

# The College News

VOL. XIX, No. 3

BRYN MAWR AND WAYNE, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1932

PRICE 10 CENTS

## Bryn Mawr Votes Republican

Out of 274 Votes, 181 Are for Hoover;  
Norman Thomas is Next With 54

Outstanding Majority of Votes on Prohibition Question is Cast  
for Repeal of Eighteenth Amendment;  
Minority Favors Enforcement

### TWO - THIRDS OF COLLEGE REPRESENTED

Bryn Mawr College is standing behind the re-election of President Hoover. There has been a great deal of bombast flying around the campus in which all three parties have made an equal amount of noise. But when the results of the straw vote, conducted by the *College News*, are put into cold black print, the Democratic and Socialistic fervor turns out to be more hot air than actuality.

Two hundred and seventy-four ballots were collected, which represent over two-thirds of the entire undergraduate body. Of these, President Hoover received approximately twice as many votes as the other two candidates together. The Graduate School proved itself to be Socialistic, with one more vote for Norman Thomas than for Hoover and Roosevelt together.

Naturally, very few of these undergraduate votes will be cast in the Presidential elections on November 8th, since the majority of the college are under twenty-one years of age; and also because many students are at too great a distance from their homes to be able to go home to vote. However, it is significant that of the twenty-six undergraduates who do intend to vote on November 8th, sixteen of them will vote for Hoover, six for Roosevelt, and four for Thomas.

Opinion is generally against a "protest vote," and against the supposition that these elections will have any real influence on the course of our national welfare. The other vote which stands out almost as decisively as Republican predominance is that on the ever-present issue of Prohibition; one hundred and thirty-two votes were cast for repeal and only fourteen for enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In counting the votes we only hope that we have done justice to the convictions of those people who, unable to answer a question by yes or no, wrote political essays on their ballots for our edification. Some of them were amusing, if hard to decipher, especially in the case of the student who, instead of checking the party to which she "normally lent her support," stated that she had never "lent her support to anyone;" and another who said she was voting for Hoover, although she would much rather have Thomas for President. We were puzzled by one undergraduate who put Bryn Mawr, Pa., for her class, and even more so by one who claimed to belong to the Class of 2934.

The *News*, nevertheless, feels that the results of this straw vote are representative of the feeling of the greater part of the college, and feels justified in putting Bryn Mawr on record as backing President Hoover, the Republican Party, and the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

### American Universities Republican and Wet

The Presidential poll recently conducted by the *Daily Princetonian* reveals the extraordinary strength of the Republican party among forty-seven representative American colleges and universities in thirty-one States.

President Hoover led in thirty-one universities, gaining a margin of more than 11,000 votes over Governor Roosevelt. 29,289 ballots of the total vote of 58,680 supported President Hoover, while Governor Roosevelt was given 18,212 votes; Norman Thomas, 1470 votes, and William Z. Foster, 715 votes.

In the East President Hoover was supported by twenty colleges; in the South Governor Roosevelt carried the vote of eleven colleges, while Hoover gained the majority again in nine of the Mid-Western colleges and in the Far West.

While President Hoover led in thirty-one universities, Roosevelt swept eleven universities. Five universities, including New York University, Columbia, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were strong for Mr. Thomas.

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### BRYN MAWR NEWS STRAW VOTE

Question	Bryn Mawr						Undergraduate				
	Pem. East	Pem. West	Den-high	Rock.	Merion	Grad.	1933	1934	1935	1936	Total
For President:											
Hoover	34	39	39	39	30	11	39	49	37	56	181
Roosevelt	6	10	9	10	4	4	7	8	12	12	39
Thomas	7	6	12	7	12	16	15	6	11	12	54
Party Normally Supported:											
Republican	33	38	41	33	35	18	35	45	43	57	180
Democratic	10	14	6	10	5	4	11	10	10	14	45
Socialist	5	1	7	4	4	8	9	3	6	3	21
For a Protest Vote:	11	10	26	14	15	13	22	13	21	20	76
Against a Protest Vote:	29	34	24	32	30	15	30	43	35	41	149
Voting on November 8:	7	8	3	5	3	17	22	3	1	0	26
National Welfare depends on elections:	20	16	17	23	15	6	16	23	24	29	92
National Welfare does not depend on elections:	25	36	40	31	30	23	44	37	39	42	162
18th Amendment:											
Repeal	24	37	28	28	15	6	31	28	35	38	132
Modification	13	8	17	19	22	19	16	21	14	28	79
Referendum	8	7	10	8	5	2	10	10	11	7	38
Enforcement	2	2	5	1	4	4	4	4	0	6	14

### Bourdelle Described as Prominent Sculptor

Louis Reau Gives Lecture on  
Artist Who Developed  
Structural Style

### FELT VARIED INFLUENCES

Contemporary French Sculpture, as exemplified by Antoine Bourdelle, was the subject chosen by M. Louis Reau for his last Wednesday's lecture in the Music Room of Goodhart. M. Reau, who is the director of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* and professor at the Ecole du Louvre, as well as official lecturer of the Alliance Francaise, spoke under the auspices of the departments of French and History of Art. His talk, which was in French, was illustrated with lantern slides.

Antoine Bourdelle, said M. Reau, represents that generation of sculptors which succeeded Rodin. Though less genial than the latter, Bourdelle re-invested sculpture with simplicity, its purpose being, he thought, to enhance the creations of the architect.

Sculpture is the art *par excellence* of the French, and their creations have been the greatest that the world has produced since the days of the Greeks. Notre Dame has no equivalent, even in Italy, where after a flare of grandeur in the fifteenth century, a period of decadence again set in. In France development was continuous, from the Romanesque and Gothic, through Jean Bourgeant in the Renaissance, Versailles in the seventeenth century, Houdon and de Falconnet in the eighteenth, Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, Rodin in the nineteenth, to Bourdelle and Despiau of the present day.

Bourdelle was born at Montauban, a town between Bordeaux and Toulouse, the artistic capital of that region. Montauban itself was well known for its art in the Middle Ages, and was also the birthplace of Ingres. It was at the nearby cloister of Moissac that Bourdelle first came into contact with the French sculpture of the Middle Ages, which was to be one of the three great influences on his work. Bourdelle was interested, not so much in the thirteenth century, as in the Romanesque art of the earlier period.

Having served an apprenticeship in his home town—under Falguiere—Bourdelle set out for Paris, as all young artists do, alas. There his stud-

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### SOPHOMORE ELECTIONS

President: Peggy Little  
Vice - President: Florence Cluett  
Secretary: Elizabeth Kent.

### College Calendar

Wednesday, Nov. 2: Political meeting in auditorium, 7.30 P. M.

Thursday, Nov. 3: Banner Night. Dr. Vaughan Williams on "The Folk Song," Goodhart Hall.

Friday, Nov. 4: Miss Susan Kingsbury will speak on "Russia," Radnor, at 7.30 P. M.

Saturday, Nov. 5: Bryn Mawr Varsity vs. Philadelphia Cricket Club Yellows at 10.00 A. M.

Monday, Nov. 7: Bryn Mawr Seconds vs. Main Line Reserves. 3.00 P. M. Political Rally.

### Ping-Pong Table in Gym to Satisfy Enthusiasts

Having remained in obscurity all last year, entirely hidden under May Day costumes, the ping-pong table has again come into its own, and the Athletic Association hopes that real interest will be taken in this gentle sport. A manager has been appointed—Leta Clews—and tournaments have been planned.

The manager feels that ping-pong should have a wide appeal; there are many to whom God did not grant an athletic frame. There are also those whom a baseball quite honestly frightens. And we must not forget those whose feminine charm is wasted on a hockey field. While their friends are prancing down the hockey field, they must either sit home on a cushion and grow fat or—play ping-pong. But ping-pong does more than provide safe and stimulating exercise for the feminine, the frail and the muscle-bound. Despite the opinion of tennis authorities, it may, on a small scale, help considerably in perfecting the tennis stroke. Moreover, it requires cleverness, if not strength. What a boon to the Intellectual! Again, it can be played in high heels. Nor is there great need for an athletic costume. People rushing back from a week-end could, if they desired, go straight to the ping-pong table. How marvelous if, some day, it were to be placed among the possible Required Sports, or made an alternate to Body Mechanics!

The manager, however, hopes that ping-pong will not appeal only to a specialized group. She feels sure that the swimmer, making for the pool, will enjoy her plunge far more for having stopped to warm up a minute at the ping-pong table. Let us, then, take this newly-discovered sport to our hearts, and make the ping-pong table in the basement of the Gym a common meeting ground for all sorts of people—the short and tall, the weak and strong, the stiff and limber.

### Dr. Vaughan Williams Gives Second Lecture

Traces Origin of Folk Song to  
Excited Speech and Dance  
of Plain People

### HORACE ALWYNE PLAYS

"Folk song is a microcosm of all the arts that go to make up the artistic construction of music," Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams asserted, in the second lecture of the Flexner series. On the Nature of Folk Song, which he delivered Thursday, October 27, in Goodhart Hall. In the course of his address, he traced the origin of folk music from excited speech and dance, and discussed its inherent limitations and advantages. To prove that the modality of folk music has an appeal for modern listeners, the choir sang four English folk tunes and Mr. Alwyne played three examples of modern modal harmony by Debussy, Ravel, and Satie.

As a summary of his last lecture, Dr. Williams remarked that national music is not all folk song, but folk song is national music in the most unadulterated form possible, an art in its own right, perfectly adapted to the unsophisticated people who use it. Since emotion is more primitive than thought, it does not seem far-fetched to suppose that primitive song originated before primitive speech, and certainly before the most primitive of instruments.

According to Dr. Williams, song grew from emotional, excited speech, an idea which seems borne out by the interchangeability of the words for "say" and "sing" in Old German. A folk singer speaks of "telling" not of "singing" a ballad, and the words and music are so inextricably mixed in his mind that he cannot hum the tune without the words.

Song is an obvious way of giving pattern to words. Before men had written records, ballads served many of the functions of modern newspapers and books. Since everything had to be learned orally, to aid his memory, the ballad maker (speaking in the singular for the sake of convenience) would put his story in a metrical form and, to increase the emotional value, would add musical notes.

The first step in the development of the four-line folk tune was probably the use of some stock phrase at

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### Resignation

The *College News* regrets to announce the resignation of Molly Nichols, '34, from the editorial staff.

## THE COLLEGE NEWS

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## Marks of Cain

LET THERE BE SANITY

Every year the first scheduled quiz is the signal for an outburst of mark hysteria which rages unabated until the last mark is posted in June. There has always been an unfortunate tendency among the undergraduates to exaggerate the importance of marks: a tendency which received added vigor when the system of numerical marking was installed. Marks are at best a necessary evil, and they should never be regarded as the final analysis of anyone's intellectual achievement. It is safe to say that the majority of professors would prefer to abolish the system of marks altogether if they could be sure that the work would be done without them. Grades cannot be accurate indications of anyone's knowledge or ability to learn because intellect cannot be evaluated in such unsympathetic terms as numerals. No two minds are alike and an attempt to classify them in a numerical directory is at best a bit of scientific guess-work. Every student must realize that education is a matter of development of the intellect and broadening of the viewpoint, and is only distantly connected with those marks that are posted for the entire college to regard. Yet time after time we have heard girls comparing marks and trying to find out who, if anyone, got a higher mark than they did. We have heard students ask everyone in the smoking room what another girl got in her quiz so the inquisitor could find out who got the best mark. The entire process fills us with something resembling disgust. If a girl wants to do high credit work, she deserves the attendant ninety, but if she wants the ninety because another girl has an eighty-nine, she does not deserve it. Let those of us who want to learn, learn, but let us not struggle for marks out of envy, greed or malice. If a student is satisfied with what she does on a quiz, the mark is of no importance. There is no excuse for the Bryn Mawr attitude toward marks; it is a form of infantile hysteria. We go to college to learn or not to learn, as the case may be. Our marks are a personal matter and if every student would keep her mind on her own progress instead of on the relative progress of her classmates, the purpose of the college, to broaden and develop, would be more nearly achieved.

LET THERE BE PRIVACY

The News is definitely opposed to the present system of numerical marking and to the custom of posting marks for the benefit of the entire college. We are against numerical marking because we feel that it is impossible for any professor to draw such a minute distinction between two students' work as the difference of a single point indicates; because numerical grades enlarge the significance of marks in the student mind; and lastly because even a flexible system of marking is a poor instrument by which to reckon ability and effort, and as rigid a system as the one now employed is bound to be inaccurate and unfair. We are even more fervently opposed to the system of posting marks because what one gets in an exam, is a personal and not a community matter; because there is no reason for any student having to undergo the public humiliation of having her failures advertised; because comparisons breed envy and often malice; and finally because the posting system promotes the hysteria which we are trying to combat.

As a remedy for the numerical evil we would suggest the restoration of the old system, which is more flexible and hence more accurate. If the marks were not made public, some of the evils of the present system would be eliminated, but we still oppose numerical classification of achievement.

We stand unequivocally against any system which makes public the results of any examination. Marks could be mailed out by the office as soon as each girl's exam record is complete, or each professor could announce an office hour as soon as the exams were corrected in which he could give out the results. This would entail more work on the part of the faculty, but we feel sure they would welcome the abolition of a growing abuse. The News will be only too glad to receive and publish student opinion on the matter. We intend to fight for a restoration of sanity as regards marks and we feel that the first battle must be fought on the subject of making a student's marks her own.

## Deck Tennis

There is to be a deck tennis set on the upper hockey field for those who wish exercise and cannot take swimming yet because of the quarantine.

## ELECTIONS

M. Gateson, '34, has been elected fencing manager, and L. Clews, '33, the Ping Pong manager.

## WIT'S END

## FASHION

Among the faculty in our day  
Hirsute adornment is au fait.  
Alas!

A mustache is now thought an asset  
Among professors, quite by tacit  
Consent.

To raise sideburns is a moral duty.  
If they're not considered marks of  
beauty,  
Alas!

Yes, they've found a theory non-com-  
batable

That pedantry is most compatible  
With beards.  
Alas!

—Sour Apple.

Morning papers are delivered in an alluringly casual manner in Bryn Mawr and its environs. Only the other morning as we walked past Miss Park's front gate at seven o'clock, temptation tugged at our reflexes. At the foot of the Yarrow walk lay The Herald Tribune, a collegiate diner's reach inside the gate. The sight of another paper, The Philadelphia Ledger, we believe, scattered halfway up the walk, gave us pause. It looked too much like a trap—there would be a tabloid just around the corner and then we would be caught. A lurid imagination made us see the gleam of tin pans and flat-irons whose clatter would arouse the household and betray the morning-paper sneak-thief. We passed on, not without a tinge of self-righteousness brightening the early morning mood.

N. B.—There was a rubber band around The Tribune. We think it may have been part of the trap.

Statistics: Pembroke West geese have been known to sit for one hour in the smoking-room of a Sunday morning, letting church and everything else slide by, waiting patiently for the Sunday funnies, insensible to the fact that they are merely thrown under the arch for the first taker. We expect they'll catch on after three or four more Sundays, or else do without.

The Inquiring Reporter.

## AFTERMATH

It was the ghastly hour of five.  
I started in my hair to rive  
In frenzied desperation.  
Course cards were due in just one  
hour—

O! I sat me down with a grimace dour  
To nervous concentration.

I couldn't recall how I spelled my  
name,  
My black ink blotted and my pen went  
lame,

In pitiable dribblings;  
Though a wise and wary soph, I  
couldn't stop to scoff,

With maniacal rage I initialled every  
prof  
In lightning-lecture scribbings.

I added up the units; they totalled far  
too much,  
And they invariably got mixed be-  
neath my inky touch

In complicated computation;  
Undoubtedly I've filled those cards out  
by the baker's dozens,

And also all their families; their sis-  
ters, aunts, and cousins,  
Much to my degradation.

But now my card lies in the box  
against the wall  
That guards that fatal office on the  
top of Taylor hall

—To my elation!  
The tower clock is speeding on with  
melancholy ticks,

The grim hands point beyond the aw-  
ful hour of six:  
No happier revelation!

—The Campus Snoop.

And then there is the spontaneous wit that flows around here all unnoticed even by its owner, until too late. There was the young lady who wrote a report, in the midst of the clatter of the smoking room, late one night. When the masterpiece was completed one sentence read as follows: "The Dorians bore down upon the Ionian civilization in the peninsula; they, in fact, succeeded in breaking up the Bronze Age in Greece." And now we'd like to know who melted the Ice Age.

THE MAD HATTER.

## IN PHILADELPHIA

## Theatres

Chestnut: Philip Merivale, Sir Guy Standing, Phoebe Foster and Nancy Sheridan in *Cynara*; about the bar-rister who is "faithful to thee, Cynara, after my own fashion." It is his unique fashion of doing so that makes the play very worthwhile.

Garrick: Peggy Fears' *Music in the Air* goes into its last week as a definitely "made" musical. The music is in the best tradition of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein, and the staging is very nearly perfect. It is not a musical comedy, but a combination of operetta and musical, which is novel and entertaining.

Forrest: Earl Carroll's *Vanities* go on in their new reformed manner and continue both to amaze and amuse. Everything is done on an elaborate scale, and this year the show is remarkable for its good taste rather than for the lack of it.

Broad: 9 Pine Street, erroneously announced last week, has finally arrived. Ina Claire dropped out and Sylvia Field is taking her place as the perpetrator of a couple of swell murders done for psychological reasons that are clear to any average galvanometer. The play concerns the whys and wherefores attendant on a double murder and should give one a good, if intensive, evening.

## Coming—November 7

Garrick: A grand sounding cast—Jack Haley, Ethel Merman and Jack Whiting in *We Three*. We've been hearing good rumors about this infant and are full of hope.

Broad: Ziegfeld's revival of *Show Boat*. We've always had a yen for this and it's as lovely as ever.

## Academy of Music

Philadelphia Orchestra: Friday, November 4, at 2:30; Saturday, November 5 at 8:20; Leopold Stokowski conducting. Program: Sibelius,

Symphony No. 4, in A Minor  
Strawinsky . . . . . L'Oiseau de Feu  
Debussy . . . . . La Cathedrale Engloutie  
Ravel . . . . . Daphnis et Chloe

Philharmonic—Symphony Society of New York: Monday, November 7, at 8:15; Toscanini conducting. Program: Castelnovo-Tedesco,

Overture, "Taming of the Shrew"  
Schumann,

Symphony No. 2, in C Major  
Sibelius . . . . . Ton Poem, "En Saga"  
Enesco,

Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1, A Major

## Movies

Mastbaum: Marlene Dietrich in *Blonde Venus*—say no more. She is lovely and unhappy and it's a swell movie. The great vaudeville plague continues unabated, with Norma Talmadge and George Jessel doing a personal appearance.

Earle: Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in *The Crush*; the story of the depression and how it affected two people whose marriage endured only through money. It's a disappointing picture, but la Chatterton wears divine clothes.

Stanley: Joan Crawford and Walter Huston in *Rain*. The same old story with a new face—Sadie Thompson again blooms timidly in the midst of cholera.

Karlton: William Powell and Kay Francis as the two doomed people who find what they wanted in each other on a *One Way Passage*. Very good, but take a bath towel and galoshes.

Fox: Ted Lewis has possession of the stage and he can keep it! Besides himself there are myriads of entertainers who are enough to keep us at home. On the screen, *The Crusader*, with H. B. Warner and Evelyn Brent—another crusading district attorney sets out to clean up the gangs, filth and fraud in the city. Naturally he has some slight trouble.

Boyd: *Life Begins* six times daily at popular prices. Loretta Young and Eric Linden have their first baby and the audience has a very hard time. It's very sentimental, too deliberately "stark," too "dramatic," and not amusing. But it's drama!

Europa: Zane Grey himself kicks, runs and passes in *South Sea Adventures*. The film includes everything and everyone in the islands and is a better than average tropical travesty on no particular subject.

Stanton: Jack Oakie, Thomas Meighan, Lew Cody, Zasu Pitts in *Madison Square Garden*; a somewhat hectic drama set in the middle of the

## News of the New York Theatres

There are two definite hits which appeared out of the dark dawn of what looked like a bad box-office year: *When Ladies Meet* and *Dinner At Eight*. The first is the new Rachel Crothers affair in which the wife and mistress meet in an amusing fashion over the unfortunate gentleman. In *Dinner At Eight* Edna Ferber and George Kaufman flower through the medium of a New York dinner party corresponding to Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*. We are admitted into the past lives of all the people asked to the dinner, and therein lies an excellent evening.

Arch Selwyn is planning to present Mary Boland in a straight play, entitled *The Lady Is Fired*, later this season. We stop only to remark that since when a great man falls it's a tragedy, then when a big woman gets tired it's an *impasse*, which is always awkward. La Boland, however, will probably have a new and energetic way of doing it.

Our own little Katherine Hepburn, 1928, did such a good job with John Barrymore in her first movie, *The Bill of Divorcement*, that she got a five-year movie contract. It is indeed remarkable how far Bryn Mawr training advances one on the road to success—the science requirement is particularly valuable in this line of work.

*Carry Nation* has opened and will probably close in something of a hurry since it seems to be an opus of little value and great length. The only really amusing incident in it is supposed to be a great play to the heckled audience's sympathy—the author in his attempt to paint the crusading nuisance as a martyred heroine puts bugs in her bed, and made her false teeth fall out while she was addressing a dry congregation. That only annoys us, because it's far too good for the lady that took some of the better joys out of life and left us with tomato juice and a free passage to a better world.

Pauline Lord is coming out soon in Sidney Howard's adaptation of *The Late Christopher Bean*, a French satirical comedy. We hope fervently that she is a success, because her last year's affair was a child of sin and shame; *Distant Drums* had only one fault, but that was a big one—it wasn't distant enough from Broadway. This new play was a great success in Paris, but that doesn't mean much, because over there the actors can say what they mean and act as they feel without having a crusade "to make the world safe for the simple mind" drag in the censors. Over here the actors say one thing, act another, and feel two more, so that the audience can pay its \$4.40 and take its choice. A man remarks that it's a bad night, acts as if he were going mad, and means that his mistress has left him and he's piqued about it. In France this department's (Continued on Page Six)

Garden and all its attendant celebrities. Not a very restful setting, and the movie concerns the lives of the people meeting there.

## Local Movies

Seville: Wednesday and Thursday, *Chandu the Magician*, with Edmund Lowe and Bela Lugosi; Friday and Saturday, Zane Grey in *Adventures in the South Seas* and *Mystery Ranch*, with George O'Brien; Monday and Tuesday, *Downstairs*, with John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce; Wednesday and Thursday, *Bachelor's Folly*, with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best.

Wayne: Wednesday and Thursday, *Devil and the Deep*, with Tallulah Bankhead, Gary Cooper and Charles Laughton; Friday and Saturday, *Hat Check Girl*, with Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon; Monday and Tuesday, *Bird of Paradise*, with Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea; Wednesday and Thursday, Jean Gerard and John Patton in *My Wife's Family*.

Ardmore: Wednesday and Thursday, Four Marx Brothers in *Horse-Feathers*; Friday, Lew Ayres in *O. K. America*; Saturday, *Guilty As Hell*, with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen; Monday and Tuesday, *Hold 'Em Jail*, with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey; Wednesday and Thursday, *Seventy Thousand Witnesses*, with Philips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and John Mack Brown.

Recommended: *O. K. America*, *Seventy Thousand Witnesses*, *The Devil and the Deep*.



**Dr. Vaughan Williams Gives Second Lecture**

(Continued from Page One)

the beginning, in order to overcome the difficulty of getting started. Dr. Williams has actually heard such a phrase used by an open-air preacher in Scotland. The man, beginning in an ordinary speaking voice, became more and more excited till at a distance where the words were indistinguishable, he seemed to be chanting a certain five-note musical phrase, which occurs repeatedly in folk song. A ballad maker, having in his excitement hit upon such a phrase, would delightedly repeat it and then, as he became more emotional, would add embellishment and decoration to the original. Since, however, the music was made to fit the four lines of a stanza of poetry, he would add another phrase, after which he could return to the first, thus using the eternal musical formula ABA, and employing the two great musical principles of variety and emphasis by repetition.

Although the complete song stanza developed in this fashion from excited speech, the element of rhythm (i. e., the relationship of duration and accent of notes) must be traced to the dance, and to emotional, excited gesture. Melody can exist apart from rhythm, and rhythm apart from melody, but a complete folk song must contain both elements.

In support of Dr. Williams' belief that in its symmetry, continuity, and development, folk music shows an extraordinary amount of unconscious art among simple people, the college choir sang three examples of English folk tunes: *Searching for Lambs*, *The Water Is Wide*, both from Cecil Sharpe's Somerset collection, and *The Holy Well*, a cattle tune. Although in the first number, the opening was not in perfect unison, and the choir was too disposed to draw out one line before beginning the next, the performance was distinguished by sweetness of tone and ability to achieve the utmost dramatic effect. These tunes, beautifully rendered, showed, as Dr. Williams said, that "folk song is in itself a complete and to my mind occasionally supreme work of art."

Certain severe limitations of scope are, however, inherent in its essential characteristics. In the first place, folk music is purely intuitive; it lacks the self-conscious calculation necessary for a large work such as symphony or opera. The fact that folk tunes were originally never written or printed, but transmitted orally, naturally curtails their length. Furthermore, since folk music is usually applied music, fitted to the stanza of a ballad or the figure of a dance, the rhythmic scheme is limited by its use. Finally, folk music is pure melody, without any accompanying harmony.

These limitations, however, also have their corresponding advantages. Folk song is bound by no musical etiquette, which confines its careless rapture to the terms of musical notation. The curtailment of length compels a brevity and conciseness which many composers of great works are unable to copy. The repetition of one tune with many verses has permitted only those melodies to survive which gain, instead of pall, with frequent hearings. The vertical limitation of the lack of harmony has permitted the use of a variety of modes.

Modern people have become so accustomed to a harmonic substructure that even when they hear an unaccompanied melody, they mentally supply the usual harmony. It is a universal fact, however, that if music develops in one way, it is limited in another. Eastern nations, for instance, without any harmony, have an elaborate melodic system. Modern western, cultured music, with an harmonic basis, is curtailed in melodic scope, and between the late seventeenth and early nineteenth centuries, was founded on but two modal schemes, the major and minor. Folk song, being purely melodic in character, shows no limitation, but variety of modes, among which the Doran, Aeolian, and Mixolydian are most common.

The characterization of modes as "ecclesiastic" instead of "melodic," as would be more appropriate, is a misrepresentation. Folk song and plain song are the two great bodies of purely melodic music, and folk song, with its rhythmic variety, is not, as it is

often considered, a derelict version of church music. In fact, it is rather more likely that plain song was in its earliest days derived from folk song, than vice versa.

Modal tunes are, furthermore, not necessarily old, but merely melodic in outline. If harmonic, they are often called "archaic," but archaic harmony is never modal. When men began using harmony they found that the melodies did not fit their harmonic schemes and so altered the modal nature of the tunes. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that pure modal harmony really existed. At that time, Russian composers felt the movement toward nationalism and began studying Russian folk music for inspiration. They discovered that the tunes were melodically conceived, and sought their harmonic implications. But these composers were merely brilliant amateurs, who, ignorant of the common rule, made their harmony the base down, instead of up, thus by accident developing a modern modal harmony, entirely different from the archaic harmony of early composers like Dunstable. Three modern compositions were played by Mr. Alwyne to illustrate the use of this new style: Debussy's "Sarabande" from *Pour le Piano*, Ravel's "Minuet" from *Sonatine*, and Satie's "Gymnopédie," all of which he performed with his customary skillful execution and interpretation.

In conclusion, the choir, showing considerable facility in handling the intricate and varied rhythm, sang a Sussex folk tune in the Dorian mode, *My Bonnie Boy*.

In his next lecture, to be delivered Thursday, November 3, Dr. Williams will discuss the debated question of the communal origin of folk song and trace its further evolution.

**League Speaker Contrasts Various Scales of Living**

(Continued from Page Three)

less we are to lose what advantages civilization has gained us. Whether the particular individuals who now receive its benefits are the members of the community most fitted by natural intelligence and seriousness of purpose, to benefit by it, is another question.

Although humanitarian ideas have been developed sufficiently to make society unwilling to permit men to starve without making some gestures for relief, a food allowance of four dollars a week, such as is provided by many relief organizations for a family of five, is not sufficient to maintain vitality. When farmers complain of a wheat surplus, and yet thousands are hungry, the trouble with our economic system must be not the lack of commodities, of wheat and corn and shoes, but the inability to

**Bourdelle Described as Prominent Sculptor**

(Continued from Page One)

ies were very fecund; he was not only a pupil, but a collaborator of Rodin; the great painter, although signing every work, for many of them did only the designing and outlines. Among those finished by Bourdelle is the

distribute these commodities to those who need them. This condition is a result of the fact that although goods are produced to be consumed, their production, instead of providing sufficient wages for the consumer to purchase them, has merely provided capital with which the investor buys new machinery and new factories.

Three suggested methods of action for remedying this state of affairs were reviewed by Dr. Hart. President Hoover, and his advisers, believe that a reform of the banking and financial system and expansion of credit are necessary for national prosperity, but it seems doubtful whether the position of a debtor can be permanently improved merely by increasing the burden of his debts. Another plan calls for government ownership and operation of industry, but in Russia, where this theory is being tried out, there are still bread lines.

As a third possibility, Dr. Hart suggested an idea of his own, which would be founded on mutual confidence and altruism. A central planning board of the country's twenty key retail men would be organized. Production would be undertaken with the idea that commodities are intended for consumption. The potential demand for each particular article would be reckoned by skilled economists, and workers employed in producing these articles would be paid in part by cash, in part by purchase certificates issued even before the goods are ready, thus creating a demand among the 10,000,000 put to work. As a result, prices would rise. Different companies would give estimates to supply commodities controlled by this board, but since the board would decide impartially between them, and order only amounts which it knew could be immediately consumed, ruthless, wasteful competition would be avoided and the evils of over-production eliminated.

At the next meeting, which will be held in Philadelphia, November 30, Dorothea De Schweinetz will lead a discussion of Public and Private Employment Bureaus.

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But though Bourdelle acquired a sense of movement, and the power to give animation to marble, he felt that Rodin lacked a sense of the whole; his details were rich in themselves but inorganic. Bourdelle strongly believed that sculpture should be the docile collaborator of the architect; "c'est maintenant l'heure de bâtir," he said.

And so he turned to Greek art for his third source of inspiration. He was chiefly interested in the primitive works, which had been discovered in his time. Before that, the Apollo Belvedere had been thought early.

Bourdelle has been accused of primitivism. His imitation, however, is intelligent; he renovates and gives his art an entirely modern accent.

In illustrating the art of Bourdelle, M. Reau found it advisable to divide his work into "la petite sculpture"—the busts—and "la sculpture monumentale." Bourdelle infinitely preferred the latter, but, as has been said, an artist obtains an order for a bust more easily than he does for a cathedral. Bourdelle's heads, however, are by no means "oeuvres de jeunesse," he left no "first works." The earliest was the product of his fortieth year, in 1900, and thus his twenty-nine years of activity were all in our century.

Bourdelle liked especially to sculpture great men. Among the busts which M. Reau showed us were those of Beethoven, Ingres, Carpeaux, Anatole France, Frazer, Rodin and the artist himself.

Bourdelle did not strive for resemblance. The bust of Beethoven, for instance, is obviously a work of fantasy. He has, however, the imprint of genius, with his deeply-sunken eyes and his storm-ravaged hair. In every

case, Bourdelle seems to have caught the essential of his subject's character; Ingres is obviously authoritative, tyrant over his pupils; Carpeaux seems troubled and feverish; Vincent d'Indy is very lordly. Bourdelle has reproduced perfectly the ascetic character of the old Strasbourg doctor, and has made an unforgettable portrait of him. Also very powerful and striking is the portrait of Sir James Frazer, the English folk-lorist, who

(Continued on Page Five)

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**THEATRE REVIEW**

Last Saturday night, having nothing of importance to do, we decided at eight o'clock, to drive down-town to a little theatre on Fourteenth street and see yet another actress play *Camille*. Now there are very few New York theatre-goers who have not seen *Camille*, and probably greater *Camilles* than the world has to offer now, despite the fact that there is an unusual number of aspirants in the role at the moment. Besides that, these "art theatres" are popularly supposed to be up against it. And again, no theatre is so well attended this season that one really need worry about reservations, even around Forty-second street, so we didn't.

We arrived at the theatre and disembarked in the midst of such a throng that it looked for all the world as if a murder had been committed on the premises. The crowd was hardly a typical New York audience; there were men in the next thing to blue jeans; *grandes dames* in full battle regalia; half-starved young creatures with intense faces; even an old man in a wheel-chair. When we had fought our way through this to the box-office we were greeted with a sign which said, "Standing Room Only."

The next half-hour witnessed some frantic activity which finally landed us in the aisle seats of the first row orchestra, hardly a choice position. Miracle of all miracles, the house was filled. Not only were all the seats and all the standing room sold, but the audience was seated and quiet, almost hushed as the curtain rose.

Eva LeGalliene is not a young woman, nor does she look to be dying of consumption. We were sitting in the very front row, where every detail of a make-up designed for the last gallery was visible. The play is so antiquated that it might almost be a burlesque; it should never have been translated into the cold gray light of English anyway. Joseph Schildkraut, who played Armand, may have been the son of a great actor, but in this case the talents of the father have not been visited on the children. He is as much in the general picture of the group as Fred Allen would be. In short, the play was anything but a perfect performance. We have not seen Miss Gish's production, but from the reviews we imagine it to be considerably smoother technically. There was much to criticize and nothing super-human to praise, but it was in the most restricted and the finest sense, a play.

It was a unity as much as a living body is a unity. Although flaws could be detected as easily as we can detect flaws in a friend's face, one could no more imagine the play without them, than the friend's face without an imperfect, but none the less endearing nose. It was like a painting of the early Italian school, in which for all its technical flaws no single line can be eliminated without serious detriment to the whole. The problem of the worker in the dramatic arts is, after all, to force the audience to accept those standards, situations, conventions, and characters that he portrays upon his stage, and there is no doubt that the audience in the Civic Repertory Theatre did accept unquestioning by what was played before them.

Of the individual performances there is a very little to say. With the

exception of Armand, they were perfectly satisfying, and often inspired; but the play was not a set of individual performances.

Although Miss LeGalliene was a fine *Camille*, playing with a gracious subtlety and at the same time a tremendously real emotion to be restrained, and although her amazing acting during moments when she was alone, without lines, on an empty stage was breath-taking; still we feel that her great achievement was not as the star performer, but as the strong sensitive personality that caught up the threads of the whole and made it the commanding unity that it was. Dumas wrote the play; some one else directed; many other people played in it besides Miss LeGalliene, but the group (with the exception of M. Dumas) is so completely imbued with her personality that it appears to be the work of a single artist.

When an actress-director-producer can take *Camille*, play the lead herself and make it the lead without blotting out her fellow actors; when she can take an old, unacclimated play that has been done too often, and make it live, not as a quaint relic, but as a moving, tragic, present thing; when she can do all this, with the dreadful handicap of an avowedly noble "purpose," and pack the house in the poverty-conscious city of New York, then the drama means something, and there is a white hope.—J. M.

**News of the New York Theatres**

(Continued from Page Two)

French takes a short rest at the theatre, but we still know exactly what's what. Over here we never miss a word, and we're still trying to figure out how eight of the last ten plays we saw ended. Subtle race, the Frenchmen!

We found a play in New York this week entitled *Incubator*. It raised many questions in our mind: are the actors eggs or babies, and how could one make the stage look like the inside of an incubator? I doubt if Norman Bel Geddes and his spot system could make an incubator mysterious.

In this month's copy of *Stage* the editor gave a series of illustrations as to the value of gesture in acting. He stated that "even the angle at which a bottle is held may indicate character," and gave a picture of Alfred Lunt. All we can say in reply to the quoted passage is that after all the stage is only a reproduction of life and life's problems, and if the stage can figure out a method of controlling such angles, it will make life lots easier for such brains as the average lassie possesses. The same article stated that when Lynn Fontanne slapped Alfred Lunt in *Reunion in Vienna* she kept her fingers open so as not to hurt him. Since she almost knocked him out into the orchestra pit when we saw it, we hope she

**Freshman Statistics**

The *News* regrets the omission of Miss Park's speech on "Freshman Statistics" through lack of space. The article will be run next week.

always continues to love, honor and obey in the best tradition so that Alfred won't do a Carry Nation and lose his teeth.

We object seriously to the current Willie Howard atrocity, *Ballyhoo*. Chiefly we were annoyed by Jeanne Aubert, whom we have previously lauded energetically. We are still in possession of our childish desire to be deceived—that's why we like people who come out in ostrich feathers, and loath those who come out of them. It sounds like a quibble, but it certainly doesn't look like one when one comes face to face with it.

**Former Dean to Speak on Radio**

"Our Colleges—Yesterday and Today" is the topic chosen by the Alumnae Committee of Seven Colleges for the fall speeches given over the radio by an alumna of each college. The last five speakers to be heard on this subject are:

Thursday, Nov. 3, Mrs. Rustin McIntosh, formerly Miss Millicent Carey, when she was Dean of Bryn Mawr.

Wednesday, Nov. 9, Miss Candace Stimson for Wellesley.

Thursday, Nov. 17, Miss Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York, for Mount Holyoke.

Thursday, Dec. 1, Miss C. Mildred Thompson, Dean of Vassar.

Thursday, Dec. 8, Mrs. George B. Baker for Radcliffe.

All these speakers may be heard over WEA-F and other stations at 3.40 P. M.

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