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GEORGE SARTON OPENS CONVOCATION SERIES AT CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

Lectures to Large Audience on "Medieval Thought"

George Sarton's lecture on "Medieval Thought" in the gymnasium last Tuesday at 4 P. M. was enthusiastically received. The sincerity, the simplicity, and the astonishing scholarship of the speaker could leave no one unmoved. Sarton is a very human ascetic, uncompromisingly devoted to an idea; a pioneer in the vast field of the history of systematized positive knowledge. Keenly aware of the different aspects of intellectual and spiritual life, bowing in reverence before the essential values treasured by religion, art, literature, or social justice, he emphatically stated that "no history of civilization can be tolerably complete which does not give considerable space to the explanation of scientific progress." For, indeed, "the acquisition and systematization of positive knowledge is the only human activity which is truly cumulative and progressive." Men great by their sanctity, their wisdom, their artistic genius belong to all times. Shakespeare and Dante are not greater than Homer or Aeschylus for being nearer in time to us, and scientists of our days are not necessarily more intelligent than their Greek ancestors. But the fact we cannot escape is that scientific knowledge is today more accurate and more extensive than in the past.

Having thus established his position, Mr. Sarton, with convincing enthusiasm, undertook to give an outline of the progress of scientific thought from the time of "the Greek Miracle" to the end of the Middle Ages. He showed how the Greek tradition of disinterested research was stifled in the West by the extreme Roman utilitarianism. "It was not," he explained, "the migrations of the Barbarians which caused the fall of ancient science and silenced the scientific spirit for centuries, but the indifference of the Romans."

Theological expediency, and later, theological domination followed Roman utilitarianism. At the same time, the Western world was drifting away from the Byzantine Empire and its contact with Greek civilization, so that there seemed little hope left for a scientific revival. What then made this revival possible? Here, Mr. Sarton passed to a most illuminating exposition of Oriental evolution, showing that the greatest scientific achievements of the Middle Ages were due to the Moslem, Eastern genius. Starting with Mohammed, he presented the magnificent display of Moslem civilization in the Mediterranean countries from the eighth to the eleventh century. He explained how Arabic came to be the scientific and progressive language of mankind, the instrument of true scholarship, the tool without which a student remained an outcast from the cultured brotherhood. True, many important works were written in Latin, but many others were in Greek, Syriac, Persian, Sanskrit, Chinese or Japanese. The most pregnant, however, were written in Arabic, not in most cases by Arabs, but by great Jews, great Egyptians, great Christians, etc., writing in Arabic.

The picture of the Arabic World as drawn by Mr. Sarton may well have come as an unexpected revelation to many in the audience. For too long, medievalists have given a false idea

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

Twenty-Five from C. C. Attend Intercollegiate Play Day at Mount Holyoke

Great Variety of Sports Indulged In

Playday at Mt. Holyoke! It sounded intriguing. The sky was a dizzy blue, the trees and foliage glowed red and yellow, and the cold air had a smoky tang of burning leaves. Anything might happen on a day like last Saturday. Although we didn't know much about what was expected of us at a Playday the general opinion was that we were going to renew our childhood with jacks and hopscotch, hoops and jumprope. The twenty-five people who climbed into the bus were curious and eager over anything that might happen.

Holyoke's campus is beautiful. On arriving we went immediately to the gym where we were divided into teams after being warmly welcomed by the head of A. A. Each team was named after a man's college: Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, Amherst, Wesleyan, Brown, and Williams, three Connecticut girls on each team with three from Smith and Holyoke, making nine on each. Then we were given the afternoon program. So this was Playday! Whoever started that story about rolling hoops and playing jacks? We found that our own particular team played hockey at 2.30 against Amherst; Lacrosse against Princeton at 3.05; Cageball with everyone at 3.40; Soccer with Brown at 4.05; Volleyball against Williams at 4.40; ending with a general Tug-of-war at 5.10. Fun! We never had a better time—or a funnier time. Picture two teams of ignorant people "barging" around the Lacrosse field, gyrating wildly in the air with peculiar rackets resembling cages, and ending up in someone's back yard scooping the ball out of the dirt, for it seems there are no boundaries in this game. Soccer was great sport

and everyone wished we could initiate the game at C. C. The whole program was run off smoothly and quickly. There was no feeling of rivalry or competition—there couldn't be—for everyone was as green as everyone else in most of the games. The refereeing was extremely lenient, in fact almost none at all. It certainly was the opportune moment to make "sticks" in hockey, and in general forget all the rules and technique we had ever learned.

By five o'clock we experienced that blissfully exhausted physical state that only a shower and a wonderful meal can relieve. We had both and afterwards were entertained in the Alumnae Hall where the prizes were awarded. Amherst won the day, each member of the team receiving a red rose. Then came the big moment! Connecticut won the loving cup as the lucky college. Look for this beautiful trophy in the gym the next time you are there.

And so ended Playday. We climbed into the bus dead tired and happy. Our welcome at Holyoke had been of the warmest. The whole afternoon was one of fun and excitement. Our first words on the way home were "When can we have Playday at Connecticut?"

The girls who went from C. C. were: Constance Ganoë, Elizabeth Johnson, Barbara Whitcomb, Elizabeth Riley, Carolyn Rice, Jane Moore, Isabel Bartlett, Betty Gabriel, Sunny Barry, Ruth Cooper, Ruth Ferguson, Dorothy Gould, Margery Nash, Frances Gabriel, Eloise Henry, Eleanor Jones, Sue Crawford, Jean Williams, Dorothy Stevens, Betty Norton, Elizabeth Hartshorn, Peggy Salter, Sheila Hartwell, Helen Benson.

JEROME DAVIS TO SPEAK AT VESPERS

The speaker at Vespers on October 13th will be Professor Jerome Davis, who holds the chair of practical philanthropy at Yale Divinity School. His subject will be "Russia's Challenge to Christianity". Mr. Davis has spent three years in Russia, where he was acting senior secretary of War Work of the Young Men's Christian Association during 1917-18. In this capacity he saw Russia under three régimes, that of the Czar, of the Kerensky Government, and of the Soviets. He went to Russia on the same steamer with Ambassador Francis in April, 1916, gaining his knowledge of the Russian language on the trip over. Previous to this undertaking he had been secretary to Dr. Sir Wilfred Grenfell, of Labrador.

Within two weeks after his arrival in Russia, where he was to work among the prisoners of war, he was sent to Turkestan, where he was the first Y. M. C. A. secretary to secure permission to start work for the Russian soldiers. Because of his success in this mission, he was made Acting Senior Secretary of War Work in Russia. The overthrow of the Czarist government changed conditions greatly, and brought Mr. Davis into personal contact with Alexander Kerensky. Under the Bolshevik régime, Mr. Davis continued his work, and became acquainted with both Lenin and Trotsky. He remained in Russia until October, 1918. He has since written many articles on various phases of the Russian situation.

CONCERT SERIES THIS YEAR OF UNUSUAL EXCELLENCE

For its ninth annual concert series Connecticut College is bringing to New London Mary Garden, celebrated soprano of the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies, who is without doubt the greatest personality, among women, in the opera of today; The Roth Quartet, pronounced by the *N. Y. Times*, *Herald-Tribune*, and *World*, the *Boston Transcript* and *Springfield Republican*, one of the best string quartets ever to have played before an American audience, the Cleveland Orchestra, Nokalai Sokoloff, Conductor; and Toscha Seidel, one of the best of the younger generation of violinists.

During the eight years since the series was first organized, the college has brought to New London the N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra, five times; the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Cleveland Orchestra, once each; the English Singers twice; the Letz Quartet twice; the Elshuco Trio three times; the Society of Ancient Instruments once. Sopranos, Eleanor Gerhardt, Maria Ivogun, Lucrecia Bori, and Rosa Ponselle, once each; Sophie Braslau, Contralto, once; Giovanni Martinelli, Tenor, once; Baritones, Giuseppe DeLuca and Reinald Warrenrath, once each; Violinists, Zimbalist, Thibaud, Heifetz, and Kreisler, once each; 'Cello, Pablo Casals twice; and Pianists, Elly Ney, Harold Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Grainger, Lhevinne, Hoffman, and Rachmaninoff.

Where can this record be duplicated

OUR COLLEGIATE DEBTS DENIED BY DR. KIP

Princeton Graduate Gives New View on Matter

In *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* of September 27th Dr. Kip of our faculty has expressed a particularly discerning and significant viewpoint on a subject of universal appeal to college alumni and undergraduates. The stand Dr. Kip has taken in his article called "Unpaid Debts?" without question is an echo of the feeling of college students and graduates all over the country when they are met with the accusation: "You are indebted to your Alma Mater." Dr. Kip declares demands based on such an argument are wholly unfair and unreasonable.

UNPAID DEBTS?

Editor the *Weekly*:
Sir:

In the issue of the *Weekly* of May 24, 1929, Mr. Darragh De Lancey, Jr., '27, makes the interesting suggestion that with each term bill there be sent out "a brief statement of the approximate per capita difference between what is being paid out for each undergraduate's education and what it is actually costing, the matter of repayment being left to the parental sense of moral obligation and ability to pay." The assumption here made, namely that the undergraduate pays for far less than he receives, has been made so often and seems so obvious that I hesitate to question it. Nevertheless I think this point deserves more careful consideration than it ordinarily receives.

From what source do the funds come that make up the balance between the amount paid in by the undergraduates, or their parents, and the total budget of the University? Chiefly, of course, from endowment and from annual gifts by alumni and others. But to whom does this money belong? It is administered under the direction of the Trustees for the benefit of the students, but the word Trustee itself shows that the real owners are the persons for whose benefit the endowment and the gifts are given, namely the very students who are criticized for their failure to pay the full cost of their education.

Let us assume that a tuition fee of \$1,000 per annum would fully cover the cost of the education of each undergraduate. Suppose now that a man of means establishes a trust fund of \$100,000, yielding an annual return of \$5,000, for the purpose of enabling five boys to enjoy a college education at Princeton. The recipients of this bounty might well be encouraged to emulate the generosity of their benefactor, when they are able to do so, but it would surely be unfair to claim that their debt to the University had not been paid. But as soon as the gift is made directly to the University we begin to talk about unpaid debts.

Let us view the question still more broadly. Each generation is heir of the wealth accumulated in the past. No ordinary individual could possibly pay his way through life if he were obliged to pay interest on the capital

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

in a college the size of ours?

FREDERICK S. WELD.

The faculty and students of the college ought to take pride in the record achieved by so young and small a college with only such support as a town the size of New London can give. For the sake of the reputation we have established for ourselves, we should support the Concert Series to the very best of our ability.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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EDITORIAL

BE INDIVIDUAL

For the past week we have had before us continually a stream of people—just people—dressed alike, looking alike, and forced to act in the same manner at all times. Indeed we got so tired of seeing merely one green bonnet after another that it was a welcomed relief when the initiation was over, and the mass of green bonnets because separate individuals.

It is individuality that counts as much as anything else here at college. It is the person with individuality who stands out from the rest, who arouses comment and usually admiration, and who is almost always recognized by those about her as being different from the rest. Each of us has a distinct personality, each of us has her own ideas upon all subjects. And yet so many let themselves become merely a part of a crowd—a passive thinker—a "yes-man."

We can all think. We all have thought—otherwise we would not be here. So let's continue to think—to watch ourselves carefully and see that we do not do things simply because the "crowd" is doing them; to see that we do not form opinions until we have individually decided the matter. Don't say, "We think —." Say, "I think —," and stick to your point until firmly convinced that you are wrong. When, and not until, you are convinced, revise your opinion. Then say, "I think," again. For to be swallowed up by the crowd—to have one's individual personality submerged—is one of the greatest mistakes and misfortunes that can happen to anyone.

Were you in chapel when

Dr. Daghlion said: "All men can be divided into two groups, those that look up to the mountains, and those that look down to the low places. A friend looks at your head; an enemy looks at your feet."

Free Speech

Public opinions on subjects of general interest are requested from the student body. We would like to make our *Free Speech* column one in which we discuss the pros and cons of current campus problems throughout the year. Please think things over, write your opinion, and leave your letter with your name signed (it will not be printed unless you specify) on the desk in the *News*' office, or give it to the editor at any time.

OUR COLLEGIATE DEBTS DENIED BY DR. KIP

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

ized value of everything from which he benefits. Consider, for example, what it would cost if one were obliged to pay his share of the present value of the streets, the parks, the art galleries, the hospitals, etc., from which he derives benefit. No one thinks of demanding that each new generation should renounce its inherited rights in these properties and assume the burden of repaying over and over again the persons, now long dead, to whom we are obligated for these benefits. Who could afford to buy, let us say, a text-book on chemistry if the price of the book included interest on the huge sum that some statistician might claim was the fair financial equivalent of all the time, effort, and money that has been consumed in building up this science to its present level? We are all debtors to the past. Why then should we single out the unfortunate college student to twit him with his failure to meet a debt which elsewhere would not be recognized as such?

When our college presidents, or some of them (I have no reason to include President Hibben among the number), receive gifts from generous benefactors they refer to the givers as donors. But when they address the student body they endeavor to make it seem that the gifts are not really gifts at all but merely loan funds on which the ungrateful undergraduates would pay interest if they were really honest persons.

Let us be fair. Let us tell our undergraduates, and all others concerned, that our great universities have been built up through the contributions of innumerable benefactors, great and small, whose example ought to be regarded as an encouragement and a challenge to all friends of education. But let us cease talking about debts which exist only *pro causa argumenti*. I should prefer not to accept your round, rosy apple rather than be reminded for years thereafter that I really owe you a nickel.

Very truly yours,

H. Z. KIP '94.

New London, Conn., July 11, 1929.

GEORGE SARTON OPEN CONVOCAATION SERIES AT COLLEGE

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)

of the scientific thought of the Middle Ages, by insisting unduly upon its least progressive elements; by showing exclusive devotion to Western thought. Their limited vision reinforced the childish popular conception of the Middle Ages as "the Dark Ages of the World," and reassured mediocre historians ready to expose the dark side of the period and to keep silent concerning its glory. "Those ages," said Sarton, "were never so dark as our ignorance of them."

After the lecture, an interested group gathered round Mr. Sarton who very graciously answered questions. In this smaller audience, the presence of a number of intellectually active students was particularly noticed.

The evening was spent in delightful discussions embracing all domains of thought, which took place in President Blunt's office, at the dinner table and in the Faculty Room of the College Library. All members of the Faculty who were present deeply regretted the uncompromising passage of time which, a little before nine, ordered Dr. Sarton to the train.

MOVIE GUIDE

With this issue the *News* renews its column of current film reviews, hoping it may each week act as an informal guide to the potential movie-goers of the week following.

The *News* holds no brief for movies or movie-goers. In fact it feels that the movies claim an undue share of undergraduate attention. Consequently many *News* readers may compare the seeming inconsistency of printing this column with that of metropolitan horse-racing sheets whose columns end with a stentorian "Don't Bet On Races!"

Personally, we never go to movies more than once a month, for we find *Our Work* cannot safely endure such interruption. But we frankly admit that we have known philosophy exams to be written with *The Fleet's In* as preparation; we have seen badly coddled young brains lapse into the blissful void consistently assured by movie-going and immediately thereafter produce the most scintillating of English source themes; once we knew the several kaleidoscopic effects of a bizarre Russian propagandist picture to be hashed together by a desperate art major and appear under an assumed name in Design 11-12.

Certainly each of us has known a Moment of mental Storm or social Stress; Moments on which neither the nonchalance of a Murad nor visual concentration upon the scotched hills across the river has the ultimate panacea effect of the darkened movie hall. For after all, movie-going is little more than soothing sleep from the neck up—and who likes what better than sleep?

Madame X (All-talking)—at the Capitol.

When most of us were in swaddling clothes *Madame X* was the stage success our parents talked most about. Harrowing, intense, it was in a sense an early forerunner of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*—a brief and tragic saga of an unfortunate French woman, drunken, degraded, cast about from evil to ill, finally appearing in high court as the confessed murderess of a bully who planned to betray her disgraceful identity to her barrister son.

Still tragic, still harrowing, *Madame X* now reappears as a cinema-saga of the first rank, due to the skillful direction of Lionel Barrymore, the superb acting of Ruth Chatterton in particular and of the rest of the cast (including Lewis Stone and Raymond Hackett) in general.

Few more excellent movies will appear in New London theatres this year.

Big Time (All-talking)—at the Crown.

This is among the most recent of the endless succession of stereotyped plots about weak-minded but noble ham actors of the small-time circuits who bring about rifts in the act, and its final dissolution; wife a star, man a bum, sonny-boy a cause of love re-born, reconciliation. Two bright spots make the picture worth-while. One is Lee Tracy, who gave *Broadway* and *The Front Page* the success they knew, and who was hired by the producers of the film because they assumed that his role of "hooper" in *Broadway* meant that he could dance—which he cannot. Despite his deficiency, he plays the boastful, wise-cracking, sentimental, big-mouthed Eddie Burns, vaudeville gallant, to the heel-clicks.

The other bright spot is Mae Clarke, someone we've never before seen, who plays as Eddie's wife, and who fulfills our idea of an adequate movie actress; she is not beautiful, her charm is natural, spontaneous, lacking the push-button grimaces of a Gloria Swanson, the long-faced tear-releasing of the Gish girls.

Big Time is an inconsequential but amusing piece—if you like the type. It is exceptionally well cast, well directed. Things to look for:—Stepin Fetchit, funny negro actor; Lee Tracy acting before a mule in a freight car.



"IN PRINCETON TOWN"—DAY EDGAR

Charles Scribner's Sons
Price \$2.00

Another collection of stories of college life, but with a difference. These short tales take in many aspects of the charmed existence led by the undergraduate, and present in a delightful manner the habits and ideas of that quaint species. Modern, sophisticated, familiar, and graceful, they portray vividly the "college man" in his more or less serious moments—clever, witty, and intensely amusing. He is also incredibly babyish and naive, as when Stumpy Frothingham, a dignified sophomore, announces in utter seriousness, "this beard of mine's getting to be something fierce. If it keeps on, I'll have to shave every other day!"

Decidedly romantic, decidedly lovable, and intolerably lazy, the college man stands before us. It is unbelievable that men of so much sophistication and painfully bored expression can be so delightfully simple, so completely *dumb*. The editor of the college paper announces emphatically to a secretly amused dean that he has finally made a great discovery—that the rules of the university show an attitude that is "simply nothing more or less than an assumption that the undergraduate is incapable of managing his own life!" He feels that the whole student body is inflicted with the "paternalism" shown by the university heads and intends to combat this attitude in his editorial column. He assures the Dean, however, that he will let the faculty off "as lightly as he can."

Stumpy Frothingham, a fattish sophomore with enormous amounts of sex appeal (according to Stumpy) rooms with Lee Barber, another sophomore with no sex appeal (also according to Stumpy). They both fall in love at Prom with a ravishingly beautiful lady and both ask her to spring house parties. They don't speak to each other from February till May because each fears the lady in question is coming to the dances with the other. Stumpy makes remarks about the cigarettes Lee has "borrowed" from him, and Lee reclaims all the shirts and socks that Stumpy has appropriated. When the lady proves unfaithful to both of them the room-mates are together once more.

Bobby Armstrong loves Penelope Barr and doesn't want to stay in college any longer and be away from her. He plans to be automatically dismissed from college for taking cuts while on cut pro, stays away from class on the very day that the professor is sick, but thanks his lucky stars afterwards that this happened.

Whitney Crane struggles along with Shakespeare, a sophomore course, in his senior year and reaches final exams in immediate danger of flunking the course and being denied his diploma. He contrives to copy his notes into his exams but something comes to his rescue, something he never would admit was honor.

All sides—frivolous and serious, ridiculous and dramatic, sophisticated and naive, wise and foolish—all those that exist in the college boy's life are in this marvelously true picture. Almost better than the picture of the students themselves is that of the Dean, a kindly, fatherly, understanding man who wisely keeps his authority to himself and greets his charges as equals. That gay, spontaneous, happy-go-lucky, four year existence that comprises so much error and disappointment with so much happiness is enchantingly shown in *Princeton Town*.

DARTMOUTH STUDENT IN SERIOUS PLIGHT

Into the drear, drab life and post box of the weary editor there sometimes comes that little ray of sunshine that we hear so much about and yet so seldom experience. Therefore Monday was a red letter day this week instead of the usual blue day, for in the *News* box appeared the following communication. Just what the results of the communication will be, is of utmost interest to us. And of even more interest is the motive which prompted the writing and sending of the communication. We are wondering if C. C. alone is being honored, or whether an experiment is being conducted among all the eastern women's colleges to determine the various reactions. Another solution is that the writer is the victim of an upperclassman in a fraternity initiation, but this theory has many very evident weaknesses. And then there is always the explanation that the letter is written in all good faith. It remains for one of our valiant number here at C. C. to find out for herself the solution. The chances are quite even as to what it may lead. Remember—*nothing venture, nothing have*. A two-cent stamp may change the life of someone. Anyway, judge for yourselves:

Dartmouth College
2 Oct. 1929.

Editor Connecticut College Weekly,
New London,
Connecticut.

Dear Miss,

Realizing that there are a number of fascinating young women attending Connecticut College who would be only too glad to witness a Harvard-Dartmouth football game, I would like to take advantage of your columns as a possible solution of my problem.

All my Eastern female friends having graduated and returned to the west this year, I find myself in somewhat of a predicament. No Woman!

In asking you to publish the following 'ad', first let me make quite clear, the fact that I am in utmost seriousness in this proposal and that all let-

ters will be answered in an earnest attempt to find a suitable 'date'.

The 'Ad.'

Wanted. A date for the Harvard-Dartmouth game. Qualifications, good-looking, fairly intelligent, brunette preferred. Description and picture if possible. Answer immediately.

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS,
A. K. K. Medical Fraternity,
Hanover, N. H.

Bill to above.

An indignant Hoodite bewails the lack of reverence present in the Student Body during the singing of their Alma Mater. She points out giggling and fussing with hair and other marks of inattention—and holds up as the ideal the college man undergraduate who stands bare-headed and erect in perfect respect whenever his Alma Mater is sung.

How about it C. C.?—*The Blue and Grey*.

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are having Guests
at College for the
week-end?

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DANCE**

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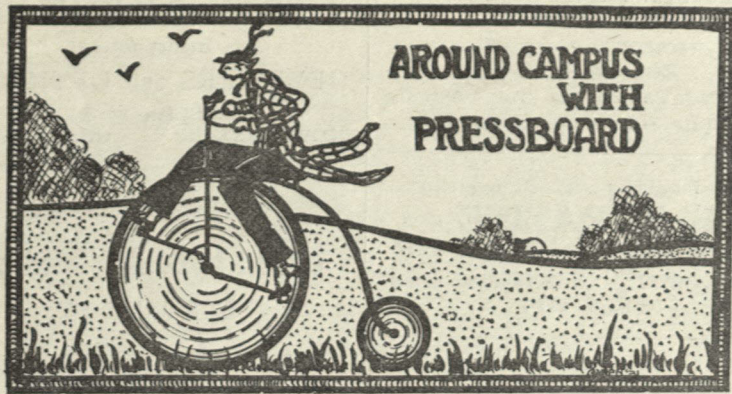
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As the essence and symbol of seniority the bandana is rather fetching—more or less. More in some cases, etc. The underclassmen are bearing up well under the blow and the good old beret has returned to its own.

Have you heard that we may have hot dogs at hockey games? That's the nearest thing we can get to that football atmosphere.

There may be things that make us madder—but going to the library on Sunday and finding all the reserved books out for the week-end is far in the lead. How can a poor student keep up her good resolutions in the face of such difficulties?

(A good story to remember)

Once upon a time, children, when I was in college many years ago, there was a terrible criminal in Bolleswood. Strong men guarded the highways and frightened maidens shuddered behind their boarded windows.

The upper classmen gloat in glee to see another class, wild-eyed, crying, "Was Romeo really in love?"

We would suggest that if Texas Guinan ever loses her "line" that she come to C. C. and take a few lessons from one of our very efficient Seniors. The rafters of our athletic entertainment hall never shook to such revelry.

At last we have been gifted with a really absent minded professor—

and college is what it should be. For what did one of our faculty do but get in the wrong car and sit there several moments, wondering why he couldn't start it?

Golf is still popular—but where can one get in a gym costume and sneaks?

What with parties n' things, the Freshmen have got us so green with envy that we cry secretly into our pillows at night and long for the gay and hectic days of the past when Lizzie decided she'd go as a boy if Gwendolyn would doll up like a lady.

The Freshman Class has returned to normal, that is as far as clothing is concerned. We welcome them back to the fold.

Thank the powers that be that the last assignment has been given out on "The DEERSLAYER". Another week and we would all be feeble-minded.

Mrs. Wessel: "We can't say that the apes are our ancestors because the apes are our contemporaries and you can't descend from your contemporaries."

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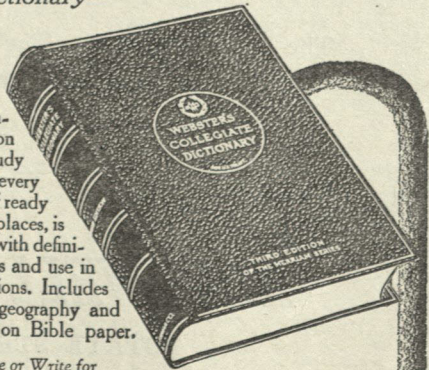
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