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## THE EVOLUTION OF MASCOT

### "Curioser and Curioser!"

Today once more finds the C. C. campus the precarious site of the annual Mascot Siege. This year the situation is intensified and the Juniors are doubly on the offensive. *O tempora! O mores!*

The custom of having a mascot and a mascot-hunt has been a part of the college activities for about ten years. Looking over the dusty, yellowed files of the *College News*, we find that the first mention of mascot is in 1921 when the mascot was called a totem pole, and for some unaccountable reason was finally found hidden in a pie which was presented with great ceremony to Big Chief Something-Or-Other, a Junior. The following year, in 1922, we hear of a bronze mascot which was presented to the Junior class. But it is in the March issues of 1923 that we first read of startling events that sound strangely familiar—hurried rushes through the tunnel; zealous Sophomores eagerly trailing empty suit-cases; Juniors wafting prayers heavenwards, petitioning that the Sophs will be as dumb as they want them to be. 'Twas in 1924 that the Mohican Hotel became a place of destiny, and the Juniors at a banquet unveiled the lantern that was their mascot. The year of 1925 brings the events up to the custom of more recent date. We learn of the unveiling of the mascot, a bronze door-knocker representing a rampant lion. Two nights later a banquet at Thames officially begins the hunt. Then, as now, the model of the mascot is formally sealed—and the fun begins! The year of 1927 brought about a radical change. Up to this time the hunt had taken a period of three days. It was hidden on Monday night at nine-thirty, and was proclaimed safe by the Juniors on Wednesday night at seven. The Juniors during intervals of passiveness played hopscotch, toasted marshmallows, or took a fling at solitaire—even as you and I. There were decoy rushes and real rushes, and the mascot safe in the Junior lamp-post at seven o'clock. But, the system was too demanding, for whenever the signal was given the Sophomores had to rush to the appointed place—classes were deserted; the library was emptied; even the immortal bard was left stranded. This could not last THEY said. And it did not last!

So now we come to 1931 when the hunt lasts for a brief but busy day. The mascot is hidden the preceding night; the hunt begins the following morning at eight and ends with the

### M. Marcel Brun To Speak at Vespers

The speaker at the last of the international vespers will be M. Marcel Brun of France, at present a candidate for the Th. D. degree in Union Theological Seminary, New York City. This is M. Brun's second visit to America, the first having been seven years ago when he was awarded a travelling fellowship in the same institution.

Born in central France, M. Brun received his academic training in Paris, studied theology at the University of Montpellier, and at the University of Strasbourg in Alsace. He has held pastorates in Bourges, Cognac, Strasbourg, as well as in London, England. He is also teaching French philosophy at Hunter College, New York City. His topic on Sunday will be "The Religious Situation in France".



### Nutrition Students Popularize Milk

An interesting educational experiment is being inaugurated at Winthrop school this week following a preliminary demonstration by Dr. Margaret Chaney, head of the home economics department. The children of the fourth, fifth and sixth grades are witnessing practical demonstrations on the value of correct diet. Last week, the white rats which are used for experimental work at college, were brought down to the school so that the children could see exactly what happens when milk is either in or out of the diet. Some of the rats had not been fed milk and the others had and the difference was so obvious that it is quite apparent that all the children who saw the rats will want to drink all the milk they can get from now on. Six Connecticut college students studying field work in nutrition, are assisting Dr. Chaney who supervises the work. Each girl teaches a room, there being six rooms in the three grades. It is expected that by the end of the present semester

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### Jean Hamlet '29, Exhibits Still Life

At the annual exhibition of the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts in Morgan Memorial in Hartford, Miss Jean Hamlet of Connecticut College, class of 1929, is exhibiting one of her still life paintings. This is considered a great honor as the exhibit is composed of the works of professional artists.

### ANTS VS. GRASSHOPPERS

The grasshoppers are lively bugs, And ants are rather slow; The grasshoppers are bigger, If you've ever studied Zo.; But ants have practiced team-work For a million years or so. I guess they have an even chance, But then, I wouldn't know.

### Genuine Male Actors Make Debut on Campus

### Wesleyan Dramatic Club To Present Play On April 11

The "Paint and Powder Club of Wesleyan will present here in the gymnasium on Saturday, April 11 at 7:15, a Comedy in Three Acts, "AREN'T WE ALL," by Frederick Lonsdale. The Wesleyan members of the cast are as follows:

William Muckley	Ralph Pendleton
James Alsdorf	Samuel Poor
Francis Nejako	Donald Briggs
John Andros	Byron Clark
Steward Rankin	

Three members of the Middletown Theatre Guild will take the female parts. They are Elspeth Cowie, Carrie Slocum and Rowena Nichols.

Dinner will be served at Thames Hall before the play for the members of the cast and girls knowing any of the men listed above and wishing to sit with them at dinner, may do so by making arrangements with Caroline Rice '31, President of the Wig and Candle under the auspices of which the play is being given.

Admission is 75 cents and all proceeds over and above expenses due to Wesleyan will go to Student-Alumnae Fund.

This is a unique event, being the first time that a play with a male cast has ever been presented on our campus. It promises to be excellent

(Continued on page 3, column 4)

### FACULTY BABY SHOW!

To be held Tuesday, March 24, between four and four forty-five in the Faculty room of Fanning Hall. The admission is twenty-five cents, and the proceeds will be for the benefit of the Student Friendship Fund!

Biggest Little Show On Campus!

## LATEST ARCHITECTURAL NEWS

### Coast Guard Academy To Be Finished In 1932

Now that Fanning is quite fully decked out from pongee curtains to telephone booths; now that the tall tower of the power plant has lost its startling aspect of newness and is quite begrimed with life; now that the prospective museum is no longer a vague notion of landscaping, but is a tangible gray stone building topped with a neat glass roof, what of architectural interest can we write home about? Ah, well, the Connecticut College girl's letters are always full of news, whether they be movie numbers or full week-end programs; and just, in the ever busy Spring season when student government meetings of all kinds abound, as the brow grows wrinkled with deep thought on the subject of fodder for the weekly, monthly, or what have you (hackneyed, but true) letter to the family, along comes a great blasting of dynamite, a showering of rocks—and news, and the beginning of the new coast guard academy are with us.

Here's a brief idea of what my letter, written in my usual cheery, informative style would contain on the all engrossing subject of the new buildings.

In June 1932 the cadets will, as usual, leave for their summer cruise. When they return in the following September the new academy will be completed. There will be eight buildings on the campus. They are: Cadets' Building, Administrative Building, Academic Building, Engineering Building, Enlisted Men's Barracks, Gymnasium, the Boiler House, and the Warehouse. They expect to accommodate two hundred people. The architectural style of the buildings will be Colonial. They will be of red brick with a white trim.

Along Mohegan Avenue there will be the parade ground which is to be used for drills and demonstrations. The athletic field will be below the brow of the hill. It is not definitely determined yet, but there will probably be officers' quarters. If these buildings are to be included they will be placed on the ridge which is on the south side of the property.

Think of the present condition of the site of the proposed academy; think of it as we see it on our daily trolley ride to town; think of it with its mud holes, its "All Men Employed On The Field", its piles of shattered rocks, and its dynamite and tractors

(Continued on page 3, column 4)

### FRENCH SINGERS AND DANCERS TO APPEAR APRIL 7

Be sure you reserve the evening of April 7, first recitation day after Easter vacations, for the French singers and dancers who will perform at 8 p. m. in the gymnasium.

Leave unpacking of trunks for the next day and enjoy French Folk Songs and Folk Dances of Belgium, of Switzerland, of the Sea, of Canada, of Louisiana.

Madame France Ariel Duprat and Monsieur Armand Duprat have the in-born understanding of their subjects, rare personal charm, and the experience and art to carry you out of yourself, your country and your present day complexes, to that more colorful and romantic period of 1840-1850.

They sing and dance in costumes of the period—the program will be interpreted in both English and French. Don't miss it. The French Club will show you to your seat.



## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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## EDITORIAL

### MAD MARCH AND MASCOT

March, at Connecticut, is distinguished by two things—Mascot and roaring winds, and in these it still lives up to the reputation that it has always had from the beginning—of being a different college. What other landscape is there which is still beautiful without the becoming and softening effects of either green leaves or snow? What other campus is still distinctive under an austere grey sky and near an austere river, and absolutely stripped of foliage? The beauty of this campus is different—it is in the spaciousness and the plainness of the grounds and the severity of the buildings which are all in keeping with the sweep of the river and the sea. The lack of ancient elms is not lamentable here. They belong to enclosed cloisters and courts. The beauty of our campus is distinctive, and we should keep it so—expansive and simple.

Just as characteristic as March winds tearing over a spacious campus is Mascot Hunt which embodies all the camaraderie, and good feeling, and love of play that has been found in Connecticut since its beginnings. Most traditions become outworn, lose their interest or their purpose, but Mascot Hunt remains today as interesting and as valuable in creating friendship as it was in the days when it was first inaugurated. More than most colleges, probably, Connecticut has a great "family" feeling—an attitude which makes each person interested in everyone else, and friendly. Mascot is the expression of this—when a great part of the college gets together and plays in genuine friendliness. And in spirit as well as in organization it is unique with Connecticut.

### LONG LIVE NOOS!

And lo! this is the last issue of *News* which the Senior Staff will put out and it is an unwritten law that all departing things shall say their last words. Some are famous and some are not. Here are ours:

It has been a great experience and we have liked it—liked it all—the fun, the work, the varied doing of it,—the snooping about with ears flapping wide to catch the smallest and most modest rumour of NOOS,

## COSMOPOLITAN CAMPUS

Up to now *The Star-Spangled Banner* has always seemed to us to be our national anthem but the bill making it the national anthem was passed by the House and sanctioned by the Senate only recently. It seems that such an act of Congress was necessary in making the song the nation's own anthem. All efforts to replace it with a new anthem are over.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

In two years President Hoover has vetoed 14 bills. His friends admire his courageous independence and his critics accuse him of defying popular sentiment as expressed by Congress. They also accuse him of trying to beat the veto record of Grover Cleveland who, in five months' time, vetoed 108 private Civil War pension bills.

—*Time.*

"Dancing the tango at Vina del Mar's Casino, the Prince of Wales belied advance press notices from London that he *can* tango. According to Chilean experts, what H. R. H. did was something between a tango and a waltz. 'This made his steps,' wrote one courteous Chilean, 'quite the most unusual and newest on the floor.'"

—*Time.*

Something new in the line of radios is the radio typewriter, called a Watsonograph. Its inventor, Glenn W. Watson, learned about electricity only three years ago while he played with his son's electrical toys. He expects his machine to be used in railroad trains, airplanes, and battleships.

—*Time.*

### Browning Letters

A collection of over 900 letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, of which 700 have never been published, was presented to the Wellesley College Library by Professor George Herbert Palmer. This gift makes the Wellesley collection of Browning manuscripts, first editions and personalia one of the most distinguished and valuable in the world.

—*Wilson Billboard.*

### Lenten Charity

Instead of the usual Lenten resolution, of taking away things from our daily programme, an editorial in *The Tatler* suggests: "Let us resolve to break down some of our old habits and try to substitute better ones in their place. Instead of giving up eating between meals we should practice being charitable. Among a large group of girls charity can always be developed more fully."

What does charity mean in a Lenten resolution? It means less grumbling, more smiles; less fault-finding, more encouragement; less 'high-hattedness,' more humility and poise.

the chasing from gym to Fanning, hunting down the always patient Faculty in their lairs, accosting of various and sundry, wearing out of rubber soles, all in the pursuit of NOOS, the meeting of different people, working with them, making new friends, the writing up of NOOS, fervently behind raised "Soc." books and furiously on Coronas, the terror of NOOS Wednesdays—titles spinning in our heads, typewriter clicking furiously, much space and little news, some noble soul coming to the rescue, exasperation, inspiration, worry, laughter, and then at last, always the miracle of NOOS ready to go up to Norwich on the 9:30 trolley. Yes, indeed, we have liked it,—and right here and now we publicly and officially pass it all on,—inky fingers, titles that won't fit, friends and all—to the new Junior Staff. May they learn as much from the whole venture of amateur journalism as we did—and may they like it as much as we did. The best of good fortune and success to them—and long live NOOS!

## 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.)

### TESTIMONY!

Dear Editor:

*Ailment*—It is 1:15 o'clock Monday morning and I am awake. Certainly the alarm clock has made no mistake, for it is set in proper fashion to go "off at" 7 o'clock.

*Diagnosis*—Probably the two weapons with which we can do a very great deal are those of *genuine consideration* and *interest in the welfare of others*. There seems to be no universal appeal which will bring to us a full realization of the powerfulness of these or any other worthwhile characteristics. Far be it from me to become a tutor in this line of instruction. Some of us older members of college have accepted with too little thought the undeniable truth of the fact—"She who can concentrate over and above the greatest amount of commotion and distraction is truly great." Is life merely a competitive affair? Just how does one concentrate in or on sleep?

Years ago I used to think how nice it would be to be awake real late—the reality is far less pleasing than the fancy. The night must have a purpose in the scheme of affairs—"the same yesterday, today and tomorrow." And in it a place is granted for our congregation of returning lovers and "week-enders", providing they go more quietly to their rooms. As far as the rest of the "slamming around" goes, it is pretty hard to find even a tiny niche for it in the order of things. "Trip the light fantastic toe" on the way to and from—muffle the roars—insure the dresser a little longer life by handling a bit more carefully, and above all, refrain from taking the garbage can by the handle and shaking to open, so that the bucket falls to the cement floor and echoes through the corridor the idea that the deed has been accomplished.

*Conclusion*—Peace and quiet and calm are especially lovely things after 12 o'clock at night. '31.

### SHADES OF OUR MANNERS!

Dear Editor:

Although college life exerts many good influences upon the nature of our responses to our environment, it is more than evident that it exerts some influences which are not so desirable. Although we learn that a slice of bread contains one hundred calories, and is therefore a good indulgence for those of us who tip the scales at a below normal rate, yet at the same time, we do not learn that culture does not warrant our grabbing three yards down the table in an attempt to acquire those needed (or not needed) units of heat. Quite on the contrary, we learn to develop the stretch of the powerful right arm and our heretofore controlled lung power. We are not entirely at fault, for, without doubt, we must eat and so, in self defense, we are forced into immediate action. Our comrades at the table seem to assume a rather indifferent air concerning individual wants and such a condition continues to persist until some new face is discovered in the old category of eight. Then everything is alert attention, immediate response to wants, and even (Believe it or Not!) suggestions for your comfort! The advent of a stranger thus becomes a most desirable thing as the general aspect of the situation becomes that which exists when the minister is invited to Sunday dinner—though the food remains unchanged, yet we have more of an opportunity to acquire some.

We are naturally ravenous beings as we are young, healthy, and out-of-doors a good amount of the time, but there seems to me no necessity for making gluttons out of ourselves and undoing all the learning regarding the accepted mode of action at the table, which we have acquired in our own homes. Even when people have

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## YOUTH'S ADJUSTMENT TO LIFE

Canon Davey of Liverpool, England, proved to be a delightful speaker at Vespers last Sunday. His pleasant personality and humorous but forceful manner of speaking left their impression on the audience. Davey chose to talk on one of the problems of youth, looking at it from the standpoint of a Senior partner, so to speak.

The adjustment to life is a bit difficult for the general youth. We need "elbow room", liberty to think things out and to do them. There is also the growing sense of responsibility. Youth ought to have certain standards or ideals by which to mold and shape its life. Are the older people going to be glad to have us join them? Canon Davey explained that they are not. They are established, a little supercilious of youth's zeal and enthusiasm. Youth must have courage,—courage to push on in spite of broken idols. The older generation will lack some of the qualities which we think they ought to have. Youth needs the courage to hold on to what it does find, and to rise up.

Loyalty and belief in ourselves and in others is another important quality which should be added to courage. There must be loyalty to help us rise above loneliness and disappointment when we find that our angels are really devils.

The general reaction of youth, when it has found out the stupidity and narrowness of the older generation, is defiance. Defiance is a soft attitude to take and does no good. Youth must develop restraint; it must hold on to things until the great opportunity comes; it must have courage and loyalty and restraint. The combination should enable us to live our own lives, not to be dependent on the crowd. Canon Davey stressed the point that if youth is going to make anything out of life it must have courage and strength.

It would be better, also, not to accept all the theories and ideas of the various preceding generations. They are not solutions; they were created by the old. We should work to establish personal contacts which would give us firm guidance and that extra help along the way. Too many young people get hold of "half-baked ideas," to quote Canon Davey, and are lost. We must clarify our thinking, say what we mean, and have a definite purpose in life.

If we, the youth of today, want courage and gaiety, we can find it through thought. There is one person who possessed both qualities, and who is easily accessible—Jesus. He is real; if we wish we can make Him the revelation of truth. As we search in Jesus the courage and gaiety we want, we raise the quality of our own souls. We will begin to find our way into actual partnership with our seniors. Youth must have courage, loyalty, and gaiety to adjust itself and its problems to life.

### No Required Courses

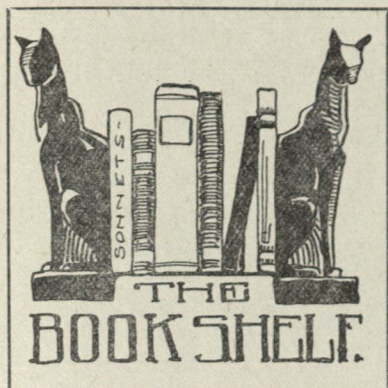
"The sooner colleges think less of themselves and more of the needs of the individual collegians, in our opinion, the better." This statement of Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, of St. Stephen's College is quoted in the *Trinity Tripod*. "Each student is an individual. The real problem is how best to train toward maturity each trainable man."

Changes are to be made at St. Stephen's, and the most important one is that a special curriculum will be arranged for each man. This will do away with the "required courses," which inevitably mean over-large classes.

### Police!

Freshman at Wheaton used a novel method of announcing class elections. Five "escaped convicts" were rounded up by an "emergency police" squad and led to "prison" in Science Hall. "Sentences" were pronounced on each new officer. To make it more realistic, the enthusiastic frosh ended the ceremony with a "prison riot".





### "... AND SUCH SMALL DEER"

By E. V. Lucas

Who, but Mr. Lucas, would consider writing *A Postcard to a Duck*? And yet he does with all the whimsicality that grows out of an amazing observation of the small things that count. He opens his brief bit of nonsense with "Madam, there is one blot on your fair fame and only one." This terrible ink spot is the fact that a goose egg is the symbol of the team that loses at cricket. In other respects Madam Goose stands on her "head in the water with the most enchanting insouciance, and, when the fatal day arrives," her "gift of blending melodiously with sage and onion is beyond praise." And in conclusion, and with deep respect "Peas Be With you!"

Interspersed with this utter nonsense, distinctly reminiscent of Lamb, are some charming essays of other animals, coupled with an earnest consideration proving to any of us, who might have doubted, that animals do have a sense of humor. *Ziggags in the Zoo* contains an acute appreciation of the aquarium inhabitants.

Mr. Lucas has a clever parody on the good old tale of *Androcles and the Lion*. The name of his fairy tale is *Androcles and the Elephant*. This modern Androcles, going to Africa to shoot animals with a camera, removed a poisoned arrow from the foot of an elephant, about whose eyes "were the dark rings of insomnia and pain." Thereafter the elephant was his devoted slave. Androcles left Africa and returned to England to find his money gone. He was destitute until an old college friend took him home to dinner and invited him to play billiards. Androcles, a notoriously wretched player won consistently with a particular set of balls and became a champion. It seems they were made from the ivory tusks of Androcles elephantine admirer. As Mr. Lucas concludes "the moral is that, even by dumb animals gratitude can be shown in a variety of ways."

The volume is pocket size and bound in blue linen. It is neither a children's story nor of animals in the objectionable sense. Not least among its merits is the frontispiece adapted by Persis Kirmse from Sir Joshua Reynolds National Gallery picture *Heads of Angels*. The heavenly faces have been transformed into as many Pekinese, soft-eyed and aerial. You, who like something different in merry way, will chortle over these fable-essays.

J. B. Lippincott  
\$1.25 at "The Bookshop"

### EXIT

We walked through the Tower Room.

Some million odd dollars spent to build this imposing pile of brick and cement and fill it up with soft rugs and chairs and rich hangings. Nice. Some twenty or thirty Dartmouth men sprawled about listlessly, feet on stools and notebooks propped awkwardly. It was four o'clock and the flies buzzed.

Notebooks. . . .

It isn't because hour exams are coming up. You'll find them there any time of year with their horrible blue books in front of them. Dates and facts and platitudes. "All the great religions of today were formulated in the East. . . . European civilization at the height of the Middle

### MEETING OF WOMEN VOTERS AT VINAL

The New London League of Women Voters will meet Thursday afternoon, March 26, at 3 o'clock in Vinal Cottage on the Connecticut College campus. The meeting has been arranged by two committees of the league, the living costs committee of which Mrs. G. K. Daghljan is chairman and the committee on immigration of which Mrs. James Bennett is chairman. Mrs. Daghljan's committee has asked Dr. Margaret Chaney, head of the home economics department of the college, to address the league that afternoon on "Household Buying." This lecture is preliminary to a course on "Household Buying" which will be conducted by Miss Elizabeth Spicer, instructor in home economics at the college. All members who wish to attend the series of classes may sign up for them at the meeting on the 26th.

Robert Deming of New Haven, a member of the state board of education, will speak on "Adult Education" by invitation of Mrs. Bennett's committee. Following the meeting there will be a tea. Hostesses will include Mrs. Otto H. Schroeter, Miss Edna Tyler, Mrs. J. Lawrence Erb and some other faculty wives.

"When you sit with a nice girl for two hours, you think it's only a minute, but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it's two hours. That's relativity."—Albert Einstein.

### WHAT WOULD AMBROSIA DO?

Dr. Donald Hatch Andrews, a chemist at Johns Hopkins has announced that he has "transposed the inaudible high pitch of atomic vibrations into piano sounds. Water's translated sound was a soft murmur, wood alcohol sounded harsh and sharp, gasoline was a crash."—*Time*.

Age was homogeneous. . . . Gregor Mendel, Austrian monk, was born in 1822. . . . And so on. And so forth.

What of it? Men have got to pass examinations some time, haven't they? You're fired if you are not able to keep up with your courses. College is an institution of learning, and while a man is here he owes it to himself as well as to his family to do the best he can. And besides that, look at the percentage of Phi Betes in "Who's Who." It seems to follow that it's worth while to get good marks. Thus they chant.

Of course.

When the architects and advisory committees got together and sketched out the plans for Baker Library, they decided that there should be some room where a man could cut himself off from the singsong routine of blackboards and blue books, and comfortably enjoy "the finer things." Hence, the Tower Room. Of course, only a certain percentage of the undergraduates would take advantage of such a thing. Only a certain percentage ever could. But the Tower Room was to be essentially a retreat. They were wise, these architects and committeemen.

They were wise, and we are foolish. Perhaps some day we'll realize it. There is something more to college than marks and house parties. To the attainment of this nebulous something else, they ordered the Tower Room and filled it with deep chairs and well-bound books. Thus they ordered.

The Tower Room filled with notebooks, prostituted to the great God Marks. Economics and psychology and chemistry squatting over and smothering Shelley and Donne and Brooke. Men sitting there for four years, missing the whole idea, the very essence of their college experience. Four years, while they memorize supply and demand, conditioned reflex, and atomic movement; while they doze through the monotony of it all; while they wear out the tapestries with their soiled blue notebooks.

We walked right on through.

—*The Dartmouth.*

### NEWS OF CLASS OF '30

Evelyn Clarke '30, is Girl Reserve Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Morristown, Pennsylvania.

Ruth Cooper '30, is teaching at Miss Hewitt's School in New York City.

Catherine Daboll '30, is teaching at the Robert E. Fitch High School, Groton.

Sara Diescher '30, is studying at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Elizabeth Edwards '30, is the assistant manager of the Restaurant of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York.

Dorothy Feltner '30, is a social secretary in New York City.

Ruth Ferguson '30, is teaching at the Hope Farm in Verbank, New York. Adelaide Finch '30, is studying at Columbia University.

Helen Flinner '30, is teaching at the Milford High School.

Marian Geer '30, is teaching at Stratford High School, Norwich.

Marie Gescheider '30, is a student at Kent State College.

Mae Gesell '30, is teaching high school in Wappingers Falls, New York.

Isabel Gilbert '30, is studying at the McGill University Medical School, Montreal, Canada.

Elizabeth Glass '30, is a student at Theological School, Chicago.

Frieda Grout '30, is teaching high school in Gilbertville, Massachusetts.

Kathleen Halsey '30, is studying at a secretarial school in Brooklyn New York.

Hildegard Harper '30, is studying dancing at the Chalf Studio, New York City.

Elizabeth Hartshorn '30, is teaching at a private day school in New Haven.

Helen Hayden '30, is teaching at the Peck School, Morristown, New Jersey.

Margaret Healy '30, is a stenographer for the New York Telephone Company.

### Business Revives

At last comes a gleam of light in the prevailing economic gloom which our business experts of the Dean Inge school assure us is to throw the sun of good old Coolidge prosperity into a semi-permanent eclipse.

Spokesmen of one of America's greatest industries, the manufacture of cosmetics, have just broken forth in trade journals with the cheering news that the sales of their products showed a sizable increase during the past year.

And with the same gesture they reach across a hypothetical conference table and give the hand of fellowship to the czars of style. For they ascribe the cause of their increased affluence to a belief that 1930 styles in women's dresses have swelled the sales of lipstick, cold cream, eyelash tonic, mud packs, and cheek kalsomine.

The gist of the thing is that since skirt hem lines have been sold short by the bears and dropped a good six points beneath knee par, men pay more attention to feminine facial topography, with the result that the dear ladies are plastering more and more goo and gumbo on the area which bears the strain of this withering scrutiny.

It looks like a good thing for everyone concerned. Textile manufacturers are happily engaged in turning out 20 per cent more fabric to make the same number of frocks; cosmetic companies will declare extra dividends once a month; the raising of the average man's optical objective to higher fields is of undoubted aesthetic value; and the plastic surgeons will undoubtedly make up for the loss of operations on bowlegs by inventing some ingenious method of transferring dimples intact from knees to cheeks.—*The Oregon Daily Emerald.*

### MUSIC CLUB FORMING!

All those interested in forming a music club are invited to join. The constitution is in the process of being drawn up, and the organization will prove to be an interesting and valuable one.

### Disease of the Month

The scientists confess that one of their chief problems is the determination of cause and result. Of two phenomena appearing side by side, the phenomenon yesterday labeled "cause" is today named "result", and vice versa.

A prognathous gorilla-man in the Neander valley discovered that by prodding his fellows in the abdomen and uttering a certain whimpering bleat to indicate concern he could induce the symptoms of appendicitis, which could only be exorcised by an expensive devil-banishing dance.

The ——— people spent a million dollars to popularize halitosis. The pestilential breath of America today is beyond the power of ——— to purify.

New diseases, leaving a tragic aftermath of broken hearts, engagements, and business careers ("No, Jones is a nice fellow, but we cannot make him Division Engineer. He has eructosis"), have arisen and swept our country in the wake of halitosis. Each disease is backed by a nationwide advertising campaign.

I am inspired to these reflections by the following announcement: "The Medical Office is conducting an experimental campaign against ringworm infection, commonly known as 'athlete's foot'. Under the direction of Dr. ———, tubs containing an antiseptic solution have been placed in the shower rooms of Schoellkopf and the Old Armory for the use of students."

We have never been much bothered by "athlete's foot" until it made *The Saturday Evening Post*. But now advertising is to make it the disease of the month.—Rundschauer in *The Cornell Alumnae News*.

### Impose Own Smoking Ban

Women students at Pennsylvania State College, through the Women's Student Government Association, today ruled that they will not smoke in public places. Their action followed agitation on the question lasting a year.

### 57 Kinds

As the variety of courses given in colleges increases we read of these: Cornell—credit in a course for the prevention of whooping cough. North Carolina State—a course for janitors. California—a course in the proper way to see Europe.

—*Northeastern News.*

### THE EVOLUTION OF MASCOT

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)  
setting of the sun (poetic license).

College means so many things—from proms to warnings—from classes to week-ends—but after it's all over, and after the years have gone by it will not be the marks, the ambitions, or the pleasures that will be remembered—it will be the immaterial things like mascots and mascot-hunts—for, after all, they stand for the highest things—for good sportsmanship, for loyalty, and for high ideals.

### NUTRITION STUDENTS POPULARIZE MILK

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)  
ter the school children will have gained a working knowledge of what's what in correct diets. Although the experiment is only in its second week, there is much enthusiasm for the venture, both on the part of the school children and the college girls.

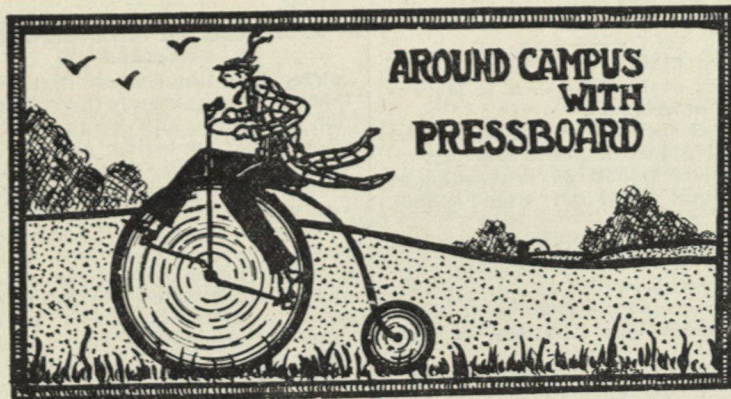
### GENUINE MALE ACTORS MAKE DEBUT OF CAMPUS

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)  
entertainment and the Wig and Candle ask the cooperation of everyone in making this venture a success.

### LATEST ARCHITECTURAL NEWS

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)  
making it decidedly unquiet on the Thames front, and then think of it as it will look in September 1932, with its red brick buildings, its parade ground, and its athletic field!





A daring rescue occurred last week, when the American Express truck narrowly missed sliding into the river. It was parked beside Winthrop when it began to edge, unescorted down the drive. The dining room was in a panic over the feverish little hops of the truck and it was only due to the brave intervention of Miss Deweese and Miss Bowman that the driver came out to find the runaway quite safe.

Of Mr. Selden's bow at Junior Banquet we have only the highest praise as well as of our grand Mascot.

Sincere sympathy to our friend who has felt for five years that she was to leave this world today March 21, 1931. Since this is the case, we think the toe fracture was a bit unnecessary. At any rate, Happy recovery Red!

According to the calendar, this is the first day of Spring. We are going to wait to decide until we see someone boarding the Ocean Beach trolley with a towel rolled under her arm.

We hope that Tokio enjoyed his asparagus and wasn't too much upset by all the grasshoppers chasing the ants around the Mohican.

Monday night about 3 a. m. a Junior woke up and heard her roommate prowling about the room. She sat up in bed and inquired with the greatest anxiety what was happening. On learning that said roommate was only looking for some additional blankets, she sighed with relief and sank back on to her pillow murmuring, "Oh, I thought you wanted me to do something with the Mascot."

#### FREE SPEECH

(Concluded from page 2, column 3) finished their meals, disregard for others still exists. They leap up and leave before others have finished or they put on their coats, sit on the edge of their chairs, and make the rest feel uncomfortable and as though they should stop just where they are and prepare to leave also. In our own homes, I feel sure that we do not behave so rudely and so inconsiderately. A college education should be a mark of culture and refinement, but such actions as these do not substantiate any such conception. Perhaps, reader, you are not guilty so do not take all this to heart for it is written simply "To Whom it May Concern." '31.

#### OXFORD DEBTORS

For years it has been the pleasant custom of the undergraduates of Oxford to purchase their doublets and small clothes, their ales, wines, liquors and later their cigars, "on tick" (credit). Recently the editors of *Isis*, undergraduate weekly, announced that more than 1,000,000 was owing to Oxford firms by varsity undergraduates. The problem is to be given further consideration.—*Time*.

Perhaps the Ants and Grasshoppers will find the fields of this week's hunt more their proper environment.

May Fisher changed her address last Saturday to 1055.

We wonder about the wire fences erected to keep us off the grass. Does the grass feel the same way we do? What's a fence any way when you can step right over it?

755, 813, 952, 1,055—breathing spaces after 7, 8, 9, 10 flights of stairs and still going higher.

Everyone was all atwit last Saturday night: the Sophomores over having guessed the Mascot and the Juniors over what a swell one it is.

Some people are very worried about the Mascot Hunt this week-end. They wonder how the Juniors will ever dig a hole big enough to bury the picture in and whether the process won't be rather hard on the painting and its frame.

So here's to the Juniors that bury the Mascot and may the Sophomores never find it!

#### CURE FOR OVER-READING

"There's entirely too much reading going on," Professor Morse S. Allen of Trinity College declared recently in a lecture on "Over-reading" to a group of approximately 75 women. "We are overwhelmed with reading and the proper thing to do is to cut down on it," he said. "Read but one daily paper a day, one weekly a week and one monthly a month."

He also declared that the proper way to read novels is to wait three years and then read the ones people are still talking about. "Then you won't over-read."

—*The Hartford Courant*.

#### NO FAITH

Students using the Widener Library at Harvard University must pass through a turnstile at which they are inspected to determine whether they have smuggled books out of the building!—*The Targum*.

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