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Connecticut

College News

VOL. 14, No. 20

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MAY 11, 1929

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DELEGATES TO JUNIOR MONTH ARE ANNOUNCED

Twelve Colleges To Be Represented

New York City will again be the campus and sociological laboratory for twelve college Juniors during the month of July, when they will attend "Junior Month" run by the New York Charity Organization Society. The names of the representatives selected to this honor have just been announced by the twelve colleges.

Miss Clare M. Tousley who conducts "Junior Month" has announced that the students will live at the Women's University Club together, as they did last year.

The delegates to "Junior Month" this year are as follows:

Barnard	Thelma Rosengardt
Bryn Mawr	May Hulse
Connecticut	Ruth Barry
Elmira	Winifred Roberts
Goucher	Elizabeth Fritz
Mt. Holyoke	Mary Michel
Radcliffe	May-Lula Court
Smith	Barbara Judkins
Swarthmore	Josephine Tremain
Vassar	Martha Maltman
Wellesley	Ruth Rhodes
Wells	Penelope Keifer

Connecticut College sent Mary Slayter as its delegate last year. According to her "Junior Month" is "the most colorful and revealing experience available to a college undergraduate for it lights up all your text books and alters your whole philosophy of life. This is the 13th summer of "Junior Month". All expenses of the students are met by a board member of the Charity Organization Society who feels more than repaid by the enthusiastic interest of the Juniors. During the month visits, lectures, and field work are coordinated through round table discussion. The main purpose of "Junior Month" is to give the undergraduate a panoramic view of modern social work so that she may interpret it to her college the next year.

PROM VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINING

In the gym, Friday night, a clever vaudeville, directed and planned by Jane Bertschy and Betty Bahney, opened Junior Prom week-end. From the beginning, when Janet Rothwell and Marjorie Stone, two of the freshman waitresses announced by placard the appearance of "Vo, Dodie, and Do," to the last number featuring the freshman waitresses, every act was well staged and entertaining.

As "Vo, Dodie and Do" Sonny Barry, Ruth Cooper and Bianca Riley did some mean harmonizing on the "Prom Song," with several encores, one particularly reminiscent of the Amherst Glee Club.

The "Butt Inn" skit, or "Smoker's Paradise" was a take-off on any college girls contemplating a coming Prom, and included all the necessary elements of the "neglected," the "desperate," the "satisfied" and the "hopeless" girls. Helen Burhans as "Mabel Zilch," the hopeless girl, was incomparable; while Louisa Kent as "Skinnay" was equally laughable. "Pete" Brooks, Allison Durkee, "Sunny" Barry, Bianca Riley, Doris Ryder and Helen Benson added plenty of "before Prom" atmosphere.

"Sis" Bartlett and Mary Scott "did the freshmen proud" when they got together on "My Kind of Love" and interpreted the rhythm in dancing to

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

SPRING PLAY TAKING DISTINCTIVE FORM

Unusual Scenery Planned

Earnest rehearsing every day of the week including week-ends is giving distinctive form to Piner's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" which the Wig and Candle will present next Saturday at 8:00 P. M. in the gymnasium. At this relatively early stage of the rehearsing, there are already signs that the ambitious undertaking of such a difficult play will be achieved successfully. In addition to the guest director from New York, Miss Henkle, the capable director in charge, has also invited the manager of the Cornell Dramatic Club during 1927 and 1928 to watch a few rehearsals.

The quality of the previous work by the experienced members of the cast is being well upheld in these rehearsals. What is more encouraging is that the players who have had little or no acting experience before are showing remarkable ease on the stage. The director is working with individual players as well as with the entire cast. Repeated effort is being given to polish the highly emotional scenes. And the comic-relief passages require equal work, for humorous roles are always difficult to keep within the bounds of "character" and to avoid "caricature." Girls playing in mature men's roles are not usually expected to show the *savoir-faire* of men of forty, but for this production particular attention is being given to the opening scene in which four mature men appear.

The scenery for this play will be quite a departure from what has formerly been employed. A good deal of experimentation is being done by the scenery and lighting committees in connection with the new cycloramas which will be used for at least two acts. A very attractive design has been made for the set to be built of flats. The amount of time and work required to wash old flats and to re-build and repaint them for a new set is little realized by the average audience. Caroline B. Rice '31, and Jane Kinney '29, have been working with a crew of about fourteen helpers for almost two weeks on the scenery. Cynthia Lepper '29, is experimenting with the lighting.

The other committees are as follows:

Costumes—Mary Scott '32, and Helen Reynolds '29.
 Properties—Mercer Camp '30.
 Make-Up—Doris Ryder '30.
 Stage Manager—Elizabeth Bahney '30.
 Business Manager—Elizabeth Johnson '30.

Prom Men Play Brilliant Ball

According to official Umpire-Referee Erb, the score of the baseball game between the Prom Men and the Prom Girls was 7-6, giving the men the edge. An unofficial score-keeper is known to have accredited 15 runs to the men.

Although the game was scheduled for eleven, it was a good half hour before the wind-blown spectators saw the teams line up. The men signed up for the event by their "bids" were provided with skirts for the occasion. Equipped in these adornments of yellow, blue and brown they gathered around Umpire-Referee Erb as he explained the rules of the annual Junior Prom Baseball Game. In addition to

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JUNIORS HOLD BRILLIANT PROM

Knowlton a Colorful Spectacle

There's really no use in trying *not* to make everyone jealous about Junior Prom week-end—just because it was undeniably a monstrous success. Of course with the appearance of the first trouser-legs in the vicinity, the crevassed brows of all the fair Juniors flattened and shone. Their powder puffs became extra-animated. The great week-end had crouched for a start! On Friday night after the Vaudeville, they all filed to Knowlton with their various Apollos and Adonises, whom the Juniors and everyone else (who was fortunate enough to have a light evening dress or courageous enough to wear a winter one) enjoyed immensely. The music was quite what one would have at the very best kind of a dance; and the pink ice cream revived such of us as were inclined to be droopy at 12:30.

Next morning after the baseball game there was somewhat of a wild scramble consisting mainly of many upset Juniors rushing in and out of delicatessens and traveling about with mammoth coffee pots. But at approximately one o'clock the various groups had disintegrated themselves and rushed away to do the various intriguing things they had decided upon.

At 3:30 all returned, sandy and smoky; but half an hour later they betook themselves again to Knowlton looking their rosy, winsome selves, and enjoyed a most successful tea dance.

Of course Saturday night was much the most thrilling of all; and the Juniors were so vivacious, and so entrancing in their beautiful gowns, and their men were so alluring, that the poor little pastel shaded waitresses could do little else than rub their eyes and murmur small things among themselves. However, everyone had a perfectly glorious time—and what better could ever be said of a Prom week-end.

CHARTER HOUSE TO HOLD CLOSING DAY PROGRAM

Charter House closing day will take place Tuesday, May 14th, at Charter House at four o'clock. This is an annual event which gives those who are interested in the work, a chance to see what kind of work is done there and what has been accomplished.

The work this year has been carried on three days a week throughout the year, and has been very successful. The classes have been conducted most faithfully and diligently by girls from college who have shown a keen interest in the work, and have enthusiastically entered into it. Classes have been carried on with children from six to twelve years of age in sewing, games, story-telling, and folk dancing. Included in the final program will be several folk dances, recitations, songs, and the work which has been done in the sewing class will be most interestingly displayed. It is certain to be very entertaining program, and everyone is most cordially invited to attend.

The work has been supervised and the program arranged by Fanny Young '30, vice-president of Service League. Bianca Ryley, Betty Edwards, Betty Waldron, Isabel Heins, Betty Capron, Isabel Gilbert, Dorothy Johnson, and Marion Wickwire. Miss Ruth Newcomb of New London has directed the work of these people throughout the year.

DR. BAUR SPEAKS AT MAY DAY TEA

Dean Nye Entertains Classical Department

The teachers and students of the classical department were the guests of Dean Nye at a tea held in Knowlton House, May Day afternoon. After tea was served, Dr. Bunnell and Dr. Baur gave delightful informal talks. Dr. Bunnell recalled his own college days at Yale, when every student was required to take Latin, Greek, mathematics, and either French or German for the first two years. As soon as they became Juniors, Dr. Bunnell said, most people dropped those subjects which they had been forced to take. He himself did not return to the study of Greek and Latin until after he had been graduated. Nowadays, he pointed out, when these subjects are little required, teaching them is apt to be much more enjoyable than teaching courses which students must take whether or not they are particularly interested. A student of the classics has open to him the widest range of subsidiary interests; whether his particular field is science, drama, religion, art or almost any other, he will find within the range of classical studies, any number of delightful approaches. As Dr. Cadman pointed out in his lecture, and illustrated by his own varied knowledge, training in the classics furnishes probably the best cultural background available.

Dr. Baur, who is professor of classical archaeology at Yale, and who each year teaches a course in archaeology here, first spoke of the opportunities for women in archaeology. A number of women now hold important positions in museums, and others have done valuable work in excavating. One woman has gained such an expert knowledge of bricks, that she has been able to establish the date of a large number of walls, especially of those around Rome, by examining the bricks from which they were made.

In answer to the requests of his enthusiastic audience, Dr. Baur told something of recent excavations and of his own experiences. The discoverer of the ancient world of the *Iliad* was Heinrich Schliemann, who as a young grocer's clerk in Germany, determined that one day he would find Troy. After gaining a sufficient fortune in this country, he did go to Asia Minor, and started excavating a mound at Hisalik, although experts everywhere laughed at the amateur and insisted that Troy had been located several miles from where he was digging. Schliemann, however, persevered, and found not one city, but nine. In the Second City (counting from the bottom), he believed that he had found Homer's Ilium. There he found a quantity of splendid ornaments, which he proclaimed to be the jewels of Helen of Troy, and pictures were printed by many newspapers, showing Mrs. Schliemann decked in the jewelry of the "fairest of women." However, it has since been proven that these jewels are a thousand years older than Homer's Troy, which was the Sixth City.

Concerning Mrs. Schliemann, Dr. Baur said that she was the Greek girl whom the excavator finally found, who filled his condition that the girl he married must be able to recite the whole of the *Iliad* by heart. She is still living in Greece.

Connecticut College News

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EDITORIAL

Another Pageant Day is here. Another class has worked long and hard to show the college its talents and capabilities. And this class, as nearly as we can tell by what few preparations we have been able to observe, seems to be going to give something of an entirely different nature than any former class has attempted. Plans have been kept even more secret than usual, but somehow we feel that the class of '32 has something new in the way of pageants to show us, and not a few of us are expecting something very surprising.

The Freshman Pageant is a tradition here at C. C. Moonlight sings, mascot hunt, freshman tree planting, Christmas caroling—these are just a few of the customs without which college would not mean what it does to us. Of course there are some to whom these traditions mean less than they do to others, but after all what would college be without them? And of these traditions, it seems that Freshman Pageant is the one that means the most, and is the most outstanding. Certainly it means most to the freshmen, for it is the event which brings them together and unites them in one body. And the rest of the college journeys curiously out to Bolleswood to witness the results of the weeks and weeks of plans and preparation.

Good luck, Freshmen. May your pageant be the finest ever.

The News congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Cobbledick on the arrival of their daughter, Marilyn Irene.

DEAR DAISY

Dear Daisy:

Now that Prom is but a left-over wave, deep, black circles under our eyes and a hazy memory of a tantalizing tune, aching feet, moonlight and promises that never will come true, we can turn our thoughts once more to things scholastic and chatter of 'ologies and 'isms instead of chiffons and chassés. During week-ends of masculine invasion—unclaimed under-classes whose minds are free and fertile—cannot help but meditate on what a wonderful coeducational institution this college would make. Men are sort of decorative about a campus, anyway, and think what a sartorial and Vogueified perfection would exist in our ranks if a girl were likely to find the One and Only popping around the corner at any minute. It would be a most upsetting condition to even the calmest of charmers. Perhaps some day, however, we will have bold-buttoned masculinity standing about our hilltop—who knows?

Among Sophomore circles, free speech has gone forever. A girl can't open her mouth without being pigeon-holed by some terrible, scientific name that turns out to be a one-way ticket to any home for the mentally unsound. With Psychology 11-12 as a stimulus—the Sophomores have made the response of becoming merciless psychoanalysts and anything that you say will be used against you. If it isn't dementia praecox, it is an incurable inferiority complex seasoned it isn't dementia praecox, it is an in-with a dash of paranoia, so the only way out is to grin and be obligingly insane.

Devotedly,
DAPHNE.

Free Speech

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

Dear Editor:

I have always been under the impression that in this college the faculty were allowed to conduct their classes in the manner which they themselves chose, and that all questions of attendance was left to them. Therefore it is not surprising that a great many upperclassmen considered it very unusual that, for the first time since they had been in college, professors were not allowed to give cuts during Junior Prom week-end. A Junior is a Junior for one short year, and Junior Prom comes but once. It is looked forward to for almost three years, and then it is over. And the Prom baseball game is one of the distinctive features of the week-end. Up until this year the game has been given enthusiastic support both by faculty and students, but this year it seems to have been regarded by the administration as a necessary evil, to be dispensed with as quickly and quietly as possible. Instead of shortening classes, or giving cuts, as in former years, the professors entered their classrooms to meet a group of weary and sleepy, but nevertheless virtuous individuals which comprised perhaps a third of the class enrollment. The inspiring lecture was given to this group, and repeated on Tuesday for the remaining two-thirds who could not be dragged from the arms of Morpheus for the eight or nine o'clock recitations on Saturday. Now wherein could any benefit to anyone lie? We are only human, after all, and Junior Prom does mean something to upperclassmen. Would it be too much to ask that someone see our point of view?

ONE OF 1930.

AROUND CAMPUS WITH PRESS BOARD

The cars have gone—the men have gone. Ah, me! which do we miss more? Let's be philosophical and say, "The better the car the better the man."

It has been suggested that we prepare for our annual return to civilization by dressing for dinner. Oh, yes, there are arguments for both sides.

We've signed our names in so many Koines that we're beginning to feel

MOVIE GUIDE

THE LETTER (Paramount)—at the Capitol.

It reads: "My husband will be away for the night. I absolutely must see you. I shall expect you at eleven. I am desperate and if you don't come I won't answer for the consequences."

There hangs the tale; a Somerset Maugham short story which was recently converted to a three-act Broadway success, thence to an audible motion picture.

The scene is laid on a British Interstate Rubber Co. plantation, four miles from Singapore. Jeanne Eagels writes the letter to Herbert Marshall (co-star this season with Edna Best in Broadway's *High Road*), who has an unusually good voice and plays the dissipated Englishman languishing in the tropical tedium of Indian rubber lands.

The Letter concerns itself with the morbid tale of a woman who apparently shoots in self-defense the man on whom, as her husband later discovers, she lavishes her unrequited love. There is a subsequent courtroom scene which definitely proves that few movie stars, however high-salaried, can work as well before the camera as "legit" performers of the Eagels brand. She is intense, true, electric. Again in her scene with the Chinese woman who blackmails her for the fateful letter, and during the tense crescendo of the final scene—which, extraordinarily enough, follows the Maugham plot in turning out as unhappily as it should—she is amazingly good. Probably the one and only bit you will criticize in this film is her "rubber! Rubber! RUBBER!!" blubber.

The best shot in *The Letter* is a fascinating fight-to-the-death between a cobra and a mongoose, effectively inserted in the continuity to lend atmosphere. This sequence, recently shown at New York's bizarre Film Guild Cinema, was bought by Paramount from Ufa, which company originally produced it as a short feature.

Don't miss *The Letter*. Recommend it to your friends. There are good talkies, after all.

Jeanne Eagels' fascinating English accent comes not from the Old Country. She is Boston-born of a Spanish father and an Irish mother. She went on the stage when she was seven and was educated by tutors while playing in England with George Arliss, with whose company she later returned to the U. S. Since her early stage years she has been a toe dancer, wild west show trouser, chorus girl, and everything from Little Lord Fauntleroy and Camille to Sadie Thompson of *Rain*, her favorite role. She has earned more than \$2,000,000 from her stage work, but she does not save her money. Once, in the course of three days, she made \$250,000 on the stock market—and lost it.

Her middle name is Temperament. She likes to encourage stories about how expensive she is, how difficult to direct, for she believes such publicity whets the public appetite. She acts all the time, off the stage and on, and is the first to recognize her own brilliance and to insist on its precedence. She refuses to discuss "my love affairs, my servants, and the food I eat" with interviewers. She hates routine work.

She is small, slender and blonde, with eyes of changing color. She admits that fifty per cent. of eligible U. S. millionaires and twenty-five per cent. of Europe's visiting nobility have been engaged to her. She lives in a beautiful country home near Briarcliff on the Hudson, with thirty pedigreed Schnauzers and police dogs.

quite important. Some one might offer a prize for an original thought.

It has been reported that four industrious students visited the library last week-end. The unusual silence must have been quite impressive.

We hear that the classes were rather small on Saturday—but all our information comes from those who weren't there. As yet we haven't

(Continued on page 4, column 1)



THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

By Joan Lowell
(Simon & Schuster)

Is there anyone who has read anything outside of the Bible and the Sunday papers who has not read, or (shall we say) at least heard of, this astounding book? Very few. We have a craving for variety in this age of blank verse, sex novels, and "realism", and we have a craving for things free, the three free I's, for instance: free language, free liquor, and free love. And one of the main reasons for the popularity of this best-seller is that—first, it satisfies our variety complex, and secondly, our freedom one.

"For what a life she led, she led!" Carried on board her father's schooner even before she was able to walk, there she stayed and there she grew. Seventeen summers sailing the seven seas; and Joan the only girl on board. In such an environment, only a very wise and meticulous rearing could hope to give her the best in the life of the sea, and at the same time keep the worst at least in the background. But her father's training did more than that. True, it showed her the courage of the sea, its faith in the face of crisis; and its constant hardships gave her a strong, healthy body and marvelous resistance. But through those very hardships real character was built up, and a certain sort of quiet wisdom that taught her discrimination between right and wrong as nothing else could have done. She knew the faults of the men on board; but knowing them, she subordinated them to their better traits, and from this tolerance there developed a deep and honest love of rough sailors and all things shippy, so to speak.

But if her captain father instilled into her the right fundamental traits of character, she still was a mischievous kid, and her eyes were always wide open for new knowledge. She learned to spit prune juice as accurately as any tobacco veteran—and before she was ten could swear four minutes without once repeating herself. But in spite of these minor vices she was surprisingly well trained along a great many lines. A few fundamental books, a Bible, The Encyclopaedia Britannica, and a couple of others, constituted her reading material; but she perused them from cover to cover and gleaned a fair knowledge of how lubbers got along. She learned to speak fluently several languages—unusual ones, for the most part native dialects of the South Seas. At least they were practical. Upon asking her father for information concerning the underlying principles of life, he let her assist in dissecting a mother shark caught accidentally by the men in southern waters.

Is there anyone who is tired of sea books written by persons otherwise estimable, who very evidently have never been to the seashore and do not know what a hawser is? Then here is sure relief for that tired feeling. As far as actual material goes, I know of no one outside of a few Ancient Mariners like Joseph Conrad, H. M. Tomlinson, and William McFee, who can tell a tale of the sea as though it had really happened on a billowing ocean in an actual boat, instead of in "a painted ship upon a painted sea." Mr. McFee himself says in the *Times* that it is "spontaneous . . . a young girl blurting out the truth about a most remarkable and very pardonable existence."

Joan Lowell never wrote a book before in her life. It may be said that she has no "style", in the classic sense of the word. Yet her story is what

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THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP
(Concluded from page 2, column 4)
matters; and she knew how to tell it. "Knew how?"—You look askance. Yes; for all she did *was* to tell it. It is first-hand; conversational. And oh, so very spontaneous and fresh, with a nautical swagger that somehow is not a swagger but only a boyish sort of relish in the rude simplicity of those seventeen years.

Is there anyone who is a Good Sport and who is not disillusioned when Santa Claus turns out to be Daddy? If you are not such an one, then

! S T O P !

Congratulations.

Perhaps you have heard rumors to the effect that *The Cradle of the Deep* is not entirely accurate, or colloquially speaking, it is all Applesauce. Perfectly true. It is. The worthy Miss Joan Lowell was on that boat for less than one year, and she was not the only woman-thing aboard, either. Her father, far from being the Head Man, was a lowly mate with the unromantic name of Wagner. The "Lowell" seems to have come from Mrs. Wagner's geneology. Half the crew she made up, and more than half the stories. These are authentic facts, drawn boldly by the present critic from the supposedly sacred columns of the Associated Press. *But*, in spite of the facts which some horrid crab snooped out,

It's a marvelous yarn!

PROM VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINING

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)
the added zest of a saxophone imitation by "Sis."

"Aboard the Good Ship Prom" offered a clever impersonation of a missionary cross-word puzzle fan by Wilhelmina Fountain whose clogging and

tap dancing was perfect especially mirth-rousing was her imitation in dance measure, of the ship's roll. Harriet Hickok, as a man, and Marian Simonson, Gertrude Reaske, Josephine Lincoln, Edith Allen completed the impression by more really good dancing.

Betty Bahney as "Cowboy Liz" was good and Gwen Thomen, singing "A Precious Little Thing Called Love" ushered in the group of Freshman Waitresses dressed in pastel organdies with bows of contrastingly vivid taffeta, to conclude the performance.

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PROM MEN PLAY BRILLIANT BALL

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)

wearing a skirt, each member of the visiting team must bat with only one hand, and that a left one, while the trips from base to base are made backward.

The girls had some difficulty in summoning players, but with the help of their freshman sisters they took their positions in the field. "Play Ball!" Out into left field flew the ball, driven by a strong, left arm. The men scored four "backward" runs before the inning was over. When they assorted themselves about the field, Doctor Erb announced that it was customary at C. C. to play baseball with nine players and the excess were requested to withdraw. The game proceeded, and, with the arrival of Connie Green in the pitcher's box, things looked brighter for C. C.

As the girls appeared at bats for the third time, it was declared that this would be the final inning. This seemed to upset the men's morale. They appeared to have trouble in locating the ball. They gallantly lost their sense of direction and collided continuously with one another. As a result the girls gloriously encircled the diamond six times before the third out ended the game, which Dr. Erb called "on account of darkness."

AROUND CAMPUS WITH PRESS BOARD

(Concluded from page 2, column 3)

found any notes to copy—but we never did approve of Saturday morning classes.

Everyone on campus is looking forward to entertaining the off-campus houses. There are rumors of boat-rides and picnics. Better begin early so the hospitality will be returned.

The cruelist institution on campus is the Home Ec. department. It's no joke to sit through classes with delicious whiffs of steak and French fried potatoes coming in the window. And there are very few professors who have the personality to cope with this distraction.

Now this week let us all bow our heads and think about what we would do if we had the money we spent last week-end.

We wonder if the Juniors could have had any malicious intentions when they had the dance floor waxed to such an extent last Friday night. But how could they be sure that only Seniors would lose their sense of balance?

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