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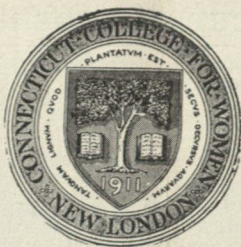
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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMISTICE NEGOTIATIONS

Professor Seymour at Convocation

A long, mahogany table in an upper hall in Versailles with Clemenceau, the "Lion of France", at one end, Lloyd George, the "Little Welshman", at the other, the American conciliator, Colonel House, on one side, and Orlando, the Italian, on the other side, and various military and naval chiefs in impressive uniforms to complete the group—this is the setting in which the major conditions of the Armistice were drawn up. At the convocation hour on Tuesday afternoon, Professor Charles Seymour, Professor of history, and Provost of Yale University, who was personally associated with that group of men who are responsible for the terms of the famous Treaty of Versailles, gave a vivid and intensely interesting presentation of the conditions surrounding the document which brought the great War to a close.

There is an opinion prevalent especially in France that Germany should have been destroyed and that America, under the leadership of President Wilson, was more or less to blame for forcing a premature peace. Wilson did not force peace; he made peace possible by granting Germany the privilege of asking the War Council for an armistice. General Foch himself insisted that the time for peace negotiations had come, and he was supported in this opinion by all the allied generals with the single exception of our own General Pershing. Foch argued very soundly that war was a struggle to obtain certain results, and that if Germany was willing to accept a treaty which would give the same results, much human suffering could be avoided.

By August of 1918 Germany had lost all hope of winning the war. The Bulgarians were already defeated, Turkey had made peace, and Austria was seeking an armistice. Germany sent a message to President Wilson through the Swiss ambassador and, after a complicated correspondence, finally received permission to demand peace from the War Council.

In the meantime we find the council at Versailles engaged in determining the conditions to be included in the armistice. Each member has a plan to suggest and when each has spoken, Monsieur le Maréchal dispatches his own original plan to the steering committee at Paris for approval. The naval terms presented by the Naval committee he violently opposes, and eventually, with the support of Lloyd George, it is agreed that only the submarines need be surrendered and that the surface fleet may be interned under German command at a neutral port. The terms were completed on October 29th, and on November 2nd they were accepted by Germany to go into effect on November 11th. America, on the whole, had surprisingly little military influence in bringing about the peace treaty. General Pershing was defi-

(Continued on page 2, column 4)

RAYMOND C. KNOX
Chaplain of Columbia University since 1908; student at Columbia, Union Theological Seminary Berlin and Oxford; Episcopal clergyman; Lecturer for the Y. M. C. A. in France, and popular University and College preacher will speak at Vespers on
"IS GOD PERSONAL?"

The Older You Are, The Better You Will Like Them

Exhibit of Children's Books at the Library

For the next three weeks the Library will hold an exhibit of books for children to which the public, as well as Faculty and students, are cordially invited. These will consist for the most part of trade editions, which the Bookshop of New London has very kindly lent for this display. The originals of the illustrations of some of the books are also on view, notably originals by Boris Artzybasheff of six of the plates in Padraic Colum's *Orpheus* just published by the Macmillan Company; and by Miss Edna Potter of New London in *This Way and That Way*, published by the Oxford University Press.

The Bookshop has also lent the following autographed and limited editions: A. A. Milne's three books—*Christopher Robin's Story Book*, *Winnie the Pooh*, and *House of Pooh Corner*—illus-

trated by E. H. Shepard, autographed by the author and the artist. Dorey's *Three and the Moon*, illustrated by Artzybasheff and autographed. Nathalia Crane's *Venus Invisible*, illustrated by Ruth Jones, with autographs of both author and artist. Anderson's *Snow Queen*, illustrated and signed by Katharine Beverley and Elizabeth Ellender. Alfred Kreyborg's *Funny Bone Alley*, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, and autographed by him as well as by the author.

A copy of *Gay Neck*, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, illustrated by Artzybasheff, which won the Newberry medal as the best children's book of 1928, autographed by both author and illustrator, is lent for the exhibit by Miss Stewart, as is also Sara Teasdale's latest book, *Stars To-Night*, autographed and inscribed to Miss Stewart.

THE REAL COURAGE IS THE COURAGE OF IGNORANCE

Dr. Phelps at Vespers

William Lyon Phelps, one of the best known of our contemporary New England personalities, needed no introduction at Vespers on Sunday. Since 1901, Lampson professor of English literature at Yale University, a contributor to numerous periodicals, a favorite lecturer on literature and religion, author of a score of books, essayist of note, member of honorary societies and holder of honorary as well as of earned degrees, his interests are catholic—literature, music, theater, philosophy, and religion. As a personality, he is an incomparable combination of deep religious feeling and common sense, of definite moral convictions, and heart-warming sympathies, of the highest idealism, and a delightful and startling sense of humor.

His personality and the results of his varied experiences were made evident to us in his Vesper talk, "The Courage of Ignorance." Dr. Phelps worked up to his point by first telling us about the different kinds of courage, fool-hardy, physical, and mental, but most of all about the greatest courage, the courage of ignorance, ignorance meaning ignorance of the outcome which is a subjective type of experience that leads the soldier enthusiastically into battle, and causes us to have faith in life after death.

Fool-hardy courage is the greatest kind of courageous folly and is entirely unpraiseworthy, causing us to thrust ourselves into the most disastrous of situations with our eyes opened to the obvious consequences. Physical courage is the most evidenced kind of bravery, and is of course, highly commendable. It is the kind of courage that causes a man to give up his life for his country, or to sacrifice himself for an ideal or to uphold some moral standard. Then, there seems to exist in man a mental courage which in its completeness rules physical weakness, and helps to keep one on a higher level of living in the face of untold difficulties, sorrows and misery. This type of bravery is not so obvious to us as the other kinds are, but it exists more universally than the majority of us realize.

But finally, the courage of ignorance, which is the most sublime of all the types of courage. There actually exists no courage devoid of ignorance, but to go blindly, unseeing, with a brave heart and head held high toward the unknown consequences of what you believe to be right—that is to know real courage!

FIRE!!

Campus Conflagration Causes Commotion

Sirens shrieking up the hill simultaneously startled two hundred-odd students in their respective processes of brushing their teeth, boning for a coming mid-semester, doubling a four no trump and winding up the vic. Immediately, action!—Two hundred-odd tooth brushes, and text books and cigarettes dropped in mid-air, and in less time than it takes to flunk a question in class, two hundred-odd wild women were in front of New London hall, in a thrilling tangle of smoke, shiny red fire-engines, janitors, and puzzled but appreciative fire-men. The costuming would have done credit to Louise Boulanger herself—Pajamas were the fashion hit, with flowing hair a close second. Mules danced up and down in excitement beside sport oxfords, pumps and comfys. Little coats squeezed onto big people, and little people peering out of big coats. Water-wave combs scattered after flying fire-fends and negligees trailing beneath bulky army sweaters. And the Fire?—a mere little bon-fire in the janitor's room in the basement of New London—put out before the first frantic and gleeful student arrived—but it did its best, and oh! how we appreciate it! We can't ask for murders, and nice juicy accidents can hardly be expected, and our scandal is ever so limited—but a fire! Two hundred-odd happier thrill-chasers trembled into bed on Tuesday night and breathed two hundred-odd thankful sighs of relief and pride. At last we can say "And remember the fire that we had in college!"

ARMISTICE DAY

A lecture is a splendid way
Of spreading information;
That's why learned people come
To speak at convocation.

We've heard an anthropologist
Discourse on evolution;
We've heard a famous Frenchman give
His erudite conclusion.

But now a speaker comes along
To break the news demurely,
That a holiday has been and gone.
Perverved humor, surely!

COINCIDENCE

I fear it might have been a blow
To Stu. G's pride and power,
If the campus conflagration
Had come in quiet hour.

"THE AMAZONS" AN ANACHRONISM

Production Suffers From Modern Interpretation of Victorian Play

It is tempting to draw a very obvious moral concerning the two farces that have lately been played on the campus. No real comparison is possible, for the French farce is alive and *The Amazons* is pretty dead. But the fifteenth-century *Pathelin*, being alive and true, is quite near to us and quite fresh, whereas Pinero's play, written forty years ago, is as antiquated as the bicycle built for two. Its "problem" is no longer a problem. Today Lady Belturbet could satisfy her dearest wish by sending her girls to college instead of immuring them in Overcote Park. The theme—sweetly, and one hopes permanently, embalmed in Tennyson's *Princess*—calls to mind such ancient horrors and long since cancelled woes as the noisy assertion of women's "rights," the man-nish woman, and her sister and inevitable counterpart the womanly woman. Not that the play deals with these matters, but their currency must have given its main situation whatever zest it once had. Pinero's lesson, painlessly enough administered, that you cannot turn pretty girls into men, whatever point it may have had in 1890, is no longer stimulating. One cannot brood upon it very long. Had Pinero succeeded in embellishing his play with a little humanity, it would still be interesting, even though *Amazons* are for the time being out of fashion. But this was something Pinero never succeeded in doing to any appreciable extent, either in *The Amazons* or anywhere else.

Few reputations have sunk so rapidly as his. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was hailed as a great play and mentioned in the same breath with Euripides and Shakespeare. Pinero was welcomed as the restorer of the English stage, as the greatest dramatist since Sheridan, etc. And this was less than thirty years ago. Who can doubt now that it was all a horrid mistake, as the reputation of Stephen Phillips, the "lineal descendant" of Tennyson, was a mistake, that Pinero is never anything more than a master of cheap theatrical effects, that his Paula Tanqueray and Iris and Mrs. Ebbsmith, those shady and unsubstantial heroines, are the merest humbug, like their "problems" which are no problems, and like Pinero's solutions, which solve nothing, mainly because there is nothing to solve?

As for the performance of the play, it was mediocre as a whole with occasional bits of really commendable acting. Caroline Rice '31, and her committee deserve credit for an exceptionally fine piece of work on the setting for the park scene. It was a difficult problem and the result was both convincing and delightful, and one of the most realistic and natural outdoor scenes ever set up on our gym stage. The stage business went off smoothly, which is especially praiseworthy considering the difficulties of the last set. The capacity of the wardrobe was astonishing. It would not have been surprising if a rabbit hat popped out of it ultimately.

(Continued on page 2, column 3)

Need we announce
Thanksgiving Recess?
November 26 to 30

Connecticut College News

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EDITORIAL

In a recent *Alumnus* publication appeared the following comment from Professor Givler of Tufts College. "College is a place where irresponsibility is paramount. As a general thing students spend money they have not earned, use what they did not buy and break what they need not mend. The only other place this ever happens is in story books."

College, using the word as a category or phenomenon rather than a specific Yale or Vassar of Connecticut, is a constant and convenient victim of many an ironic and accusing pen wielded by our present day journalists and critics. It is an atheist-breeder—a backdrop for crack football teams—an expensive country club—and a hotbed of radicalism. And now we are a page from a story book. Professor Givler could find without doubt examples to back up his statement on any campus today. Many of us do romp through four years of college on an elastic and Dad-given allowance which we accept as so much manna and squander gleefully without thought. Some of us do use our friend's books and soap and hairpins without consideration of return, scatter our ink and ashes for others to clean up, get through our courses on our neighbor's brains and go our daily way with blissful disregard for consequences or responsibility to others. But we question the universality of such campus irresponsibility. In fact we are quite convinced that though we may not have the same type of responsibilities as the average citizen, we have as many, which are just as significant and which we take sometimes more seriously than many a citizen takes his. Few college students "get away with much."

A good percentage of us earn our own way through college while we are going, a feat which involves responsibility equal to that which rests on the shoulders of any Wall Street financier. Some of us support ourselves partially or contribute by summer jobs and most of the rest of us are impressed sufficiently as to the source and limitations of our support that we watch our allowances rather carefully. The mass of us bear some degree of financial responsibility. We have a government which places upon us the responsibility of determining our own behavior, in college, and we suspect that we obey our chaperone and sign-out rules a lot more consistently and conscientiously than the average citizen observes traffic rules

ARE WE BECOMING LIBBY HOLMANS?

Girls with sweet soprano voices are becoming as rare as real blondes. Professor William Haddon, head of the music department at the College of St. Elizabeth, says that American girls are "definitely lowering the pitch of their voices." He backs up his statement with statistics from newly made voice tests of freshman candidate for the glee club.

The downward trend in girlish trebles he attributes to an organic change, caused by wild cheering at football games and by incessant smoking. Sopranos are becoming "dark-colored" altos, and altos are drifting toward the bass.

Professor Haddon takes the change philosophically. He is no reformer. He asks no bans on cigarettes or cheers. He simply records the facts. Let the girls do as they like. As a matter of fact, his announcement will no doubt set many a maiden with a high clear voice to smoking two packs instead of one a day and double her enthusiasm and lung-power at the next football game. For low, throaty voices are tremendously fashionable.

The deep voice of Ethel Barrymore has been imitated by hundreds of admirers. The hoarse tones of Jeanne Eagels' Sadie Thompson, and the low-pitched parts exploited by Lenore Ulric met with resounding approval. Libby Holman's alto of the darkest dye is an important part in a current musical hit.

Radio and talkies distort the thin high notes of a feminine voice in disagreeable fashion, but record faithfully a rich contralto. No doubt college girls are discovering that a low voice—regardless of whether it be soft and gentle—is an excellent thing in woman.—*N. Y. Times*.

—Vassar Miscellany.

LESS "LOUSY" LANGUAGE

If this article were to start with a quotation of the old proverb "Speech is silver, but silence is golden" you might groan and turn the page quickly to express your disgust. However, time and again, every hour of the day you are subjected to so many trite expressions that you digest them unconcernedly as the morning oatmeal.

Now, admit it frankly, have you seen any clothes on this whole campus which were not either "lousy" or "swell"? When you have a "date" (can you suggest another name for it?) and meet a "blind," is he not very apt to be a "wet blanket" or "all wet"? On the other hand, he may be "intriguing" or "simply darling" but let us hope he is not "terribly cute" for this is a term, by all rights reserved for famous authors! And so "if you get what I mean," you will no longer "rave about" the "cunning sunset" or its colors transposed to "the most adorable gowns you ever saw."

From this point, the English teacher is certain to prescribe the old cure (Continued on page 2, column 4)

or the Volstead Act. As for property, were we inclined to be careless, we would find little opportunity, so responsible are we for the observance of restrictions and much red tape in connection with it. Fees on overdue books at the "libe" are exacted with Shylockian mercilessness, if we stick thumb-tacks in our walls we are penalized and plates from the dining halls must be accounted for. And then moreover we are weighed down with the inevitable responsibilities of classes to attend, assignments to get done and term papers to hand in. What about the citizen who throws his papers recklessly about the streets, tramples over people's lawns, flicks his cigarettes carelessly around and never gets his income tax report in on time?

We are of the conviction that there is exactly as much of the "let the other fellow worry" attitude on any Main Street as there is around the quadrangles of colleges and that though college may be a Utopia of non-conventional and emotionally carefree behavior it is not a fairy tale of irresponsibility.

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:

What with quantities of spinach simply oozing vitamins and starch enough to make a shirt stand alone and masses of mysterious meat—we are well fed indeed in our dining halls. And as for variety, one never knows what is to come next. In fact the more we dine in other institutions the more convinced are we that we feast like royalty. But we have one complaint which after the pressure of several spectacular Tuesdays and Thursdays we wish to record—What has happened to the ice-cream? In days gone by, even as recent as last spring one approached ice-cream nights with calm. Either there would be vanilla or chocolate or vanilla! Life then was simple indeed. But now on Tuesday and Thursday nights we travel dining-hallwards with inner trepidation. As the dessert course draws near we shudder, our mental equilibrium grows shaky and our Epicurian calm is completely upset. What will it be tonight? We lift our spoons cautiously and transfer a microscopic amount of what might be honest-to-goodness ice-cream but probably isn't, to tongues already curling in scepticism learned through sad experience. One night it was Orange Pekoe (we suspected them of imaginative delusions), on another it was Grape-Nuts which everyone knows rightfully belongs after orange juice at 7.30 A. M. and last Tuesday it was Peppermint! We've had it in sticks and in gum and flavoring our medicine but does it belong in Ice-Cream? We say no!—and state timidly but firmly that although we appreciate the evident attempt of the dietition department to tempt our palates with variety, we would really prefer to regress to the monotonous comfort of the old days when all ice-cream was invariably either vanilla or vanilla or vanilla!

"THE AMAZONS" AN ANACHRONISM

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

The absurd French Count and his love-lorn running mate were played with much spirit by Anne Ebsen '31, and Margaret Hazlewood '30. Miss Ebsen, in the part of Monsieur de Griv gave the best and most finished performance she has ever presented here in college dramatics. Her acting showed both ease and assurance. Miss Hazlewood's acting was on a par with Miss Ebsen's, although her part was perhaps the most difficult of all, and the one criticism of her performance would be that the difficulty was occasionally felt. Miss Bartlett's clergyman was agreeably plausible, despite a smoothness of cheek and brow exceptional even in a curate. Jean Neal produced a very acceptable though slightly monotonous English accent and an adequate interpretation of the part.

Dorothy Rose was, decidedly the best of the three daughters, being admirably adapted to the part. Margaret Mulholland's performance was fair—not deserving of special comment one way or the other. Miss Bell's acting was more or less mechanical, and in one or two of her long speeches, her enunciation was blurred through haste and it was difficult to follow. Ester Barlow played the part of the mother adequately, but failed to make the most of her opportunities.

Helene Moore, as the poacher, stood out among the minor characters as making the most of her brief appearance on the stage.

Considering the limitations imposed by the unfortunate choice of the play and the number of men's parts, the performance of the players was not bad.

If the play had been given in the costume of the period for which it was written, most of the difficulties would have been greatly minimized, and the whole point of the play would have been more apparent.

GETTING A JOB

Dean Manning spoke a week or so ago at Bryn Mawr chapel on the subject of "Getting a Job." She began by saying that jobs are harder to get now than she ever remembers their being before.

In order to advise student and prospective employer the personnel bureau must have information. College and school records are an index of general intelligence and, to a surprising extent, of ability to see things through, but they do not necessarily show the student's tastes or type of thinking.

As students differ so do the jobs they demand. Some think along practical lines, in concrete images. Others think in abstract images and see always the idea behind the act; it is a more delicate job finding positions for these. Some like intellectual jobs, others jobs of organization. Some work best alone; others are naturally gregarious.

The chief difficulty with vocational advice is that no one wants to take it. Students have different but unchanging attitudes in choosing what they will do. Some are pliant; in a family of doctors they are doctors; in a family of lawyers, lawyers. Others, among them said Mrs. Manning, are contrary, choosing the untraditional occupation. Some are swayed by sentimental considerations to choose jobs for which they are not practically or temperamentally suited. Most people are unwilling to prepare for the technical job which is easiest to get. When one has mastered it thoroughly, one will usually find that intellectual interest may be squeezed out of it.

If one is sure of one's general field it is best to take the best job one can find in it and not expect too much at first. The contact with concrete example is what is most needed. Mrs. Manning laid special emphasis on the importance of always seeing through jobs undertaken. She stressed too the importance of being healthy. The time and money lost from sickness of employees, women especially, is very great and employers are rightfully prejudiced against the chronically ill.

Charm is an inevitable part of a woman's make-up and make-up is an inevitable part of woman's charm!

—Vassar Miscellany News.

Mlle. Leotard Discusses American Students:

"Some of you are intelligent; a few of you are intellectual; all of you are feminine." . . . Asked whether Americans or foreigners learned French more quickly, Mlle. Leotard answered frankly: "Why, the foreigners learned French more quickly, first comes a good time" (with a wink) "after studying. In France, those who can afford it go to the University after leaving secondary school, and comparatively few can stand the expense. There are no restrictions on them there, and always their first aim is to study. There is nothing there like the American, what shall I call it, well, mass-production system of education."—*The Pembroke Record*.

LESS "LOUSY" LANGUAGE?

(Concluded from page 2, column 2)

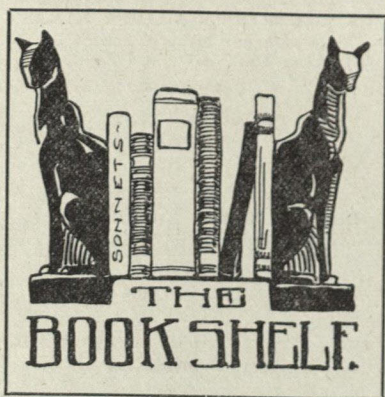
of a new word a day but this has no appeal and a possibly fatal effect that comes with too sudden an expansion of vocabulary. Do not drown yourself in a sea of big words, but slowly shut out the old pests and beggars. Reserve "cute" for Monday and "darling" for Tuesday, then perhaps by Sunday you'll have a nice big word that is really new—a discovery all your own!—*Skidmore News*.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMISTICE, ETC.

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)

nately opposed to peace and was overruled, and even the terms suggested by Bliss at the peace conference were practically disregarded by Foch in his final armistice terms.

Charles Seymour is editor of *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* and jointly with Colonel House is editor of *What Really Happened in Paris*, published in 1921 and since translated into French. He is also author of *The Diplomatic Background of the War*, *Woodrow Wilson and the World War* and other works on historical and political subjects.



"THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY"

By Margaret Kennedy
Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00

Another English family joins the ranks of English families who live in series of books with the publication of *The Fool of the Family* which continues the story of the Sangers, the strange, romantic, musical family which we first met in *The Constant Nymph*. The sons are now following the Sanger tradition by living intense lives full of music and love-affairs. *The Fool of the Family* is the story of the brothers Caryl and Sebastian and Fenella whom Caryl wants to marry and Gemma, Sebastian's "girl". The book is rather a romance than a novel for in reading it we are never quite aware that we are in the twentieth century, and consequently we are surprised when somebody uses a telephone or jumps into an automobile. The romantic impression grows throughout the book until in the last chapter we feel that we are somewhere back a few centuries—when Caryl and Fenella elope in another automobile.

It is perhaps because they are romantic that the characters are so interesting and appealing to the imagination. They are all clearly etched, but they live somewhere beyond us in an individual world of their own. Gemma, for instance, seems like a gypsy of some southern country until she suddenly quotes Milton or as suddenly discusses contemporary England when we remember that she is a person of the present time who was educated in a convent. When Sebastian and Caryl and Gemma wander through the mountains with a minstrel show, they do not belong to our times until they come upon a resort hotel with a golf course. An encounter with the Fascisti reads like a romance somewhere back in the dim past. Fenella keeps the balance of the book for she is just as fascinated by the other characters as we are, and she is never anything but an English girl of today.

It is when Fenella falls violently in love with Sebastian after she has been plotting with Caryl to marry him in spite of her family that the real problem and the real struggle of the book begins. Before this we have a fairly conventional story of two young lovers who are trying to marry in the face of the objections of the parents of the girl. After Sebastian enters the story the action and the outcome is dependent on the characters—as much as it can be in a romance.

Miss Kennedy seems to like her characters a great deal for she views them at once humorously and sympathetically. She sees their situation in the same light, but yet she manages to make their feelings seem very real, and very serious and fundamental sometimes. Her consideration of Fenella is particularly illustrative of this point. A girl whose most frequent word is "ought" is faced with the problem of being engaged to and very much loved by the brother of the man she loves and whose mistress she knows as a friend. Her varying feelings and the emotions she experiences are real enough, but the situation is solved when she says to Sebastian, "Sebastian, I don't love you" and explains herself by adding, "It was your boots. The noise of your boots tramping about upstairs." So she marries Caryl.

The style of the book is charming and the profusion of surprising touches of explanation and description add to its color—such sentences,

SALUTES TO LEARNING

In commenting on his announcement that henceforth the University of Washington will eliminate courses of a vocational or trade nature, said President Matthew Lyle Spencer: "In other words, it is our belief that education in a University should not do for society in general that which society can do for itself. It is almost as reasonable for us to teach our pharmacy students how to mix soft drinks or to make sandwiches for the drug store trade."—*Time*.

To offset the impression which the cinema, college publications and the "general cynicism or barbed criticism of editorial journals of opinion" create about college life, President Ernest Martin Hopkins of Dartmouth in his convocation address gave his idea of the academic scene. Said he: "The true portrait of the American college would show a community in which generosity of spirit and graces of culture are predominate, where eagerness for truth and wisdom pervades the atmosphere, where the cooperative enterprise which we call education is carried on with mutual esteem and respect between faculty and students. It would likewise show, to be sure, some degree of self-seeking and self-indulgences, some effort to arrogate special privileges to individual selves, some pride of opinion, some intellectual arrogance and some close mindedness, but these would appear as they are, merely as blemishes upon the portrait. Each college generation has it within its power to refine or to smudge the portrait."—*Time*.

WHO OUGHT TO GO TO COLLEGE?

"This question is as many pointed as a chestnut burr. It can be formulated in a dozen ways and answered in a thousand. It is filled with implications that presuppose their answers. Who ought to go to college? 'Everybody, nobody. Those who can't do anything else. Highbrows, athletes. The chosen few. . . . Who cares who ought to go to college? Intelligent parents, college faculties and social scientists. We must limit our discussion in their favor. We may consider first the practical question: What students are likely to perform successfully in our colleges as they exist? Second, from the wider social point of view we ask, what individuals, selected from our population as a whole are most likely to achieve distinction in their college studies and benefit society through their later achievements. The second question is far the more difficult to answer, and to answer, and the existing selection, in fact, takes place chiefly on the basis of the first criterion. But the social prestige that attends the college today brings into their gates tens of thousands whose real interest is not in the intellectual things. If these institutions could be stripped of that false glamor, and if their proper intellectual function could be duly emphasized, the larger problem of who ought to go to college would be simplified and the answer made more clear."—*The Nation*.

President Blunt left on Wednesday for Washington, D. C., where she will attend the White House Conference on Child Health Protection. Also representing Connecticut at the conference is Dr. Chaney.

Mademoiselle Ernst represented the college at the inauguration of the Rev. Dr. Aloysius J. Hogan as president of Fordham University in New York City on Friday, November 21. At the French club meeting next Tuesday Mademoiselle Ernst will address the members on the subject of the French Center which is under way at college. The first steps toward making the college a center of French culture for the people of Connecticut, have already been taken and plans are now in the making for a program of French speakers.

for instance, as "They were cut off from external aid by sheets of rain, six gates, and a long uneasy day spent together."

—Courtesy of The Bookshop.

Academic Antics

A Column for Clubs

Lipsticks and Science

Science Club met on Monday evening, to discuss "Cosmetiques and Perfumes." A series of talks on the subject were given by various members, covering the entire field from perfumes and powders to rouges and lipsticks. Cosmetiques, it seems are not a twentieth century innovation but have been found in some of the ancient Egyptian tombs dating back as far as 3000 B. C. and most present-day perfumes are in truth synthetic odors produced by chemists after much experimentation to imitate certain flower scents. All is not what it seems even in the world of make-up! Adelaide Cushing, Jennie Fusco and Dorothy Friend covered this material. Miss Chase, chemistry assistant and a graduate of Mt. Holyoke related amusing anecdotes concerning the chemistry club there and Miss Stone, biology assistant and also a graduate of Mt. Holyoke discussed their Biology Club.

Dr. Roach Speaks

The History Club held its first meeting of the year in Fanning Hall, Thursday night, November 13. Miss Ruth Andersen, president of the club introduced Dr. Roach who spoke about her year abroad.

Dr. Roach described the work of the International Chamber of Commerce, the organization with which she was associated during her study abroad. This organization, is a body made up of business men, representatives of more than forty nations and financed by them. The chief purpose of the organization is to settle economic problems which affect all nations. Consequently, the most important and interesting fact about it is that it furnishes the ground work for the League of Nations in the settlement of international economic problems.

After Dr. Roach's talk there was a general discussion about the European students as compared to the American students, European fashions, and other topics.

Refreshments were served by Dorothy Thompson '32, chairman of the entertainment committee, assisted by her committee.

Institution Education

The first program meeting of the Education Club was held in Fanning Hall, Thursday night, November 13. Short talks were given by Helene Moore '31, Louisa Rhodes '32, and Helen Peasley '33, on the educational programs at the institution where they worked during the past summer. Miss Moore spoke of the Community Center at New Haven. Miss Rhodes, of Long Lane Farm, Middletown, and Miss Peasley of Felicia.

RIFLERY MEET

The annual riflery meet will be held Saturday, November 22 at the riflery range, shortly after lunch. There will be the usual competition shooting in addition to rapid firing and trick shooting. The highest individual score is to be determined by scores of the meet, and by scores obtained during class periods.

Those taking part are:

Seniors—Abell, Potter, Rice, Lynch, Chesebro, Dean, Gardiner, H. Moore.
Juniors—Smith, J. Williams, Poppe, Raynor, M. Stone, Hanson, Pierce.
Sophomores—Winship, Record, Porter, V. Schlemmer, R. Trusdale.
Freshmen—Dibble, Andrews.

CHRISTMAS BRIDGE AT NEW YORK COLLEGE CLUB

The Connecticut College Club of New York wishes to announce a bridge party to be held on Saturday, December 27, at the club headquarters, the Parkside Hotel, Gramercy Park, New York City. The tables will be five dollars apiece. There will be a luncheon, also, for which arrangements may be made with Miss Brown of the hotel. The Club extends a hearty welcome to all students, and hopes that every one who can will assist in these affairs, as the proceeds will go toward the maintenance of the new headquarters.

WHO'S WHO AMONG ALUMNAE

Frances A. McElfresh is a teacher of French at Caskin School in Devon, Pennsylvania.

Adeline McMiller holds the position of Secretary to the Art and Music Supervisors of the Akron Public Schools in Ohio.

Eleanor L. Michel is a teacher of English in the Meriden High School. Janet Morris is studying business in the Pierce School of Business.

Dorothy Myers of Bronxville, New York, is a Landscape Architect.

Louise Ottenheimer is the Secretary to the Dean of Connecticut Agricultural College, at Storrs.

Elsie A. Peterson is Secretary to the Y. W. C. A. of Worcester, Mass.

Ruth A. Petrofsky is a Technician in Cedarrest, Hartford.

Edith U. Porter is now a Director of Music in the Unquowa School, of Bridgeport.

Rebecca Rau is taking up Physiotherapy in the Crippled Children's Hospital, in Winona, Minn.

Gertrude C. Reske is doing Statistical Research work.

Helen D. Reynolds is an Assistant to the Buyer of Furniture, and Manager of the Interior Decorating Dept. of W. and J. Sloan Co., New York.

Elizabeth F. Riley is studying at Gray's Business College.

Marjorie Ritchie is a Technician in Wrentham, Mass.

Helen Roeber is the Assistant Correspondence Supervisor of L. Bamberger and Co., N. Y.

Julia Rubenstein as carrying on a Philanthropic Fund Raising for the Allied Jewish Campaign.

Alice Safford is a student in the Lowthorpe School of Architecture.

Mary Scattergood is serving as a Volunteer Social Service Worker at Villa Nova, Pa.

Pauline J. Seavey is Secretary to the District Attorney, of Greenfield, Mass.

Elizabeth T. Seward is a Smithtown Branch teacher of English and Music.

Marian C. Shaw is a student in the Boston Museum in the School of Fine Arts.

Edith M. Simonton is a teacher of French and English in the Thompsonville High School.

Gertrude J. Sizkin is an agent for the United Life and Accident Insurance Company of Hartford.

Mary R. Slayter is doing Social work; Home Investigation and Supervision of Children, in New Haven.

Ellen Soderman is teaching Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Dramatics in Stamford.

Gladys Spear is taking the Teachers' Business Courses at Shelton.

Elizabeth Speirs has the position of Secretary, in the Department of Personnel Study at Yale.

Helen Stephenson has changed her name to Mrs. Cleveland S. White, of 301 E. 21st St., N. Y. C.

Esther Stone is Secretary in the Bureau of Appointments in New Haven.

Carolyn Terry is Assistant Supervisor in the Nursery School, Waterbury.

Dorothy Thayer has become a secretary in Attleboro, Mass.

Frances Tillinghast is a secretary in New Haven.

Marian Vaine is Secretary in Wesleyan University.

Shirley Vogel is Receptionist in the New Jersey Zinc Company.

Mary Walsh has become a Psychologist.

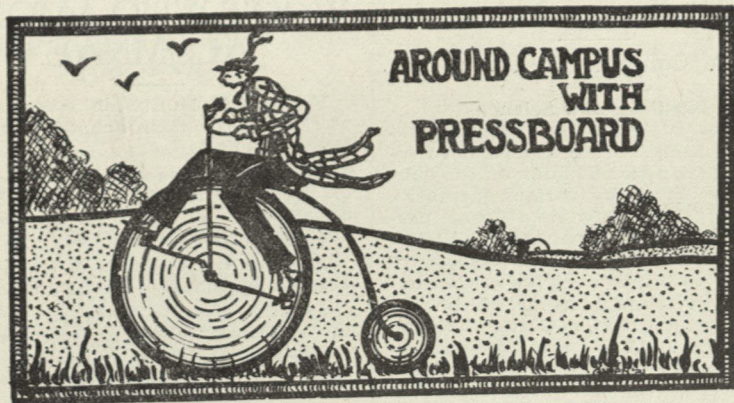
Frances Wells is a teacher in the Brookside Day School of New Jersey.

Madelyn Wheeler is doing Statistical Survey Work in Storrs, Conn.

Barbara White is a student in Clark University.

Elizabeth Williams is doing Psychiatric Social Work in Chicago, Ill.

What is this thing called
Sophomore Hop?
December 6th



The event of the week! The Fire in New London Hall. Someone smelled smoke, the fire department arrived and the college turned out en pajama. Neither the students nor the firemen missed much.

Rooms appropriately decorated! You may have a lovely group of "Niobe and Child" or "Byrd at the South Pole", with plenty of excelsior snow, installed in your room any afternoon free of charge. Orders may be placed through this column.

What of the heavy mail going on between C. C. and a certain Western University? We understand that it is purely a correspondence course. The addressees have never met the addressees and vice versa.

Now that the college has become prize fighting-conscious, who can keep away from the Arena?

For five days rain fell upon the land. The sun shone not and the lassies put not on their tunics. Neither went they to the hockey field, the golf course or the rifle range. And there was great sadness in the land. Nor did they rejoice at the cuts. Oh no!

Who removed the Bible from the gym? Might we suggest an excursion to the Lost and Found, whither everything eventually gravitates, even the German Club.

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One of our number arose the other morning, at the zero hour of seven, in a great mental fog. She made her bed and then went to look for some place to sleep.

A mouse made its appearance during quiet hour. There was a stampede and warnings were almost issued. There should be exceptions for natural phenomena.

She left her hairnet in somebody's room. The finder walked through the hall remarking, "Who left her lousy hair in my room?" and the poor owner was too embarrassed to claim it.

The college has added a new division to its day. Someone told Miss Wood that she would come to see her during recess. So far we have been unable to locate just when the call was made.

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