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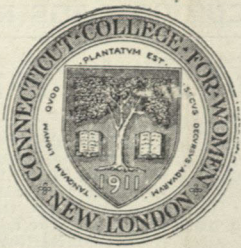
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FACULTY ACTIVE AT CONVENTIONS DURING HOLIDAYS

A number of the faculty attended important meetings of national societies during the Christmas recess which has just ended. Cleveland, Washington, New York, Boston and New Haven were the scenes of these conventions, attended by people distinguished in their particular fields.

Dr. Katharine Blunt, president of Connecticut College, was guest of honor at a tea given on December 19 at the Women's University Club in New York City. During the course of the afternoon she gave a brief address to the members and guests.

Cleveland was the center for a number of annual meetings of scientific organizations during the vacation. Mrs. Bessie Bloom Wessel, associate professor of economics and sociology and Mr. Robert Cobbledick, assistant professor of economics and sociology at Connecticut College, attended the annual meeting of the American Sociological Society held at the Hollendon Hotel, December 29-31st. The subject of the meeting was "Group Conflicts", with particular references to racial and cultural conflicts, in which Mrs. Wessel is vitally interested.

A paper entitled "Age Scale for the Measure of Moral Judgment", written by Fred J. Shields, assistant professor of psychology and education at Connecticut College, and read by E. A. Lincoln of the psycho-educational clinic at Harvard, received great acclaim at the meeting of the educational group of the American Society of Scientific Research held at Western Reserve University, Cleveland. As a result, the *Journal of Educational Research* has asked for the manuscript and the National Educational Association's news service is planning to feature it.

Miss Grace Shover, who is in her second year as instructor in mathematics at Connecticut College, read a paper entitled "Ideal Multiplication in a Rational Linear Associative Algebra" before the annual meeting of the algebra group of the American Mathematical Society held at Western Reserve University, December 30. The paper was an original piece of research prepared in collaboration with Prof. C. C. MacDuffee of Ohio State University.

Dr. Lawrence Erb, head of the music department at Connecticut College, took active part in the annual convention of the National Association of Music Teachers held December 29, 30 and 31 at the Hotel Statler in St. Louis, Mo. His opening paper, "The Trend of Professional Education in Music", was received with much enthusiasm by the assembled teachers. Dr. Erb also presided at the Monday morning and Wednesday afternoon sessions of the convention. He is on the national committee to make an annual survey of music departments in schools and colleges. This year the survey will take up the matter of entrance credits.

This year the American Astronomical Society met independent of the Society for the Advancement of Science, the meeting being held at Harkness Hall, Yale University. Dr. G. K. Daghlion, director of the astronomical observatory at Connecticut College was a delegate to the meeting.

Dr. Constance E. Hartt, assistant professor of Botany, attended the meetings of the Botanical Society of

VESPER SERVICE
SUNDAY, JANUARY 18
Dr. Laubenstein will speak on
FINDING OURSELVES
RELIGIOUSLY

Amherst Glee Club & Lord Jeff's Serenaders Entertain

Proceeds to Go to Student-Alumnae Fund

Saturday, January 17, 1931, marks another red letter day in the Connecticut College girl's four-year diary. Poor, hard working girl, what a life she leads! The past merely a mild succession of faintly beautiful and swiftly growing hazy memories of an aeon old vacation. The future looming ever black and portentous with the all too rapidly approaching mid-years. But, ah, the present—the ever glorious present, this very Saturday in fact on which the Amherst Glee Club comes to make new history for the aforementioned hard working college girl; and to cast a few rosy tints on the formerly unrelieved and gloomy future. And all this abundance of anticipated pleasure doesn't even begin to touch upon the great and daring adventurous thrill experienced by those who for days past have been alternately exulting and bemoaning the fact of their having courageously made the decisive decision "to take a chance on a blind". What will their *lucky* number be?

The great event is a project of the Junior class for the purpose of adding to the Student-Alumnae Fund. A most entertaining and enjoyable week-end is expected, and an exceptionally large number of guests is being prepared for, both for the tea dance and the formal dance. The chairman in charge of the week-end are: Chairman of the Student-Alumnae Fund, Ruth Judd '32; Junior rep-

resentative, Ellie Sherman; Publicity manager, Natalie Clunet; Chairman of the ticket committee, Jean Williams.

The program begins with a tea dance to be held in Knowlton from four until six. The music will be furnished by the Lord Jeff Serenaders from Amherst. Then dinner will be served in Knowlton for the Amherst men. From eight until nine-thirty the Amherst Glee Club concert will be given in the gymnasium. The glee club consists of thirty-five members, and is directed by Professor Charles W. Cobb. The president is James Osborn; manager, Henry Knight, Jr.; assistant manager, A. C. Routh, Jr. The club often holds joint concerts with the various girls' colleges, and also gives many such concerts as we are to hear. The club comes to C. C. from a recent trip to Wellsley.

After the concert there will be a formal dance in Knowlton, with the music again furnished by the Lord Jeff Serenaders.

And—hearing the rousing strains of the Glee Club's songs, listening to the swinging dance music of the Lord Jeff Serenaders, seeing Knowlton once more in formal array, with satin and chiffon and velvet, and away back in our materialistic mind thinking of the sweet clinking of coins as they drop into the treasury of the Student-Alumnae Fund, we say, "Darn clever, these Juniors!"

PERSONALITY BUILDING

Mrs. Lyman at Vespers

"Building a Personality" was the subject of Mrs. Mary Ely Lyman's talk at Vespers on Sunday, January 11. Mrs. Lyman is a lecturer in English Bible in the Union Theological Seminary, and at the Barnard School in New York City.

One of the greatest paradoxes of life is that we are all so much alike and yet all so different. It is said that human nature is the same the world over, and perhaps this is true as far as general physiognomy is concerned, and yet there is another part of us which is essentially individual—everyone has his own character. In everyone there is a divine spark of differentness and separateness. And this differentness is treated by different people in various ways in accordance with their attitudes in regard to it.

Everyone always has the desire to build his own personality. From early youth he dreams of what he will be when he grows up, of how he "will show them, surprise those who scoff at him now." This desire for a great personality is well known by advertisers and in nearly every magazine or paper we read of institutes who will, through their courses, enable anyone to acquire the personality he desires. Such ways cannot, of course, really enable anyone to change a personality, for that is a matter of personal endeavor and growth. Personal charm has no value unless there is something underneath it. It is the depth of living which is of the utmost of importance.

Miss Lyman believes that there are three main ways of acquiring this depth of living, of acquiring personality. Of these three ways, or "loyalties" the first is work. The question

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

REST CURE FOR NERVE-FAGGED COLLEGIANS

"To combat chronic fatigue and to forestall malnutrition, colds and other ailments that accompany physical and nervous exhaustion, the Women's department of Columbia University, New York, has inaugurated open air classes in rest and relaxation."

These classes for which the students receive college credits, take the place of the regular prescribed physical activity and are held three times a week. They are given to only those students who are for some reason unable to take part in the regular gymnastic work.

On sunny days, deck chairs are placed on the roof of Barnard Hall, sheltered from the wind. Classes take place here. If the weather is unfavorable, a fresh air room in the building is used. Students assigned to these classes are wrapped in woolen rugs and served hot bouillon or cocoa on cold days. They are not allowed to talk or read, but are encouraged to sleep during this period. There are about 57 students in these classes, which are held under the supervision of Dr. Gulielma Alsop, the college physician.

Barnard College has realized that as a city college, it is faced with the problem of over-fatigue which many women's colleges outside of the city-limits fortunately escape. The over-fatigue from incessant rush and strain of city life and indoor living results in chronic malnutrition, with a susceptibility to colds and "an over-stimulation of the thyroid glands, with underweight and 'nervousness'."

After a student has had one cold, she is placed on the "cold susceptible list", goes on a diet and takes a daily walk in the sun. She is not allowed to use the swimming pool between November and April. In extreme

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

ROBERT FROST ADDRESSES HUGE CONVOCATION AUDIENCE

Charms By His Simplicity

Those sparklings of imagination, enthusiasm, and originality which fall so naturally and sometimes so beautifully from the lips, of children, are the elements which should be encouraged, developed, and rewarded with scholastic honor all through the educational process. Instead, many of our careful teachers and conscientious educators neglect this side of their subject and argue that the "honest grade" is earned by "correctness, exactness, and the workman-like job." This is responsible for the claim that there is no originality among students, according to Robert Frost, teacher, lecturer, and poet, who addressed a huge audience at the convocation hour on Tuesday. He spoke of originality as the ability to make surprising and delightful associations or comparisons, and said that poetry itself is built on unexpected comparison. He gave several examples of charming comparisons, one of which is the unconscious remark of a child and is lovely enough to bear repetition: "When the swallow flies, it is as if the bow had got away with the arrow."

In writing his verses, Robert Frost finds his greatest joy in seeing them unfold. Good writing, he says, is an emergence with the end not seen in the beginning, but dimly felt and sincerely believed in. This point he illustrated by reading his poem called "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" in which even the form of the stanzas was a surprise to him. After this he read several other poems including "The Runaway", "The Birches", and "Mending Walls".

Altogether, it was a delightful hour, but there were those in the audience who found it a bit disappointing. He destroyed some of the loveliness of his own poems by discussing their form and purpose with levity. He became a little too much the lecturer, anxious to interest and hold his audience, at the expense of some of the beauty and inspiration which his audience hoped to find.

Press Board Founder Dies

The founder of our Press Board organization, Mrs. Vera Grann Copeland '25, of Fair Harbour Place, died on January the 8th. Mrs. Copeland was prominent on campus, organizing the first intercollegiate Press Board meeting of New England at Connecticut College. Katherine Grann, sister of Mrs. Copeland, was a graduate of '29.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

If I should flunk my six exams,
As I anticipate,
And Dad should send me back next year,
To try to graduate.

I hereby make a solemn vow,
And publicly bespeak:
My daily work I'll start to do
Before the final week.

But if I really should come back
I feel a sad delusion;
I feel my vow would die the death
Of every resolution.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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EDITORIAL

LET'S BE SIMPLE!

Apropos of Robert Frost and the simplicity of his bigness or the bigness of his simplicity, whichever way you will have it, we wonder if one of our difficulties is not just that—a lack of simplicity. Especially now before mid-years, which demand that we sort out of a muddle of details the actual essentials of the courses, we have mixed ourselves up about all fall, we are left in an enveloping haze of details and complexities beyond which we cannot see at all. We persist in making such dreadfully hard work of things which could be so comfortably simple. We get tangled in little non-essentials and never do quite grasp the big and simple truths of things. In lectures we let the beginnings and the ramblings about of a professor quite camouflage the simple point at which he is driving. We talk about big problems, such as unemployment and companionate marriage and war in high-sounding words that sound fine but completely miss the point and leave us hopelessly befogged. We do the same thing with people—letting the unimportant externals of clothes and manner and accent completely obstruct the core of the real personality underneath them. Doesn't it seem as if we make an unnecessary hullabaloo and clutter about such basically simple things. And if we tried a bit of an experiment in brushing aside the labels and "ifs" and fuzzy details and getting right down to the essentials—if we were just "simple" about this grand but complex old world, wouldn't life be infinitely less of a "mess" and exams be almost bearable?

AND SO TO BED—

At present one of the low points of the year is occurring—low, that is, from the point of view of normal spirits. Christmas vacation is over, exams are dangerously imminent—and there is nothing to live for. A word of cheer is in order. We could say that Christmas will come again. We could say that exams will soon be over. We could say that life is real, life is earnest and there is much to live for. But we will say that if it is not one thing it is another and

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

COSMOPOLITAN CAMPUS

President Neilson of Vassar is quoted as saying, "A lady is a woman who has a certain sensitiveness against vulgarity, against loudness and aggressiveness."

Students sometimes make the grave error of never thinking of any outside world, either as an audience or a critic. In plain words, such students are self-centered. In fact, a college issue that has long been foremost is the disregard the student has for the community in noise and abuse of conveniences. Self-assurance and conviction are virtues; but a stressed virtue can easily become a vice. The noisiest girl is not necessarily the best known girl or the most worthwhile girl on campus.

Consideration of and for the world around us, acting lady-like does not mean playing to the gallery, or hypocrisy. Nor is it impossible to be both a lady and a young intellectual. If a girl, after four years at college, has lost her "sensitiveness against vulgarity, against loudness, and aggressiveness . . .", her education has been useless.

—Vassar News (editorial précis).

The Connecticut River is the best educated river in the world. An article in the *Boston Transcript* recently stated that the Connecticut River has on its banks more institutions of higher learning than any other in the world, including the Thames, in England. From north to south the institutions are: Dartmouth, at Hanover, N. H.; Norwich University, at Northfield, Vermont; Northfield and Mt. Hermon Seminaries, at Northfield, Massachusetts; Amherst College and Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, Smith College at Northampton, Mt. Holyoke, at South Hadley, two colleges at Springfield, Trinity College and Hartford Theological Seminary at Hartford, and Wesleyan at Middletown.

Until recently the Berkeley Divinity School was on the banks of the river and for the first fifteen years of its existence Yale University was also situated on the river bank, at Saybrook.

—Campus News, New Jersey College for Women.

America has been accused of introducing mass production even into its educational system. This is a just accusation when we think of Harvard with its enrollment of three thousands, Smith with two thousand and many other similar institutions.

At Harvard President Lowell is attempting to avert this danger, by means of a radical experiment. With the financial aid of Edward Stephen Harkness he is planning to divide Harvard into seven "houses", each to operate as a unit within its own quadrangle. Two of these houses, Lowell and Dunster, are already in use.

The average undergraduates are to be placed in these dignified and comfortable surroundings. The question people are now asking, is whether or not this quiet scholarly atmosphere will have an appreciable effect on student personality. Will the student learn the value of individuality as opposed to standardization? Although the educational world may be a bit skeptical about the outcome of such a radical change it will be interesting to see a few years hence.

Is It Popular Opinion That Collegians Loaf?

The results of an interesting experiment are reported in the *New York Times*. The staff of the *Spectator*, which is an undergraduate publication of Columbia University, made a street poll to ascertain the attitude of the "man on the street" regarding the college student. The results were somewhat disheartening, as only one person out of six gave favorable comment. The *Spectator* remarked that there was a decided leaning toward "ignorance of college life."

The *Spectator* staff carried on their investigation by stopping New York pedestrians. It would seem that suspicion is rampant, for about fifteen per cent of those who were stopped refused to say anything. The *New York Times* suggests that these wary

Free Speech

(The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column. In order to insure the validity of this column as an organ for the expression of honest opinion, the editor must know the names of contributors.)

Plea For Originality

Dear Editor:

What lambs we are! Original? Land, we college students are the most prosaic of earthly souls. Along about Junior year a little of the real self may begin to ooze forth—I feel it myself in regard to waving my hair—with which vanity I am through—I think. But for the most part we are old-fashioned, timorous of anything different (a play without an English accent, for example); we plod along in the same old curbstones of vic's and waves and cutting classes, of neglecting Chapel, of wearing polo coats, of screaming about telegrams—Fun? Sure it was fun, when it was new, but these customs are getting hoary and whiskered.

Whence all this lack of originality? In our chromosomes, I presume is one answer. Oh, but, please, environment must play some part—and the environment of Freshmen, in their dormitories and in their classes, certainly invites them to indifference and weak obedience to custom.

In the dormitories this is inevitable. Of course they're all scared to death, and of course they'll all try desperately to conform to the pattern a few man-wealthy tyrants decree. But in classes! Oh, dear old faculty, don't you see how you put us to sleep. Freshmen and Sophomore years? Memorize—memorize—well, that's fine, as far as facts are concerned; but when it comes to one man's opinion—uh, uh, I don't like to memorize that. "Oh, but, we are encouraged to express our own opinion!" Yes—and taught to laugh, just as the teacher laughs, at any sincere or original remark! Small wonder we don't care to say what we think in the class room.—And themes—a delicate subject with most of us, but by the end of May we had learned to suppress any erratic phrase or wayward dash—and what cramped, dull repetitions those last papers were!

And the worst influence in Freshman year is that which stifles enthusiasm. I can't say that strong enough—Freshman year strives to stifle enthusiasm. Some may come from prep school blasé and cold, but most of us have a spark of eagerness when we land in our bare little rooms that first day—and faculty and society alike throw buckets of water at it. Poor little spark! "That's life"?—Sure it's life, but what is college for if it can't be a little more than "life"? Can't the faculty see that by their own superior, world-weary, cynical attitude they are discouraging us from any effort at originality? Can't they see that scorning breeds scorn—that laughing, persistently, at brave figures of the past and present (and there have been a few—Sir Ernest Shackleton, or S. Parkes Cadman, for instance) they are discouraging us from ever being brave or different ourselves?

I could say much more—but perhaps I'm unjust. But—the writer is a Junior who wants terribly to be original—and it has been hard, at college.

souls probably expected a request for the price of a cup of coffee.

The current lay-opinion is that college students spend six hours a day or less on combined scholastic and extra-curricular activities. One red-faced son of toil was of the opinion that even athletes led a life of leisure and "got all the breaks." Several men said that most students were just loafers. Another was more lenient and said "boys will be boys" even though they do "spend most of their time running around with girls." Professor Harry J. Carman, in charge of extra-curricular affairs at the college, when told the result of the poll, said that the time spent by the average student varied greatly. When asked whether or not the student spent six hours a day in the pursuit of education, he replied, "Well, some do, and some do not."

BY REQUEST

Dear to our hearts are the scenes of our college,
Back on the campus disporting ourselves,
Leaving our mark on the mud of the hockey-field,
Rarely disturbing the Library shelves.

Buildings and ocean and river so blue,
Eight months of each year in your prisoning embraces.
Familiar each nook, and each sound to our ear,
And, O! how familiar the faculty faces.

Some have whiskers, some are clean-shaven,
Some are bald and others are not.
"Smooth" we say of the best—of the others
Cryptically answer we, "Not so hot!"

Some are tall, but others are taller,
And some on a scale would tip it high,
Some of them twinkle with senses of humor
But most have the cold Professorial Eye!

How they struggle to fill us with cold facts and knowledge,
To give us this thing people call Education,
While we rest in the class with an empty expression
Dreaming of dates and the coming vacation.

In the long years to come, when we start reminiscing,
We shall say, "I remember, I once had a Prof—
Who taught me the rudiments of first composition—"
Oh, hear all ye students inclined now to scoff.

Recall that Professors have wasted their substance
To teach us cold logic—the size of the moon—
The beauty of music—and how to bake apples—
They tried, praise their courage, but we were immune! —'31.

HEAR YE!

We announce with great rejoicing that the next issue of "News" will be edited by the Juniors!

Wellesley, both college and village, prefers its reading gay and blithe or harrowing and thrilling—so sayeth Hathaway House lending library. The inner man may be fed during classes on serious thoughts of life, but for relaxation, fiction or detective stories are devoured wholesale (especially at mid-years—"nice, light, frothy stuff").

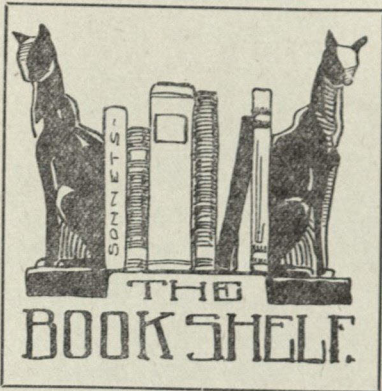
Members of the college and townspeople are equally literary, it seems, for about half of the one thousand books charged out of the library for the month of October were read by each. The difference in the taste of the two is that the printer's ink must not be dry for the full enjoyment of the villagers, while college students are willing to dust off best sellers of two or three years' vintage that they had never found time to read.

Considering the array of authors usually chosen by students, it is rather surprising to learn that only four of the thirteen borrowers of Rosamond Lehmann's *A Note In Music* were college girls and that *The Deepening Stream* by Dorothy Canfield has been drawn out by more townspeople than students. But of the nine who took out *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, six were college girls. C. F. Andrew's book on Gandhi and a book of Temple Bailey's, *Wild Wind*, have been equally popular with town and gown. We might add that when the college girl reads biography she runs to Strachey, and that she likes *A Preface to Morals* and *The Nature of the Physical World*.

—Wellesley College News.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the ENGAGEMENTS of

Flavia Gorton '31 to Stewart Williams
Marjorie Smith '31 to Keneth Sites
Nadine Meekes '34 to Willard Stanley



"CAKES AND ALE, OR THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET"

By W. Somerset Maugham*

Cakes and Ale is, as its blurb says, the story of a simple-hearted genius at prostitution and the literary prostitution of a second-rate author. Alroy Kear is the author who, by means of clever tactics and a pleasing personality wins for himself a name that the public seems to think is based upon literary merit. The picture of him that W. Somerset Maugham draws in the first part of the book is delightful in its strange intermixture of subtle satire and plain statement. Roy wants to write a biography of Edward Driffield, another author, whom Mr. Maugham has supposedly known, a biography that would be "allusive and charming and rather subtle, you know the sort of thing, and tender. . . . I don't want to say anything that's untrue, but I do think there's a certain amount that's better left unsaid." From this and a few other conversations with Kears, Mr. Maugham, who writes in the first person, brings up a train of recollections that come to him about Edward Driffield and his wife Rosie who had been a barmaid. The story is mostly about Rosie whose unfaithfulness "had no effect on her character; she remained sincere, unspoiled, and artless." It traces her life from the time of her girlhood and her early married life with Driffield, her place as his reputation grows, and at last a bridge-playing old lady in New York. It is the last part of the book that deals with the last part of Rosie's life that does not continue the promise of the beginning of the story. Its relation to the first part is not very evident and the Rosie growing old in New York is not the same person who belonged to London and the English country. The atmosphere of the book is rather changed toward the end and Mr. Maugham seems to be at his best when he deals with the authors that he knew in his youth in London. Here he casually brings in various miniature literary criticisms and throws in many of his own varied theories gratis. The first part of the book is alive and individual and real, the latter part is not extraordinary nor is it very impressive. The character of Rosie does not seem as well done as those of Kears and the other pseudo-intellectuals at whom Maugham laughs.

**Cakes and Ale*, by W. Somerset Maugham, Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00.

PERSONALITY BUILDING

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)

of the relationship of woman's work to her destiny is a familiar one. Perhaps it can be wondered if woman does not have too much freedom. Freedom is of no value unless it is freedom for something, not merely freedom. To make one's personality effective, one should give oneself wholeheartedly to some cause. If a woman has no professional work to interest her she should make her home her profession and give herself to it with her whole heart and soul.

The second "loyalty" is friendship. Here, as in other things, more than a course on how to make friends is necessary. Nor can one be interesting merely because they know interesting people. Choosing friends for the social advantages they can offer is no proper way in which to make real friends. A friendship is one in which there is an interchange of ideals and ideas, a vital sharing of life. Alice Freeman Palmer says that the most vital thing to her is in

Why Read the Classics?

William Lyon Phelps recently had a very interesting article published in the *American* on the value of the classics in practical life. It would be impossible to give here anything even faintly resembling in beauty of construction, or of phrasing what he had to say. However, a summary of the article is better than no mention at all.

He says that if one were asked to give advice to ambitious youth, the one word best embodying all the advice would be "Industry." "Industry is a virtue, but it is only one of the virtues; unilluminated industry makes a dull dog." Illumination, that is a knowledge of human nature, and the ability to appraise people, and to estimate their true worth, may be obtained through a knowledge of the world's best literature. "For literature, the immortal part of history, is the accurate portrayal of human life." However, if people would only give as much attention and study to literature as they do to vocational and professional studies, they would greatly benefit. The connection between "Liberal" studies and a success in life is seldom seen. The knowledge of human nature gained from reading the Classics, "with the sympathy, tolerance, and understanding that should accompany such knowledge, is a prodigious asset for success in any calling." The classics always retain their great value because they depict human nature, and human nature never changes the world over.

Shakespeare did us a great favor by writing down for us his observations of human nature. Browning too has given us many pictures of true life in his masterpieces. It is because there is no "art so important as the art of living" that the classics are of such value to us.

There is another feature in which the classics help us. There is no idea now proposed which does not have its duplicate in the past. We would be less surprised at what people do, if we were acquainted with literature, for in that literature is shown how others long ago acted the same under similar circumstances. The past is but a mirror of the present.

The whole point of Mr. Phelps' article is that the reading of great literature fits one for practical life. It shows us how to live, how to live up to our ideals by following the examples of great men of former days. We get "common sense, the art of practical living, and the rules of successful business from great literature." We also learn "tact, good manners," and "unselfish consideration." "It is in good literature that we learn best how to practice and become efficient in the greatest of all arts—the art of life."

"throwing herself into another's life." Friendship is a matter of giving as well as taking.

The third "loyalty" which Mrs. Lyman believed necessary to personality, is a correct philosophy of life. That is, a loyalty to a great religious tradition. Through such a philosophy one knows how to live, how to have friendships. There should be an undercurrent of stability in everyone—an inner source on which to draw when outer forces are absent. Too many people merely skim the top of life. Especially at Christmas time we realize that there has been one effective personality which has lived through the ages. He had no unusual advantages, no great educational advantages, no contacts with great people to help him. Yet he had a great cause to spur him on, to develop his

personality. He lived with people so that all felt drawn to him, felt at ease with him. He had a philosophy of life, believed in the "Brotherhood of Man" and worked for a cause. This is the abundant life which makes great personalities.

FACULTY ACTIVE AT CONVENTIONS DURING HOLIDAYS

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)

America, the American Society of Plant Physiologists and the Ecological Society of America held in conjunction with the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

Miss Florence Louise Barrows, instructor in Botany, attended the annual meeting of the Society of American Bacteriologists held December 29 to 31st at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston.

Francisco Pinol, associate professor of Spanish at Connecticut College, read a paper before the meeting of the American Association of Spanish Teachers held in Boston during the college vacation.

Several members of the Faculty attended the annual meeting of the Modern Languages Association held in Washington, at the Willard and Washington Hotels, December 29 to 31st. Dr. Gerard E. Jensen, assistant professor of English took active part in the discussion groups. Also attending were Prof. Carola L. Ernst and Prof. Esther Cary of the French department; Miss Armida Pisciotta, instructor in Italian, and Dr. Morris Roberts and Dr. John E. Wells, of the English department.

Prof. Paul Laubenstein attended two meetings at the Union Theological Seminary, one a session of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis and the other of the National Association of Biblical Instructors.

LET'S CELEBRATE AFTER XMAS MID-WINTER FORMAL FEBRUARY 14th

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"The Mikado"

The operetta "The Mikado" will be presented February 20th in the gymnasium. The cast is as follows:

The Mikado.....Catherine Steele '31
Nanki Poo.....Marguerite Fishburne '31
Ko-Ko.....Dorothy Gould '31
Pooh-Bah.....Jane MacKenzie '32
Pish-Tush.....Winifred Beach '31
Yum-Yum.....Marian Nichols '32
Pitti-Sing.....Ruth Griswold '31
Peep-Bo.....Betty Miller '33
Katisha.....Alice McConnon '33

The women in the chorus are: Isabelle Heins, Peggy Leland, Jean Marshall, Mary Mead, Caroline Rice, Mercia May, Isobel Ewing, Serena Blodgett, Louise Armstrong, Betty Carver, Ruth Caswell, Betty Pyper, Louise Rhodes, Edith Schneider, Alice Haugen, Isobel Bartlett, Natalie Clunet, Margaret Mulholland, Camille Sams, Alice Van Deusen, Martha Johnson, Eleanor Laughlin.

The men in the chorus are: Dorothy Birdsey, Barbara Mundy, Margaret Rathbone, Eleanor Robbins, Helen Frey, Eleanor Allman, Joan Garver, Katherine Buckley, Anne Ebsen, Elizabeth Myer Alma Skilton, Teresa Keating, Ericka Langhammer, Trellis Epstein, Ruth Ferree, Caroline Hincks, Jean Neal, Kay Shultis, Virginia Stevenson, Abbie Usher, Marian Bogart.

Mr. Weld is directing the musical parts of the operetta and Miss Oakes is directing the spoken parts. Caroline Rice is in charge of the scenery.

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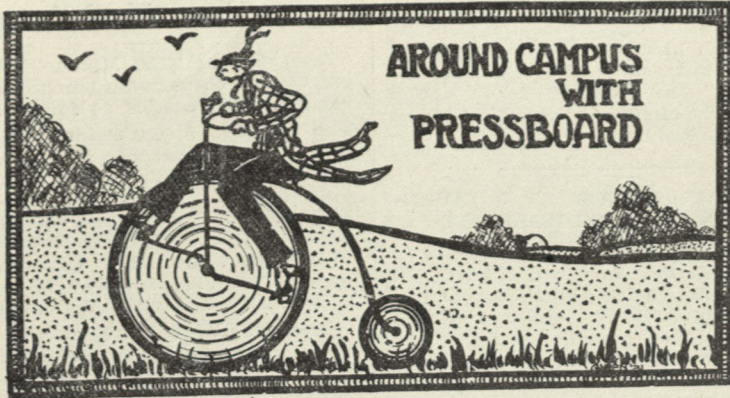
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The publication of the exam schedule produced quite a furor, not to mention a traffic jam. The question: whether we can make Prom, House Party, Junior Week, etc., and still get by?

We hear that the ice skating is grand. But then the movies are so much better heated.

The Home Ec. guinea pig that hasn't had any vitamin C for I don't know how long, has at last done right by the department and caught the expected disease. And do you know what that is?

Personal: If May Fisher will communicate with box 9999, she will learn something greatly to her interest.

We have Amherst with us this week-end. Will we hear "Nero Play His Fiddle?"

The Libe is always supplying us with surprises. Now we have a new

catalogue and tables that fit right up under our chins.

Are we behind the times? No, we thunder! There is a backgammon board on the campus.

The expectation of attending the Zander-Gump wedding in Uncasville fills us with excitement. Personally we had lost track of those worthy characters and failed to realize the marriage was so near.

Opening like a rose petal has something besides an aesthetic appeal. It seems your muscles feel anything but rosey the next morning.

"Three Little Words:" Will I Flunk?

The snow likes us not. It falls and ere we can vision a snowman, pouf!—it is gone.

Have you noticed the harrassed manner of the Freshmen and Juniors? It's from attempting to figure out the cards with the record of time spent in study.

REST CURE FOR FAGGED COLLEGIANS

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)
cases of chronic sinus, the student's physical activity is confined entirely to the open. Barnard College has overcome many of the usual difficulties which must be faced in a city college by utilizing the roof of Barnard Hall and equipping it is an open-air play field to supplement the campus court.
—Acknowledgement *Literary Digest*.

AND SO TO BED

(Concluded from page 2, column 1)
that nothing is a bed of roses. Moreover, we will add that outside of college lie such things as excessive boredom or its alternative, a job—and a job does not even have a Christmas vacation. So be of good cheer.

The Machine is joining the leisure class. Students at U. C. L. A. now play chess with a machine for a partner. The only draw-back is that the intelligent thing won't play if three false moves are made—simply folds its hands and goes away mad.

The statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has discovered that college-bred men live longer than any others. Some cigarette company will probably offer an explanation.

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