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Connecticut College

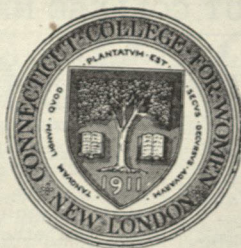
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1930 COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

DEAN BROWN IS BACCALAUREATE SPEAKER

Service Held in St. James'

"How much do you want?" asked the Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., LL.D., dean emeritus of the Divinity School, Yale University, speaking at the 12th baccalaureate service, which was held in St. James' Episcopal Church. "It's a healthy sign for any life to be in want," he continued. "It foretells growth."

Dean Brown urged the graduating class to keep keen the hunger for higher things which it is the office of education to inspire. With their years of college and of much of their formal education behind them, he said, they were looking into a future of new wants and aspirations. He exhorted them to weigh carefully the values of the wants which would come to them, and to seek, particularly, those of spiritual worth.

The church was filled to capacity with friends and relatives of the graduates, and with townspeople who had been invited. The order of the service was as follows:

Opening Voluntary, Choral (Second Symphony)—Vierne.

Processional Hymn, Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart!

Invocation—The Rev. Philip Markham Kerridge.

Anthem, Agnus Dei—Bizet.

Scripture Reading—Dean Emeritus, Charles R. Brown.

Hymn, Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

Prayer—The Rev. Paul F. Laubenstein of the college.

Anthem, The Lord Is My Shepherd—Schubert.

Baccalaureate Sermon, How Much Do You Want?—Dean Emeritus Brown.

Prayer and Benediction—Dean Emeritus Brown.

Recessional Hymn, Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow—Inge-mann-Bambridge.

Postlude, Grand Choeur—Guilmant.

In the evening at 8 o'clock a special musical service was held at St. James'.

Reminiscent of the moats around medieval castles, walls of water will encircle the three-story vault that will occupy almost an entire block underneath the new Irving Trust Company Building, now under construction in Wall Street, New York City. Resting on solid rock foundations, the bottom of the vault will be 69 feet under the street, well below sea level. When the building is finished and the vault sides flooded, the bank's employees will be able to enter the subterranean treasure house only by means of air locks and pumps such as those used by tunnel workers under rivers. As for burglars or other intruders, they could not penetrate it unless they had submarine equipment.

A 40-foot "water wall" is one of the features of an elaborate system of safeguards that protect the gold vault of the Bank of France, in Paris, which cover two and a half acres 200 feet beneath the street.

—Popular Science Monthly.



Gift Presented at Class Day Exercises

The class day exercises held Saturday of Commencement Week-end started with the traditional fathers and daughters baseball game. Following this the annual trustees' luncheon for faculty, alumnae and seniors was held in Thames Hall.

The afternoon exercises were begun at 2 o'clock with the procession of the honor guard, the laurel chain, and the alumnae parade. Starting at the gymnasium the parade was led by the alumnae followed by the laurel chain procession which the most impressive feature on the class day program. It was preceded by the honor guard, consisting of eight selected members of the sophomore class, sister classmates of the graduating class, all clad in white. The juniors, also dressed in white and carrying the green laurel chain on both sides of the Seniors, who wore academic cap and gown, marched with them in attractive formation as far as the library where the planting of the ivy took place. Fanny Young, class vice-president, made a short address in which she declared that the planting of the ivy was symbolic of the standards of the class of 1930. Following this the seniors joined in the singing of the ivy song, under the direction of Frances Brooks the college song leader.

The presentation of the gift to the college then took place. Gwendolyn Thomen, president of the class, presented the gift, a number of rare books for the college library. President Blunt then made a speech of acceptance.

An unusually enjoyable part of the day was the garden party given by President at her home on Mohegan Avenue. Guests were presented to those in the receiving line by juniors chosen to help in the Commencement activities. The party was largely attended by seniors and their guests as well as alumnae of the college. Delicious refreshments were served.

In the evening the play, "Pomander Walk" was presented by the dramatic society for the second time. The play was given in the Lyceum Theatre in New London.

The program of the day was concluded with the last Senior sing. This was held on the library steps. The students in cap and gown sat on the steps of the library and sang for the last time the songs of the college. At the close of this ceremony the Alma Mater was sung.



The History of the Great and Glorious Class of 1930 Now Known as the Honorary Society of Edu- cated Females

On yester-eve when down I sat
With grave and pensive brow,
To ponder deep on our progress
From Freshmen up till now,
I found a stack of old Koines,
All filled with thoughts of yore,
And as I sat me down to write,
I mixed in others' lore.
I don't quite understand as yet,
The muddled mess I got,
But somehow Milne and Parker, too,
Into my brain popped up.

Freshman year with apologies to A. A. Milne

When first into the school we stepped
Each blithe and carefree Miss
We poor green freshmen all were
clothed

In something much like this.
She wore a red and stripped cap
She wore an apron white
She stood up for the Sophomores
Much to their great delight.
She poured for them their water
As docile as a lamb
And whispered to her class-mates
Many a "damn!"

Her blessing was her Sister Class
She felt just like a king,
When underneath her window
To her they all did sing.

Let 'em bother
Who Cares?
I've a Junior
Downstairs,
Who'll stand by
If ever I
Should be in need.
For a friend indeed
She is to me
Bless she!

She remembers, she remembers the
tunics she wore,
With clean white blouses, clean black
hose, in by gone days of yore.
Then thinking back to then
Of days that once had been
She found a "Tea-Dance" card among
her souvenirs.

I'm dancing
Don't tell, don't give me away,
I'm sophisticated for a day.
From a grave old Senior they can't
tell me,
I'm as grown up as I can be.

(Continued on page 2, column 1)

JANE ADDAMS DELIVERS COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Talks on Women in Modern Movements

"Men string a telephone wire through the jungle, send messages over it—sometimes very foolish messages—and call that civilization," Jane Addams said, speaking on the topic of Women in Modern Movements at the commencement exercises held in Plant Quadrangle.

It was after she had paid full tribute to the vast and astonishing contributions which men have made to life through their development of raw materials and of the applied sciences that Miss Addams accepting the possibility of our having reached the peak of our development in this direction, turned to what she considers the next step, that of freeing and educating the



JANE ADDAMS

producers, the workers, whom, to a far too great degree, we have tended to mechanize and make over it almost robots.

"For we cannot compete in the world markets," she declared, "unless we release the individuality of the workman himself and allow him to record in the product his own powers of variation and his instinct for art. Only when we have done this, learned to subordinate the machine to the worker, may we hope to restore to the worker something of the feeling of the old craftsman who loved each piece that came from his hands."

"It is at this point, when we attempt to humanize our life and our work to a greater degree that woman's entrance into the public commercial and political life of her community, her state and her nation becomes especially significant."

Pointing out the part woman had in the earliest development of the industries when she was the first food producer, men having been merely the food gatherers, when she was the first manufacturer, the first conservator of life and of its necessary supplies, Miss Addams followed the development of these early industries and occupations as they slipped out of the hands of women and, to the regret of all of us, became mechanized by men. And the tendency has been, she said, to under-

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

Connecticut College News

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BUSINESS MANAGER

Dorothy Quigley

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Elizabeth Glass

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS CLASS OF 1930, ETC.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3)

I've a dress that's as gay as a Junior's gown,

I've a man who's being rushed around,
But they don't know he's a Freshman;
No, they don't know I'm a Freshman,
'Cause I'm dancing!

When to a close the year did run
Came pageant, Elly, work, and fun.
Where's Miss Freshman?
Down within the amphitheater
Rehearsing for her play
To practice for *Ali Kerim*
She trudges every day.
Where are the Freshmen?
Lost within the amphitheater.

Then came a summer,
What a change it wrought in all of us
When back to college in the fall
We came to strut our stuff;
Oh much we'd learned
In one brief year
And now was our big chance
To boss instead of being bossed
To show how we'd advanced!

Sophomore year with apologies to Dorothy Parker

This is no song of an ingenue,
This is no ballad of innocence,
This is the rime of a Sophomore who
Followed her natural bents!
Pictures pass me in long review,
Marching columns of dead events,
Freshman bonnets of organdy new,
Football games of coincidence.
Mascot Hunt and the consequence
Sophomore Hop with its fun in store,
Quite full grown from this time hence
Carefree, gay, in the days of yore
Seeking excitement, not much more!

If I should labor through daylight and dark
Consecrate, valorous, serious, true,
Then on the world I may blazon my mark,
And what if I don't and what if I do?

Then into dignity we plunged,
If we did make the grade,
Into the jolly Junior rank
Half serious, half gay.
Responsibilities we had
As Junior sister class
Oh, awfully hard we all did strive
Much knowledge to amass
With college spirit we were filled
In all events took part
We felt important, greatly so
Right from the very start.

Junior year with apologies to Omar Khayyam (?)

Ah, fill the Cup, what boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet,
Unborn To-morrow and Dead Yesterday
Why fret about them if today be sweet?

Far out in wettest fields, one dawn of day,
Was seen the Sophomores, quite a sad array
Searching for mascot which they ne'er could find
So far below the dampish ground it lay.

There was a door to which we held the key,
There was a Veil past which they could not see,
Much talk the while of where the seal might be,
Then banquet honoring our victory.

How sweet is Junior Sovereignty think some,
Others, how blest the Senior bliss to come,
Ah, take the fun in hand and waive the rest,
Oh the gay music of Prom horn and Drum!

And now unto a close I bring
This tale of four short years
Into the Senior Class we stepped
With pride, yet with our fears.

There was so much of work on hand
As leaders of the school,
Just take a look how we've progressed
'Neath Gwen's and Connie's rule.

No longer need we play the child
And into dorms all run,
At ten o'clock as hitherto
But not till half-past one.

The novelty of smoking jaunts
Has wafted with the breeze,
Now we may smoke when e'er we will,
Just when and where we please.

No need to mention final marks
With long exams we're done,
Now we may enter one an all
Into Commencement fun.

Now we are set to take our place
Out in the world so cold,
There's jobs awaiting some of us
And marriage for the bold.

Epilogue

At the midnight in excitement of our Prom-time
When we pause in thrills and fuss,
Will we pass to where, to here and there o'er all the world
Some to travel, some to work and some to study,
Envy us?

Now at noonday in the bustle of our play-time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer,
Bid it forward, breast and back as either should be,
Strive and thrive, cry "Speed" dance on, fare ever
There as here!

BARBARA WHITE.
Historian.

JANE ADDAMS DELIVERS COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

value both this early contribution of women and the something in their nature and character which differs from that of man and gives them a different slant upon life. For it is in learning to make use of these special qualities and abilities of women that the world may hope to come to its more just development.

"Woman's contribution to modern life has been chiefly in that region which lies between philanthropy and political action. The old tasks, the old instincts of women have been socialized. This generation became child-conscious in a new sense, and the tendency today is to allow the child to realize to the full the natural impulse for gayety and freedom, but at the same time to keep within the traditions and disciplines of life. But beyond the task of guiding her own child, the modern socially conscious woman has extended her interest to include all children, and this interest has found expression in such social agencies as the Children's Court. Other social expressions of woman's natural protective impulses are seen in the organize care of the aged, and the care of the families of men injured or killed in industry, crystallized in old age pensions and in compensation acts. For as government widens its base by extending the franchise to more and more people, so it included in its interests, in its businesses more and more of these questions which were formerly thought to require only an individual and non-social consideration."

The world reaps its best harvest from this social expression of the natural impulses of woman, Miss Addams pointed out, when the de-

velopment of the new social consciousness of women is most completely synchronized with their new political life. This accounts for the apparently incongruous fact that in other countries than our own, particularly in the Orient, where political progress and social awakening have come close one upon the other, women are making such rapid advancement. The East Indian women, for instance have made astonishing progress. There are in India 80 city Councillors. A Hindoo woman is deputy president of the Legislative Council at Madras, a body which represents 45,000,000 people. There is a woman vice-chancellor of the University of Boopal.

Our educational institutions, Miss Addams said, are adapting their curricula to the needs of the hour, and everywhere young women are kept in closer touch with the present world through such courses as those in current events, in modern international law, in all the social sciences, etc. Trained in this way, these young women going out from our colleges are equipped to take their proper place in the world and definitely influence the social, the industrial and the political developments.

Degrees were awarded to the following:

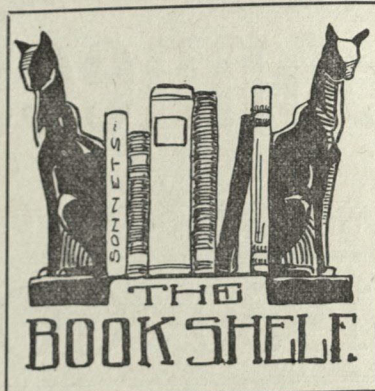
Bachelor of Arts Degree

Edith Allen
Marion Caroline Allen
Norinne Katherine Auger
Elizabeth Storrs Avery
Elizabeth Ruth Bahney
Katharine Louise Bailey
Dorothy Anna Barrett
Ruth Taylor Barry
Mabel Bartlett
Lelia Virginia Benedict
Helen Lukens Benson
Helen Christine Boyd
Margaret Lyman Brewer
Frances Clapp Brooks
Ruth Renfrew Brown
Mercer Frances Camp
Evelyn Perry Clarke
Mary Fyetta Clauss
Ruth Warriner Cooper
Sara Burton Diescher
Allison Durkee
Mary Ann Faulhaber
Dorothy Feltner
Adelaide Finch
Helen Lucille Flinner
Katherine Barnard Fuller
Frances Atwater Gabriel
Jennie Maria Gada
Marian Geer
Norman George
Marie Louise Gescheider
Bessie Eleanor Gitlin
Elizabeth Sherman Glass
Constance Elinor Green
Marita Gunther
Kathleen Gladding Halsey
Dorothy Draper Harner
Hildegard Welcker Harper
Ruth Harrison
Helen Gertrude Hayden
Mary Elizabeth Hicks
Anne Homer
Ruth Bossart Jackson
Evelyn Griswold Jeralds
Virginia Spencer Joseph
Erna M. C. Kanehl
Frances K. Kelly
Bessie Norton McLean
Eleanor Lewise Meurer
Margaret Merritt Monjo
Janet Morris
Bertha Gardner Moskovitz
Loretta Murnane
Jane Helena Murphy
Helen Gardiner Oakley
Elizabeth Estelle Perkins
Dorothy L. Quigley
Grace Marion Ransom
Katherine Russell
Doris Elizabeth Ryder
Bianca Marion Ryley
Victoria Selickman
Constance Welling Smith
Helene Lillian Somers
Maida Stevens
Eleanor Isabel Thayer
Emily Strong Tomlinson
Eleanor Tyler
Barbara Bousfield Ward
Elizabeth Avery Weed
Barbara Wentworth White
Marion Lynn Wickwire
Fanny Katherine Young

Bachelor of Science Degree

Dorothy Moss Barrett
Esther Clark Beach
Jane Pearson Bertschy
Jeannette Booth

(Continued on page 5, column 1)



THE GAY PROCESSION

By Norma Patterson

Without deviating materially from the accepted formula of American magazine fiction, and without penetrating very deeply, at any point, into the realities of human character, Norma Patterson has written a sentimental and rather appealing romance. Drew January, the heroine of "The Gay Procession," is a lovely, tender-hearted, naive young person, in love with life and dreaming eagerly of the many colored possibilities which the future seemed to extend. The Januarys were poor. Drew's mother had been widowed when the children were small, and very little money had been saved from the disaster which involved her father's fortune. When Drew was approaching her twentieth year the tiny capital had been spent, and the Januarys were living precariously but happily upon the earnings of Oliver, the steady, hard-working eldest son.

Drew's ecstatic plans for a career were shattered before she had really embarked upon them. One night Oliver brought home a friend, Channing Macy, a struggling and penniless young architect with a promising future. Drew fell in love with Chan's six feet of blond, idealistic American manhood, and Chan, for his part, was enchanted by the unexpectedly gay and pretty sister of his sober friend. They were already happily engaged when a disturbing element was introduced into their idyl. Drew's Aunt Maud, a wealthy and aggressive individual who had always disapproved of the improvident Januarys, suddenly discovered that she had an attractive niece, who might, with a little handling, be turned into a social asset. A few dinners and receptions, centered about the person of the unsuspecting Drew, confirmed Aunt Maud's prediction. Prominent among Drew's conquests appeared Frederick Cable, a wealthy and distinguished bachelor nearing middle age. Drew was unmoved; but Aunt Maud, dazzled by the brilliance of her niece's prospects, was determined to see the thing through.

She made to Drew what seemed a very unfeeling proposal. If Drew would consent to send Chan Macy about his business, and encourage the attention of Frederick Cable, Aunt Maud would provide the money necessary to send Drew's invalid younger sister to a sanitarium. Romantic young Drew saw her love balanced in the scales against her sister's life. After a night of sleepless anguish she assented to Aunt Maud's proposal. Chan Macy was dismissed upon a flimsy pretext. With his faith in womanhood utterly demolished he threw up his job and went to war. Drew resigned herself to a life of bitter emptiness.

The reader who has followed Drew January's fortunes thus far will be able to foresee the outcome. After months of increasing complications, during which the besetting troubles of the Januarys seem more and more hopeless, matters are finally resolved, and Chan and Drew, very little the worse for wear, are reunited. Notwithstanding the hackneyed and faintly improbable character of her plot, Norma Patterson writes with a certain enthusiasm and conviction. Her tenderly sentimental saga of love and sacrifice can hardly fail to attain popularity.

—New York Times.

CLASS PROPHECY

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! You are now tuning in on Station C. C. on the H. T. by the H20. When the gong sounds it will be exactly nine-thirty, June 12, 1950—Beep! Beep!"

We are now broadcasting news from out-going vessels. On one of the big liners leaving for South America there is a little old lady with an anxious look on her face. She is Miss Bertschy who at last has made up her mind. The band is now playing, "I've been keeping myself for you!"

Leaving on a boat for England is Mrs. Barbara White and her three children. Mrs. White is bringing up her children according to Ward, Westermarck, and Wessel.

On the pier there is another lady, Miss Babe Barrett. Miss Barrett is already to sail, but she is waiting for some man to come along and lend her the money. Here he comes! She's off!

There is a great commotion on the wharf as Marie Gescheider comes along with her four sons, Hawley, Bill, Bob, and little Mitz. They simply don't agree!

The boats between England and America miss the heavy mail which they used to carry to Isobel Gilbert. The loss of tonnage is due to the fact that Miss Gilbert is now living in England.

You are now tuning in on Helen Boyd's night club which is known all over the country as "A Boyd in the Hand." Miss Boyd herself will speak to you. "Good evening, friends, I want to say that my great success is due to the hours I spent in budgeting class. It was Miss Reed who gave me the inspiration for my night club. Already now? Give the little girl a hand!"

Buy your clothes at Best and Burroughs. Reasonable to the right people. Miss Burroughs became connected with this firm rather unconsciously. She bought the store out before she realized it!

If you want to be healthy, go to see Miss Norinne Auger. She is an excellent example of what food can do for the one who eats. Miss Auger gained her experience from eating spinach at C. C. and from hygiene lectures.

The trolley line between New London and Norwich reports that it is making millions of dollars. Kay Russell had been appointed the head conductor.

A great secret which will be of inestimable value to newly married couples has been found by Mary Clauss. Never as her husband leaves the house does she have to say, "Didn't you forget something dear?"

Buy your water-lilies at the Fuller flower shop and hope for the best!

We have with us today Miss Helen Weil, who will tell you in a few words what philosophy has done for her. Miss Weil. "Dear radio audience, in the last analysis philosophy has given me the whole view. To put it in other words, Plato and Aristotle were tame compared with Dr. Morris. I know my time is up, but let me add, compared with Dr. Morris, Plato and Aristotle were tame!"

Marian Geer, the famous storyteller has been sued for thousands of dollars. The last story she told was so funny that 69 people died laughing.

The Benson bicycle is now being exhibited in New York. Miss Benson has found a great money-saving device. The rudder on the handle-bars will enable anyone to cross even the English Channel safely.

Dorothy M. Barrett of the Barrett and Kinsey Home for Hopeless Whosies will now speak on "How I found Truth and Beauty in my own back-yard."

One of the famous people who send their children to Connecticut College is the former Bianca Ryley. Her twin daughters, Harriette and Henrietta are entering this year.

We hear from Honolulu that there is a dancer there who frisks about in her grass skirt and blushes every minute. She calls herself Marion Ransom.

The Crown Theatre in New London has been purchased by Mae Gesell. She guarantees that tickets may now be bought for the balcony without the purchaser getting more than his money's worth.

Ruth Barry, teacher at a young ladies' seminary, has been made a Dean. Upon taking office, Miss Barry said, "To have and to hold!"

The North Pole has been definitely put on the map by Elizabeth Avery. Miss Avery after her graduation from college missed the climate so much that she migrated.

A sad, sad case has been reported to us this afternoon. Doris Ryder was singing her famous "Green Eyes" to an admiring audience when she fell and broke her contract!

Miss Edith Walter will now tell her usual bed-time story to all the little children. Miss Walter has taken as her subject, "Plato goes a-fishing."

A new calendar has just been arranged by Frances Gabriel. She has found that staying up nights and sleeping all day is very beneficial. This will be of special interest to night watchmen.

Noank, which has recently been named the capitol of Connecticut owes its prominence to Betty Daboll, head of the Boosters' Club.

Elizabeth Bahney will now say a few words about college professors. Miss Bahney. "My dear friends, never try to reform a college professor. If he smokes a pipe, he'll smoke it for ever. If he has a slouching walk, he'll always have it. If he wears green and pink ties, he'll never stop. And if he's getting bald, all the hair tonic in the world will never help."

The "Ham What Am" factory owned by Virginia Joseph has offered a prize to be given to the person who will write the best essay on "The Place of Ham in the College Curriculum."

A picture of Fanny Young is being used in all the latest magazines to advertise Young's tooth-paste. Under the picture are these words, "Mild enough for anyone, and yet she satisfies."

A private mail service has been started in the U. S. by Smith and Selickman. These two ladies guarantee that every letter will be carefully read for corrections in punctuation.

The Derby race was won this year by Jean Booth. Miss Booth says that in the long run the horse always wins.

Next Sunday, the famous parachute jumper, Bob Ward will perform in London. Miss Ward wears in her performance an unique costume consisting of a blue beret and a torreador's suit.

Count Von Luckner will give a lecture to-morrow afternoon in Norwich. With him is Fenella Langenau who will supply the applause.

At last the Prince of Wales is getting married. He is engaged to Miss Constance Green. He wires that he always wanted to marry an American, and Miss Green has acquired a real English accent.

Send your children to the Hartshorn school for the growing child. Miss Hartshorn guarantees to build them physically and mentally. Her teaching is based on the Stanwood method.

Barnum and Bailey announce as an added attraction the only bald-headed woman in existence. Loretta Murnane who rubbed her hair off in agitation.

A great discovery was made for astronomy the other night. Johnnie Johnson just happened to be looking through the telescope when Venus and Mars got together; "Two's company" so Miss Johnson looked the other way.

Margaret Brewer, former Connecticut student has been sent to the reformatory. She misunderstood Dr. Wells' statement in Teachers' English when he said, "Take them where you find them, and give them what they want."

Miss Jennie Gada, the Italian teacher at Connecticut says that to really know garage men you have to own a car.

Uffie Cooper, the wonder of the age, is demonstrating what correlation can do. Miss Cooper is an expert at taking dictation on the piano.

A patent has been given to Marjorie Nash for her invention of what is known as the paper-plate-bed. Miss Nash finds that tossing the bed into the waste basket is a great time saving devise.

An unusual petition has been sent into the senate asking that some new names be invented. This petition is from Marion Wickwire who is having difficulty keeping the children and the dogs straight.

Did you ever feel tired out and wish you could go some place and rest? Call on Frieda Grout she'll put you in a comfortable chair and sit right down and rest with you.

Peggy Litch, who has been appointed by the government to inspect the Army and Navy says that the Army is by far the better. She gets her information from West Point because as she says, "Their technique is the best!"

The Yale-Harvard boat-races this year have an added attraction. The Count and Countess so-and-so are to be there in their new yacht. The Countess, the former Hildegard Harper, has a fondness for living on ships.

The well-known nurse Eleanor Meurer has made a great discovery that will be a boon to humanity. She says, "For that tired feeling, sit down!"

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you could see what I see. Betty Edwards is now doing one of her famous long-legged dances. She calls this one "Thirst." Listen carefully. "Gulp, gulp!" As an encore she will interpret "Love" as she knows it. Ladies and gentlemen, you will pardon me, but I cannot go any farther.

A question has recently been sent into our station which we find hard to answer. Norma George says that she is the youngest of 13 children, and yet she is a twin. Should all the hard luck fall on her?

After years of experiment, Ruth Jackson has found that the best way to get a sun-burn is to sit in the sun. She says that this method makes her popular. She hears people say, "That girl sure is a-peeling!"

Mary Ann Faulhaber once a famous artist is now painting houses. She says that painting scenery at C. C. gave her the desire to use a real brush.

There has been much discussion among critics about a book by Bessie Gitlin which has been banned. The name of the book is *Inside Stories About the Laurence Memorial Hospital*.

Just from the press has come another book by Evelyn Clarke called, *Let Me Ask You Another*. The value of this book lies in the fact that there are no answers given. Miss Clarke being a great believer in the saying that there are two sides to every question.

On one of the busy streets in Boston there is a sign, "Look at your posture, everyone else does. Come to Ernie Vincent's studio and see yourselves as others see you."

Mr. Hunt, former night-watchman at Connecticut College has taken the position of President of the college. He was installed by Frances Kelly. Miss Kelly says of him, "His mind is always open to suggestions!"

The Brown theatre is known all over the country as the funniest theatre going. Miss Brown owes her success to the fact that she sits in the audience and starts the laughs.

The head waiter at the Roosevelt was fired this afternoon because of a great faux pas. Two children came to luncheon and the waiter kindly tied napkins around their necks. Much to his surprise they turned out to be Mrs. Helene Somers and daughter.

The international secret society which makes its headquarters in New York and which has the master mind of Louisa Kent behind it has filled the U. S. with horror. Last week its members stuck pins into 948 policemen. The question in everybody's mind is "What will those pins point to next?"

We will now hear from Mrs. Dorothy Harner. Her subject is "How to furnish a home in blue and yellow."

Eleanor Thayer, the clogger, will now demonstrate her interpretation of Washington Crossing the Delaware. Miss Thayer. If you will listen, you will hear her taps.

The birth-control question has been raised again by Mabel Bartlett. Miss Bartlett believes that children are all right in their place, but there is a time and place for everything.

The great political campaign for the presidency which is going on between Adelaide Finch and Emily Tomlinson is getting more and more interesting. Miss Tomlinson, the head of a West Point for Females, has chosen as her platform one of the great problems of the country. Namely, "Everyone should keep a Health Chart." Miss Finch who is president of the Women's Club in Ramsey maintains that health charts are too systematic. She says, "These things are purely biological, purely biological."

The Lucky Strike company has been very fortunate in securing Mary Cary to appear in their add. Under Miss Cary's double chin appears the familiar words, "Coming events cast their shadows before."

Beanie Healy, one of our leading club women, asserts that a man is what a woman makes him. She can show you a living example.

We will now have the pleasure of hearing Peggy Cook in one of her esthetic dances. Miss Cook will interpret the wind blowing across Connecticut campus. S-w-i-s-h!

Several new chemistry formulas have been made by Evelyn Utley. She says she puts her materials in the back of her car and let them "shake up."

The greatest Wild West cowboy since the time of Buffalo Bill is now stirring up raids in the West. Helen Hayden, the fear of every ranch, rides over the plains with her war-whoop, "Revenge is sweet!"

A lecture will be given to-night by Ruth Ferguson. Her subject is "The Gym Tunic as a vital factor in Disarmament."

A baseball team has been organized by Lee Benedict. The head man on the team is Jack and the other players; big, strong boys, resemble him greatly.

We regret to say in the midst of this gaiety of the world about us that a great leader has passed beyond. Yes, friends, for the first time in its history the offices of the *New York Times* are closed. Dorothy Feltner has left us. But she died as she lived, talking. Yes, she was in the great speaking marathon. She had won the prize, the tongue still wagged, but the body was weak. Always thinking of her public her last words were, "Rush this story in."

Out on the plains of Colorado is a Shakespeare teacher, Elizabeth Weed, who rides to school on horseback. The ground that horse walks on is indeed "classic ground."

The Allen-Miller circus has been traveling over the country for years. Miss Allen and Miss Miller thought that as long as they "commenced" under a tent they might as well continue.

Miss Margaret Monjo, known all over the country as the person whom all the colored children cry for says that her popularity is due to her friendship with Paine and Carma.

A new moving picture is now being produced. The name of it is "Edie Allen." It has the same theme as "Anna Christie." The sea got them both!

A great experiment is being conducted in Florida by Mrs. Betty McCusker who is gathering statistics on mosquitoes. At present she wires that the mosquitoes seem to be gathering statistics on her.

Jackie Kanehl who is hailed as an example of the modern mother says that she isn't the kind that stays home and moans, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" She goes right along with him.

Since the Empire has been purchased by Hicks and Perkins the Wild West pictures are getting wilder and the serials are getting more thrilling. Come down anytime.

For several years you have all heard Eleanor Tyler speak at Alumnae banquets. Connecticut College feels that at least one of its graduates is making a living, and we might say more than a living. (The rest, we regret to say, has been censored.)

A new occupation for women with a career has been introduced by Miss Bessie McLean. Miss McLean being Scotch utilizes every ability. Now ably assisted by her gift of hay fever she is hired by the government to sneeze at corn-borers.

Miss Juliet Phillips has recently published an article on the place of the window-screen on the tennis court. Miss Phillips has dedicated her work to Miss Miriam Rector.

The great social worker, Allison Durkee, who is noted for her ideas on Student Friendship has written a book called, *How I Educated Europe by Selling Brownies*.

You are now tuning in on a Salvation Army meeting. The music is being conducted by Janet Morris. After the collection Elizabeth Glass will speak on "Dr. Laubenstein as an extra-curriculum activity."

Another problem has been sent to us by Mildred Meyer. She writes that in college she got into the habit of doing things ahead of time and now she has dinner ready before lunch is over and the food gets cold.

Kay Halsey, the well-known critic was heard to say that the little things in life mean so much to her. For instance the sight of a laundry pack just fills her mind with beautiful thoughts.

Yale University has just appointed Bertha Moskovitz as head of the German department. Miss Moskovitz is the one student in the class of 1930 who kept her job.

Broadway has just welcomed its newest actress, Anne Homer. She has with her Mrs. Kempton her publicity agent.

The great Kitten and Rabbit farm owned by Evelyn Jeralds will be open to the public all next week.

Have you all heard the joke about Camp and Stone?

No, what's that joke about Camp and Stone?

Well, you've heard that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Sure, I've heard that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Well, it sure does gather a lot of little pebbles!

Gwendolyn Thomen, owner of the Yellow Taxi Company, announces that all her cabs are Franklin phaetons. Her motto is "Trust the driver. He trusts you."

The motor-cycle company is now using for its advertisement the motor-cycle owned by Mr. and Mrs. Sally Diescher. They have had this vehicle for thirty years and since they have added the side-car, the whole family rides nicely.

An accident occurred in New York today when Helen Burhans, the aviator, was walking down Fifth Avenue and fell into a coal-hole. As she wiped off her blah glasses, she was heard to mumble, "I guess maybe I didn't see that hole."

Miss Kay Bailey has written a testimonial for the Mack truck. Miss Bailey says, "There is nothing like a truck when you have the right driver."

The Boston Candy Kitchen announces that Miss Teddy Harrison is now working for them. She is replacing the man with the high voice.

Two new dancers are being presented next week. They are Isabelle Sniffen and her partner. Miss Sniffen because of her dislike of talking while dancing has chosen a deaf and dumb man. They appear on the program as "Isabelle Sniffen and Silent Partner."

The Flinker dictionary has just been published. Miss Flinker found that her students had never heard of several words she used so she wrote this for their benefit.

The wonder of the age, Miss Pete Brooks, is with us this evening. Her great fame as a one-man baseball team is well-known. Miss Brooks . . . I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but Miss Brooks has forgotten to come.

A great fortune has been made by Marita Gunther who sells black cotton gym stockings. She says the pair that took her through college made her realize their great wearing value.

Word has just been received from Helen Oakley that she is half way to Chicago. For twenty years she has been trying to get there and at last she started on her lonely hitch-hike. She wishes to announce that the hiking is grand, but the hitches have more personality.

Maida Stevens has been discharged from her position as history teacher. She went out with so many men that she got her "dates" mixed!

Marjorie Ritchie, M. D., has consented to say a few words. Miss Ritchie. "Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen. All I want to say is that being a doctor is very unhealthy. Ever since I have specialized on operations, I have had too much inside work!"

At last science is sure that there is a man in the moon. Flossie Robinson, who watches him constantly, says she saw him wink at her.

For years Dorothy Quigley has been gathering statistics on the value of fish as brain food. She concludes that fish helps brains, but they do not create them. Think this over my dear radio audience.

Long Lane Farm, a home for wayward girls, is now owned by Betty Capron. Over the door are these words, "She was as pure as the driven snow, but she drifted!"

Station C. C. is now signing off. Your announcer is Jane Murphy. Good night!

**JANE ADDAMS DELIVERS
COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS***(Concluded from page 3, column 3)*

Helen Elizabeth Burhans
Jean Armstrong Burroughs
Elisabeth Burton Capron
Mary Josephine Cary
Margaret Frances Cook
Catherine Elizabeth Daboll
Elizabeth Frances Edwards
Ruth Standish Ferguson
Mae Ella Gesell
Isabel Dunham Gilbert
Frieda Coit Grout
Elizabeth Hartshorn
Margaret Loretta Healy
Elisabeth Scott Johnson
Louisa Morris Kent
Fenella Burrell Langenau
Ruth Margaret Litch
Elizabeth Carlisle McCusker
Mildred Meyer
Lillian Johanna Miller
Marjorie Jackson Nash
Juliet Phillips
Marjorie Louise Ritchie
Florence Grace Robinson
Ingrid Gwendolyn Thomen
Evelyn Utley
Ernestine Powis Vincent
Edith Walter
Helen Elizabeth Weil

COMMENCEMENT HONORS**Annual Honors****Class of 1930**

Catherine Elizabeth Daboll
Evelyn Utley

Class of 1931

Grace Elizabeth Atwood
Mary Dilworth Boardman
Anna E. H. Coleman
Grace Beatrice Gardiner
Janette Eugenia Konarski
Betty Perkins Wheeler

Class of 1932

Kathryn Drusilla Fielding

Freshman Honors

Alma Bennett
Clare Joan Garver
Jean Liberty Pennock

Winthrop Scholars**Class of 1930**

Lelia Virginia Benedict
Catherine Elizabeth Daboll
Elizabeth Sherman Glass
Mildred Meyer
Grace Marion Ransom

Class of 1931

Mary Dilworth Boardman
Ruth Emily Griswold
Edith Anderson Schneider
Betty Perkins Wheeler

Records of a reception given to George Washington, first President of the United States, in 1790, show that 2,000 candles were used to illuminate the hall, at a cost of about \$10 an hour. Electric illumination of the same degree would today cost about 20 cents an hour.—*Reader's Digest*.

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NEW LONDON

PRIZES**The Acheson Prizes in Biblical Literature****Old Testament Literature**

\$15 awarded to Elizabeth S. Glass, 1930

\$10 awarded to Evelyn P. Clarke, 1930

New Testament Literature

\$15 awarded to Elizabeth S. Glass, 1930

\$10 awarded to Elizabeth S. Avery, 1930

The American Association of University Women Prize of \$25 for Excellence in the Field of Education, awarded to Elizabeth C. Daboll, 1930.

The American Association of University Women Prize of \$25 for Excellence in the Field of International Relations, awarded to Bessie E. Gitlin, 1930.

The Jane Bill Prize in Fine Arts of \$25, awarded to Aurelia G. Hunt, 1931.

The Bodenwein Prize of \$25 for Excellence in English in the Field of the Newspaper Article, awarded to Frieda C. Grout, 1930.

The Sarah Ensign Cady Memorial Prize of \$25 for Excellence in English Speech, awarded to Elfrida M. Hawthorne, 1931.

The Chicago Chapter Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Physics, awarded \$15 Elizabeth C. Daboll, 1930, \$10 to Mildred F. Peirce, 1932.

The Comstock Prize of \$10 for Excellence in Botany, awarded \$5.00 to Anne S. Romer, 1931, \$5.00 to Marjorie Bodwell, 1932.

The Ida Conner Memorial Prize of \$10 for Excellence in Music, awarded to Marguerite E. Fishburne, 1931.

The Mahan Prize of \$25 for Proficiency in Music, awarded to Marguerite E. Fishburne, 1931.

The Music Prize, an Anonymous Gift, awarded to Marion L. Nichols, 1932, for the best musical setting of Harriet Beecher Stowe's verses, "Still, Still with Thee."

The Norwich Prize of \$25 for the Best Unpublished Poem, not awarded.

The Peterson Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Greek, awarded to Agripine I. Kardas, 1931.

The Sons of Italy in Connecticut Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Third Year Italian, awarded to Anna M. Cofrancesco, 1931.

The Sons of Italy in Connecticut Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Beginning Italian, awarded \$12.50 to Rose Marie Gillotti, 1933, \$12.50 to M. Alma Skilton, 1933.

The Savard Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Spoken French, awarded to Lois G. Taylor, 1931.

The Strickland Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Home Economics, awarded to Evelyn Utley, 1930.

The Surplus Prize of \$25 for Excellence in Mathematics, awarded to C. Joan Garver, 1933.

ORIGINSTaken from *The Reader's Digest*

Few persons understand the expression, "Comin' Through the Rye." There is in Scotland a small stream called the Rye. The girls forded it going to church, school and to market, and as the water was a foot or two deep they had to hold their skirts up. The boys would meet them in mid-stream and kiss them without difficulty, as the girls couldn't drop their skirts to make any resistance. That's what the poet meant when he wrote "Comin' Through the Rye."

The old wooden ships often sprang a leak at sea when seams opened up just above the water line. A sailor was then forced to go over the side on a scaffold and calk the seam. A seam close to the water line was known as the "devil." Thus it often happened that the sailor found himself suspended 'between the 'devil' and the deep sea." This nautical devil has no relation to Beelzebub!

The King of Siam used to present a white elephant to the courtiers whom he wished to ruin. As the white elephant was sacred, it could not be disposed of in any way, and the expense of keeping it usually proved sufficiently disastrous. Hence our modern term *white elephant*—and who has not thought he had one at some time or other?

Unmarried females once spun all the thread out of which they later wove the household linens and trousseaus that they would need when they were married. Hence all girls were busy spinning until they married and were called *spinsters*. If they did not marry at all they might be said to be spinning (in preparation for the hoped-for event) all their lives. From this the term began to be applied to old maids.

Booze is a slang term derived from the Dutch word "buizen" which means to drink to excess. The word is found as early as 1560 in an ancient English play called "Health and Wealth." Spenser in his "Faerie Queene," speaks of Gluttony imbibing too freely from a "bouzing can." It is not often that slang words of today were legitimate expressions in good use in the classics of former times.

Tantalus, a son of Jupiter, was given the right of feasting with the gods and even sharing their secrets. He became unduly proud and at one

(Continued on page 6, column 1)

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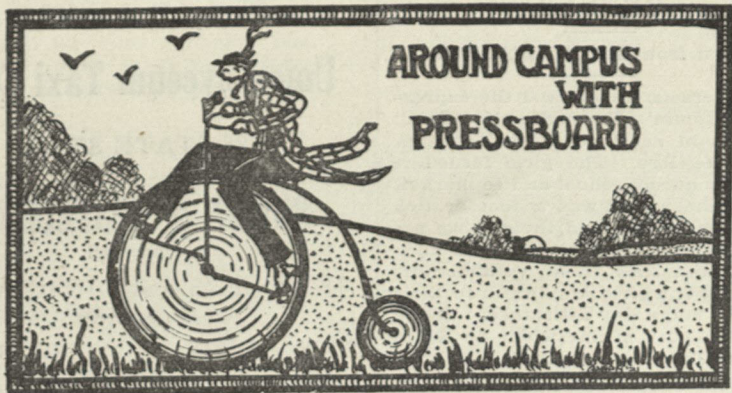
CLASS OF 1930

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service whenever you return
to college.

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"We shall rest, and faith we shall need it!"

Aren't you right! Who ever thought getting a diploma would be such hard work? If the whole family hadn't joined in the packing, we'd still be there taking pictures off the wall! With all the extra help one of us forgot a grand pair of roller skates. Now she'll never be able to say to her dear children, "Mama wore those at college!"

Was your family impressed by the Lyceum? Such luxurious seats! Such beautiful decorations!

Senior banquet was all that it's been cracked up to be. Kenty was grand, the impromptu stories sent us into spasms, Somers ought to write a book on her experience as a boy, Pete and Babe have after dinner stories that will last for years, all Adelaide needed to complete her scene was Macbeth himself, we are afraid Elly was too modest about her calling, but Marita sang beautifully. Of course we were disappointed that no one ran around the table backwards. Maybe we expected too much!

We rushed up and got our diplomas so quickly that we weren't quite as awed as we might have been. At least Jane Addams didn't send us into tears, but we enjoyed Dean Brown much more, he told better jokes.

That reminds us of the one bright spot in our hectic week-end when Sally's hat bounced off and landed in the middle of the aisle. Dean Brown must have been impressed by our smiling faces. Sweet girl graduates and all that sort of thing!

ORIGINS

(Concluded from page 5, column 3)

time betrayed one of their secrets. As a punishment, Tantalus was placed in Tartarus and tormented with hunger and thirst. Just before his face hung a bough of tempting fruit which retreated as Tantalus tried to grasp it. He stood in water to his chin, but each time he leaned to drink, this flowed away. So from the name of this tormented man comes our word tantalize.

In early England when thatched roofs were built a space was left on the ground where the water from the eaves might run down and drip off. This space was called the "eaves-drip" and still later was modified to "eaves-drop." It seems that even in those days there were persons who were not above standing in that space at night, at doors and windows, to listen to what the occupants were saying and doing inside their homes. Such persons were dubbed *eavesdroppers*—a name which has remained with them to this day.

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Every one bore up quite well under the strain of parting. Of course there were moments when you saw the last trolley go down the street, when you ate your last dish of puffed rice, and when you saw the last sailor go down Bank Street. Moments like that make you think of what friend and four years of college have meant.

Well, those of us who are among the idle rich have already sailed for foreign parts, while those of us who are idle but not rich are half-heartedly looking for jobs. Of course the stock market would keep getting lower and lower just when it was our turn to step into the business world!

Are you going to frame your diploma or nonchalantly throw it into a drawer? Dr. Blunt says it's only a sign of what you have attained, but it's the only sign that a lot of us will ever be able to show.

By the time the summer is over and everyone has asked you what you are doing now that you have graduated, you may have become a little sour towards humanity, but never mind, they really don't care what you're doing, it's the only question they can think of. Then next September when you hear the school bells ring and you see all the little children trotting off to school, just think of the hours you spent on Freshman English and cheer up!

It certainly is a pleasure after all these weary months to hear that one of our classmates has actually been married since April. Now 1930 can take its place with preceding classes. If only she had run around backwards at banquet.

Good luck!

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DRUGGISTS

INTERESTING INVENTION

A mechanical device whereby those who cannot hear with their ears may "listen" with their teeth was recently demonstrated by Professor Frederick Bedell of the Department of Physics of Cornell University, inventor of that device. Guests at the demonstration appeared to sip music through straws, the straws being slender pieces of wood, sharpened at one end, which was placed in contact with a vibrating mechanism. The other end was held in the teeth of the listener.

Professor Bedell's device consists of a vibrating element surrounded by a sheet of rubber and attached to a wire, which can be plugged into the sound reproducers in any motion picture house or connected with the radio at home. The mechanism is only a little larger than a baseball and can be carried easily in an ordinary handbag or fastened to the back of a seat in a theater.

The inventor demonstrated that music almost inaudible to the ears of a normal person can be distinctly heard through the teeth. The listener held the vibrating mechanism in his lap and the sound vibrations, transmitted through the stick, passed directly to the auditory nerves through the bones. No ear drums are needed. Professor Bedell said that only destruction of the auditory nerves prevents hearing by the teeth. He completed his device after consultation with members of the medical faculty of Johns Hopkins University, who said that about two-thirds of the deaf could hear through teeth vibration.

The sticks used for "sipping" sounds could be discarded after using and a new one supplied to each listener.

—New York Times.

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