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## Connecticut College News Vol. 15 No. 9

Connecticut College

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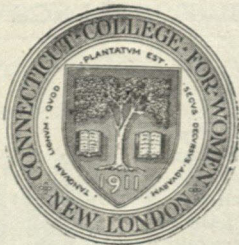
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## PROFESSOR ERNEST M. LIGON TO SPEAK AT VESPERS SUNDAY

### Will Also Be Present At Forum

Professor Ernest M. Ligon of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., will speak at vespers tomorrow on the subject, *Salt and Long Life*. Mr. Ligon needs no introduction to Connecticut College, and his visit has been anticipated for several months by his many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ligon are driving from Schenectady, and after spending the night with friends in Niantic, will arrive on campus sometime Saturday morning. While here, they are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Laubenstein and Mr. and Mrs. Cobbledick.

Mr. Ligon will also be present at Forum Sunday evening. According to Mr. Ligon, the discussion will center on the differences between boys and girls. He writes: "It will be like old times talking to Forum and having a good hot argument. I have not completely decided on what to argue. But if I do not change my mind in the meantime, it will be about some of my new experiences as teacher in a boys' school and differences between boys and girls, with as much refutation as you desire."

It is expected that an unusually large number of people will be out to greet Mr. and Mrs. Ligon. For two years Mr. Ligon was one of the most popular professors on our campus, and he seems to be anticipating the week-end as much as we are. As he says: "If you folks were half as anxious to see us as we are you, a holiday would have to be declared."

### HOP TONIGHT!

Tonight is Sophomore Hop! Telegraph wires between New London and various places have been buzzing in the characteristic pre-dance fashion. And today the sophomore and senior classes will dance in Knowlton to the Brown Hilltoppers, a peppy seven-piece orchestra from Brown.

The waitresses selected from the class of 1933 are: Grace Stevens, Virginia Donald, Mary Elizabeth Parker, Betsy Palmer, Mary Eaton, Dorothy Bascom, Mary Meade, Betty Carver, Betty Miller, and Mary McCook.

"Is football on the wane? Will future generations never know the thrill of those last few minutes of play which have been so often portrayed in the movies of late?" This question is ingeniously and intelligently discussed by John R. Tunis in the *Harper's* for November.—*Wellesley College News*.

Why not take a census of the attendance at Saturday morning classes in colleges for women? The result would speak for itself.

### SERVICE LEAGUE BRIDGE PARTY

Saturday, December 14th  
KNOWLTON HOUSE  
75c a Person

Benefit of Student Alumnae Fund



## Seniors and Faculty Battle To Scoreless Tie

"The poor old faculty They ain't what they used to be" . . .

So sang the seniors. But the faculty had chewing gum. And as for goals, neither of them had any.

As Dr. Leib suggested, there would have been goals had they been playing football. But the game was only soccer, the traditional game between the senior class and the faculty, and the balls sailing high over the goal posts did not count for much.

On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 26, the two teams paraded over to the hockey field, one in cap and gown singing confidently, the other in everything from knickers to spats, and looking somewhat disconcerted. But behold them on the field—never mind what position—they deserve a lusty cheer for their endurance. Dr. Laubenstein's long legs always could reach the ball, although "Uffie" Cooper was sometimes in the way. Big kicks came from behind the psychological blue neck-tie. The worst drops seemed to fall on Mr. Cobbledick's head, although Dr. Leib seemed better ready for them with his red cap.

Speaking of tumbles, the golf professor became so ludicrously imbricated, feet uppermost, on the field with Connie Green that play was halted until respective team center forwards could again be distinguished. And Mr. Bauer's red hat and long white shin guards were at one time found in a tangle at some distance from the goal. But through it all Mr. Lambdin composedly smoked his pipe, and Mr. Shields in spats, for it was an afternoon affair, stoically waited his turn to kick the ball.

We caught Miss Burdick generously supplying her co-ordinates with Best Bookstore Gum. This fact, however, is nothing against her as a soccer player. Miss Brett and Miss Polack were able defenders and Mary Crofoot became alarmingly threatening as a wing.

Against Miss Brett's all-star faculty team the Senior line-up was: Green, Hartshorn, Brooks, Cooper, Ferguson,

## President Blunt Entertains During Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving at college this year, from the dinner in the middle of the day to the party at President Blunt's in the evening, was a greater success than ever before. The dinner was served in the Knowlton dining-room in a homelike, festive atmosphere. The two big tables set up for the faculty and the twelve students present were laden with fruit and turkey and all the traditional Thanksgiving delicacies, and as a climax to the festivities, coffee was served after dinner in Knowlton sitting-room.

President Blunt's informal supper party at her home was the crowning event of the day. There the gay holiday atmosphere continued, reaching its height when the group gathered around the fireplace in the darkened room to hear a mystery story, "The Hammer of God," read by Dean Nye. Dr. Lieb led attempts to solve the mystery, which contributed to the hilarity of the gathering. Two more articles were read by Dean Nye before the party broke up, unanimous in the feeling that this was the most successful Thanksgiving ever held at college.

"Intelligence is just about the last thing a Princeton freshman likes to find in a girl, if any generalization can be drawn from a vote recently taken among the 490 freshmen there. The vote also indicated that to the mass mind, constancy was a rather trivial consideration, and that if a girl was beautiful or if she was a good dancer or a ready conversationalist she could be a nitwit for all it mattered to the majority of the first-year men."—*Campus News*, N. J. College for Women.

We suggest a similar contest on C. C. campus; no doubt it would prove interesting.

Johnson, Barry, Feltner, Kelly, Vincent, Ritchie and Allen with Gabriel at goal. The game was a scoreless tie and was refereed by Rielly and Metzger.

## ALCESTE DECLARES FALL PLAY UP TO STANDARD OF PAST

### Praises Acting of Doris Ryder in Second Act

On Saturday, November 23, *The Truth About Blayds*, by A. A. Milne was presented in the college gymnasium as the first play of the year. It was anticipated with unusual curiosity. Ann Heilpern has graduated; Norma Liebling had renounced the presidency of the Wig and Candle in favor of matrimony; and, a few days before the performance, Margaret Hazelwood's illness necessitated a last minute change in the cast. To more than one, the prospect looked gloomy.

The raising of the curtain revealed an unusually fine setting, one of the best seen at C. C., finished in every respect. Let us just mention the happy idea of trees waving in the yard, seen through the windows at the back. Good for the designer and for Caroline Rice!

With the beginning of the play itself, however, misgivings crept to the front again. Oliver Blayds-Conway and A. L. Royce were not exactly built for their parts; too small, too feminine . . . The question is: did they do badly, or was it the lack of inches that spoiled the effect? I am convinced that it was their appearance. Leaning on the arm of his chair in the smoking scene, young Conway was seen to better advantage, and Royce sitting at the writing desk was much more convincing.

William Blayds-Conway was decidedly a better "man". His makeup did not betray Ann Ebsen; his clothes fitted; from the moment he entered the stage, he impressed one as far more satisfactory than the two others. Now his acting was good, yet not vastly superior to that of Royce or the grandson. The Misses Leland and Shepard should be tried in feminine roles.

Doris Ryder outdid herself. The part of a middle-aged woman seems to suit her better than that of a young girl. She kept wonderful control of herself and of her audience against the deafening noise of the radiator which threatened to upset the rest of the cast. And that was her big scene too. It must have been a nerve-racking experience. And she did produce the required effect at the close of the second act, showing herself genuinely hysterical and desperately miserable. Her short laugh in the third act, when she turns to Royce, ready to abandon the heroic plane for a mood more in keeping with the capacity of the ordinary individual and the wishes of the family, was perhaps her greatest triumph.

Alice Russell's interpretation of Marion's part was distinctly reminiscent of Adelaide Finch's ways. At times, and particularly in the dialogue with her husband, it was acceptable; at others, it was open to criticism. Her first entrance for instance, failed to reveal the English lady of good breeding. It can be argued that the words she pronounces are not complimentary to the stranger who is present, but it remains true that Marion's manner should not become rude and too erratic. The part was difficult, and required much skill.

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

IN MEMORIAM  
MARCIA STANTON '29  
Died November 26th  
at Norwich, Connecticut



# Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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## EDITORIAL

We are always hearing a great deal about our opportunities, and how we should grasp them while they are within our reach. Opportunities to learn, to "broaden our horizons," to follow numerous pursuits, confront us on all sides. But there is yet another opportunity that we have at C. C., and one which we hear little about. Although a new name would no doubt convey more interest, the only name that really fits it is the trite phrase, *the Great Out-of-doors*.

Other colleges may have their expansive campuses, their mammoth trees, their beautiful lakes, or perhaps their taboggan slides. But C. C. has the river. It has its hills, it has the island, the amphitheatre, the woods, and even the rocks. And far too many of us do not take the time to get acquainted with these friends of ours. A group of seniors suggest through the *News* that compulsory gym work for seniors be abolished. Concerning the scant thirty minutes of indoor exercise which we indulge in during the winter, we are inclined to agree with them, but at the same time, we strongly believe that the forty minutes we are forced to spend out-of-doors in the fall and winter is of unmeasurable benefit to us. It cannot be denied that we do not get out-of-doors enough. Even the trips to Benham Avenue and the State Road that many were making a month ago are now eliminated.

The *News* is urging a fresh-air campaign. We believe this would do more to prevent the college illness than tanks of bottled water or thousands of questionnaires. A trip to the island is more invigorating than a cold shower, while an hour spent coasting down Deshon Street possesses thrills of which too few of us are aware. After all, college is one of the few places where we can do anything we wish, and be ourselves for any length of time.

The *News* extends its deepest sympathy to Miss Ramsay for the recent death of her father.

## DEAR DAISY

Dear Daisy:

Now we know how all those grim, determined suffragettes felt when they were finally allowed to pull with feminine hands the levers which before were sacred to masculine palms alone. Now we know how our mothers felt when, in a burst of courage, they sallied down the streets perched on "bikes" with their first divided skirts flapping triumphantly about the wheels. For we too have freedom—and Freedom with a capital F.

No longer do stone walls have to be huddled and \$2.95, all-silk stockings be exposed to the malice of horrid little bramble bushes ready to get the cross-country smoker if she didn't watch out! No longer do underclassmen bark their shins on the way to the Rocks and upper-classmen spread themselves on the carved, wooden hospitality of Butt Inn. Now a girl can—in the midst of a morning hour—sit comfortably in her softest chair and reach casually for a Lucky when the spirit moves. Kresge and Woolworth emporiums have been raided for ash-trays and upon coming into the dorms one sniffs a pleasant, pungent aroma that in days of old meant entrance into only such institutions as Yale, the Home Port or the Country Club.

And now dating on Saturday night no longer do we tear up Mohegan Avenue at 9:59—with our lives and tempers moofing around the Coney Island curves of C. C.'s driveway and in our frenzy to see the fatal door close firmly on the right side of us—forget all those dramatic and fitting things with which we were to captivate said "date" at the last, appropriate minute. No longer, returning from the big city in the plebian trolley must we high jump the steps and race up the walk dropping packages and losing breath, dispositions and language on the way. But now we may remain blissfully and wickedly out in the world until 12:00 providing that we bump back to college in the luxury of a cab which we've always wanted an excuse to do anyway.

Yours for bigger and better Modern Maidens and freedom—oh my!

Devotedly,

DAPHINE.

## GERMAN CLUB MEETS

Sprechen Sie deutsch? If so, you should have been at the German Club meeting Thursday evening, November 21st!

The president spoke German, we sang German songs, and Marion Nichols did an especially pretty solo. We played "Gehend Nach Berlin"—of course you know that means "Going to Berlin!"

Interesting bits of German literature were read by Bertha Moskowitz, Marian Stielberg, and Miss Schultze. The earliest version of the "Erl-King" was read by Rosemary Brewer; Elynore Schneider gave several of Goethe's short poems.

Everyone who came to this meeting had to contribute in some way. Riddles, several short anecdotes, and more riddles amused everyone.

Dr. Kip himself entertained with an amusing lecture in verse. He thinks that these should be frequently given in the classroom for the entertainment, as well as the instruction of students.

How do all good meetings end at C. C.? With food of course! As this was an especially good one, coffee and sandwiches around the open fire in Knowlton Salon were welcomed.

## Miss Whitney the Guest of Dr. Blunt

Miss Marian Whitney, a trustee of Connecticut was a visitor here on Wednesday and Thursday as the guest of President Blunt. Miss Whitney is Professor Emeritus of German at Vassar and is now living in New Haven.

It was Miss Whitney who sponsored the tea and dinner in honor of Dr.



## ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES

Emil Ludwig

It is with great expectations that one picks up any book of Emil Ludwig's, but it is with particular interest that one picks up this book. Historian, successful writer of fascinating biographies, and now writer of travel reminiscences, Emil Ludwig can well claim versatility of a high grade.

Aside from the very obvious merit of the book, one unconsciously feels the nationality of the author, and this in any writer is disconcerting, but more so if this characteristic is particularly marked. In practically every paragraph, every chapter, this influence is to be found. In speaking of the ancient spot where Troy once stood, he remarks, "A ruined wall or two, and some heaps of rubbish—nought else to distinguish it from the country around; and one would hardly dream of looking for anything notable here were in not for the stimulating example of the great German who made such astounding discoveries at Hissarlik."

There are times when the very great beauty of the description exceeds anything else of Ludwig's, and such a point in the book is "In the intervening ages for thousands of years, this land was a chain of lagoons, and Tarsus like Venice, a town amid the waters. Across these lagoons came Cleopatra, in a golden galley with a purple sail, and Antony, at whose wish she had come, stood waiting for her at the shore."

One feels in this book the great and full knowledge of the author concerning the places that he is discussing, and for anyone who has seen the places mentioned, the book will assume a very real significance. For those of us who have not seen the Mediterranean except vicariously through a chance travel story will find in this book more of the effects that scenes make than an itemized account of the places in question, and for this reason will find it supplementing any knowledge that we may already possess.

For anyone interested in the Mediterranean, and its peoples, the book will be truly inspiring, and those who care not for that blue sea would probably not come in contact with the volume, and so would miss one of the best written and most entertaining of travel stories.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

Mrs. Joseph Richard Peters of 1150 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., (Evelene Taylor '21), has issued invitations for a luncheon in honor of her daughter, Irene Mildred Peters, at the Park Lane on Tuesday, Dec. 17. Miss Peters is one of this season's debutantes.

Margaret Mahon '29, is Secretary to the president of Brown University.

Irin Morris is studying for her M. A. at Smith where her sister Edna, ex '31, is studying.

Gertrude Reaske is statistician at the Bureau of Research in New York. Helen Reynolds is free lance drawing in New York.

Mary Scattergood was on campus last week.

Pauline Seavy is at Bay Path Institute in Springfield.

Blunt when she visited in New Haven several weeks ago.

Dr. Blunt and her guest left on Thursday for the meeting of the Connecticut League of Nations Association.

## HUNKY

Thames Williamson

"The difference is that both you and me are dough, but I got yeast in me and you ain't!" This is pretty plain, to be sure; it may hurt our pride to be classed with the ordinary immigrant as just "dough". Particularly if we have read *Hunky* and are a bit squeamish about dirty hands in our bread. But the story of how Jencic, a "big slow" laborer, got "yeast" into himself and started "fermenting" into life is a good story and an admirable piece of writing.

Mr. Thames Williamson must have a great sympathy with the lowest sort of people in order to write *Hunky*. Throughout its pages the story of its settings are felt through the mind of the "big slow man", Jencic. We know what he looks like, we know what the bakery is like, but only from their impressions on Jencic. To keep the tone of the story so consistently harmonized with this slow, heavy soul, as Mr. Williamson has done, is the work of an artist—an artist who understands.

He was a strong man who lifted bags of flour in a bakery. One day the boss told him not to come to work any more because there was a machine to do the lifting. Jencic was angry; he tried to hurt the machine, but it was too big. He had a friend, however, in Krusack, the head baker. Krusack was kind, and gave him a better job in the bakery, and taught him how to mix the dough and put it in pans like a real baker. And it was Krusack who told him about the yeast that was in some people and not in others. And it was Krusack who put the yeast in Jencic.

Krusack showed Jencic his home, his wife and the children with the little "flower faces". Krusack told Jencic to look for a wife himself, and when the big man had found a girl he wanted, Krusack taught him to fight for her, and moreover, to fight for her sober. Slow, dull as he was, Jencic learned his lesson well. He learned to be brave, even to the point of marrying Teena when no one else dared marry her.

*Hunky* is almost too real in the first few chapters. We can absolutely smell Jencic's dirty feet, and taste his choking meal of cheese and onions and dry bread. We can feel the dank air of Mrs. Posilipo's lodging house. We sense too well the lowness of Teena and her cheap lover, Louis Bedin. We draw away in disgust from the filth of the streets. Perhaps it does us good, however. It is like our Christmas visits to the slums, when we pick our way too daintily between garbage cans and baby carriages. We might do well to repeat often those trips to this other world. Another world it is that Mr. Williamson takes us to in *Hunky*; a world of fear, and madness resulting from a mere glimmer of knowledge, and of blind, wild awakenings in a bewildering freedom.—No wonder the hungry man is roused to strike—no wonder the jealous man gets drunk and fights—no wonder the dull man can be enraged to mad acts against society—so, at least, we feel after reading *Hunky*.

## SERVICE LEAGUE DISTRIBUTES BASKETS

Those who were present at chapel the Tuesday before Thanksgiving saw a beautifully decorated array of Thanksgiving baskets. Under the direction of the Sunshine Committee of Service League, twenty baskets were filled with food purchased from the money which was raised for that purpose. Mrs. Phillips of the Associated Charities of New London supplied the names of the twenty families. Tuesday afternoon the college truck delivered the baskets.

The attraction of Wellesley girls for Harvard men, if one is to judge by the amount of mail, which goes out daily from the Brattle Square Post Office station, is still the greatest in the colleges of the north.—*College News*, Bryn Mawr.

Won't some ambitious girl try to find out where C. C. stands in the hearts of college men? Ask Mr. Barry, we'll bet he knows.



## MISS ERNST CONCLUDES SERIES OF LECTURES

### Has Spoken in Norwich on Contemporary Literature

Professor Carola Leonie Ernst concluded her series of lectures on the main currents in the contemporary literature of Europe before the Women's City Club of Norwich Thursday afternoon at four o'clock. The series opened on October 24 with a general talk illustrating the fundamental differences between the spirit of 30 years ago, from the Ibsenian to the Shavian world, in its various manifestations; and the contemporary reaction, strongly emphasized, but by no means brought out by the war. The five remaining lectures constituted a demonstration of the statements advanced in the first talk. They presented as complete a picture as possible of the spiritual and artistic struggle of present-day Europe, as seen in the literary productions of the leading countries there.

The innovations of the Italian and French theatres were studied first, from the challenge offered by Pirandello to the confident optimism of the older generation to the complete overthrow of values exhibited now by the Paris stage. The disintegration of the old ideal and the signs of spiritual re-awakening were next studied in the prose works and poetry of France and Italy. Emphasis was laid on the taboo placed on pure intellectualism and on the rehabilitation of intuition and mystical cravings.

Passing to contemporary literary thought in Germany, Miss Ernst showed what new shapes the tendencies mentioned above are taking in a northern country which has passed through the double ordeal of war and revolution. She illustrated the different steps of the transformation by analysing characteristic plays and novels corresponding to the diverse phases of the national tragedy. Later she opposed the whole movement of expressionist literature, with its effort toward clarity of vision, to the isolated figures of those who, like Stephan George, remain aloof "in the rarified atmosphere of pure abstraction."

The abundance of the literary crop of Spain was explained by the fact that, for the first time in her history, perhaps, Spain is attempting a reconciliation between her instinctive genius and her acquired culture. Furthermore, and for the first time also, Spanish individualism is decidedly in tune with the strongest tendencies of the new continental ideals.

The contemporary Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian literatures were presented as three separate and sharply differentiated entities, although all three display the best characteristics of the most advanced representatives of the vanguard.

The Russia of the revolutionary and post-revolutionary periods was dealt with last. Beginning with the faction of the *modernists* as opposed to that of the *realists*, the speaker led her audience through the numerous phases of a complicated process to the present day, when the literature of ideas and all sense of the individual have practically ceased to exist in Soviet Russia.

The greatest of interest and enthusiasm for Miss Ernst's lectures was manifest among her hearers throughout the series.

### PRESIDENT BLUNT GUEST OF HONOR TONIGHT

The Banquet Room of the Hotel Statler in Boston will be the setting this evening of the dinner given in honor of the newly elected executives of New England colleges and secondary schools. Invitations to the dinner and reception were issued in November by the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, an organization prominent in educational advance since its founding in 1885.

According to the program the guests of honor will be:

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

## FORUM DISCUSSES CRIME

Speculations aroused by the Crime posters terminated in a keen and intelligent discussion at Forum a week ago Sunday night.

There were diverse opinions among the thirty present, the large majority, however, supporting the theory of environment making criminals as opposed to the argument that criminals are born.

There cannot be such a class as the born criminal, for how can a baby unable to move or speak be called a lawbreaker. The child is born into a world with a social order which later he may or may not understand and may or may not wish to conform to. After all, a criminal is only a non-conformist. Discussion along this line tended to the conclusion that where a great number of criminals are to be found there must be something fundamentally wrong with the social order.

The unique suggestion was made that Robinson Crusoe could not have been a criminal even if born with the tendency to do wrong, for on his island there were no man-made laws to restrict him.

Supporters of the environment theory stated prison reports from wardens of prominence to the surprising purport that some of the prisoners who had been, as free citizens, perpetrators of grave felonies were, when treated with judgment and understanding, the most trustworthy men on parole, and often contributed valuably to pleasure and progress in the social routine of the prison.

Recreation statistics also featured as an argument that environment plays an important part in the making of criminals, for it is an accepted fact that communities supplying adequate playground facilities have a minimum crime record. Recreation is an outlet for the restlessness in children that may lead to lawbreaking.

Because the evidence in the case pointed decidedly to the one theory did not reduce the interest with which the evening began. This discussion was a lively one, lasting over a period of an hour and a half and touching on scientific and practical sides of the great civic problem of today.

## CONNECTICUT COLLEGE SPECIAL

### All Aboard!

The agent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad will be at College on Tuesday, December 10th, from 12 to 4 p. m., to take orders for tickets to be delivered on the Tuesday following. The possibility of running a special train to New York, December 19th, is dependent upon the response made to this sale of tickets. The equivalent of 125 fares to New York must be guaranteed or there will be no "Connecticut College Special." Not quite this number signed up when a list was posted for that purpose on the bulletin board.

Therefore, if you wish to travel homeward in pleasant exclusiveness, be sure to get your ticket Tuesday. Both parlor cars and coaches will be provided as the students wish.

### Excelsior

The way is steep  
The way leads up  
From floor to upper floor  
But with each step  
I hope to see  
A Special on my door.

—Vassar.

### "GET IT"

AT

**STARR BROS.**  
INC.

DRUGGISTS



(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 a recent meeting of cabinet, it was decided that the Home Port be considered on campus.

The mistake on page 48 of the "C" concerning eating places was rectified. Eating places that are approved after seven-thirty are approved after ten o'clock with a chaperon.

## WINNERS IN CLASS COMPETITION ANNOUNCED AT A. A. TEA

At the tea given by A. A. in Thames Hall last week, "Tommy" Hartshorn, president of A. A., announced the winners in the class competition in hockey, golf, and riflery, and also members of the varsity in these sports. At the same time, the Bates Tennis cup was awarded to Betty Hubbard '31, winner of the tennis tournament.

The juniors won first place in both hockey and riflery, and the golf trophy was awarded to the sophomore class. The hockey varsity consists of: Barry '30, Brewer '31, Butler '32, Ferguson '30, Ganoe '31, Gilbert '30, Hartshorn '30, Jones '33, Merrill '33, Moore '31, Norton '31, and Reiley '31. Moore '31, non-playing manager for freshmen.

## TRAPPED IN STAGE LOCKER

Hunter College Girl Keeps Silent Until Close of Playlet

Imprisoned in a tin locker forming part of the setting for an original skit on the program of the reunion exercises of the Alumnae Association at Hunter College, Miss Marjorie Seiff, a student-player, endured her position in silence rather than interfere with the performance.

When the cue came for the lockers to be broken, Miss Seiff found hers tightly barred and locked. Despite the possibility of a week-end in her two-by-one prison she kept silent until the final episode was drawing to a close, when a desperate whisper, "Let me out of here!" reached members of the cast. A moment later "Miss Thirty-second Street" was weeping in the arms of the author-coach, Professor Clara C. Byrnes. The accident was attributed to carelessness by stage hands.—*New York Times*.

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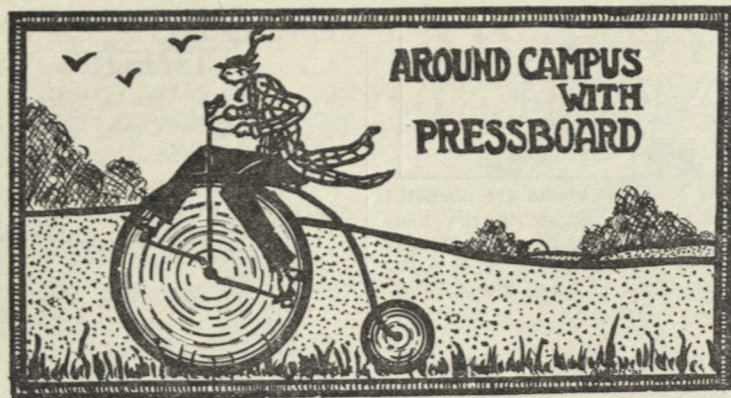
LADIES' RIDING BREECHES

LADIES' LEATHER SPORT  
COATS

HOSIERY

BASS MOCCASINS





Sophomore Hop has had its tragedies. It seems it is the old case of "Many were called, but few came." At least the Western Union did its darndest. The first five telegrams were sent in glee, but the last two had telling effects. One poor girl was crushed by having her man prefer playing polo. Why not get the horse a blind?

We hope you all remember *The Truth About Blayds*. It was a keen competition between Doris and the radiators. Doris won.

Basketball and clogging have come into their own once more. The dorms are in danger of falling ceilings, but who cares? After our golf season everything else seems tame. There is a feeling that something has gone out of our lives.

Remember the days of the "bullets" or crusty rolls? Let's all concentrate on having them for breakfast any morning now.

One of our members went away with one fraternity pin and came back with another. If this can happen in four days, what will Christmas vacation do?

#### ALCESTE DECLARES FALL PLAY UP TO STANDARD OF PAST

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

Mary Scott, who stepped at the last hour into the place of Margaret Hazlewood did remarkably well. I wonder if she has not learned a few things from Ann?

As to the poet himself, he might have been ninety to judge from the head, but hands and voice gave Miss Sater away. The voice could not be helped, perhaps. Here also, the acting was unequal; rather weak at the start, much better toward the end. Parsons was a pleasing, inconspicuous maid.

Is it pedantic to add that full mourning in Europe does not admit of tan fronts and white lace collars as trimming to black dresses? And that the serving and drinking of wine should be done in accordance with certain rules that it might be useful to know for the future?

On the whole, the performance was not below the general standard set in previous years. And when the Wig and Candle adds to its present talent the genius of the Freshman class—I understand that they have it—we may look forward to still greater enjoyment.

Useless to say that the play reflected distinct credit on its coach, Miss Virginia Eggleston.

ALCESTE.

"We object to those professors who before they pass out the quizzes say that the marks don't mean a thing. That's funny. Why give us "D" and "E" then? It is far easier to make a prettily formed "A" or "B". Why grade us at all if it means nothing? Why give the course? Why take it? Why go to college?"—*The Record-Pembroke*.

"One little bull played the Market,  
One little bear stayed at home,  
One little bull bought General Motors,

One little guy had none,  
And shrieked, "hurrah" all the way home!"

—*Campus News*, N. J. College for Women.

Professors of Economics should be thankful for the recent supply of local color.

Have you seen the new picture in the library? We've tried to, but can't seem to find a view point that doesn't break our necks.

We hear that Tommy and Al are receiving lots of mail. Advertisements are handy at times.

The rush for reserved books has been so great that some of our friends have taken them out before dinner and hidden them behind shelves so they could eat their meal in peace.

At an impressive moment during the Athletic Council tea in Thames the guests were rather upset to feel water trickling down on them. It seems it was just one of the girls upstairs washing her hair.

The Junior Cabaret was beyond all expectation. These days of practice certainly had their reward.

We hear that the theme song of the Sophomores is, "I thought I found a man who could come, but this is how the letter ends; he turned me down and said, 'Can't we be friends?'"

Our final conclusion about the men who didn't come is that they heard about the plague.

#### PRESIDENT BLUNT GUEST OF HONOR TONIGHT

(Concluded from page 3, column 1)

President Franklin Winslow Johnson, Colby College.

President Katharine Blunt, Connecticut College for Women.

President George Alan Works, Connecticut Agricultural College.

Principal Mira Bigelow Wilson, Northfield Seminary.

President Clarence Augustus Barbour, Brown University.

One of the interesting features of the afternoon program on Friday is an address on the "Athletic Situation and the Carnegie Bulletin". On Saturday morning a business meeting schedules reports on old matters and introduction of new business.

President Blunt will assist the officers of the organization to receive at the Assembly in the Statler just before the dinner Friday evening.

"Government which seems to have so many anxieties, is now worried about college students' food. It is appalled at the thought of what the new found freedom may lead to in the way of indulgence . . . Uncle Sam—or Aunt Priscilla—is determined to save the boys and girls from a lifetime of regret."—*College News*, Bryn Mawr.

Better watch out, Freshmen, or you will have the Secret Service Sleuths on your trails. No more Fudge Cake or eclairs.

"Just a few spare moments spent reading the paper each day should be the aim of everyone in college. Know what is going on about you while the stage is set, rather than waiting until you are forty to find out what really happened in the unique era of your youth."

This is an excerpt from a talk given by Herbert Adam Gibbons at the Boston City club, in the early part of November.—*Radcliffe Daily*.

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## NOTED COMPOSER AND ORGANIST TO ADDRESS CONVOCATION

Tenor and Pianist Will Accompany Lecturer

The fifth lecture in the Connecticut College Convocation series to be given December 10th at 4 p. m. in the college gymnasium will be delivered by Mr. Clarence Dickinson, Mus. Doc., head of the new school of music in Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and organist at the Brick Presbyterian Church of that city. His subject will be "The Music of the Troubadours, Minnesingers, and Mastersingers." In the musical illustrations accompanying the lecture he will be assisted in part by two students from the Seminary school of music: Miss Jessie Newgeon, pianist, and Mr. Harold Haugh, tenor, both of whom Dr. Dickinson highly endorses.

Dr. Dickinson's interest in the music of the past is well attested by the four historical lecture recitals which he has been giving every February for a number of years in the Seminary chapel. One outcome of these lecture recitals is his book "Excursions in Musical History." Another aspect of this interest is reflected in his book "Troubadour Songs." Both of these books were written in collaboration with his wife, Helen A. Dickinson, a Ph.D. of Heidelberg University. He is also the author of a beginner's book for the organ.

By means of his lecture recitals and the Friday noon musical services which he has been conducting in the Brick Church during Lent for some years past, Dr. Dickinson has been rendering a valuable musical ministry to the people of New York City, and is one of its most beloved musical figures.

In addition to his numerous musical activities (before becoming head of the new Union Seminary school of music, he was organist at Temple Bethel on 5th Avenue), Dr. Dickinson has found time as well for composition. His works include organ pieces, an organ sonata "Storm King" (named after the locus of his summer home), an operetta, a widely used book of Christmas carols, numerous anthems and arrangements of older music, making it available for modern singing groups. The lecture recital promises to be a most illuminating and interesting one.

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