JANUARY 13 ISSUE NOW ON SALE

FLICK OUT

CAPITOL

January 10-16
Second Time Around
Debbie Reynolds
Purple Hills
Gene Nelson

January 17-23
Errand Boy
Jerry Lewis
Cry Freedom

January 24-27
Bachelor Flat
Tuesday Weld

GARDE

January 10-16
Roman Spring
Everything Is Ducky
January 17-20
Sail a Crooked Ship
Scream of Fear

January 21-23
Twist Around the Clock
Valley of the Dragons

January 24-30
Flower Drum Song
January 31-February 6
One, Two, Three

Destination-Baltimorej Purpose-Sit-in

by Jant Steinburg '64

We're in a room at Yale . . . the Gothic strains of "poor little lambs who have lost our way" temporarily forgotten by a small group who know that their way is to Baltimore, Maryland. It's nice to know our destination, but the room does not breathe deep with confidence and certainty. Eighteen girls from Conn. listen to boys from Yale tell them of plans for the coming day, and feel the limitations of these pre-Freedom Ride preparations. We hear about accommodations for the night and wait for the spark of spirit to ignite our enthusiasm . . . and we know that before the Ride the spark will be quenched by echoes of the questions that others had asked us, "Why do you really want to go? Is this the most effective means?" . . . Someone turns on a Pete Seeger record, and the music of freedom fills the room, but we remain an audience to a record, waiting for the next day and the cue "everybody sing."

Warmth, welcome, beds in the living room in intimate proximity to a persistent Christmas tree—1 a.m. in Reverend Coffin's house where we feel drawn once more to the persistency of our own convictions, still more strongly drawn to fresh sheets and the promise of oblivious sleep. And suddenly here we are at four-thirty in the morning—My God, do you realize we're leaving here in a half hour?—and make extremely bad coffee. We delve into our supply of jelly donuts stolen from yesterday's breakfast, stolen from our everyday lives, stuffed into an old Pretzel box, and devoured in the darkness of a winter night in an unfamiliar house before the dawn of an unknown day. Carrying suitcases, (optimistically, books), and a half-empty Pretzel box, we peer out the window and see the headlights, impassive clocks signalling five a.m., let's hit the road. We fail to notice the layer of ice that glazes New Haven until a spectacular slide down the stairs into the now donut-splattered sidewalk — and then into the foreign car, and "now we are six," and it's going to be a cramped, no let's say cozy ride . . .

. . . oh let's not say anything about the Seven Hour Stretch of time, not muscle, about the ride of rain and rock-and-roll New Jersey Turnpike rain and folk-songs route 40 rain and . . . we stop. Baltimore. Is this the signal for the realization of the Ride to begin? Does it begin in the drab basement of the Grace Methodist Church where we are met by members of the local Negro community, by Negro students from Howard University, by NAACP officials, by other white students, by handshakes and introductions?

In the basement of the Grace Methodist Church we are met by our own self-consciousness. We shake hands with ourselves, for we see not people but the embodiment of our doubts which, like the rain, freeze into numbness as we hear the NAACP publicity director tells us of Easton, Md. He tells us of non-violence—men, if a girl is hit, don't hit back, just try to stand between her and the attacker—and of Easton, Maryland, our destination, two hours south of Baltimore, where Negro and white live peaceably only when the Negro buys his movie ticket at the back door and moves promptly to the segregated balcony, never entertaining the thought of a late snack because no restaurant or drugstore would serve him. Easton, Maryland, where he is read the Trespass Ordinance telling him oh so legally to get the hell out or be arrested. In the basement of the Church there are instructions to be given, business to be done . . . and somehow we are now Freedom Riders on a bus with the Negroes laughing about moving to the rear and forty-one people tentatively smiling at one another, remembering trips on camp buses, on school buses, recalling the narrow-aisled unity of this mobile island. How does one catch someone's eye and grin? How do people begin to sing? Can there be a second in time between uneven footsteps and clapping hands, a pause between the groping hesitancy of strangers and the rhythmic response of a group? One moment there is Dawn, a Negro girl from Howard University, standing in the aisle laughing and singing, and the next moment we are moving in unison to the beat of our own laughing and singing. We don't learn these songs—when Eddie sings "woke up this morning with my mind set on freedom" he is singing out our emotions . . . and we don't have to learn our emotions. We take a deep breath, the bus lumbers through Baltimore, and as naturally as that little child on the camp bus, we join his song with our voices, our hands, our smiles, our tapping feet . . . Softer, slower "we shall overcome someday . . . deep in my heart, I know that I do believe, we shall overcome someday. God is on our side today . . . deep in my heart, I know that I do believe, God is"—we feel the bus lurch, careen across the highway, an enraged elephant—we look down and there's no highway under the tires—why are we riding on the grass?—like an overworked pinball machine, suddenly, tilt, lights flash, and with a thud that shatters the windows, the bus settles itself into the resistant wood of a telephone pole. We fall to

the floor, and look up unhurt, except for one man who does not look up because his face has been badly cut by flying glass. Later that day we will read "the bus was forced off the road by a car that veered in front of it." Deliberately? Someone asks why it happened in the middle of that song . . . silence, then voices . . . "we are not afraid today . . . deep in my heart, I know that I do believe, we are not afraid today." We wait for the police, for the ambulance, for the new bus—but not for the pep talk that doesn't come and is not needed.

It is raining in Easton, Maryland, but through the unmarred windows of the new bus, we see the two drugstores, the one small movie theater, the Negro church whose members welcome us. We leave in groups, and now it is Eddie, our group leader and a student at Howard University, Phyllis, a Negro girl from Baltimore, and three girls from Connecticut College. Easton is small, but it boasts of the Tidewater Inn where no Negro enters unless he is wearing the white jacket of a waiter. The Tidewater Inn offers gracious living, good food, and Southern hospitality. We walk in and think for the first time what it is like to be refused service. We don't find out, for we are allowed to eat here. A Negro waiter walks over to us and whispers, "Come back later when the main dining room opens and the Saturday night crowd comes." We find out that some restaurants have decided to serve the Freedom Riders for the one day, and then to resume segregation after we leave. We pay the bill, slightly dejected by the ambiguity of what we have accomplished. It is still raining, and as we cross the street Phyllis links her arm in ours. We go on to a drugstore where we are served. But what will happen tomorrow? The movie theater does not wait for tomorrow. John, a white boy, puts his arm around Phyllis and speaks the truth, "I want to sit with my girl." The formula is the same—the theater manager reads the Trespass Ordinance while a local policeman, the incarnation of the law, looks on approvingly . . . we leave, and picket on the sidewalk, singing "Black and white together, we shall not be moved, just like a tree that's planted by the water, we shall not be moved . . . Evil segregation, it shall be removed, just like the garbage standing in the alley, it shall be removed." Negroes from the town stand in the dark street, outside of the harsh light of the small marquee, watching the rain falling on these strangers who are trying to

change their lives. We continue picketing and hope that our circling footsteps leave indelible marks outside the theater. We wonder whether these rain-slicked Negro faces, responding with hesitant grins to our singing, will respond tomorrow by continuing to boycott the theater, the drugstore. Will we leave just a memory of the failure of desegregation-in-a-day, or will we show that the Freedom Ride is only another step towards gradual integration? We know that the answer lies with the Negro community, with these watchful faces caught between fear, habit, and the excited yes of continuing affirmation.

We take off our wet coats in the Church and inhale gratefully the warmth of steamy radiators and brewing coffee. The folding chairs and low tables are waiting for the rally with the Negroes of Easton, but now the room is nearly empty, for we are among the first to return. On a Freedom Ride, there is no time for emptiness. Eddie turns to Reggie, and with easy familiarity the two begin singing "Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on, hold on." Instinctively we join hands in a circle of weary bodies weaving to the insistent hypnotic beat of the chant. Now we are full with the exhaustion of physical effort, overflowing with absorption in music, in action, in human contact. More people enter the room and thrust eager hands into the widening chain of the circle. "Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on," and the circle becomes hands-on-the-waist moving in a sinuous flow of one continuous body, unbroken. We are dimly conscious of a now-crowded, overheated room, but our vision is defined by our clapping hands and hoarse voices that sustain us independently of our will. No longer the singing of strangers temporarily united in song, now we are friends rejoicing in the aftermath of action. One long sigh exhales from the group, and by common assent we disband to welcome the Negroes of Easton.

We sit with feet-dangling casualness on the long tables, or cross-legged on the floor, and listen to the Negro ministers speak. They ask us to be patient with their fears, to believe in their belief, to continue working with them. They do not offer thankfulness to mythical liberal liberators . . . they offer hope of a someday of mutual assistance—maybe tomorrow. We suddenly remember the Tidewater Inn and our promise to return during the evening. The evening is here; it returns nightly to Easton, but we do not. We cannot go back to the Tidewater Inn

See "Sit-Ins"—Page 7

This Week

This week we returned to bitter cold mixed with an odd touch of spring, or so we thought, but maybe that was just a teddy-bear quilt dream of anticipation . . . at any rate we are here again with new clothes, new possessions, and new year's resolutions, which are fast experiencing the fate of last year's earnest decisions, but no matter, we can dream can't we, and besides '62 will not be blue, it will see us through, and will bring fresh starts and new ideals to all . . . the semester dwindles down to a precious few days, or perhaps, for some, it is roaring to a climactic finality of satisfaction . . . if there is such a thing as satisfaction—we are having our doubts . . . oboy second semester is both expectant and frightening, but it apparently promises dorm integration, class solidity (through the compets, J.S. and aagh graduation) and a strong loyalty to and identification with Conn. College, which will affect every class, involving promising beginnings, exciting progress and a few sad endings . . . it has always been a moot point as to where students should or do find their strongest ties and identifications, whether in the dorm, the class, the major department, the extra-curricular activities or the college as a whole . . . it seems to us that each of these areas at one time or another does form an important element of the student's overall experience and of her total allegiance to the college; each is valuable and rewarding in its own way, making pertinent demands on the student and offering experience, self-discovery and memories in return . . . integration of all the elements is impossible and time requires a certain amount of choice, but we feel that none should be neglected and none should be singled out as uppermost . . . there is a movement afoot to start a snack shop hit parade—we are in favor—nothing like keeping up with the present—know your college—public opinion polls and the whole bit—but we would like to protest the removal of Jingle Bell Rock from the juke box selections and petition for the inclusion of the Shakers' newest smash hit, a breathtaking and deeply moving version of "Hey Nonny No" (you can even twist to it, when no one's looking) . . . keep an ear out for their next disc, to be entitled the "Hey ding a ding a ding Rock," and watch for this up and coming vocal group, destined for greater things, if a bit Shaky on some of their arrangements . . . thank you, that is all . . . and lo, there shall be no next week, but when we next emerge from under the covers to peek at the calendar, it will be next semester and next to nothing, the greatest, or so Peter Pan said . . . B.C.

TRAVELING LINES ON IVY VINES

A gastronomic catastrophe has befallen Wesleyan and Harvard! Wesleyan Freshmen picketed snack bar over reduction of food, toting signs saying "I wanted a Hamburger, Not a Communion Wafer!" A senior at Harvard bemoans the fact that "I found a live worm in my salad about three weeks ago!"; another gastronomic announced "I don't like frozen french fries!"

Sizable reductions in student portions, employment, and services were put into effect at Wesleyan's Foss Hill Snack Bar. The size of the hamburgers were reduced from 3 ounces to 2 ounces, and the size of the ten cent ice cream scoop reduced to two-thirds the former size. Prices remain the same, but the student reaction has not.

And at Harvard, Administration officials met to discuss complaints about Central Kitchen food, and expressed their willingness to improve food and service and hear all complaints. The dietician expressed her concern over the student reaction, "but," she said, "judging by the amount consumed the men must like the food."

Haverford College is organizing a new student advisor system to supplement the faculty advisor arrangement. The Haverford News states that under this system "a few well-qualified majors in each department will be available to give information about their departments to any student wishing it. These upperclassmen will be available at certain hours

during the registration period. Two major reasons are given for the importance of the student system: As a professor often finds it difficult to give accurate advice and information on courses outside his subject, a major in the field could be depended on for such information; and, in a choice between two professors, a student who had studied under both could give better information than a professor who had taken courses from neither.

Interest in the Middle East has induced Trinity College to sponsor a book collection for Bir Zeit, Jordan's only college, and Wesleyan University to offer a Sanskrit Study Group.

Bir Zeit, located on a mountain top in Jordan cut off from civilization by Arab troops since 1949, has been occupied by only a handful of Israeli students and teachers. Bi-monthly food and supply shipments are made to the group, but none of the books and equipment of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem is allowed to pass through the Arab blockade. The Trinity donors plan to send along with the books a note to the students of Bir Zeit, urging them to petition the Jordanian government to remove the Arab blockade.

Originally planned as a credit course, the Sanskrit Study Group will meet once a week with a possibility of more intensive study next fall if enough are interested. Initial emphasis will be given to the writing and an approach to reading based on poetry.

Free Speech

(Continued from Page Three)

aid them, show our sympathy, and encourage them.

We felt our smallness; we felt our power. Each individual who makes an effort helps to reinforce the main strength. With this in mind, we know we did not waste the time of those more deeply involved and we can be truly grateful for the privilege of being able to be a participant Freedom Rider.

Dear Editor:

I emerged, seething as usual, from the January Amalgo meeting and decided to write an explosive letter in the hopes that a good honest controversy will jar loose our present hidebound system. It is not so much the new theory of administration of student government that I am protesting . . . rather it is the attitude of the entire conventional "honor" system, which takes for granted its own validity as indisputable and assumes the right to abolish, same for the essential dominate the conscience of a supposedly intelligent, responsible and well brought-up student body. To me there is something basically and irrefutably foul in an "Honor" system which forbids freshman and sophomore English students to keep their own corrected papers for fear that they will make them available to next year's classes. (Has the administration forgotten about the ubiquitous carbon?)

All of us, upon arrival at Connecticut College, did so with a more or less formed sense of personal honor. The standards of some are inevitably higher than those of some others, but I, for one, feel that this will be the case whether or not there is an honor system. If her standards are high, a girl will probably stay out of trouble, but in case of accidental or inescapable error, she will report herself and suffer the penalty. If her standards are not high, she will ignore the honor system and will benefit nothing and no one in the process. Those in between these two extremes bumble along under an apathetic cloud and generally end up unconscious of the true significance of an honor system.

On the average, girls coming to Connecticut are probably a fairly decent group. They don't lie, cheat, or steal excessively and their common sense seems to have a fair chance to govern their actions. Honor to them is a personal matter upon which they probably have not wasted too much serious thought, and they consider themselves capable of coping (and rightly so) with the average problem. When they have been here a year, and have become hardened and disillusion-

See "Free Speech"—Page 7

Senior Interviews

- Tuesday, January 23rd—West Hartford Schools
 - Monday, February 5th—Aetna Life Insurance Co., Hartford
 - Tuesday, February 6th—C.I.A., Washington, D. C.
 - Monday, February 12th—Bonwit Teller (Training Program)
 - Tuesday, February 13th—Conn. General Life Insurance Co., Hartford
 - Wednesday, February 14th—Harvard Medical School
 - Monday, February 19th—Harvard University
 - Tuesday, February 20th—Traveler's Insurance Co., Hartford
 - Wednesday, February 21st—National Red Cross
 - Monday, February 26th—New York Life Insurance Co., New York City
 - Tuesday, February 27th—I.B.M.
- Signs for appointments in the Personnel Bureau.
Watch Personnel's bulletin board for interviews for the Fairfield, Connecticut schools.

Names of New Buildings Revealed

The Board of Trustees has recently announced the names given to the remaining buildings of the North Dormitory Complex, and the College infirmary.

The Infirmary has been named in honor of Dr. Warnshius, and will be known as the Lillian Warnshius Infirmary. The final dormitory to be named will honor the well-known Hamilton sisters and will be known as the Edith and Alice Hamilton House. The refectory in the dormitory group will be named after Miss Elizabeth Harris, Director of Residence and Head Dietician here for 36 years.

The naming of the other dormitories was announced earlier. They will honor Mrs. Mary Foulke Morrisson, President Rosemary Park, Mr. Allan B. Lambdin, ex-president Benjamin T. Marshall, and Miss Elizabeth C. Wright.

Dr. Warnshius is resident physician of the College, a position she has held since 1949. She was born in Inverness, Scotland, and was graduated from the Edinburgh Medical University. For 15 years she worked in hospitals in India. During this time she was

also professor of medicine at Lore College, and Examiner in Medicine for Madras Government Medical College.

In 1925 she came to the United States with her husband, the Rev. John H. Warnshius, and worked at the Bellevue Hospital and the New York University Medical College. She was the first woman appointed to the staff of the Staten Island Hospital. Before coming to Connecticut she was on the staff of Wagner College School of Nursing.

In 1955, Dr Warnshius received the New York Infirmary's Elizabeth Blackwell award for outstanding woman physicians.

She is a fellow of the American Medical Association, a member of the Women's Medical Association of New York, the Women's Overseas Medical Association, and the Association for the Study of Internal Secretion.

The infirmary was completed in 1950, and since that time has remained unnamed. Its construction was made possible by gifts from alumnae and friends of the College, and by a grant from Davela Mills Foundation.

The Hamilton sisters are distinguished in their respective fields of the classics and industrial medicine.

Edith was graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1894. She was awarded a European Fellowship studying in the classical departments of the Universities of Leipzig and Munich. For many years she was headmistress of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore. She has written extensively, mainly in the field of Greek History and

Vel-literature: *The Greek Way*, *The Roman Way*, *Great Age of Greek Literature*, *Translation of Three Greek Plays*, *Mythology*, and also *The Prophets of Israel*, *Spokesman for God*, *The Great Teachers of the Old Testament*, *Witnesses of the Truth*.

In 1957, she was invited by the Greek government to come to Greece to be present at the performance of a play of Aeschylus, her translation of which had been chosen. When in Athens she was made a citizen of Athens at a public ceremony.

She has received honorary degrees from the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Rochester, and Yale University. She has also received an award from the National Academy of Arts and Letters and a National Achievement Award.

Her sister Alice received her M.D. degree from the University of Michigan in 1893. She also studied at the Universities of Munich and Leipzig. She has been awarded honorary degrees from Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Rochester, and Tulane.

In 1898 she became a resident of Hull House in Chicago, the famed settlement house, and worked closely with Jane Addams on many of her most important enterprises.

A great deal of her life has been spent pioneering in the field of industrial medicine. Miss Hamilton was the first occupant of the new chair of Industrial Medicine in Harvard Medical School from 1919-35. She worked on committees for the government during the Hoover and Roosevelt admin-

istrations. She is author of *Industrial Poisoning in the U.S.*, *Industrial Toxicology* (1939), *Exploring the Dangerous Trades* (1943), as well as contributions to many journals, medical and other.

She is recipient of the Lasper Award in 1947 and the Knutson Award in 1952-53, is a member of AMA, AAAS, the League of Women Voters, American Public Health Association, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and the American Civil Liberties Union.

The refectory has been named for Miss Elizabeth Harris, Director of Residence and Head Dietician from 1920-1956. When she first came to the College the only refectory on campus was Thames. In her time at the College she saw the building of refectories at Knowlton, Harkness, J.A., Freeman, Emily Abbey, Grace Smith-Burdick, and finally Katharine Blunt in 1946, which made possible the abandonment of the old off-campus refectory at Holmes Hall.

Miss Harris received her training at Central Michigan College. She did special training in food nutrition at Battle Creek, Michigan and took courses at Columbia Teachers' College.

She has been active in New London, serving for 10 years on the Board of the School of Nursing at Lawrence Memorial Hospital. She is presently on the Board of Directors of the Visiting Nurses' Association, and the Board of Directors of the YWCA. She is also a member of Zonta Club.



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POET'S CORNER

Birds soar higher and higher,
 In the reckless wind they freely circle towards heaven
 With ecstatic bursts of energy.
 I see and my heart yearns to leave me and join them,
 And partake in the almost divine freedom
 That I may only watch.

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Saturday, January 20
Campus Movie—"The Roof" (Italian 1957)
- Sunday, January 21
Vespers—Palestrina Society 4:45 p.m.
- Tuesday, January 23
Concert—Boston Symphony 8:30, Auditorium
- Tuesday, February 6
CC Concert—Byron Janis, pianist 8:30, Auditorium
- Saturday, February 10
Campus Movie—"The League of Gentlemen"
- Sunday, February 11
Wesleyan Symphonic Band (with selected CC students) Crozier-Williams Main Lounge, 3:00 p.m.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Allison McGrath

Last night it became clear as in Amalgo I sat
That certain ones decide what's what and that's that.

It is no longer a question of free debate
In discussing an issue and deciding a fate.

The outcome has been decided before we begin.
To question or fight it is a cardinal sin.

Supposedly we meet under parliamentary rule.
They've even changed that to fit this school.

Those in the minority can do nothing but grin
When demanding their rights, they can't even win!

So some words of advice to me and to you,
Forget it. What they want will always pass through.

Free Speech

(Continued from Page Five)

ed sophomores. they come to the conclusion that honor is **not** the free will to choose between right and wrong, but rather the obligation to report oneself for an infringement of the rules, which

was possibly unintentional and in any event probably not committed with vicious and premeditated malice. The ideal FRESHMAN, after the first few weeks of hallowed observance, sinks into a suitable state of indifference; but if she is "different," evil, or merely intelligent and questioning, she will emerge in open revolt or settle into subversive infringement of those rules with which she disagrees. I, for one, cannot possibly squeeze out an iota of remorse or a twinge of conscience from a wounded soul for taking illegal overnights to go home to work, or even just to unwind . . . To me this is not a heinous crime against society which must be relentlessly punished for the communal good! I feel most strongly that the so-hours and house rules, and anything else **absolutely** necessary . . . was Flora Barth's idea of a

fairly meted out and previously ascertained sentence for common offences (such as lateness) so deserving of scorn? Does every reader of this, remembering her various latenesses, cringe with an agonizing attack of remorse and feel that the hideous deed must be secretly conveyed to Honor Court to receive judgment? Can't it be simple . . . people ten minutes late campused for a certain number of days, rather than becoming entangled in this forest of hopeless idealism? Surely one would find no more cheating than one finds now.

Of course in this, as in all considerations of a radical change in policy, there is an urgent and valid question as to what, if anything, will replace the existing system. One must have rules if the result is not to be general anarchy; but couldn't our present parody be turned into a real honor system, one which is left entirely to the personal taste and discretion of the individual? After all, any person bent on illegal overnights can always smuggle them, and it really is much easier, in the long run, not to report oneself, especially if there is no sensation of wrongdoing and one faces a severe campus.

I fully realize that the point of view just stated is a radical one, and that I am stepping on the toes of a good many of the staunch supporters of the present
See "Free Speech"—Page 8

Sit-Ins

(Continued from Page Four)

and become a twenty-four hour symbol of token segregation. And now four Negroes from Easton tell us that they, alone, without a Freedom Rider, will go to the Tidewater Inn that night . . . It is in the evening when tomorrow begins to melt slowly into today

They leave for the Inn and then to their homes ten minutes

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away; we clamber on the bus, and nose our way into the darkness, always heading North. We are at the Grace Methodist Church once again, Church of meeting and parting, first of doubts, now of friends. Phyllis asks us what we think of the Ride; we answer her not with goodby, but with a promise to see her soon. We sing "you came from Mississippi, I came from Tennessee, we met in a Virginia jailhouse, trying to be free. I know that we will meet again."

Blink your eyes and it is midnight in Baltimore. Close your eyes, close your eyes, and the sun is rising over New Haven. Open your eyes and it's mid-morning at Connecticut, and we walk across the field, stumble with exhaustion, stumble with the unreality of sudden contrast. Our suitcases refuse to move; they rest on the damp grass, in the impersonal sun of Sunday morning.

. . . and here we stand in the center of the field, in the center of space of sky and ocean, swaying from fatigue, rocking dizzily on our grassy pivot . . . we pick up our suitcases and, still singing, march through illimitable space to the dorm.

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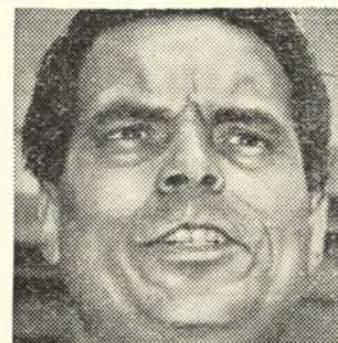
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The American Nazi Party is a nest of hatemongers. And it's only one of 1,000 radical right-wing groups. In this week's Post, a U. S. senator speaks out in "Voice of Dissent." He rips into home-grown fascists. And tells why he thinks they're even more dangerous than Reds.

The Saturday Evening
POST
JANUARY 13 ISSUE NOW ON SALE

Free Speech

(Continued from Page Seven)

system. All I can say to these people is to direct a plea to them to open their eyes and take stock in what goes on around them. Any resident of Blackstone or Branford last year, the only dorms with which I had much contact, will know exactly what I

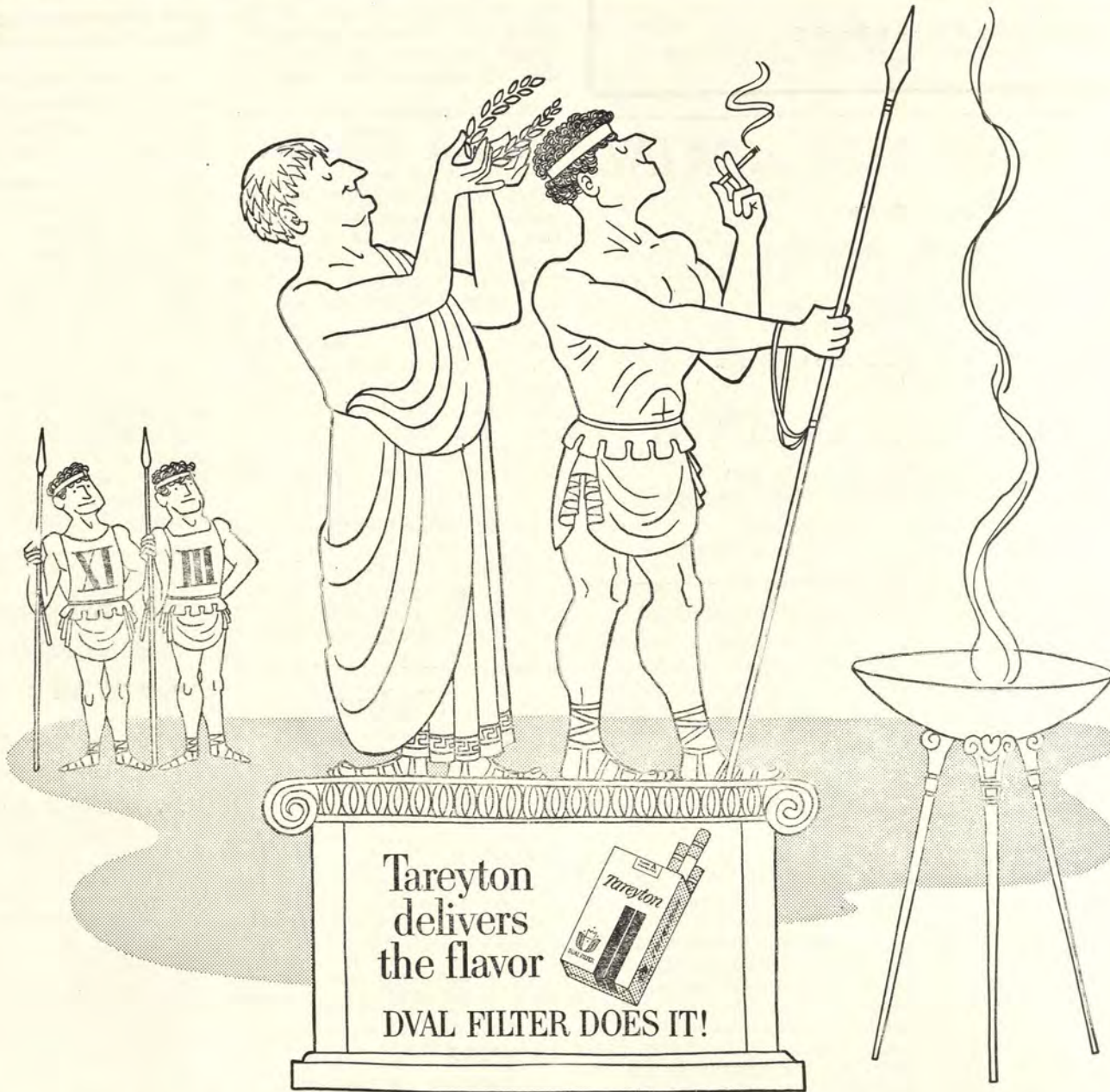
mean.) In theory this system is valid, and it does have many ardent adherents; I feel compelled, however, to speak for myself and for all those people to whom the honor system is little but a parody of what it should be. It is weak, obsolescent and hypocritical, and if the majority of the student body is not disturbed by it, it **should** be. An **academic** honor system is not only imperative but effective; could not an unpoliced

personal honor system operate in the same way? This proposition is of course wide open to criticism, and of the nature which invites attack; I hope that its printing will help disperse some of the dismal apathy now shrouding this campus, and stimulate discussion, not only of picayune aspects of honor system administration, but of the vitality of the system itself . . . fire away!
Sincerely, Betsy Borman '64

Book Sale

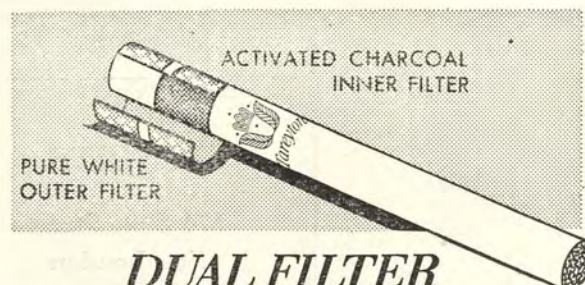
(Continued from Page One)

by dormitory. Blackstone copped the grand prize with 128% participation. Dormitories with 100% participation included Branford, K.B.-Larrabee, Emily Abbey, Mary Harkness, Morrisson, Plant, North, Grace Smith-Burdick, Thames and Winthrop.



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