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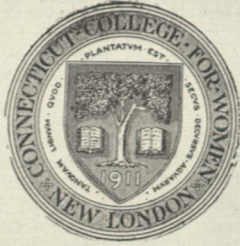
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PROFESSOR C. J. KEYSER LECTURES AT CONVOCATION

Speaks to Interested Audience on Mathematics and Science

The high level established by Dr. George Sarton in the opening lecture of the convocation series was ably maintained by Professor Cassius J. Keyser, Tuesday afternoon, when, as second speaker in the series, he discussed *The Pastures of Wonder: The Realms of Mathematics and Science*, at four o'clock in the gymnasium. Professor Keyser began by laying down the rule that every lecturer is under two obligations to his audience: first to have something worth saying, and then to say it in such a manner that it can be understood. In the address which followed he creditably fulfilled these obligations.

"What is mathematics?" is a profound question. Man had to develop a million years or more before he even formulated the question, and it took mathematicians and philosophers two thousand years to answer it. "Of all the events in the slow upward advance of mankind, none," said the speaker "is more significant than wonder." The advent of wonder brought questions. Questions about the world as it is, and conditioned questions about the world as it might be under certain hypothesis, demanded answers. In the search for and the establishment of answers are the beginnings and the end of mathematics and of science, for questions and answers lead to propositions.

Professor Keyser proceeded to show that all questions are of two classes: categorical, about the actual world, and hypothetical, about a possible world under assumed conditions. Questions lead to answers in the same two categories, hence we have two types of propositions in general. He then offered his definitions of mathematics and science. Mathematics, he said, is that intellectual enterprise which has for its purpose the establishment of hypothetical propositions. Science is that intellectual enterprise which has for its purpose the establishment of categorical propositions.

The attention of the audience throughout the address was most marked, and it is to be regretted that the inclement weather and other factors prevented a larger number from enjoying this unusual lecture.

DR. EDWARD CHAPMAN SPEAKER AT VESPERS

The speaker at vesper services on Sunday afternoon, October 20, was Dr. Edward M. Chapman, formerly lecturer on Biblical Literature at the college. His text was taken from Deuteronomy, "Therefore Choose Life" and Kings, "What doest thou here?" He especially advised that character, poise, balance, and learning be developed. He is opposed to the modern flapper who, he says, lacks resolve, determination, and backbone.

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, president of Union Theological Seminary, will speak at Vespers this Sunday on the topic, "Connectives." Dr. Coffin spoke here last spring, and was undoubtedly one of the finest and most inspiring speakers of the year.



FRESHMEN SURVIVE C-QUIZ ORDEAL

For over an hour at the C-Quiz on Tuesday night the Sophomores grilled the Freshmen on college rules. After an hour and a quarter of uncertain recitation of the Alma Mater, review of the chaperone rules (with startling supplements) and dizzying trips around the boundaries of campus, the ancient custom ended. The remarkable attendance of Sophomores remained to the end but most of the upper classmen had drifted out during the ceremony (except the six brave Seniors who were in the front row and couldn't get out).

Such perseverance on the part of the prosecutors did not go unrewarded. We learned among other disarming facts that the boundaries of college grounds have been extended temporarily to State Street, that it is best not to walk home from Lighthouse Inn and as one Sophomore revealed to us, the Birches are a group of birches. So, far into the night the continuity of Sophomorial questionings and naive Freshman responses was unbroken. The defendants slipped up on only one question consistently. That was the meaning of the word "Koine" and whether it was an old Indian reservation or a Greek classical reference.

As we left a dozen Sophomore hands were waving and a tired Freshman was still droning the list of approved taxis.

PHILOSOPHY

Oh, Socrates, the thinker,
Was very wise
They say

But Xantippe
His shrewish wife
Lived with him every day.

And if you look for
Wisdom—or harmony in
Life—

I think it wise
At every time
To ask a person's—wife.

MISS ERNST TO CONDUCT SERIES OF LECTURES

The first of a series of lectures by Miss Ernst on post-war European literature was delivered Thursday before the Woman's City Club of Norwich. The lectures are in the nature of continuation of the Continental Literature Course taught by Miss Ernst at the College last year. It is Miss Ernst's intention to present the post-war movement in European literature, a movement, which, in its intellectual and spiritual development, shows itself to be entirely different from the pre-war situation—from that of 1914.

In the first lecture, on Thursday, October 24th, Miss Ernst sought to attune the audience to the European post-war situation. In the lectures that follow, she will discuss the changes in the drama, the novel, and the poetry of the principal countries of Europe such as France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries.

Miss Ernst has agreed to lecture, also, in January before the Art Club of Norwich. At Watertown, too, she will discuss a contemporary play from the post-war viewpoint.

ORIGINAL MODEL

Ashes of roses, saffron blending
Into robin's egg blue—
Clear white Jupiter lending
Brilliance too—
Oh earth, what a splendid evening
dress
Night makes for you!

The *News* takes great pleasure in publishing the comment of George Sarton who spoke at Convocation recently. Concerning the review of his speech printed in the *News*, Mr. Sarton wrote the following: "It is the best ever published in an American newspaper." Considering that Mr. Sarton has lectured for fourteen years in America, this is quite a compliment.

PRESIDENT BLUNT ATTENDS CEREMONIES AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

Represents Connecticut at Inauguration of President Barbour

Dr. Blunt speaks of the inaugural of President Clarence Barbour at Brown as "an impressive showing of the dignity and importance of a University to a city, state and nation." Friday, October 18th, was the day of the inaugural exercises of Brown's new President. Previous to that Dr. Barbour had been greeted at a meeting of the Alumni and Faculty on Wednesday, and on Thursday there was a reception in honor of President and Mrs. Barbour.

The procession of several hundred educators, academic representatives and national figures was, said President Blunt, one of the most impressive features of the program. The procession formed at 1 o'clock on Middle Campus. It was arranged in order of the founding of each college represented. Thus Professor Andre Siegfried representing the University of Paris headed the order of march. President Lowell of Harvard was fourth, President Angell of Yale, sixth, and so on down to Connecticut College, one hundred and twenty-ninth in order of establishment and fourth from the last of the delegates at Brown. Dr. Blunt and Dean Margaret Bridgeman of Skidmore, were the last marchers in the procession.

In this formation they proceeded at 2 o'clock to the First Baptist Meeting House, one of the most famous of old Providence landmarks. The Meeting House was filled to capacity with delegates, invited guests, and members of the Corporation, and Faculty. Two groups of representatives, one representing the student body of Brown University, and the second the students of Pembroke College were present at this inaugural procedure. Addresses were made by President Lowell of Harvard, President Farrand of Cornell, Chancellor Chace and President Barbour. President Lowell carried out the Brown tradition that at the induction of every new president at that University the President of Harvard should be one of the chief speakers. It was at this assembly that President Barbour made his inaugural address.

The tea following this ceremony was held in the large auditorium of Alumnae Hall. This building is equipped for the same purposes for which we attend our Student-Alumnae Fund building. Besides the large auditorium, there are smaller reception rooms and community salons for musical programs and entertaining and for reading.

The Biltmore Hotel was the setting for the evening program, a dinner for the delegates and invited guests. The Governor of Rhode Island opened the evening's speeches and he was followed by President Angell of Yale, President Barbour again was the last speaker on the program.

"Pembroke did a very pleasant thing," Dr. Blunt said. Every woman delegate was assigned to a student at Pembroke who acted as her guide around Brown campus and companion during the intervals between scheduled parts of the program. It was a personal contact that made the visitors to the University feel less like strangers.

The Inauguration provided one of the rare opportunities for Presidents and Deans of great and small universities and colleges to meet one another.

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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EDITORIAL

Again there arises the question of chapel. And because it is the beginning of a new year, we feel that something should be done now to improve the situation.

At the last Amalgamation meeting it was decided to have a four-day chapel instead of six. Surprisingly little interest was shown in the passing of this motion. It would seem to a casual observer that a large part of the college simply is not interested in one of the few big and fine things that is intended for the aid and enjoyment of everyone at college. And it is this lack of interest that we would question. For to call it merely disinterest seems to us a weak excuse. Thoughtlessness, selfishness, or laziness is a far better way of explaining the attitude of many.

Smith College, for the first time in many years, is trying a system of voluntary attendance at chapel. Under their system each student pledges herself to attend chapel at least four times a week. It will be interesting to note how this experiment progresses. It may show that all college students are alike in their attitude toward chapel. Or it may show that Connecticut has one distinguishing characteristic. Just a year ago in another college paper, we were ashamed to note that Connecticut was pointed out as the unfortunate example of voluntary chapel attendance, by students from that other college who were visiting here.

Frankly, we admit that we cherish little hope. The upperclassmen refuse to set the example expected of them. The freshmen cannot be blamed for not following it. Therefore we strongly advocate a policy of compulsory chapel in which each student be required to attend at least three times a week. It will be necessary to work out some way of checking up, but this can be easily arranged.

To some this plan may be childish. Perhaps it is. At any rate, we contend that the attitude of the majority at present is indeed childish. They refuse to take advantage of some of the finest things offered to them, and they ruin one of the biggest things in college by their sheer selfishness.

If you make a mistake laugh about it, not at it. Laugh because you have the discernment to recognize it and because you know you have the inherent ability to do better next time.

—The Sun Dial.

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.]

Dear Editor:

Why has no one ever thought before of having students lead chapel services? It would be something new and untried, something which would no doubt raise our chapel attendance, if just from curiosity and the novelty of seeing our own friends delivering a brief sermon or talk from the platform.

Students certainly have many thoughtful ideas concerning religious problems and life in general. This would be an excellent opportunity for them to express these ideas, and to contribute perhaps very influentially to the molding of the religious thought of college-mates. I believe that it would encourage among us girls the expression of beliefs, and thus a true interest in religious thought would be aroused.

Student chapel would not necessarily come every day, but perhaps two or three times each week. Could not a "Student Religious Committee" be appointed by a chairman, which committee would provide speakers for chapel?

A STUDENT.

Dear Editor:

Dare we approach a subject so delicate? We teeter in indecision. We topple; for we must remain loyal to our purpose.

We are sure that you Seniors appreciate the acquiescence with which we underclassmen yearly resign ourselves to the trolley strap and the muted galosh. In fact, we could cite several examples of this spirit that display sheer martyrdom. We are, however, a bit distressed over one of these Senior Privileges:

This is the provision concerning the use of curb-stones. Here again let us press you to consider the splendid self-denial you must have observed in us whose very natures cry out for the good old pre-curb-repression days. It is not that we feel any reproach because of your desire to make this an indulgence of Seniority alone,—it's that we haven't felt that your attitude toward curbings is appreciative enough to warrant the exclusiveness of this particular right. If we were to see the curbings continually decked with Seniors it would be a different matter, indeed.

—"One Who Yearns to Strive the Curb-stone."

DO YOU KNOW THE ALMA MATER?

No. Very few of you do. You think you do, but on every occasion when it is sung, you prove that you do not. And the loveliness of the song and the beauty of singing it is ruined for a great many of us because three quarters of the college does not know the Alma Mater. The difficulty lies in the second line of the second verse. Correctly it reads:

"Keep through the years all our love deep and true."

It is neither *will* keep nor *we'll* keep. The line begins on the second beat with the word *Keep!*

And now, students of C. C., what are you thinking about when you are singing your Alma Mater? Are you in a hurry to get the trolley, or are you merely impatient to reach the tea house? Perhaps last time you could not help discussing the "C" quiz. But please, can't you refrain for just that brief length of time? To many of us the singing of the Alma Mater is such a beautiful and sacred thing, that it seems almost sacrilegious to be forced to see people gesticulating wildly across a huge room, struggling into coats, or edging nervously toward the door. Just stop a moment to think, and I am sure you will decide not to spoil anything so lovely.

So first, learn it. Then when you sing it, remember what it is and what you are.

DEAR SQUIRREL

Dear Squirrel:

Well, football season is on in full force. It must be a very pleasant time of year for that lucky galaxy of maidens who bid New London a weekly adieu and troop off to Yale, Harvard, Princeton or whatever the case may be. But for the rest of us—poor souls—it is sad, and at times rather trying. Saturday at 10 A. M. I parked myself at my desk with the vain (I later found) illusion that I was going to study. 10:15—arrival of La Salle roadster, plus two inspired looking youths; 10:25—departure of said roadster plus said youths and two lucky ladies. 10:30—arrival of Packard Phaeton accompanied by one coon-coated, be-derbied lad; 10:45—departure of Packard Phaeton ornamented by one young lady (chrysanthemum on collar) and aforementioned coon-coat. 11:00—arrival of one Ford Phaeton plus five conventional collegians; 11:15—departure of Ford, completely camouflaged by a heterogeneous mass of arms, legs, and what-have-you. Enough! I could stand it no longer! I pulled down the curtain and gave way to sad and sour brooding on the subject of football games. Even the prospects of watching Connecticut College's most promising athletes play hockey that afternoon could not cheer me up. Squirrel—life has its more disappointing moments, and a Saturday afternoon at college is foremost on the list—even the radio is little help.

However, there's one Saturday coming which promises to put even a football game to shame. Squirrel, no matter what your plans are for Nov. 2nd—be sure and be in the gym by 8 o'clock. This Senior musical comedy is going to be O. K.—what I mean! 1930 sure are spreading themselves on this event. I dropped in on a rehearsal the other night for two minutes—and stayed two hours. Irving Berlin is going to hide his head in shame when he hears those songs, and Marilyn Miller will be coming up here to learn how it's done. What would you do if you were the only man at a summer hotel full of good-looking girls? Even John Gilbert couldn't love 'em all—but just come and see how Heck Weil handles the situation. Technique is the word! "When in doubt," says Miss Weil, "always light a Murad." Or supposing you'd promised a check for \$1,000 with exactly \$.00 in the bank. Another embarrassing situation—but does it upset Doris Ryder's composure—never! "What every college girl should know"—I may quote Miss Ryder as saying.

Well, Squirrel—I've got to get this epistle off and tear to watch the freshmen agonize through "C" quiz. Tell you all about it next week. FOX.

A CRUMB

I was wild to get back to school,—
Mock me, who must mock;
But I'd forgotten about rising
At seven o'clock.

I was wild to get back to school.
Alas! Ah, woe and weal;
I'd quite forgotten how far it was
From meal to meal.

I was wild to get back to school,
(Though I don't know who cares),
But I'd forgotten about classes
And trolley fares.

I was wild to get back to school
And I don't care who knows.
But I'd forgotten about stockings
Through at the toes!

First year at college: "All that I am I owe to my mother."

Remaining years: "All that I owe is paid by my father."

—Penn State Froth.

Were you at vespers when—

Mr. Chapman said: "Great literature is a thing of three dimensions: it looks back to the past and forward to the future, it takes account of before and after; it has breadth, it looks out to the right and to the left; and it goes deep into human experience and reaches high to heaven and God."



"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

By Ernest Hemingway
Scribner's—\$2.50

There is no disguise, no modesty, no pretense, there is no drawing-of-a-curtain in this *Farewell To Arms*. This very fact might make the book somewhat disturbing to the uninitiated reader of realism, but the undiluted frankness becomes indisputably valuable through the worth of the motives and emotions of the book.

Truly magnificent is the courage of this author who widens our conception of the men of the war, their failures, their cowardices, their desires, their thoughts. In imparting his own intense belief that these bare truths are beauty, Hemingway inevitably wins the reader to an acceptance of his standards.

We have here brutality that is deafening and blinding; we have the sickening sordidness of the soul of war. And mighty and dreadful with all of these qualities is the episode of the Capareto retreat.

There is beauty in this book—the beauty of strange war friendships, the beauty of inter-racial contemplation of the disturbing qualities of war life. And most of all there is the beauty of a great love, between Lieutenant Henry and an English nurse, Katharine Barclay—a love that suffered and flourished through the strain and distortion of the life near the front. There is, as a final terrible twist, the exquisite, horrible beauty of a tragedy. "And the concluding episode in Switzerland, so deeply true and moving as it is, may not even have been equalled in modern literature as a presentation of profound love."

Surely, here is one of the few great war-books.

"RIVER HOUSE"

By Stark Young
Scribner's—Price \$2.50

"The floor of the pavilion was of stained marble; on one side grew yellow jasmine and the strong trunk of a climbing rose, whose blossoms hung down against the columns and shed their yellow petals on the pavements and the steps. The lights reflected from the river below struck on the columns and mingled with the shadows of the leaves."

It was in this little "Temple of Love" that the crises of River House seemed always to occur. River House was the last of the old Southern mansions in the town of Le Flore. Within its mellow boundaries a moral struggle between the old South and the new was going on. Major Dandridge, bred of the Civil War period, strives to raise his son according to the standards of 1860. John Dandridge is straining away from his father's beliefs and creeds with all the courage of modern youth.

The first pages find John bringing a bride from Memphis to his ancestral home. John's two dotting aunts, Ellen and Rosa, and two old gentlemen who are just visiting, but whose visits have extended into years, are eager to see the bride. Bro' Hugh, Ellen and Rosa call John's father, alone seems reluctant for the return of his son. He has some mysterious business with the town lawyer, which he is overly anxious to conclude before he meets his son.

John's trip and marriage have been well mixed with sorrow. His father had sent his son to visit his dying mother, whom he never remembered seeing. When John was a baby, a misunderstanding, the cause of which was held only by the Major and his beautiful wife; arose between them and Sis Bedie left River House forever. John at his mother's bedside, received her benediction in worshipful silence. He knew then that, whatever the quarrel; it was not her fault.

(Continued on page 3, column 3)

CAMPUS ANIMALS

The certain things as characteristic of college as Dr. Leib's knit soccer cap, defunct "class trees," a recent senior's pants, "Dutch" in the P. E. Department's improvised telephone booth ("instep over the white line"), or Cyril's Chevrolet, are things we are fortunately less likely to forget than occasional heart-breaking D's or stingy restrictions on "nights". Also among those certain things are Campus Animals—beasts rendered immortal through tradition and the print of our remembrance:

For instance, don't you recall:

The Leib goats during that year of Thames Hall's string bean epidemic—and the estimate that the number of cans they consumed would have reached (if placed end to end) from Thames to Bullard's Corners.

The old infirmary's huge double-toed cat—and how he was wont to climb with random abandon across the sills of your third-floor sick-room.

"Tweedy," ex-President Marshall's faithful collie—and the evening he padded into Vespers and trotted up the stage steps to recline in impassive, solemn reverence at the Prex's feet for the duration of the sermon.

The woolen Skeeziexes, Felixes, Woofies and Dodoes you've found in every freshman bedroom.

Those unwise vagrant campus kitties whose dismembered hides you saw flung to the April zephyrs from Blackstone's ivied walls, and how each ardent zoo major named her pet skin, and placed bets that it would be the first to dry.

"Californius," that painfully forgetful, Niantic-born airdale pup purchased by a certain freshman to take back to her Golden ("God's Country") West, and how your righteous periodic wrath against him changed to genuine sorrow when you learned he'd thrown a fatal fit on seeing California.

Frequent, inevitable, well-traveled, curiously hybrid Saxton Cats.

That gaunt, nondescript, unnameable hound with a yen for surreptitious snoozings beneath back desks in a certain shorthand class.

And then, in the far reaches of the Amphitheatre or Bolleswood, or along the tracks of the swift C. V.—

*we always love the skunk alone,
Where no one knows where he may park;
We'll say old Noah pulled a bone
When he let pole cats in the Ark*

The love birds, canaries, gold fish, turtles and bear rugs of a famous senior who plastered her walls and shelves with blue ribbons and loving cups won by her turkeys, horses, dogs, etc., at New York state and county fairs.

Dogfish in the zoo lab garbage cans, and your fishing excursions to find your own d. f.'s brain in the formaldehyde; and again, the turtle you decided to model for your exam problem, and how utterly he passed out on you before you got the plaster off.

The vituperative parrot, gibbering monkey and pifface poodle owned by a certain sophomore who had a habit of hiring a taxi to get her from Bannon to her daily eight o'clocks.

And then there is that story of a former student government president who worked all night on an art problem, snatched two hours' sleep before class, only to be awakened by the dormitory's skinny cellar cat slinking into her room and how she leapt furiously from bed, shook a menacing finger at the frightened disturber of

The Mariners Savings Bank

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HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Tuesday, October 29—Senior-Sophomore.
Wednesday, October 30—Junior-Freshman.
Wednesday, November 6—Junior-Sophomore.
Tuesday, November 12—Sophomore-Freshman.
Wednesday, November 13—Senior-Junior.
Wednesday, November 20—Senior-Freshman.

All games at 4 o'clock. Bring a dime for hot-dogs.

Hockey Squads

Seniors: Dorothy M. Barrett, Ruth Barry, Betty Capron, Ruth Cooper, Sally Diescher, Ruth Ferguson, Isabel Gilbert, Tommy Hartshorn, Elizabeth Johnson, Fran Kelly, Eleanor Meurer, Margaret Monjo, Marjorie Nash, and Ernestine Vincent.

Juniors: Rosemary Brewer, Billie Brown, Louise Bunce, Betty Clifton, Polly Deweese, Anne Ebsen, Dorothy Gould, Connie Gano, Elizabeth Hubbard, Elizabeth Metzger, Jane Moore, Betty Norton, Elizabeth Rieley, Dorothy Rose, Helen Shephard, and Beatrice Whitcomb.

Sophomores: Sis Bartlett, Marjorie Bradshaw, Frances Buck, Gertrude Butler, Margaret Chalker, Priscilla Dennett, Edith Ewing, Earleen Fairweather, Dorothy Friend, J. Johnson, Marian Kendrick, Lena Koella, Priscilla Moore, Myra O'Connell, Dorothy Peterson, Peggy Salter, Martha Sater, Mary Scott, Ellen Shold, Margaret Smith, Dorothy Stevens, Virginia Stephenson, Jean Stimson, Jean Thoman, and Catherine Wilcox.

Freshmen: Mary Babbitt, Esther Barlow, Jane Benedict, Gioia Brill, Helen Bush, Sue Crawford, Adelaide Cushing, Winifred DeForest, Helene Ely, Arline Goldberg, Dot Hamilton, Leona Hartstone, Sheila Hartwell, Helen Hubbard, Eleanor Jones, Harriet Kistler, Janet Lipper, Eleanor Lucas, Virginia Merrill, Betty Miller, Barbara Mundy, Helen Peasley, Alice Pennock, Louise Pretzinger, Ruth Rose, Eleanor Sauer, Muriel Schlossberg, Nancy Smedley, Grace Stephens, Ruth Stinson, Janet Swan, Virginia Swan, Virginia Vail, Jessie Wackenheim, Elsa Waldecker, Betty Zerwerck.

her peace, and shouted, "MUST you stamp your feet so!"

The helpless kitten, Mimi, with the green and blue eyes who spent two frantic weeks being hastily transferred from Vinal to Winthrop, from closet to hat box, and nourished on cream puffs and cheese-covered celery.

And the irresistible doggie, Virginie, that followed some of the juniors home to Winthrop last spring and was bathed carefully on the second floor before he was claimed by his distressed owner.

Where, we wonder, be these beasts of yesteryear?

This year in addition to the Plant and Branford pole kitty, we have complaints of influxes of flies in Blackstone. The transfers from Marot are not decorating their walls with fly paper.

RIVER HOUSE

(Concluded from page 2, column 4)

In the numb moments that followed the grief for the mother that he had never before known, John thought of Evelyn Chenoweth. Three years before on his way to Princeton he had met her at a dance in Memphis. The two had fallen passionately in love, but when John tried to write, he never could strike the right tone in his letters. Now, in his present state he longed violently for her. He leaves the train at Memphis and in a short two days they are man and wife.

Evelyn is the extreme in modern thought and action. Evelyn smokes, and though Ellen and Rosa pretend to be politely accustomed, the sight is a shock. Her victrola pierces the serenity of River House at all hours and her conversation is frank and fearless. But she is beautiful and her love for John is evident to his adoring family. That is sufficient for them. For all her sophistication and unthinking wildness, the Major realizes that she will make a faithful, though difficult wife and an affectionate mother."

He deliberately attempts to ally Evelyn with him in the struggle with John. It is a question of some property John thinks should be returned to its former owner, although legally it belongs to the Major. The Major prevails upon Evelyn to use her power as an attractive young bride to influence John to relinquish his idea. Surrounded by the beauty of the little pavilion, Evelyn does accomplish the Major's desire. The next day John is sick with the thought of his betrayal and Evelyn feels that she is a traitor. In the evening the young couple meet in the great living room and John refuses to go through with his promise to disregard the land affair. Evelyn happily releases him. Swearing to be true, they face Major Dandridge with the courage of reclaimed love. The Major then divulges the cause of his separation from his wife, which is revealed as the same land question upon which John and he have been disagreeing.

Realization comes to John that it is his mother who has been guiding his course. He knows then that he and his father can never live together. He disappears out the window to take the train away from home and back to his work in St. Louis, strong in the knowledge that Evelyn will follow.

Stark Young has treated the theme with great appreciation. The soft loveliness of the River House is brought out in sharp contrast with the side of the South that Evelyn represents. She herself is surprisingly superior to the atmosphere in which she has grown up, the new raw South that flouts tradition and laughs at custom. John is the middle course, torn by his father's will and led in new paths by his education. River House with its treasures seems like a monastery, far from the brusqueness of civilization, sacred and inviolate to progress. The jewels of the monastery are Ellen and Rosa, who strive so hard to make River House a haven for their men. They are so charmingly sincere and real against their background of Southern gentility that, if the author had sketched only these two, we would feel an appreciation and understanding of the whole book.

SIX HUNDRED ATTEND RECEPTION IN HONOR OF DR. BLUNT

Dr. Blunt was formally introduced to the citizens of New London Saturday evening at a reception given in her honor by the Faculty Club and the administration staff in the salon of Knowlton House. The room was attractively decorated with yellow and cream chrysanthemums, roses, and autumn leaves.

In the receiving line were Dean Nye, representing the faculty, Dean Benedict, representing the administration and Dr. Blunt. Miss Oakes presented the guests to the receiving line. Large bouquets of roses and ferns decorated the tables from which the refreshments were served. Presiding over these tables were Miss Ernst, Miss Stanwood, Miss Fernald, Miss Dintruff, Miss Botsford, and Miss McKee. The refreshments consisted of punch, pineapple ice, and cakes. About six hundred guests were present at the reception.

FACULTY ASKED TO CO-OPERATE

Press Board asks the co-operation of the faculty concerning college publicity. As there is no definite social calendar, we would appreciate it if the heads of the departments would give their plans to one of the reporters *in advance*. The reporters are: Lois Taylor, Edna Whitehead, Elizabeth Glass, Frieda Grout, Virginia Carmichael, Katherine Adams, Margaret Whitman, Sophie Litsky, Allison Durkee, Dorothy Feltner, Barbara White, Gertrude Larson, and Jane Murphy.

WANTED!

Information Concerning
All Animals

On or off Campus

Tell the News

Box 24

The Quality Drug House of
Eastern Connecticut

THE NICHOLS & HARRIS CO.
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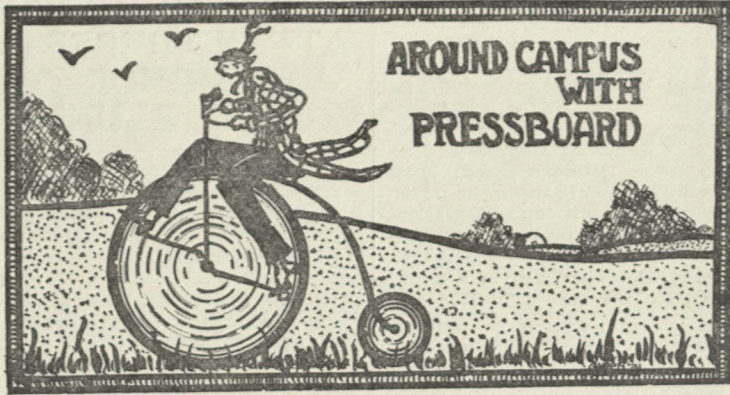
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The football season is very upsetting. What with taxis waiting outside class-rooms, snappy looking men in snappier looking roadsters whizzing by, and half the college tooting gaily away for the week-end, the little home-bodies find it hard to appear enthusiastic. As we were saying, the type of girl is changing. Breakfast on the island and hikes to Groton aren't what they used to be.

According to last week's *News*, one of our graduates is teaching mathematics in Oak Grove Cemetery. Is this a case of higher mathematics or merely an example of the great C. C. initiative?

It seems that the freshmen in the old infirmary are getting tired of having people walk into their rooms and exclaim, "Oh, this is where I had measles!" The power of suggestion may become too strong some day and they will all succumb to the germ infested atmosphere.

The floor is now open for nominations for what one student calls "the world's best letter-writing course." So far we have had numerous suggestions and it seems that writing letters in class has a great deal to do with your personality. For instance some are inspired by a French class rather than a Math. lecture, etc. Where do you cast your vote?

Another big question is which professor tells more jokes. We have been recording bright sayings of our faculty, but have decided there is too much competition which results in quantity rather than quality.

Did you hear about the girl in Home Ec. who had never seen water boil and wondered why it bubbled? At least some courses are not in vain.

We can't wait until we're alumnae and come back to have people sing to us. On the other hand that agonizing struggle to remember names has its disadvantages.

What we can't understand is why more Seniors don't go to vespers. You can't wear a cap and gown for ever—so why not get your money's worth now? (This is would-be psychology—not lack of reverence.)

That "half-hour leeway after dances" has its possibilities. The time element becomes vital in our lives.

There are many incidents connected with the removal of the steps on the path which leads off campus. One member of the faculty has to be hauled over the bank daily. The student body joins with her in an earnest plea that the steps be replaced.

Frantic Senior just before golf class: "Jane! where's our middy?"

THE STYLE SHOP

One of the 1,200 golf balls has been lost. Imagine how the other 1,199 must feel!

We wonder if the off-campus people know about Forum. An hour on Sunday night with a mixed group of students is a good time to make new acquaintances and incidentally to air your ideas on life and what not. Life is so complex and "what not" is so interesting.

The reception at Knowlton quite overwhelmed us. We aren't exactly jealous, but we never had pineapple ice, and punch, and cup cakes.

The greatest problem right now is how to make last year's dresses longer. Where, oh where, is the waist line and how do you lengthen a dress that doesn't have a hem?

We're getting desperate over the "ads" that fill our mail-box. Such a futile feeling fills our soul.

After being completely lost for two weeks, it is back with us again, perhaps not exactly the same but getting better all the time. What is? Why, C. B.'s voice, of course.

PRESIDENT BLUNT ATTENDS CEREMONIES AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

(Concluded from page 1, column 4) other for an informal exchange of views and problems. It was, President Blunt agreed, a completely satisfying experience.

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Crash! went the apparatus for Mr. Kinsey's lecture on "Color Illusions" as two girls walked into the room late, brushed against the desk, and the carefully prepared glasses of color smashed to the floor. The first Psychology Club meeting of the year, held Thursday evening, October 17th, began excitingly enough. We were then told to write down our version of the accident and answer various questions about the apparatus, in order to fix the blame.

When Mr. Kinsey began to compare the testimonies, it dawned on us that we had witnessed a "put-up job". The lecturer and chief conspirator then proved by this means that the perception of eye-witnesses is seldom complete; that lawyers can draw for the incriminating testimony by asking leading questions; and that prosecution may convict witnesses by verbal evidence that is not reliable. Thus, the course of justice is not always just.

The secretary read a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Ligon expressing their thanks and good wishes to the Psychology Club, and hoping that they will see all the girls when they are here the week end of December 7th.

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