

# The College News

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## M. de Chateaubriand Was Miserable With Brilliant, Witty Wife

M. Paul Hazard Describes Love of Power and Remoteness of Romanticist

Goodhart, December 10.

The theme of M. Paul Hazard's lecture: "La Femme d'un Grand Homme, Madame de Chateaubriand," was "He, She, and then He and She together." M. Hazard gave us a picture of René and Céleste de Chateaubriand as separate people, who remained quite definitely separate all their lives, and finally advised us never to marry a man who was a genius.

René de Chateaubriand was a Breton nobleman, not quite so tall as he wished to be, but handsome, with a magnificent constitution and a beautiful voice, which he thoroughly enjoyed using, especially to read his own works aloud. He had a remarkable creative intelligence, and a penetrating understanding of people. His capacity for enjoying life was tremendous, and so was his foolhardiness. When he went to America, he had himself tied to the mast to watch a storm, and was lowered by pulleys into a sea full of sharks, so that he might not forego any exciting experiences. Chateaubriand a Dissatisfied Lover

M. de Chateaubriand was a great lover: of Pauline de Beaumont, of La Comtesse de Mouchine, and of Madame Récamier, whose salon he made his own. He loved power, though he wanted to be rid of it as soon as it bored him; he loved money, and wasted it prodigiously; he loved politics and the monarchy for which he fought, was wounded, and exiled. So deep was his devotion to it that he could not bear the idea of Louis Philippe's being king, and left the house of peers forever at his accession.

With all his enthusiasm, Chateaubriand found that when he had everything he hoped for in the world, suddenly everything turned to dust and

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## Principals of Cymbeline



Seated, left to right: Letitia Brown, '37, as Cymbeline; Isabel Seltzer, '37, as the Queen.

Standing, left to right: Adeline Furness, '35, as Imogen; Ruth Woodward, '37, as Posthumous Leonatus; Margaret Veeder, '36, as Cloten; Sally Park, '36, as Pisanio; and Edith Rose, '37, as Iachimo.

## Romeo and Juliet

A Special Performance of Katherine Cornell's production of *Romeo and Juliet* is scheduled for Friday, December 21, at the Martin Beck Theatre, for the Benefit of the David Mannes Music School.

## Bernheimer Lecture Is Coming

Mr. Charles L. Bernheimer is going to give an illustrated lecture on *The Search for the Earliest American Civilization* on Sunday, December 16, at 5 o'clock in the Deanery. Mr. Bernheimer has discovered hitherto unknown cliff ruins and dinosaur tracks which the American Museum of Natural History has pronounced the most perfect specimens ever found.

## Teachers Must Have Psychology, Sympathy

Miss Johnson, Mrs. Appel State Development of Initiative Is Basis of Teaching

TACT IS AN ESSENTIAL

Common Room, December 11.

At the vocational tea on teaching, both Miss Johnson and Mrs. Appel stressed the fact that in modern education, the teachers should put their greatest effort into arousing the children's interest. The object of teaching is to open a child's mind to new experiences, to induce concentration and observation, and to make the child use his mental resources to the best of his ability.

Mrs. Appel spoke first, on the nursery school and its goals. There is the intellectual goal, for which the teacher must study the individual development of each child and be ready to help at the essential moment. In nursery school, a child must learn to explore and to combine the things he has learned. In a modern nursery school, the teacher is no longer the center of attention; learning is left up to the child's initiative, tempted by sand-piles, blocks, easels, jungle gyms, and such simple things as packing cases and boards. The school organizes expeditions so that the children may have experiences that they will remember. Some children do not concentrate or see the possibilities in their material, and need the teacher to help them.

Another goal of the nursery school is emotional growth. The school is usually the child's first attempt at self-reliance, and must encourage a

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## College Calendar

Friday, December 14. Dr. Karl K. Darrow on *Waves and Crystals*. Goodhart. 8.20 P. M.

Sunday, December 16. Mr. Charles L. Bernheimer on *The Search for the Earliest American Civilization*. Deanery. 5.00 P. M.

Christmas Carol Service and address by Bishop Creighton. Goodhart, 7.45 P. M.

Monday, December 17. League party, 4.00-6.30 P. M. Common Room. Meeting of International Club and Dr. Gray's lecture on *The New Republic in Spain*. Common Room. 8.00 P. M.

Tuesday, December 18. Dr. Müller on *Mexico*. Music Room. 5.00 P. M.

Maid's Party. Gym. Wednesday, December 19. Party in Deanery. Carol singing.

## Varsity Dramatics Censured for Choice of Play and Mediocrity of Performance

Directors Receive Praise for Achieving Rapidity of Tempo in Production of *Cymbeline*, but Overcutting of Lines Prevents Emotional Acting

ONE SET INGENUOUSLY USED THROUGHOUT PLAY

Goodhart, December 8.

The Varsity Dramatics performance of *The Tragedy of Cymbeline* met with our highest approval in that we rejoiced mightily to think that a Shakespearean play was for the first time in our memory to grace the boards of Goodhart. *Cymbeline* was, to us at any rate, a totally unknown quantity, and we were delighted at the opportunity of seeing a play that is so seldom produced.

We cannot but feel, however, now that *Cymbeline* has come and gone from our lives, that the choice of that particular play was a poor one. It is one of Shakespeare's last efforts, and while interesting historically for that reason, is nevertheless not worth the trouble of doing for its own peculiar excellences. The mechanics of the play are glaringly obvious, and it is not motivated by the devastating passions that usually in Shakespeare's plays sweep the action before them. None of the splendor and poetry of line that makes Shakespeare's earlier plays so well worth the learning is present in *Cymbeline*, and we think that the time and painstaking effort that were obviously spent on this production could have been more profitably employed in doing, for instance, *Twelfth Night*, or *A Winter's Tale*.

We regret to have to state further that the production of *Cymbeline* did not even approach the usual level of Varsity Dramatics performances. It is, of course, infinitely more difficult to do a finished performance of a Shakespearean than of a later play, and much may be forgiven the directors on the score that this was their first attempt to work in a medium that requires highly skillful acting and more expert directing than is usually necessary. The main point, however, in which the directors might have been more successful than they

were, lay in achieving that fusion between the acting and the play, that absorption of the actresses in their parts, those small shades of expression built up in the lines, which have so often before given the Varsity plays a professional finish.

In one sense the directors are to be congratulated—in another, to be condemned—for their speeding up of the tempo of the play. Throughout the first three acts, the action was rapid and smooth—more so than in any cut Shakespeare play we have ever seen, and we rise to sing praises of the judgment and feeling for tempo shown there. In the fourth and fifth acts, however, the delight of cutting unnecessary lines and bits of action appears to have run away with the directors, and a confusing résumé of the lines, a bare outline of the plot that we suspect scarcely did it justice, and a lightning-like succession of actors, each apparently bent on departing the stage as soon as possible after his arrival thereon, was the deplorable result.

In the fourth act, for no apparent reason a group of soldiers suddenly clambered over the peaks of the mountains, clashed, and departed with an expedition that was truly startling; we looked upon the stage and there were soldiers; we looked again upon the stage and the soldiers were no more! And the last scene of the last act seemed to evince an alarming desire on the part of the directors that the play, too, should be no more, for seldom have we witnessed a speedier tying up of loose ends in a more obvious spirit of "Let's get it over with quickly." From an aesthetic and dramatic point of view, the rapidity with which each actor stepped out, said his little speech of one or two lines, and dropped back into place, was really inexcusable, and we regret that Iachimo's great opportunity for doing an excellent bit of emotional acting should have been so nearly wrested from him by the speed at which the scene was going.

A certain lack of judgment was also shown by the directors in bringing upon the stage the most hilariously funny stage property we have ever had the good fortune to observe. We never expect to forget the entrance of the head of Cloten, dripping hideously with gore and held aloft with a pleased smile by Guiderius; but, although the head stopped the show for a good ten minutes while the audience literally rocked in their seats with mirth, we feel that it was a trifle disturbing to the unity of the play. The

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## Non-Resident Students Entertain

There will be a non-resident tea on Monday, December 16, at four-thirty in the Common Room, to which each non-resident student will bring two guests. Miss Fernon, who is warden of the non-resident students, will pour tea.

On Thursday of next week the first non-resident dinner will be held. There are three years, however, before the students of the college will have a chance to entertain.

## Tyrolean Atmosphere Is Rampant at Dance

Gym, Wee Hours, December 8-9.

There was considerable looking at us at the Christmas dance. We were one of the most charming assemblages ever seen at a dance in the Gym, and the Gym itself was a sight to behold with sparkling eye even the morning before. If we had spoken to ourselves at the dance, we probably would not have recognized ourselves; our best friends found themselves unable to remember our names when the cutting had gotten under way. The gymnasium itself was an extraordinary sight: spaghetti-like strips concealed the baskets, and travel posters and beer mugs and pretzels in silhouette disguised the walls and bars. The tables were covered with red and white checked cloths and for centerpiece each table had a bottle (a beer, a wine, or a whiskey one, doubtless contributed by the college authorities) with a candle in it. Bryn Mawr set a new tableware fashion with the use of glass mugs for the punch.

In this provocative atmosphere action could not have been checked. As it was, the dance became spirited, and then strenuous, with the only rest periods coming during the entertainment provided by Shorty Atmore (Haverford, '34), who induced group singing, even, with a parody of the bank sign. By the end of the evening everyone was exhausted, and the chances are—everyone was humming or laughing at himself. The scene was so lively that the dance was over before there was enough time for everyone's feet to get to the side, and end the evening. Comparative to the step into the or tread on a friend's foot.

## "I Calls It Spinach and I Yells for More" Is Rallying Cry of Hungry Horde at Tea

"Let's go over to the Inn for tea and have some spinach," would seem to be a favorite remark at Bryn Mawr. When we first heard it, we thought it so incongruous that we rushed to the smoking room in high glee to tell of our amusing discovery. And were looked upon with patronizing scorn by all the inhabitants. "Of course—the Inn's spinach is wonderful—it makes a grand tea! Haven't you ever eaten it there?" As a result of this amazing answer, we set out to find out more about the feeding habits of the Bryn Mawr undergraduates.

Naturally, the first place we went was the College Inn. Truly enough, spinach is a favorite dish. Some girls come in quite regularly about four o'clock for their spinach with poached egg. Others, who prefer a bit of variety, choose a vegetable platter. And with almost everyone, spinach is the preferred vegetable for supper. For those of us who are not quite such health children, however, the regular tea, consisting of a hamburger or frankfurter sandwich, a pecan bun, or toast, and tea or coffee, is the usual thing. We don't go in for desserts, but make up for our lack of a sweet tooth by consuming coffee on every possible occasion.

At the Greek's, or, more formally, the Bryn Mawr Confectionery, quantities of toasted cheese and toasted egg-and-olive sandwiches are consumed nightly, with coca-cola, beer, coffee, and chocolate frosted as supplements. To those who cannot join the parade, and must remain at college, large bags of the same foods are carried by their more fortunate friends. Fudge and fresh fruit sundaes are among the more popular sweets.

Our preferences in college food are stated loudly and often. Orange juice is the favorite fruit at breakfast: if we are served whole oranges, instead of the juice, we squeeze our own at the table. We definitely don't like apples, and are only mildly fond of grapes and prunes.

In spite of all our reducing diets, we manage to consume almost eight hundred pounds of potatoes and two hundred forty quarts of ice cream a week, besides our daily portion of milk per day, which amounts to something like one hundred seventy-nine quarts. Crackers, too, break down our resistance. (It has always been a fact that it is the people on non-starch diets who eat up all the crackers.) One meal that continues in preference is that which consists of brown bread, potatoes, and baked beans, although we complain bitterly of the color scheme.

For salad and dessert, lettuce and fruit cup, respectively, have first places. Other salads have been tried, but none have had the popularity that is accorded plain lettuce, so that has been adopted as the constant. About thirty-two dozen heads of iceberg lettuce are ordered weekly. For coffee, we always prefer the after-dinner variety to that served at breakfast, even though we have been informed time and time again that they are the same brand made in the same way.

The college bookshop supplies the college with even more food, as well as the very necessary cigarettes, chewing gum, tomato juice, et al. Nocturnal pilgrimages to the hall-bookshops are usual occurrences; from these we return, laden with edibles and beverages to last until the small hours.

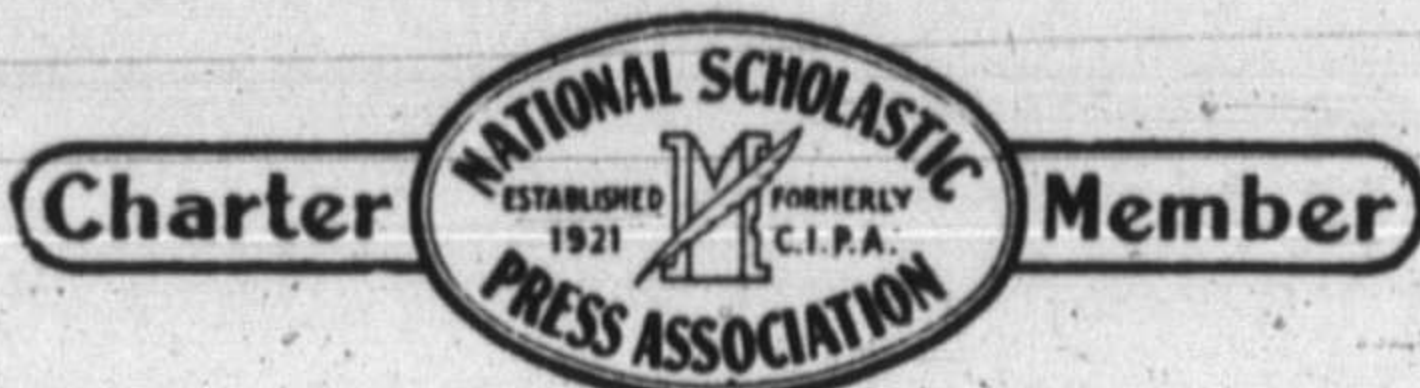
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# THE COLLEGE NEWS

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## Fear No More the Heat of the Sun

The sight of Bryn Mawr decked out for campus festivity is an infrequent and an extraordinary one. Usually we are never seen in our pretty clothes except when we are taking a final turn about the smoking room before rushing out to the station taxi, or, on our return from a week-end, when we drop all the accessories of civilization at the threshold of the smoking room. Once per first semester we shake the camphor flakes from our finery to outsparkle our sisters on the home field, then, on the occasion of the autumn Varsity play and dance. Life is a dizzy and dissipated whirl: we attend the play and the dance and try to prove that we can be sweet and light-headed young things.

Unfortunately, this past week-end's festivity did not see the usual whole-hearted enthusiasm for the program of play and dance. The audience at the play was very slim: and what there was of audience at the play did not seem to catch the spirit of *The Tragedy of Cymbeline*. The explanation of the slight attendance at the play is simple. The Glee Club operettas are sold out every year, so that the explanation is not one of financial stress; and frequently lectures in the middle of the college week are better attended, so that there can have been little pressure as to time. We may be branded unadventurous or low-brow for the admission, but we want to see either a very good play, or an amusing play to start off a festive evening. We feel that for this reason the choice of *Cymbeline* for Varsity production was unfortunate.

Probably the Varsity Players have never, in the history of Bryn Mawr, chosen a play that met with the complete approval of all of the undergraduates. But even the much disparaged presentation of recent Broadway successes at Bryn Mawr has met with more enthusiastic support than *Cymbeline* was given. If we want to get away from doing pieces second-hand from Broadway we still might revive Broadway successes from, say, fifteen years ago, when we were as yet not going to the theatre ourselves. If we want to do period plays to get the advantages of period costume and scenery to offset the oddity of Bryn Mawr playing the male roles, it still seems to us that we need not play only Elizabethan dramas. There is much to be said for our producing Shakespeare, but, again, we do not want to see one of the dramatist's poorest plays. We want to see a good play, and we want a play with some popular appeal. So many good plays have been written that it seems to us a pity that we should give one with so little appeal as *The Tragedy of Cymbeline*.

We make these suggestions here because as ordinary undergraduates we do not know, nor do we pretend to know as many plays or as much about play production as the Varsity Players. We place full confidence in that organization's ability to choose and produce plays suited to our histrionic talents and appropriate to the festive occasion which a play and a dance provide. We trust that Varsity Dramatics will, this coming spring, choose a play that Bryn Mawr will sincerely want to see.

## "Our Torch Divine"

As the dramatic season at Bryn Mawr gets under way with a flourish and becomes the subject of violent discussion in the wee hours of every night, one need that has been occurring to us this many a year now returns to our minds with an ever-new force. There is a constantly growing interest on campus in the construction of stage lighting, and it is the burning desire of a surfeit of students to experiment with the possibilities of art.

Make these experiments on the occasion of the production of a play, although even this risk has been taken by the enterprising Varsity Dramatics. It is a wider opportunity and more safety, if we were the only ones to do any part of a building marked out and sets, any amount of a few interesting out just how looked in to the applaud-ved in

# WIT'S END

## CAMOUFLAGE

Is this a dance  
We've embarked upon?  
Or an artistically disguised  
Marathon  
—Dying Duck.

There's a new popular song (from  
*Calling All Stars*)

"Just strictly between us  
You're cuter than Venus,  
And what's more, you've got  
arms."

It's enough to put ideas into our  
head. Like the following:

1. O don't bear me malice  
As if you were Pallas  
Full armed a priori with fore-  
thought.
2. The infantile Cupid  
Could not be called stupid—  
But you're bigger and brighter,  
my brute!

Now you try some. We can have  
a song-fest.

## VOLGA BOAT SONG

We've danced, and we've danced  
Till our feet are sore.  
Would you have us collapse  
And roll on the floor?

"What's your name? What's your  
College and who brought you,  
please?"  
Has been screamed in our ears  
In varying keys.

We've pushed and we've pulled,  
We've been trod on and led,  
Our spirits are broken,  
We're ready for bed.

—Lone Goose.

## THE BIG PARADE

Oh, for the life  
Of a Bryn Mawr  
War-den.  
She meets so many  
Attractive men.

—Lazy Loon.

(Can be sung to the tune of *Love  
Will Last*. This procedure is not advis-  
ed, however.)

The damsels were shrieking on every  
side,  
"May I cut,"  
Their look and word their thought  
belied  
Truly—but  
Yonder all over the slippery floor  
Within and out of the dancehall  
door  
The raging rabble continued to roar,  
"May I cut."

## NATURE-LOVER

Fresh air? Fresh air? say, not for me,  
Nor open spaces, sky and sea.  
I find that all the Great Outdoors  
Is filled with unattractive bores,  
And even when quite close to home,  
Mom Nature thinks to romp and roam,  
I do not like pets made for laps,  
Nor pests to rustle during naps,  
Be Kind to Beasts? I'd rather not,  
And—pigeons in the gutter?—Gott!

## GETTING OUT A PAPER

"Getting out this paper's no picnic.  
"If we print jokes, folks say we are  
silly.  
"If we don't print jokes, they say  
we are too serious.  
"If we publish things from other  
papers, we are said to be lazy.  
"If we publish original matter, they  
say we lack variety.  
"If we stay on the job, we ought to  
be out rustling news!  
"If we are out rustling news, we  
are not on the job!  
"If we work on the paper, they say  
we are neglecting our school work!  
"If we work on our school work,  
they say we are neglecting the paper!  
"If we don't print contributions, we  
don't show proper appreciation!  
"If we do print contributions, the  
paper is filled over with junk!  
"Like as not some fellow will say  
we swiped this from an exchange.  
"Or that we swiped this from a re-  
print.  
"So we did!"

## DOMESTICITY

I can open a can

And boil hot water,  
And wash a pan;  
I'm a model daughter.

Also, I can make soup—  
Campbell's alphabet;  
Lemonade for the croup;  
I'll be a wife yet.

I learned in college  
To make compotes,  
Along with a knowledge  
Of antidotes.

## APOSTROPHE TO A TYPEWRITER

O lovely things with stops and caps,  
You make a lovely clatter—  
It rings and crunches, yes, and taps  
Out lovely printed matter.

We herewith suggest a new game  
for professors: *Cherchez la thème!*

*Cheerio—*

## THE MAD HATTER.

### Theatre Review

*Life Begins at 8.40* has been so thor-  
oughly condemned by the great Broad-  
way critics that it is with some timid-  
ity we raise our weak voice in its de-  
fense. Nevertheless, we enjoyed it  
completely and we openly recommend  
it to all weary Bryn Mawrters with  
the price of a ticket or an escort with  
the price of one, who wish to see a  
good, although not a dazzlingly bril-  
liant, revue. Everything in the show  
—the music, humor, dancing, staging  
—was excellent, and once it was un-  
der way the show never let down.  
Probably its biggest defect was that  
there was too much of a good thing,  
and the good thing lasted too long.

You have probably heard and tired  
of the music long before this, but it  
is still good music. *You're a Builder  
Upper* and *Let's Take a Walk Around  
the Block* are the hits of the show and  
of the season, but several other hu-  
morous songs and also *What Can You  
Say in a Love Song?* are very pleas-  
ant.

Ray Bolger steals the show, but he  
does it with such an unassuming air  
that you love it. His dancing is the  
brightest spot in our life since Fred  
Astaire left our happy hunting ground  
for Hollywood. But his antics do not  
stop with mere dancing; he sings,  
acts, and smiles beautifully, and as  
the window dresser going to bed is  
screamingly funny. Bert Lahr is  
quieter than usual, but still funny,  
and in *She Loves Me*, a riotous take-  
off on last season's success, shows  
signs of the Bert Lahr we used to  
know. Frances Williams has less to  
do than usual, which is just as well,  
for more of her might be too much.  
Luella Gear is her old self, which  
should be enough said, but she quite  
outdoes her usual brand of humor in  
the two skits, *My Paramount-Publix-  
Roxy-Rose* and *I Couldn't Hold My  
Man*. The latter takes a few delight-  
ful pokes at the great appeal to wom-  
en in recent advertising. The support-  
ing cast and the juveniles were, on the  
whole, very good, although not bril-  
liant.

There were so many good things in  
*Life Begins at 8.40* that it is difficult  
to pick out the brightest spots. One  
of the choicer bits is the *Quartet Ero-  
tica*, where Rabelais, Boccaccio, de  
Maupassant, and Balzac bemoan to  
music the trite childishness of their  
works when compared to the modern  
bedtime story, and in the meantime  
pay their respects to the movies, the  
radio, and the pulps. *Shoein' the Mare*  
is an unusual dance number, which  
adds new interest after the rumba and  
carioca craze and should appeal to all  
who happen to like the Weidman dan-  
cers and to many who do not. *Chin Up*,  
about the Englishman who "must  
dress" in the face of several suicides  
to save the family honor, is old stuff,  
but so well done by Mr. Lahr and his  
mates that the audience quite forgets  
the fact. *C'Est La Vie*, too, is not a  
new idea, but Messrs. Bolger and Lahr  
jumble their French and English so  
enchantingly as the two suicide-bound  
lovers who push the lady into the  
Seine and go off hand in hand, that  
again you forget how many times  
you've seen this thing done worse.  
The pantomimes and tableaux in the  
opening number in *What Can You Say  
in a Love Song?* and *A Quiet Even-  
ing At Home* should provide col-  
and its types, should especially de-  
light all fellow students. *The New  
Deal Ladies* should entrance everyone

who has followed the meteor career of  
or and the picturesque for those who  
tire of humor. And if you do not lit-  
erally rock in the aisles with laughter  
at *Sound Phenomena*, you are too old  
a hand at this sort of thing to have  
gone to the show in the first place.  
Robert Wildhack, as a professor dis-  
cussing on the gentle art of snoring  
our first lady, and too much cannot  
be said for the above-mentioned *She  
Loves Me* or *A Day at the Brokers*, in  
both of which Bert Lahr rises to his  
old heights.

The show moves at a pace that al-  
lows no breathing spells and this, com-  
bined with the fact that most of the  
show's appeal lies in its humor, often  
leaves the audience so confused that  
the effect of some of the more beau-  
tifully staged skits is marred. Often  
these very picturesque scenes are ef-  
fectively broken with humor, as when  
at the end of the dance showing the  
modern lovers, the young man com-  
pletely ignores the exotic creature  
stretched across his knees by placing  
his elbow neatly on her abdomen and  
scowling off into the distance. Little  
touches like this heighten the key of  
the show all the way through. The  
entire performance is kept up to a  
high standard, and even those skits  
which have been seen before are so well  
done that they go over. If you want  
to see a revue that you know will be  
good, if not the best, entertainment,  
you can do little better some bright  
evening in New York than go to the  
Winter Garden and enjoy for yourself  
what they have to offer.

H. F.

## IN PHILADELPHIA

### Theatres

**Broad:** We scarcely dare to men-  
tion it for fear it might not come  
true after all, but we think (and hope)  
this is the last week for *The Pursuit  
of Happiness!*

**Chestnut:** Dennis King playing a  
straight role for the first time in a  
new comedy, *Petticoat Fever*. Mark  
Reed has made the life of a telegraph  
operator in an isolated station in Lab-  
rador funny; also, we believe, for the  
first time.

**Erlanger:** An hilariously funny  
farce about prize fighters and milk  
bottles, *The Milky Way*, with Cecil  
Lean and Cleo Mayfield.

**Forrest:** Eddie Dowling's new mu-  
sical, *Thumbs Up*. Ray Dolley, Clark  
and McCullough, Hal Leroy, and the  
Pickens Sisters are also in it. We can't  
decide whether we'd rather not see the  
Pickens Sisters or see Eddie Dowling.

**Garrick:** The Theatre Union's suc-  
cess of last season, *Stevedore*, a highly  
dramatic account of labor troubles on  
the New Orleans waterfront.

**Walnut:** *Slightly Delirious*, the  
farceful account of love in a "better  
known" family, is still hanging on.  
Not very good—in fact, no good.

### Orchestra Program

Bach.....Mass in B Minor  
Leopold Stokowski conducting.  
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## New Material, Teacher Acquired by Art Club

The Art Club, which meets every  
Saturday morning from 9.45 to 11.45  
in the basement of the gymnasium, has  
taken on renewed life this year. About  
sixteen students attend regularly to  
sketch or to model from college mod-  
els under the direction of Miss Agnes  
Yarnall. Miss Yarnall, who has her  
own studio in Philadelphia and re-  
cently gave an exhibition of her own  
sculpture at Baldwin School, has proved  
to be a sympathetic and a compe-  
tent instructor.

The Club has this year acquired the  
proper equipment for its work for the  
first time since it was organized. Mem-  
bers have at their disposal several  
hundred pounds of modelling clay,  
eight to ten stands for sculpture and  
a dozen wire supports for statuettes  
in addition to the regular materials  
for sketching. Most of the members  
of the Art Club are new to the work  
in clay: in consequence their work is  
still experimental, although extreme-  
ly interesting. They have tried both  
the head and the whole human figure  
in the course of this autumn's activ-  
ity, but most of the modellers are  
now doing statuettes to get the line  
and balance of the body before try-  
ing the finer work that must go into  
the modelling of the head. The Club  
hopes to be ready to give a college  
exhibit in the near future.

Ellen Stone, '36, is president, and  
Margaret Laird, '35, is secretary of  
the Club.

our midst might progress hieratically to grace the boards of a Broad-  
way theatre, and reflect the glory upon Bryn Mawr that we have long  
been waiting and hoping to settle upon her.







**Varsity Play Censured for Poor Production**

Continued from Page One

actors in that scene are to be highly praised for keeping their composure, although Guiderius is to blame for having continued to wave the head about triumphantly before the fascinated gaze of the audience. It might, we feel, have been possible to have omitted the dripping gore, or, at least, to have kept it partly concealed from the audience.

Miss Furness and Miss Woodward, as the young husband and wife, Imogen and Posthumous, were fairly good, although not inspired, in their parts. They both delivered their lines with a certain degree of oratory and without much differentiation, but Miss Furness injected a nice amount of emotion into the scene with what she supposes to be the dead body of her husband. Miss Rose, as Iachimo, did by far the best bit of acting in the play, and was not at all hampered by the necessity of playing a rather difficult and unpleasant role. The one really moving bit of emotion in the play was her convincing grief in the last scene over the mischief she had caused, and she is all the more to be congratulated that she kept her head and played it slowly against a very rapid tempo.

Miss Brown, as Cymbeline, struggled with a part that had obviously been so cut as to be almost purely mechanical, but she completely missed her one opportunity to play an emotional scene over the loss of her daughter. Her acting was wooden and immature, and entirely unworthy of Miss Brown's usual talented performances. Miss Seltzer, as the Queen, however, portrayed a regal and powerful woman, with a majesty of bearing and speech that was truly excellent; but her flitting and weaving through the ghost scene were a pseudo-aesthetic feature that might well have been eliminated.

Miss Veeder, playing the part of the Queen's son, Cloten, acted the part of a conceited youth filled with airs and mannerisms, with a true flair for comedy and a ridiculousness that was never overdone. Miss Park, however, as Pisanio, played even the emotional scene in which she refuses to kill Imogen with an over-emphasis of the burlesque, which, while amusing, was not in keeping with the character as written. She, too, shows a flair for comedy and burlesque that we hope to see utilized in another play as soon as possible.

The conception of the scenery is very highly to be praised. We know of nothing that could have been better than the ingenious choice of the one set in which every scene was played, and the use of lighting, as in the prison scene, to change the set is an idea which we believe Bryn Mawr has never tried before, and which we hope will be frequently adopted. The return to the idea of using the same set throughout the play, as was the custom in Shakespeare's time, was most interesting, and we thought the arrangement of that particular set to be adaptable to everything from court to mountain scenes was very well thought out. The costuming was uniformly good, and in cases such as Miss Seltzer's, Furness' and Woodward's, dresses and tunic, really beautiful.

The play as a whole has the merit of offering parts for a large number of people, although the parts were fre-

quently so cut that the actress could not put very much emotion into the few lines left to her. We feel that the main trouble with the production, lay, however, not so much with the acting nor with the directing, as with the choice of that particular play. It offered little opportunity for the kind of work in studying and differentiating lines and emotions that constitutes the true value of putting on a Shakespearean play.

D. T-S.

**IN PHILADELPHIA**

Continued from Page Two

**Movies**

Aldine: *Kid Millions*, with Eddie Cantor, plus a new Mickey Mouse comedy, continues until Saturday, when Douglas Fairbanks in *The Private Life of Don Juan* begins. We foresee that great opportunity will arise for Doug's singular facility at exiting from second floor windows to the town a mile away in a single leap.

Arcadia: Anna Stein and Fredric March in *We Live Again*, which is still a dramatization of Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, is popping up again. We didn't think much of it the first time.

Boyd: *Anne of Green Gables*, with Ann Shirley, Helen Westley, and O. P. Heggie. A nice clean movie for the kiddies—we were afraid of this. You really must all rush to see it!

Earle: *Babbitt*, with Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. Aline MacMahon, our pet actress this many a year now, gets a break at last. A swell movie.

Fox: *Evensong*, with Evelyn Laye. After *Bittersweet*, we wouldn't miss Evelyn Laye.

Karlton: *The Painted Veil*, with la Garbo, is turning up at last, after we spent a fruitless week-end searching for it in all the devious byways of Philadelphia.

Stanley: *Father Brown, Detective*, with Walter Connolly and Paul Lukas, and based on the novel by G. K. Chesterton. A village priest runs into some little difficulty with a notorious gem thief, who invades the peace and quiet of the typical English village and finds it not quite so typical as he had hoped.

Stanton: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Another movie that appears to be doing a regular Garboish migration around the town.

**Local Movies**

Ardmore: Wed. and Thurs., Helen Hayes in *What Every Woman Knows*; Fri., *Age of Innocence*, with Irene Dunne and John Boles; Sat., Randolph Scott in *Wagon Wheels*; Mon. and Tues., Dolores Del Rio in *Madame Du Barry*.

Seville: Wed and Thurs., Adolphe Menjou in *The Human Side*; Fri. and Sat., *One Night of Love*, with Grace Moore; Mon. and Tues., *Gambling*, with George M. Cohan; Wed. and Thurs., *365 Nights in Hollywood*, with James Dunn and Alice Faye.

Wayne: Wed., Jackie Cooper in *Peck's Bad Boy*; Thurs., Fri. and Sat., *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*; Mon. and Tues., *Lady Is Willing*, with Leslie Howard and Binnie Barnes; Wed. and Thurs., Constance Bennett in *Outcast Lady*.

**Years and Years Ago**

The Alumnae Memoria of the *Philistine*, November 4, 1898, contained the news that Marion E. Park, Bryn Mawr European Fellow, 1898-99, (and a former editor of the *Philistine*), was studying at Bryn Mawr.

Another club raised its ugly head in '98—the Golf Club, this time. We have a dreary feeling that it did not long survive the fate of the Philosophy Club and the De Rebus Club and all the others. The *Philistine*, however, welcomed its appearance with dignified words of praise. Indeed the *Philistine*, we hate to inform our readers, has become very literary. By 1898, it has turned into a magazine with a conventional magazine cover, dark green and slightly Greek in inspiration. The tone of the contents is subdued, even repressed. The *Philistine*, in brief, is just another scholastic publication.

We find the explanation for this in an editorial in the issue for November 18: "The *Philistine* has created quite a stir this fall and his helpless, flat little self has been sat upon by a dignified committee and by the whole Undergraduate Association. The result is that a board of two censors has been elected, which is to take the place of Miss Thomas in suppressing any objectionable articles in all undergraduate publications, except the *Lantern*." (We wonder why the *Lantern* alone was allowed to be objectionable and if it took advantage of its rights). It appears that the whole *Philistine* board of editors had resigned and had been unanimously re-elected. Speaking from a purely impersonal point of view, we would say that there was as much to expurgate in the preceding *Philistine* as there is in one of the more obscene Pollyanna books. The College was, perhaps, undergoing one of its periodic waves of reformation at that time.

Class distinctions were very important then. Freshmen were, it seems, a meek and humble tribe, constantly repressed and held in check by their superiors. There is no mention of upper-classmen being terrified by freshmen, yet we have known this to happen in our time. Perhaps we are becoming decadent.

"The athletic field has been turned into the skating pond, the gravel paths are paved with unstable boardwalks, the Seniors wear gloves to lectures. In short, winter is upon us." Cracker-and-jam feasts in Radnor and fudge parties in Pembroke continued to warm the inner woman, in spite of the blizzards of '98. The college was then suffering from ants. "The ants have gained politeness, and came readily to the sluggards, glad of any chance for doing good, and propagating the cause of industry."

The *Philistine* suggests Christmas gifts for those who have been deprived of imagination by excessive toil.

Boadicea—A series of eight papers tastefully bound in white and gold for

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

**League Party**

The Bryn Mawr League is giving a Christmas party on Monday, December 17, from four to six-thirty o'clock, in the Common Room. The children who went to the Bryn Mawr Camp last summer at Avalon are coming, and are to give an entertainment for the students. There will be Carol singing afterwards. All students are cordially invited, and those who may be planning to work as volunteers next summer at the Camp are particularly urged to come.

your cousin who is interested in literature.

Hygeia—Your father is a doctor, you say. Why not give him your Biology Lab. book in tree calf with "Compliments of the Author" in red letters on the title page?

Senior—I am sorry to say I can think of no way for you to utilize your gymnasium suit as a Christmas gift.

1902—If you know the "Hall Rules" by heart, have them framed in Spanish oak, with a gold mat, and you will have a dainty present for any one at home.

"She had some spots upon her floor,  
All green and brown and blue;  
And one was blacking, one was cream,  
The other one was glue."

Fashion Notes give us a pretty picture of the well-dressed student thirty-seven years ago. Tam o'shanters are not mentioned here, though. They must not be forgotten for they figure very largely in the sketches that adorn the *Philistine*.

"No woman considers herself well dressed without a wired bow in her hair. More than two strings are needed to one bow. The more voluminous and bristling bows are the more sought after. Those of home manufacture are most worn. Surely every ingenious girl should be able to collect one from among the various odds and ends that invariably frequent a top bureau drawer.

"The balcony style of hair-dressing is much seen. Rolls, lady-locks and bows are the most popular forms. When there is a tightly braided knot at the neck and an irregular parting in front the style is called "The Intellectual Coiffure," and is more copied than admired.

"The masculine form of dress is much affected. Tailor gowns are very popular for evening wear; waistcoats

are considered an extra touch of elegance; flowing silk ties are very chic.

"Tan colored stockings with paler spots have been seen with a blue evening gown, but it is hoped that this costume will not become universal."

"O mill, O mill, I envy thee,  
Thou grindest on so steadily,  
I grind on, too, but woe is me,  
I can't grind on eternally."

**The Collegiate Review**

A five-day school week with no Saturday classes is being petitioned for by University of Georgia undergraduates.

The Harvard University graduate school of business administration has opened a course which is designed to train students for "brain truster" careers.

Despite the fact that beer is available on the University of Illinois campus, soft drinks are sold in quantities nine times as great as the amount of beer consumed by students on the campus.

Columbia University has buildings and grounds valued at \$55,000,000, while Harvard University is worth about \$185,000,000 and Yale University about \$100,000,000.

The University of Montana has one classroom that covers approximately 1,600 acres—it's the forestry school's laboratory in Patte Canyon.

Notre Dame University gridiron teams won 105 games, lost 12, and tied 5 while Knute Rockne was their coach.

The 1936 Olympics will see basketball admitted as a contesting sport, with 18 or 20 teams expected to enter into competition for the world's championship.

An aggregate of more than \$30,000,000 a year in scholarships is doled out by 125 colleges and universities in the United States.



**Christmas Gifts**

- Sweaters
- Blouses
- Gloves
- Scarfs
- Belts
- Socks
- Stockings
- Jackets

**Kitty McLean**

The Sportswoman's Shop  
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**The Gift Shop, 2nd Floor is Open**  
That's the place to get ideas. Visit it at once and save yourself perplexing thoughts. Simplifies shopping!

**Christmas Book Shop, 2nd Floor Foyer**  
The right books for just about everyone—they are all there, with someone in attendance to give you correct information about them.

**The Children's Own Gift Shop, 3rd Floor Foyer**  
What a lot of things there are for the new baby, and year old, and little buddy, and the kindergartners!

**Enlarged Gift Departments**  
Department (Lower Main Floor) and Handkerchief Floor, have overflowed their year-around making an inspiring gift-seekers' paradise.

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Physical Exams Reveal Freshmen Smoke Little

The Freshmen, when they entered college this fall, were, on the average, .43 inches shorter and 2.04 pounds heavier than the members of the present Sophomore class as Freshmen.

It would seem that the progress of the species has not been in the past year very rapid, either in a vertical or in a lateral direction. The average height of the class of 1938 is 65.27 in.; that of the class of 1937, in September, 1933, was 65.7 inches. The average Freshman this year weighed 127.54 pounds; last year she weighed 125.5 pounds. Only nine of the present Freshmen were decidedly overweight and thirteen underweight.

The members of both classes are then of a very appreciable size and of surprising height. Women have always been fat enough, but they have not always been so tall.

Of the 117 Freshmen, 6 received the rating of A in their physical examinations. Ninety-five were rated A-, 13 were in B class, and 3 received C rating.

Seventeen of the 117 are puritanical and smoke less than one cigarette a day. Thirteen smoke from one to five cigarettes per diem, twenty-four from 6-10 of the filthy weeds, and 9 from 11 to 20—a very expensive pastime, we would suppose. One hardy soul smokes more than 20 every day. We picture her half visible in a cloudy smoking room corner puffing away on her tin of Camels as Alice's Caterpillar did on his hookah.

"The funniest thing that we have seen in the United States was a college newspaper reporter at Emory College," says John Grippe, a member of the Oxford University debating team now touring the United States.

Student Experiments Mark Work in Psychology

The advanced Experimental Psychology course at Bryn Mawr is carrying on some very interesting experiments this year. Each of the three members of the class is working at her own individual problem and using her classmates as her subjects.

Eleanor Cheney, '35, is investigating the effect of low degrees of illumination on the perception of various types of geometric forms. These geometric forms are illuminated for short periods of time, one-tenth of a second, and after each illumination the subject tries to draw what she has seen, until she finally reproduces the correct figure. The errors made are classified and studied, and thus the accuracy of vision under certain conditions is tested, as well as the way in which forms change under these conditions. Sometimes the most amazing results are obtained, for the subject often draws forms that are not there at all.

Marian Chapman, '36, is trying to find out if the chief types of skin sensation have different chronaxies. A chronaxie, it appears for the benefit of all the ignorant, is the least time necessary to excite an organ when twice the amount of current necessary to excite the organ at all is used. It also appears that this is a very new field, and that the human body can feel a current of one-thousandth of an ampere in one-ten thousandth of a second, which quite increases our appreciation of our sensitivities.

Marjorie Goldwasser, '36, is working on a very mysterious subject which cannot be revealed because that might ruin her subjects, but which seems to be an investigation of certain changes in the skin which follow various types of stimulation. We are completely fascinated at the idea of this and can

scarcely wait for the end of the experiment and its results.

Freshmen Attend Exhibition

A most interesting experiment was conducted recently in Mrs. Kirk's section of the Freshman English course. In an attempt to correlate the purposes of Modern Literature and Modern Art, the Freshmen read Art criticisms by John Livingston Lowes and Gertrude Stein, and were then sent to the Cézanne exhibition at the Fairmount Museum of Art.

The basic idea underlying both modern writing and modern painting was found to be the same. Both arts have departed from the tradition of representing objects as they actually are, and are trying to reveal to the reader or spectator what the artist sees in the object.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—That the faculty of Vassar College is more radical than its students was revealed here recently in a poll conducted by the Vassar Political Association. Results from the poll indicated that 12 per cent. of the faculty considered themselves radicals, while only 9 per cent. of the seniors, 5 per cent. of the freshmen, and 3 per cent. of the juniors and sophomores included themselves in that group.

A 1933 survey of 531 leading colleges and universities disclosed that 315 of them maintained employment offices of some sort for their graduates. Of the 400,000 enrolled in these institutions at the time the survey was made, 16,298 students were placed as teachers and 5,692 in other occupations.

Last year 30,757 students borrowed \$3,418,000 from loan funds maintained in 531 colleges and universities.

Freedom of the collegiate press means nothing to Senator Huey Long, when the freedom of Huey Long is called into question. Issuing a statement upon his recent censorship of the Louisiana State paper, Huey said, "This is my university and I'll throw anybody out who utters a word against it. There'll be a new editor of that paper tomorrow if they print anything against Huey Long."

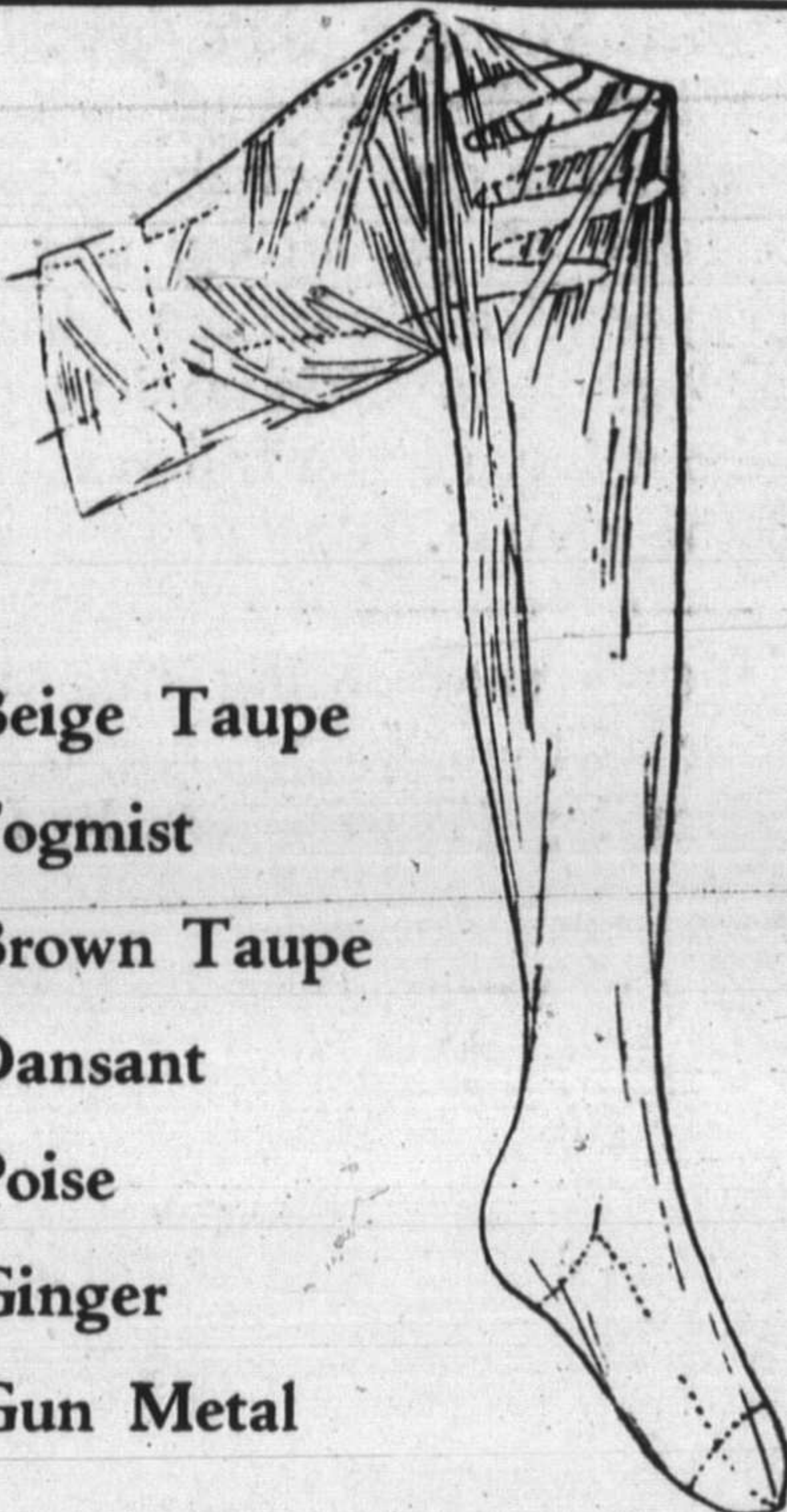
Madison, Wis. — That college and university presidents and student newspaper editors are in the majority supporters of President Roosevelt and the New Deal was proven by the overwhelming "vote of confidence" given Democratic leaders and policies in a poll of 200 editors and presidents made here by the Associated Collegiate Press and Collegiate Digest.

This year approximately 33,000 students will receive some \$6,000,000 in scholarships, while a smaller group will receive nearly a million in graduate fellowships.

The favorite bit of reminiscence for a Minnesota professor concerned his early days, when he once ended a lecture by asking for questions from the students. There was no response, so he waited, growing more and more nervous. Finally he offered a cigarette to the first one asking an intelligent question. Another long silence. Finally a boy's hand went up: "What kind of a cigaret?" he said.

New York City—One of the highest architectural awards in the world, the University Medal of the Groupe Americain de la Societe des Architectes Diplomes par le Gouvernement Français, has been awarded to the department of architecture of New York University for the high quality work it has done during the past year, it was announced here recently.

The Budapest University has purchased an oak tree that is thought to be 1,500 years old. It weighs 20 tons, and will be used for experimental purposes.



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