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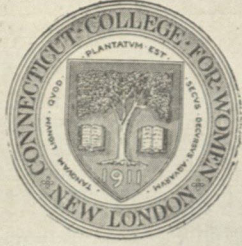
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TRADITIONAL CLASS TREE PLANTED BY 1932

Buff and Blue Song Heard for First Time

The Freshman Class, dressed in the traditional white of Freshman Day, planted their tree in front of Knowlton House last Saturday afternoon, before the other three classes and the visitors who were here for Freshman Pageant. Caroline Bradley, retiring president of 1931, with a few words expressing the ideals of the two classes, and the best wishes of the Sophomores, handed down the class shovel to Lois Saunders, president of the Freshman Class. In accepting the shovel in behalf of the class, she likened the new elm tree they were planting to the class itself and its aspirations. Then, as at all tree plantings, the Freshmen sang to the other classes, who answered them. They sang then for the first time the Buff and Blue song of their class.

"Buff and blue our colors glorious,
For '32 we'll let them fly;
In whatever we do, victorious,
Let our honor keep them high;
Here on our C. C. campus,
Till our college days are through,
For the name and the fame
Of our class we will stand,—
For thirty-two!"

DELIGHTFUL CONCERT GIVEN IN KNOWLTON HOUSE

On Friday evening, May 10 the advanced class in Musical Composition gave a recital in Knowlton salon. The program consisted of original compositions for the violin or piano, by each of the five members, followed by a cantata, "Sir Olaf", based on a poem of that name written by Johann Gottfried von Herder, translated from the German. The music to which the poem was set was also written by the class.

This recital of original composition was the biggest departure that the Music Department has ever made. Although the recital was managed by the students entirely, the experience, understanding, and help of Dr. Erb, who teaches the class, made such a production possible. The excellency of the performances mirrors his teaching ability. The recital was an awakening as to the remarkable extent and development of the Music Department.

The five members of the class, Helen Hegert, Grace Houston, Madelin Bartlett, Helen Kahle and Edith V. Porter, all Seniors, are to be congratulated on the fine showing they made. Much credit goes especially to Madelin Bartlett, who trained and conducted the chorus of the cantata, as well as singing one of the four solo parts, and to Edith Porter, who wrote and played the difficult accompaniment.

SPRING PLAY TONIGHT

Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, the most difficult play ever staged by the college dramatic club will be presented in the gymnasium tonight at 8:00. The cast has been rehearsing every day for four weeks and the committees have been working for three weeks, but the success of the undertaking will depend a great deal on the attitude of the audience. If the college is sympathetic with the production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

Successful Poetess Among C. C. Graduates

POETRY PRIZE CONTEST WON BY LORETTA ROCHE '21

The first successful poetess among the graduates of Connecticut College is Miss Loretta Roche '21, of Old Lyme, and her name may now be added to the list of Connecticut College creative writers who have just this year won renown for their first works brought before the public.—Caroline Francke, the author of the play, *Exceeding Small*, and Michaelina Namovich, the author of the novel *Phantom in the Wine*, both members of the class of 1923. The first prize in the poetry contest held by *The Writer* in March, 1928, representation in two anthologies of modern verse, and publication of many poems in the leading serious and humorous magazines, are gaining for Miss Roche the favorable comment of nationally known critics, and a collection of her poetry may appear in the near future.

When asked about the writing of poetry, Miss Roche modestly replied, "It would be presumptuous for me to advance theories about writing;—I haven't any illusions about the number of people who would listen to me! Perhaps others who have not been writing long may be interested, as I was, in the following from an essay by William McFee. He is speaking chiefly of novelists, but his words seem applicable to writers in other fields:

"All the long weary road you are about to travel, the slow accretion of 'acquired memories,' the perception of analogies, and the comprehension of the mechanism of metaphor are but the preliminary skirmishes in becoming a writer. And when you have learned your trade as apprentice and

improver, when you have grown inured to the singular fact that no measure of acceptance can ever destroy the anxiety in your heart because your work is not better, then perhaps you may begin cautiously to regard yourself as an artist."

Although poetry is the mode of expression which Miss Roche prefers, she has also written essays which have been published in various magazines. In addition to her writing, Miss Roche has been teaching in private and public schools, tutoring, and has been assistant to the publicity committee of the Lyme Art Association.

The two anthologies which have included Miss Roche's poetry are the *Modern Book of Catholic Verse*, compiled by Theodore Maynard and published by Henry Holt and Company, and *Current Catholic Verse*, compiled by Macastocker and Pfeiffer, and published by Scott, Foresman and Company. Among the magazines that have published her work are *Verse, Poetry—A Magazine of Verse, The Writer, JAPM, Contemporary Verse, The Buccaneer, The Catholic World, The Commonweal, The Harp, Holland's Magazine, The Lyric West, Interludes, The Measure, The Magnificat, Pan-Poetry and Youth, Sewanee Review, The Step Ladder, Voices, Virginia Quarterly Review, The Chicagoan, Silhouettes*, and her humorous poems have been printed by *Harper's Bazaar and Life*. The book section of the following newspapers have also carried Miss Roche's poems: *The New York Herald-Tribune, The Boston Transcript, The New London Day, and The Boston Globe*.

"COLLEGE HUMOR" ANNOUNCES PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST

College men and women are sifting, experimenting, and thinking more boldly than any other group. They are building the new America. As our gesture of belief in them and in what they are discovering about life and doing about life, *College Humor*, in conjunction with Doubleday, Doran, in the June issue announces a prize for the best novel of campus society, to be written during the summer vacation months by an American undergraduate or a graduate of not more than one year.

In the June *College Humor* the rules of the contest, addressed to those eligible to compete, are announced as follows:

The prize novel may be a story of college life or college people in other environments, your personal story or the novel you have always wanted to write about your generation. Keep in mind the tentative title: "I Lived This Story."

Three thousand dollars will be paid to the winner for the right to serialize the story in *College Humor*, and to publish it in book form, and will be in addition to all royalties accruing from book publication. Motion picture and dramatic rights will remain with the author.

College Humor and Doubleday, Doran reserve the right to publish in serial and book form, according to the usual terms, any of the novels submitted, in addition to the prize winning serial.

The contest will be judged by the editors of *College Humor* and Doubleday, Doran and Company. Manuscripts rejected from the contest will be returned immediately.

Typed manuscripts of 75,000 to 100,000 words (the ideal length being

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

LARGE NUMBER ATTEND CLOSING DAY EXERCISES OF CHARTER HOUSE

In spite of the rain a fairly good sized audience attended the Closing Day exercises at Charter House last Tuesday. An unusually large number of children were present, and several groups of these took part in the program.

The first event was given out-of-doors as scheduled in spite of the drizzle. Two dances supervised and directed by Betty Edwards and Bianca Ryley were given by a group of about twenty children in old-fashioned costumes. The rest of the program was held indoors, and consisted of recitations of poems by third grade children under the direction of Isabel Heins and Elizabeth Waldron, followed by several folk dances by another group. Following the program, Miss Ruth Newcomb spoke about Charter House expressing her regret that it will not be available for next year as it is to be sold. Service League has always taken part in Charter House activities and the work this year has been supervised by Fanny Young, vice-president of Service League.

JUNIORS AND SENIORS VICTORIOUS IN BASE- BALL GAMES

The first three baseball games of the season have placed the Juniors at the head of the scoring with the Seniors in second place. Following are the games and their results:

May 9—Juniors 16, Seniors 11; skill won by the Juniors.

May 13—Juniors 15, Sophomores 4; skill won by the Juniors.

May 14—Seniors 19, Freshmen 6; skill won by the Seniors.

THE TRIUMPHANT AGE PRESENTED BY FRESHMEN

Pageant Takes Form of Musical Comedy

The Class of 1932 presented a decidedly different and original Freshman Pageant last Saturday afternoon in Bolleswood. Instead of delving into the past dark ages as former classes have done, the freshmen chose to give a lively, modern performance in the form of a take-off on the classes at C. C. today.

Opening with a scene in chapel one thousand years hence, the mournfully dressed performers chanted solemnly, "There is no soul; mind is all there is." Following this a chemistry class was conducted by Adelaide Bristol who ordered formulae to be worked out and preparations made for the appearance of the classes who were at C. C. in 1929.

Then followed in rapid succession songs and dances which surprised and delighted the crowd that had gone to Bolleswood in anticipation of something unusual. From the moment that Alice Russell's red head appeared over the top of the mammoth test-tube, the audience loved it. Freshmen in initiation costumes, Sophomores in green and grey, Juniors dressed for Prom, and Seniors in flapping overshoes, standing on the curb stones gazing at those beneath them through their lorgnettes—climbed out of the test tube and gathered in groups on the natural stage. For sheer pep and vivacity the freshman dance excelled the others. The music immediately brought everyone into the spirit of the thing, the dancing was clever and well done, and the group in this number threw themselves into their parts with a naturalness that won the applause of the on-lookers. In direct contrast to the Freshman dance, was that of the Juniors. Dressed in white evening dresses, the attractive Junior group delighted the audience by their simple and charming garland dance. The performance ended in a triumphant conclusion with the song, "We are the Freshmen."

It is true that "The Triumphant Age" did not seem like a pageant. Some people missed the former fairy tale, and traditional hero and heroine. However, on the whole, almost everyone agrees that the freshmen are to be congratulated both on their original and clever ideas and their execution of them. The obstacles encountered in giving a successful musical comedy in the not-too-great open spaces are not easy to surmount, and there is no doubt that the pageant was a huge success.

Without doubt the most outstanding thing in it was the music. Its originality and excellence is due to the unusual ability of Katherine Warren who composed the songs and to whom great praise is due. Isabel Bartlett is to be congratulated on the dances, both for their cleverness and the successful performance of them. And undoubtedly the success of the pageant is due in a large part to the careful coaching and supervision of the author of "The Triumphant Age",—Mary Scatt.

Dr. Ligon has accepted a position for next year as assistant professor of Psychology at Union College in Schenectady, New York.

Connecticut College News

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EDITORIAL

THIS TRIUMPHANT AGE

"Freshmen, Freshmen, bless your hearts"—we're for you strong! We admit that with the opening lines of your pageant, black despair gnawed at our hearts. Satire in the Pageant! Freshmen being ironical! We turned to the oldest available alumna and gained her confirmation of our belief that such a thing had never happened before on C. C. campus. "There is nothing but mind." "Hymn to Efficiency." Funereal uniforms of black and gray. If 18-years-old does not believe that life is very good, and that she, by her own valor, is going to make it, much better, then Peter Pan had better drown himself in a lily pond, for the world has grown too old. We demanded of the marble heavens to know if we had been harboring a kennel of cynics in our midst. If the Freshmen on Pageant Day cannot be romantic and adventuresome, then, oh Death, where is thy sting?

But in the gaiety which followed that marvel of chemistry, we forgot our woes. And when the buff and blue banner waved over our heads, we wanted to stand up and cheer for 1932. Hard-boiled? Cynical? World-wise? Don't fool yourselves, Freshmen. You are just as young as we are, and we are growing younger every day. Of course we all join in singing the victorious Freshman Song. Youth is the Triumphant Age, Freshmen, whatever the place or era, and we hope that you intend to keep on being young.

DEAR DAISY

Dear Daisy:

Freshmen, freed from a prep school curriculum, possessing the limitations of a Methodist maiden lady's profanity and super-supervised within an inch of its life, are apt to get the impression from the prepossessing enigmas of fine print catalogues that college courses boast a Heinz-like variety and that the culture of centuries is theirs—by signing their respective names to so many little green and white cards. But this is just one of the delusions, that have to be pricked like balloons—a girl just can't take this and that with the freedom advertised in our noble Constitution. There's more to electing astronomy than a decision that it would be soothing in case of future insomnia and one can't sign up for advanced math. because of a post-cradle leaning toward polar coordinates.

The culture of centuries is at her finger tips—but with as many strings tied to it as a movie scenario last will and testament where the hero to be has to marry his aunt's niece and find the lost bracelet before he comes into possession of the million or two that is to make his life. There is the matter of eight o'clocks, as deeply significant to sleepy-heads as the superior quality of a course—there is the drawback of an eleven o'clock when one's spirit is treading the path toward lunch along with a famished tummy. Does the course interfere with train time or does it plop in the middle of an otherwise gloriously free afternoon? We sit about, schedule sheets spread before us and frowns upon our foreheads, guaranteed by Helena Rubenstein to turn into wrinkles at fifty. Art or Greek depending on the hour—can't take Psych. because it clashes with the ideas of the N. Y., N. H. & H.—a five o'clock on Friday, goodness no!—what can a girl do anyway?

Devotedly,

DAAPHNE.

WHY?

Why don't the bells ring oftener?
You get to class and sit up straight,
And smile at people that come in late.
You open your book and find the page,
And compose a demeanor alert and sage.
You slide you down on the wooden seat,
And find a comfortable place for your feet;
You glance at the clock with a weary eye;
You redistribute yourself and sigh.
You remark how slowly the hour goes,
And cross your legs and crack your toes,
Outside are archers bravely arching
And on beyond are gamesters marching
And arching and marching
And marching and arching.
You twist your neck and faintly hum
And ruminate on the tedium.
The hand of the clock does a jump
and a click,
And then for five minutes seems to stick,
And stubbornly, cruelly will not tick—
Why don't the bells ring oftener?

RECENT ELECTIONS

At a recent meeting of the sophomore class the following officers were elected:

Officers of the class of 1931 are:

President—Elizabeth Metzlar.
Vice-president—Betty Hendrickson.
Secretary—Betty Butler.
Treasurer—Elizabeth Reiley.
Chairman of Entertainment—Flavia Gorton.
Chairman of Sports—Betty Norton.
Cheer Leader—Wilhelmina Brown.
Assistant Cheer Leader—Gretchen Shidle.
Auditor—Edna Martin.
Historian—Mellicent Wilcox.
Chairman of Decorations—Caroline Rice.
Song Leader—Elinor Smart.

Free Speech

[The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column. In order to insure the validity of this column as an organ for the expression of honest opinion, the editor must know the names of contributors.]

Dear Editor:

Anyone who has developed the habit of attending chapel and vespers regularly cannot help but wonder why such men as Dr. Samuel Coffin, Dr. Van Dyke and President Parkes of Wheaton bother to come to C. C. to speak to a dozen or two people. It is most mortifying to sit among the very small group here at C. C. that want to hear speakers who are greeted by crowds elsewhere.

At chapel, too, the same laziness and lack of support is glaringly obvious. The college has done everything possible to adapt the services to our interests. Chapel has been changed to a more convenient hour and the services are varied and interesting. Yet we fail to appreciate the very essence of our college life—the religious basis of the college and the opportunity of meeting together for a common service. Chapel is the one time during the day when we can feel ourselves as one—it is the one time when the unity of purpose of the four classes is evident. Compulsory chapel seems to be the only answer to the problem of chapel support. With compulsory attendance of three times a week we would all soon form the chapel habit—a bond that would draw us together. A step backward? Yes—perhaps—but we have shown ourselves incapable of taking the more progressive stand!

TWO DISILLUSIONED SENIORS.

Dear Editor:

Perhaps it is a little late now to bemoan the lack of interest in riding shown by those interested in physical education. If it were contrary to the policy of the college to promote sports, the attitude taken toward riding would not be surprising. However, when one considers the great care that is given the tennis courts, the hockey and track fields, the rifle range, the hut, the pond in Bolleswood, and numerous other places, it does seem strange that no equipment is provided in the sport for which nearly one-quarter of the girls in college have shown their preference. Riding is even more popular than ever this spring. Each class is filled to capacity. But not one bit of equipment is provided for those taking this sport. The classes have been drilling and practicing for several weeks in a small, hilly, rocky field where one is never sure just when her horse will step into a rabbit's hole. The riders going down this field in formation suddenly find boulders rising in front of them. It seems perfectly hopeless and foolish to attempt to practice anything in such a place. Furthermore there are no jumps, and nothing to be used in trick-riding. Of course the braver ones jump the stone walls, but what about those who wish to learn?

The least that we should have is a decent riding ring and equipment for jumping and for some of the simpler forms of trick-riding.

ONE WOULD-BE RIDER.

College Speech Students See New Fields Opening

The radio program of April 23, from the National Broadcasting Station was of especial interest to Speech Students. It made quite an event of the awards of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Julia Marlowe was given an award for excellence in stage diction while Milton J. Cross was given one for excellence in radio diction. With the great stress laid today on diction, owing to the prominence of the new fields of radio and talking movies where perfection in diction is preeminent, Speech departments in colleges gain added importance.—*Mt. Holyoke News.*

When you have written rare but apologetic letters to the family telling them how overworked you are, and they arrive unexpectedly while you are away for the week-end.
—*Wellesley College News.*



"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

By H. W. Freeman

There are books like sparkling bits of ordinary colored glass—cheap and glittering. There are books like glistening sea—washed white pebbles—polished and lovely. A few there are like huge slabs of rock wrested from the very bowels of the earth—basic and everlasting. To this last group belongs H. W. Freeman's first novel, *Joseph and His Brethren*. It is truly of the earth, earthy. Gripping in its simplicity. Not a tale of to-day or of yesterday but of all time, written for the ages.

The scene is laid on a farm in England—but might as easily be in our Middle West. When the story opens the father, mother and five sons are laboring in the field. Crackenhill is the sort of farm that needs to be humored and the Geaiter family is the first to conquer its stubbornness. This they have done by sheer tenacity and by ceaseless toil. Mrs. Geaiter dies of heart failure while straining to wrest a huge rock from the soil. The youngest boy, Harry, cries because he is young. The work goes on as before. They hire a housekeeper who feeds them, makes the butter and works constantly until she too dies. The five brothers and the father have her decently buried but get back to their labor on the same day.

Churlish, they seem, great silent hulks of men. Each one of them knows his special type of work perfectly whether it be ploughing, hay-making, sowing, weeding, lambing or harvesting and threshing. This they knew and nothing more. At dinner they sit bent over their plates, shoveling great quantities of food into their mouths. At tea the same. Never a word of conversation—never a word of praise—mere existence.

Then came a new housekeeper—a girl of eighteen—determined to be successful, determined to make the house as fine a thing as the farm itself. She concocts delicious things for their meals and serves them well. She decorates the table with flowers, but receives no appreciation. Then she stops. A bit sheepishly they ask her, "Can't you let us have some more of that stuff you gave us for breakfast, Nance." She has won her battle. The brothers are becoming humanized. The meals are cheerful affairs and gradually the brothers began to vie for Nancy's affections. Joseph is her child and Benjamin Geaiter's. After the child is a few months old the old man marries her, laughing the while, insultingly at his too shy sons. The brothers once more take to the field and life goes on as before with Nancy now mistress of Crackenhill. Several years later the child begins to go about the farm with his brothers so that in him too is bred a love of the soil. The horrible, racked old man dies in the field and the farm is Nancy's. All is well until a worthless poacher appears whom she marries. She loves him implicitly. He drinks heavily and she is blind to it; through him she dismisses the brothers through him the farm is lost and the pair are reduced to squalor, but still she loves him.

The brothers take Joseph from his wretchedness and filth, pool their savings and buy back the almost ruined farm. Life begins anew. Through sheer love and ceaseless toil they gradually bring the earth back and get the farm into its former state of productivity. The five brothers contained in their characterizations something of the inevitable. Like an ever-recurring melody, like the steady tramp of marching feet, they dominate the book—are its very pulse.

With the hand of an artist Mr. Freeman has changed them subtly from the silent, stolidness of country

(Continued on page 4, column 3)



(Please Note: Students are reminded that rules which appear in the *News* are not final until posted on Student Government Bulletin Board. They merely indicate what is being discussed by your representatives.)

Cabinet has gone over all the points of the various organizations and revised and changed some of them. These changes will appear in the "C" next year.

At a recent meeting of the Committee on Student Organizations, it was voted to approve the plan of reinserting a list of approved taxis in the "C"; it was voted to approve the change in the point system; all the plans for the Student-Alumnae House drive were approved by the Committee, with the statement that all public performances must be submitted to this Committee before hand.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Dorothy Bailey '28 is leaving her present position to concentrate on free lance illustrating, in which she has been making a great deal of progress.

Eleanor Cauty '26 has become assistant buyer in one of the departments of Gordon Marsh, Boston.

Annette and Margaret Ebsen '26, and Madeline Smith '26 have left for Europe.

Elizabeth Fowler '27 is to be married on May 18 to George Harmon Coxe, Jr.

An Alumna's Chant

Let me die at life's sweetest moment,
Let me pass while the spell is divine;

A happier moment ne'er will occasion—
Such bliss has just been mine.

For I've been back to the Libe at C. C.
Where I used to exist between meals,

When I wasn't racing to fill the Waterman
At the dorms across the fields.

Let me pass—the millenium cometh—
For, Alumnae, Lark!—What do you think,

In that unspotted Libe of "thou shalt not"—
I found an uncensored bottle of ink!

G. A. B. '28.

Senior Class Elections

Alumnae Officers

President—Eleanor Fahey.
Vice-President—Elizabeth Speirs.
Secretary—Janet Boomer.
Treasurer—Elizabeth Kane.
Chairman of Entertainment—Flora Hine.
Member of Alumnae Quarterly Staff—Julia Rubenstein.

Without waxing sentimental and begging an excuse on account of the time of year, we want to take the liberty of warning you that you are at this very minute manufacturing your memories. Although popular songs have made the subject banal, nevertheless it is just as true as ever that those who are to live on memories must first have plenty of them, and those, happy ones. And the moral of all this is: "Youth is the time to start preparing for those days when the burden of conversation will be, 'I remember the days when.'"

—*Temple University News.*

Gwendolyn MacFarren '31
is to be Art Editor of
QUARTERLY
for the year 1929-1930.

AROUND CAMPUS WITH PRESS BOARD

Since the college attended *Coquette en masse*, have you noticed the newly acquired southern accents? The vitaphone is cooperating with courses in Spoken English.

One of the archery classes is very "punny." Achsah Roberts made a bull's-eye, but said it was only an "Achsaah"-dent. A little later she was heard to say "My arrows are regular gossips—they collect all the dirt."

The traffic on third floor Blackstone has been startling. Don't miss the latest creative art of the sophisticated Seniors.

This is the night of the much talked of Spring Play. Remember it's a tragedy and if any one should die—don't laugh—it isn't supposed to be funny.

We hear that the Philosophy class met on Knowlton steps. Of course since they believe that all is mind, the outward world could offer no distracting stimuli.

The bathing beauties went swimming in the Quadrangle the other evening. Their antics weren't exactly realistic but very suggestive, especially their interpretation of members of the faculty.

We're all looking forward to A. A. banquet because we hear it is the custom for the faculty to serve. Hope they'll remember it and "dress up" for us.

The season for Izzy's pop-corn and hot-dogs is in full swing. With all the picnics and all the food that's being consumed, someone is going to be good and sick some day.

We want to say something about Pageant, but we were so overwhelmed by the originality of the Freshman class that any of our simple remarks would be inadequate. That five-thirty rehearsal certainly had wonderful results. Probably a good many people saw the sun rise for the first time.

With the opening of the tennis season, the off-campus people are appearing amongst us. We would suggest that more come up and join in our "games." The Seniors will soon be leaving and we might as well be sociable these last few weeks.

We certainly are glad to see all these parents. The meals at Lighthouse and the Mohican are so good.

The question to keep in your mind this week is, "What are you going to do when exams come around?"

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GERMAN CLUB PICNIC A HUGE SUCCESS

The German Club had a picnic in Bolleswood on the seventh of May. About twenty members (all very eager to carry the doughnuts [filled with jelly] or, in order of preference, the chocolate peppermints, bologna sandwiches, coffee, sugar, cups and accessories, and, if pressed hard enough, the huge coffee-pot filled with water), attended the picnic. Under the able direction of Dr. Kip, who struggled with the fire, played a mighty game of baseball, and danced with a fair twig for a partner, those present at the picnic were assured of having a good time. Miss Schultze entertained with her lute, which was highly appreciated, and also taught the girls some German songs and dances. Just as the sun was setting, a tired but happy group of people trudged homeward, carrying the vanquished coffee pot which had been forced to give up its treasure.

"Princeton undergraduates and townspeople will lose an hour's sleep on Sunday morning, when daylight saving time will officially begin."

—Daily Princetonian.

And How About Me?

—Vassar Miscellany News.

Time!

All those who kept time schedules faithfully in their Freshman year may be interested to learn of how this particular phase of college helps to fit them for life. A German octogenarian according to the *New York World* has conscientiously kept a time schedule of how he has spent every second of his eighty years, including time spent looking for his collar button and blowing his nose!

The largest item is sleeping and dressing, which took 26 years, 312 days, 18 hours, and 22 minutes. Next comes working, with 21 years and some odd days and minutes. Among the more interesting of the smaller items are:

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| Worrying and feeling grouchy— | 6 years |
| Waiting— | 5 years |
| Being in Love | 5 years |
| Bawling out the children | 26 days |
| Wiping eyeglasses | 5 days |
| Laughing | 1 day |

The old gentleman apparently did not go in much for heavy reading or profound meditation, though he spent one year of his life reading newspapers—*Vassar Miscellany News*.



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MATH CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

On Monday evening, the 29th of April, the Mathematics Club held a short meeting for the election of officers. Norrine Auger '30 was elected President for 1929-30 and Virginia Joseph '30 was elected Secretary. Three members of the club, Dorothy Quigley, Norinne Auger and Marion Ransom read papers on various men of past fame in the field of mathematics and the meeting was then adjourned on motion.

SPRING PLAY TONIGHT

(Concluded from page 1, column 1) *queray*, the Wig and Candle will be encouraged to continue experimenting with varied worth-while plays instead of repeatedly presenting the usual light comedy that any average audience can appreciate.

"COLLEGE HUMOR" ANNOUNCES PRIZE CONTEST

(Concluded from page 1, column 2) \$0,000) should be sent with return postage, your name and address to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, College Humor, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., or to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y.

The closing date of the contest is midnight, October 15, 1929.

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(Concluded from page 2, column 4)

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