New Faculty Added To Summer Session

The faculty of Connecticut college summer school has three new members. In the white house known as Holmes hall just off of Mohegan Avenue, Mrs. Craniz teaches piano and the theory of music. She received her B.A. from Smith and her M.A. in 1941. In 1941-1942 she taught at the Dushkin school of music in Winnetka. Mrs. Craniz has been on the faculty of Connecticut college since 1942, but this is the first time she has taught in the summer session. She is offering to the students a new course which covers the history of American music. At Smith she studied under Mr. Ross Lee Finney, who has given two folk song concerts at Connecticut college since 1942. Having received her M.A. at Radcliffe, she then taught mathematics at McGill university. She is replacing her father in the mathematics department here for the second semester this summer.

The English department has as its new member for the summer session, Miss Jane Worthington, who graduated from Wells college. She did graduate work at Yale, receiving her Master's degree in 1941. In June of 1941 she received her Doctor's degree. She has been an instructor in English at Connecticut during the winter session.

New Students Here For 2nd Semester

With the opening of the second term of the summer session on August 2, a few changes took place on campus. About 25 students left college, including those in the United Aircraft group who are now working in Hartford. Mary Harkness house is closed for the rest of the summer and all the students who were living there have moved to Jane Adams house.

Ten new students arrived—four of whom are regular C.C. students from the class of '45, and six others, representing the University of Pennsylvania, Maryland college for women, Wheaton college, Illinois university, and Boston university. Among these are two graduates from the University of Pennsylvania, class of '44 who have come to join the Price Waterhouse group.

Five new courses were opened this term: Music in America, Geography of Latin America, Geography of France and Belgium, French Empire, Abnormal Psychology, and Comparative Vertebrate Anatomy. The students taking the intensive Russian training course given by Mrs. Wolkschke have just completed the work equivalent to one year in the language.

The Palmer Players, under the direction of Mr. Klein, have started rehearsals for the new play—Ferenz Molnar's The Swan—which is to be given on August 31 and September 1 at Palmer auditorium.

Richard Dyer-Bennet To Give Program Of American Folk Songs on Wednesday

Richard Dyer-Bennet to give program of American folk songs on Wednesday.

Student of Scholander Has Brought New Fame To Traditional Music

by Barbara Orr, Connecticut '46

Minstrels, troubadours—ancient history? Not any more. August 16 Richard Dyer-Bennet, "a twentieth century Homer," as he has been called, is coming to give a program of old folk-ballads in the auditorium at 8:30. He has in his collection over 400 songs which include Caribbean sailor ditties, early 1775 ballads, Elizabethan tunes, and Irish airs, some 600 years old. Richard Dyer-Bennet started to revive the ancient art of minstrelsy eight years ago, and since then has won national interest. He has worked on national radio programs, and in various parts of the United States. New York critics are quite enthusiastic about his collection of songs. His ballads are often referred to as "old as the hills and as fresh as tomorrow's headlines."

Studied in Sweden

The unique idea started when his voice teacher heard him sing an ancient folk song at a Christmas party. Dyer-Bennet was then a student at the University of California, but she persuaded him to go to Sweden and learn the art of folk-balladry from Sven Scholander, the great Swedish minstrel. With a bicycle, a lute, and a host ticket Dyer-Bennet sailed for Sweden on a freighter.

"I have heard the great classics conducted by great conductors many times, but listening to Scholander was the greatest musical experience I ever had," Dyer-Bennet says.

Since then Dyer-Bennet has composed several new ballads in his own minstrel fashion which have won much acclaim. He is best known for his "Passive Resistance, a tribute to fighting Norway, "Who Enters Russia by the Sword," and "Rommel the Fox."

"Saidly" says Dyer-Bennet, "we are to a great extent, and ignoranting this rich folk music. In many instances, this music can shed more light on how people ate, loved, worked, and fell in a given period than a fat history book. But the schools and the colleges are ignoring it."

See "Dyer-Bennet"—Page 4

Dr. Klein Announces Next Production 'The Swan' Will Be Presented August 31

Franz Molnar, for several reasons. First of all this is a girls' college where girls come in order to learn how to act. Therefore I must find plays which provide adequate parts for women.

"The second problem involves the responsibility of any college or university theatre of producing plays with literary value. Dramas without any literary significance may have the right of existence on Broadway, where the acting can be so good and the production so extravagant that one forgets the substance; but surely here at Connecticut college one cannot and should not forget the substance. Dramatic See "Klein"—Page 4

Mary Robinson Added To College 'News' Staff

The Connecticutt College News was at a loss for a news editor for a few days as Gertrude Berland, George Washington '45, who was the new news editor, left campus for the rest of the summer. However, we are glad to welcome Mary Robinson, Connecticut '46, to the staff in Trudy's place. Mary is a member of the United States Student Assembly, and is the representative of the Press Board for The New London Day this summer. Her major field is history.
A Fresh Start

Now that the new semester is started in full force, most of us have probably taken some time out to look back over the past and forward to the future. With this attitude in mind it is with many thanks that we remember the News staff of last semester, and with hopes that we can do as well in the future.

As we consider the past six weeks, it is only natural for us to generally take stock of ourselves and think over what we have accomplished and where we have fallen short in doing what we set out to do—no, only academically, but socially. Our hats are off to the faculty, for they are doing a grand job this summer. It is not easy to remember fullness of the course and try to fit it into twelve weeks, and at the same time be sure to cover the material completely. Then too, a good many of them have given up their vacations to be here this summer. As a student body we represent many different colleges and different parts of the country, from New York to California and from Maine to Georgia. A good deal can be benefited from the contacts we make here through interchange of ideas and viewpoints. However despite the widespread places we come from and the various colleges we represent, we are a com-
Know the Colleges

Barbara Warner, Holyoke '46
Patricia Shabahan, Holyoke '45

We would like to submit the following to the Connecticut College News as a telescopic view of four long years of life in South Hadley as an M.I.L.T. (Mount Holyoke Training School) girl, written by Rosalind Graves and Judy Pellet, Holyoke '44, was delivered at graduation, May '44.

We represent the height and depth of it, the insides and all sides. Or—the pertinent data pertaining to admission, ambition, fruition, perdition, and tuition, commonly known as “Eight Semesters at a Seminary for Young Ladies.”

We swept in! Resplendent in our 100% wool suits, our nylons and stockings (the year was 1940), our matching luggage, with our all-purpose sport coat (suggested in the catalogue) slung casually over our shoulder. We cast a dis- dainful eye over the blue-jeaned freshmen who hove benignly, cheerfully seizing upon the seniors at first, but we paid verbal lip service to them, enhanced with white face powder, bathing caps, and sheets (suggested in the catalogue), we chanted: "I am a Zombie out of the grave. Oh revered senior, I am your slave!"

We weren't brought up to eat peas with a knife, and we haven't scrubbed floors with a toothbrush since. "Do-nothing" Sophomores

It became quickly apparent that the "do nothing" classification of the sophomores was a farce. We did everything! Since we were only 20 rooms from the telephone to stand a chance to dash spend our free time in the gym (wearing robes and not suggested in the catalogue), we chanted: "I am a zombie out of the grave. Oh revered senior, I am your slave!"

We weren't brought up to eat peas with a knife, and we haven't scrubbed floors with a toothbrush since.

Jolly Juniors

We couldn't wait to get back junior year! We knew we could appreciate our talents—for a couple of weeks anyway. The first day we hovered benignly, cheerfully seizing our freshman bags (undoubtedly draperies) and the dormitory, from the trembling hands of the new arrivals. We cooed sympathetically: "I know what a ghastly trip you must have had. The connections to Holyoke are so confusing."

"Oh, I really didn't mind too much. I've been on this line several years going through to Dartmouth!"

Not that we lacked for things to do. Junior Show was our major claim to fame. Only a literary monstrosity could possibly have achieved "Professor Please."

We're forced to admit that there has been a sizeable gap in our college career, through circumstances entirely beyond our control. The Selective Service Act, the ODT, the OPM, the cost of living index and several local pressure groups presented a solid front of opposition to Junior Prom. Now that we think of it we never did get that ursatz loving cup for extreme patriotism on the home front.

The End In View

Finally we were seniors!

It was very impressive—well, anyway we were impressed. Of course we'd forgotten to shorten our gown. Lifting it daintily from the ground we reverently placed our caps on what would have been our curls if we'd done up our hair.

All we needed to make life complete was a lady's maid—and on hazing day we even achieved this. Ah—but the futility of fame! The freshmen were docile, but we, the almighty, just couldn't think of a darned thing to do with them! Nevertheless, we had to remember that we were seniors. At 5 a.m. on Founder's day it was a little difficult.

And talk about dignity! How the mighty fell when the gym department decided to make another check up! The angel robes we draperies about us with great nonchalance, but—

We still protruded, we still slumped, we still sagged—only worse! We got D minus again!

Came spring—the buds sprouted, the grass grew, and the college held elections. Elections! The cherished officers which, by dint of our laborious labor and super-efficient management, had kept the college going had to be distinguished. We sat back smugly and waited for things to collapse without the benefit of our master minds.

But nothing did! The News came out. J.B. and Community progressed without a hitch. Four years of our life, blood, sweat and tears, we'd given to this campus—and life had the audacity to go on without us!

Not that we had much time to think about it! Majors loomed before us. Majors is a great process. You sit all morning and study, you sit all night and study, until your—eyes are tired.

Finally you stagger in on the fatal day. The head of the department spends 25 minutes explaining it all to you. She departs. You pick up your pen and prepare to chew it. She pops back in to explain something else. You smile—weakly. You manage to sprawl a few lines. You then start. Someone else dashes in and explains about sandwiches and coffee. You scrawl a few more lines. You then decide it's a good time to partake of said coffee. Out you go. You can't win anyway. Finally the faculty gets tired correcting them and passes you.

Consequently, we are now departing! And we are worried about who's going to be the next one! Our ivy will grow, but what other visible evidence have we left, except butter spots on the ceiling and thumb tack holes in the furniture?

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Caught on Campus

The games of bridge once so numerous on campus seem to be rationed. Cards have been put back in their boxes and score pads put away. The old stand-by has suddenly been replaced by oujte boards. The amazing little board has given us remarkable answers to major questions in our lives, but, as yet, has failed completely to give us any clues to the forthcoming examinations.

Marge Bachman, Connecticut '46, suddenly became any professor's dream last week. She was planning a week end of hard concentrated study last Saturday as she left the library with stacks of books almost her own size. She obviously fulfilled her intention as the report on the books was dutifully laid on the professor's desk Monday afternoon.

Marge Bachman, Connecticut '46

CONNECTICUT-UPS

by Peggy Piper '45

"Hungry, Maud?"

Mr. Klein has successfully produced such Molnar plays as Olympia, The Glass Slipper, One, Two, Three, and The Play's the Thing. As murder will out, Mr. Klein finally admitted that he was a very old friend of Molnar. He told your reporter several interesting anecdotes about the author of Lilian and The Guardsman (which the Lunts will revive next season on Broadway). Molnar resides at present in New York City at the Savoy-Plaza. His avoirdupois ranks him with the unforgettable Falstaff. Molnar is fond of roaming about in the American pubs where chauffeurs are prone to eat, listening to dialogue, watching reactions, and copying them into one of the innumerable little notebooks he carries.

“Hungry, Maud?”

Mr. Klein especially stressed Molnar's wit. When the author visited Mr. Klein who was in bed with the flu, he sent a letter by return mail in German comparable to our business English which read: “My dear Mr. Klein, In possession of your esteemed flu of the twenty-third...” All in all your reporter learned something new about a remarkable author—one Mr. Molnar; and a remarkable man—one Mr. Klein.

Molnar

Dyer-Bennet

(Continued from Page One)

On Wednesday night Richard Dyer-Bennet will sing various songs from his collection. Students may get their free tickets in the summer session office in Fanning. It should prove to be a new and interesting form of musical entertainment so let's take advantage of this opportunity.

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