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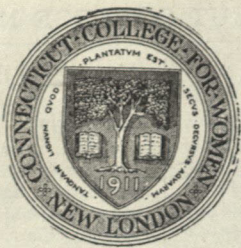
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OPERA HOUSE CROWDED FOR MELODRAMA

"I Love Him, But He Ain't My Kind"

What can a mere reporter do? How can anyone with the normal brain, the usual C. C. vocabulary, and the mechanical aid of Parker, Underwood, or Faber do justice to a work of such universal approval, do justice to the all popular brain child of Mary Hess and Cliff? The Senior class may well be proud of its authors, its actors, its C. B., and its production crew. The whole college may well be proud of the Senior class, and the aforementioned people in particular.

The atmosphere of the play, *Almost Persuaded* given by the Senior class, May 1 at eight o'clock in the college gymnasium, was well set by the charming ushers in their yellow, wasp-waist gowns, and by the copious sale of peanuts. Then the curtain parted on the charming room of a home in 1888. Will you ever forget that gay wall paper, those old lamps, and the lace tidies? Will you ever forget the first act with its tearful mother, its beautiful Flora, and its dastardly Duster with his ferocious asides? Then intermission with the heart-rending ballads touchingly sung by the Opera House's little prima donna. Then the scene of inquiry with Gussie a devil in red, and a cafe what was a cafe with its swinging doors, and potted palms.

Levity aside, we praise the sets, and if space would permit we would praise each actor individually. As it is we want to especially commend the work of Lucille Abell, Axa Roberts, Polly Dewese, and Marie Louise Holley. All the parts were played with the true "melodrammer" spirit. There wasn't a flaw or a let-down anywhere. And as long as there is time who will ever forget the chorus, "I love him, but he ain't my kind," and the frequenters of the cafe? For that matter, who will ever forget Reginald (and there was some wonderful make-up), the heart-broken mother, Aunt Sophia, and Warburton?

P. S.—And Louis, the Cabaret pianist, and the Sergeant?

P. P. S.—And the blinding snow storm, Duster's fur coat, and the good old "screen" scenes?

JUNIOR-SENIOR LUNCHEON

Ah, time, time, so seemingly inapproachable in the future; so quickly sent into the distant past. Three long years have we looked forward to Senior-Junior luncheon, and then in three brief hours 'twas over and gone trailing the proverbial clouds of glory.

The day was all that it should be—sunshine and spring—a glorious combination of green grass, blue sky, and sparkling water.

The long anticipated event began, as all proper college functions do, with a long ride on the faithful trolley. The little yellow cars were crowded with gaily frocked girls—gone were the gym clad Seniors, gone were the red bermed Juniors, and in their place

THE TORCH BEARERS ANNUAL SPRING PLAY

coming

MAY 23, 1931

Junior Prom

With the softening of the spring air and the bursting of fragrant buds, once again come the welcome strains of music floating out across our green campus. The romantic swish of trailing satins and the care-free laugh of happy, young voices tell us that Junior Prom holds sway once again. Everyone, with the possible exception of the "poor, unfortunate, trampled upon" Freshman feels the Junior Prom week-end is one of the most thrilling and "looked-forward-to" week-ends of all the year. When a week-end on our campus starts on a Friday and lasts through Saturday night with Sunday thrown in as an aftermath, it is no small matter, and certainly nothing to be seized or ignored—to say nothing of the gratitude felt by the upper classes in view of the fact that "cars may be maintained"—poor, poor, deprived families!

But this is the Juniors' week-end, not their parents; and we will undoubtedly sacrifice in like manner for those potential college students who will come after us to carry on the traditions of our college. So we all troop over to Knowlton with free and easy conscience to see just what the jolly Juniors have to offer in the way of entertainment. We knew we would not be disappointed—nor were we. "Sis" and "Scotty" did themselves proud with their dances and songs while the Junior chorus made a colorful

and interesting background for them. We were surprised and delighted to have a Freshman chorus perform and to see our Titian haired Mary do her little dance.

Friday comes to an end on Saturday, but sleepy-eyed seekers of knowledge are forced to their various and sundry and listen with deadened senses to those enthusiastic contributors, known as professors. The tantalizing "beep-beep" of the horn—a rush and tear for lunch and tea dance dresses—the last minute borrowing of gloves, earrings, and shoe buckles—a dignified and impressive entrance to Knowlton House, and tea dance is here again. Agnes and Patou have not one thing on the society leaders of our college.

Life now seems to be just one rush right after another and time is short until the program dance begins—or should begin. But then, no one is ever there in time for the first dance—but imagine the embarrassment of the orchestra—be nice to them for you know by now that they are real good and *shouldn't* be embarrassed! So programs are uncovered, last minute dances filled in, and the apex of the week-end is reached with excitement at its height—we are tired, but we had one grand time and our hats are off in respectful salute to those who made the week-end such a typically jolly one!

COLLEGE MAY DAY HAPPIEST IN YEARS

One of the nicest days in the life of the present senior is now over, but it leaves behind it a trail of happy, fragrant memories. May Day! and all it implies—springtime, flowers, sunshine, and Senior supremacy. It might be called the turning point in the senior year. This May Day is a tradition, and a tradition so well beloved that it has survived a decade of springs.

On May 1st, the festivities began in the shape of sweet nosegays presented to the Seniors by their sister class, in the early hours of the morning. At that time the ambitious Sophomores stole softly about their task, with no one to see them but the birds. The campus looked the same, as usual, but for the addition of gay green and white streamers—the Senior color—which bedecked the campus lamp posts. The next thing to set the day apart from all others in the year was breakfast, with the traditional strawberries and cream.

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

With Byrd at the South Pole

Dr. Laurence Gould, professor of Geology at the University of Michigan, and second in command of the Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic, gave a lecture illustrated by slides and moving pictures at the Bulkeley Auditorium on Thursday evening, April 30. This lecture was under the auspices of the Sykes Fund. Dr. Gould described the life of the men at the South Pole, the claiming of Mary Byrd Land for the United States, the discovery of a cairn built by Amundsen, and the building of a cairn by the Byrd Expedition, where official claim to Mary Byrd Land was left. "The lure of the unknown is what attracts explorers to the Antarctic," said Dr. Gould. He also stated that much of the pleasure in giving his talks was the fact that he could contradict the misconceptions held by people about the Antarctic.

Amelia Earhart Speaks to the College on Aviation

Miss Amelia Earhart (Mrs. George Palmer Putnam) former Boston social worker, a Trans-Atlantic flyer, and in 1929, the holder of the woman's speed record for flying, spoke on "Aviation" in the college gymnasium on Thursday, May 7.

At seven o'clock, Miss Earhart spoke before the Zonta Club, the Business and Professional Women's Club of New London, at their banquet at the Lighthouse Inn. Dr. Blunt was the chairman of the Program Committee for this club.

FACULTY CHILDREN GUESTS OF STUDENTS

The hockey field was the scene of gay disportings on the afternoon of May 5. Many serious games of "Red Light" and "Squirrel in the Tree" were being played, varied with "Dodge Ball" and "Simon Says Thumbs Up." No, the college girls had not entered their second childhood. It was the occasion of a party for the faculty children and their friends, and those playing were young Leibs and Lawrences and such like. This party was planned and directed by the Recreational Leadership class, and is an annual event. This year it was under the management of Marion Nichols '32. About forty children assembled at four o'clock, and were divided into age groups, the big girls and boys playing soccer baseball, and the little ones enjoying singing games and milder forms of amusement. After an hour's strenuous playing, the children went to the gym where they played "Going to Jerusalem" and ate ice cream cones. This affair is eagerly attended by the children from year to year. It serves the double purpose of giving our faculty babes a jolly afternoon and affording a chance for some practical experience for the Recreational Leadership class.

"THE SOUL OF RUSSIA"

Lecture by Maurice Hindus

Under the auspices of the Henry Selden Foundation, a memorial left by the late Mrs. Henry Selden of Norwich, in honor of her husband, Connecticut College is able to bring a prominent speaker here every year. Both Mr. and Mrs. Selden were interested in political development and it was fitting that the speaker, on April 27, should have been Maurice Hindus, the author of *Humanity Up-rooted*. Mr. Hindus was born in Russia and lived there for fourteen years; he then came to America, and was educated in more than one of our large universities. In 1923 he returned to Russia and since then has been returning yearly, as an observer and as a newspaper reporter.

It would be impossible to reproduce with the same enthusiasm and magnetism, Mr. Hindus' clear-cut story of *The Soul of Russia*, but for the benefit of those who were unable to attend this splendid lecture, and for the re-enlightenment of those fortunate ones who heard it, the *News* will repeat as closely as possible the gist of the lecture.

"It is useless to moralize or prophesy about the Russian Revolution; the Revolution pays no attention to prophecies. The important thing is the understanding of certain basic forces underlying it, and the reaction of the Russian people to and upon these forces. Russia is a dictatorship; there is no freedom of speech, no freedom of press or assembly; there is only one political party—all the guns are on one side. There is a rigid, brutal dictatorship with no use for anything or anybody that does not fit in with its ideas.

"The Russian Revolution, since its inception has been secretly gathering momentum; one morning it exploded and began its march leftward—leftward farther away from Western Civilization. In the Western World, civilization is built upon three institutions—Private Property, Religion, and the Individualistic Family. We of this civilization are what we are because of our multitudinous contacts with these three institutions. The Russian Revolution is seeking to destroy Private Property, to uproot Religion, and to change the Family. The kind of mind, humanity, and mentality the Revolution is developing is going to be different from that of the Western World.

"The organization of the Revolution is laid around these three institutions—Private Property to them means Private Business, functional property, income yielding property. They want to completely destroy it because they claim that all major social evils such as racial feuds, depressions, and wars are the outcome of Private Property. They are violently attacking the Business Man. The greatest tragedy of the Revolution is the condition of the Business Man. He has lost his citizenship; he has difficulty in finding a home; his children are barred from school; there are no jobs open to him. The Business Man is the energizing force in all other countries—the great ruling person in the Western World. In Russia the functions of the Business Man are performed by the Govern-

(Continued on page 2, column 3)

FRESHMAN PAGEANT MAY 16th IN BOLLESWOOD

Service League cordially invites undergraduates and their parents to meet President Blunt and the faculty at tea in Knowlton House after Pageant.

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EDITORIAL

DEPENDABILITY

After last week's frivolity we lay aside the jester's cap and once more attain to editorial seriousness. Strange to say we can be serious. When we say serious, we mean to consider this matter of *dependability*.

Some of us assume responsibility and some of us do not. Those of us who do get our full share of "the dirty work." The other half slips around the corner while the jobs are being assigned. Then, when all the work has been doled out, that group pops back again with offers of the greatest helpfulness. "Just call on us for anything you would like done."

You plan to. You do. But alas, the helpful ones are just leaving for the movies or they haven't done any studying for weeks. Neither have you, but then that never seems to be a very persuasive argument.

Oh dear, this sounds very condemnatory and we did not mean it to be. It was meant to be a eulogy on dependability and not a discourse on irresponsibility. After all, to those who do the work, goes the glory. When everything is over you remember the fun and the success. Toil and worry are forgotten. So is the group who slipped around the corner. The returns are very great in proportion to the work. So, long life to those who serve!

The Home Stretch

Many a race is lost because the runner fails to sprint at the finish. He may make a promising start, may lead the field until victory seems within his grasp. Then he hears threatening footfalls behind him—at his side. His brain wills a final spurt, but the fagged muscles do not respond, and he loses the race to a more virile competitor. The same fate often befalls a student who competes for scholastic honors. In the early months of the year he makes an excellent record. He maintains leadership day after day. Then spring comes with all its distractions. He loses the zest for work which has sustained him through the

VESPERS

On Sunday afternoon, May 3, Dr. David Marsh, President of Boston University, spoke at Vespers on "Response to Beauty". Dr. Marsh talked of the values of life, a larger discussion of which the response to beauty is but a part.

"Is life worth living?" is a question which is as old as the human race, and a question which has been much discussed and written about. Dr. Marsh said that the answer to this question is emphatically in the affirmative as long as the person keeps *alive*—in every way. "Some are dead long before they are carried to the grave-yard," he added.

Growth is the sovereign test of life—growth in mind and soul even after we have stopped growth physically. Just as the body does not grow without food, so do the mind and soul. In connection with this point, he spoke of the two irreconcilably divergent philosophies of the spiritually ideal and the materialistic conceptions of life. To be alive, we must think of the spiritual philosophy and think of the universe as a great thought rather than as a great machine.

To be alive, we must keep a sense of appreciation of others, for life is sordid and sullen if we do not. We must keep a lively altruistic sense, and a sense of humor. We must keep a true sense of proportions and the ability to distinguish between the big and the little in life. To keep alive our response to beauty and get our eyes to enable us to see the beautiful, are important. "Keep alive a sense of wonder and don't get fed up on life. Don't be sophisticated and bored, finding nothing worth while in life," he advised.

In conclusion, Dr. Marsh said that to have as our philosophy of life that which is materialistic and deals with things is *tyranny*. "God is the secret of the life worth living," and life is too dull without Him.

JUNIOR-SENIOR LUNCHEON

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)

a charming group of silk-gowned, blue-coated girls.

Lighthouse Inn was safely reached, and the long winding stairs became a panorama of graceful, slowly moving figures. Finally the great moment arrived, and the luncheon itself began—and what a luncheon!

Betty Hendrickson, taking the place of Al Kinder who was absent because of illness, was a charming and poised mistress of ceremonies. The speeches from the honorary members of the two classes did not at all conform to the usual rule of after dinner talks. They were interesting and amusing. Dean Nye told of the very first Mascot Hunt; Miss Ernst told about Racine and his amours; Miss Stanwood gave a new angle to the old story of Daniel and the lions; Dr. Jensen bravely confessed his alarming escapade with the scrambled eggs and the widow; Dr. Lieb had his usual fund of meaningful stories. We heard of our roommate Genevieve from Dr. Morris.

The favors were eagerly received in to the Junior billfold. Ah, yes indeed, the luncheon was a complete success from the superficial pleasure in the luncheon itself to the deeper feeling of goodwill, loyalty, and comradeship that the affair stands for.

year. His standing begins to slip. His grades are not uniformly good. He, like the runner, wishes he might continue in the lead. And he is not fatigued, as the athlete was. The trouble with our faltering student is that he lacks not physical but moral stamina. He has will power enough to hold to his tasks under ordinary circumstances. But when he, like the rest, finds the continued studies somewhat wearisome, when the lazy days of spring are here, when social affairs and various school activities beckon to him, he slackens his pace. He is a winner during most of the course, but loses the race on the stretch. These closing weeks of school test sharply the staying power of students. Those who have the strength of mind and character to put forth that extra and decisive ounce of energy now when the going is hard are sure to taste the sweets of victory in school and in the years to come.

A BRICKBAT

Dear Brick:

Egad, now do I swear a mighty oath, you should have been here a week or so ago. The Senior class gave ye grand old melodrama, *Almost Persuaded*. The title tells all. It had *East Lynne* and Uncle Tom's palatial palace beaten by the well known mile. 'Twas elegant—from "I shall not darken your door again" to its theme song, "You Made Me What I Am Today". Which reminds me, it sounded great—in the play! (And still speaking of the above production, may I add that I am nuts about peanuts?)

May Day here was all that it should be. Even the weather behaved. The Seniors' corsages looked so cute; the strawberries tasted so good; the Spring songs sounded so nice; and the lamp posts looked so gay with their gray and green streamers that it was all that I could do to keep myself from dancing around each one—and you know that's a terrible thought when you stop to think about it!

And then Scandal Sheet came out. Some declare that it is a scandal, and others complain because it isn't. Well, you know that Abe Lincoln and I think alike on the question of the gullibility of humanity.

A telegram has arrived—and me with high blood pressure!

BAT.

"THE SOUL OF RUSSIA"

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

ment. The Soviet Government says, "Under the system of unified control the time will come when we will produce and distribute better than any other country." This is the clear-cut challenge of Russian State Capitalism to Western Private Capitalism. They have a long road to travel but their people are earnest, determined, and interested in winning the greatest historical battle in Production and Distribution.

"The followers of the Russian Revolution are atheists. They have no use for any kind of super-human power. But they do permit the people to worship. Freedom of worship as a principle does exist. They deny Religion as something from within, they deny it as an innate part of human consciousness. They call it merely a habit. There is a law which prohibits the religious instruction of children under the age of eighteen. Consequently, the younger generation is universally atheistic. The three villains in the lives of the Revolutionists are the Business Man, the Clergyman, and the Bootlegger.

"The Russians do not say that they want to destroy the Family. But the Family must sustain itself through inner resources and must not lean on external supports. They have made Marriage a free, simple affair. In a legal sense it hardly exists at all. Divorce is likewise free, cheap, and easy. There is no interference of public opinion. The Government does have something to say about payment of alimony, and the custody of children. But the strange thing is that the Family is surviving. Why? Because as Havelock Ellis has said, 'The Family is such a big part of man's biology and man's psychology that nothing or nobody can destroy it.'

"The Russian Woman is the most emancipated in the world; she has been emerging for 125 years. She is a woman of initiative and self-assertion; all these years she has been marching side by side with the men of Russia. The chief stabilizing force in the Family and the reason why the Family is surviving is—Woman. Private Property is gone, Religion is going, the Family is changing but surviving.

"The greatest result of the Revolution is 'Collectivization of land'. The average peasant does not know how to grow even the cucumber, the national vegetable of Russia, much less to care for his livestock. He resents new ideas because he has been lied to, deceived and betrayed. But recently the Government, after an unsuccessful attempt, began to sell the peasant the idea of the collective farm. Soon the peasants began to join because they could see no future for themselves as individual farmers, and the promises of the Government were something. The land is beginning to yield better than it

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.)

SWEET AND LOW

Dear Editor:

Nearly everyone enjoys good singing. In fact, at the right time and in the right place, singing may be at least, most inspiring. But when one lives in Branford House or Blackstone, literally on top of seemingly scores of young women whose zeal for practicing is unquenchable, when one's homework is daily and sometimes nightly disturbed by scales and trills and exercises, then the songsters are no longer appreciated. The hard-earned afternoon nap for the fulfillment of which one has stayed awake until three o'clock the previous night, is invariably disturbed. Half-finished themes are torn up in disgust by the uninitiated student to whom alas! the musical exercises mean no more than so many screeching shells. Ethical principles go unlearned and psychology is forgotten while one ponders on the particular mental state to which one is being driven. One longs for the peace and quiet of a good war movie or even of an old-fashioned German band. And finally, in desperation one lets out a good Indian war whoop and retires to the peaceful quiet of Bolleswood.

Why couldn't practice rooms be made sound proof? Or be relegated to some distant corner of the campus where the future prima donnas might sing unheeded?

UNWILLING LISTENER.

Suggestions for Prom Man's Wardworbe

The *Gaily Graphic*, Skidmore's scandal sheet, quotes the following from *Vassar Miscellany News*:

Friday Night—

- 1 Tux (worn at last eight Proms) N. N.*
- 1 White violet (plucked by moonlight from the circle).
- 1 Sweet smile for Freshmen (they still have youthful enthusiasm).

Saturday Morning—

- 1 Scotch tweed suit (but not a Scotch mist) N. N.*
- 1 Marcel (for sextette concert).
- 1 Great Dane on leash (of Gary Cooper type).
- 1 Camera (if you must—damn you).
- 2 Shoes for walking (Blessings on thee, little man!).
- 1 Hat (not obligatory unless bald).

Saturday Afternoon—

- 1 Full dress (tails can be pinned on tux) N. N.*
- 1 Gardenia (supplied by girl—if you're lucky).
- 1 Handkerchief (for mopping brow).
- 1 Pr. white gloves (for running gauntlet).
- 1 Wheel chair (for Grand March).

Saturday Night—

- 1 Clean handkerchief (for mopping brow).
- 1 Package Allen's Footease.

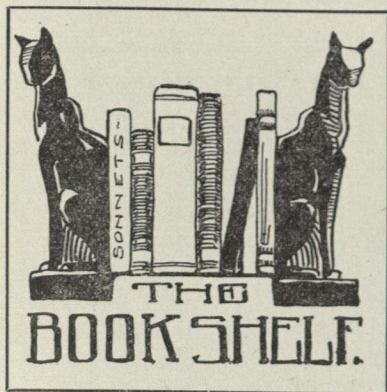
Sunday Morning—

- 1 Winding sheet.

(*N. N.—Never Nickers.)

ever did before; the Government purchased modern machinery in America valued at 42 million, last year. In a few years all the peasants will occupy collective farms and work them co-operatively. The Russian Peasant is discovering a new and high standard of living; he is becoming politically-minded; and he is becoming a highly-organized being. He is not afraid of demanding the fulfillment of promises. The last stage of the Revolution will come when this Peasant has been effectively heard from. What is going on in Russia is the one Stupendous Fact of our day."

News announces the addition to its staff of Mary Turnock '34, as a reporter and Jean Stanley '34, Circulation Manager.



"LARRY"

"Thoughts of Youth"

Association Press, New York City
Price \$1.25

Larry is one of the most delightful and unusual books of the season, and ought to be especially interesting to Connecticut girls, as a great part of the book is directed to one of C. C.'s graduates. *Larry* is a collection of the diary and letters of a modern college boy, written with no idea of critical readers. It is the frank, unspoiled expression of a modern youth who looked at life squarely.

Larry was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Foster of Ridgewood, New Jersey. He graduated from the high school when he was eighteen, and entered Lafayette College in September, 1923. At the end of his sophomore year he went out to Arizona for his summer vacation. A few days before he was to return home he went out to watch a lovely sunset, but never returned. A search was made, and it was discovered that he had been dragged by his horse and had crashed into a stump, dying instantly. Generally, young people are rather reticent about their ideals and problems, but *Larry* is perfectly frank and open, expressing himself clearly to his family and friends. The material in the collection was written with no thought of publication, and is presented with no changes.

Larry wrote often to a schoolmate of his in Ridgewood, who he addressed as "Girl". The girl came to Connecticut College, and in one of *Larry's* letters he speaks of a week-end he spent here. He mentions Thames Hall, the gym, the Tea-house, the Huguenot, and all our haunts.

John H. Finley says of the collection, "The beautiful thing about this book is that it is youth's happy, hopeful, though often perplexed, frank revelation of itself, and not age's memory or revision of youth. Death has kept 'Larry' young and he is a delightful, refreshing companion even for those who belong to an earlier generation." Another critic, Eugene Thwing, says, "I am really amazed at the charm and inspiration of this book. It isn't a book, it's a life."

Larry was an idealist, but he kept his feet on the ground. He thought clearly, played hard, worked hard, and took defeat and victory alike, with a smile. His letters to his family are boyish expressions of his work and play, and of his affection for them. To "Girl" he wrote delightfully comradely letters, discussing all the problems of youth, etc. The book is arranged to include bits of his diary, his letters, and several Freshman English themes, all of which are surprisingly well written, and clearly expressed.

Larry is a book which you really should include in this spring's reading, if you haven't already done so. You will have missed a great deal if you don't, especially since the Girl was one of our own alumna!

COLLEGE MAY DAY HAPPIEST IN YEARS

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)

Because the day was such a beautiful one, and because it was May Day, it seemed only appropriate to hold Chapel Services outdoors. It was so delightful and impressive, with the Seniors all in cap and gown, and decorated with their bouquets—and with the sunshine, and music and all. Dr. Beveridge Lee of New London, chose as his sermon, "God In Us". The choir sang of the beauty of God's earth. It was a sight ever to be remembered—the gay throng in front

CLUB COLUMN

Botany-Journal Club—The Botanical people have formed a Journal Club. It was Miss Hartt's suggestion, and has proved to be a very good one. The members of the club are the Botany Majors, and the members of the Botany department. Meetings are held once a month where the members have discussions or hear reports of interesting pieces of research work that are reported in the various Botanical Journals. The next meeting of the club will be held on Friday, May 22nd—a picnic down in the garden.

Science Club—The Science Club will meet Wednesday, May 13th, at 7:30 P. M. in Room 309 in New London Hall. Besides having Dr. Blunt for their speaker at that meeting, they intend to discuss and make tentative plans for next year's Science Convention which will be held at our college.

Service League—Service League is pretty busy these days. The library down at Mission House has finally materialized. "Felicia" and "Silver Bay" are the largest problems at present. It's even been rumored that we may have more informal dances next year. Only a tip-off, of course.

A. A.—Most of the groans and sore muscles have passed and Spring Sports are well under way. The Track, Archery, Riding, and Baseball squads are now being chosen. Monday the first baseball game starts—Junior vs. Sophs.

Dramatic Club—The Dramatic Club is busy preparing for the spring play to be given on May 23rd in the gym and also at Commencement on June 13th. *The Torch Bearers* by George Kelly, a three-act comedy is to be coached by Miss Miriam Lewis, Yale Dramatic School, University Theatre. The cast has been chosen as follows: Mr. Ritter.....Billy Hazlewood '32 Mr. Hossefrosse

Eugenia Brownell '34
Mr. Spinler.....Anne Ebsen '31
Mr. Twiller.....Isabelle Bartlett '32
Teddy.....Dorothy Rose '31
Stage Manager.....Marjorie Seymour '33
Mrs. Ritter.....Marion Nichols '32
Mrs. Campinelli.....Hélène Moore '31
Mrs. Nelly Fell.....Peggy Leland '32
Jenny.....Lillian Bacon '34
Mrs. Florence McCricket

H. Bahney '31
One of the minor parts is as yet undecided.

The Production Crew heads are as follows:

State Manager—Dorothy Stevens '32
Scenery—Kay Cooksey '32
Costumes—Marion Kendrick '32
Property—K. Schultis '32
Lights—Jean Williams '32
Make-up—Eleanor Roe '32
Prompter—Helen McGillicuddy '32
Business Manager—Mary Elizabeth Wyeth '32.

Spanish Club—The Spanish Club held a meeting Wednesday night, May 5th for the election of next year's officers:

President—Eleanor Wilcox '32
Secretary-Treasurer—Frances Greco '33

Entertainment—Marion Kendrick '32

Glee Club—The Glee Club has elected their officers for next year as follows:

President—Jane McKenzie '32
Vice-President—Joan Garver '33
Business Manager—Ruth Ferree '33.

French Club—On Tuesday, May 5th, the French Club met. The officers poured at a tea at the beginning of the meeting. Later Muriel Behrens, Anna Coleman, J. Smith, L. Taylor, Fannie Bixler, Dorothy Merrill entered the competition for "Fluency and Pronunciation in French Sight Reading" for the prize offered by Mrs. Savard. The result will be announced at Commencement. Mr. Hall of Norwich, showed some very extraordinary and interesting pictures taken on one of his European trips. The French Club members are asked to be thinking of possible candidates for the elections to be held the next meeting of the club.

of the library, the choir on the library steps, the little old red piano, and all else connected with that out-of-doors service.

But May Day was not celebrated by solemnity alone. There was other

MUSIC NOTES

The postponed concert of Gregor Piatigorsky, violoncellist, the second of the Connecticut College Concert Series, took place at Bulkeley Auditorium on Thursday evening, April 16.

Gregor Piatigorsky is a man of large stature. This undoubtedly accounts in part for the bigness and sonority of the tone which he draws from his instrument. It may also have something to do with the breadth and sweep of his interpretation; for there is nothing miniature about his style. Finish and attention to detail there are aplenty, but not in excess. Piatigorsky gives the impression of a man who is saturated with his music, but does not nullify the effect of the whole by excessive attention to detail.

The recital was completely satisfying. The program was well saluted and well arranged, the attitude of the performer toward his audience and toward his art was ideal, and his adequacy to the task in hand was unquestioned. If he leaned a little more toward the emotional than toward the intellectual, that was all to the good, for music is primarily a matter of emotion. Unfortunately to the majority of music lovers, the cello is a comparatively unfamiliar instrument, and the music written for it also suffers from lack of frequent hearing. But the enthusiasm and superlative mastery of the performer overcame this handicap almost completely. To those who were so fortunate as to hear Piatigorsky, the evening was one of complete enjoyment, to which the superb support of the accompanist—in private life Mme. Piatigorsky—contributed much.

Monday three bus loads of students and faculty left the college for New Haven to attend the Paderewski Concert. The group returned late the same night, enthusiastic as only one can be about a Paderewski performance.

The concert of Florence Austral, Soprano and John Amadio, Flutist, took place at the Bulkeley Auditorium on Tuesday evening, April 28. This concert concluded the Connecticut College Concert Series for 1930-1931.

The Austral-Amadio concert was one which gave both of the artists an equal opportunity to present a clear interpretation of their selections. The two performances complemented each other very well. Miss Austral was handicapped by the size of the auditorium, which was much too small to do justice to her splendid voice. After hearing her fortissimo, one could not help but admire more fully the beauty and control of her pianissimo. She put the message of her carefully selected program across by the interpretation and singing which, fortunately, was free from dramatic exploitation. Mr. Amadio and Miss Austral were very generous with their encores.

Original compositions by Alice Hangen '31, and Elizabeth Pyper '31, were among the outstanding features of the Music Club program. The meeting held on Thursday evening, April 23, marked the beginning of the music club so long desired by music lovers at C. C. It was well attended by faculty and students. The officers elected for the first year are: President, Eleanor Sherman '32; Chairman of Entertainment, Mary Butler '32; Secretary-Treasurer, Alma Skilton '33.

singing, too, after lunch, and the Seniors wore their gowns all day, and even in some cases prevailed upon the long-suffering professors to exempt them from work because it was their day. The best thing of all came that night when the Seniors presented their "Melodrama" written by Betty Clifton '31 and Mary Hess '31, in the spirit of the nineties, understood to have been quite gay." With this merry presentation the Seniors concluded the May Day festivities, festivities which will soon be but a memory, a memory happy because May Day is the herald of spring, and a little bit sad because it was the last May Day the Class of '31 should witness as members of the collegiate body.

FACULTY-STUDENT COMMENTS

FACULTY

The verdict for the sophomores was well deserved. They had chosen a play admirably suited for the occasion, they had been well cast and well trained. Despite its novelty and pertinence Miss Millay's *Aria* seems more literary than otherwise; Miss Crothers' play, witty as it is, disappoints the reader and the spectator; the *Purple Dream* is a very feeble creation. In choosing their play, *The Romance of the Willow Pattern*, the sophomores made a wise and happy first step toward their ultimate victory.

We liked the setting of the senior play; we enjoyed the acting of the well cast performers; but none of the losing competitors could hope to surpass the breath-taking first glimpse of the willow-ware scene. The sophomores were equally happy in their costuming of the several characters; but we must admit that in the choice of such a play they could not go very far wrong in the costuming. And in this respect the seniors easily took second place. We would like to suggest, however, a new brand of cutaway trousers; the present properties date back to 1905.

The juniors did a good piece of work; fully as good as that of their elder sisters. They had a better play, and there were no small misadventures to mar the performance as there were in the senior play. As is usually the case, the freshmen were at a disadvantage in every respect; but we must say they gave the usual promise of better things to come.

These competitions are very well worthwhile. The writer enjoyed the work of all the competitors. The audiences both nights were obviously entertained to an unusual extent. It was one of the best competitions in recent years.

Highest honors go to the sophomore play, *The Willow Pattern Plate*, which, though innately a fanciful trifle, revealed in its presentation, delicacy in the perception of humor and pathos and sympathy of characterization, as shown especially by the hapless heroine and her cruel parent. Add to these features richness of costume and charm of setting—the designer of the plate deserves her individual meed of applause!—and there is little wonder that this play was outstanding. But all the others had merit and showed the results of careful coaching. In particular, praise should be given to the princess-maid and the butler in the freshman play, to the designer of the delightful and colorful setting for *Aria da Capo*, as well as to Margaret Hazelwood's interpretation of a difficult part, and in the senior play to the acting of Helen Shepherd and Harriette Bahney, for its easy smoothness.

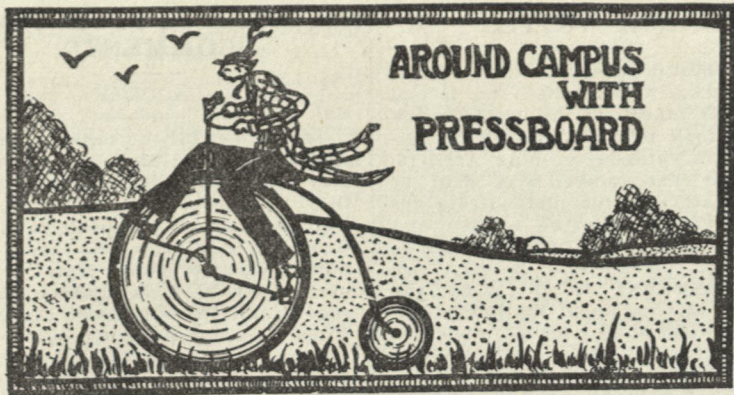
STUDENT

The Freshman competitive play, *The Purple Dream* was a fairly credible performance. Their strongest point was the set with its effective terrace, its piano, pink tulips, and graceful mirror. The choice of the play was, perhaps, not too fortunate, with its lengthy curtain waits and its long conversations. The casting was weak except for the part of Mary Ellen which was outstanding. The role was played with delicacy, insight, and understanding.

The Romance of the Willow Pattern, the Sophomore play was a joy—an effective unity of set (will you ever forget that gorgeous plate?) costumes, make-up, and good casting. It is true that the play did not call for any dramatic ability, but it did call for a light and a restrained touch, a difficult feature, and one well carried out by the Sophomores. The play was carefully worked out in those little details which mark a finished production. Nothing was glaringly outstanding. Everything was unified. 'Twas indeed a pleasure to behold.

The Juniors with their presentation of the long desired *Aria da Capo* in my opinion had one of the finest of one-act plays to work upon. Perhaps

(Continued on page 4, column 1)



According to the theme song of our Freshman Pageant "It's Junior Prom". Everything is as the song promised.

It seems the irony of fate that the one girl who would read the "notes" got a *Hamlet* without any.

In order to sell books nowadays the publishers conceal them under false covers. The Soc. book *Marriage* claimed to be such on the cover. But one of the students, upon opening her edition, found it contained an account of Buddhism.

Have you had your two checks for Chapel attendance this week?

The grey beards stroke their whiskers, "This blasé generation! Too bored to play baseball with their men at Junior Prom."

We envy the Continental Lit. Class having its "Classic Brow" photographed.

With luncheon served at dinner time and dinner served at lunch time the Home Ec. Department has us all confused. At any rate the meals are quite grand.

FACULTY-STUDENT COMMENTS

(Concluded from page 3, column 4)

it was a little too fine. In places it seemed a little beyond them. The shepherd scene was done with a disastrously heavy touch which rather made the whole thing drag. Scottie was splendid, and Jean Neale made the very best of her part.

The Importance of Being a Lady had its good points in some very snappy dialogue and a rather well done set. On the whole, however, it did not seem to be the sort of thing that can be done very well by an all female cast. Bonnie Bahney was good. Shep seemed sadly miscast. And the gentleman seemed to be suffering from a very stiff neck.

The Freshman and Sophomore competitive plays for this year might be said to fall into two different groups: one, the mediocre, and two, the good. The Sophomores chose an ambitious play and did well with it. *The Willow Pattern*, because of the Chinese feeling, must have presented difficulties in all directions, but Esther Tyler, with her excellent coaching, the actors with their interpretations, and Joanna Eakin and her assistants, with the splendid, and wisely simple scenery, made the play well worth seeing. Except for a few slow spots in the middle, the play was delightful. Betty Boeker was charming and convincing in her part and the other characters also did their bits well.

Freshmen plays are always looked forward to with interest and curiosity. They deserve credit for what they did, and the best of success in the three years to come.

Much of the credit for the Junior play should go to the coach, Peggy Leland, for in this play, as in the Sophomore play, a difficult feature, the atmosphere, was admirably cared for. Debbie Roud's setting was exceedingly well done and in the right mood for the play and players who all did extremely well.

The Senior play, *The Importance of Being a Lady* was a difficult play to produce and probably would have been more satisfactory had there been a longer period for rehearsals. The characters were well cast and pleasing, with Harriet Bahney the out-

Our statistical fiend has been at work. He computes that, counting the five important formals you've just got to have a man for, the Juniors have in their college life—not including Service Leagues, Night Clubs and other less pressing events—giving one hundred girls five bids a dance—sent twenty-five hundred telegrams from New London. If this is too conservative, say so.

Our sympathy to Red, who fell in the *Pond* the other night and consequently spent the rest of the night in the Infirmary. We had no idea bathtub water was so wet.

We understand that two attempts to spend the night in Fanning have been frustrated. Were these attempts due to a desire to obviate the risk of being late to eight o'clocks?

The off-campus people, daunted by the hills, are all purchasing bicycles. The mascot of this column is no longer an oddity.

Note to Prom men: We have three excellent florists in town.

standing success. In short, the Senior play was a good one with which to conclude the series.

QUARTERLY BOARD

Editor—Marjorie Seymour '33.
Business Manager—Winifred DeForest '33.
Art Editor—Joanna Eakin '33.

HUSHER PROBLEM GREAT

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was a husher. Hushers are people appointed by the Religious Committee to keep the Gym quiet during Chapel. But even hushers can't do much good unless the people hushed will hearken and be hushed. When you are reminded that Chapel is going on, please, try to be considerate by keep-



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