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### Connecticut College News Vol. 8 No. 23

Connecticut College

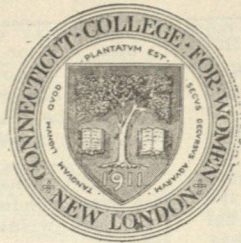
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## INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF THE CAST OF "YOU NEVER CAN TELL".

By the Interviewer.

### Dolly.

Eminently successful for several years in the choruses of musical comedy, this refreshingly youthful person, possessed of the perception and discrimination so characteristic of the younger generation, abandoned chorus work as a "one dimension art." She has brought to the Drama real Youth. Her imagination and spontaneous humor have the same vitality that makes Mrs. Fiske still a great actress.

### Crampton.

This gentleman's proclivities are Intellectual. In fact, he has been falsely accused of being a high brow. He is not, however, a radical member of the Young Intelligentsia, but is a loyal Classicist, and his scholarly attainments cannot but soon lift the Drama to a higher plane.

### Mrs. Clandon.

As has been said of Geraldine Farrar, this interpreter is an "all-American team," so to speak. She possesses an excellently-handled voice of beautiful quality, is an actress of merit, and a gallant fighter. She is very much interested in making the local Commencement a success for the Seniors.

### Valentine.

The interpreter of this role presents something of a paradox, for despite a seeming lack of emotion, the actor appeared this season with great success as the young and bashful ingenu in "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie," and revealed a charming simplicity of manner and susceptibility of heart. His off-stage facial expression is immobile but interesting, and we suspect that as with Conway Tearle's, it masks a nature even more charming than that essayed in his roles.

### Gloria.

This young actress, since the present production, is her premiere on our stage, is an uncertain light in our dramatic firmament. We are sure, however, that such will not be the case after her first performance, for hers is the opportunity of the play. Like Pola Negri in "Bella Donna," she appears in the one great love scene that will make or mar the presentation.

### THE PROM ETERNAL.

#### I.

'Twas in September twenty-two  
When I was a Freshman green  
That I first heard of Junior Prom  
And I asked what it did mean.

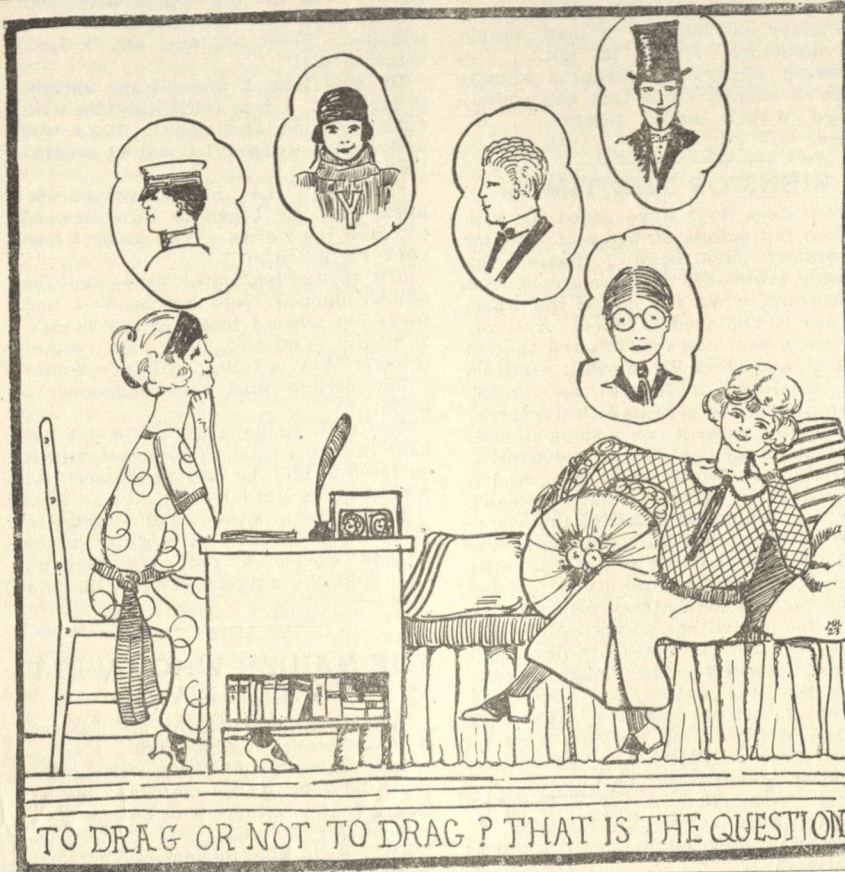
#### II.

They told me all about it then—  
By words—by looks—by sighs,  
And said it seemed just yesterday  
And "Oh my! how time flies!"

#### III.

October was the next month,  
And it seemed that everyone  
Had some little tale to tell  
About the last Prom fun.

Continued on page 3, column 3.



### SOMETIMES.

Somehow  
At Prom-time  
It often rains—  
Not a genuine pour  
But a sick drizzle  
And all those lovely clothes  
Hang listless  
While you done a slicker  
And walk him to Bolleswood  
"It's really beautiful,"  
You tell him  
"When it doesn't rain."  
He tries to picture it  
Nobly.  
You show him the dorms,  
The living rooms therein  
Where hopeless women  
Like yourself  
Gaze despairing at their hims  
And try to forget  
The picnics, the hikes  
That should have been.  
They can't enthuse about the view,  
There isn't any.  
"Fowler's is out of question,"  
O'Leary's, too,  
And even a scorned Ford.  
All that is needed  
To complete the portrait  
Is to learn:

That the orchestra's car  
Maimed itself in Norwich,  
That we can't dance  
After eleven  
That—oh, well,  
It hasn't happened yet.

#### But

Any minute you expect a wire  
That he has lost his tortoise shells  
And couldn't see the train,  
Or that some low-life stole his suit  
case  
And removed vital parts . . . .  
Somehow at Prom-time . . . .

'23.

### AND IT CAME TO PASS.

(Translated from the Egyptian.)

Scene: Pharaoh Park Cleop's Palace.  
Preparations for the great feast. A  
new-born prince to be baptised on the  
morrow.

Attendant rushes into the sanctuary.  
Attendant: O most noble and fair  
son of the gods, give ear to what I say.  
I have most dire news to impart to  
you.

Pharaoh: Speak, knave, for thus  
spoke Zarathustrativissimus.

Attendant: Ah me! The new-born  
babe has imbibed all the goodly  
liquor prepared for the feast. Ah me!  
What shall be done?

Pharaoh shows signs of outward  
perturbation, then, amusement; finally,  
delight.

Pharaoh: Haw, haw, haw! Hee,  
hee! The little tank. Speak, knave,  
how much liquor was there?

Attendant: Two tanks full, my  
noble sir. Ah me!

Pharaoh: Haw, haw! Hee! Then  
shall his name be Tut-tank-Amen.  
And his playmates called him Toots.

—Ex.

### "A JUNIOR'S SONNET ON HER BLINDNESS."

(With Apologies to J. Milton.)

When I consider that my man can't  
come,  
While Junior Prom doth near and  
nearer grow,  
And that without a man I cannot go,  
I tear my program, and I cease to hum.  
When thinking that the music's  
rhythmic strum  
Is not for me—my soul cried out in  
woe.  
"Shall I not trip the light, fantastic  
toe?"

Continued on page 4, column 1.

## PRESS BOARD ANNOUNCES TRY OUTS.

### Successful Year.

The Press Board is now considering candidates for next year's staff. All Freshmen are now eligible to try out. If you are interested see Alice Ramsay, Elinor Hunken, or Vera Grann. You will be required to write a short newspaper article, or act as reporter to some event on campus. All material and names should be in the hands of one of the above girls by May 18th.

Press Board has had a most successful year. Its members have been Alice Ramsay, President; Elinor Hunken, Secretary and Treasurer; Vera Grann, Librarian; Marjorie Field '25; Helen Dodd '24; Dorothy Hubbard '23; Marian Page, '23; Irene Steele '23; Alice Taylor '25; Elizabeth Wrenshall '26; Edna Haas '25.

All these girls have been sending news of the college and of the girls to twenty-five or more newspapers, mostly in New England, and sending special items to newspapers of the West. The greater part of the news items and pictures which you see of college in the newspapers are those circulated by Press Board. The work is most interesting and active, and is supervised by Mr. Loomis, formerly Editor of the New London Day, and now Press Manager for the college. A few weeks ago the Board took a trip through the "Day" building, where they were royally entertained and carefully shown how a newspaper is made.

Don't forget! If you want to be a member next year, you must submit your name before May 18th.

ELINOR HUNKEN, Secy.

### BASEBALL.

Baseball is the National game. My pa said so and my brother said so. It must be so. If it is the National game, it must be up to date. That is why I play it. I am always up to date. My brother said I wasn't because he thinks I can't play baseball. That shows his ignorance. I can. My brother thinks he is playing when he catches the ball. I prefer to drop it and run after it. That is what baseball means—running after a ball. Besides running is more liable to make me thin than standing still and catching a ball. When I am batting I hit at everything. My brother says not to strike at balls but I always think the pitcher is throwing a ball. I never played pitcher. My brother never let me. But Dan said once I was pretty as a pitcher. I never wanted to catch. That mask is enough to make Cleopatra look ugly. My brother doesn't appreciate me. I am not on the Prom team. They don't appreciate me, either.

### PROM TIME BLUES.

Tune: (Wabash Blues.)

Oh, those Prom-time Blues—  
I'm goin' to burn my dancin' shoes  
For what's the use of having Prom—  
Without Harry, Dick or Tom?  
My room-mate's brother couldn't come  
And all my cousins are so dumb  
So what is there for me to do, but sit  
and wish  
That I were you?

—Echoes from Vassar.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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FREE SPEECH.

[The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.]

To the Editor: In justice to the membership of the German Club it seems only fair that the writer should admit that the responsibility for the choice of the two comedies by Benedix which were presented on the evening of April 21st rests almost entirely with him.

That the *News* should consign these plays to perdition by characterizing them as "amusingly trivial" and should feel impelled to describe Benedix's language as "never clever, never refined," i. e. always commonplace and always coarse, seems rather startling in view of the overwhelming consensus of favorable opinion by literary authorities. If this judgment rests upon a first hand study of Benedix's plays by our critic there is perhaps nothing to be said except that it represents the opinion of a single individual which differs widely from that of many other equally able critics. It may seem ungracious to suggest that our critic perhaps failed to appreciate fully just how clever the playwright's language is, but if one or two questions are allowed may I ask whether she understood, for example, the double sense in which the word *hoch* is used when Muller makes the apparently so simple statement "Das ist zu hoch," and did she understand what Salome meant by the word *geschieden* and the slight but important variation in the significance of the word as used a moment later by Muller? If our critic really appreciates these and all the other niceties and subtleties of language occurring in the plays and still holds to her opinion that Benedix is never clever in his use of language, we can only conclude that her standard of cleverness is so high as to be beyond the reach of even exceptionally gifted writers. If, on the other hand, she is merely quoting the unfavorable opinion of some hostile critic it may not be amiss to say that an author whose name appears in every encyclopedia and every history of German literature cannot hope to escape some adverse criticism,

to which even the greatest are not immune. No one thinks of attributing to Benedix the moral earnestness and dramatic power of a Schiller, or the poetic charm and verbal distinction of a Goethe, but he surely does not deserve to be characterized as the opposite of clever and refined. Perhaps the fairest estimate of his worth is that given by our two leading encyclopedias. The Britannica mentions as the chief characteristics of Benedix's plays "a clear plot, and bright, easy, and natural dialogue." The International describes his plays as "healthy in tone, simple in structure, lively in wit. . . . showing always an intimate knowledge of stage technic that has contributed to their lasting success."

H. Z. K.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Seventeen days have rolled by with a void buttonhole on my coat, and for seventeen days have I fretted my shaggy brow over that same void. But now—now, when the day is too warm to use it, the void is filled. Aye, my domestic soul can rest assured that at last it has filled its mission. But let me explain the tragedy of the wanting button. On the seventeenth day previous to the present one I stepped, no-tripped, on my coat belt in endeavoring to swing it adroitly about me; and it was that trip that wrecked the button. For the next week, I carried the afore-said button stowed away in the pocket and allowed the belt to trail jauntily behind me. Fully three times per day some tactless man attempted to fasten it for me and witnessed my embarrassment, at least six times per day did I become absent minded enough to suppose that the button was there and strive against my own sins. And every night did I hang up the coat with an air of procrastination and resolve not to wear it until the button was replaced. But just as regularly did I hastily pluck it from the closet every morning in hurried moments of desperation.

At the end of a week I resolved to sew it on. But, woful day, the button had disappeared. A tranquil resignation surged over me—summer was already here—others were becoming accustomed to seeing it trail—why not continue so?

Another week elapsed. Yesterday a tragedy occurred; the mischievous button rolled out of a shoe lying on my closet floor. I recognized it immediately, snatched it up, clutched my weedy coiff and tore back and forth in delirium. But this super-excitement was ephemeral, culminating in a reckless crisis.

The buttonhole is once more inhabited, and alack! alack! Summer is here. '23.

MELODRAMA.

The magazine had dropped, half-read, to my lap; the chocolates remained untouched—and, with eyes that saw nothing, I gazed out of the window—dreaming. The train sped on—racing, it seemed, with the very wind itself. "I'll kill myself!"

The words, deep and full of meaning brought me out of my reverie—to my senses. I turned my head in the seat ahead of me sat a young man and a girl. The girl was staring out of the window—the man gazed beseechingly at her. My interest aroused. I could not help listening.

"If you don't, I'll kill myself!" It was the young man, full of desperation, who spoke again. The girl made no answer.

"She has probably refused him," I mused, "And he's desperate."

But no, it couldn't be that. The man was speaking again, in low, strained tones.

"You want to die, and then you don't," he almost groaned, it seemed

to me. "Poison, drowning, anything—you've got to do it!"

He had his arm around the back of the seat, he was leaning toward her. His whole good looking face spelled desperation.

The girl turned toward him at last. She was wonderfully pretty, but her face was wrinkled with worry—and fear.

"Tom," she said slowly. I held my breath. "I'm afraid I can't do it," a pause—"but I'll try—Oh Tom!" Her voice, agonized, was hardly above a whisper. "He'll kill me! Oh, I don't want to die!"

By this time I was sitting upright in my seat. I was fairly tingling with curiosity, and excitement. Here was melodrama—tragedy! I waited breathlessly

"Marion," the man's voice was husky—so low I had to lean forward to catch the words. "You know I love you! I'll kill him!"

My throat had gone dry—my eyes almost popped from my head—I had forgotten when I took my last breath. Tragedy! Couldn't they do something? Why all this killing?—Something terrible must have happened to them.

The man spoke again. I could not hear him this time. Goodness! was it so terrible that he had to whisper it? And then—a low laugh.

Whew! some scene. You can do it. That was great. Absolute tense hushed silence—a shot—you scream, and then the curtain—That will hold 'em!" '24.

THE MAIDEN WHO DWELT BY THE RIVER.

Behold there dwelt in an Eastern land on the shore of a mighty river a comely damsel, and there were gathered about her other maidens; but of all the maidens there was none so fair as Ursula.

And lo, in the Spring of the year when the face of the earth was clothed with beauty as with a garment, there came a desire among these maidens that they bring unto their shores youths, comely, and light of foot in treading out the dance. So they called unto them scribes, and they wrote them letters. Sealed with the seal of hope they sent them forth on light wings and pondered while they awaited the day of their reply, when heralds should bring them word if the youths of their desire would gather with them on the shore or no.

But the maiden Ursula mourned apart, for she was of a distant tribe, and she said unto herself, "I cannot bid him come unto me who must leave his father's flocks and take him through the weary land a sore journey. Of a truth I must content me with the music from afar, though I am light of foot."

But there was one, who, hearing her moan saith unto her, "Comfort ye, Ursula, for my youth is a strong youth and a mighty, and doeth for me my highest best. Bid me that I should say unto him 'Bring hither with thee one from among thy brethren who shall dance with the fair Ursula, for she is of a far tribe, and else would watch alone.'"

And Ursula consented unto her.

And behold the youths came, and there was none so comely as the youth of Ursula, and none who trod so lightly in the dance. And he, looking upon her saith, "Though thou wert sad because thou wert of a far tribe, yet am I glad, for thus was I brought unto thee, and thus have the gods prospered me for thou art fair, O Ursula."

Now I lay me down to rest  
Before I take to-morrow's test.  
If I should die before I wake—  
Three cheers!—I'll have no test to take.  
—Ex.

TOUR OF EUROPE PLANNED.

Announcement is made to the students of The Connecticut College for Women of the first journalistic tour for women ever undertaken, which will combine travel through picturesque Europe with practical instruction in newspaper writing for the American press. Miss Mary Gilpin Armstrong, formerly Educational Editor of the New York Evening Post and of the staff of the Christian Science Monitor, will take abroad this summer a small group of young women who write, and show them how to convert their impressions into acceptable copy en route.

No previous experience in journalism is necessary.

Information about the tour may be obtained from the Editor, or from Miss Armstrong at 617 West 113th Street, New York City.

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## ALUMNAE COLUMN.

### If You Had Aladdin's Lamp—

We know what you would wish for—next to the wish that every one of our 10-10-10 donors would square his contribution—you would wish for a real 100 per cent. college reunion of alumnae, ex-members and former faculty. You would want to meet them and greet them. You would want to know what each and every one is doing, how she has changed, how old, or how thin or how—prosperous she has become. You would want to meet all the children, all the husbands, all the fiancés. You would want to hear all their amusing experiences, their adventures, their achievements.

Aladdin's Lamp is in your hands! But you must rub to make some one else's wish come true, and she will rub for you. You cannot have your wish unless you first rub for someone else.

And now the secret is out. The News is going to give us a reunion in June through the press. In other words, we alumnae are to have a *whole* issue all to ourselves, to revel in, to chat in, to philosophize in, to wax poetical and literary in, be serious, humorous, or artistic in. Through the length and breadth of its columns, the News will be for alumnae, of alumnae and (here's the rub)—*by* alumnae.

So, sister alumnae, it is up to you to begin at once. Mothers, write us of your children—their names, accomplishments, and witticisms. Wives, write us of your husbands and household affairs; fiancés, of your futures; and spinsters—of yourselves.

Do you know a funny story about one of us? Send it in. Have you a letter from our distant friends? Let us read it, too. Have you been travelling? Tell us about it. Have you a good snap of some of the alumnae? Let us all see it. Perhaps you kept a diary in college. Write us a "Do you remember—" letter. Where is your college mem. book? Re-acquaint yourself with some adventures, then send us a page of reminiscences.

You can never do better work for the alumnae paper than right now—to-day—when your desk is heaped with 10-10-10 letters, your days and waking hours are spent trying to think of an *eleventh* person; when memories are stirred by the new call to you from your alma mater.

"No time" is no excuse. If this were a term paper, you'd find time to get it in. But this "assignment" is more than a term paper—it is a four years' report; for this will be the first alumnae publication of C. C. in the world! We are still Pioneers. Let our first alumnae attempt be worthy of the Pioneer achievements in days of yore.

Send all contributions *before May 20th* to

JULINE WARNER,  
44 Washington Apartments,  
Paterson, New Jersey.

### MEMORIES.

Cold, grey dawn across the river,  
April mists still drip forlorn—  
Sudden metal clang of fire-bells—  
Drowsy maids greet May Day morn!

Plaintive strains of quaint melodeon—  
Clear, young voices fill the air—  
Magdalen's sweet, age-old Latin  
Echoes from the granite stair.

Pansies in gold paper baskets  
Hanging on each Senior's door—  
Black-robedelders, joyous girlhood,  
On the green praise Spring once more.

Though the world has called us onward,  
Yet our hearts return to thee  
And unite with those now greeting  
May Day morn, at dear C. C.

The Familiar Alibi—"I know what it means but I can't express it."

## MARRIAGES ANNOUNCED.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Katherine Shaw, ex-'23, to Edward Robison Durgin, ensign '23, in the United States Navy, on Monday the twenty-third of April, at Los Angeles, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lewis Kendall, of Brockton, Massachusetts, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Stetson Kendall, to Lt. (j. g.) Charles Horace Kendall Miller, U. S. N., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

They are to be married early in June, and sail June thirteenth for the Philippines, where Lt. Miller is ordered on a two-year tour of duty.

Roberta Newton '21, is to be married to Willard Haines Rayo, June 18th, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Middletown, Conn.

Barbara Clay ex '24, of New Haven, Conn., is to be married to Eli Whitney Debevoise on June 23rd. Mr. Debevoise, who is now at Harvard Law School, is a graduate of Yale, 1921.

### THE PROM ETERNAL.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

IV.

I saw pictures by the dozen,  
And then—I passed away—  
For they discussed whom to invite  
To the Prom—which came in May!

V.

By December all were certain—  
Just how it would come out,  
And though I often wandered—  
There seemed to have no doubt.

VI.

Then came the long vacation  
And I went home to stay—  
But even there—letters reached me—  
About that Prom in May!

VII.

January found us again  
Perched upon our hill—  
And though surprising it may seem—  
A Jack—has every Jill.

VIII.

February was an exciting month,  
For then we all found out—  
That if Business was allright,  
"Fred" might be about.

IX.

And "Roy" and "Luk" were coming too  
Of course "Carol" would be there—  
The new pass word then became—  
"I hope the weather's fair."

X.

March and April dragged slowly by  
And May dawned bright and clear,  
Which according to the Juniors  
Is the best time of the year.

XI.

And now within a day or two—  
At least, so they say—  
I shall at last see that Prom  
Which comes each year in May.

XII.

But even now I am consumed  
With worries by the score—  
When I think that Prom for me must  
last  
At least three years or more!  
H. O. '26.

Dr. Helen Bishop Thompson, who was professor of Dietetics at Connecticut College 1915-1918, and has been Dean of the Division of Home Economics at Kansas State Agricultural College since that time, has accepted a call to the University of California, southern branch, Los Angeles, to take charge of the work in Home Economics at that institution.

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**JUNIOR PROM.**

Rushing, gushing, blushing, mushing  
Talk of men and dances,  
Dashing, clashing, slashing, hashing  
Over old romances.

Wondering, blundering, loss of slum-  
bering  
Whom shall I ask next?  
Waiting, rating, oft debating  
For the best pretext.

Thinking, prinking, maybe blinking  
Disappointed tears,  
Hoping, moping, blindly groping,  
Days that seem like years.

'Phoning, moaning, often groaning,  
Oh, why won't he answer?  
Daring, tearing, maybe swearing,  
Such a knock-out dancer!

Joyous meeting, happy greeting  
At the railroad station!  
Dancing, prancing, joy enhancing,  
Boundless exultation.

**"A JUNIOR'S SONNET ON HER BLINDNESS."**

*Concluded from page 1, column 3.*

I sadly ask: A friend to keep me from  
That sorrow, soon replies—"You must  
not plan  
To give up hope so quickly. Those  
who dance  
With men they know not, often  
pleasure find.  
There is allurements in an unknown  
man.  
I'll write to mine and ask him if, by  
chance,  
He cannot bring a friend: you shall  
go 'blind.'"

**FOR HER WHO GOES BLIND.**

He—Oh pray, Miss Dolyrymple, don't  
call me Mr. Brooks.  
She—But our acquaintance has been  
so brief. (Sweetly). Why shouldn't  
I call you Mr. Brooks?  
He—Because my name's Sommerset.  
—Ex.

She—Would you like to go to Prom?"  
He—"Crazy to!"  
She—"Wish I'd know it sooner. I'd  
have asked you instead of Bob."

Last night as I talked to my Prom  
man,  
Life took on a rosy hue.  
To-day as I count my few pennies,  
I realize that life's become blue!

A shot!  
Rang out behind the stage.  
The actor tore his hair in rage,  
And cried,  
"Mein Gott!! I'm stabbed!"—Ex.

**OUGHFUL.**

Oh, it isn't the cough  
That carries you ough  
It's the coughin  
They carry you oughin. —Ex.

Teacher—"Take this sentence: Let  
the cow be taken out into the lot.  
What mood?"  
Pupil—"The cow."—Ex.

"These are the little things that  
count!" cried the salesman, as he dem-  
onstrates the adding machines.—Ex.

Scenario Writer—Then two burglars  
enter and the clock strikes one.  
Actors (in unison)—"Which one?"—  
Ex.

There was an old woman from Trenton  
She bit on her teeth till she bent 'em.  
She said, "I don't care. I'll get 'nother  
pair,  
For these are not mine, I just rent 'em."  
—Ex.

There are some Freshmen who still  
think that General Delivery is a soldier;  
that Jordan Marsh is a swamp; that  
St. Louis is in Heaven; that Chaucer  
to Arnold is a railroad; and that  
Carmen works for the street railway.  
—Ex.

**REVUE.**

One day Bulldog Drummond went  
out with the Gingham Girl to pick  
Orange Blossoms in Blossom Time. On  
their way they met the Lady in Ermine,  
more commonly known as the Yankee  
Princess, who was out walking with  
her maid, 'Liza. The girl cried out,  
"Be careful, here comes The Hairy  
Ape: this World We Live In is getting  
more unsafe every day."

The Hero stepped forth and raised  
his Bat but before he could strike, the  
beast was killed by lightning. As the  
Romeo and Juliet went their way, they  
ran upon the Prince Chap talking  
earnestly with the Merchant of Venice.  
The Jew was trying to sell him a Cat  
and Canary. The couple intervened  
and bought The Cat and The Canary  
which they took with them to a little  
Hamlet where they were Just Married.  
Many years have intervened since  
we last heard of them, but it is  
rumored that they have The Little  
Ones, Sally, Irene, and Mary. Little  
Nellie Kelley and Molly Darling are  
next door neighbors. All's Well That  
Ends Well.—Ex.

Professor—"You take philosophy so  
that you can take metaphysics."  
Junior—"And so that you can take it  
over again."—Ex.

**THE DUCE YOU SAY.**

"Have you read the write-up in the  
Bible of the Egyptian tennis game?"  
"No, what does it say?"  
"Joseph served in Pharaoh's court."  
—Ex.

Professor (after a trying first hour  
class)—"Some time ago my doctor told  
me to exercise early every morning  
with dumb-bells. Will the class report  
tomorrow before breakfast. Dismissed."  
—Ex.

What the Prof. Would Reply if He  
Were Clever—"Parcel post it! Truth  
of it is I don't think it was ever reg-  
istered. Even if it were, it would  
probably be lost in delivery."—Original.

"I conjecture," conjectured the stu-  
dent setting next to me, "that Profes-  
sor A— will give us easy marks." And  
he seems to have conjectured right.  
D has less curves to make, in writing  
it, than B.—Ex.

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