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PROFESSOR C. J. KEYSER IS NEXT CONVOCATION SPEAKER

Writer of Several Books Will Talk On Mathe- matics and Science

The convocation speaker on Tuesday next, October 22nd, will be Professor Cassius J. Keyser, Ph. D., LL. D., Adrian Professor Emeritus of Mathematics in Columbia University, who will discuss "The Pastures of Wonder: The Realms of Mathematics and Science."

Professor Keyser is the author of several books and a large number of articles and addresses on a wide variety of subjects, dealing as frequently with philosophy and education as with mathematics. His last book "Mathematical Philosophy: A Study of Fate and Freedom," has attracted the attention of a wide audience. Several of his philosophical essays have become classics in their field. Such are "The Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking," "The Human Significance of Mathematics" and "The Permanent Basis of Liberal Education." These essays and books reveal one who is not merely the historian of the most ancient of the sciences, nor yet simply the master manipulator and interpreter of symbols. Keyser addresses usually a larger group. He realizes that unadorned mathematical history would be insufferably dull to many and that mere symbolism in unintelligible. Hence he has boldly essayed the task of revealing and interpreting the true nature of mathematics and of science, and of mathematical ideas and discipline so that they shall be intelligible to the virile lay mind.

Education in Professor Keyser's philosophy does not concern itself solely nor even largely with ephemeral facts and plausible opinions, but must contain a foundation which is permanent, invariant, and beautiful, something that summarizes the discoveries of the past, adds power to the person who is living and working in the present and gives a prophecy of the future. In mathematics and in the discipline coming from the study of mathematics Professor Keyser finds such power and permanence and beauty.

While he is a master in depicting the beauty of mathematics and of science, Mr. Keyser is under no delusion that there is a short cut to mathematical or scientific scholarship, "whether the seeker be a philosopher or a king." Any intelligent person may gather a clear idea of the beauties of the scenes visible from some almost inaccessible peak, and share in the thrills of the ascent as some Alpinist tells his story. He may be unwilling or unable to scale the peak, but he vicariously enjoys the view. Similarly any reasonably intelligent "lay mind" will on Tuesday have the rare pleasure of viewing the wonders of the scientific realm, and of enjoying rich and mature philosophy

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

Dr. Benedict and Dr. Daghljan were chosen to be honorary members of the class of 1930, at a recent class meeting. Plans for the Sykes' Fund Lecture are being made, and Dorothy Feltner was elected chairman of the committee to procure a speaker.

Manuscripts and Books of H. C. Bunner on Exhibition in Library

Biography of Bunner is Being Written By Dr. Jensen

Booklovers will be glad of the opportunity to view the Bunner manuscripts and books on exhibition during the next month at the library. Letters from H. C. Bunner to Walter Learned, once treasurer of the Savings Bank of New London, letters to Bunner from W. D. Howells, James Whitcomb Riley, Robert Burdette, Frank Stockton, Bliss Perry and others, and a poem addressed to Bunner in Robert Louis Stevenson's own hand, fill one section of the exhibition case on the main floor of the library.

Near by are several amusing illustrated letters from the late A. B. Frost, the manuscript of Bunner's best known poem, "The Way to Arcady," the manuscript of a short story that grew out of a picture, a presentation copy of a book by Austin Dobson and another by Eugene Field, each beautifully inscribed to Bunner.

In looking over the unexpectedly large number of books written by Bunner, one is surprised to find in addition to several books of verse and many more books of fiction, a book of three operettas with music by Oscar Weil, a splendidly illustrated Portfolio of Players, containing character portraits of many late 19th century actors and a book of posters on imperial Japanese vellum with a section

on American posters by the same author.

An item of especial interest is a beautifully bound and illustrated edition of "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere," the gift of Bunner to his wife in the early nineties. Dugald Stewart Walker's frontispiece depicts a faun in an Arcadian setting. There follow samples of the work of Kenyon Cox, A. B. Frost, F. Oppen, L. M. Glackens, Dalrymple, C. J. Taylor, and others.

Bunner is remembered as a brilliant man of broad culture, as a delightfully humorous story teller, as a writer of charming verse, and as the widely influential editor of Puck. New London remembers him also as a frequent visitor at the home of Walter Learned during the years that preceded Bunner's marriage to Alice Trumbull Learned, Walter Learned's sister.

Those interested will be glad to know that a biography of Bunner is now in the course of being written by Professor Jensen, and will be grateful to Mrs. Bunner and the librarian of the college for this timely exhibition.

Bunner was born at Oswego, N. Y. in 1855, and died at his home in Nutley, N. J. in 1896. His works are still in print and there is a steady demand in the public libraries for his best loved work—"Short Sixes."

High Spots In the Early Days of C. C.

Taken from the News of
October 12, 1923

"But C. C.'s always different, the latest of them all—" . . . At one-thirty last Saturday about sixty athletes had assembled in front of the Gym. While one group of girls tore newspapers into minute pieces, another anxiously scanned the horizon for Dr. Lawrence. But they were too impatient. "Chop his ears off and make him a hound," ventured Dr. Leib, and thus it was that the Faculty, minus one member, loped off across the old hockey field on their mad dash to Miller's Pond, leaving a trail of paper behind them.

Exactly five minutes later the student hounds were in hot pursuit. The paper trails led them through brambles, into bogs, dangerously close to two crouching forms resembling Dean Nye and Miss Ernst, over dusty roads, across ploughed and unploughed fields where cows cast suspicious glances upon them, up hill and down again into more bogs, through an overgrown trail lined with the chalky skeletons of several unfortunate cows and horses, and finally onto the rocky road leading directly to the pond. Viewing this strange race from the air, one would have followed three distinct trails. The hounds, sometimes running, sometimes walking, but always traveling at a high rate of speed, spread over several rods of ground when in a single line. Dr. Lawrence, sly hound that he was, took a short course all his own, arriving ahead of even the hares. He claimed to have caught ten hares, but they firmly denied this story.

The promised marshmallow roast which was the goal of the chase, took place upon the "island". Prexie and Dr. Miller had everything ready, even to sharpened sticks. A few hounds

(Continued on page 3, column 2)

LIGON DEFINES SINS OF UNDERGRADUATES

Horophobia, Procrastination, And Rationalization Are Students' Worst Faults

Horophobia, procrastination, and rationalization are the three deadly sins of college undergraduates according to Assistant Professor Ernest M. Ligon of the psychology department who was the speaker at the first Sunday chapel service of the college year at Union College in Schenectady.

The sermon began with an announcement that the speaker would endeavor to give his explanation why college students make so little out of their college years, despite their visions of high hope and great achievement held at matriculation. In Professor Ligon's opinion the three deadly sins of undergraduates are not wine, women, and song, but horophobia, procrastination, and rationalization.

Horophobia

Horophobia can best be defined as the insane fear of the grin of a Cheshire cat—it is the fear of traditions and customs and current attitudes. For example, Freshmen come to college with a desire to make the most of it, when they are confronted with sophomores and upper classmen who assure them that the idea of hard work is mid-Victorian. Not that the upper classmen really think this so, but they were in turn freshmen and they are only passing on what was told them then.

"Perhaps I have underestimated the strength of the opposition when I have referred to it as having no more existence than the grin of a Cheshire cat. Perhaps the man with enough stamina to live his own convictions would suffer some.

"Gentlemen: if you would start a real revolt of youth, overcome this

(Continued on page 3, column 3)

SENIOR MUSICAL COMEDY TO BE GIVEN SOON

Proceeds of "All's Fair" to Swell Student Alumnae Fund

All's Fair ahead! The Seniors' plans are well under way for their musical comedy, to be given on November 2nd, for the benefit of the Student-Alumnae fund. This will be the first time for several years that such an enterprising production has been given at C. C. Seniors, in conglomerated rehearsal costumes, have been practicing high-kicking in the gymnasium for weeks, to the tune of the new, original blues and fox-trots that are the outstanding part of the show. Other Seniors, in overalls, are already wielding brushes back stage, upon scenery that will take the audience—in spirit—far away from the gymnasium—to last summer perhaps, and waves, and moons. Other Seniors are rehearsing every night for the play itself, which is also entirely original. It has a heroine who gets into complications such as a heroine never experienced before, and a hero, handsome and much in demand, and a villainess who would almost be a heroine if she didn't wear long, long earrings. It has laughs, too many to count, and several tears, for anyone in the right mood. It promises, in the Seniors' opinion, to pack into its three acts more fun, and new music, and colorful costumes, than our campus has seen for a long time. Yes, All's Fair ahead! And there will be a dance afterward.

FRESHMEN ENTER- TAINED AT BLACK MASK NIGHT CLUB

The various talents of the Senior and Sophomore classes were revealed to the Freshmen at the opening of the Black Mask Night Club, recently in the gymnasium, which was once again transformed, this time with tables covered with the three class colors, and lit by conventionally dripping candles. Louisa Kent, giving a frizzy-haired, Spanish-shawled imitation of Texas Guinan and other night club notables rolled up in one, introduced the entertainers.

The program was varied, from the opening dance by Elizabeth Bahney in clown costume, to the closing golf chorus, in sport clothes, sung to "If You're Never Happy." The Sophomores repeated the Sophomore and Senior dances of pageant fame, Barbara Ward and Eleanor Thayer did a graceful and very convincing tango, and Marian Nichols, disguised completely by a mask, sang delightfully to Sue Comfort's ukulele. The hostess herself entertained obligingly with her favorite and always popular number, "You're the Lonesome Girl In Town," sung in a voice that tugged at the heartstrings and brought tears to the eyes. The guests danced in the few niches left between tables, at intervals in the program, while masked waitresses served ice-cream and cookies. Since the Black Mask is a night club of high morals, it closed early, with two songs which were very well sung by the Freshman Class.

FORUM

Sunday, 7.00 P. M., in Knowlton with Dr. Lawrence.

Question: Is the Negro Inferior or Unfortunate?

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EDITORIAL

In her first address to the college, President Blunt made a remarkable plea for a richer and more abundant intellectual life. We should learn at college, she told us, the joys of thinking.

We've been wondering about that lately. It brought before our mind's eye a picture of a group of laughing, yet half credulous, college girls, gathered about a very personable young man. He was looking at hands—interpreting lines on palms and bumps on fingers. He told us that we were guided by our emotions, and that our intellect really had little to do with our life. And we were decidedly peeved, until, looking around, we saw some of the girls whom he termed intellectual. We were glad not to be classed with them—and then we had to laugh, when we realized what an absurdly emotional judgment we were in the process of making.

Last Sunday we went to vespers, (Oh yes! we did!) and one of our favorite hymns was being sung. Suddenly we awoke to the fact that we were musically pleading, "Teach us . . . to check the rising doubt." How many times we must have sung this traitor sentence! We looked around—everyone was singing with undisturbed fervor. Yet if we think at all, we must realize that nothing is a more effectual hindrance to progress than the serene abortion of rising doubts.

It seems not improbable that some of us may have rising doubts concerning some aspects of the *status quo* at our Alma Mater. But all such doubts seem to have "died a bornin'," as the old woman said. Otherwise they would have found their way to the *Free Speech* column of the *News*. *Free Speech* exists for the expression of your thoughts about our common life. But since we have known the paper, very few thoughts have been forthcoming.

We might ask, "What do we think about this, or that. But that is a secondary matter. The real question seems to be not "What?" but "Do we think?"

DEAR SQUIRREL

Dear Squirrel:

Well, the ideal of the Physical Ed. Dept. has at last been achieved—Conn. College has gone athletic—heart and soul so to speak (but mostly heart, I should say). Some trite souls might remark that our campus resembles a country club, but I don't agree—Glenna Collett never wore a tunic (at least I hope not), and I'm willing to bet Helen Hicks never trudged merrily after her ball in sneakers. But to get back to my subject, the gym dept. has invested in one fairway, one green, 1,200 golf balls, and one *Pro*. The first three are entirely swamped in importance by the latter. I won't go into details—but he'll pass! Needless to say those 1,200 golf balls are taking an awful workout. But just between me and thee, Squirrel—that small minority who still play hockey are actually facing social ostracism. Why we're even expecting creamed golf balls on toast any day now for lunch, in order to keep in the spirit of the affair. But, despite the beauty of freshly pressed tunics and spotlessly cleaned sneakers, I still feel that said *pro* would be much happier as a member of Byrd's Antarctic expedition than of the Conn. College faculty. And don't let anybody ever tell you, Squirrel, that the Conn. College faculty is slow!

Well, the first Service League dance of the year went off in a blaze of glory—mostly freshman glory, though I should say as a casual observer. It certainly is remarkable how this younger generation can get into the spirit of an occasion. Back in the dim past when I was a freshman myself (can you imagine it), I clung to the stag line with wildly palpitating heart, and childish apprehension. To cut or not to cut! It took me the first hour to make up my mind to cut in, the second hour to decide who was the most harmless looking man on the floor, and the third hour to get over the mental strain of the whole proceeding. And now—I still stand in the stag line and furtively watch for my chance to cut in on some presentable man before an aspiring freshman grabs him out from beneath my nose. But despite the handicap of old age and approaching senility, I still maintain, it was a swell dance. And speaking of freshman—Yale '33 seems to be starting life with the right idea—welcome friends!

And now, Squirrel, one other little matter is troubling my soul. I've puzzled, I've worried, and I've racked my brain—but still no solution. I've reached a stage now, where very few things really trouble me much (I can even tolerate garbage salad, and creamed celery with equanimity) but I frankly admit, this has me frantic. If you can possibly think of a solution to this mystery, not only I, but even the entire college I feel, will be highly grateful to you. Did you go to the dedication of the new administration building? And if so—did you note and remark upon the presence of the little red piano? Why? At first I thought—"Ah, a real party—George Olsen no doubt." My better judgment discarded this solution though—even Junior Prom could only produce an Eddie Wittstein. Then I thought—perhaps that is the site of the music room in the new building, and they're building the room around the furniture. Also discarded for obvious reasons. And here my ingenuity gave out. But the day, impressive and fine as it was, was ruined for me. The picture of that poor, lonely, little red piano sitting all by itself in the middle of the tennis court oppresses me! My soul grieves for it, but I admired its staunch little red heart as it bravely faced the multitude of leering students—and still clasped the secret of its presence fast within.

Well, Squirrel—all's well that ends well—and this old fox is signing off now.

Were you at vespers when—

Professor Davis said: "There is some danger for all of us that we may look out at life from the vantage spots where we are and thus be blind to actual realities."

MOVIE GUIDE

They Had to See Paris, a sound film with Will Rogers, Irene Rich and Fifi Dorsay, is next week's feature at the Capitol. Based on Homer Croy's novel of the same name, and adapted for screen use by Owen Davis (whose son Owen Davis, Jr. is an ineffective member of the cast), it is a riotously funny tale about Pike Peters, Oklahoma garage man, who strikes oil and is persuaded by his socially ambitious family to move, lock, stock and barrel to Paris for culture.

Will Rogers is an admirable Pike Peters. His painful self-consciousness, his awkward, stumbling gaucherie, effect a faithful and lovable likeness of Homer Croy's homely Oklahoman and Will has lassoed the talkies for himself, partly because of the incredible expanse of the Rogers grin and the infectious good taste of the Rogers wit, and partly because he can really act. He runs the gamut of emotions; sometimes capable of moving us to whoofs of laughter, sometimes pathetic to the point of inspiring honest sympathy. He has succeeded in bringing to his feet an audience whose demand is even more exacting than that of the 20 million persons who chuckle over his whimsical epigrams and quaint philosophy in 200 daily newspapers.

Funny things to watch for: Pike smitten by Fifi Dorsay, the "naughtiest Oo-la-la baby this side of the Eiffel Tower"; Pike dressed in the family armour rolling amiable into the austere reception hall of a French chateau.

Why Leave Home?—at the Crown. Theatre-goers who remember *The Cradle Snatchers* will not relish this, the second film adaptation of that pleasing polemic. It is a noisy, unwitty, innocuous rewrite of a story which tells of three revengeful wives who decide to discomfit their neglecting husbands by hiring three college youths to dance with them. At the inn where they go, their duck-hunting husbands are discovered entertaining the three best girls of the college youths, thus rendering the plot's conclusion immediately obvious.

Follows a clumsy series of garden pursuits in which right husbands find right wives and the domestic dove of peace flies forth to find everyone happily dancing with his appointed partner.

Why Leave Home? is trite and lacking in suspense and full of silly songs which are inserted for no particular reason, but it is amusing in spots. The bright acting of such juveniles as Sue Carol and David Rollins enlivens it and makes you feel just a bit sorry for those who play the older marrieds.

Flight—(All-talking)—coming to the Crown.

From a technical viewpoint this is one of the most exciting pictures sonucinema has yet produced. The roar of zooming airplanes, the putt-putt of deadly machine guns, the martial sounds of a marine airbase (Pensacola, Fla.), are faithfully reproduced to lend the illusion of realism which most "talkies" so unfortunately lack.

Those who have followed the Nicaragua—U. S. Marine situation will sense propagandist flavor in the Nicaraguan president's speech about American benevolence, in the prolonged pursuit of the Nicaraguan bandit Sandino, here in disguised as Lobo.

Ralph Graves plays the young and eager aviator out to get the Querillas and the girl (Lila Lee). Jack Holt, old-time two-gun Northwest Mounted (*Get Your Man!*) hero, whose hair in these latter days is a little thinner, whose cheek is a little more deeply cleft, is a rollicking tough hombre as the marine sergeant.

The Reverend Edward M. Chapman of New London will be the speaker at vespers this Sunday. Mr. Chapman was formerly a lecturer in the department of Biblical history here.



"ROPATI"

By Robert Dean Frisbie

Published by The Century Co.

"Ropati," an American newspaper man condemned to die from the tubercular dregs of the World War, has written the classic story of the South Sea atolls where he found health and a fortune and where he intends to spend the balance of his days.

A beautiful brown Polynesian girl—his "wife"—by his side, Ropati intends to enjoy the lotus-life of Puka-Puka until the day when the malicious shadow of the white man's civilization drives him on to other horizons.

"Ropati"—Puka-Pukan for Robert—is Robert Dean Frisbie, former telegraph editor of the *Fresno Morning Republican* and later trader-extraordinary on the island of Puka-Puka in the South Seas. The story of his strange adventures on this farthest atoll of the sun, entitled "The Book of Puka-Puka," has just been published.

Nine years ago Frisbie lay in a bed slowly dying of active tuberculosis contracted in the World War. The doctors smiled benignantly when they named six months as the probable duration of life left to him. He had been reading Stevenson's travel sketches of the South Seas one night when the thought came to him: "Why not go to the South Sea Islands? They may agree with you as well as they did with Stevenson." He was suddenly overwhelmed with visions of the care-free life. By daylight his clothes and books were packed, and by dawn he was on his way to San Francisco. A few weeks later he saw Tahiti rise out of the sea.

Even in those first days he knew that Tahiti was not the land he had dreamed of. It was beautiful, but it was fouled by the white man's civilization. He would listen, wrapt in romance, to the trade wind singing its immemorial song in the palm fronds—until the honk of an automobile or the latest jazz tune played on a phonograph in a nearby road house brought him back to the American reality he had left.

For two or three years Frisbie wandered through the tiny islands of the Polynesian groups, searching for that glamorous island of which he had dreamt but could not find. Finally he found himself in Penrhyn Island, buying pearls for a Rarotongan firm. There he met Captain Viggo of the schooner "Tiare Taporo." It was Captain Viggo who took Frisbie to Puka-Puka, his last port of call, the remotest and most primitive of the South Sea atolls.

Four years of lotus-eating followed. The Puka-Pukans, at first hostile, learned to like the white trader when they found that he did not bother them, laugh at their superstitions, try to foist new religions on them, steal their land, or care whether they traded in his store or not. They forgot his foreign blood, and he became one of them, taking Puka-Pukan mistresses and a wife, teaching the natives marble and crap-shooting, fishing with the men and sitting with the old people when they were dying.

In this book of his, Frisbie spins a tale worth reading—his adventures in this strange place sat down just as they happened, barbaric customs, child-like, age-old natives, social sets, exotic beauty—life as it is lived in Puka-Puka where the goal of all is to live peacefully and without effort.

The Education Club, an unofficial organization, held its first meeting of the year 1929-1930. The club is under the direction of Professor Shields. Bessie Maclean was elected president, and Juliet Phillips secretary.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Elizabeth Sweet, class of 1928, is married to Russell S. Hadlock.
Edna Somers is at the Prince School.

Marian Vaine is attending a business school in Hartford.

Frances Wells is assistant teacher in the Brookside School.

Gladys Spear is doing secretarial work in Shelton, Connecticut.

Beth Houston is teaching in Florida, New York.

Rosamond Holmes is at home because of illness.

Dorothy Beebe is secretary to a professor at Connecticut Agriculture.

Ruth Ackerman is working in Gimbel Brothers, New York.

Dorothy Thayer is attending the Katherine Gibbs School at Providence.

Eleanor Hogan is teaching in Stonington High School.

Helen Stephenson is engaged to C. S. White, Princeton '23.

Katherine Aiken is secretary in the Providence Trust Company of Philadelphia.

Eleanor Newmiller is doing stenographic work for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York.

Elsie Petersen is secretary to the assistant superintendent of the Rockwood Sprinkler Company.

Eunice Mason is teaching in the Junior High School at Farmington.

Marian Shaw is studying art in New York.

Alberta Boardman is working in a bank in Norwich.

Amelia Green is studying at Katherine Gibbs in New York.

Eleanor F. Taylor '28 is teaching mathematics at Oak Grove Cemetery at Vassalboro, Maine.

The marriage of Ione Garthwaite ex '32 to Chesley J. Allen took place Saturday, October 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry James announce the arrival of Jacquelyn Joy James on Oct. 9. Mrs. James is Esther Penfield, ex '28. Mr. James writes "she will apply for admission in the class of 1947 or thereabouts."

Prof. C. J. Keyser Is Next Convocation Speaker

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)
through the intellectual eyes of one who, for more than 40 years, has been meditating on the subject. Professor Keyser is deeply interested in human beings and in ideas, and the human beings who attend his lectures are sure to get some ideas.

SCIENCE CLUB
HOLDS FIRST
MEETING

A brief talk by President Blunt was one of the features of the first meeting of the Science Club, held last Thursday evening. In recent years the greatest development in biochemistry has been in the knowledge of vitamin D, Dr. Blunt said. Vitamin D controls the calcium and phosphorous changes in the body. Without it our bones would not be solid. Cod liver oil is the important source of vitamin D. Chemists have found the non-oily part of the oil to contain the vitamin D potency. This is also found in our skins—so that when the ultra-violet rays of the sun shines on the skin, energy is absorbed and vitamin D is formed.

Dr. Daghljan spoke briefly on the "Necessity of Integrating the Fields of Science." Dr. Black discussed Paleobotany and Dr. Dederer gave an account of an exhibition she had seen this summer at Cold Spring Harbor—an exposition sponsored by the Carnegie Institute on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding.

PORTRAIT OF DR.
MARSHALL COMPLETED

The portrait of ex-President Marshall has been completed. The portrait was made by Sidney Dickinson of New York and Westport and is a gift to the college from the student body and alumnae. No definite plans have been made for its dedication and hanging.

High Spots In The Early Days of C. C.

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)
went wading, others explored the immediate country, and a select few paddled, or almost swam, around in a small flat bottomed boat. The last box of marshmallows had been opened, and a few people had even gathered, ready for the hike back, when out of the woods strolled the lost hares, Dean Nye and Miss Ernst. After giving them a chance to rest and eat, the remaining members of the chase walked over to the site of the new C. C. O. C. hut, where a few of the nicest minutes of the afternoon were spent. Prexie outlined plans for the proposed hut—adding that if two or three hundred dollars more could be raised, we might have our hut this Fall!

STUDENT
GOVERNMENT

(Please Note: Students are reminded that rules which appear in the News are not final until posted on Student Government Bulletin Board. They merely indicate what is being discussed by your representatives.)

At the amalgamation meeting held Wednesday, it was decided to have chapel on four days of the week instead of six. It is felt by Dr. Laubenstein and the chapel committee that if the services on Monday and Saturday are omitted, the attendance and interest, on the remaining four days, will increase. It is sincerely hoped that everyone will do her part to make this new move a success.

Ligon Defines Sins of Undergraduates

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)
dread and sin of horophobia and stand up for your own convictions.

Procrastination

The second sin the speaker defined as procrastination, meaning not the tendency to put off until tomorrow what ought to be done today, but choosing to do one thing rather than another which needs to be done. We never intend to leave a task undone. We only delay it a while. We do this because the future seems infinite.

Rationalization

Rationalization, the third of the three great sins of college undergraduates, in its general nature is the tendency common to everyone to do what one wants to and then find a good reason for having done so. We began it at an early age when a threatening parent demanded a good reason for some forbidden conduct on our part.

"It is common parlance among college students that good grades rarely indicate success in life. And rarely are there low grade men who cannot quote you at least one case of a high grade failure and a low grade success. Careful investigations indicate that there is a high correlation between college success and success in after life."

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President Blunt to Speak
at Many Occasions

Invitations are coming in from all over Connecticut and from other New England states, to Dr. Blunt, requesting her to address various groups and organizations. Whenever possible Dr. Blunt is accepting these opportunities of becoming more closely acquainted with the men and women of the district to which her new post has called her.

She was one of the prominent speakers at the New London celebration of the 150th anniversary of the death of the famous Polish patriot who died on an American battlefield and whose anniversary was celebrated all over America after President Hoover had issued a proclamation for October 11th as his memorial day. She is scheduled for other addresses to be given at a dinner in her honor at the Hartford Town and County Club on October 28th; at the Bristol College Club, October 21st; at a luncheon given in her honor by the Hartford Vassar Club on November 4th; and also on the afternoon of the same date at the Hartford Woman's Club. On October 18th she will represent Connecticut College at the inauguration of the new president at Brown University, and on December 6th she will deliver an important address before the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which will be held in Boston.

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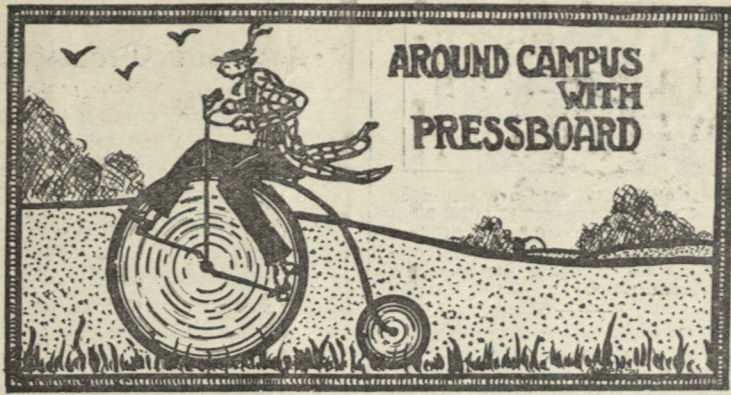
ATTENTION, STUDENTS!

For self-supporting students desiring fascinating remunerative work either temporary or permanent, may I suggest that many students of both sexes have earned scholarships and cash sufficient to defray all college expenses representing national magazine publishers.

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National Organizer, 5 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y.



Service League dance brought to light the age old problem of whether to invite a good dancer and not get a chance to dance with him yourself or to invite a poor one and get stuck with him all evening.

Press Board has received a letter asking it to send in pictures of its football team. This is a big opportunity for eleven lucky girls.

First Freshman: "I got B in English, C in Hygiene and I in history."

Second Fresh: "Oh, do they mark as low as that?"

Since the opening of our new golf course a big problem has arisen. Should we call it a one-hole course or should we play the same hole eighteen times? In this case it won't be long until we can all make a hole in one.

(Scene: classroom with water pipes making a terrible racket.)

Dr. Morris: "We seem to have a new pipe organ upstairs."

If more letters come from Dartmouth, we'll be all set for Junior and Senior Proms. Sort of a give and take proposition.

After exhaustive research, we have decided that the college girl's vocabulary is made up of: "simply darling"—"how good-looking"—"perfectly knock-out"—and "cute" (with varied inflection). These adjectives apply to anything from the latest style in hats to a painting by Rembrandt. How stunning!

We are torn between the joy of having a new building and the sadness of seeing our tennis courts laid to rest, as it were. Nothing can be gained without sacrifice and who are we—etc.

As one professor said, "You may be practically gone, but what you're interested in is whether or not you're all gone." We agree.

From the sounds which syncopate from the gym the musical comedy, "All's Fair" is the real thing. After a little more experience we'll be able to step from college onto the stage.

Now that the novelty of being back at college has worn off and daily quizzes are getting serious, the upper classmen at least are in a perpetual state of weariness. What we need is a little more sleep and some Freshman enthusiasm.

Our absent-minded professor has obliged us again by forgetting to go to class. This is really getting interesting.

Students in Old English are having a lovely time. Although we speak the English language to-day, it seems it ain't the same.

Some helpful person remarked that when the Lord made geniuses He was so interested in the contents that He forgot the container. Rather consoling whichever way you look at it.

The French Club has elected the following officers:

President—Anne Ebsen.
Secretary—Edna Martin.
Treasurer—Helene Moore.
Chairman of Entertainment—Mary Elizabeth Wyeth.

The moonlight sing is just what we needed to get that C. C. spirit in the foreground and we don't mean any "rah-rah collegiate" attitude. It's just the "goose pimples" you get when you think of all the other classes that have sung by the "old stone wall" and—well, you know how it is. If we don't look out, we'll be getting sentimental and that would never do.

"Just the suggestion of a smile, Seniors." And by the way, were you draped?

Girl in library searching frantically from one table of students to another—"Have you 'Growth of the Mind'?"

Mrs Wessel: "Now I'll tell you a story . . . the mother cat's amputated leg seems more like a lost characteristic than an acquired one."

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CONCLUSION TO PEACE ISSUE IN SIGHT

Peace advocates were glad to hear the optimistic outlook of Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade in her address on International Affairs here last Monday afternoon.

The anticipated conclusion to peace conferences is in sight. Mrs. Meade pointed out the thwarting of schemes of such men as Shearer as a favorable sign. The fact that our government officials and newspapers take upon themselves the task of exposing the anti-peace plots of great American industries illustrates the endeavors we are making for peace promotion.

Mrs. Meade punctuated her talk by informal mention from time to time of her acquaintance with some of the greatest men of today. She said a little about her first meeting with Ramsay MacDonald, England's Premier at present being feted and honored in Washington. She described him at twenty as a convincing young man with straight black hair and spoke highly of his wife and daughter Ishbel whom she also knows personally.

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