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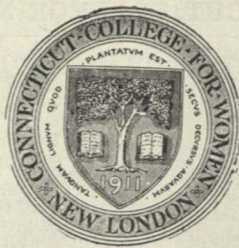
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DR. LAWRENCE MAKES EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

Course for Intellectuals

An educational experiment which may perhaps make claim to a slight degree of novelty is now being carried on in the department of history and political science here in Connecticut College.

It seeks, as many other current experiments do, to separate the intellectually inert from those who are mentally active. Its peculiarity consists in its emphasis on the continuing effort to lure out of inertia and into activity not merely students whose grades are average or worse, but also students whose grades are better than they ought to be earning. To avoid suspicion of paradox here, it should be explained at once that the department believes the attainment of high marks in most college courses is no proof of intellectual activity, and often attests merely an unreflecting industriousness on the part of student and teacher. Indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that the blindly industrious student is the one who most needs the special treatment that we are about to describe.

"In our courses," says Professor Henry W. Lawrence, chairman of the department of history and political science, "we try to make it clear to the student that when she has 'learned her lesson,' that is memorized the required facts, her daily task has only begun. On this merely factual foundation she must build a superstructure out of her previously acquired knowledge, her personal interests, and her active imagination. Everlastingly the question 'What of it?' is kept in her mind, by the requirement that she must bring to class a relevant and reasoned thought of her own on some aspect of the day's lesson. Largely on the basis of the student's response to this urge toward thought-production, a selection is made of the few most promising and interested thinkers, and to these an invitation is extended to take the newly established course which the catalogue calls 'Individual Study and Investigation.' In this course the student has all the freedom she desires, sometimes more than she desires, for she is held strictly responsible to one or more of her faculty collaborators, by means of reports, examination, and discussion, for showing that she has used her freedom in thoughtful and scholarly fashion. She consults her teachers as little or as much as she wishes, and works on subjects of her own choosing. One of our girls, of Norwegian background, is writing biographical sketches of eminent Norwegian-Americans, using largely materials in the Norwegian language, of which her faculty advisor knows not one word. Another, studying nationalistic bias in history teaching, has been comparing schoolbooks of the United States with those of Mexico, and attending a meeting of the American Historical Association where her subject was being discussed.

"We are trying in this experiment not merely to single out for special opportunity the more active minds, but also to prod and persuade into somewhat more of intellectual activity the inert and docile undergraduate of only average promise. If the mass is thus slightly stirred, and the chosen few seem really to enjoy their scholastic freedom, who knows but that the cult of scholarship may one day rival in prestige the other and more widely advertised cults of college life!"



Mid-winter Formal Today

Old Saint Valentine Knew a Thing Or Two

What could be more appropriate than having one or the biggest, most effective-on-the-palpitating-heart-events, Mid-Winter Formal scheduled for the day which has been set aside for the exclusive celebration of the patron of all heart-breakers, Saint Valentine? In this glorious year of 1931 it will indeed be a day of red hearts and white lace, a day when every C. C. maiden's prayer will be answered, a day of heart-breaking formals and heart-soothing tuxs, in brief, a day of daze.

Yes sir, old Saint Valentine knew a thing or two about increased heart beats—information utterly lacking in modernism, information hoary with age, and yet information that even today makes any behaviorist's theories null and void. And the Service League of C. C. know a thing or two—especially when it comes to this ever present, ever perplexing problem of heart interest.

Evidences of the wily feminine knowledge will be widely observed on Saturday, February 14. First they will present a tea dance in Knowlton Salon from four until seven. This will be followed in the evening by the formal, lasting from nine until twelve.

Dr. Erb and Mrs. Erb, Dean Benedict, and Miss Bret will act as chaperons.

The music will be furnished by the Yale Collegians. The room will be decorated in the appropriate red deckings of the jovial, ever wise, ever tolerant, old saint. The waitresses, each our idea of the perfect valentine will wear white crepe de chine lounging pajamas; sophistication is expressed in the low back, the cowl neck, and the flaring trousers. Red velvet sashes add the heart interest. The waitresses are: Connie Ganoe '31; Anne Ebson '31; Gertrude Smith '31; Margaret Fitzmaurice '31; Dorothy Cluthe '31; Jane Williams '31; Hor-

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

S. K. Ratcliffe Speaks on "England's Critical Hour"

Unusual Epoch Ahead

The eyes of the entire world are focused upon three great nations of today: upon Soviet Russia, upon the United States, and upon the British Empire. Will Russia succeed in establishing the minutely planned and well-ordered industrial government of the Soviet? Will the United States, in spite of present depression, make good her astounding claim of two years ago that she had found the secret of a successful capitalistic order? Will the British Empire make a successful adaptation to the radical changes in domestic and industrial conditions in England and to the new attitude of her possessions abroad? Mr. Ratcliffe, the exceptionally able and interesting speaker at convocation on February 10th, believes that these great questions will be answered by the end of the decade upon which we are now entering. Mr. Ratcliffe, who is an English journalist and publicist of international reputation, discussed particularly the industrial and imperial situation of Great Britain.

The great industries upon which the foundation of England's superior industrial power has always rested are centralized in the northern and midland districts and include coal mining, ship-building, iron, steel, cotton, and wool. The complete revival of these industries, after the present unprecedented but nevertheless temporary depression has passed, is impossible. Demand for their products has fallen off, competition of serious proportions has grown up in other industrial nations, and even the nations of the East are manufacturing enough materials to supply the needs of their own markets. In the coal mining industry perhaps 300,000 of the 1,250,000 miners can never be employed again and the majority of these are middle-aged men so provincial in background, customs, and dialect that it is difficult to place them in any other type of

(Continued on page 3, column 4)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE TO BE HOST AT CONFERENCE

On International Relations

On Friday, February 20, 1931, the Connecticut Conference on International Relations will be held here in New London. This is the fourth annual meeting of the conference which is being staged by the Connecticut Council on International Relations with the co-operation of Connecticut College and the Rhode Island Committee on the Cause and Cure of War. This conference should be of vital interest to every undergraduate as well as alumnae guests and it has been arranged that Connecticut College students may attend all addresses and discussions free of charge—a privilege of which it is well worth while to take advantage. The program is as follows:

11:00 A. M. Hotel Mohican.

"What the United States Ought to be Doing In International Affairs"—Miss Alice Hunt.

Leader of Discussion—Mrs. R. P. Nason.

12:15 P. M. Luncheon—Hotel Mohican.

"Our Insurance Against War"—Captain Lothian Small of Great Britain.

2:00 P. M. Connecticut College.

Round Table Discussions:

1. The Relation of the United States to Organization for International Cooperation.

Leader—Dr. Hannah G. Roach, Assistant Professor of History, Connecticut College.

2. Should the United States Recognize Soviet Russia?

Leader—Mrs. Ruth M. Dandourian.

3. United States and World Depression.

Leader—Professor William Adams Brown, Jr., Professor of Economics, Brown University.

3:15 P. M. International Dramatics. Leaders—Mrs. W. C. Beekley, Miss Caroline Rice.

4:00 P. M. The International Women's Committee.

Miss Henrietta Roelofs, National Stall, Y. W. C. A.

"A World to Win"—Stanley High, Editor of *The Christian Herald*.

7:30 P. M. "What the Youth of Europe Are Intending"—Captain Lothian Small—especially arranged for students and alumnae of Connecticut College, residents of New London and others desiring to stay, welcome.

Captain Lothian Small, who will make two addresses during the one-day conference, is a man of educational and international interests—as a worker in labor education, as an officer in the British Intelligence Corps, as Assistant Secretary-General of the International Federation of League of Nations Societies. Since the war he has lectured in many European cities on international subjects, his work having drawn him especially to student groups. Captain Small is discussing current international educational and labor problems in his first American lecture tour.

The two dramatic skits to be presented at 3:15 P. M. will be the unusual feature of this conference. The plays are humorous sketches on the theme of international peace. The first one, "Mother Earth and Her Children", by Barbara Abel, depicts the suit of Britannicus, Americanus and Orientus for the hand of Pacifica. The second playlet to be directed by Caroline Rice is called "School Days on the Rapidan". This sketch was given at the National Conference on the Cause and Cure of War held in Washington the middle of January.

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EDITORIAL

Protest Against Cramming

Exams having inevitably been lived through—one can get accustomed to anything in time, even midyears—and Dartmouth Carnival and Yale Prom and house parties being affairs of the glorious past, what next? Second semester, to be sure, nice empty pages to fill with neat rows of notes to chuck in the waste-paper basket in June—new subjects or new slants on old subjects to be pursued with reluctance and generally misunderstood—same old routine, tunics and leaky fountain pens, “libe” and more daisies in the margins? We are not by nature pessimistic or collegiately blasé or even mildly bored with life. But somehow exams strike us invariably with reflections as to the futility of a large part of the things that we spend so much time tearing around about. We go dilly-dallying about our courses during the semester swallowing our daily educational tid-bits with wide-open unquestioning mouths and digesting scarcely a bit of it. We have a minor panic now and then over a paper or a quiz and are forced to hurriedly and partially assimilate a mass of facts that should have been gradually absorbed into our brains all along. And then comes the crisis—exams—with an heroic attempt to chew the whole thing at once—quantities of paper wasted in cram sheets—minds packed with lists that elude us at the crucial moment and isolated facts of which we have only the slightest understanding—midnight oil and rising electric light bills—worry—and then at a scheduled time we trot over and write it all down in little blue books and go merrily on our way, proceeding promptly to forget the unfortunate business entirely. Something we are sure is wrong with such a system, and though it is not New Year’s in fact we can furnish you with no alibi whatsoever for making resolutions, we suggest that something should be done about it all. No exams at all perhaps, with quizzes every little while instead, or reform in our own ranks by attempting to understand the concepts we take neatly down in our notebooks every day. Perhaps it is a keener desire for knowledge that we need or more persistent effort in going after it. Per-

In the Gay 21’s When Girls Were Girls

Mid-winter Formal being upon us again with its annual gaiety and increased heart-beat, it might amuse us to compare it with the Formals of ten years ago. Knowlton, with its dance salon, did not exist in those dim ages. Instead of the rather conventional formality of the Knowlton dance-floor, there was the crowded informality of the gym. But let a writer for *News* back in 1921 describe it as she saw it:

“... the gym had been so completely transformed by its Valentine decorations of black and red and white that it looked more like a fascinating fairy-land than our ordinary work-a-day gym. Tiny Pierrots and Pierrettes, flitting now here, now there, in their dashing black and white costumes, broke many a heart, when they danced forth showering everyone with confetti, and gave out little favors to the dancers. ... At eleven o’clock the couples formed for the grand march. ... Correct and frilly!

In another old copy of *News* we find an anticipatory announcement of a dance and after looking it over are convinced that girls of years ago were not creatures foreign to us after all—as far as men were concerned, anyway:

“There will be hearts, engagements and windows broken, promises, rings and thrills given, and eyes, waves and ‘bones’ rolled.”

We find another description of a dance of 1921 much in contrast with a write-up of this year of grace:

“The gym was a veritable woodland bower. ... The ceiling was a mass of laurel with many colored butterflies suspended from it, and three globes of light decorated with butterflies hung from the center. The room was entirely encircled with evergreen trees, while the stage bore the appearance of a woody glen.” Back to nature with a vengeance.

And how they trod the light fantastic! Would the following description serve as well in 1931 as in 1921?: “There are they who dance with a certain high seriousness, fervently, as unto the Lord, with half shut eyes and mute lips, swift and silent as a gull on the wing. In sweeping curves, pausing and advancing, with dip and glide, with swing and sway, they weave in and out improvising a stream of living pictures, evanescent as the trail of a shooting star and no less beautiful.” No tangos then!

Other matters there are concerned with dances, which seem to be different today—again we quote examples:

“... Affairs almost invariably overcrowded.”

“... The good form of the students as shown by their care to introduce their escorts to the patrons and patronesses, and to one another.” We blush at our degeneracy!

Though fashions and settings and dance steps have changed, “we women” are still the same in our keen enjoyment of a big week-end “bender”, of dancing and of the eternal “escort”. The years may seem a long time, but girls will be girls—and that is that!

haps we need to revolutionize our system of incentives—substitute innate satisfaction for the injustice of grades—understanding for 3 point averages. We might even have a committee on the subject. Perhaps all this discussion of reform and collegiate Utopias is as futile as the futility we are discussing. So may it be, but the situation is undoubtedly prevalent and likewise lamentable, and we are firmly convinced that a system of bi-annual cramming is not education.

MID-WINTER FORMAL TODAY

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)

tense Alderman '32; Martha Sater '32; Jean Speckel '33; Ruth Stimpson '33; and Elizabeth Palmer '33. The favors, the most distinctive seen at C. C. in a long time, are blue leather double picture frames—most acceptable valentines!

Credit for the necessary and usually unappreciated work of the dance must be given to Mary Elizabeth Wyeth '32,

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.)

Are Marks Fair?

Dear Editor:

Are marks fair or aren't they? Are they worth slaving for night after night at the library when your brain is scarcely hitting on one cylinder and you feel one step ahead of the undertaker? THEY ARE NOT. Mid-year exams have proved it only too sorrowfully.

Have you ever been a martyr to your books, not for just the night before exams but for a solid semester, always keeping up with assignments, always appearing in class, always putting your work before the movies or week-ends, and what is more, always sacrificing yourself for a genuine interest in the course? And then have you, the night before the exam, laughed up your sleeve at your movie-loving friends who are frantically trying to stuff their sieve-like brains with facts they should have learned months before? And, finally, haven't you felt your work to be futile when marks at last come out and you found that you had the same B as those, your fun-loving friends, now proudly flaunt before you? Haven't you felt discouraged and decided to apply a little less steam to the course the next semester in spite of the fact that you know that you just escaped getting an A— and your friends barely managed to be pushed past the C+ borderline into the B—. Is the extra slaving worth while when it doesn't show on the report card? How is a person to differentiate between a 3-point average that just escaped from the C+ side into the B— side and a 3-point average that fell barely short of A— and became B+ instead? It can't be done. Is it strange then that most of us try to skim by on as little work as possible?

Let me cite a case to show you what I am driving at. A friend of mine fell short of making A— in three courses and as a result was given B instead. On the other hand, her roommate wrote good exams and pulled her grades from a low C to a low B. She, too, was given B on the report card. Anyone hearing their marks would think they are equally bright, although there is no comparison between them. Needless to say the brilliant roommate wonders if it all pays.

And what is the remedy? That is easy. Merely keep those significant + and — signs on the report cards where they belong. The professors already have them in their books. It would be a simple matter to put them on the cards where they mean so much to girls really working for good marks. Perhaps there would be more interest taken in courses if there were more grades to strive for. An A is beyond the reach of most of us but a B+ or an A— might be worth thinking about. How about it?

'33.

INTELLIGENTSIA

At Princeton a few weeks ago there was quite a bit of fuss in Ye Tavern, a tea shoppe where bachelor professors and undergraduates often take their meals. About its little tables-for-two the management had distributed new doilies, daintily done in red and white and bearing this legend: “It is always our pleasure to better serve our patrons. We welcome your suggestions.” About thirty patrons firmly made the same suggestion during the next five or six days: that the split infinitive be corrected. It has been. New doilies were rushed through the printer's and Ye Tavern has been saved from ruin.

chairman; Hortense Alderman '32, in charge of favors; and Dorothy Johnson, '31, chairman of decorations.

Such an affair in such a setting, and on such a day is sure to be a great success. How can it be otherwise when the patron saint of all hearts—broken, mended, or care-free—is looking down upon it?

COSMOPOLITAN CAMPUS

Widow's Club

A worthy association that has been in existence for these last two months has just come to our notice. The Week-end Widow's Club, just another one of those things, was formed at Sarah Lawrence College. The president of the club rejoices in the high sounding title of Grand Dowager, the symbol is a madonna lily, and the theme song “Nobody Cares If I'm Blue”. Six or more disconsolate females became charter members, but there are probably dozens of active members by this time. It is a most exclusive club, the rules for membership being that girls must have absolutely no bids for house parties and the like, but must be willing to sell their membership to get one.

—Wellesley College News.

Cheat-Proof System

Cheating, we see from the *Barnard Bulletin*, “seems to be a widespread disease.” The honor system at Barnard, though it does not work perfectly, is very satisfactory. The school which has been reported to have nearly a “100% cheat-proof” system is the University of Virginia. Their delegates to the National Student-Faculty Conference held at Detroit during Christmas Week could give only the following recommendation as the basis of their honor system: “You must build up a tradition that ostracizes the dishonest student.”

Yale Turns Liberal

Yale has at last begun to liberalize her curriculum and a new plan will be instituted next year, according to a recent article in *Time*. “Most definite change is the virtual abolition of ‘group requirements,’ which obliged a student to take certain courses for degree credit, with the result that he might not get through the required list before senior year. Henceforth students will take but five courses a year, will be able to complete their requirements by the end of sophomore year. Other innovations: abolition of mid-year examinations, substitution of three reading periods (classroom holiday to permit research and study) and a comprehensive final examination in every course; abolition of half year courses; requirement that four out of five courses must be passed every year, that during the four years six courses out of the total 20 must be passed with a grade of 275 (corresponding to 75% in other colleges).”

BRUCE CURRY TO SPEAK AT VESPERS

Bruce Curry, is associate professor of Practical Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York City. For some years having been actively engaged in the work of the student branch of the Y. M. C. A., he next became Professor of Bible in the Biblical Institute of New York City. When Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick took a sabbatical leave from his duties at Union Theological Seminary, Rev. Curry was called upon to substitute for him, as he was later summoned to fill temporarily the place left vacant by the death of Dean Bosworth of the Oberlin Graduate School of Theology.

Rev. Curry maintains a lively interest in and a close contact with the life of young people, and especially with life on the college campus, where he is a familiar and welcome figure, being a well-known and widely-travelled college and university preacher. He is also prominently known in many summer religious conferences, such as those held at Silver Bay and Northfield. He is a contributor to leading religious periodicals and an author of note, his latest book being *Jesus and His Cause*.

NEED WE REMIND YOU?

ALUMNAE WEEK-END

FEBRUARY 20-22



"RUDOLPH AND AMINA"

by Christopher Morley

If you are looking for something frothy in fiction, a dip into Christopher Morley's first novel in two years will bring you up bubbling. You can always trust Mr. Morley to present something different and something satirical.

The novelty of this piece lies in the fact that it is a musical comedy in fictional form. Morley treats the amusing inconsistencies of the musical comedy world in his best satirical vein.

Ample atmosphere is provided by the Harz mountains of fairy tale and canary fame. Amina is the lovely, blonde peasant heroine adored by a poor young landscape painter, Rudolph.

Count Wolfenstein furnishes the heavy element. He lives in the Castle Wolfenstein far above the little town of Gottingen. The town's people tell terrible stories of the orgies which go on there. Of course quite inevitably his eye falls on the fair Amina and he lures her resisting from Rudolph. He wraps her in the luxury of his feudal castle where she suffers from too avid experimentation with the hot water faucet of her glass-enclosed shower. The Count has a large staff of servants, convertible at a moments notice into a well trained ballet, coming out strong on the chorus. The author marvels that, however ominous the moment, enter the chorus and time stands still. Hero and heroine, fleeing for their lives pause to sing of their love for one another.

Magic which makes all things possible, and at the same time permits some gorgeous stage effects is accounted for by Professor Herzog. He is the arch fiend that takes the blame for everything.

In other words, if you want a good rollicking evening pick up this morsal.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Everybody Come

- February 17—Juniors vs. Freshmen, 1st team; Seniors vs. Sophomores, 2nd team.
 February 24—Seniors vs. Sophomores, 1st team; Juniors vs. Freshmen, 2nd team.
 February 27—Juniors vs. Sophomores, 1st team; Seniors vs. Freshmen, 2nd team.
 March 3—Seniors vs. Freshmen, 1st team; Juniors vs. Sophomores, 2nd team.
 March 6—Sophomores vs. Freshmen, 1st team; Seniors vs. Juniors, 2nd team.
 March 10—Seniors vs. Juniors, 1st team; Sophomores vs. Freshmen, 2nd team.

ERSKINE SAYS COLLEGE SQUELCHES MUSICAL TALENT

An article entitled "Erskin Raps the Colleges" appears in this week's issue of the *Musical Courier*. It is a comment on John Erskine's article in the *New York Herald Tribune* magazine, "Music's Place in Education." Erskine, who must be remembered as "an artist who is also a professor, a musician who is also a writer, and a professor who also writes fiction," criticizes the American college very severely in its attitude toward the arts. American children are extremely musical. Erskine continues with this statement: "If they do not go to college, they have a fair chance of keeping up their music. On the other hand, if they go to college they are almost certain to drop their music."

ARE CHAPERONE'S PEOPLE?

Dean of Students Gives Impression

"Well, I wonder how many girls will introduce their men to me tonight? Last dance I met five and one of those couples only stopped because they were pushed into me. There seems to be quite a crowd on the floor tonight, maybe we'll have a few more collisions. I wonder there aren't more accidents with everyone dancing at different angles. That girl in the blue dress hasn't been in an upright position this evening. Horrors! do you suppose there is any possibility of her growing permanently into that Lon Chaney attitude? What's more, for all her contortions, I'm willing to wager she's Class 3 and can only take gentle gym. Strange that she seems to thrive so in this atmosphere. What a rapturous expression. I do believe she's smiling at me. She always speaks most pleasantly on campus.

"No, fooled again, only one of those smiles of another world, the moon-beam mixed with ginger-ale kind.

"Why all the rush to the only exit? Oh yes, the music has stopped—intermission. Well I hope the Valspar is proof against the cigarette butts.

"On with the dance—the stag line creeps to the center and masses for the attack—one of them dashes out into the whirling, dipping throng—she'll be stepped on—maybe she'll have to come over here to recuperate—no luck this time either—she's safe or rather she's dancing.

"I wonder what everyone would do if there were mirrors hung from the green panels, if each person could see herself and himself dancing? Still this is a free world, but there are ways and ways of expressing one's self.

"A visitor—'How do you do, Mr. Blank.'

"This is your only dance together? 'Oh please do go right on dancing.'

"Well! surprise! that's one girl to my credit and I do believe the black velvet shows sign of attack.

"How do you do!"

"Wonders will not cease—the *New York Times* will no doubt feature a headline:

'Chaperone Overcome at Connecticut College Dance.'

"So great was the crowd waiting to shake hands with the Chaperone that she collapsed. Her situation is critical."

Curtain to denote the elapse of two hours—seems two minutes to the dancers and two days to the chaperone—the orchestra leader announces the last dance and the chaperone observes that a decisive moment has come.

Girls in the stag line, with men out in circulation, are growing intense. The situation demands a firm hand. Obviously the stags have not been idle. Although the owner wouldn't admit it that little Freshman has done a nifty piece of "snaking." With the orchestra wailing "Where Have You Been," her smooth step following his with perfect assurance, he is surely hers. But no, take your rapture while you may little stag—here comes the owner with the determination of a Fuller Brush Man.

"She got him—and another—and another—there go the stags, drifting off to stumble down the hill on their precarious heels, but then he'll probably write to her and he did ask her up to spring house-parties.

"So much for this dance—wonder why they all try to get through the door at once—still there's lots to do in that precious hour—well if the crowd leaves maybe I can go home—Ho hum!"

The Great American Myth

"A myth that declares it is honorable, profitable and even advisable to battle for a degree and a living at the same time," has, according to Henry Morton Robinson in March "College Humor," caused numerous students to make the traditional gesture and become needless martyrs on this sacrificial altar.

"Scholastic hitch-hikers" working their way or their professors, are, says Mr. Robinson, "represented by more than two million of the nearly five million persons in the United States attending educational institutions.

WE NOMINATE FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

The Busiest Man On Campus

There he goes half hidden under a towering Pisa-like pile of bundles, hurriedly trotting from the gym to Fanning, from Fanning to the library, from the library to the gym again ready for the next task on the day's schedule—ready to arrange the chapel chairs in neat orderly rows—ready to place the little green hymnals with loving care. Chapel over, the chairs must be ruthlessly swung back against the walls so that the wide open spaces will once more be available for the onrushing gym classes.

There he stands—the guardian of kid gloves, Coty compacts, and missing gym shoes. There he stands, in spite of his many tasks, always ready to help in the eight-thirty scramble for packages, for the ever elusive laundry case, and for more packages.

Convocations, music recitals, concerts, plays, come and go. At them all the little white-haired genius is seen bustling to and fro—briskly moving chairs, noiselessly opening and shutting windows, cheerfully going from one task to another—verily, indeed, the busiest man on campus.

"They drive cabs and wait on table; they clerk, tutor and jerk sodas; they peddle spark-plugs, scented soaps and subscriptions to magazines; they beg, they borrow and a few of them inevitably steal.

"Two-thirds of their waking hours are spent in feeding and housing their bodies; with what is left of their time and energy they go through the motions of studying for a degree."

"To be sure, only a small percentage of them ever get the degree because mortality among academic parasites is fearfully high."

"A few of the stubborn die-hards play the exhausting game to the last whistle, but they are so burned out by the effort that they rarely amount to anything in later life . . .

"A high class of scholarship or intelligent interest is not to be expected from a student who comes to class dulled and sodden with fatigue.

"When a chap drives a taxi-cab all night, he is not likely to bring a shiny new edge of originality or interest to the discussion of Swinburne's poetic dramas. And when he totes mail sacks for eight hours every day, he is scarcely in prime shape for the rigors of a math exam.

"Everything would be all right if the student were willing to take the academic consequences. But he isn't. He expects favors, leniencies, extensions—or else he falls hopelessly behind.

"Every college teacher with a corpuscle of humanity in his blood stream has passed hundreds of fellows who deserved, on the basis of scholastic accomplishment, to be flunked outright."

"Should I work my way through college?" is the question that Mr. Robinson has been asked repeatedly by freshmen, passionately eager for the great adventure of college life and willing—in their naive fashion—to undergo almost any hardship that will bring them into the mystic circle of the Illuminated Parchment.

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S. K. RATCLIFFE SPEAKS ON "ENGLAND'S CRITICAL HOUR"

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)

work. The situation is equally serious in each of the other "heavy" industries. Even in the event of a complete business revival England can never hope to regain her superiority as an industrial power on the basis of these industries. Her great opportunity lies in the development of the newer and more scattered mechanical industries which were in a condition of remarkable prosperity until the time of the present slump. These industries will survive and the test of England's power will be a test of her adaptability.

In the meantime England must care for her unemployed. To do this the system of unemployment insurance established before the war has been stretched into a dole so that the more or less permanently unemployed may still be treated as such rather than as destitutes under the Poor Law.

Mr. Ratcliffe also discussed some of England's imperialistic troubles of which the most important are concerned with the situation in India. The recent round table discussion in London between Indian and British leaders has just terminated. The Indian delegates have returned to India to place before their people the proposals of a new federation of India, a grant of responsible government, and peace between Hindus and Mohammedans. In the meantime Mahatma Ghandi has been released from prison and is again in a position of leadership. The great question still remains as to whether Ghandi will continue his policy of absolute refusal of all British suggestions.

It is England's critical hour, but it is also a critical hour for other great Nations including our own. We who are still young will undoubtedly be privileged to witness the results of this unusual epoch in the history of civilization.

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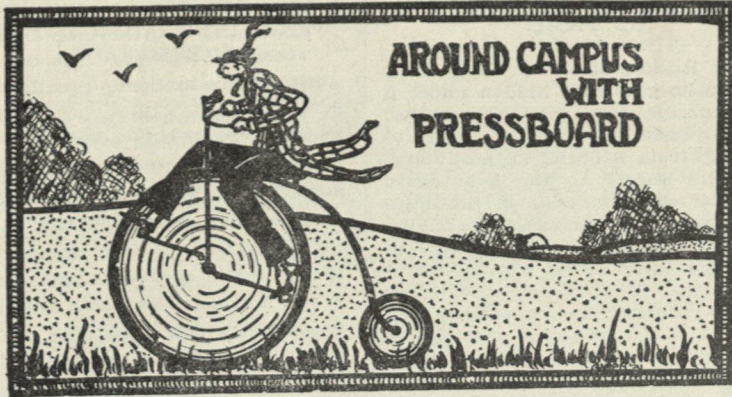
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We understand that the motto of the stags is to be "one for all and all for one." And may the best man win.

For the waitresses in those smooth costumes, we suggest that pantalettes be also worn.

Have you seen the latest thing in postage stamps—General Pulaski in full glory? Our suggestion for the next postage stamp face, as being in every way fitting and appropriate, is a picture of Mr. Barry.

The Society for the Perpetuation of Up-Jenkins holds its meetings every fish night at Homeport.

With murders being committed almost every night in all the dormitories it isn't a safe place for any girl.

Advice to wondering Freshman:—we understand that certain Freshmen have wondered whether or not it was permissible to cut on upper-classmen. Well, Yes and No! The fact is if he's a swell dancer, you're likely to run the risk of being slain with a look. On the other hand if he doesn't step so smoothly you'll be possessed of a partner and a beneiged smile.

We hope the right people remember that this is Valentine Day. In fact we wouldn't care at all if Fishers used up

several gallons of gas driving back and forth from State Street to Campus.

Don't breathe this choice piece of scandal, but we understand that there are several people on campus who haven't heard of the Wickersham Commission. Tsk! Tsk! say we, blushing for them.

From time to time we will print famous sayings of famous people at Connecticut College. Do you recognize this one?

"I see that time is passing."

Two newly bespectacled Juniors can't understand why no one is convulsed at their appearance. Might we suggest that the college has unexpectedly developed a sudden—shall we say—reserve?

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