

The College News

VOL. XX, No. 10

BRYN MAWR AND WAYNE, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1933

Copyright BRYN MAWR COLLEGE NEWS, 1933

PRICE 10 CENTS

Noted Critic Explains Beginning of Career

Alexander Woollcott Considers Radio Most Rewarding Field of Journalism

NARRATES WAR STORY

Mr. Alexander Woollcott, disclosing the *Confessions of a Dying Newspaper Man* last Tuesday night in Goodhart Hall, announced that the topic of his lecture meant nothing, although his last job had, it was true, been on the dying *World*. He had tried having no title for his lectures at all, but he found that that did not work, for when he made that experiment on New Rochelle, he arrived to find the facade of their high school decorated with a pennant reading: "How To Go To the Theatre." Mr. Woollcott suggested that they should go on free tickets, but they did not seem to care for his attempts to enlarge upon the title with which they had presented him, for the next week was "Better Speech Week" in New Rochelle!

Mr. Woollcott said that the current issue of *Vanity Fair* contains a photograph of himself taken in 1892 in Kansas City, Missouri, on the occasion of some Shakespearean tableaux given by his street; he was costumed as Puck. After looking at that picture, he fell to wondering where he had gone wrong that he should now be here. The coming together of himself and his Bryn Mawr audience required some sort of an autobiographical explanation. Mr. Woollcott and his friends often pause to wonder how it happened that they should all have come together: in 1907, for instance, Mr. Woollcott was a sophomore at Hamilton College, Harpo Marx was a bellhop at the Seville, and Irving Berlin was a waiter in Chinatown; it is pure luck that they should all be great friends now.

Mr. Woollcott decided to become a newspaper man at the time when his picture as Puck was taken, for across the street lived the lanky and stringent Roswell Martin Field, a dramatic critic and columnist on the *Kansas City Star*. Mr. Field took him to see his first show, *Simbad, The Sailor*, with Eddie Foy. When they arrived home, Mr. Woollcott announced to his family that he had decided to go to the theatre every day thenceforth; it was pointed out to him that this would run into money, something no Woollcott ever did, and that Mr. Field was able to go because it did not cost him anything. That decided him to become a dramatic critic. He was deflected from his intention only once, in his senior year at college, when he decided to retreat from competition and teach. Having been recommended as the principal of a High School at Hudson, New York, he went to tea with the board of directors of the school. The women were all in favor of choosing him, but one old man took him aside and explained confidentially that although corporal punishment was forbidden by law, the school could not be managed by anyone unable to lick everyone in it. At that moment three husky and burly boys wending their way from an innocent, if rough, game of baseball walked down the street; the old man said: "There are three of the pupils. Do you think you could lick them?" Mr. Woollcott became a newspaper man.

He first applied for a job on the *Philadelphia Record*, but instead of going to the Managing Editor, he went to the wife of the Editor-in-Chief at her home, and asked for a

(Continued on Page Four)

Sale of Books

All the books in the Book Shop are being sold at extremely low prices. The books on sale include many best-sellers published this fall. And so—give books for Christmas and save money.

Vocational Conference

Mrs. E. B. White (Katharine Sergeant, Bryn Mawr, '14) will speak on Magazine Work and Writing in the Common Room in Goodhart Hall on Monday afternoon, January 8, at a quarter of five. Mrs. White is one of the editors of *The New Yorker*. Everyone who is interested is urged to come. Tea will be served at half-past four.

Katherine Hepburn Takes Star Role in New Tragedy

The Lake, written by Massingham and McDonald, and starring Katherine Hepburn, will open in New York December 25 and probably run for some months, so the *News* offers its readers an amateur playreader's criticism of it. At the opening of this play in Washington all the seats were bought out by the Bryn Mawr Club of that city, so we are told; but we doubt that the New York Bryn Mawr Club will be able to pull a like coup as the seats for the opening night in New York are quoted as high as two hundred dollars. If you can't pay quite that, but still feel that you would like to know something more about the play, there is a copy of *The Lake* on the Playwriting reserve in the Library. The criticism follows:

In *The Lake* it has been the purpose of the authors to present an emotion rather than an action, and the entire play has been constructed to the fulfillment of these qualifications. The actual action of the play is important only as it develops the emotion inherent in it. Therefore, in any attempt to appraise the value of the work one must accept the original premise of the authors—that life is neither good nor bad, but simply unadjusted and brutal in its treatment of those who are seeking an answer to it. The characters are all examples of frustration and futility in its various phases. Some of the people realize they are living a farce, and some are too stupid to realize it. Herein lies the distinction between the tragic figures involved and their foils.

The play concerns a young girl, Stella Surrege, who has been hemmed in all her life by the ostentatious "gracious living" of her unfeeling, grasping and stupid mother. Though Stella has a natural aptitude for many things, such as painting, music, and literature, she has never had an incentive to force her to develop any one of these talents. She realizes that she is completely useless as a member of society, and that under the bonds of her life at home she can never expand—either to fail or to succeed. In love with a married man, Cecil Hervey, who is and has been for years living on his wife's income, she finally decides to make a break, at least from the stereotyped unattractiveness of her home, by marrying a man whom she does not love, but who loves her and has the obvious advantage of being in the good graces of her socially-minded mother.

She becomes engaged to John Clayne in just such a spirit, and then in one beautiful moment alone with him in the woods (of the country estate her mother is mutilating in an attempt to produce a more artificially and financially desirable place than her rival) she sees him as he really is and as he will be as her husband. From that moment she is completely his, but, tormented by the knowledge of her hypocrisy in marrying him when she had been in love with another, she is unable to give herself up to him and to the love which has enveloped her whole being. Finally on her wedding day she tells him of her affair with Cecil Hervey and receives complete understanding from him. For one too short hour they live together in a world different from the one she has always known and then, as they attempt to escape the wedding guests and get away un-

(Continued on Page Three)

Curriculum Committee Proposes New Policy

Comprehensive Exams Urged to Give Broader Knowledge in Major Field

READING IS IMPORTANT

(Especially Contributed by Dean Manning)

A plan for an important change in the curriculum is at present under discussion by the Faculty Curriculum Committee and the various major departments. This plan, of which copies have been given to all members of the Undergraduate Curriculum Committee, would introduce an examination on certain general fields of the major subject to be taken by all candidates for the A.B. degree in the final examination period of their senior year. The examination would probably consist of three papers of approximately three hours each to be scheduled in the first week of the examination period. Seniors not passing it would not receive the degree in that year, but would be permitted to attempt the examination again in the fall or later.

The plan for the Comprehensive Examination, which might perhaps better be called the final examination in the major subject, has been prepared with the object of strengthening and unifying the work of the senior year and, to a lesser degree, the work of the other three years by giving to the major work a more definite final objective. The examinations to be successful must test the power of the students to use and apply the information which they have gathered from courses and reading. A wider familiarity with what has been written from different points of view on the subject matter of the major courses might be one essential part of the preparation.

The plan makes allowance for a considerable amount of time in the senior year to be devoted to such reading or to other reading on special topics. A Senior would carry only three unit courses and she would have, moreover, two full weeks during the mid-year examination period for intensive reading and study and probably a certain amount of extra time in May for a general review. It is also to be hoped that many students will find it possible to do a good deal of general reading in the summer before the senior year.

Every effort has been made in the plan to minimize such interruptions as would be caused by course examinations, but there is no intention of encouraging students to concentrate entirely on their major subject in the senior year. It is the hope of the Curriculum Committee that Seniors would feel well able to carry at least one elective course, whether it be in a subject totally unrelated to the major or in one in which interest has been aroused through the study of some branch of the major. In the majority of cases students would probably also be carrying work in a closely allied subject.

It is taken for granted that in those courses which are not tested by the Comprehensive, Seniors would cover the same ground and do approximately the same amount of work as the other students, but special schedules would be arranged in order that the review periods and the written tests would not conflict with the periods of intensive work for the Comprehensive.

The junior year would, generally speaking, be the period in which students would complete Second Year work in the major and would carry essential allied work and one or two elective courses. At the end of the

(Continued on Page Three)

Hockey Elections

E. Kent, '35, has been elected captain and B. Cary, '36, manager of the 1934 hockey team.

Coming in Goodhart

The Cosmopolitan Club of Philadelphia presents Dorothy Sands in theatrical impersonations, "Our Stage and Stars," in Goodhart Hall, Bryn Mawr College, Wednesday, January 10, at eight-twenty o'clock.

Mrs. Hunt's Readings Convey Poetic Spirit

Modern Lyrics Emphasized in Choice of Program—Amy Lowell Praised

MacLEISH SHOWS VIGOR

Mrs. Hope Woods Hunt gave at the Deanery on Thursday afternoon a charming reading of modern poetry. Mrs. Hunt has that exceptional faculty of catching perfectly the author's meaning and spirit and of interpreting them to her audience by voice and gesture with both restraint and understanding.

The poems read were mainly those of women and Mrs. Hunt set the spirit of the afternoon by first reading Amy Lowell's "Sisters." "Amy Lowell," said Mrs. Hunt, "is usually called old-fashioned by the moderns, and the word 'old-fashioned' is often said in a sneering tone, but this should not be so." She has merely dropped out of the ranks of young experimenters, but those experiments of hers which are most valuable will go on in poetic usage. She has blazed a trail and thrown away a great deal of dead wood to clear the path for poets of the present. Mrs. Hunt caught perfectly the eager, yet matter of fact, the darting, clear-sighted spirit of Amy Lowell in her reading of "Sisters." Another poem of Miss Lowell's "Number 3 on the Docket," Mrs. Hunt read, "because it is pure drama, and, being human, we all love the dramatic." Her reading of it brought out this quality to the full and she gave an extraordinarily fine characterization of the farm woman whose tragedy the poem reveals.

(Continued on Page Three)

Conference to be Held On Students in Politics

A national conference on students in Politics is to be held in Washington December 29-31 to discuss the question of whether it is the duty of students to participate in the social movements of the times. Students from colleges as widely scattered as Canton, Minn., and California Tech are expected to attend and Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith are sending a delegation ranging from twenty-five to fifty members. It is hoped that Bryn Mawr will also be well represented.

The conference is being sponsored by such men as Charles A. Beard, John Dewey, William Alan Neilson, and Senator Robert Wagner, and is being organized by such co-operating organizations as International Student Service, the League of Nations Association, the N. S. F. A., the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

Although program arrangements are not yet definite, it is expected that at the opening session the question, "How shall students participate in politics?" will be discussed by Daniel Roper, Secretary of Commerce; George Z. Medalie, prominent Republican leader; Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, and Robert Minor, of the Communist Executive Committee. Round tables will be held on such topics as national self-sufficiency vs. international co-operation, and the future of democracy under the NRA. Vassar students will present a play entitled *The American Plan*, and it is hoped that President Roosevelt will consent to address the conference.

Expenses will be kept as low as possible. The registration fee will be one dollar or a dollar and a half at the maximum. Arrangements

(Continued on Page Two)

Miss Millay Presents Reading of Own Poems

Skill in Reading Emphasizes Directness and Sincerity of Her Style

RECITES NEW POEMS

It is not often that a Goodhart audience receives a poet with such enthusiasm as that afforded Edna St. Vincent Millay when she gave selected readings from her poems on the night of Monday, December 18. For not only did she read well; she read as if she liked to read to us, and she read so that she could be heard. She made, however, no comments in the course of her reading, and it was not until the Deanery session that the students were able to sound her views on poetry and the modern poets.

Avoiding weighty dictums, she replied to the inevitable undergraduate query, "What is your definition of poetry?" with the answer she had given to a similar question on a Vassar final examination: "Poetry," she said on that occasion, "is something reverently written by great men and blasphemously defined by undergraduates in female institutions."

Miss Millay is convinced that the test of a poem's goodness is mainly a personal one, to be estimated by the thrill of emotion which reading it provokes in you or me. A poem may be written on any subject, provided that subject moves the writer so strongly that she fairly has to scream on paper. While an essay must treat of a thought, the first consideration for a poem is the expression of beauty, the thought being a secondary matter.

To hear Miss Millay read her own work is to realize twice over how sincerely and how strongly she has been moved on all those subjects, even the most apparently trivial, of which she chooses to write. Constant sincerity of sentiment is often more difficult of achievement than occasional grand passion; and it is this sincerity, together with a keen sense for the ever-present beauty in the world around her, that constitutes the matter of the poetry of Miss Millay. The artistic skill in choice of word and simplicity of phrase which has always characterized her work becomes strikingly apparent under the lingering emphasis with which she reads aloud her verse.

After reading two short pieces, "Autumn Chant" and "The Spring and the Fall," from the volume entitled *HARP WEAVER*, the author went on to the "Ballad of the Harp Weaver" (Continued on Page Four)

Bryn Mawr Club Invites Students to Holiday Tea

The *News* has received the following letter from Mrs. Helen Riegel Oliver (Mrs. Howard T. Olivier) president of the New York Bryn Mawr Club:

Probably by this time each undergraduate has received an invitation to meet the New York members of 1932 and 1933 at tea on January 3 from four to six at the Bryn Mawr Club. We do hope that you will all be able to come. The Board of Governors welcomes you to the Club and hopes that you will find our quarters at the Park Lane so comfortable and so central a meeting place that you will want to join the Club and come often.

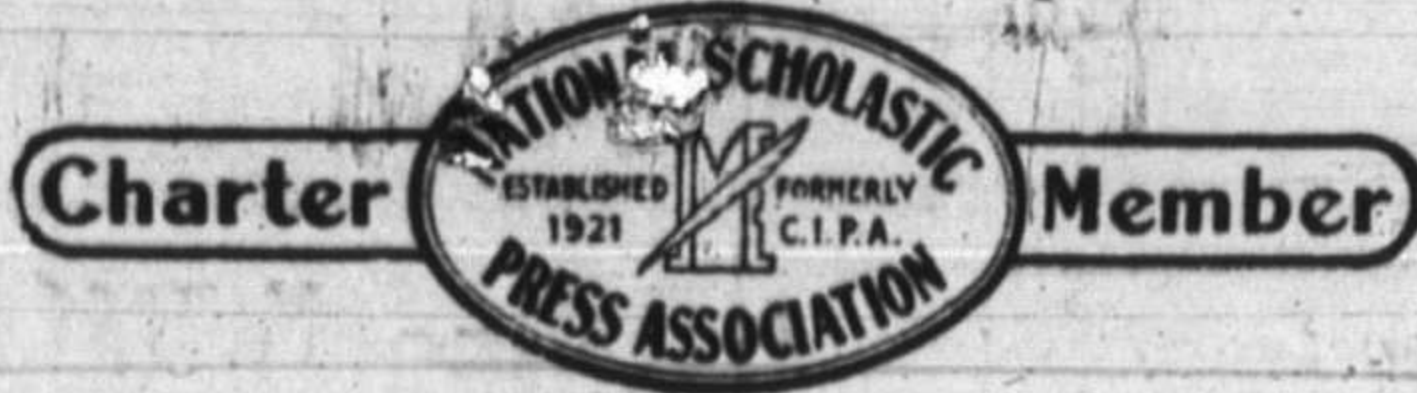
We feel that the Club is very important as a link between students and alumnae. For us who have graduated, it represents the college in New York, making contacts with other Women's College Clubs, participating in various allied enterprises and serving as headquarters for Bryn Mawr activities. But to you, who are still at college, the Club has a great deal to offer. The Park Lane is a convenient place to stay and have meals with Club reductions, to entertain men, and, to all practical purposes,

(Continued on Page Four)

THE COLLEGE NEWS

(Founded in 1914)

Published weekly during the College Year (excepting during Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter Holidays, and during examination weeks) in the interest of Bryn Mawr College at the Maguire Building, Wayne, Pa., and Bryn Mawr College.



The College News is fully protected by copyright. Nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission of the Editor-in-Chief.

Editor-in-Chief
SALLIE JONES, '34

Copy Editor
NANCY HART, '34

News Editor
J. ELIZABETH HANNAN, '34

Sports Editor
SALLY HOWE, '35

Editors
ELIZABETH MACKENZIE, '34
FRANCES PORCHER, '36
FRANCES VAN KEUREN, '35

GERALDINE RHOADS, '35
CONSTANCE ROBINSON, '34
DIANA TATE-SMITH, '35

Subscription Manager
DOROTHY KALBACH, '34

Business Manager
BARBARA LEWIS, '35

Assistant
MARGARET BEROLZHEIMER, '35

DOREEN CANADAY, '36

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50 MAILING PRICE, \$3.00
SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME

Entered as second-class matter at the Wayne, Pa., Post Office

Brace Yourselves

Whenever any group of undergraduates departs for a Christmas vacation a great deal of advice is always forthcoming from those who feel qualified to dispense it, but this year we feel that the time has come for us to call a halt to codified suggestions for behavior and to think for a moment about just what is expected of us on this particular occasion. We are making our debut into the world of Repeal and our elders and superiors will be watching our every move to see whether or not we have sufficient good sense to enjoy the altered status of alcohol without making ourselves ridiculous.

The cry of the crusaders for Repeal was that it was doing the younger generation untold harm and encouraging them to drink in the interests of being sophisticated and "of the world." The time when that might have been said has passed, and in the future the mark of what we will, out of respect for antiquity and hope for the future, call a lady, will not be the quantity of cocktails and highballs she can put away without disappearing under the table, but the intelligence and taste which she displays in regard to the choice and consumption of wines, and the restraint which she exhibits in regard to alcohol in general.

What none of us born in the era of gin and whisky realize is that they were intended for the consumption of gentlemen at all times, and for that of ladies only upon the occasion of fainting spells, sudden bad news, or the overturn of a horseless carriage. A lady did not drink whisky and soda with the utter abandon of her escort and we have a suspicion that she will not do it in the future. However, this was never intended for a Vogue treatise on wines and whiskeys, but was intended as reminder that the eyes of the world at large will be upon us in our play as never before, and if we fail to support the argument of the champions of Repeal that the return of lawful liquor would not drive us deeper into our cups, but on the contrary would pry us at least up to a level with the lip of said cup, we will be making rather childish spectacles of ourselves.

The shortcomings of the social behavior of this generation have been blamed on Prohibition by the wets: let us not give the dries a counter-attack by increasing those shortcomings at the very beginning. And in the interests of the new attitude of youth let us formulate a few rules which might be observed at a formal dinner under the new deal. First, one is not expected to consume the ancient number of cocktails before dinner; secondly, no wine glass should be drained to the very bottom before everyone is seated at the table; thirdly, when the glass has been drained it is necessary to rely upon the intuition of the butler and the grace of the hostess—in other words one absolutely cannot turn full around on one's chair and shout for another round; fourthly, there is a limit to the amount of wine one can consume, and, as the dinner must go on, due respect for the order and schedule of the courses should be observed. And lastly let it be remembered that formal dinners last a long time and that the combination of all the various wines placed before one has most unbalancing effects if they are treated individually as the first and last liquid to be seen during the evening. We say this in addition as we would hate to hear of any occasion upon which a student, so overcome by the splendor of the repast, quietly retreated into the land of Morpheus during the dessert. That is absolutely prohibited under the new rules and constitutes a foul for which the hostess is entitled to a free shot.

If we keep these few simple rules in mind we should have little difficulty in convincing the world at large that we are not barbarians by nature and that we are only too willing to behave in a dignified fashion if they will give us dignified laws. In order to cover fully any emergency which may arise during the holiday season we have tried to work out some satisfactory precepts by which we might be guided in case one of our elders broke any of the rules outlined above. We have been unable to reach any solution that is entirely adequate, but, in case of a sudden emergency, when collected thought is impossible, we suggest the application of smelling salts to the patient and a witty remark concerning the temperature of the room. Since smelling salts were definitely au fait in the old days, to produce them would add just the atmosphere of tradition that our generation lacks.

And finally allow us to wish you all A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We assure you we are going to have both.

A bird egg collection was recently added to the University of Colorado museum. It is one of the best and most complete in the West.

From the Oklahoma Daily we read that a public speaking instructor flunked a student with the cryptic remark, "So you won't talk, eh?"

WIT'S END

MY COUNTRY NEEDS ME
If I were big I'd neither be
A soldier nor a sailor;
The one is never out at sea,
The other's semi-whaler.

I think as a marine my luck
From Iceland shore to Libyan,
Would please me as it does the duck,
To be a bird amphibian.
—Fickle Female.

KEEPING UP WITH THE
ALUMNAE
At the charity performance of
Carmen, sponsored by the higher social lights of New York, our favorite New York Evening Journal reporter spotted "Leta Clews looking more than charming in a Spanish shawl and a sombrero." My! the clothes unconsciousness of 'a college girl!

THE KNIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS
My lady slept within her bower
One bright December morn,
And dreamt of orchids all in flower
And May greens newly shorn.

When suddenly the silence broke,—
She tore a golden lock
(Like all the olden, lauded folk)
And stilled the hoarse-toned clock.

She leapt from out her Simmons bed
And washed and gan she dress,
From which procedure quick she
sped,
To breakfast—more or less;

And there beside her china plate,
Were piles of envelopes,
Each purple stamp-ed like its mate;
The one on top she opes.

"Alas! Alas," the damsel wept,
"Look you, my darling, hard—
That frightful woman, Smith yclept,
Hath sent a Christmas card.

I crossed her off my mailing list,
A week ago today;
And I was so sure if I missed
Just her, 'twould be O. K."

The knightly husband sat behind
His early morning sheet,
He scanned the news, nor knew why
pined
His love, his duck, his sweet.

"O Edward, list the boon I beg,
Put down your buxom Post,
And quit your ham, your soft-boiled
egg,
Your sweetly buttered toast.

O Edward, Edward, get thee hence
Unto the city store,
And get me there with copper pence,
A card to please the bore.

Post-marked December twenty-four
At least it ought to be,
Would I had bought just one card
more,
You should this day be free."

Her husband breakfasted a gulp,
Into his coat he slipped,
The Post he folded into pulp,
And out the door he whipped.

He mounted on a trolley-car
That stopped at every light,
And every light shone red afar,
The streets were crowded tight.

But finally our hero reached
A big department store,
Where all within the salesgirls
screached,
To drown the rabble's roar.

But cards there were none now yet
whole,
Each missed an envelope;
And all of them had paid the toll
Of bargain hunting folk.

And so he turned upon his heel,
And walked the store without,
To shop where he preferred to deal
—But oh! The fearful rout!

Our Edward stalked adown the aisle,
He thrust his long arm through,
And grabbed a card, though crushed
the while,
What card he never knew.

He signalled to the lovely maid

Who rang up all the cash,
But she to him no notice paid,
And so the knight grew rash.

He leapt across the pressing throng,
His buckler straight before,
He paid his pence, and rung the
gong,
And shut the pence-filled drawer.

Then leapt he back mid many sneers
And ill will 'mong all men,
That lasted him throughout the
years,
And made him oft count ten.

And back he came to his lady fair,
She took the Christmas card,
And kissed him nor did either care
That happy blooming bard

With meaning well thereon had writ,
"Dear One, be glad because"—
Ah, me! The bitterness of it!—
"There is a Santy Claus!"
—Mme. X-mas.

ON CLOSE CROSS-EXAMINATION

When is the will to woo,
They always bill and coo,
And when at last they're wed,
As sages oft have said:
They have to do their fill,
And then they boo and kill.
—One Too Young To Know.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

'Twas the night of rehearsal, and
over the earth
Of sheet ice a-plenty, of friction, a
dearth,
The big bus was teased o'er the high-
ways with care
In hopes other vehicles all would be-
ware.
Inside, the choir kept up quite a
chatter,
When—Slither! Slide! Bump! Now,
what was the matter?
Up from their seats they arose in a
flash,
Threw open the windows to see the
great smash,
When what to their wondering eyes
should appear
But a car on the sidewalk, right
close at the rear;
And a furious driver, whose "vocab"
was slick!
They knew in a minute they'd pulled
a fine trick.
But you know the rest: they gave up
the trip,
And in great hilarity homeward did
slip.
—Con Expressione.

LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

For Dad — Our new Razor-Edge
collars, outdating the Arrow.
For Mother — A chemical set.
Makes the most superb smells, stains,
and sick people civilization has yet to
know.
For Sis—Nervous dromedaries.
For Junior — Your picture made
more personal with a Time caption
printed underneath it.
For Baby—A Muffler.
If satisfied, tell others.
If not, tell us. (*Dieu te blesse,
chacun*, as Tiny Tim would say!)
—Cheero (and a bit of mock plum
pudding with Virginia Dare
sauce)—
THE MAD HATTER.

Conference to be Held On Students in Politics

Continued from Page One

are being made to house students in
Washington for as little as seventy-
five cents a night. Each delegate will
arrange for his own meals, but the
cost may average as little as a dollar
a day, thus making six dollars the
probable total of expenses in
Washington.

Information about reduced rates
on bus and railroad lines may be ob-
tained by writing the Executive Sec-
retary of the conference, Kenneth
Holland, at 140 Nassau street, New
York. Application blanks may be ob-
tained from Eleanor Fabyan, Pem
West.

One of Columbia University's most
ancient traditions—the annual fresh-
man-sophomore tug-of-war — has
been abandoned. Lack of interest
and interference with traffic on busy
streets were given as reasons for the
abandonment.

News of the New York Theatres

There has been an influx of movie
actors from Hollywood this fall, but
it had been taken all in a spirit of
fun until Mary Pickford breezed into
town and went about delightedly kiss-
ing producers on the cheek and an-
nouncing that she had returned "to
appear in a clean play that will typi-
fy the romance" which she feels is
back in the lives of us all. She is
warming up to her task of appeal-
ing to the better natures of the cos-
mopolitans by doing three a day on a
vaudeville stage and her vehicle is
none other than *The Churchmouse*.
We hate to put in our oar where
there is no water, but we wonder if
Miss Pickford realizes that there is
a faint suspicion concerning the moral
welfare of the churchmouse in the
minds of most all who have seen it.
But she won't do those scenes where
the secretary and her employer—oh!
She simply couldn't do it!

Judith Anderson has replaced Jane
Cowl in the cast of *Come of Age*, the
play about Thomas Chatterton which
Clemence Dane has just completed.
Delos Chappell is handling the pro-
duction, and Miss Anderson will have
the support of Stephen Haggard in
the leading male role. Just what will
be forthcoming when the curtain rises
on this history of the literary genius
and forger who had many adventures
and many loves before his death by
his own hand at the age of seventeen
is a mystery to us. It will certainly
be something new and different—
for us all, including Miss Anderson,
and it opens in mid-January.

Further proof of the fact that no
one can let well enough alone but
must take care that when it rains
success it pours instead of merely
misting comfortably, is the announce-
ment that James Dale has written a
play soon to be produced. Mr. Dale
is at present achieving a rather rous-
ing success as Dulcimer in *The Green
Bay Tree*, and one who has observed
his manoeuvres in the interests of
art find it hard to credit him with
the creation of a very red-blooded
melodrama, as his *Wild Justice* is
reputed to be. Anyway, it will open
soon and has behind it the experi-
ence of a run last season in London.
It is laid in an English village dur-
ing the dear dead '80's when there
was plenty going on that the histor-
ians didn't think fit for the eyes and
ears of posterity, but those things al-
ways leak out and Mr. Dale is giving
some of them a healthy push.

Miriam Hopkins opened in the
Owen Davis drama, about New Or-
leans seventy-five years ago, on Tues-
day, too late for this edition, but we
will be greatly amazed if it does not
supply the fuel for a great many
critical bonfires and for a great many
conversations over the better bars in
the gentlemen's clubs. Others who
will dash about ancient New Orleans
are Cora Witherspoon, Reed Brown,
Jr., Frances Creel, Frederic Worlock
and Owen Davis, Jr. Guthrie Mc-
Clintic is the producer and no one
wants it to go more than that worthy,
for the season has been getting along
without his having produced a big
hit. And while we are on the sub-
ject of Mr. Davis' play we would like
to know if in present geologic time
the senior member of the Davis fam-
ily has ever written a play into which
Junior did not project himself. It is
a pretty picture that springs into our
minds at the thought of the Davis
family at home. Junior sitting on his
father's lap saying in a coddling
tone, "Pops, your little man wants
to try and make a name for himself
for the hundredth time—please be a
nice Daddy, and write yourself another
play." And the proud father of all
this talent replying, "My little
pride and joy, you shall have a play
to ruin as much as you can in a
minor part just as soon as I have
finished this cigar." And so we have
got many of our plays. (We will
continue these intimate sketches of
the homelife of the great in our next
issue.)

Raymond Massey and Adrienne Al-
len are returning to our shores in
February in *Nearer Than I*, a play
by the English writer, Keith Winter,
in which Gladys Cooper will be star-
red. Mr. Winter will be remember-
ed as the author of the exceedingly
unpleasant, and excessively psycho-
logical novel about Oxford, entitled
Other Man's Saucer. However, he
succeed in creating a name for him-
self by the effort and has now taken
(Continued on Page Three)

Nature of God Shown By Christmas Story

Reverend Leicester C. Lewis
Gives Sermon at Sunday
Carol Service

SCENE REVEALS BEAUTY

"Riddles," said the Rev. Dr. Leicester C. Lewis in his address at the Christmas Service Sunday night in Goodhart, "forms an integral part in human life in stimulating and encouraging minds. At the Christmas season we are gathered in view of the oldest riddle in the world, one which goes back to the first thought of the first man, and one which may be summed up in the question, 'What is God like?'"

A Christmas service of any kind commemorates the answer given by God to man in that this answer is embodied in the Christmas scene. Many answers had been tried before during the history of mankind and had been found unsatisfactory. The earliest answer was found in the phenomena of nature. Man fell down and worshiped volcanoes, thunder and lightning, and great seas—all of which contained spirits, which, though often harsh and malignant in their treatment of him, were yet considered worthy of adoration, perhaps in propitiation.

It was many centuries before a second answer was given. It was a more anthropomorphic conception and found material embodiment in idols, carved from wood and stone. The Greek statues of gods furnish the best examples of this personification of abstract virtues in the form of idols. Mars was the God of War, Venus the Goddess of Beauty, and so on until an entire hierarchy had been created with Zeus, who really contained all the virtues, ruling over them all. This answer was also inadequate, for who can be enthusiastic over mere abstract principles? As Isaiah said, "Shall I fall down to a stump of a tree?"

In the century before the coming of Christ the wisemen gave up seeking an answer to the riddle, "What is God like?" and God Himself decided to give man an answer, — the Christmas scene.

Curriculum Committee Proposes New Policy

Continued from Page One

junior year departments would hold conferences with all their major students to ensure that the plan of reading for the Comprehensive Examination was fully understood and that students had every opportunity to read such books as especially appealed to them during the summer.

There seems no reason at all to suppose that a change in the major subject would be any more difficult under the plan proposed than it is at present. On the contrary, since there would be a deliberate effort to concentrate most of the work of the major subject into the last two years, the possibility of making a change in the middle or at the end of the junior year would be increased rather than otherwise. Undoubtedly, a student who tried to change at the beginning of her senior year would be somewhat handicapped unless she chose a subject in which she had already done a great deal of work. But that is true at present.

For the first two years the effort would be to make students diversify their courses rather more than they do under our present requirements. It would be very important for students to complete their required work early and also be prepared to pass their language examinations at the beginning of their junior year. In many cases, of course, the German could be passed at the beginning of the sophomore year or even at the end of the freshman year. Students would on the whole be discouraged from taking Second Year work in the sophomore year except when they wished to spend their junior year abroad. The accumulation of credits towards the degree would not be possible in the same sense that it is at present, and every one would be expected to carry full work for the last two years. Exceptions might possibly be made for students who lost time through illness in the jun-

ior or senior year if they had completed an unusual amount of work by the end of the sophomore year but some procedure on this point would have to be worked out on the basis of experience.

The passing mark for the Comprehensive would be sixty, and since the students attempting it would in all cases have completed two years of work in the major subject with marks of seventy or above there seems no reason at all to suppose that the examination would be a more difficult test than the course examinations. That it ought to be a different kind of test is sufficiently obvious and unless examinations are set which call for a broad view of the subject and for the power to reason about the facts and not merely to memorize them, the whole experiment will be a failure.

It seems to many members of the Faculty worth while to make a change which holds promise of greater unity and meaning for the college course as a whole, especially since it would introduce a type of work in the senior year, of which the majority of undergraduates at present have but little experience and which has been found in other colleges to develop maturity and independence.

Mrs. Hunt's Readings Convey Poets' Meaning

Continued from Page One

Some of Elinor Wylie's poems were read next and Mrs. Hunt expressed her interest in Mr. James Stephen's belief that "only lesser poets display emotion, and the great poets speak with passionate utterance, neither human nor personal, but rather anonymous and universal." In accordance with this theory, "Elinor Wylie has more of the qualities of greatness than any other modern poet." Mrs. Hunt read two of her sonnets, the fascinating "Eclogue" and a charming little "Elegy."

The next poet whose works were read is not very well known to most Americans. She was born in 1869, but her poetry was not known until 1923, so she really belongs to the moderns. Charlotte Mew was, however, praised by Thomas Hardy, Walter de la Mare and many other poets who became her friends and secured a civil lists pension for her. Before this her life was one of exceptional poverty and sickness and was on the whole very unhappy. She died by her own hand in 1928. Her poems, as one might expect, are usually tragic, and it is hard to understand how even a few of them are really gay. They are all delicate and particularly in "In the Fields" and "Sea Love," two of the poems which Mrs. Hunt read, one wonders how she was ever able to have such an understanding and feeling for nature, since she remained for most of her life in Bloomsbury. Besides these two Mrs. Hunt read "Rooms," "Fame" and "I've Been Through the Gates," three poems in her tragic mood. These are from her books, "The Rambling Sailor" and "The Farmer's Bride."

Mrs. Hunt ended her reading with some of the newest work of that most modern of the moderns, Archibald MacLeish. These "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" are, merely amazing when read, to oneself, but as interpreted by Mrs. Hunt, they took on their true life and vigor as well. She read the first and last poems in the book; the last first and the first last, because most people think the first one the best in the collection. This is "Landscapes in the Nude," an extraordinary poem of powerful symbolism. The last is "Background of the Revolution," an amazing mass of dynamic impressions. "In these poems," said Mrs. Hunt, "MacLeish is like Walt Whitman in 'I Sing America.' They both have the qualities of thrill and harshness."

Mrs. Hunt said that she had intended to read some of Edna St. Vincent Millay, but had decided not to when she heard that the author would read some of her own poems on Monday.

A tradition as old as the university itself was abolished recently when President Conant, of Harvard, acceding to the wishes of the students in the yard, agreed that the university's college bells should not ring at 7 A. M. but remain silent until 8.40.

Katherine Hepburn Takes Star Role in New Tragedy

Continued from Page One

noticed, their car overturns into the lake which has been built by the mother at the expense of the corpse Stella loved so well, and which is a symbol of the artificiality and cruelty of the life she has led in the past. John is killed, but such a blessing as to die with him is denied Stella, and she has to go on living when everything within her has died. Cecil comes back to her; her mother plans an immediate trip to Cannes for her health, and suggests that the family dress for dinner as a cure for her unhappiness. Her answer to all their reiterations that her life has suffered only a momentary setback is to go alone to the lake, where she has been in spirit since the last time she and John were together.

The play seems to us to be one of the best and certainly one of the most sincere tragedies which the modern stage has contributed in many a year. The entire tone of the play is set for the tragedy to come—there are no extraneous bits of experience thrown in as fuel for an already flaming fire. The construction of the characters is carried through with the use of a single device—the lake. The mother, Mildred Surridge, conceives the idea because she wants to outdo her rival for social leadership, and because she thinks that gardens are made to be forced to grow to reflect glory and opulence on their owners.

Her husband, Henry, is a quiet little man, who is allowed nothing but what his wife says he may have and her allowance does not include so unobtrusive an item as love. He has attempted to satisfy his desire to love something by creating a little corner of the garden and by feeling the country around him. Lena Surridge, the aunt of Stella, is a completely understanding person, who loathes her opulent sister-in-law for the fool she is and who shares with Henry and Stella the desire to make of life more than a "Chinese pagoda with dragons all over it."

The lake is a symbol of the life which Stella has had to lead and that it should be the agency for depriving her of the *raison d'être* of her life only adds to the irony and tragedy of the play. If the day for allegory had not passed *The Lake* could very easily be the *Pilgrim's Progress* of our day.

As a tragedy of action *The Lake* will never stand on the action now present in it, but as the tragedy of a mode of living, and a way of thinking it will hold for a few, and for those it will have a great appeal. But, in order to adapt it to American audiences there are several things which must be done with it—Cecil must be changed to a more positive cad—the relationship between John and Stella must receive a great deal more attention and must be made more a definite part of the play. Unless it is given an importance quite apart from the tragedies that follow it there will be no reason for the later actions of Stella. And the wedding scene must go.

The dialogue is excellent—on the whole the best modern dialogue that I have read in some time, and especially adapted to the characters, and the emotional tone of the play. It is short, choppy, pent-up dialogue which is descriptive of the mental states of the persons involved, and for that reason it is especially satisfactory. Also without sacrificing any of the effect the authors have managed to work into the rather brusque method of delivery of the central character a great deal of feeling and emotion which might otherwise have been sacrificed.

As for the future of the play and Miss Hepburn's role in it—I can only say that unless Miss Hepburn has gone completely and revoltingly Hollywood she should score a great success in it. If she has gone Hollywood she will miss the emotion in the play and it will fail. If she plays the part much as she played that of the daughter in *The Bill of Divorcement* there should be little to criticize in her characterization. Miss Hepburn has in *The Lake* one of the best star roles that has come out in many a moon, and she has its fate in her own two hands. If a prophecy of the period that it will be running in New York may be ventured, I

would say three to four months. It is a very good play, but it depends on implications for too many important incidents and American audiences can manage to miss more implications than any other gatherings of people in the world. *The Lake* seems to me to be a very good play—not a great one—but one which treats of a modern tragedy which has less dramatic scope, but more connection with the lives of the people that will pay to see it, than the greater tragedies and plays of the century. It is not a masterpiece, but it has a great emotional appeal and it also has Miss Hepburn—for better or for worse.

With many taunts and slogans, Northwestern students marched 750 strong protesting the suggested merger of their institution with the University of Chicago.

News of the New York Theatres

(Continued from Page Two)

to plays. Miss Cooper, who has long been a favorite with London audiences, will make her Broadway debut in the piece. She has been seen in past seasons in *The Man in Possession*, with Raymond Massey, and in numerous other hits. Adrienne Allen was last seen here in *Cynara*, with Philip Merivale, and Mr. Massey left the States abruptly after the Norman Bel-Geddes *Hamlet* presented its sponsor with a funeral bill for \$150,000. Better than any gangster did even before we had Repeal.

Meet your friends at the
Bryn Mawr Confectionery
(Next to Seville Theater Bldg.)
The Rendezvous of the College Girls
Tasty Sandwiches, Delicious Sundaes,
Superior Soda Service
Music—Dancing for girls only

BEST'S • ARDMORE

Those popular

"GOOD SHEPHERD" TWIN
SWEATERS HAVE TWEED
SKIRTS TO MATCH



Exclusive with Best's

PULLOVER . 6.75
CARDIGAN . 8.75
SKIRT . . . 8.75

THESE beautiful sweaters, made exclusively for Best's by a fine old New England concern, are one of the Fall successes of the Sports Department. Women like them so well because of their delectable colors, their soft, fine fingering yarns which can be tubbed over and over again, and because the skilled, hand-loomed process by which they are made gives them a fine, hand-knit appearance. Now they have tweed skirts to blend, and the ensemble is perfect for casual wear in town and in the country.

Skirts in basketweave tweed. Some colors match exactly, others blend nicely.

Best & Co.

Montgomery and Anderson Avenues

ARDMORE, PA.

**Noted Critic Explains
Beginning of Career**

Continued from Page One

letter of introduction to her husband. She sent him to the Managing Editor, to whom she telephoned before Mr. Woolcott chanced to have gotten all the way out of the house, so that he was enabled to overhear what she said. He is perfectly willing to clasp her words to his bosom as an epitaph: "I don't know whether this boy will ever be able to write, but he ought to make a good reporter, because he's the damndest, nosiest person I ever saw." As it happened, Mr. Woolcott got his job on *The Times*, on which he worked for 19 years; for 13 of them he was a dramatic critic. Being a dramatic critic is a singular occupation. It was his duty to go to a first night every night, and just as the curtain started to fall, to leap to his feet, trampling women and children, to rush to his office with the speed of a glacier, and there to leap at a waiting typewriter, while near him crouched two telegraph operators who wired his criticism to the paper, paragraph by paragraph. The result was that by the time the third paragraph was written, he had forgotten what he had said in the first. He finally broke down. Mr. Woolcott's advice to the innumerable young people who have asked him how to get where they want to go is that no young person can tell what he will be interested in doing in 15 or 20 years. The field of journalism which now interests him most is the radio, but he could not have foreseen the radio when he decided to be a dramatic critic.

Mr. Woolcott described some of the rewards and trials of journalism. All reporters are neurotic because they are hounded by the fear of typographical errors. The *New Yorker* never has any because it is edited by a maniac on the subject, capable of such vile tempers that a whole office is devoted to nothing but checking proof. From 18 to 20 pages are sent to press every day, and each page has to pass three individuals, anyone of whom will be shot if any typographical errors are found on any of those pages. But all of Mr. Woolcott's work was done at midnight, so that he never had time to see the paper until the second or third edition; if there was an error, nothing could be done about it then. Slips of type usually produce words of perfect safety, as is apparent in his reference to Miss Helen Hayes as wearing a "punk" dress, or to Mr. Nathan as a "bottle-scarred" veteran of the war. Such errors are even worse on the radio; when he spoke as the "Town Crier," he frequently referred to himself as the "Crown Tier."

But one advantage of the radio is that at least the speaker is invisible. Mr. Woolcott realized that until television is perfected, no Shakespearean part, even that of the lean and hungry Cassius to Romeo, was beyond him. He did play the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* with Miss Helen Hayes, and only after they had started the broadcast did they realize that they had completely forgotten to get a nurse, so that for the first time, the parts of Romeo and of the nurse were played by the same person.

The rewards of speaking over the radio are incalculable. One evening he broadcast the story of the Christmas Eve on the front in 1914, when the Germans were lined up opposite the English and Scotch along a stretch of Flanders field, at a distance of about 60 yards. The story was told Mr. Woolcott by a young lieutenant, who had been present and heard after the men had crawled into their bunks, the sound of *Silent Night* played on an accordion in the German trenches. The whole front listened. When the tune died down, the silence was broken with *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, played on a Cockney mouth organ from the Allied trenches. Until about midnight the concert lasted; then the lieutenant was aroused by a sentry, saying, "Something funny has happened, Sir. We were patrolling the hedge when someone said in English, 'Why don't we have a party tomorrow? Here are some cigarettes.'" The next morning all of No Man's Land was full of troops, swapping breakfasts and taking photographs of each

other's lieutenants. They held a masquerade in the silk parasols and the high black hats of the French majors, which they had swiped on their way through French villages, and a football game was arranged for the next day. But by the next day, word had gotten back to the brigadier-general and orders came to fire at a certain time. The orders were carried out and some young German soldiers who were out talking peaceably along the front were unfortunately mowed down. That ended the fraternizing on the Western front, but the interesting part of the story to Mr. Woolcott was that the next day after broadcasting it, he received a letter from a telegraph operator in New Jersey, saying that he had turned on his radio the night before, happened to hear that broadcast, and was writing to Mr. Woolcott because he had been the sentry who woke up the lieutenant and told him about the message that Christmas Eve.

Mr. Woolcott believes that Eugene Field was perhaps the greatest of all newspaper men. He was a dramatic critic in Denver City and was held in awe by every actor. At one of Mrs. Fiske's first performances in Denver City, he threw a bunch of violets at her feet when she came out to take her bow, and pulled them back on a string as she bent to pick them up. He practiced the cough with which Modjeska punctuated the dying scene of *Camille* until he had it to such perfection that every whoop from the stage was answered by an antiphonal response from the audience. But perhaps Mr. Field's greatest claim to fame was his criticism of Preston Clark's portrayal of King Lear: "Last night, Mr. Preston Clark played King Lear. All through the five acts, he played the king as though under an apprehension that someone else was about to play the ace."

**Bryn Mawr Club Invites
Students to Holiday Tea**

Continued from Page One

be chaperoned. Our rooms are delightful for tea, or as a meeting place or resting spot between appointments, or dressing room if you are going out to dinner.

The Membership Committee, Mrs. Louis Darmstadt (Ruth Rickaby, 1927), Chairman; Mrs. Frederick A. Dewey (Elizabeth Braley, 1914), Mrs. Frederick Conger (Elizabeth Mallet, 1926), Mrs. Henry E. Stehli (Grace Hays, 1927), Miss Sarah Fraser (1934), reminds you that if you join the Club while you are in College, you escape the initiation fee—and the undergraduate membership is only five dollars a year.

We are looking forward to meeting you on January 3 and we hope that you will use the Bryn Mawr Club during your vacations.

HELEN RIEGEL OLIVER,
(MRS. HOWARD T. OLIVER),
President, New York Bryn Mawr Club.

PHILIP HARRISON STORE
BRYN MAWR, PA.
Gotham Gold Stripe
Silk Hosiery, \$1.00
Best Quality Shoes
in Bryn Mawr
NEXT DOOR TO THE MOVIES

Phone 570

JEANNETT'S
BRYN MAWR FLOWER
SHOP, Inc.
Mrs. N. S. T. Grammer
823 Lancaster Avenue
BRYN MAWR, PA.

**Miss Millay Presents
Reading of Own Poems**

Continued from Page One

er" itself. The ballad is one of Miss Millay's finest pieces. The subject is well-suited to her style. A tale told by a young boy of his mother is matter asking tenderness, not passion; calling for description, pictorial rather than suggestive. Tenderness and pictorial portrayal of a scene are two qualities in which Miss Millay excels; while deep passion she does not choose to handle, and imaginative suggestion she relies on little.

Perhaps nowhere does the clear, precise quality of her description or the sentiment concealed beneath an apparently innocent pictorial sketch come out so well as in the closing stanzas of *The Harp Weaver*:

"There sat my mother
With the harp against her
shoulder,
Looking nineteen
And not a day older,
A smile about her lips,
And a light about her head,
And her hands in the harpstrings
Frozen dead.
And piled up beside her
And toppling to the skies,
Were the clothes of a king's son
Just my size."

In the "Ballad of the Harp Weaver," Miss Millay is seeing and telling a story through the eyes and lips of a child. The device is a favorite one with her, and her handling of the shades of feelings, of a young girl particularly, are always thoroughly convincing. Single incidents or thoughts she renders in complete sincerity, pictorial or emotional. The snatches, "From A Little Sphinx," are trifles, but trifles perfect of their kind, because the momentary doubt or gaiety, delight or secretiveness of a child does not demand, in fact, of itself forbids that reflective analysis of mood, which we cannot but feel constitutes a definite lack in the more ambitious emotional efforts of Miss Millay's serious lyrics and her sonnets.

"Exiled" and "The Buck in the Snow," from the volumes, *SECOND APRIL* and *THE BUCK IN THE SNOW*, represent Miss Millay in serious mood. "Exiled" brings out the poet's love for the tangible things of the seashore—the "green piles growing Under the windy wooden piers," the "bobbing barrels," and the "black sticks that fence the weirs"—and the happy emotion that springs from recreating the well-known picture in her mind's eye. "The Buck in the Snow" achieves a clear and beautifully drawn pictorial effect; the conscious subjection of the thought on death to the beauty of the scene de-

FANSLOW

Distinctive Sportswear
Stetson Hats for Women
ARDMORE

GREEN HILL FARMS

City Line and Lancaster Ave.
Overbrook-Philadelphia

A reminder that we would like to take care of your parents and friends, whenever they come to visit you.

L. E. METCALF,
Manager.

scribed well illustrates Miss Millay's conviction that beauty in a lyric always comes before thought.

"Portrait By A Neighbor" was the piece chosen by Miss Millay to be read from the volume, *Figs From Thistles*. The effect of the poem here consists in a series of cleverly constructed little pictures, which afford by way of illustration a certain unity of thought.

Miss Millay read two new poems, "Sappho Crosses the Dark River Into Hades" and "Apostrophe to Man," which are to be published next year. The one is a skillful handling of a tender passion; the other is interesting because it was written, "on reflecting that the world is ready to go to war again." It is not a serious poetic effort.

Miss Millay concluded her reading by presenting *Two Slatterns and a King*, which she designates "a moral interlude." The poetry, she pointed out, is informal doggerel, but the moral of the poem is a serious one.

LUNCHEON, TEA, DINNER
Open Sundays
Chatter-On Tea House
918 Old Lancaster Road
Telephone: Bryn Mawr 1185

**BRYN MAWR COLLEGE INN
TEA ROOM**

Luncheon 40c - 50c - 75c Dinner 85c - \$1.25
Meals a la carte and table d'hote
Daily and Sunday 8.30 A. M. to 7.30 P. M.
Afternoon Teas
BRIDGE, DINNER PARTIES AND TEAS MAY BE ARRANGED
MEALS SERVED ON THE TERRACE WHEN WEATHER PERMITS
THE PUBLIC IS INVITED
Telephone: Bryn Mawr 386 Miss Sarah Davis, Manager



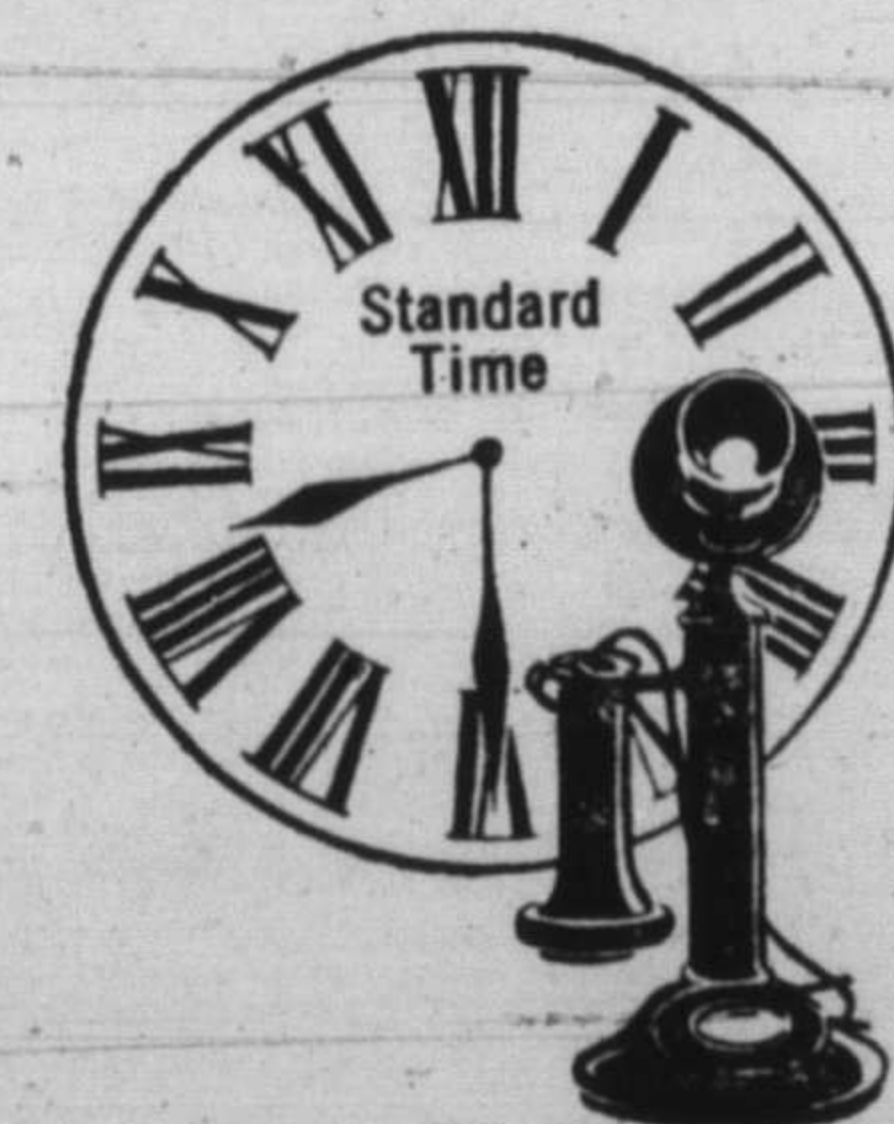
**THIRTY-FIVE CENTS
Isn't Much!**

Most college allowances go only so far. But even at that you can probably spare 35 cents once a week.

It isn't much—35 cents—hardly the price of a movie or shampoo. Yet for 35 cents, if you know the ropes, you can telephone as far as 100 miles.

That probably means you can telephone home! Can 35 cents buy more pleasure than that? You can pick up a budget of family news... talk over your problems... share your interests. There's nothing like a "voice visit" with the folks back home to brighten your whole week—and theirs.

**TO TAKE ADVANTAGE
of the LOW NIGHT RATES...**



Call after 8:30 P. M. Standard Time, and be sure to make a Station to Station call. That means, ask the Operator for your home telephone, but not for any specific person. If you've fixed a date in advance, the family will be sure to be there. 35 cents at night will pay for a 3-minute Station to Station call to anywhere within 100 miles.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

You'll have time to see only the best plays in New York during the Christmas holidays:
So of course you're planning to visit
MEN IN WHITE
It's the only modern drama that's a striking success: it is now in its fourth month: it is one of two plays to have received the four-star rating: it is a serious contender for the Pulitzer Prize: not to see it is to miss the most stirring theatrical experience of this amazing season.
BROADHURST THEATRE—44th Street West of Broadway
Eves. 8:45 p. m.—Seats 50c to \$2.50 (plus tax). Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40 50c to \$2