

The College News

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Nazi Revolution Ends Policy of Fulfillment

Allied Concessions to Germany Have Always Been Too Late, Says Mrs. Dean

REVISION IS INEVITABLE

"Despite the overcharged atmosphere of Europe at present, there is no immediate prospect of war," said Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean, beginning the second of her lectures, *The New European Balance of Power*, in Goodhart Hall, Monday evening, November 6. The Hitler government is not yet ready for a major conflict, but if the demand of the vanquished for the revision of the Versailles Treaty fails to provoke satisfactory, peaceful adjustment, war or a series of wars will beyond doubt eventually result.

The Nazi revolution has created profound changes in Europe. It has crystallized tendencies implicit there since the World War, and has precipitated developments which may lead to a new political alignment in Europe. The Hitler government is the most successful Germany has ever had: it has successfully antagonized, at home, the Communists, Socialists, liberal Lutherans, Jews, and Pacifists; abroad, France, Great Britain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and, most surprising of all, its old friends, Sweden and Switzerland.

Europe today is in a ferment, for the disputes over the war treaties have been steadily growing ever since the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. The draconian terms of the Versailles treaty were dictated by hatred of and revenge for German militarism. It was impossible that they should long be practicable. The ideal of creating a basis for permanent peace in Europe, which found fullest expression in the Covenant of the League of Nations, has in actualization fallen far short of what was expected of it.

Since 1919 there has been no attempt to reconsider the Peace Settlement as a whole—it was modified in 1930, when France evacuated the Rhineland five years before the time agreed; it was modified again at the Lausanne Conference in 1932, when Germany's reparation obligations were practically wiped out; and in 1932, when Great Britain, France, and the United States recognized Germany's right to arms equality. But always the crucial question of territorial revision has been avoided, and until this question is settled, Europe can never be at peace.

On the subject of territorial revision Europe is at present divided into two camps. There are on the one hand the Revisionists, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, supported by Italy; on the other, France, Poland, and the Little Entente, who wish to preserve the status quo. While the revisionists, in case of war, could throw an organized force of nine mil-

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Awarded Fellowship at Brown University

Honor C. McCusker, of Providence, R. I., has been awarded the Miss Abbott's School Alumnae Fellowship at Brown University and is studying English at the University of London. Miss McCusker received her A.B. degree from Brown University in 1930 and her M.A. degree from Bryn Mawr College in 1931.

Adelaide M. Davidson, of Providence, R. I., has been awarded the Arnold Archaeological Fellowship at Brown University and is now studying Archaeology at Bryn Mawr College. Miss Davidson received her A.B. degree from Brown University in 1933.

The Graduate School of Brown University has awarded fellowships and scholarships to 48 graduate students for the academic year 1933-1934. Fellowships range in value from \$500 to \$750, in addition to tuition of \$300. Scholarships cover tuition.

CALENDAR

Thurs., Nov. 9. Shaw Lecture conference. 2.00 to 4.00 P. M., in the Deanery.

Thurs., Nov. 9. Wanamaker's Fashion Show. 4 to 4.30 P. M. Common Room.

Fri., Nov. 10. Sir Wilfred Grenfell will give an illustrated lecture on Labrador. Goodhart, 8.15 P. M.

Sat., Nov. 11. Varsity hockey team vs. Swarthmore. 10.00 A. M.

Sun., Nov. 12. Chapel. Rev. Thomas Harris will present the address. Music Room. 7.30 P. M.

Mon., Nov. 13. Mrs. Dean and Miss Fairchild will speak on "The Soviet Union at the End of the First Five Year Plan." Third of the Shaw lectures. Goodhart, 8.20 P. M.

Mon., Nov. 13. Second Varsity hockey team vs. Main Line second team. 4.00 P. M.

Tues., Nov. 14. The Varsity Players present the Hedgerow Theatre in a performance of George Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. Goodhart. 8.00 P. M.

Tues., Nov. 14. Shaw lecture conference. Deanery, 2 to 4.

Fascists Have Vague Economic Principles

Italian Labor is Organized in Syndicates—Corporative State is Goal

STRIKES ARE PUNISHED

Speaking in the Deanery Library Thursday on the *Economic Principles of Fascism*, Mrs. Vera Dean said, "It is the great weakness of Fascism that no broad economic program has ever been given out." In Italy agriculture, banking and electro-hydraulics have benefited piece-meal from the Fascist regime, while other branches of national economy have been completely neglected.

At present a better study of Fascism can be made from Italy than from Germany for the German economic program has not as yet had a long enough time to develop fully. The *Italian Charter of Labor* stresses the principle that, although the interests of the state are paramount, subordinating the interests of all economic groups, private initiative is not to be discarded.

There is a marked similarity between the recently developed Swope plan for the NRA and the Italian unwritten law that labor corporations shall regulate themselves. The government limits itself to employing a sort of auto-suggestion of its wishes upon labor-groups. By a very close system of statistics the government gains, also, a knowledge of what is occurring in every industrial field. The Italians would, nevertheless, like to give the impression that every employer and worker is so enthusiastic about Fascism that he is willing to make any sacrifice in its interests. Since all strikes, lockouts, sabotage and boycotting interrupt labor, punishment for them is very severe. Fascism shows its power, and gives a reason for its existence by its prompt action in emergencies.

In place of complete independence of the worker, Fascism has substituted Syndicates. Syndicates need only include ten per cent. of the workers in order to make valid decisions.

Every syndicate officer must be morally capable and interested in the highest good of the state to be confirmed in his office by the government. The government retains at all times the right to oust inefficient employers and to appoint others to fill their places. This really amounts to selection by the government. Fascist employees and employers form separate syndicates. The syndicates in turn form federations.

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Amateur Players Show Talent for Dramatics

Choice of Play is Debatable; Atalanta in Wimbledon Requires Tempo

MORE DIRECTION NEEDED

The performance of Lord Dunsany's comedy, *Atalanta in Wimbledon*, by the candidates for the Players' Club, last Thursday night, was a serious attempt to do highly tempoed, light, difficult acting. The attempt was not quite successful, but it is impossible in four rehearsals to achieve high tempo and lightness of interpretation; they are achieved only when the director has time to finish drilling the cast in action and stage business, and then to start training them in inflexion, gestures, characterization, picking up their cues, and building the successive scenes to an increasingly higher pitch.

Since highly tempoed light comedy is very seldom successfully done by amateurs after any number of rehearsals, the candidates for Players' Club cannot be validly criticized for not having done it well, but their wisdom in choosing a play which depends mainly on its tempo to carry its point, is debatable. The play itself is not one of Lord Dunsany's best; some of its people are uncharacterized; many of them are on the stage for only a very short time; and their motivation on and off the stage is poor. The exposition is too long, and when the ping-pong game, on which the girl's whole future depends, is off-staged, it carried the interest of the audience off with it. The anti-climatical discussion of their younger days, which takes place at the end between Dawk and the Constable, ruins the pitch attained by the climax and gives the play a flat ending.

Some of the acting was good. Miss McCurdy, as the typical farce Englishman, provided a pleasant excitement in contrast with the level monotony of the other performances. Miss Canaday was an attractive and graceful heroine; she has excellent calm and self-possession on the stage, but both she and Miss Terry played all their scenes with almost no changes of tone in their voices. Miss Terry, as the father, portrayed very well a philosopher gently speculating about modern love, but her ineffectual pacing to and fro, and her failure ever to abandon her gentleness made her a subordinate character in all of her scenes. Miss Porcher, as Bill, was a properly earnest young lover, and showed great ability in conveying emotion through the inflections of her voice. The Sergeant, played by Miss Simpson, should have carried with him the entire majesty of the law; in the beginning he did so, but when he was the central figure, forcing the situation upon all the other characters, he did not convince the audience that he really had any control over the other actors. This was the result partly of their failure to evince any fear of him, and partly of the amazing ease with which he was overpowered. The role of Mr. Leonard, acted by Miss Kellogg, was adequately done, but it was too small to permit of criticism.

The set was extremely good. The room was attractive, fully furnished, and looked as though it had really been lived in. The lighting gave the bright effect suitable for light comedy, although the audience would have realized more easily that the play took place in the morning if a flood of sunlight had been sent through the terrace door. The costumes, thanks to the faculty and the police department, were perfectly authentic.

The direction of this play was its

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Freshman Elections

Eleanor Smith has been elected president of the Freshman class.

President's Notice

In behalf of the speakers of this year may I ask the students who attend their lectures not to knit. Knitting (and I know, for I am a devoted knitter) is a slight but pleasant drug for the expert and for the amateur a matter of feverish action, alternating with profound research. Neither expert nor amateur listens with real attention.

Please attend without knitting or knit at home.

MARION EDWARDS PARK.

President Park Attends St. Louis Alumnae Dinner

President Park was one of seven Eastern women's college presidents who attended a dinner in St. Louis given November 2 by college alumnae. The occasion was intended to center public attention on the common need of the seven women's colleges for greater endowments.

Walter Lippmann, giving the principal address, did not make any specific plea for funds, but pointed out that men's colleges received about thirty times as much money in 1932 as women's colleges. Mr. Lippmann emphasized the value of privately supported colleges in giving diversity to American education, as contrasted to, and preventing the stagnation which would result from, a government monopoly of education. Women college graduates, he declared, have made notable contributions in many fields of activity.

The other guests of honor at the dinner were Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College; Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke; Miss Ada L. Comstock, president of Radcliffe; William Allan Nielson, president of Smith; Henry Noble McCracken, president of Vassar, and Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley.

Miss Park Considers Autos Distracting

Students Are Forbidden to Rent, Drive or Own Cars in Vicinity

RADIOS PERMISSABLE

"Those questions which arise in connection with the use of victrolas, radios, and cars by students resident in the college are in the hands of the administration and of the administration's representatives in the halls—the wardens," said President Park, speaking in chapel Tuesday morning in an attempt to clear up the obvious confusion which has existed in the undergraduate mind concerning these subjects.

Since the purpose of the rules made in connection with radios and victrolas has been to reduce the noise in the halls and make them as well adapted to the needs of those who wish to study as is possible, in the past radios have been allowed, only if they were of the battery variety and equipped with ear-phones. The regulation concerning the ear-phones is still in force, for no matter how softly a radio plays the sound is penetrating and very distracting—the more so if it is not clear, since the casual listener strains every nerve to catch the words or the tune and pieces in what cannot be heard. However, it has been found possible to allow the installation of battery sets if they are used in place of one of the lights which the student has in her room. The rule reads that no student shall have more than two lights in her study, a regulation made necessary by the enormous load which the powerhouse is carrying, and by the disastrous effects which would result from serious overtaxing. Anyone desiring to install a plugged-in set should see her warden and have ar-

(Continued on Page Five)

Faculty Contribute Selves and Goods to Scavengers for Hallowe'en Frolic

Hallowe'en night the Seniors gave the Freshmen a scavenging party that had the better elements of *Restraint Necessary* and a dog fight. At 9.30, the deadline for the return of the scavengers, a collection of objects poured into the Common Room that will make every future function there seem very pedestrian. In fact, it is probable that such a rare collection will never be assembled again in the college or in the world.

Mrs. Chadwick-Collins, in evening dress and baby bonnet, was the sensation of the evening and gave the Hardenberg-Jackson-Muller-Seltzer team its winning score. Not only did she give herself, but also presented the scavengers with a mousetrap, Princeton freshman cap, dog, fraternity pin, rubber boot, empty beer bottle, and tried to procure *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

This generosity was rivalled by the good-will and immolation of selves and goods by other members of the faculty and administration. The professors who appeared sporting red ties, as specified in the scavenging list, were a small army: M. Canu, Dr. Flexner, Dr. Nahm (pale pink), Dr. Miller, Miss Taylor (her tie a gaudy check), Dr. Crenshaw (captured in dinner jacket), Miss Gardner (who also contributed Molly and a worm), and Miss Lograsso. Miss Hawkins was there to keep tabs on her contributions—a potato, for "something suggested by 'Lazy Bones,'" and a Flit Gun. A "Long-sleeved nightgown (not silk)" was entrusted to the searchers by Mrs. King, and Mrs. Manning's hairpins were handed out wholesale by Mr. Manning, who took advantage of the occasion to play cheerful Lord Bountiful.

Jill, the Manning dog, did not escape the general conscription of "live dogs" which swept a canine horde into the May Day Room. Some of

them got down into the Common Room, where cookies, hot dogs, coffee and cider were being freely handed about, and we only hope they didn't regret it the next day. But most of them stayed upstairs along with the rest of the loot, which ranged from "special deliveries from New Haven" to cigars. Altogether the May Day Room looked like a dog pound and second-hand store combined.

There was a strange lack of exhibits for "the funniest thing"; but there were some original bits: *Graduated Exercises in Articulation*, an implement from one of the hall bathrooms, and the President of Seif-Gov. Yet the comparative dearth of "funniest things" was made up for by the teams which produced "an eyelash curler," two "sophomores in gold lame evening dress" (Poke Hoyt and Pauline Manship, who added a touch of elegance to the Common Room gathering).

At one point in the evening a freshman scavenging party came into conflict with a murky group of small boys from the village, whose aims were quite different. They were scavenging for three kisses, for which they were to get a quarter from a nameless donor at an unknown party. They were coldly refused.

After several hazards and exhausting sprints around the campus, the members of the winning team, led by Hardenberg, were rewarded by a corsage apiece, and the second best, led by Steinhart, with diminutive ornaments. Anita Fouilhoux, who arranged all this fun and frolic, handed out the prizes, and announced that the dogs could go home to their owners. The evening ended, for the freshmen, in a mad scramble to retrieve their borrowed collections, and for everyone, like the Rover Boys, with a vote that "they had had a bully good time."

THE COLLEGE NEWS

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From Tub to Telephone

It has been said that the longevity of our civilization depends upon the maintenance of the great unwritten laws of the race and the perpetration of traditions founded on the bed rock of living. All this sounded pretty far away to us when we came to college, but the longer we live within these ivied halls the more the great work which is being done here impresses us. If all institutions would take as much interest in the care and reproduction of unwritten laws as the college does, we would be well launched on the glory road. Probably the law which exerts the most pressure on our lives is that calling for the shrouding of all persons calling us on the telephone in a deep blanket of secrecy. On no grounds is it permissible to ask who is calling, for to tell would be violating the unwritten law and that, needless to say, would be treason to Bryn Mawr, and consequently to civilization. It baffled us a bit when we first came to college—all this business about concealing the identity of the telephoner from the telephone—but we see what is behind it now and have withdrawn our objections.

The present procedure, in the event a young thing is called on that instrument of fun and frolic, is something that it takes years to catch onto and a great many more to hang onto. When the 'phone rings there is no immediate reaction, because to answer before a wait of five minutes might indicate eagerness or a constant attendance at the 'phone, which would seem to indicate that we really care if anyone calls us up. After the proper time has been allowed to elapse, the 'phone is answered apathetically, so that the caller-upper will think the person is worn out as a result of all the telephonic activity that has preceded him. He then declares his intentions as to whom he will speak with and thereupon off goes the answerer to call the individual wanted. When that creature is located the information about being wanted on the 'phone is carefully withheld until there can be no doubt that she is the woman of the hour—time already having been dissipated by looking for her in the room where she lived last year, in the room where a very good friend of hers studies over the week-end, in the tub room on the corridor above her, and finally in the room where she lives, waiting for a word from the outside world. Having found her, the messenger tells her briefly "Telephone" and rushes away, leaving her to search her conscience as to who is after her at the moment. Having come to the conclusion that it is the light that gleams in the dark hours from Princeton, she rushes to the 'phone, seizes the receiver, and coos into the thing, only to find that it is Dr. Wagoner wanting her to come and have a blood count taken. Another time she picks up the receiver, suspecting that she is about to hear from the credit department of the Greek's; and therefore is on the defensive, vocally speaking, only to find that she is basking in the favor of Yale. It is a little difficult—that set-up—because the first snarl must be explained and the excuse of a bad cold or a headache will not last forever. Then there is the case of the student into whose ear "Telephone" is hissed just as she is splashing in the tub. In vain she asks for some inkling as to who the summoner is, but the same stolid loyalty to the traditions that have made us great gives her only silence as an answer. She leaps to her feet, flings a bathrobe on over the Ivory soap and green bath salts, and rushes dripping to answer what surely can be nothing other than the call of the wild. Feeling weak and willing, she sighs into the 'phone and is informed that the *Delineator* may now be had for \$.50 if it is taken in conjunction with a tube of tooth paste and box of Kleenex at the favorite drug store. The student takes the *Delineator*, tooth paste, and Kleenex, assuring the man that it is just what she has been wanting, and stumbles back to the tub—now very cold—to sit and become a cynic. Embittered, she sits for days—then another call, but the old spirit is broken and the summons arouses only irritation. She therefore goes to the 'phone and roars into it belligerently "What?" only to find that it is Mrs. Collins who is giving a tea and would like to have her come. She hastily says that she is sorry, but she is very sick—did Mrs. Collins notice how hoarse she is?—and hangs up, to return to her room and think about all the sandwiches she would have eaten if she had known who was calling and had not been so rude as to say "What" without tacking the "Mrs. Collins" on the end, in accordance with the rules laid down at an early age.

It all seems hard, but we must be building character in the process which will be very good for us in the long run and make people like us for what we are. But perhaps we could find some other way to grow into women of importance without becoming embittered. What good will it do us to have fine characters if none of our friends ever call us up any more?

WIT'S END

SCHWEINEN IST SCHWEINEN

Ein Tag ich hore drei' arme Schweinen:
Jeder commenet schrecklich weinen,
"Ich kann ein Haas nun machen nicht,
Although ich habe much gebrickt,
Ge-mortaret und mehr gestrawt.
Geplankt es und es kommt an Naught!
Ah mich! Ich bin ein schweinisches Wreck,
O! Muss ich machen nur den Speck?
Mein Haus ist klein, mein ist arm,
O, wer will tun es irgend Harm?"

"Ich will," da kam ein Grow-el gross,
"Das Bild ist nicht ein hohe Schloss,
Und wenn ich hab' darin gepufft,
Du werdest fehlen eine Luft,
Eigentlich stak." Das erste squealt,
Das zweite squeakt, das dritte spielt;
Und alle drei mit scarisch Sweat
Climben under das nearbei Bett.

Der bose Wolf schtuck out sein Barts,
An Kopf, on Chin, on Tail all' schwarz;
Die Lambes-woolle pullt er an
Das hat er sheart in Saskatchewan.
Und an die Bild ist er gelopet,
Weil under die Mattress die Dreie gropet.
Der bose Wolf, er turnt vom grau
Zu grün, zu purpurn, denn zu blau.
Grimmig und grimmiger dar er knurrt,
Und promist die Schweinen fatale Hurt.
Gross und grosser dar er schwellt,
Und das bose Fejnd coveret all' das Feld.
Aber 'gainst das Haus das war all' gebrecht,
Konnte der Wolf avail sich night:
Und dann—plotzlich—das Bose sich burstet
Und so did die dreie den Wolf aufworstet!

—Mad Magd.

I'M NO ANGEL

I'm tired of Sundays when there's naught to do,
I'm tired of steak you cannot even chew,
I'm sick of bridge and I'm fatigued with birds,
With tasteless teas attended by herds
Of giggling girls whose conversations
Revolve on the faculty's inter-relations.
I'm sick of lecturers, who, their lily brows mopping,
Give as many facts as possible without ever stopping
More than once in ten pages to clear their throats
And give victims a chance to catch up on their notes.
I'm weary of trees, I hate bushes worse,

On facing a rubber plant; I simply curse.
I can't sleep through fire-drills, nor through the noise
That nightly disturbs my ill-acquired poise.
Yet with these grievances all out-poured,
I s'pose I'm just plain good and bored.

—The Dying Duck.

UMBRELLAGE

Those specimens of umbrage that inhabit Goodhart foyer
We agitate against with pen, with mighty sword, with lawyer:
They give the rank impression that the chapel is a zoo,
And apes above may likely throw a cocoonut on you;
They give the lushy atmosphere of gardens great botanic,
With little pools of guppies swimming round in puny panic.

Gone garden we, about us great botanic plans take root:
Lib bushes don't suffice — we have rubber plants to boot;
They're big enough, 'God wot, not deserving of a sneeze,
But wait! Until you see us adding great umbrella trees!

—Snoop-on-the-Loose.

Sie beginnet zu knitten
Ein wunder weiss mitten,
Sie knat es weil sie esset,
Und—haben sie es guesset?—

IN PHILADELPHIA

Theatre

Forrest. *Gowns By Roberta* continues to hold sway, with Lyda Roberti, Bob Hope, and Fay Templeton in the front ranks. It is not a very good musical in spite of its Kern-Harbach music.

Garrick: Gilbert and Sullivan operas, with an excellent cast, including William Danforth, Hizi Koyke, Frank Moulan, Vera Ross, Roy Cropper, Allan Waterous, etc. Mon., Tues., Wed. nights and Wed. matinee, *The Mikado*. Thurs. and Fri. nights, *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

Sat. matinee and night, *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Coming, November 13

Walnut: A new and probably worthless comedy drama entitled *Missmates*, with more or less second-raters in the cast—Ruth Nugent, Alfred H. White and Florence Heller.

Forrest: Conrad Nagel (in person, folks!) comes back to the stage with Irene Purcell in *The First Apple*, a new comedy, which will probably be much funnier than Mr. Nagel expects.

Academy of Music

Philadelphia Orchestra. Fri. afternoon, Nov. 10, at 2.30; Sat. evening, Nov. 11, at 8.20. Leopold Stokowski will conduct. Program: Liadow. Eight Russian Folk Songs Shostakovich. . . . Symphony No. 1. Glinka. . . . Kamarinskaya Moussorgsky.

Monday, Nov. 13. Sergei Rachmaninoff will give a recital beginning promptly at 8.30 P. M.

Movies

Boyd: A new and supposedly excellent production—*Only Yesterday*, with John Boles and Margaret Sullivan. If the acting doesn't get this number it should be good.

Arcadia: *Night Flight*, with a galaxy of stars and very little else—The Barrymores, Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery do all they can for this anemic tale of transport planes.

Keith's: Adolphe Menjou goes about being suave in *The Worst Women in Paris*, which is all about Paris and what fun people have there.

Earle: Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts in another of their uniformly amusing comedies—*Love, Honor, and Oh! Baby*.

Stanton: Richard Arlen and Judith Allen in a waterfront story that has all the strong-arm characteristics—*Hell and High Water*.

Stanley: The musical and dancing opus—*Footlight Parade*—goes on its gay and diverting way without being too good to be exhausting. James Cagney, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are the conspirators.

Europa: The censored version of the superb *Poile de Carotte* continues to be a moving and beautiful picture. The censors of the State certainly did themselves proud when they cut this film—but from fools come foolish deeds.

Chestnut: The great star vehicle of the modern century—*Dinner at Eight*—still holds interest for the public. Jean Harlow takes the acting laurels.

Local Movies

Ardmore: Wed and Thurs., Claudette Colbert in *The Torch Singer*. Fri. and Sat., *Her First Mate*, with Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts. Mon. and Tues., Cecil B. De Mille's *This Day and Age*. Wed. and Thurs., *Penthouse*, with Warner Baxter.

Seville: Wed. and Thurs., *Ann Carver's Profession*, with Gene Raymond and Fay Wray. Fri. and Sat., *Goodbye Again*, with Joan Blondell and Warren William. Mon. and Tues., *The Power and the Glory*, with Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy. Wed. and Thurs., *What Price Innocence?*

Wayne: Wed. and Thurs., Noel Coward's *Bittersweet*. Fri. and Sat., *I Loved A Woman*. Mon. and Tues., *Secrets of the Blue Room*, with Paul Lukas and Lionel Atwill. Wed. and Thurs., Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne in *Song of Songs*.

Sie knat die macaroni
Like a glove on the bologny.

Find the hidden moral.
Cheero—
THE MAD HATTER.

Letters

To the Editor of *The College News*:

I would like to express publicly to Mrs. Dean my appreciation of her first lecture. To those of us who had begun to feel that sufficient matter, adequate organization, clarity of meaning and of diction, and a pleasing manner were more than could be expected of a single speaker, Monday night's lecture gives cause for encouragement. But if indeed these qualities combined are as rare as we had begun to think, then Bryn Mawr is very fortunate in having Mrs. Dean at the college for more than one lecture, and I for one envy the students in the social sciences who have the opportunity to see and hear more of Mrs. Dean under less formal circumstances.

We may certainly feel that the Anna Howard Shaw Memorial Foundation lectureship has had a most auspicious beginning.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH MONROE.

October 31, 1933.

News of the New York Theatres

Katharine Cornell began to rehearse her repertory company last week and get things into shape for the extended tour which will occupy her during some nineteen weeks of the present season. The casting has been completed on *Candida*, the handiwork of the well-known Mr. Bernard Shaw, and the other two plays on the list are getting their share of attention in the near future. They are to be Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* and Rudolf Bessier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. At present the company includes many of those who have been in the good graces of Broadway in the past arid years—Basil Rathbone, A. P. Kaye, Orson Welles and Brenda Forbes. *The Barretts* has been filmed and is on the verge of being released, but Miss Cornell's office has put a stop to that and it will have to sit happily in a refrigerator until she comes home.

Katherine Hepburn is on her way East to tell us whether she really did go to this dear old place we love so well, and incidentally to appear for Jed Harris in *The Lake*; the plans being to have it on the boards by the middle of December. She has just come out of the San Jacinto Mountains, where she has been doing her bit for man and nature in a new thing called *Trigger*—we hope, it has no connection with the unpleasant creature who leapt at Miriam Hopkins in *The Story of Temple Drake*, because we couldn't bear to think of our Pandora being put on the spot like that. Even her Bryn Mawr diploma, which some say she has and some say she hasn't, wouldn't do her much good under those circumstances.

Another Bryn Mawr alumna, who is stepping out onto the stage in accordance with her yearly program, is Cornelia Otis Skinner. She will offer another solo-drama much along the lines of *The Wives of Henry VIII*. This new one is called *The Loves of Charles II*, and if she has time to go the rounds should be one of the most lively and "fraught with interest" evenings in store for us. It is opening in Cincinnati and will wander all over the Middle West and even in Canada before it comes back.

The Great Family of the Footlights seems to be having a time with their finances if we are to pay any attention to the filing of some legal bludgeon against none other than Scarlet Sister Mary, known among her intimates as Ethel Barrymore. It seems she rented a super goody apartment in Beekman Place from a gentleman and lived in it to great advantage, but never got around to paying the rent, and so now she is being evicted on her rather stiffened nose. It is a little sad to see her in such a fix when one remembers that five years ago she was a personage whom even General Johnson would hesitate to evict from one of his little secret orders.

There were numerous openings during the past two weeks, but none of them attracted much in the way of attention except *Three In One*, a comedy from the French of Denys Amiel. It concerns the three sons, all sprung from side winds, who have

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Nazi Revolution Ends Policy of Fulfillment

(Continued from Page One)

lions into the field, France and her allies could outbid them with a larger, better equipped, and better trained force of eleven or twelve millions.

France, by virtue of financial and military supremacy, is the keystone of the party for preserving the status quo. She is dominated by the desire to achieve security. "Hope Faith, and Charity," runs the French motto, "but the greatest of these is Security." From Poincaré to Herriot, it has been the policy of France repeatedly to affirm that security must precede disarmament and treaty revision.

France has tried many methods by which to gain security. When treaties of guarantee with Great Britain and the United States against Germany fell through, she sought the friendship of states either newly formed by the peace treaties, like Poland or Czecho-Slovakia, or of states increased in territory as a result of the treaties, like Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia. With them she formed a military alliance to prevent alteration of the status quo, offering them her assistance both with money and with arms.

The weaknesses of the Status Quo party are soon apparent. France and her eastern allies are widely separated; both Poland and the Little Entente have strong national minorities favoring union with the revisionist powers; Roumania and Jugo-Slavia have serious political and economic problems to deal with at home, and are much closer to Germany than to France in economic matters. In France itself, too, the Socialist party is opposed to any alliance with dictatorships, such as Poland or Jugo-Slavia.

Above all, France is challenged by Germany for her tendency to use the League of Nations as an instrument of her own foreign policy. France openly desires to expand the League Covenant so as to create a strong, international community, armed to the teeth, a sort of international police, which could be thrown against any aggressor—Germany, obviously, being the aggressor under consideration.

Germany heads the Revisionist powers. She has sought revision by various methods: first, by collaboration with the Soviet Union; then, by reconciliation with the Allies; and, finally, through her recent withdrawal from the League until her demands are satisfied.

After the World War, the Germans had thoughts of developing an eastern power which would overthrow their western victors. This movement culminated in the treaty of 1922 with the Soviet Union. At the same time, in Germany, however, another party desired western orientation in foreign affairs, and from 1923-9 the German foreign ministry was dominated by the "policy of fulfillment," which aimed to comply with the terms of the Versailles Treaty and thus gain the Allies' support to achieve some degree of revision.

The policy of fulfillment culminated in the five Locarno agreements of 1925. By these, all disputes between Germany, France, and their neighbors were to be settled peaceably in the World Court; and Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Italy gave mutual guarantees to maintain inviolable the frontiers of Belgium, Germany, and France. The outstanding drawback to these agreements was the qualification that the mutual guarantee should not apply to the Polish frontiers.

The reluctance of the Allies to meet Germany's demands for territorial revision fostered the growing prestige of the National Socialist party of Adolf Hitler, which won its first victory in the elections of September, 1930. It stood then against the enslavement of reparations; it denounced the treaties of Versailles and Saint-Germain; and called for an Austro-German union, and the establishment of a German army.

Whatever concessions the Allies ever chose to make came always a little too late, and meanwhile Hitler was making the Germans more and more aggressive. Once in power, Hitler was faced with two alternatives: he might abandon his policy of violent aggression if the Allies were

prepared to offer any tangible concessions, especially in the matter of arms; if no concessions were offered, he could at least assert his prestige in negative fashion by withdrawing from the League and Disarmament Conference.

Germany's withdrawal from the League was not illogical, and it has served admirably to clear the atmosphere in Europe. Germany can no longer play the reconciliation game; France and Great Britain are faced with the immediate necessity of presenting some practical program to solve the inherited problems of the World War.

On October 14, following the withdrawal of Germany from the League, Hitler declared that once the Saar was returned to Germany, there would be no cause for conflict. France, however, might be forced to cede some of her former African colonies to Germany. At present, however, the frontiers and very existence of France's allies is severely threatened, and it is a question whether France, in an emergency, would stand by her allies and defy the revisionists, or sacrifice Poland and the Little Entente to collaboration with Italy, Great Britain, and possibly Germany.

The last thing Italy wants is German expansion into Austria. To prevent this happening, she is actually assisting Dolfuss and the Austrian Socialists with money and arms. For Hitler, an Austrian himself, it becomes a question of sheer patriotism that Germany and Austria should be united. Austria, who would have favored the alliance just after the war, has now swung far from it—her Social Democrats have no desire to be merged in a state where Social Democrats are treated as they are in Germany. There will be no voluntary union of Austria with Germany.

The aggressive plans of German Fascism have driven France to a rapprochement with her old enemy, the Soviet Union. In June, 1932, Herriot established a close alliance with the Soviets; in November, the two powers signed a mutual non-aggression pact, and discussed a commercial treaty. Herriot is willing to go so far as a military alliance; in this connection he and the French Minister of Aviation visited Moscow this summer.

France is also urging Poland and the Little Entente to a Soviet alliance. Poland was willing to sign a non-aggression treaty in November, 1932, not so much from French pressure, as from fear of being sacrificed by France to Germany. On the same grounds, the Little Entente undertook a rapprochement with the Soviet government.

There is an important trend in Eastern and Southeastern Europe today toward becoming independent of the great powers. The old dreams of Pan-Slavism, as well as the new chimeras of French hegemony in Central Europe and the Balkans, belong to the past. The consolidation of the three states of the Little Entente—though ignoring the important power of Hungary—is a decisive step in European politics, and it is possible that further alarm from Hitlerism may drive together all the states of Southern Europe.

Germany's withdrawal from the League of Nations emphasizes the urgency of the need for treaty revision. In face of a critical situation, France meanwhile remains calm, and having been always convinced that Germany would sooner or later turn to military aggression, restrains herself from saying too loudly to the rest of Europe, "I told you so." Great Britain is divided between a party

which thinks the threat of war justifies increase of armaments, and another which feels that the Locarno Treaties, like the Belgium Neutrality Pact, bind their country to support Germany against France if the boundaries of the former were violated by the latter. The United States, tending more and more toward isolation under the Roosevelt administration, refuses to become entangled in the political issues of Europe.

The settlement of 1919 cannot be regarded as permanent. The question is, when and how will revision come? Under Article 19 of the League Covenant, revision might be made necessary if called for by a majority vote in the League; although many lawyers take this article to mean that such a vote to be valid must needs be unanimous—in which case, considering the power of France, the hope for revision through that vehicle is non-existent.

The League has not been so successful in settling disputes as had been hoped. It has been no stronger than its component parts, by none of whom it has ever been freely used. But although we may be forced to abandon the cause of international organization, we must nevertheless on no account be led to confess war natural and resign ourselves to its re-appearance on the European scene.

The political problems inherited from the World War may be better approached not in the publicity of Geneva, but, as Italy and Great Britain advocate, in private conferences between pairs of nations, France and Germany, Germany and Poland, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, without all the other states present to demand their share in the spoils. If we desire sincerely to avoid another world-conflict, we must explore every method, every avenue of approach, which would permit the political adjustment of European disputes without resort to force.

News of the New York Theatres

(Continued from Page Two)

brightened the life of "one of those dancers" and who step out to brighten that of Miss Lilian Bond—in a slightly different manner. One appeals to her emotions, one to her intellect, and the other just appeals,—you can go to the Longacre and find out who wins, although our experience with the Hygiene course should lead us almost directly to the conclusion—things being as they are. In the play are plenty of personable actors, the brightest of whom is Brian Donlevy. *The World Waits*, the play on the goings-on in a Polar expedition when no one is looking, opened and got neither here nor there with the public. Seeing as how there are no women in the cast, and that it is all very up and above board, it has no abiding interest. Of course, we shall always have *Journey's End* as an example of what a powerful playwright can do with just such a set-up, but George Hummel is not another Sherrill, and consequently, our friend, Philip Truex, is not in a hit.

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Move On, Sister in which Fay Bainter appears, and *Give Us This Day*, with Linda Watkins, both took a beating from the critics who called them sophomoric and jumped up and down. Concerning the former there is some dissension in the ranks of the theatrical brain trust, but it can't be one of the best, and there are too many of those for the near-good to come in for any of the gravy flowing up and down the great white way. And speaking of gravy—Sam Harris sat back and watched *Let 'Em Eat Cake* rake in a paltry \$30,120, and, according to *Variety*, a grand total of \$170,000 came to the hands of the proud fathers of twelve of the leading offerings in town two weeks ago. Not so bad when you look at it from every angle.

And lastly comes the news that Tallulah Bankhead is coming to town in *Jezebel*, under the guidance of Guthrie McClintic, and will be on hand December 12. The relative lateness of the opening is due to the continued illness of the star.

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Amateur Players Show Talent for Dramatics

Continued from Page One

weakest feature. The placing of the sword, a vitally important property, against the back wall, so that the Sergeant had obviously to search the room for it before he could evince surprise at suddenly observing it, was an amateurish detail. As a whole, however, both the direction and the acting were so good that excellent results may be prophesied from more practice. The cast worked together with such an evident feeling for drama that in most of its important moments the play firmly held the stage.
D. T. S.

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Book Review

Reprinted from the October 7 number of *The New Statesman and Nation*.

"The titles of forthcoming and recently published books set out in the columns which follow are an inevitably imperfect selection which will serve as a rough but useful guide and a reminder of what is being published this Autumn.

Very few really important books should have been omitted from it. But by important I mean, of course, important today, not in ten or fifty years' time. No man can be sure of recognising the gritty little poem, crack-brained economic pamphlet, or the scientific paper which contains the germs of something that will alter the outlook and the habits of the human race. With that apology I will proceed not to tip the season's winners, but to give a short list of the books which I should like to read and possess, or at least have a rummaging look-over myself.

In Anthropology, Sir James Frazer's *Lectures on Fear of the Dead in Primitive Religion*, and in Art, Herbert Read's *Art Now* stand out. The second letter of the alphabet plunges us into Biography, which increases now every season like the wandering arm of a vast river—swollen one may guess by a good deal of the flood-water of fiction. The best biography is that of a dog: *Flush*, by Virginia Woolf. *Robert Browning's Letters*, edited by T. J. Wise, Mr. Winston Churchill's biography of *Marlborough*

and the second volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* will not be overlooked. *The Letters and Diaries of A. F. R. Wollaston*, edited by Mrs. Wollaston, is a memorial to a fine mountaineer and a fine scholar. *The Letters of H. H. Asquith* to a friend, edited by Desmond MacCarthy, will also reveal charm of character. Finishing the biographies as I began them with the life of an animal, I need scarcely mention Engato, Mr. Oriberg's delightful lion-cub. It is but a step from lion-cubs to Sport and Travel, in which section lovers of boats and the sea will be foolish to neglect *The Gospel of the Sun* by Alain Gerbault, or *On Going to Sea in Yachts* by Conor O'Brien, whose cruises round the world in his *Saorie* were as exciting as those of M. Gerbault in the little *Firecrest*. In conclusion the vast circle who were delighted to follow Mr. Beverley Nichols' *Down the Garden Path* are now invited indoors by him under *A Thatched Roof*.

In Criticism Lytton Strachey's *Characters and Commentaries* contains a selection of his best critical shorter work and includes some unpublished remains. These articles show Strachey at his most brilliant, and, as they cover the whole period of his writing, give a truer impression of him as a critic than an ordinary collection. Mr. T. S. Eliot gives us the material of his Harvard lectures in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, and Mr. W. B. Yeats is publishing *Letters to the Other Island*, as well as a new play, *The Words Upon the Window Pane*. There is also a new play by Mr. Gor-

don Bottomley, *The Acts of St. Peter*. Skipping Education to take my stand on the firmer ground of Fiction, I put *Jack Robinson* by George Beaton at the head of the list—a long way first. There follow five books: *The Woman Who Had Imagination* by H. E. Bates, *A Nest of Simple Folk* by Séan O'Faolain, *The Child of Queen Victoria* by William Plomer.

I am tempted to educate myself by reading what I feel certain is a very good book—Professor Charles Seignobos's *A History of the French People*. The best of the children's books is published, and I need only say is *Winter Holiday* by Arthur Ransome—the skates are ringing on the lake and an ice-yacht replaces *Swallow*. In Law, Politics and Economics one is perforce deeply concerned with *The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War* edited by Leonard Woolf and *What Everybody Wants to Know About Money* edited by G. D. H. Cole. Mussolini, *The Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism*, and Stalin, *From the First to the Second Five Year Plan* have *ipse dixit* the last word on their respective subjects. In Psychology there are Freud's *New Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis*. I shall be interested to see what Mr. Wyndham Lewis is like as a poet, since I respect him as a critic, an artist and a writer of short stories. In Science Mr. Zuckerman's *Man and his Primate Relations* enlarges in a fascinating, but stiffly technical, manner Pope's dictum. And with Zuckerman I have reached the end of the alphabet."

Here is an amusing anecdote for the admirers and readers of Gertrude Stein, whose *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* seems to be taking the country by storm.

In a New York book shop there is on exhibition an actual letter signed by the real Alice B. Toklas (who always goes to bullfights in Spain with Ernest Hemingway). One of the New York readers of Miss Stein's *Autobiography* wrote to her about her device, "rose is a rose is a rose," and received this answer:

Dear Sir,
Miss Gertrude Stein desires me to thank you for your letter of September 18th, in which you express your appreciation of her book. The device rose is a rose is a rose is a rose means just that. Miss Stein is unfortunately too busy herself to be able to tell you herself, but trusts that you will eventually come to understand that each and every word that she writes means exactly what she says, for she says very exactly what she means, and really nothing more, but, of course, nothing less.

Very sincerely,
ALICE B. TOKLAS, Sec'ty.

Speaking of Dorothy Parker's previously published work, Alexander Woollcott wrote: "Most of it has been pure gold and the four winnowed volumes on her shelf—three poetry, one of prose—are so potent a distillation of nectar and wormwood, of ambrosia and deadly nightshade, as might suggest to the rest of us that we all write far too much. . . . I think it not unlikely that the best of it will be coned a hundred years from now."

In her new book of sketches and stories, *After 'Such Pleasures* (Viking Press), we can be safe in saying Mrs. Parker has written her most amusing book. The Parker school of writing may not be as popular as in the past, but she will, with this new book, gain many new pupils and admirers.

Ernest Hemingway is getting into a lot of critical hot water, and I wonder if he really cares. Why try to be so critical about his books, why get into such a temper about "whether he will last, does he really enjoy writing about death and rape, does he really lead the kind of a life he writes about, and so on far into the night?"

I find nothing in his new volume, *Winner Take Nothing*, as poignant as certain sketches of trout fishing (in earlier writing a passionate subject of Hemingway), or as beautifully organized as the retreat from Capareto in *A Farewell to Arms*, unless it be the dangerously macabre descriptions of horrid death in *A Natural History of Death* or the hysterical account of fornication in *Father and Sons*. Yet no one can read of the brute who looks through his water glass at the sunken steamer, with bodies floating inside the portholes, his rudimentary pity only felt, not realized like the frustration of his greed, or the deceptively simple account of the prize fighter in *The Mother of a Queen*, whose egotism is so perfect that no blow can touch it, without hailing one of the most skillful writers of our generation.

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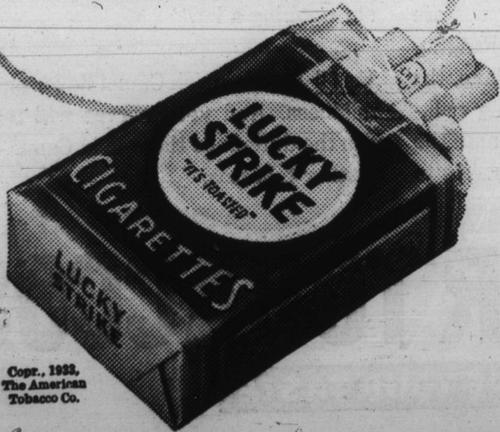


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