

The College News

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Reginald Pole Traces Evolution of Theatre

Goal of Future Is Synthesis of Arts and Enlargement of Sensibility

HARMONY IS NECESSARY

Mr. Reginald Pole, speaking on *The Theatre of the Future and Its Signposts*, in the Deanery on Monday, said that the evolution of the theatre was toward the synthesis in the theatre of music, language, and all the arts in order to explain the riddle of the intangible essence of human life and its adjustment to life around it. Because people live, breathe, and talk rhythmically, human life is profoundly rhythmic and harmonious. The great dramatists have co-ordinated their contemplation of life and their representation of humanity in terms of the theatre with rhythm in order to reveal this profound harmony of humanity.

Drama originally was a religious festival or a form of dance, which was essentially democratic and in which the people participated. The Greek audiences were part of the performance and the chorus was the link which synthesized the actors and the poetical reaction of the audience. Greek and Roman culture took large parts in moulding Western civilization, and the great Elizabethan drama, like the Greek, arose from medieval religious and symbolical plays. But also in Elizabethan times came the beginning of the modern psychological and cultural spirit, for with the discoveries of the world around them, men became aware of other kinds of people and other ways of thought and were curious about them. Both the old ideas and the new were synthesized in Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was more than a dramatist: He was profoundly a poet, a psychologist, and a philosopher, in addition to a master dramatist of the theatre of his own time. He still exists because his instinct of representation of life in theatrical terms is especially true and deep. Symbolizing in himself the hidden cosmic forces of humanity, and the spiritual impulses in the individual, he took simple plots and infused them with an extraordinary spirit of the universal. He took the drama form of his own time and put into it his interest in the amazing piece of work that is man.

In what is known as his early period, he wrote *Midsummer Night's* (Continued on Page Three)

Clayton Hamilton Will Talk on Revival of *Yellow Jacket*

Bryn Mawr will again welcome Clayton Hamilton, theatrical critic, who spoke in Goodhart last year on *Cyrano de Bergerac*, to lecture this Thursday on *The Yellow Jacket*. That play, memorable to theatregoers for the sensation it created on the American stage in New York twenty-one years ago, and for its successful run abroad, is an American play of Oriental inspiration and charm. The fusion that bold American technique has effected in a drama of elusive fantasy colored by the rich poetry and kindly philosophy of China, has produced an American classic that, translated into a dozen or more foreign languages, has captivated the world.

The authors of *The Yellow Jacket*, George C. Hazelton and Benrimo, prefaced the play with a statement concerning its conception: "The purpose of the creators of this play is to string on a thread of universal philosophy, love and laughter the jade beads of Chinese theatrical convention. Their effort has been to reflect the spirit rather than the substance." We can be sure that this spirit will prevail in the coming Philadelphia production of the play. Fortunately, even the original scenery and costumes are still intact, and Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, whose names are associated with the very first triumphant tours of *The Yellow Jacket* are bringing with them other distinguished players—Schuyler (Continued on Page Seven)

CALENDAR

Thurs., March 8. Clayton Hamilton will speak on *The Yellow Jacket*. Tea at 4.30 and the talk at 5.00 P. M. In the Common Room.

Sat., March 10. Varsity Basketball vs. Rosemont College—first and second teams. Gym at 10.00 A. M.

Sun., March 11. Chapel. Rev. Dr. Malcolm A. Peabody will deliver the address. Music Room at 7.30 P. M. The service will be in memory of Quita Woodward, '32.

Mon., March 12. Mr. Dhan Gopal Mukerji will speak on "The Conflict of the Past and Present in the East." Goodhart at 8.20 P. M.

Tues., March 13. An afternoon of poetry with some Bryn Mawr poets, Mrs. Wynnie King, Lysbeth Boyd Borie, and the undergraduate poetry group. Deanery at 4.00 P. M.

Laboratory Work Offers Opportunities for Women

"There is no real halo of romance about laboratory work in a factory," said Mrs. Harold Thurlow in an informal talk on Opportunities for Women in Industrial Laboratories on Tuesday, February 27, in the Common Room. But after a beginning with routine analyses, and a few years of work, there is the opportunity to take a higher degree and go on into research work.

Mrs. Thurlow described her own experiences as fairly typical. During the summer before graduating she applied at the Fairfield, Connecticut, plant of the DuPont Co., and got a job as analyst. The laboratory at the plant consisted of the testing bench and a small mill for developing new products, and it was her business to do all the routine chemical analyses. She would take various tests on the leatherette which was made in the plant and on the new products which were being developed. These were for chemical composition and for aging. In this connection the physicist comes in because there is a great demand for new testing machines, as well as new methods for the chemist.

After the first routine work is learned one must adapt one's college training and use it as best one can, for the work consists mainly of regular tests. The next step is to control work in which one assigns the analyses, discovers new methods of testing and handles sales complaints and queries of why the goods act in a particular way.

There are few women in higher research work now but some have been very successful in it. The Eastman Co., H. J. Heinz and General Electric employ women in various laboratory capacities. But beside industrial work proper there is a wide range of laboratory possibilities. Many women become research assistants to doctors or do regular hospital analysis. There are also the Public Health Departments, which employ bacteriologists, and chemists, and the Government Civil Service for chemists, bacteriologists, physicists or engineers. Examinations are held for the Government positions whenever there is a vacancy and those who have registered their names with the Bureau of Standards are notified to take them.

Another type of job in industry is that of the chemical librarian who compiles bibliographies and assists in getting literature for research work. Women are usually employed for these positions, which are open in most of the large companies. There is also an opportunity in the chemical testing staff of a big retail company like Macy's, which employs four or five chemists to test goods.

Laboratory jobs have been very scarce for the last few years, but things are opening up now and it is well to send one's name to some general bureau such as the Institute of Women's Professional Relations or the Employment Club for Chemists and Engineers.

Mannings Impressed by Travel in Mexico

Continuity of Civilization and Charm of People Stressed in Joint Talk

COURTESY IS UNIVERSAL

At the meeting of the International Club last Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Manning spoke in turn on Mexico, the experiences they had and the impressions they gained there during a month's trip last summer.

Mrs. Manning experienced in her visit to Mexico a feeling of its strangeness—"there is no sense that it belongs to you"—and, above all, a sense of the continuity of its civilization. On climbing the great plateau, and journeying past gay haciendas and acres of beautiful maguey plants (used for wine), one gains almost before one is aware of it the whole feeling of the Spanish colonial system. The solidity, the weight of the Spanish Empire, "undoubtedly the most enduring empire the world has ever seen," can still be felt in Mexican architecture. This was somewhat modified at Mexico City to suit the building conditions, for Mexico City was once a lake. No one has ever touched rock there, and the whole city sinks and rises during earthquakes. Architecture is, however, heavy everywhere in Mexico. Even the workmen's houses at the silver mines are massively built.

The spot where Mrs. Manning felt most strongly the connection between the Spanish and the Indian civilization was at Cholula, a sacred place of the Toltecs, which continued to be sacred to the Aztecs. Here on top of each Indian shrine, the Spaniards popped down a little Christian church—though with the usual Indian decorations—so that Indians were, necessarily, worshipping Christ at the same time that they worshipped their gods.

Everywhere in Mexico there are remains—the little towers for defense and the shrines on the wall out from Mexico City, the pyramids of the sun with their flat tops and extraordinary geometrical arrangement at Teotihuacan. No remains have given more accurate information about the earliest peoples of Mexico than the skeletons—dating back to two or three thousand years before Christ—which have only recently been excavated and may be seen under the lava cap at Pedregal. Their skulls are small with no characteristics of the Aztecs who lived there later. The agricultural implements beside them show that they were not completely nomadic. It is presumed that the first inhabitants of Mexico were Asiatic peoples, who came over the Bering Straits and down, ten or fifteen thousand years before Christ; but they left no remains.

The Gulf of Mexico was a sort of independent sea around which Mexican civilization grew up, especially in Yucatan. The Mayans arrived at the highest civilization reached by the tribes of Mexico, without European influence. Although this race still bears an extraordinary resemblance to the Semitic peoples, their temples resemble those of Java. Their written history started possibly about 500 B. C. This is, however, a matter of conjecture, as the early Spanish priests destroyed all their "heathenish" writings, especially hieroglyphics. They had a calendar and were well-versed in astronomy. (Continued on Page Seven)

Business Board

Competition for positions on the Business Board of the *College News* is now open. Will all candidates please see Barbara Lewis, Pem East, between 1.30 and 2.00, for instructions concerning the competition. All those who have not been blessed with editorial genius are urged to come out for the Business Board, and are assured that they will have not a dull moment.

News Competition

All those trying out for the Editorial Board of the *College News* are requested to come to the News office in Goodhart at 6.00 P. M. on this Thursday. Candidates are also reminded that all articles assigned for the past week for the competition must be in the hands of the editors before that time. New assignments will be given out on Thursday.

1936 Swimming Team Scores First 47-41

Daniels Takes Diving Cup, Ties With Bill for Individual Cup Award

'37 WINS SECOND MEET

The second interclass swimming meet was much closer in its results than the first. 1937, aided by the addition of Simpson and Seltzer, won two firsts, three seconds, and one third place to win the meet with a total of 20 points. 1934 and 1936 came in close behind with 18 and 17 points, respectively, to win second and third places. 1936 led the college for the two meets with a grand total of 47 points, with 1934 in second place with 41. The individual cup award went to Daniels and Bill, who tied for it.

On Friday Daniels started the meet by breaking her own record of 59.2 seconds in the 80-yard dash, with A. Van Vechten ahead until the last lap, coming close to the old record with 59.8 seconds.

Bill took first in both the side stroke and crawl for form, winning in the latter event over Whiting, who placed second. 1934 missed Mitchell, who was out with a bad knee, and who usually brings first honors in the event.

Duncan swept the field in the 40-yard backstroke in 31.8 seconds, to beat Mitchell's old record of 32.1, her classmate, Woodward, close behind in second place in 32.2 seconds. Jarrett took third place for 1934.

Simpson led Wylie all the way to win by .2 of a second in the 40-yard free style in the first heat, timing 25.6 seconds to take first in the event.

In the diving, Daniels took the cup for the third year with a total of 40.5 points over Butler's score of 32.7 points. Daniels averaged 7.8 points on the required dives, but received 8.5 on her Flying Dutchman, a spectacular and nicely executed dive of exceptional difficulty. Wylie gets nice height but loses on form and entry. Seltzer did beautifully on the straight front and jack, but—to our disappointment—faded out on the back dive and the half twist. With a little more practice she should be able to place in this event.

Losing out in only one lap, 1936 took the relay, with 1937 in second place, and 1934 third.

The results of the meet were as follows:

80-Yard Dash—Daniels, '34; A. Van Vechten, '36; Evans, '37.

40-Yard Backstroke—Duncan, '37; Woodward, '37; Jarrett, '34.

40-Yard Free Style—Simpson, '37; Wylie, '36; A. Van Vechten, '36.

Side Stroke—Bill, '35; Seltzer, '37; Landreth, '34.

Crawl—Bill, '35; Whiting, '36; Landreth, '34, and Meneely, '34, and Van Vechten, '36, tied for third.

Diving—Daniels, '34; Butler, '34; Morley, '36.

Relay—1936 (Wylie, Whiting, Bridgman, Cohen), 1937 (Evans, Duncan, Woodward, Jackson), 1934 (Meneely, Butler, Daniels, Landreth).

Totals—1934, 18; 1935, 10; 1936, 17; 1937, 20.

Grand Total—1934, 41; 1935, 22; 1936, 47; 1937, 22.

1934—Daniels, Jarrett, Meneely, Landreth, Butler.

1935—Bucher, Hemphill, Lord, Bill.

1936—Van Vechten, Cohen, Morley, Wylie, Anderson, Bridgman, Whiting.

1937—Evans, Duncan, Woodward, Jackson, Simpson, Seltzer, Fulton.

Mr. Alwyne Presents Notable Piano Recital

Performance Reveals Delicacy of Touch and Sympathy in Interpretation

VARIOUS MOODS SHOWN

(Especially Contributed by Peter Page)

Monday evening Mr. Horace Alwyne presented a beautiful and brilliant recital of piano works in Goodhart Hall. The hall was well filled with an audience which responded to Mr. Alwyne's playing with hearty applause. The concert was consistent with the splendid work the pianist has always accomplished.

The first part was devoted to the music of Bach, opening with Mr. Alwyne's arrangement of the Choral Prelude, "Now Comes the Gentiles' Saviour." Then followed Four Preludes from "The Well-Tempered Clavier," No. 9 in E, No. 8 in E flat minor, No. 22 in B flat minor, No. 21 in B flat. These were chosen so as to present various moods of Bach's writings and were rendered with a delicacy and feeling that showed the pianist's full comprehension of the underlying intention of the work. The group was concluded with a number by Couperin, "La tendre Nanette," and of Scarlatti, "Sciliano." These possessed a tenderness and lyric quality to which the audience was readily endeared.

The second group brought forth some of Mr. Alwyne's best work. The group contained a Berceuse and Impromptu (in F sharp, Op. 36) of Chopin, and a Ballade (in D major, Op. 10), and Scherzo (in E flat minor, Op. 4) of Brahms. The Berceuse was very quiet and the bass part was so written and so rendered as to produce a dreamy and almost romantic atmosphere. To the Ballade of Brahms, in itself a beautiful work, we owe the success of this group. But the Scherzo is a rather dull monotonous piece and its one saving grace is its strong infusion with the spirit and tempo of Schumann.

The final group included Liszt, "Il Penseroso" and "Valse oubliée;" Rachmaninoff, "Prelude in B minor, Op. 32," Two Preludes by Scriabin (Op. 11, No. 15 in D flat) and (Op. 16, No. 3 in G flat), and the Scherzo and March from "The Love for Three Oranges," by Prokofieff. Combined in this group are pieces of deep emotion, vivid imagination and spontaneity. (Continued on Page Four)

Mrs. Manning Discusses Professions for Women

Speaking in chapel, March 1, on opportunities for women in business, Mrs. Manning stressed the point that women everywhere find themselves faced in business with the difficulty of rivalry with men. Consequently, a woman to forge ahead in the business world must have the best training possible—especially in medicine, where the school one has attended counts enormously at the beginning of one's career. She must also have a good backing and good connections.

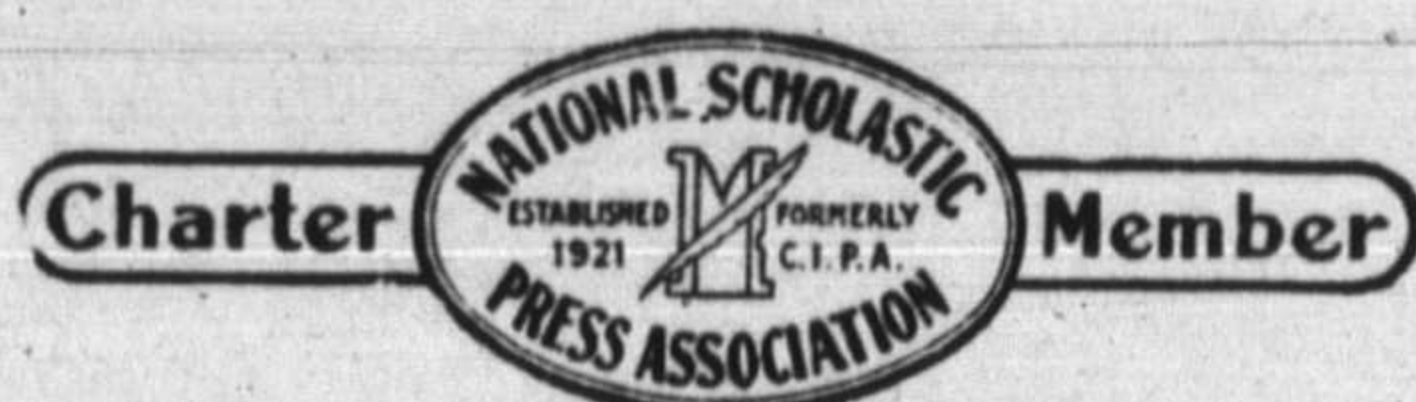
With these prerequisites, she may enter either a branch of work in which women have already achieved success and might even be preferred to men—as in the medical care of children—or a branch in which she is so good that she is confident of rising to the upper rank. In the latter sort of work, to put herself on an equal basis with men, she must have outstanding knowledge, great personality—especially in the practice of law—and tireless energy. One is bound to succeed if one keeps going in the same direction, even if it is only by the expedient of wearing out the rest of the human race. These three qualities women are quite as likely to possess as men.

A professional attitude is essential to a woman who takes her profession seriously. Many women enter business as a fad, only putting a half of their full energy into their work and ready to withdraw at a moment's notice. (Continued on Page Three)

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WIT'S END

DIVINE RIGHT?

Some trouble with
The kin and kith
In lore and myth
I've always had:
The state I'm in—
I'm sure that kin
And kith in sin
There were, begad.

They've always said
That some were wed,
But then I've read
That some were not.
When Greek met Greek,
And flesh was weak—
Er—so to speak—
What then, mein Gott?
—Goodness Me.

Mad Hatter, dear, dear,

My trouble is is is is is so troublesome that I that that I couldn't to say it myself. All at all Gertrude willingly said it for me to say to you so you can tell can tell me what to do:

"If wean weaned and Nanette spoke she very in a very in a very in a very very very pointed and exceptional withstood. The daughter was simple minded."

Had Matter so please help.
Sorrowfully,
Bedraggled Intellect.

A PLAINT

To be sung in February blizzards—
when snow gets in your eyes.

When I awake at morn
I am left forlorn,
When upon the ground,
Swirling all around
Snow is falling down,
Then try in vain to rift
Passage through the drift.
This will be my plea
When all cuts I lose
Snow gets in my shoes.

Then comes a sunny day,
Snow must melt away,
Puddles soon abound,
Trickling o'er the ground,
Mud is trampled down.
Still try in vain to push
Passage through the slush,
Taylor is too far.
Still all cuts I'll lose,
Mud gets in my shoes.

Puss-in-Boots.

WOMEN OF LETTERS

My dear—
I've just had such a time! Simply awful—I was sitting over in the library, when suddenly—out of a clear sky—it came upon me like a wave that the fire needed another log.—So I dashes up, my dear—you know me, and seizing the largest—a mere se-

the spring of senior year.

We fully realize the importance of a rule which makes it impossible to put off the problem of orals until the last minute. In the end such a regulation operates to the advantage of the students involved. But, there are times when even the most beneficial regulation could be abrogated to advantage in special cases. In the past students who have done outstanding work in their departments and who have encountered unexpected snags at the last moment have been treated with leniency by the college. Not that the Bryn Mawr diploma has ever graced the hand of one who had not lived up to the letter of graduation requirements, or whose friends have not shouted the Battle Hymn of the Republic at the crucial moment, but the life of good students has been made more happy by the kindly attitude of the powers—that—be when the skies were blackest. The powers of the academic council of the college could be employed to no better purpose in the opinion of the undergraduates than to allow the student to take her German oral in the spring in spite of the fact that she has never taken it before. No one knows whether she can pass it or not until she has tried, and if the student is qualified to pass the examination it seems only intelligent to permit her to make the attempt.

The undergraduates have no desire to assail the academic supremacy of the Gods of the Mountain in matters of this sort. They feel merely that the student in question should be given a chance to lose her degree instead of having it taken from her by a rule of which she was, through extraordinary circumstances, not aware. The seniors would accept any dispensation in her favor in the light of a fully justified exception, and would not regard it as creating a precedent or in any way lowering the barriers surrounding the territory of the orals. Exceptions have been made in the past, and to the student body, the case of the French speaking senior to whom the privilege of expressing herself through the additional medium of German is denied, constitutes a case worthy of exceptional treatment. We are not asking that any of the graduation requirements be dispensed with in the present case. We are asking only that the student be given a fighting chance to graduate instead of having her hands firmly bound behind her back by pink ribbon.

quoia you can *i-ma-gine*, I got back like a *battering* ram and tossed it in! Well! that nearly killed me, but what was even worse, a whole *volcano* of smoke and ashes came flying out at me. Finally I *picked* my way up near enough to poke around among the remains, and put some papers on top. But *let* me tell you all! The papers burnt and the entire *thing* went up in smoke—and there I was with no fire at all. Was I burnt up after all that!

Dearie, I'm afraid I must be off. I'm reading *Mourning Becomes Electra*—a lovely book.

Oodles of love,

Clara.

ANTI-SOCIAL

I've got a cold
With snivels untold:
I care not a fig
For sprigh.

—Confined.

CHILD'S PLAY

"CWA ARMY, 30,000 STRONG
'LOST' IN SNOW"—headline.
Come on out, fellas; We see you!

NEW SPRING CLOTHES ONE-
THIRD OFF—advt.

Look out, lady—yer goin', almost gone!

BRIEFS

FOR THE INTELLECTUALS

Mr. Blank to Speak
Latter Part of Week

Rest of the Deanery
To be Hid in Greenery

Home Team Plays Fine;
Bryn Mawr Backs Shine

Discussion in Chapel
Of Adam and the Apple

ON A FAVORITE FISH
DROWNED IN FORMALDEHYDE

O woe! but you were lovely, silvered,
slim,
Of soulful eye, and streamline fin so trim.

Why, o, my beauty, did you sit that day,
That fated day, upon a slimy spray,
And ever contemplate a little bite
Of hook that dangled shimmering
and white?

O never have I this sad tale believed,
How you by shining hook could be
deceived.

Hear! hear! you other dogfish, learn,
That all is not a worm, of such a turn.

—Dissectress.

From the horizontal point of view of all Art, I wish to speak my mind. My mind is not made up because I have not seen what I wish to speak about. But it seems a very convenient time to speak as I have heard that you are reviewing *Four Saints in Three Acts* in this issue of the *News*. I do not wish to make myself too plain;

(Continued on Page Five)

IN PHILADELPHIA

Theatres

Broad: Conrad Nagel and Laura Baxter in the very funny farce about a well-behaved lecturer whose badly-behaved past caught up with him in Cleveland—*Goodbye Again*. Is the best of the week's offerings.

Garrick: Mr. and Mrs. Coburn come back to us in *The Yellow Jacket*. The charming, but slightly sleep-inducing pseudo-Chinese whatnot.

Erlanger: The three illegitimate sons of "one of those dancers" all turn out to be like their respective fathers (who were very different) and we have *Three in One*. With Jacqueline Logan and King Calder it goes along very well.

Coming—March 12

Broad: Alexander Woolcott and George Kaufman's joint brain child—*The Dark Tower*. Jessie Royce Landis and Alexander Clark have the leads, and, as they had nothing to do with the moderate success of this melodrama in New York, we will make no promises.

Music—Academy of Music

Ballet Russe. Wed. afternoon, March 7, at 2.45 P. M., and Thurs. evening, March 8, at 8.30 P. M. Wed. program will be "Petrouschka," "Carnaval," "Le Beau Danube" and others. Thurs. program will be "Les Sylphides," "Les Presages" and "Prince Igor."

John Charles Thomas will give a concert on Wednesday evening, March 7, at 8.20 P. M.

Philadelphia Orchestra. Friday afternoon, March 9, at 2.30 P. M.; Saturday evening, March 10, at 8.30 P. M., and Monday evening, March 12, at 8.30 P. M. Leopold Stokowski will conduct, and Yehudi Menuhin will be the violin soloist. Program: Beethoven... Leonore Overture No. 3 Beethoven,

Violin Concerto in D Major Bach,

Fugue in G Minor (The Smaller) Bach.....Prelude in E Flat Minor Bach,

Brandenburg Concerto, No. 2, in F for solo Flute, Oboe, Trumpet, Violin and Orchestra.

Movies

Stanley: Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert continue to bill and coo on the way to Florida on a transcontinental bus—*It Happened One Night*—is very funny and gives one hope for the future of Mr. Gable's sense of humor.

Aldine: Anna Sten in *Nana*, the "millions of dollars movie," which is supposed to be based in some obscure fashion on Zola's novel. Not a very good movie and we thought Miss Sten less than her advertising manager would have us believe as to charm, etc.

Arcadia: The entire population of Hollywood continues to have *Dinner At Eight* at popular prices. Has been seen by nearly everyone six times, so comment seems unnecessary.

Boyd: Ruth Chatterton finds the state of marriage as difficult as she usually does in *Journal of a Crime*, with Adolphe Menjou. Isn't there any character besides that of a jealous wife that this woman knows how to portray?

Earle: Along with vaudeville we have Wheeler and Woolsey in *Hips, Hips, Hooyay*, which is all about nothing in particular except those two funny boys. We can't bear them, but maybe you can.

Europa: The same movie seems destined to last us all season—*Forgotten Men* goes on showing us the terrible side of the war, which for many years was suppressed. Seems a little superfluous to show them to the people—might have a special showing for the government.

Fox: On the stage, "The First Little Show" and in the film *Devil Tiger* himself looking obligingly at the camera in the epic of man against the elements and animals. Worse than most.

Karlton: Mae Robson as the miserly old lady who loves money and her son and is dreadful about them both until she finds that *You Can't Buy Everything*. Points a doubtful moral and is not all it should be.

Stanton: Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter in *This Side of Heaven*, a mediocre movie, which goes to prove that the haste with which Mr. Barrymore is turning out his starring vehicles is making for waste.

(Continued on Page Six)

In Memoriam

GERTRUDE HOUSTON WOODWARD

Class of 1932

April 21, 1909—March 5, 1934

Bitte, Bitte!

With the advent of the first warm weather the thoughts of the undergraduates turn as ever to the question of orals and their deathly toll, and this year brings evidence of their increased depredations among the seniors. Usually, no students are prevented from graduating by the orals unless they have actually failed them—usually not once, but many times. However, this year there is a student who seems doomed to go down before them without ever having faced them in actual combat. The case is that of a senior who spent her junior year in France, and who, through a misunderstanding, did not realize that she must at least condition the oral to be allowed to take it in the spring of this year. As the situation stands at present this student who was allowed to study French at the Sorbonne in recognition of her splendid work in that subject, is not to be allowed to attempt the German oral in the spring, thereby automatically losing her degree.

There are two sides to every question and the case of the senior is no exception. On the side of those who adhere to the letter of the rule requiring students to at least attempt the orals before their senior year are several arguments. First, there is the question of precedent and iron bound tradition which allows of no exceptions to an enshrined regulation. Secondly, it may be argued that the student should have acquainted herself with the rulings in connection with the orals before departing for France. Thirdly, there is the point that the Dean's office did write her to the effect that she would be required to take the oral on her return in the fall—a point which must be qualified by the fact that through incorrect forwarding the letter did not reach her until she was on the verge of sailing for the United States in the fall. In general, the position of those who oppose the granting of an exception in the present case is that of a defense of precedent and the immutability of all rules governing the conferring of degrees.

Those who have espoused the cause of the student are asking not that she be given her diploma without fulfilling all the requirements, but that she be allowed to attempt to fulfill those requirements. At present her diploma is being denied her without proof that she is not sufficiently acquainted with the German language to pass the oral. To us that constitutes a condition which points to a weakness somewhere in the present rules and regulations of the college. The student in question has proved by her work in French that she is well grounded in the fundamentals which govern all languages. She is a language major, and her record for the year just completed at the Sorbonne was satisfactory in every way judged by the college standards of merit. Furthermore, she was removed from the campus where a discussion of the orals and the rules surrounding them constitute regular undergraduate conversation. A meeting was held during junior year in which the oral situation was explained, but at that time this student was in Paris. There were no opportunities at the Sorbonne for a Bryn Mawr junior to study German, as the obvious reason for her presence in that institution was to perfect her French. That the explanatory letter from the administration should have been mislaid for some months and its arrival delayed to such a time that there was no chance of the student's perfecting her German to the required stage was unfortunate in the extreme, but it cannot be blamed on the student any more than on the administration.

The facts of the case have already been reviewed by the college, and a petition from that student that she might be allowed to continue her German and attempt the oral in the spring has been denied. We have no doubt that the administration gave the matter due consideration, but to them the loss of a degree may not seem as important as it does to the struggling undergraduate. We are asking only that the student be allowed to attempt the oral—if she should fail it we would accept the fact of her not graduating. But, it seems unfair, and hardly in line with the boasted policy of the college that to their good students go the diplomas, that a student who spent her junior year abroad in the Sorbonne should be excluded from the final round-up because she did not first condition her German so she could pass it in

**Mr. Alwyne Presents
Notable Piano Recital**

Continued from Page One

ous humor. Mr. Alwyne performed these especially well and to all of them the audience responded with enthusiasm and so applauded that Mr. Alwyne played two encores, "Sparks," by Mozowski, and Intermezzo (Op. 76), by Brahms.

Any faults in the recital may be laid to the program itself. There were several pieces that were not on a par with the rest. Without a major "pièce de resistance" the various tidbits were not supplementary but constituted the whole of the program and together were not too highly compatible. Mr. Alwyne is greatly to be lauded for the delicacy of touch, understanding and interpretation that he exercised throughout.

PROGRAMME

- I. BACH,
Choral-Prelude: "Now Comes the Gentiles' Saviour."
Four Preludes from "The Well-Tempered Clavier":
No. 9 in E, In modo pastorale
No. 8 in E flat minor, Lento
No. 22 in B flat minor, Andante mistico
No. 21 in B flat, Allegro volante
COUPERIN...La tendre Nanette
SCARLATTI.....Siciliano
- II. CHOPIN.....Berceuse
Impromptu in F sharp, Op. 36
BRAHMS,
Ballade in D major, Op. 10
Scherzo in E flat minor, Op. 4
- III. LISZT,
"Il penseroso" (from "Annés de Pelérinage")
Valse oubliée
RACHMANINOFF,
Prelude in B minor, Op. 32
SCRIABIN—Two Preludes:
Op. 11, No. 15 in D flat
Op. 16, No. 3 in G flat
PROKOFIEFF,
Scherzo and March, from "The Love for Three Oranges"

**Student Half Baked After
Bite by Nut-Loving Rodent**

"Bit by a squirrel" read the infirm report, "Bit by a squirrel." The hall covered in its beds and put down its windows from the top instead of pushing them up from the bottom. This the only way to avoid being bit by a squirrel, or squirrels, if the family happens to be moving en masse. Pembroke West was the centre of most disturbance, as it was a lodger in Pembroke West who had been bit by the squirrel and was quite sure she had hydrophobia; that is until she went to the infirmary and they baked it and told her not to worry, to come back the next day and they would take her tonsils out if the wound seemed infected. There was nothing more to do about it but bake it, so they baked it.

Then the squirrels attacked Merion and did more than biting or scratching. Yes, they were not housebroken and bitterly the Merion girls rued the day when they had not put their windows down from the top instead of up from the bottom. The squirrels who got into Merion chewed a paper and then they chewed a picture, and then they left, and the Merion girls were heartily glad.

Ibsen said in *When We Dead Awaken* that men looked like animals because they had made animals their servants and that was the way animals got back at them. But squirrels have never been like cows or horses or pigs, except in Merion, and we don't see why they have to get back at us. There is one nice thing about it though; the squirrels bite us and chew our papers, but they never make us look like them, which is a great comfort. If they must get back at us, they do not take it out in making us look like them, and everyone agrees that that would be a great disaster. Still they may have a reason and we

like to give them the benefit of the doubt. They were driven out of the New England States when there were no more nuts left and people started picking up nuts which had gone to the squirrels before, and seemed to them a perquisite of being a squirrel. But then they found out they were wrong and must have been pretty sore.

**Good Administrator Must
Be Decisive, Says Dean**

"Making decisions," said Dean Manning in chapel on Tuesday morning, "is the most important part of administration." In this respect, in administrative work more than in any other line, one is "born that way" and not much can be done to change oneself. Contrary to the general opinion, secretarial training is not the best way to administration. If you are a good secretary, the employer will want to keep you in that position, and if you are no good, no one will have any confidence in your administrative possibilities. In business and advertising, perhaps, secretarial training is very good, but the best way to administrative work, in education or labor, is good professional training of one kind or another. A graduate in sociology or law has a good basis for such work.

In business professional training is less useful, since you must adjust to it and find out by experience what it is all about. However, success in business usually means administration sooner or later. It is fairly easy to judge one's administrative qualities, although they may differ in quality and quantity and one's tastes may change. One must be able to make decisions quickly and not change one's mind too often, but be able to change it pleasantly and easily if necessary, without too much mental turmoil.

Some people simply can't make up their mind and this is fatal, since the administrator must give a sense of security to those who are working under her. One develops to a certain extent along these lines and except for making decisions one can usually pick up the other qualities. Organization can and should be turned over to other people. In fact, a good test of administrative capacity is the ability to turn details over to others. This must be taken for granted at the start.

Orderliness is not vital, but there is a gain in having some system in the beginning, since it aids in making decisions. Administrative work usually lacks continuity. One must do many different things one after the other and may have to do the same thing over and over. It is work from which one can't escape since the responsibility is carried with you.

It is an interesting fact that administrators often want to go back to research work and people in research want to administrate. This is because when one is buried in research the reaction is a desire to take care of other people's affairs and conversely, the administrator wants more time for her own pursuits.

The greatest advantage of administrative work is the wide range of choice in the next step. One may go on with it or go back to professional work. If one has once made a reputation as an administrator in one type of work there is a wide choice in other fields.

If one has the administrative gift, it is wise to develop it and to take

the opportunities for it as they come. One should apply for such positions or put one's name in line for them. It is work which one rarely regrets and it gives a certain confidence and control over one's own fate. Success in it is usually more outstanding than that in any other line. It is good for one, since it gives insight into life and the organization of life. One's possibilities in it, however, rest almost entirely on the ability to make decisions.

Richard of Bordeaux

In continuation of the growing theatrical vogue for creating historical pageants for the public, Gordon Daviot has given us *Richard of Bordeaux* replete with Dennis King and trunks and trunks of magnificent costumes. It has been said by an eminent Shakespearean that after the *Richard II* of the great dramatist there was hardly any room for another play on the same theme, but Miss Gordon seems to have found a great deal to interest her audience that is not contained in the Elizabethan version of his life and hard times. In the current production *Richard* is represented as a man born in advance of his times, who found it impossible to adapt himself to the demands of his subjects. *Richard* was a very sensitive person, who preferred the pleasant side of life to its warlike rigors, and who felt that war was a crime against civilization. Living in a period when the clash of arms was the music to which men lived and had their being, his suggestions that England abandon the continuous wars with France and conserve her man power for a better purpose met with sneers and cat calls. In vain did he plead with his belligerent uncles to be allowed to conclude peace and pursue a policy that would make possible its continuation. They regarded him as a weakling who was in no way qualified to sit upon the throne of England and wield the sceptre that had graced the hands of his illustrious ancestors. And in the end they had their way, for the realm was raised in revolt against him by Bolingbroke, his mortal enemy, and he was left a king without a crown.

Miss Daviot has adhered closely to the historical facts of *Richard's* reign; almost too closely, in fact, and one is vaguely conscious of a page whose lower half is filled with footnotes and references to original state papers as the action proceeds. However, there were interesting sidelights to the main theme even in the bare facts and Miss Daviot has made the best of them. *Richard* is not always portrayed as a misunderstood monarch struggling with an unenlightened council that rattles the saber of war and deadly conflict, but is shown also in the company of his wife, Anne of Bohemia (Margaret Vines), and his best friend, Robert of Oxford (Francis Lister). In these sequences he appears as a witty child of luxury who enjoys basking in the favor of those who admire him for the very qualities which annoy the council. *Richard* is credited with having possessed a very lovely wife, of whom he was inordinately fond, and Miss Daviot has done

her best to externalize this affection by making the scenes between them models in marital bliss and happiness. She strokes his head and he literally purrs, while Robert dawdles with musical instruments and adds to the general atmosphere of the happy home life.

There are numerous weak spots in the play and it lacks all the tragic grandeur of the Shakespearean work. *Richard of Bordeaux* is less a tragedy than a commentary upon the times in which the action took place. In the light of the character of Miss Daviot's *Richard* it seems only natural that the throne should be taken from him and given to one more suited to the royal position. There is nothing regal about *Richard*, even when he is surrounded by his councillors. When he flies into a rage at the obstinacy of the council he behaves more like a small child than a grown man, and one expects him to lie down upon the floor and kick his heels in annoyance. An attempt has been made to follow the evolution of *Richard's* character through the years of his reign, but it is not altogether successful, as the end of the play lacks the power necessary to convey the magnitude of the tragedy that has befallen him and his reactions to the revolt are garbled and ineffective theatrically.

Dennis King is a great deal better as *Richard* than we had expected him to be. He handles the lighter scenes of the play with facility and charm, and though he is out of his depth in the great tragic sequences he manages to refrain from outraging the requirements of the part. Miss Vines, as the Queen, is very poor indeed, and why *Richard* was consumed by such a passion for her was beyond us. She moved very much in the manner of a sleep-walking cat, and Anne of Bohemia must be spending restless nights in her grave beyond the seas. Francis Lister lent little charm to the character of Robert of Oxford, and, although the script makes him an empty-headed nit-wit, he managed to elaborate on the same theme until Robert emerged as a fitting candidate for a room in a home for the feeble-minded.

The production of the play is probably the most outstanding thing about it. Great pains have been taken to make it a historical pageant without peer and the object of the scenery and costumes is to convey an impression of magnificence. In spite of the fact that the England of *Richard* was notoriously poor and on the verge of bankruptcy it managed to appear as a land of wealth and splendor to judge from the court of its king. The colors have been handled carefully in regard to contrast and the gallery scene where *Richard* appears in the presence of Mowbray and Bolingbroke is most effective for that particular reason. But, with all their magnificence, the costumes are inclined to convey the impression that there must have been a very active dry cleaning

establishment in the vicinity of the palace.

In general, then, *Richard of Bordeaux* is hardly a great historical drama, nor is it a great play of any sort whatsoever, but it provides a pleasant evening in the theatre for those who desire to sit back and relax without having to follow *Richard* along too thorny a path. The production is magnificent and diverting, and while the acting has a tendency to be colorless, it never becomes lurid, as it well might under the circumstances.—S. J.

Gleanings

The Student League for Industrial Democracy has recently expressed the opinion that "funds should be diverted from the destructive program of military education through the R. O. T. C. to constructive uses." "It is an outrage," the statement says, "that with schools shut down all over the nation we should be embarking on a program of building battleships. . . . We desire further to point out that these relief jobs can be utilized against radical agitation on the campus by the simple expedient of withholding them from anyone who has campaigned against the R. O. T. C. or for academic freedom. This is especially unfortunate in a period when the American student seems at last to be awakening from his long slumbers to an awareness of his social responsibilities."—(N. S. F. A.)

The Department of Home Economics and home-making of New York University's School of Education has instituted a course to teach students the intricacies of household equipment. "Study will be made one of the underlying principles of the mechanism of household appliances," according to the university catalogue. The appliances to be studied include meters, flues, gas ranges, thermostatic control devices, mechanical refrigerators, water heaters, air conditioners, house pipes and some of the more complicated coffee pots and electrical table appliances. Each student in the course will be required to plan a kitchen and its equipment. —(N. S. F. A.)

The famous false teeth of George Washington, which were displayed at the Century of Progress, are the property of the University of Maryland's dental school.

At the University of Florida exactly thirty-nine freshmen were promised the freshman class presidency during the active campaigning of "rush week."—(N. S. F. A.)

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Reviews

Four Saints in Three Acts

The reviewer realized before embarking on the following article that there are those far better qualified to attempt a review of the opera by Miss Stein and Mr. Thompson. We do not assume an intelligence on our part equal to that demanded by the creators of FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS. We offer the following as the frank opinion of a layman who spent an afternoon at the theatre viewing what she took to be nothing more than what it seemed to her. If we have allowed the work to pass quietly over our head that is to our infinite discredit and certainly not to that of the artists involved. But, we may say in defense that we have read the articles of the better critics and have discerned in them no profound understanding of Miss Stein and her work.

After three hopelessly confused hours spent at the theatre watching an excellent negro cast perform Gertrude Stein's opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, we came away with the conviction that, together with Tex Rickard and Barnum and Bailey, Miss Stein stands at the head of a list of the great showmen of history, who give the public their money's worth even if the tender offered is worthless. Perhaps we are not in tune with the modern trends in art and music, and perhaps we are simply stupid and illiterate, but after the twenty odd saints had cavorted around the stage for each of the four acts we were convinced that Miss Stein has succeeded in perpetrating the most gigantic hoax upon the American public that has seen the light of day since Steve Brodie either did or didn't jump off Brooklyn Bridge. *Four Saints in Three Acts* is amusing because it is mad, and it is diverting because it is different, but it is not significant. To that statement the more determined aesthetes will not agree because they have been so hoodwinked by the whole performance that they prefer to think they understand it, and that those who do not are insensitive and unintelligent. We are frank to admit that we did not have the slightest idea what was going on from the opening to the final scene, but we joined in the game and enjoyed ourselves. Perhaps those who do not understand the opera should not attempt to comment upon it, but it is our conviction that in that case not a word would appear in print on the subject.

As for the opera and what went on. The first act, so the program tells us, is "Avila: St. Theresa half indoors and half outdoors." The curtain rises on a very effective scene with the cast of negro saints and (we suppose) angels assembled either in the mountains or close to them. The mountain atmosphere is supplied by a cellophane cyclorama provided by the Dupont Cellophane Company in high spirits. A robin's egg blue, it remained with us throughout and with the change of lights in the different acts provided an excellent background for the shifting saints.

The Saints Theresa were attired in in tomato red velvet, with huge tomato red 1890 hats, from the edges of which dangled gold tassels. They came upon us separately—the second one under rather peculiar circumstances. We were fascinated by a curtained bower effect in the middle of the stage during part of one scene with the first St. Theresa when someone stepped up and uncurtained the thing and there was the second lady serenely painting a big pink Easter egg pinker.

St. Ignatius, played by Edward Matthews, was more modest in his maneuvers and did nothing spectacular other than be his Steinesque self. As to what the four acts were about we are still in the dark. There were changes of locality, and apparently something was going on but for the life of us we couldn't find out what it was. Miss Stein did her best to enlighten us in the dialogue, and through the words to Virgil Thompson's music, but we just did not catch on. We were informed, for example, in a tense moment by a very serious saint, that "the Envelopes are on the trees," "that St. Theresa was literally," and that there were "many pigeons on the grass, Alas." At another point in the proceedings the music rose to a crescendo, and the ensuing silence was charged with electricity for us—what next? Then out from the wings and through the mass of

saints half indoors and half outdoors came one of what we took to be the interlocutors, and rushing to the footlights, said in a voice of excitement, "just a minute," and rushed away. In a minute nothing happened. Again we were listening to the music of Virgil Thompson with great pleasure, having managed to stop hearing Miss Stein's nonsense and onto the stage came six Harlem snake hips artists, who proceeded to do their stuff, with Alexander Smallens doing his best to impersonate Cab Calloway in the orchestra pit. The angels stood around, around, around literally half indoors and half outdoors and gazed enraptured until it was over and then went back to their games.

As for the action, then, we are not in a position to enlighten the general public. The program placed the four acts as follows: I. "St. Theresa half indoors and half outdoors." II. "Might it be Mountains if it were not Barcelona." III. "Barcelona: St. Ignatius and one of two literally." IV. "The Saints reassembled and reenacting why they went away to stay." There you have it.

For us the high light of the afternoon was the music, which would have been much more enjoyable if Gertrude Stein had never come into the picture at all. The voices are splendid, and the choruses have been trained with an eye to the spiritual strain in the music. Mr. Thompson has taken his inspiration from the Gregorian chants and created a score admirably suited to the negro voices. Mr. Smallens conducted the orchestra with great skill and the third act, in which a procession brought the complete cast into action, was the great musical moment of the afternoon. The musical side of the production is in a way reminiscent of *Green Pastures*, as regards the use to which the negro choruses are put. If one could only blot out the words the music would be sufficient reward for an afternoon at the 44th Street Theatre.

The staging of the opera is effective and manages to be different and "modern" without being ridiculous. In other words, the staff which has taken the words of Miss Stein and has put them on the stage as an opera has done a very good piece of work theatrically. They are all sound craftsmen and their work has the stamp of competence which even the words and the general idea cannot obliterate. The cast is magnificent, and it is to the endless credit of the negroes as a conscientious race of artists that the actors play their parts with conviction and sincerity, although the poses into which they fall and the words they speak are patently beyond them. The cast gave *Four Saints in Three Acts* a convincing performance, and as we sat listening to them go through hours of singing nonsense we could not help wishing that a sincere craftsman had written what they were engaged in projecting.

We enjoyed the opera, but the time spent in the theatre did not change our belief that Miss Stein is an extremely clever woman, who has plumbd the gullibility of the American public to its depths and discovered an easy way to make a name for herself and a lot of money at the same time. No one will ever challenge her own comprehension of what she writes for fear of being thought obtuse by his fellow men, but it is our bet that she didn't know the meaning of what she wrote beyond that the public would rise to the bait if she made it arty enough. She did—the woman next to us followed the entire opera with the Score!—S. J.

The Shining Hour

There are two schools of thought concerning *The Shining Hour*, the play whose purpose it is to convey the tragic and the comic aspects of life in Yorkshire when the placid atmosphere of the country is disturbed by the arrival of a lovely half British and half Dutch lady. There are those who credit Keith Winter with having written a sincere and moving play which betrays not only an accomplished talent on the part of the author, but a deep sense of the materials out of which God's creatures are fashioned. There are others who find the happiness and the unhappiness of the characters hollow and insincere, and whose thoughts stray toward the exits in the middle of the third act. We belong quite frankly to the first category, for we found ourselves deeply interested in the fortunes of the Lindens from start to finish, and there was not a moment when we were not

absorbed in the action and involved in the varying emotions as they were projected before us.

The story concerns a gentleman farmer who lives happily in Yorkshire with his younger brother (Derek Williams), his maiden sister (Margarie Fielding), and his very grand wife (Adrienne Allen). He divides his time contentedly between the breeding and riding of horses, and the more sedentary delights of Bach, which he plays very well indeed. That he is not actually in love with his wife does not detract from the pleasure with which David (Raymond Massey) lives his life, for Judy has taken good care to see that he should never discover that lack of deep affection for her. Into this atmosphere comes Mariella Linden (Gladys Cooper) as the wife of an older brother, and the disaster which the audience senses as part of her luggage is not long in making its appearance. In the words of Judy, there are always people in the world who seem to be made for one another and David and Mariella are the examples that prove the rule. Having no desire to bring tragedy and unhappiness in her wake Mariella fights against the love that she cannot long resist, but in the end her struggles are cut short by the sacrifice of Judy, who steps under the falling wall of a barn. In the last act David makes a determined attempt to put aside all thought of Mariella as a penance for the tragedy he has caused, but she points out to him that in that case Judy would have died in vain, for she had no desire to stand in the way of his ultimate happiness.

The ending is left more or less to one's imagination, for Mr. Winter is not one with the school of dramatists that believes that the audience should be forced to pursue every train of action to its bitter end.

Seldom, in our opinion, has as competent a cast been gathered together under one roof to such mental advantage as in *The Shining Hour*. Raymond Massey plays the sensitive David with great restraint and with little of the aggressiveness that has made him overplay several of his parts of recent years. He does go a bit off the deep end when his nerves get the better of him in the third act, and we found it hard to believe that he could lose control of himself to the extent of reviling the dead Judy with such terrifying earnestness when he finds that her death has barred the way to his possible union with Mariella. There are those who feel that Mr. Massey leans when put to it to portray emotion and we must admit that he gave us a bad start once or twice when we thought the cadaver of Gideon Wyck was with us once more, but he has a disarming manner to offset the ghoulish expression he often wears, and for us it added rather than detracted from the effectiveness of his characterization.

Adrienne Allen as the wife was excellent and the one conviction which we never lost throughout the entire play was that Judy was a swell person and that the fact that David preferred another was another bit of evidence of the abysmal stupidity of men, who never know when they are well fixed. In spite of a very sympathetic performance by Miss Cooper as Mariella it was with Judy that we found our greatest entente, and we did not accept the inevitability of David's defection with the equanimity of Judy. To us this failure of the playwright to attach the major portion of the audience's sympathy to Mariella was a flaw in the construction of the play, for unless Mariella occupies the role of heroine the play becomes a protracted exposition of the final triumph of vice over virtue.

Derek Williams was excellent as the young brother and the very real grief which he felt over the death of his sister made us feel very closely connected with the Linden family at that precise moment. The other characters were well cast and went about their business with the assurance and ease which is a mark of distinction in the theatre of the present. The entire performance possessed a distinction, both in the writing and the acting, which did much to make *The Shining Hour* an important evening in the theatre.

S. J.

The length of a man's life can be accurately predicted by an examination of his eyes, Dr. Felix Bernstein, of Columbia University, maintains. It is done by testing the "accommodating power" of a person's eyes.

(N. S. F. A.)

LETTERS

(Continued from Page Three)

exact, and the new plan does not change it in the direction of more freedom. Each of us knows in what lines her knowledge is deficient and what she needs to learn in order to have a sound and intelligent education. We have all had to omit many courses which we knew we needed, because they did not ally with our major subjects and we had not enough free units to take them. I wish to suggest that the system of Allies should be abolished, and that the literature, science, and philosophy required courses should not be required of people who happen to have done a sufficient and intelligent amount of work along those lines before entering college. None of us is so unintelligent that she will fail to recognize the value of those courses and will refrain from doing more work along those lines if she knows that she needs the training.

I do not believe that college should provide a specialized training in a field which we should know sufficiently thoroughly to pass a comprehensive examination in it. Specialized work cannot be done well by a great part of the undergraduates because they have not the background necessary for it, and are always feeling the strain of doing advanced work when they do not possess all the training and information that it presupposes. It is not my purpose to suggest that the major system should be given up completely, nor that we should be let loose to fiddle away our time in easy courses, but I do believe that we should be given more free units to fill up the gaps in our knowledge and obtain the sound background on the basis of which really intelligent, worth-while, and valuable specialized work could

later be done. The proposed comprehensive system is certainly not a step in that direction.

DIANA TATE SMITH.

IN PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page Two)

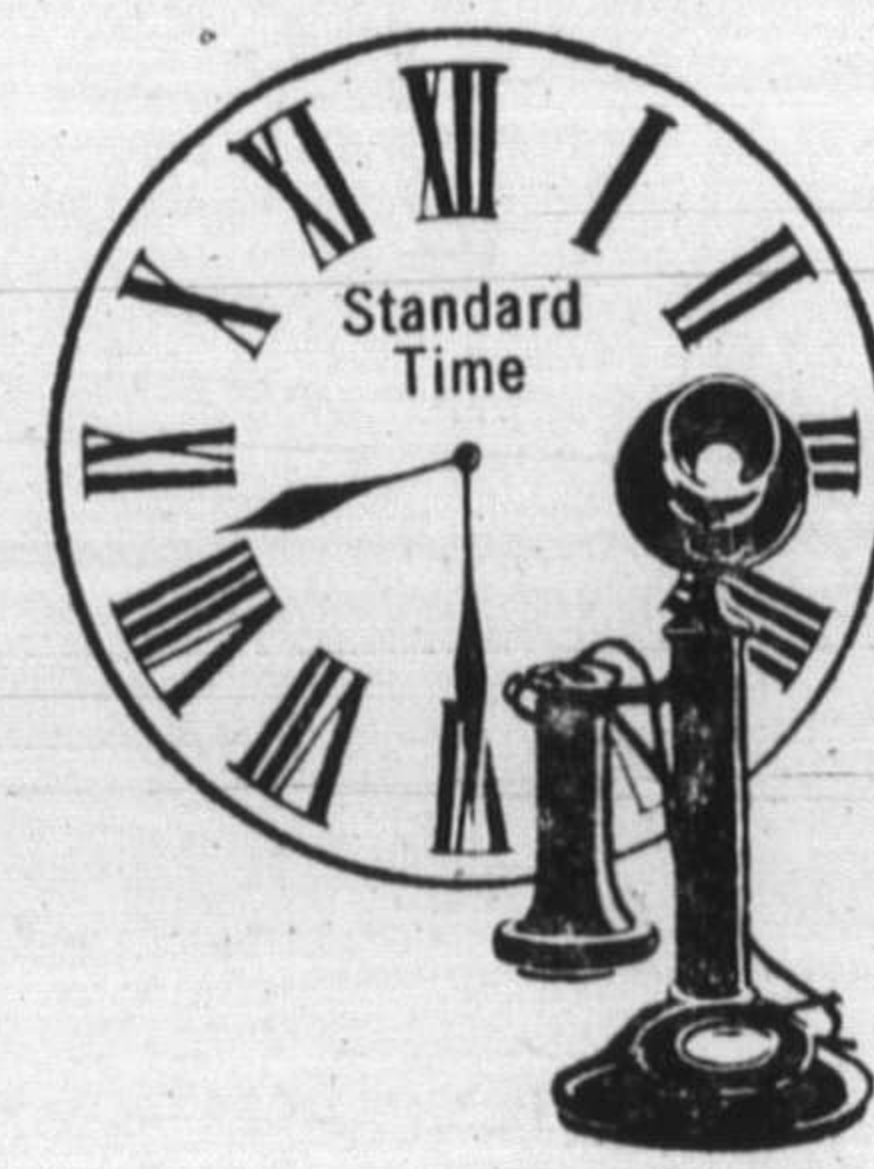
Local Movies

Ardmore. Wed. and Thurs., *Design For Living*, with Gary Cooper, Fred-eric March and Miriam Hopkins. Fri., Zane Grey's *The Last Round-up*, with Randolph Scott. Sat., Paul Muni in *Hi, Nellie*, with Glenda Farrell. Mon. and Tues., *A Man's Castle*, with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young. Wed. and Thurs., Marion Davies and Bing Crosby in *Going Hollywood*.

Seville. Wed., *Goodbye Love*, with Charlie Ruggles and Vera Teasdale. Thurs., Fri., and Sat., *Carolina*, with Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore. Mon. and Tues., Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi in *By Candlelight*. Wed. and Thurs., *Flying Down to Rio*, with Dolores del Rio and Fred Astaire.

Wayne. Wed., *Carolina*, with Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore. Thurs., *Frontier Marshall*, with George O'Brien. Fri. and Sat., *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, with Charles Laughton and the wives. Mon. and Tues., *Beloved*, with John Boles. Wed. and Thurs., *Little Women*, with Katharine Hepburn.

In letters sent to the undergraduate political organization of more than 100 colleges and universities in virtually every State, the Harvard Liberal Club deplors the failure of the Senate Committee on Elections and Privileges to bring action against Senator Huey Long and seeks a unified student appeal for an immediate investigation of the charges brought against him by the people of Louisiana.—(N. S. F. A.)



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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Movie Review

(Continued from Page Seven)

great extent. We were treated to fifteen minutes of Miss Sten with her lacquered eyelids clamped tight shut. Then one eyelid began to flicker dramatically, and while we clutched the arm of our seat with anticipation one eye actually opened and several gallons of Murine poured out before Miss Sten could pull herself together and blink with surprise and pleasure. The beauty of the Russian star is hardly classic, nor is her acting anything more than we have been led to expect

from foreign finds who are spirited out of their happy homes and presented with a fancy contract by producers who feel they can put anything over on the American public with enough publicity. She commits no histrionic atrocities, and she manages to appear very charming throughout, which is about all we can think up to say about the three million dollar Goldwyn investment.

The cast which supports Miss Sten is composed chiefly of Phillips Holmes and Lionel Atwill. The former is less objectionable than usual as the young French officer who falls prey to the charm of the famous Nana. They

have not the usual affair, but a love affair, if we are to take them at their word, and it is all too idyllic until Mr. Atwill steps in as the foundation of all virtue, describes Nana as "a gilded fly" and has his nephew transferred to Algeria out of harm's way. It all starts out as an unselfish gesture, but very soon the righteous Andre becomes nothing more than a mere man, and in a few feet of film the lover of Nana. This leads to terrible complications, especially when the nephew comes back from Algeria, and Nana shoots herself to ease the tension. The final shot is more or less

typical of the entire production—both men leaning over Nana as she lies dying, and trying to hold her hand find themselves suddenly holding each other's hands while the cause of all strife and dissension passes on to her reward.

There is really nothing about *Nana* which is at all worthy of the attention which it has received, but we shall undoubtedly be accused of being a jealous sex on the basis of that remark as the stronger sex like Miss Sten and think she is a splendid actress. Ah, well, we can always turn to Buster Crabbe.

Approximately thirty-five tons of coal are consumed every day at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and eighty gallons of water per man is used daily. The Institute has one thousand employees for twenty-six hundred students.

—(N. S. F. A.)

McGill University (Canada) students have turned out in such numbers for ping-pong matches that the school has built a special bleacher section to accommodate all spectators.

—(N. S. F. A.)

S. J.

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