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Connecticut College

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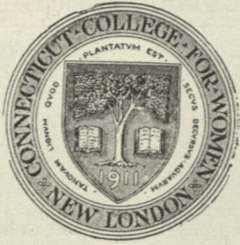
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# JUNIOR ISSUE

# Connecticut College News

Connecticut College Library New London, Conn.



VOL. 16, No. 12

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 24, 1931

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CONN-COLLEGY OUR NEWEST SCIENCE

### After Exams, What?

Seeing the student body clustered seventy-five deep around the bulletin board a few days ago, we had a momentary illusion that the rare disease known as the "bulletin board habit" had taken the form of an epidemic. But that was only momentary. We soon discovered, not directly of course, but indirectly from the girl in front, who had received the news from the girl in front of her, who had—(repeat seventy-three more times) that the cause of the crowded and congested condition of the corridor was a newly posted exam schedule.

Frankly, we were puzzled. We had been under the impression that the mass of college students were not too deeply interested in things academic, and yet here before our very eyes was an entire student body fairly fighting for proximity to an examination schedule. And what could be more academic than an examination schedule? At this point we had another momentary illusion. Possibly *College Humor* had been wrong and our young American college girls were actual students—yes, even in the European sense of the term. But that was only momentary, also. We might have carried that impression away with us but their tongues betrayed them. How typically feminine! It was not the examinations themselves which had caused all the interest, but the time of each individual's last examination which would determine the length of the week-end to follow.

Now, week-ends have been coming and going every week for a good many years, and we set ourselves to discover the particular attractions of this special week end. Being of a scientific nature, we tried to collect statistical information concerning each individual girl's plans for "after exams". Such a record would be useful, not only for our own satisfaction, but also as data for the science of Conn-colleggy, should such a science ever be established. We found our frivolous young friends planning to make whoopee anywhere from the Dartmouth carnival to "a bed near Hartford" (and may we hasten to assure you that profound investigation has revealed the latter to be the perfectly innocent destination of a weary Senior who yearns for a few days of undiluted sleep). Some are joining friends in New York where they will try to break last year's record of eight shows in three days. Some are visiting room-mates in order to avoid the sorrow of separation. Some are actually going home. But we will not bore you by committing the unpardonable literary error of listing. Those interested in securing further information may do so by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the editor—and may we state in closing, that the future science of Conn-colleggy would be more than grateful for a normal probability curve based on these statistics if any of you budding statisticians are interested. We thank you.

TONIGHT—  
SERVICE LEAGUE DANCE  
KNOWLTON SALON  
8:00 P. M.

## Unemployment Does Not Daunt C. C. Graduates

### Make Use of "Careers"

It is true that the Personnel Bureau has had very definite evidence of the present depressing unemployment situation, but on the whole C. C. seems to be able to hold its own.

There are some very decisive trends noticed as a result of the present situation. Some of them are: The teaching profession is overcrowded. As a result many of the girls are taking advantage of the wider scope offered in the business field. Other girls are doing graduate work, or are students in secretarial schools. The Junior-High school level of teaching is a new one, and one that is open to the college graduate. But most of the girls do not desire to enter this field. They think that their preparation should entitle them to something better. If they would only realize that a year in the Junior-High would give them good experience at self-control and at methods of discipline, they would see that it is not a question of second rate work. There is a further difficulty in gaining a teacher's position, and that is, that owing to the depression everyone is keeping any position that she may have. Due to this condition the present graduating class may encounter some little difficulty. Added to this, there are still some of the members of last year's class who are unemployed. Furthermore, the office has heard from alumnae who have had positions for six years or more, and who are now unemployed. To add to the general gloom, salaries have been cut, but this, fortunately, does not apply to the teaching profession. All this would seem to indicate that C. C. graduates were all on the verge of entering the apple-selling business, but it's really not as bad as that. Recently in our office alone several positions have been filled, and all over the country there is a general uplift in conditions. The following are a few statistics to cheer you up:

#### Report on the 1930 Graduates of Connecticut College

At Home	34
Teachers	18
Secretaries	9
Research	2
Technician	1
Students	19
Business	13
Social Work	4
Librarian	1
Married	6

#### OF INTEREST TO C. C.

On Tuesday, January 20, Dr. Erickson, the representative of the Albanian government at the Peace Conference gave several illustrated lectures. Dr. Erickson is a prominent educator and statesman.

On Thursday evening, January 22, Ernest Butterfield, the State Commissioner of Education, spoke to a group in Knowlton. Mr. Butterfield was here under the auspices of the Education Club.

The Catholic students at Connecticut College are cordially invited to attend a Study Club on the Old Testament and the Psalms, which will be conducted by Rev. Nicholas Caron at the Diocesan Bureau of Social Service, 42 Jay Street. These meetings will take place every Monday evening at eight o'clock.

At Temple University the greatest amount of potential pain has been concentrated into the smallest area possible. They boast one room in the dental school with 75 chairs.

—California Daily Bruin.

Of the thirty-four who are at home only six are there because of unemployment; the remaining ones are at home because of health, pleasure, and travel.

#### Classified Data Regarding Graduates

These figures include the graduating classes from 1919 to 1930:

Graduates 994; Teachers 165; Secretaries 81; Social Workers 45; Library Workers 29; Office Workers 17; Art Workers 11; Students 39; Summer Students 48; Part Time Students 29; At Home 124; Advanced Degrees 74; Married 349; Children 262; No Reply 65; in department stores 22; on teaching staffs of colleges 18; in insurance work 17; in literary and editorial work 15; Technicians 9; Dietitians 7; Research assistants 6; in laboratory work 5; Physicians 5; in advertising work 4; in business 4; in tea and gift shops 4; in banking 4; Statisticians 4; Selling 3; in personnel work 3; Physiotherapists 3; Radio and studio artists 2; in bookshops 2; in psychological work 2; musicians 2; in church work 2; Osteopaths 2; in landscape gardening 1; Specialist in Nutrition 1; Fruit Ranching 1; Lawyer 1; Dental Hygienist 1; Occupational Therapist 1; Traveling 1; Nurse 1; Dentist 1; Switchboard Operator 1; Director of Tennis School 1; Zoologist 1; Receptionist 1; Lost Addresses 7; Deceased 6.

These reports are of interest to us not only because of the encouragement offered, but also because of the wide range of activities engaged in by the graduates.

With all this furor going on about unemployment, now is the time to begin thinking of what you are going to do. At the Personnel Bureau there is a very excellent services, "Careers". This is a collection of twenty-two pamphlets on all vocations ranging from Advertising to Optometry, all aids in answering youth's inevitable question, What shall I be? These pamphlets may be taken out overnight as library books. The list of the pamphlets is posted on the bulletin board, and each pamphlet contains the possibilities, advantages, disadvantages, and the different phases of the specific career written about. You are earnestly urged to go in and take out some of the pamphlets. It will be greatly to your advantage, and who knows, it may save you from becoming a future apple-salesman!

#### OUR SOCIETY REPORTER

Ione Garthwaite Allen, ex-'32, is the mother of a baby girl, Virginia Allen, born in December.

Margaret Jones Arter, ex-'32, of Cleveland, is the mother of a baby girl, born in December.

An outstanding event of the pre-exam season was the shower given for Carol Swisher '31, on January 16. Dinner was served to fourteen people in the charming Kindler-Larson home, with coffee in the C. B. Rice room. The decorations followed a Valentine motif with hearts in the predominance. In all odd corners the guest of honor found gifts of pewter, silver and linen lurking.

Miss Swisher announced her engagement last Spring to Dwight Williams, of Glastonbury, Connecticut.

Haverford sophomores must pass an examination of 2,725 questions, covering nearly every department of college education. This comprehensive quiz requires 12 hours to answer.

—Oregon State Barometer.

## CALIFORNIAN FALLS FOR ICE-SKATING

### Our Winter New To Marjorie Miles '34

"Now that doesn't look so hard," said I reproachfully to my would-be tutor in the art of ice-skating, as we approached the pond chosen for my attack. Upon the surface of the pond about ten girls glided serenely and gracefully around. Some were skating forwards, some backwards, all moving with long sweeping, apparently effortless strokes. It evidently was perfectly simple. I thought black thoughts about all the people who had discouraged me in my eager young ambition to learn to ice-skate. For instance, at noon when I had announced my intention to go out and teach myself to skate, a hearty haw-haw had gone up, and in the end one of the girls had decided to accompany me. I thought from the start that her aid would really be unnecessary; and as I watched the other skaters while I was putting on my skates, I decided that she would be quite superfluous. However, I let her assist me to rise to a standing position and even grasp me firmly by one arm. When another girl came over and took the other arm I thought it would be rude to object, so made no comment. "Now just slide your feet out, one in front of the other," I was instructed. I slid them. But a most peculiar kind of locomotion ensued—not at all the type I had calculated on. In fact, I found that instead of sliding on my feet I was sliding along on my back, while sounds of mirth were being emitted by the onlookers. It was evidently funny. I was sorry I couldn't see the rare humor of the situation. I was again hauled to an upright position and started the performance over. Only sometimes I did not slide on my back. Upon occasion I would choose my knees, my stomach, the tail of my spine, or my head. Throughout this I was being encouraged in a most heartless manner. It seemed that the more elaborate convolutions I made, the better they said I was doing. And so I would be dragged to my feet again and pushed hopefully forward, until at last my supporters had to stop from sheer exhaustion. (I'm no feather, and it almost broke their backs to pull me to my feet.)

After they quit me I discovered that I could progress alone very nicely—slide, slide, slide, flop. I kept this up until a spirited hockey game was started around my feet by two young and supernaturally active brats. At this time I thought it would be more graceful to retire from the field than be knocked over and kicked off the pond. For the next three days I could scarcely move a muscle or even think a thought without having some bruised and battered portion of my anatomy pain me. But my one impression of it all is that I love ice-skating!

Students of Montana State College, went on strike for five days because of the regulation that girls had to be in their dormitories by 11 o'clock instead of 2:30.

#### ATHLETIC NEWS

Basketball Managers:

Senior—Polly Deweese

Junior—Eleanor Wilcox

Sophomore—Esther White

Freshman—Janet Townsend



## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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## EDITORIAL

*Hero Worship* is a stimulating influence. It is a sign-post set as a rather pertinent guide to our own conduct. No longer do we have the desire to gaze wide and starry-eyed, inspired by veneration, at a portrait of Washington, Caesar or Napoleon. In fact, even if we had a secret urge to set up a shrine to Napoleon and imitate his ways, we would soon encounter gestures and significant motions in the direction of our misguided craniums.

A far more applicable substitute in our college life would be the acquisition of a valuable friendship or two. We mean selective acquaintances and not ones that are accidents because the girl happens to live in the same house. The idea is to pick out a person whom you admire and try to get to know her better.

In no sense of the word do we mean what is referred to in boarding school and camp dialect as "a crush". We once heard this type of relationship called a "sentimental debauch". We heartily agree with this statement so please eliminate such a possible misconception of *hero worship*.

We don't, by any means, suggest that the *hero* be the essence of S. S. and G. or the perfect collegian; just some one that possesses characteristics we would like to make our own. It pulls us a long way out of the pre-mid-year slump and the general college depression to go to the movies, take a walk or have a grand "bull session" with our *hero*.

The *hero* undoubtedly, has feet of clay, but cheer up, it's much too discouraging to live up to perfection.

"We will never, by any selfish or other unworthy act, dishonor this, our College; individually and collectively we will foster her ideals and do our utmost to instill a like respect in those among us who fail in their responsibility; unceasingly we will strive to quicken a general realization of our common duty and obligation to our College. And thus in manifold service we will render our Alma Mater greater, worthier, and more beautiful."

It does not seem inappropriate at this time to review those words, the memorizing of which was a privilege and not a duty in Freshman days. They seemed very important and awe-inspiring to us at that time as indeed they were. And then, during

### A BRICKBAT

Dear Brick:—

Gazooks, but it's been a long time since you've had the pleasure of hearing from me, but everything comes to him who waits, except of course in a cafeteria, so here's the answer to your maiden's prayer. And oh, by the way, thanks for the Christmas card, and all that sort of thing.

I sure do pick a fine time to write. There's not a bit of news on campus—all the profs are hale and hearty. Bless them! May their lives be as long as the assignments they give! Life is just one source theme after another—but don't get me going on that subject. It starts my pen smoking. (Memo. Buy some more asbestos lined envelopes.)

We've been having a grand time lately, during the lull, table tipping and such. It's a great sensation to sit in a tiny orange and blue room, to see the warm sun stealing over a half-eaten pomegranate, and to feel the lil' ole' blue table gently tipping under your lightly poised finger tips. But just lately we have given up such simple pleasures and are bearing down hard on mental telepathy, and believe me we've got to get it down to a science before mid-years. But it'll be just my luck to get my mental wires twisted and to receive a full fledged A quiz in Zoology when I'll be straining every neurone to get even a hint of the fundamental principles of Logic.

They tell me that exams are coming soon. Ho, hum! Oh yeah? As if a person weren't already having enough trouble with all this psych. stuff. Say, I'm even a-Freud to dream any more!

Well, pardon me, Brick, while I totter over to Thames to wrestle with the chef's latest concoction—probably behemoth turnovers—anyway, there's sure to be plenty of meat in it, as one of our well-known profs would say.

Give an eighth of my love to Daphne, and keep a couple of eighths for yourself.

BAT.

Psst. Here's a real piece of news. "The Indians Are Coming!" at the Crown!

B.

Sophomore year, a feeling of reverence for their beauty swept over us as we realized that here were no mere words but something not only inspiring but also compelling. We wanted to know whether we were doing what the words implied. And now, as the third and most responsible year of our college life is passing, we realize the full significance of the oath which we took two years ago.

The Student Government Oath—just what does it mean in itself? First of all, it means that we are students—those who seek the truth—the truth which not only comes from books and the lips of professors, but also comes from life as we live it here every day, filled with rich and meaningful associations. And then, too, we have a government, "the kind that comes from within—from one's own will, not from outside." Every one of us has a part in it—not a silent one but a part that is vital to the whole. Finally, the Oath means just as much to us as did the Athenian Oath, from which it was adopted, mean to the Greeks.

The Student Government Oath is a challenge to us. It asks us to uphold our College in all that we do and say. There is hardly a day in which we are not called upon to prove our allegiance and devotion. Whether acting as one or in a group, we cannot help but be aware of the invisible tie which binds us to our College, to our professors, and to our friends and fellow-members. Indeed, it is "our common duty and obligation to our College" which is the bond between one student and another, between student and Faculty.

To make our Alma Mater "greater, worthier, and more beautiful"—that is the purpose of all as we approach the examination period and the next semester.

There are more inmates in the insane institutions of the United States than students in all the colleges and universities.—*Oberlin Review*.

## 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 do we have so few good college songs at C. C.? There are a few traditional melodies which are dear to the heart of each generation, but our repertoire is very limited; and our *Alma Mater* suffers from the monotony of too frequent repetition. My plea is for more and, if possible, better songs. I can think now of half a dozen girls who write verse and are capable of just this sort of thing; if we don't write our own songs no one else will. While thinking of this state of affairs last night I jotted down these lines:

Far above the gray blue waters,  
Spreading wide in pleasing curves,  
*Alma Mater* and her daughters  
Get upon the musician's nerves.

First the songs of ived walls,  
Or perhaps the silver sea;  
Then the names of gray stone halls—  
Branford, Plant, and the Infirmary.

Let us hear, instead, of Love,  
Love for comrades and for profs—  
Love for learning far above  
The wildest hope of her who scoffs.

At this point the muse failed me,  
and I was reduced to writing down  
only the rhymes:

.....C. C.  
.....calls  
.....sea  
.....falls

Which may well be concluded with  
the couplet:

.....campus  
.....vampus

What are the requisites in a good college song?

First of all—a catchy melody, simple music within the range of ordinary untrained voices. It should be cheerful and original. No college song should be a third-hand, imported dirge.

And, second, the verse must never be sentimental; you may have all the sentiment you want in a good college song, but it must be genuine, restrained, and decent.

The verse may do one of three things: tell a story, paint a scene, or sing our sentiments. Why can't we have a comic song about the mascot hunt? We are not allowed to participate in intercollegiate sports (except debating) and have no rivalries beyond class contests—our songs can reflect only what we actually do. And then there is the student-faculty soccer game to put in unforgettable melody—epic deeds of valor on both sides. Then there are the familiar scenes—the campus itself spreading out to meet the watery horizon, Bolles Wood and its peculiar romantic beauties, Gallows Lane and the old-time Smoker's Refuge thereabouts. And when we think of sentiments—of loyalty, love, friendship, and devotion! I wish I could compose some of these songs.

O happy years on wind-swept hill!  
Four years of grace and harmony.  
Thy memory be with us still  
When we set forth to sea.

This will never do; let's try again:  
Oh happy days on wind-swept hill!  
Four years of playful industry.  
Thy memory be with us still  
Whatever our degree.

This is too academic and sarcastic;  
shall we try again?  
Chorus of *No's*!

This is a Junior number of the *News*—what could be more appropriate than the suggestion of a Junior song for our College, a song whose words and music are original with the Class.

The *Daily Nebraskan* finds that women students have higher grades than men. They give every reason for this except superior intelligence.

### OUR HALL OF FAME

#### The Most Popular Man On Campus

The most popular man on campus—and all that sort of thing. A veritable combination of the three Parcae sisters in one. The distributor of joys and sorrows, acceptances and refusals, checks and bills. The one who makes us believe in fairies, and the very same *male* who informs us that there is no Santa Claus. The man whose personality is as warm and friendly as his cheerful grin. The man who is never in too much of a hurry to stop and respond to the demands of straggling groups of girls who excitedly shriek their names and their desires. The man who is never in too much of a hurry to stop and add little white messages to his already heavy burden. He who comes twice on week days and once on Saturdays. He who is high in the opinion of C. C., not only for the contents of his magic pack, but for his own genial self. The most popular man on campus—and all that sort of thing!

#### Survival of the Fitter

In our biology courses we learn all about evolution, and how in the struggle for existence it is the "fitter" who survives. We discover, however, that in this great scientifically progressing world, there have been found many ways of helping the less fit to survive and flourish. The sick are made well when possible; the weak are protected, the slower are encouraged. Not so in college.

In college it is a true "survival of the fitter" in nearly all sense of the word. How else can the attitude towards those unfortunate ones who failed to make a good start, be interpreted? A girl comes to college fresh from high school, or preparatory school, full of enthusiasm and fiery ambition. She makes the wrong start, however, and because she does not know how or what to study in college—having never been taught that in secondary school—she begins to slip behind. Perhaps she is one of the slower girls who needs only encouragement and a little more time to "catch on" to things. Needless to say, everyone in college is too busy to give much extra time to one slower one, and she begins to get a too low average in her marks. Soon she is on "pro", and there is little hope for her getting off it. Naturally, she is terribly discouraged and upset. Then the letters begin to arrive, those impersonal, unsympathetic letters sent out by the office to inform the pupil in no uncertain terms that she is still on "pro" and that she will soon be asked to leave if she doesn't improve her work. The students will perhaps have a higher average than any of her friends who are in more fortunate circumstances than she, but because she once fell behind, she must pay for it the rest of her stay. Outside activities are not for her. She might as well not be going to a college, but merely tutoring, for all the college life she has. Naturally, this cannot go on for long. The girl is either "made" or "broken", and in most cases it is the latter. One more girl joins the ranks of "not the college type". She leaves, and after leaving, what? Finishing school, perhaps, or business school. Perhaps she will be very successful there, but that is beside the point. What I am striving to bring out is that her discouraging struggle in school has a demoralizing effect on the girl. During her brief college life she becomes bitter, cynical, sometimes even desperate. She gains what is known as an "inferiority complex". She can take no joy in her work because she is afraid all the time—afraid of getting another letter, of being asked to leave. After college she will always feel a taint on her for having to leave college. She will feel towards her *Alma Mater*, not love but bitterness.

Perhaps this sounds rather exaggerated, but it is, what I have seen through the eyes of the unfortunate ones—those to whom college means so much, and yet so little. All I ask for is a little more encouragement to the slow ones, a little more sympathy for those who find college anything but a bed of roses.

ALICE RECORD '33.



## THE THEATRE CURRENT PLAYS

Permit us to introduce this advice about present good plays in New York City, by saying that like the proverbial book with its deceptive cover, you cannot always judge a play by its title. There is in nearly every human being a willingness to learn what is good for them, and worth seeing or hearing or knowing, as the case may be. But mind you, I am not saying that there is present in that same person a willingness to accept such advice. Because we feel that there are many here on campus who would like at some time to go to New York City, for the purpose of seeing plays, we are telling them about the few plays which seem to be most notable.

*Green Pastures*, by Marc Connelly, is an epic of the Old Testament. The presentation of the play is a fine one, and an unusually powerful one. The attitude and spirit of the negro is maintained consistently. The material is perhaps what would seem to us as irrelevant and blasphemous in that the negro considers, in a matter-of-fact way, that God is a kind of a Good Boss. The play is admirably done and should not be missed.

*Mrs. Moonlight*, by B. W. Levy is a play which belongs in the range of "what-you-wish-might-have-been". It is an outstanding and romantic play, presented in the theatre of Charles Hopkins, on 49th Street. Edith Barrett very capably plays one of the leading parts.

To Eva La Gallienne and the Theatre Guild goes great credit for the success of *Elizabeth the Queen*, the tragic story of Elizabeth and Essex, by Maxwell Anderson. Lynn Fontanne in the character of Elizabeth is notable; her performance is great and rare. Alfred Lunt as Essex is excellent too. Toward Lynn Fontanne in the character of Elizabeth one feels a sense of repellant, but at the same time a sense of pity and admiration. There is a splendid balance of fineness against coarseness; elevation against crudeness; the noble spirit of youth against the ravages of old age; and selfishness against generosity.

Every Theatre Guild production is to be looked forward to, and they always justify anticipations. The Guild has established itself in the theatrical world and anything they give in the future is sure to be well-done, with a good cast and good management.

The Guild has already started rehearsals for Shakespeare's play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, which will be staged by Robert Edmond Jones. This play will give Miss Fontanne as Beatrice and Alfred Lunt as Lord Benedict an opportunity to show their capacities in their first classical roles. The date of the opening of this play as yet has not been announced.

If *Colonel Satan*, by Booth Tarkington, is at all like its predecessor, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, it will be worthwhile, refreshing, and lively. We recommend it although we have seen only announcements of it.

The *Grand Hotel*, with Henry Hull in an important part, is a fine example of theatre craft. The essence of the play is rather light and ordinary, but technically the production is competent and almost perfect.

We have tried to give a recommendation for each of these six plays, but, to get back to the proverbial again—"The proof is in the eating". In other words, if you are lucky enough to be in New York City sometime soon—try to see at least one of the plays.

### AT VESPERS SUNDAY DR. HALFORD E. LUCCOCK OF YALE UNIVERSITY

Says Dr. H. H. Tweedy of him:  
"My enthusiasm for him is unbounded."

Author of *Jesus and the American Mind*—the religious "Book of the Month".

## A LIFETIME PROCESS

### Dr. Laubenstein Speaks at Vespers

"Finding Ourselves Religiously" was the topic which Dr. Laubenstein took as his theme at Vespers on Sunday, January 18.

To find oneself religiously is a lifetime process. It is an "adjustment of personal relationships." This adjustment is a great confusing problem for modern youth. In primitive times a youth could follow only the ideals and ideas of the tribe in the field of religion. His religion was decided for him, he grew into it. For modern youth, this adjustment religiously is a much more confusing problem.

In the first place, in our modern world parents have not led their children religiously. There is no set path in religion which the parents of a modern youth set down that he must follow. "There is no gradual induction into religion for the modern youth. When he finds that there is a religion, he finds many cults and sects." Confused by the many avenues along which he can make his decision the youth asks, "Which is the best one?"

Add to the youth's confusion, the "cynicism of post-war", and "relativity". Here in "relativity", he believes that he has found the solution of the physical world. There is no need for religion, he concludes.

On the other hand, is the youth who believes in religion. Still, it is a complicated situation for him. He is torn by "traditionalism", "dogma", "mysticism", "intuition", "essential satisfactions, as Arts, etc.", "the interpretation of the Gospel as a Social Gospel, which ends in Social Service", "Psychiatry, the field opened by Sociology and Psychology". Is there no "guide-post", no aid which he can get to help him on?

"Jesus is the greatest guide-post," says Dr. Laubenstein, "and it is foolishness not to consult Him who has helped so many." From Him, we can get five guide-posts.

The first is "the life of Jesus". There is never a time when in his early youth he had not found Himself. He captured new ideas and ideals and made them habits. We should do this too and let our ideas grow as we do—always looking for new "frontiers".

Secondly, "the unfailing presence of a Personal Relationship". Jesus felt this relationship as that of Father and Son. In this "personal relationship" we should remember, however, that religion "involves our active concern to be open for it" as well as a "movement out and toward it."

The third guide-post, in the life of Jesus, is that "He didn't believe the sole end of religion was to make one happy." This is not so, for it must be a "two-way traffic", a groping for it as well as a receptivity for its inspiration.

In the fourth place, even Jesus "practised humility before God"—"He had a reverence for sacred things."

In the fifth and last place, "even for Jesus it was necessary to find Himself religiously in connection with other people—a one man religion is not good."

### MID-YEAR MUDDLES

It's not exams that make me stew,  
And fill me with chagrin;  
But all the work I have to do  
Before exams begin.

## GONE; NOT FORGOTTEN

### Lost:

Mother of Pearl Fountain Pen—Parker. Reward if returned to Louise Sales.

Pink Natural Dancing Costume. Finder please return to the commuters' room. Gertrude Bogue.

Othello—Shakespeare. If found return to Alice Record '33, Deshon House.

A black fountain pen with gold band. M. E. Black, One Nameaug.

Green Shaeffer fountain pen (lifetime). E. A. Schneider, Room 305, Branford.

In the gymnasium: Notebook containing a year's notes in novel and sociology courses. Dull maroon cover. Please return immediately to Deborah Roud.

### Found:

Red fountain pen. See Dorothy Kellogg, Mohegan House.

### MISS ERNST TO ADDRESS ALUMNAE IN NEW YORK

Mlle. Ernst has been invited to address the New York Chapter of Connecticut College Alumnae, Saturday, January 24th, on "The Prevailing Currents in Contemporary European Literature," at their headquarters in Gramercy Park Hotel. Professor Ernst stated that she could not yet indicate the exact direction her talk would take, for the choice would depend upon the wishes of the audience and their preparation in the field. She said, however, that having had some correspondence with several of the group interested in special aspects of contemporary literature, she was almost certain to be invited to dwell upon the question of Pure Poetry in France, to touch upon the quarrel Royère-Brémond and the esthetic soundness of Royère's "Musicism", to indicate some of the causes of the wide-spread spiritual revival on the Continent of Europe, to attempt an exposition of German Expressionism, and to trace the influence of Pirandello on the Modern Stage. In relation to France, she said, she would try to concentrate the attention upon writers who had decidedly something new to say in the group with which she spent last summer in Paris.

After the lecture and the discussion, Mlle. Ernst will be the guest of honor at a dinner offered by the executive committee of the Connecticut College Club of New York.

## NEWS AT LARGE

Princeton's President, John Grier Hibben, who is to retire in June, 1932, his 20th year as President and the 50th anniversary of his graduation, exemplifies the charming, scholarly type of college president. He was chosen as a successor to the late Woodrow Wilson. Dr. Hibben assumed the presidency with great confidence, and soon was working out his own dreams of a university. Those dreams which have come true include: (1) limited enrollment; (2) the four-course system by which upper-class students choose two major courses and two minor courses and must stand high in these; (3) increase in size and beauty of the physical plant and strengthening of the faculty. On the other side he has been most notable for his general and tireless insistence on the intellectual life of the University.

Possible Princeton presidents mentioned are Lawyer Raymond Blaine Fosdick of Manhattan (brother of Harry Emerson) and Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury Walter Ewing Hope.—Time

The value of college board entrance examinations as an index of the ability of the student entering college is seriously questioned in the annual report of the department of personnel study of Yale University, made by Albert B. Crawford, director of the department. "Surprisingly low correlations" between grades of entrance examination papers and the grades of first year students in the same subjects were reported. Should further research substantiate these findings, they would necessarily cast considerable doubt upon the validity and reliability of the present type of entrance examinations.

—Hartford Courant.

J. B. Priestley, author of *The Good Companions* and the recent best-seller, *Angel Pavements*, will sail from England on February 14 for a visit to this country.

## CALENDAR

January 28—Mid-year exams begin.  
February 6—Mid-year exams end.  
February 10—S. K. Ratcliffe, an international journalist and publicist will speak on "America-Russia-Britain".  
February 13—Cleveland Orchestra Concert.  
February 14—Service League Mid-winter Formal.  
February 17—Alice Hamilton, M. D., of the Harvard School of Public Health, will speak on "The Health Committee of the League of Nations".

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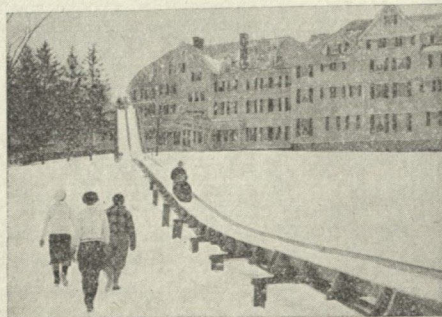
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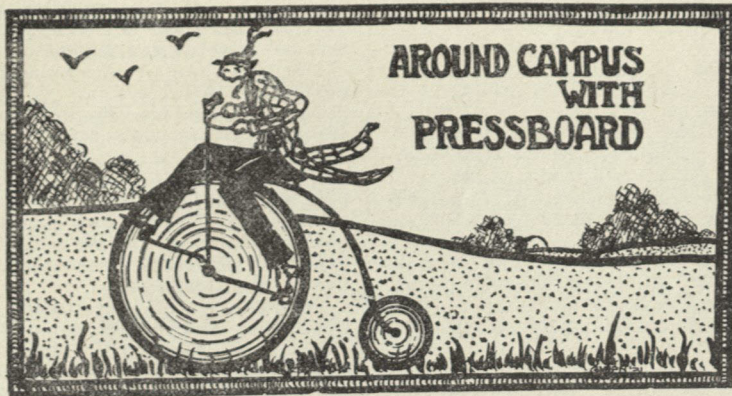
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The fire chief, in his little red car, has been seen frequently on campus. At first we looked for the fire. Now, since none was found, we have our pet theory. Due to the business depression things are not so up and coming down in the fire house. So they are trying to find a nice little fire about the college. Several of us are speculating on just which dorm will be favored with the conflagration.

Ski pants have been seen around the campus on several rainy days. It is a very economic idea in this snowless land.

Somehow we always had the idea that natural dancing was one of those arts of strenuous, but silent expression. Now we understand that such activity is very disturbing if one is trying to study in the same building. The way of the artist is hard, so is that of the student.

It is rumored that May Fisher is dead. The report, however, remains unconfirmed. May we offer condolence to those whom it may concern?

With the great number of dances past, present and future here it looks like a good year for the Mohican, Fishers and the like. We don't refer to our own check books.

We hope the movies have laid in a good supply of light films for the mid-year season. We feel we are going to need the tonic.

So far we haven't been able to catch up with 1931. No matter when we start for class, even taking the trolleys as infallible, we inevitably have to sneak into our seats.

Have you paid all your bills? The way things look now, we may not be

able to attend the social events extending from January 28 to February 5. Poverty has its compensations.

There are various aspects to the Amherst Glee Club dance: depending on whether you went stag, blind or dragged. In any case the concert was a great piece of entertainment. And the man who vociferously led the orchestra by special request of himself was the event of the evening.

And when the Glee Club was singing "Keep in the Middle of the Road" there was a great crash in the back of the gym. Detectives feel that some one must have been doing just that.

During the flood of Monday we thought we might have to build ourselves an ark. Having no lumber, we just paddled along in our articles. For which we haven't even the energy to apologize.

The dining room is trying to take care of any lack of pep by feeding us ginger in our ice cream.

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