

The College News

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WAYNE AND BRYN MAWR, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1932

Price, 10 Cents

Pageantry of May Day Only Nine Days Away

Newspaper Photographers and Movie Representatives Spread Publicity

MANY FACULTY IN CAST

Only nine more days till Queen Elizabeth again returns to Bryn Mawr and the "plays and revels" begin. Everywhere are signs of the approaching festivities. Tall knights in clanking armor parade across the campus, a corps of photographers arrives daily, and the northern side of Taylor has long been shadowed by a huge grandstand. The regular academic routine continues uninterrupted, but along with it there is a bustle of preparation for the 6th and 7th of May.

The pile of clippings which has accumulated in the Publication Office would seem to indicate that the whole world knows this is Big May Day year at Bryn Mawr. Mrs. Collins reports that the publicity has never been more successful. Five big movie companies are sending representatives to make sound recordings of the Friday performance. Camouflaged vans will be parked at the Deanery to hold the apparatus. A leading Stanley-Warner official has promised that the May Day newsreels will be run in all Stanley houses the following week. Four of the most important officials in the movie industry expect to attend the actual celebration, which they consider the most interesting event of its kind in the country. There will also be spectators in the audience from the English Folk Dancing Society.

Although not many seats have been sold for Friday, three-fourths of the grandstand is already reserved for Saturday. Undergraduates are urged to make their reservations now, as additional grandstand seats will be erected only in case the space now available is all reserved at the end of the week.

A great deal of interest has been aroused among students in preparatory schools. The highest single sale, seven hundreds dollars, was made to a preparatory school. At another, in Philadelphia, Mrs. Collins obtained permission to discuss May Day for five minutes, if she would first lecture on candidates for the presidential election, in place of a speaker who could not keep his engagement. The bargain was accepted, and her speech aroused a notable enthusiasm.

On the flower-covered float, which Mrs. Collins promised earlier in the year, will be ensconced Jean Francois Canu, Frieda Wagner, Elsa Wells and A and B, twin children of Mrs. Emily Kimbraugh Wrench, drawn by Marion Turner. The Eleanor Morris children will ride on ponies.

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Personals

The first news of Mr. Horace Alwynne, who is traveling abroad, to reach Bryn Mawr came through the *London Daily Mail*.

"Taormina.—In H. Bowdoin's Villa Rocca Bela, a concert was given on St. Patrick's day in aid of the funds of the Anglo-American Church. It was arranged by Mr. Gilbert Brown and the program was a select one.

"Mr. Horace Alwynne, director of music at Bryn Mawr College, who was warmly welcomed by nearly 200 people, showed the technique of a master of the piano. Mr. Alwynne was assisted by Mme. Brevee Copyn and Mme. Gerda Borgesen, who delighted the audience with songs by Handel, Gounod, Liszt, Kreisler, Doret. Some violin pieces were played by Mr. Mariano Tribuni, soloist of the Hotel San Domenico, who was greatly applauded and obliged to give encores."

Ruth Crossett, once of the Class of 1932, is to be married in Chicago on April 30, to Mr. T. French, of Cleveland, Ohio.



MAY QUEEN AND ROBIN HOOD
Cornelia Drake, '33; Margaret Righter, '34

—International News Photos, Inc.

1935 Freshman Show Music Given Victrola Recording

(Specially Contributed By Barbara Lewis.)

The music of the Freshman Show of 1935 has at last been recorded; it has found its place in the sun. On Friday evening at nine o'clock we presented ourselves at 501 Madison avenue, entertaining an idle hope that we might be peacefully admitted to the Great Home of the Royal Broadcasting Company. The ringing of the night bell over a period of a quarter of an hour at length bore fruit in the appearance of an aged night watchman, who, uttering a few small curses, decided to admit us to the sacred precincts — this, after a good five minutes of scrutiny. Such small measures as the college may take to insure themselves of our whereabouts after dark (signing out book, special permission, etc.) were as nothing compared to the elaborate precautions taken by the night watchman. It was with the greatest relief that we noticed, as we signed in, the names of the staunch members of the Princeton Triangle Club Orchestra, on the sheet above.

When we arrived the orchestra was well under way rehearsing the Animal Song; the sons of old Nassau were in shirt sleeves and tuning up their tubas in careless abandon. Frances Messimer and Marjorie Wood, the pride and hope of Bryn Mawr in this enterprise, were caught sight of through the smoky air, and escorted to the microphone with such gallantry as will doubtless never be duplicated. They then embarked on a highly commendable rendering of the piece, now entitled *Wrong Again*. The lyrics had been re-written, and the line once sung as "Phoenix! Phoenix! Phoenix!" was sung sotto voice, "You've got my heart—please give it back." (This is only

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Lantern Board Contest

The Lantern Board wishes to announce that the contest for the new Freshman and Sophomore members will close on May first. Each candidate is asked to submit two pieces of creative and two of critical writing.

The names of the new members, together with Christopher Morley's decision on the writing, which has appeared in the Lantern during the year, will be announced in the May issue.

Trends Converge to International Style

Structural Necessities and Engineering Plans Are Important

AMERICA IS SCORNFUL

"The keynote of the International Style," said Philip Johnson in his third lecture before the Modern Art class Tuesday, April 19, "is summarized in J. J. Roud's remark that 'Everything answers the why.' In explanation of this school it is therefore necessary to emphasize the importance of logicalness and functionalism." The movement might be said to have started with the re-integration of architecture by a few isolated individuals, such as Schinkel and Richardson, after the decline of Baroque, but the various constituent trends did not converge to a single focus until 1931. The International Style is clear and pronounced, has a discipline of its own and is largely dependent upon engineering.

Impressionism and Neo-Plasticism might be mentioned as elements in the composition of the new style (in addition to the Viennese School, the Paris Exposition Style of 1925, and the New Tradition, all 20th Century movements discussed in the last lecture). Impressionism, 1919, was short-lived, and represented a release from all conventions, especially from the restraints of the New Tradition. The main principle of Neo-Plasticism is that of abstract intersecting planes—of planes floating in space. It completely discounts the laws of gravity in its extreme lightness and apparent disregard for supports. From this point of view it is the true herald of the International Style.

Of the four important European men of this school, Le Corbusier, Walter Gropius, J. J. Roud and Mies van der Rohe, the first, a Swiss, has been the best known modern architect since 1922. He considers a home a machine in which to live and designs no ornament which is not vitally necessary for human needs. He achieves his effects by the beauty of one large plain surface of ordinary re-inforced concrete against another. Many of his houses are built on poles, placed at regular intervals. These, then, become the basis for his design, and their underlying rhythm is carried out in the house. J. J. Roud, formerly a Neo-Plasticist, uses stucco as a building material to avoid the

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Cornelia Otis Skinner playing "Wives of Henry VIII" Interviews Member of News

Famous Alumna Was More Successful in Dramatics Than in Athletics, But Active in Everything; Enjoyed Whole of May Day, Including Paper Flowers and Trying on Costume

ANNE BOLEYN IS HIGH SPOT OF PERFORMANCE

The matinee performance of Miss Skinner's *Wives of Henry VIII* was played to a very enthusiastic, capacity house. She opened the afternoon with five of her original character sketches. The first, a Southern girl in the Sistine Chapel, was an amusing representation of a very unintelligent but beguiling young woman, who is touring Roma and points in the vicinity, with chaperone and party. It was thrown into the shade, however, by the next selection, which was called "On the Beach at Barbados." A fascinating young island girl, from a rich but "very simple" family, is talking on the beach with a visitor from New York, who is infatuated with her and cannot understand her strange unwillingness to talk about herself. As his conversation becomes more personal, despite her re-iterated requests to "swim out to the reefs where the surf breaks," it becomes clear that she is a half-breed, "tar-brush," as the black streak is called, shows in her hands and in her immunity to

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Bryn Mawr Defeats Beaver in Season's First Match

In the first tennis match of the season, Bryn Mawr came out on top of a 4-1 score over Beaver College on Saturday morning. A strong breeze and plenty of dust gave the players great difficulty. In addition to this, Haskell took the oral so that the number one players had to play last. This was hard on both Haskell and her opponent, Parry, as they had to play again almost immediately in the doubles.

In the 2's match, Hardenbergh, the captain of the 1932 Bryn Mawr Varsity team, played a steady game from end to the base line. Her forehand drives were strong and accurate. As usual, she never seemed to strain herself, but was almost always on the spot. Although she plays casually, her game is hard and accurate. Sterner, her opponent, seemed inclined to overwork a bit. Her bounding about was spectacular, but in many cases unnecessary. She made many nice pick-ups, but lost to Hardenbergh by a score of 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.

Although Bowditch has a long, flat and powerful service and drive, her game on the whole was wild. In the third match, she lost the first set because Staples was steadier than she, but she picked up to lead pretty consistently through the last two sets. There was a lot of good backhand driving on both sides. The score was in Bowditch's favor—3-6, 6-2, 6-3.

The fourth match was brief and speedy, Faeth beating her opponent, Hall, 6-4, 6-3. Although Faeth placed her shots nicely, far too many landed in the net. She was inclined to hit off center and her wrist seemed weak. Hall had a great tendency to cut her balls, often unnecessarily.

Haskell, in the number one match, showed beautiful form and amazing power. Her shots were well placed and her service hard in the right hand corner of the receiving court. Parry seemed nervous and shaken by Haskell's offensive,—but in the second set she played some determined and, at times, brilliant tennis. Her game

(Continued on Page Two)

The News will issue a special May Day number, with a four-page pictorial, "Who's Who" of the casts, and histories of all the plays. Alumnae and anyone else interested in receiving copies through the mail may obtain them by writing to the business manager. The price will be 15 cents per copy.

As all careful readers of this periodical know already, Cornelia Otis Skinner is to appear on May Day as Queen Elizabeth, and even Queen Elizabeth has to submit to costume fittings; accordingly, one fine day last week Miss Skinner was motored out from Philadelphia, where she was appearing in her *Wives of Henry the Eighth*, and she, like the humblest rustic of us all, submitted to the usual stand-still-while-I-pin-you ordeal. We would like to say that we had been granted our interview at that crucial point, but such is not the case. We caught her as she was escaping, un-interviewed and radiant, and attached ourselves firmly to the car, while, assisted by two friends, alumnae of the same class, she wracked her brain for anecdotes and what-not for us. What Miss Skinner could not remember about college as she left it, and May Day, as it left her, the two obliging alumnae could.

Miss Skinner, it seems was not (like us) athletic, but (unlike us) she tried to be. She was a member of the seventh class hockey team—there were only seven—but got little practice as the team was too small to play and hence met very seldom. Her one stellar appearance was on the occasion when by a mistake she arrived at Varsity hockey practice and found herself playing wing. She was so hilarious a success that even after the mistake was discovered, the authorities declined to replace her; she finished the game, although it was something of a strain. The only time she can remember hitting the ball it went on to the next field, where another team made a goal with it in the confusion. Her one other athletic appearance was as a tennis player. At this point she decided that her costume was too sober, and accordingly brightened the regulation gym suit with a bright bandana, and equally bright floating scarf, and a pair of long tortoise-shell earrings. She was a success.

Her other memories of college activities include her difficulties in the choir, where she sang double bass. It seems that a hatpin was necessary, and as Miss Skinner had no hat-pin and never got one, she had continual trouble with her mortarboard, which on one occasion even flew off her head and out a window when she raised her head suddenly.

The most delightful story of all, was one about May Day. Being a daughter of one of the directors of the pageant, she and her friends were constantly called upon to do little but vital errands. One such was to borrow the car of a friend who lived near the campus, and load all the spears and pikes which were to be returned, onto it, and set out toward Philadelphia with them. All went extremely well until the car got firmly embedded in the traffic under the viaduct at Market Street. Here they were stopped for a time, and when they did start up it was with a terrific jerk, which sent all the hardware on the running-boards clattering to the

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Hall President Elections

Merion: Josephine Williams, who successfully managed 1932's Freshman Show.

Denbigh: Eleanor Yeakel, an Editor of the *Lantern* and Subscription Manager of the *News*.

Pem East: Virginia Balough.

Pem West: Elizabeth Edwards, now secretary of her class.

Rockefeller: Cecelia Candee, a member of Varsity Basketball squad.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

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In Favor of Rallying Round

At the present time the great concern of all those in charge of May Day is the way the folk-dancing is progressing—or, rather, not progressing. The average student's interpretation of the English folk-dance is something of a monstrosity at the moment, and only 10 days remain in which to remedy the situation. The folk-dancing and the pageant are the major features of May Day, and it is on their execution that the success of the festival depends. Because they embrace the entire college they are more difficult to perfect, but for the same reason they must be perfected. Up until last week attendance at general folk-dancing had only been required once a week, because energy was being concentrated on the plays. From now on folk-dancing and the pageant are the first considerations:

The success of the folk-dancing and of the pageant can only be assured if every girl knows her part and performs it. Anyone not thoroughly familiar with the proceedings will not only make a fool of herself, but will also make a fool of the college. The authorities are asking for co-operation. Give it to them! The time has come when everyone must lay aside her personal interests and get behind May Day. Whether or not we wanted to have May Day is of no importance. What is important is that we are having May Day and that it must be a success. That these frequent rehearsals take valuable time away from one's work is true, but it is time well spent. If everyone comes out and works to put May Day over, the authorities will be better disposed towards our plea that something be done about the work situation. However, should May Day be a failure through lack of student co-operation, we should not deserve—and we certainly should not receive—any consideration as regards work. Therefore, for our own good we should attend all rehearsals.

We also owe our co-operation to Bryn Mawr as a college. The News has no desire to make a sentimental appeal to college spirit. We only wish to point out that the reputation of the college as regards May Day rests in our hands. The directors can do only so much; the outcome of May Day rests ultimately with us. If May Day is a success we have done our job; if it is a failure, so are we. With that in mind every student should attend all folk-dancing and pageant rehearsals regardless of the inconvenience. The rehearsals may be inconvenient, but the failure of May Day would be even more so.

Change and Decay

The student body is only too conscious that there are other and greater matters in a professor's life than the preparation of his daily lectures. The active scholar is of necessity engaged in research, and in the direction of advanced or graduate work in his department; and under this pressure it is not to be wondered at that some "teachers" tend to neglect their teaching for short periods and fall back on old notes, which, although carefully prepared in their day, may by now be noticeably out-of-date. The chances that time has tarnished the value of these notes are greater in some departments than in others. The student is necessarily a trusting soul and an humble creature. She cannot do her work as required without assuming the soundness of the majority of her professor's statements; hence, it seems to us to follow that the professor has an obligation even to his undergraduates to keep his lectures reasonably up-to-date and fresh.

Without claiming any definite knowledge of the possible explanations, and with every desire to avoid unfair criticism, we can state with the utmost assurance that there are those among our teachers who are inclined to neglect their obligations in undergraduate lectures. Our experience has been that such neglect shows to a pronounced degree only in the more elementary courses—which may be an explanation, but is surely not a satisfactory excuse. To cite one pertinent example from our own experience: In comparing notes with a friend who was covering in a general survey course—a field in which we were doing specialized work—we uncovered a departmental contradiction over a rather important question. Carrying the question to a specialist, we were shown proof that the statement in the more advanced course was not only demonstrably true, but had been definitely accepted as such by the competent scholars in the field. The only apparent explanation of such a situation was that the evidence proving the point in question had been brought to light and discussed within the last five years—a glaring demonstration that the well-worn notes in the survey course were at least five years old and had not been revised during that time.

Much is said of the student's responsibility to her classes. We would be the last to demand that our mental guides know every possible detail of every aspect of subjects on which they lecture; but is it too much to ask that they, too, recognize a heavy obligation to their classes—an obligation to be up-to-date? If they must use notes, can they not strive to eliminate outgrown errors and to include the more important recent discoveries in their fields?

WIT'S END

They settled and panted,
They raved and they ranted,
They daily made hay,
For the long promised day,
But still the folk dancing was taken
for granted.

—College Lifer.

There's really nothing one can do
That some won't take exception to,
You talk to someone from the tub
And air your views; but here's the
rub—

The very girl you choose to slander
Is hidden in the shower yonder,
And takes offense unless the dear
Is talking too and doesn't hear.
It doesn't pay to get wrought up.
If you play bridge and she bids up;
You'll always find that she's above
Counting her hand, she raised on
love!

But if you want to get much blame
And blush before her friends in
shame,
Condemn her to her face for that.
We tried it once—

—The Campus Cat.

There was a young lady named Maude
Who with eating was terribly bored.
To eat at the table
She never was able
But in the tea pantry—oh, Lord!

—B. K. T.

Dear Mad Hatter,
We hereby submit a plan to dis-
solve the quota system. We believe
that the present plan has obvious im-
perfections, which we intend to cure,
if not kill. These imperfections reside
in many of the halls; and so our sys-
tem roughly treated is as follows:

The seniors should be given first
chance. There is ample space for the
entire class. We suggest that they be
locked in the lib and be allowed to
subsist on the *New York Times* files.

The Juniors may readily be housed
in the swimming pool and showers.
The sophomores could be penned in
Taylor Tower to advantage.

Now, we have A, the seniors; B, the
juniors; C, the sophomores. Let us
represent next year's entire student
body by X. Then X—A plus B plus
C will equal the incoming freshmen.
The problem regarding them is per-
haps slightly more difficult. But it is
soluble: this unknown quantity may
be driven into Dalton and blown up.
This will reduce them to infinity...
or do we mean infinitesimality? At
any rate, we shall have reached a
limit.

This system may be somewhat radical,
but if it is done to the entire
college gradually, by a series of pro-
gressions, we assure you there will
be no further question regarding the
quota.

(Signed) Unscrambled Eg.

The News Board makes its bow with
this defiance,
If you think we are incapable to
edit

We invite you to a test and you'll
acknowledge
That we have unnumbered talents
to our credit.

When we come toiling home on Tues-
evenings,
Having done for you our editorial
best,
We revive our weary spirits with a
banquet
Of Mexican delights in Pembroke
West.

If you dislike our humor or our head-
lines,
We invite you to a feast of hot
tamales,
Of sausages which no one cooks as
we do,
And of chili con carne con frijoles.

And if you do not then admit our
prowess,
The peppers will most heatedly
chastise you,
So don't condemn our stewing down
in Goodhart,
Unless you could do better we ad-
vise you.

—The Labor Party.

The Mad Hatter wishes to an-
nounce that he, she, or it is respon-

sible for only those contributions
which appear immediately above that
signature—of which the following is
the first. Cheero!

APOSTROPHE

Pallas Athena, ora pro nobis,
Now come the orals, Deutsche vobis-
cum,

We that have done all those
Things we should not have done,
We that have left undone
All that we should have done,
Thea mathematos, specially lan-
guages.
Intercede for us, "pass 'em" vobiscum,
please.

THE MAD HATTER.

GENESIS OF MINNIE

We have chosen "Minnie" as our
patron saint and pen name because
Minnie to us is the highest symbol
of production. Minnie is a cat—she
is no fabrication, she actually lives.
Her real name is Minet, which is
French for Tom, and she has pro-
duced one hundred and fifteen off-
springs, all thriving (except those
that were drowned). We hasten to
explain that the name is purely sym-
bolic and that our production is to
be literary.

But to get back to Minnie—no de-
scription can do justice to her charms.
As you've probably guessed she has
sex appeal, possibly the touch of Per-
sian, which is her inheritance from
her forbears (pardon us—forecats).
She is pansy-faced, pearly grey, with
a white jabot and white mittens, and
has an unmusical voice (very fashion-
able) which is the common charac-
teristic of all her children. She is
valiant, as she proved when a skunk
disturbed her most recent accouchement.
Two kittens were already
mewing plaintively in her box. Min-
nie did not hesitate. She fought and
defeated the skunk, returned casually
to her box and had two more kittens
(which, as far as we know, have no
complexes—olfactory or otherwise).

We are reminded of the story of
the lady who *mit au jour* a numerous
family because, she explained, she was
always curious to see what the next
child would be like. Minnie prob-
ably feels that way, and she is sel-
dom disappointed. She has had cal-
icoes, tortoise shells, maltese, several
beautiful Persians (to those who do
no know her history they look authen-
tic) and, wonder of wonders, two bob-
tails, which were always very wild
and finally ran away. One kitten,
however, was so nondescript that he
was not even given a name until fully
grown; finally he developed a com-
plex which distinguished him from
his brothers. And so we named him
Eddiepuss.

The characteristics of Minnie are,
on the whole, those of a successful
columnist. We don't mean that a col-
umnist has to be gray-haired (or pan-
sy-faced), wear white mittens, and
have a voice like Libby Holman's, but
we do insist on variety and courage.
One thing we would like to add, which
we fear Minnie has not, is a sense of
the ridiculous; and one we would like
to omit, which we fear Minnie has—
a catty outlook.

MINNIE.

Bryn Mawr Defeats Beaver in Season's First Match

(Continued from Page One)

was not so hard as Haskell's appar-
ently, but was very quick. Haskell
seemed tired or indifferent in the sec-
ond set and could not pull up in the
third. The last set was very close
and tense, but ended in Parry's favor,
2-6, 7-5, 6-4.

In the doubles Haskell recovered
and Parry continued in what was ap-
parently her top-form. Little played
a good all around game, although it
was not at all spectacular. Sterner
still suggested a bit of gallery play-
ing, but made some clever net shots.
She often resorted to lob's from base
line, effective if she got them in.
Haskell's beautiful game at net and
her excellent team work with Little
gave the match to Bryn Mawr—4-6,
6-2, 6-1.

The teams were as follows:

Beaver—1, Parry; 2, Sterner; 3,
Staples; 4, Hall. Doubles—Parry and
Sterner.

Bryn Mawr—1, Haskell; 2, Har-
denbergh; 3, Bowditch; 4, Faeth. Dou-
bles—Haskell and Little.

IN PHILADELPHIA

Forrest: Last week of *Grand Hotel*
with Eugenie Leontovich, Sam Jaffe
and Siegfried Rumann. Don't pass it
by because you intend to see the movie—
the movie is great, but it cannot
rival the charm of the play.

Broad: Jane Cowl and Franchot
Tone in *A Thousand Summers*. The
tale of the to be or not to be amorous
intrigues of a lost lady and a simple
young lad. The play is extremely
disappointing—Miss Cowl should do
better.

Garrick: Vivienne Segal and
Charles Purcell in a rather gratify-
ing revival of *The Chocolate Soldier*.
This light opera most certainly has
its points.

Coming—May 2

Forrest: Again *The Student
Prince* is coming back—if only they
would bring some actors who could
do it justice.

Music—Academy of Music
Philadelphia Orchestra: Friday,
April 29, at 2.30 P. M., and Saturday
evening, April 30, at 8.20 P. M. Leo-
pold Stokowski conducting. Wagner
program.

Movies

Chestnut Street: The movie the
entire country seems to have been
waiting for. Greta Garbo, John and
Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford and
Wallace Beery in *Grand Hotel*. All
seats reserved—evening and matinee
daily.

Fox: Spencer Tracy and Beryl
Mercer in *Young America*. An unfor-
givably poor play about little boys
who are delinquents and the kind lady
who is helpful.

Mastbaum: Paul Whiteman occu-
pies the entire stage most of the time.
There is also *Play Girl*, with Winnie
Lightner and Loretta Young.
Earle: *The Cohens and Kelleys in
Hollywood*. A comedy about the mov-
ies and the respective members of the
two families working in them. Only
fair.

Stanley: James Cagney in *The
Crowd Roars*—all about automobile
racing—and that's about all there is.

Stanton: *Hell's House*, with Pat
O'Brien. A very pathetic tale about
youth headed for the electric chair.
Well, it's nice to know where we're
going.

Boyd: Robert Montgomery in *But
the Flesh Is Weak*. The story is
worse than nothing, but Montgomery
is breezy and charming as a young
and useless Englishman who has a
unique way of adoring women.

Keith's: Charles Bickford and
Helen Twelvetrees in *Panama Flo*—
about honky-tonks and everything un-
pleasant connected with them. Worth-
less.

Karlton: John Weismuller in our
favorite, *Tarzan, The Ape Man*. A
preposterous and engaging movie.

Europa: *Das Lied Ist Aus*—a mar-
velous picture with good music.

Local Movies

Ardmore: Wednesday and Thurs-
day, *Heart of New York*, with George
Sidney and Ruth Hall; Friday, Bill
Boyd and Ginger Rogers in *Carnival
Boat*; Saturday, Jack Holt in *Behind
the Mask*; Monday and Tuesday,
Richard Dix in *The Lost Squadron*;
Wednesday and Thursday, Elissa
Landi in *The Devil's Lottery*.

Seville: Wednesday, Clark Gable
and Wallace Beery in *Hell Divers*;
Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
Shanghai Express, with Marlene Diet-
rich and Clive Brook; Monday,
Tuesday and Wednesday, Lionel Bar-
rymore in *Broken Lullaby*.

Wayne: Wednesday and Thurs-
day, *Disorderly Conduct*, with Sally
Eilers and Spencer Tracy; Friday
and Saturday, Ben Lyon and Con-
stance Bennett in *Lady With A Past*;
Monday and Tuesday, *The Man Who
Played God*, with George Arliss; Wed-
nesday and Thursday, *Murders in the
Rue Morgue*.

Especially recommended: *Shang-
hai Express*, *The Lost Squadron*.

Fairly good: *The Devil's Lottery*,
Broken Lullaby.

League Elections

Sunday Services: Evelyn
Remington.
Assistant Sunday Services:
Josephine Bothermel.
Blind School: Sarah Fraser.
Assistant Blind School: Sa-
rah Flanders.
Americanization Bryn Mawr:
Nancy Lane.

K. Hepburn Chats with News Representative

Says Theatre's Charm Ends When One Has to Depend on It for Livelihood

HEIGHT IS HANDICAP

Last Saturday we took a deep breath, got a grip on ourselves and marched resolutely back to the stage door of the Morosco Theatre, where Katherine Hepburn, Bryn Mawr, 1928, is playing in *The Warrior's Husband*. We asked hopefully for Miss Hepburn and were told "they would see if she was in." While waiting for the verdict, we perused the theatre announcement board and discovered some interesting facts. Colin Keith Johnson has the first dressing room and Miss Hepburn the second. We read on down the list and discovered that however mighty the Amazon women might be on the stage, they were nevertheless bivouaced in the cellar. We also heard Romney Brent screaming from his dressing room, "The hem, or whatever you call the thing, is coming out of my blue skirt." Homer strolled into the theatre, smoking a pipe, and asked casually if his laurel wreath, which had collapsed the evening before had been re-leaved. At this point we were ushered into Miss Hepburn's dressing room and found said lady clad in a blue bathing suit thoughtfully surveying one leg, which was rapidly becoming healthily tanned with the aid of a large jar of grease paint. When we told her our mission she replied that she wasn't a very interesting person and had no astounding views to express. We pursued her further on the

subject and she suggested that we get out of producing an interview by saying "she was a virago and had had is thrown out." However, Miss Hepburn did volunteer some information. While at Bryn Mawr she had always been interested in dramatics, but never created a sensation. She came into her own, theatrically speaking, only last year, when she appeared in Jane Cowl's *Art and Mrs. Bottle*. "The theatre is swell if you don't have to depend on it for a livelihood," she said. "If you can afford to watch and wait until a good part comes your way, you have more fun and get further." Among the handicaps which beset her, she said that the greatest one had been her height. Although she is only five feet six, she has lost many parts because she rivalled the towering manhood of the theatre. However, in *The Warriors' Husband* her height stood her in good stead, because only "big and burly" (in our opinion, Miss Hepburn is neither) women were in demand. She said that she enjoyed her present part tremendously and remarked "The play is great fun because there are no stars and no one is trying to cut anybody else's throat. It's also something of a change for me to have a dressing room on the first floor—my dramatic career has heretofore either raised me to the garret or buried me in the cellar." She expressed great admiration for Romney Brent's portrayal of Sapiens, saying it was the highlight of the performance. Miss Hepburn spends more time making up for the show than she does appearing in it. It requires one hour and a half for her to put on her grease paint and arrange her hair, which has to be elaborately curled. The Amazons either wore their hair in complete disarray or put it up with

curls over the forehead and in the back. She decided to wear it curled because she "looks most peculiar with it down." Her hair has always been curled for every performance, and it is seldom that she goes through the ritual without burning some part of her anatomy. She never allows her maid to make her up because she hates to be "fussed over." At this point said maid, who is descended to her from Libby Holman, came into the room bearing a two-pound jar of cold cream, which she said she "had bought at a one-cent sale and thought was good enough for the body." The Amazon now turned her attention to her tan. It seems that Vogue requested her, along with Miss Williams, to sit for one of their future covers, saying that she made an ideal subject because of her beautiful shade. For a week she lived in terror that the magazine would discover her true appearance and fire her. At this point the call boy put in his final appearance and Miss Hepburn dashed out of the door, clutching a sword and a helmet and calling back to us, "Be sure to see the play, and laugh hard."

Although she is not a student at the University of Southern California, Jean Harlow, screen star, was elected "most popular girl in college" and president of the class by the juniors there.

"Must be warm weather," decided the startled election commissioners on finding the results of the election.

—(N. S. F. A.)

At the University of Minnesota, chemists use five miles of rubber tubing, six tons of acid, fifty thousand bottles, and a half million matches yearly.—*Holy Cross "Tomahawk."*

Styx, Typical Campus Dog, Enjoys First Interview

In a special interview, Miss Marti has kindly given us many interesting details as to the history and daily life of her beloved Styx. Surprisingly enough, the dog does not legally belong to her, but to Dr. Gray. The explanation of this lies in the fact that an alien residing in this country cannot own either a dog or a gun.

Styx is a police dog and very, very black, — hence his name. He was bought at the kennels of Mrs. Eustis in Paoli. Mrs. Eustis also has a kennel in Switzerland where Miss Marti bought another dog. He is six months old and "a sweet puppy, just beginning to be Styx."

The aim of Miss Marti's life is to make Styx a sociable dog. To this end, she takes him to all the hall teas and to Radnor once a week. He has been taught to sit down, lie down, shake hands, and, wonderfully enough, to obey traffic rules—he sits down before crossing the street. He is not allowed to touch a bone as long as his mistress says that it is not perfect manners.

"He is a Bryn Mawr dog," she said, "and loves girls." Furthermore, he is allowed to speak to only five men. Among these chosen few are Dr. Gray, his first; Joe Graham, and Dr. Turner, who won devotion with the bright idea of carrying sugar in his pocket.

Styx's special lady friend is, of course, Molly, and he is much perturbed when she passes haughtily by him, cane clutched tightly between her teeth.

With the earnest request that students will please not throw stones to him because he swallows them, Miss Marti brought to an end our first interview with a typical Bryn Mawr dog.

We want to get out the best paper possible. Your advice would be appreciated.

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Fifty is Splendid Score for News Questionnaire

Here are the answers to our questionnaire, in so far as it can be answered in a small space. To some of the questions there are many answers, and yours may be quite as right as those included here; to others there is only one. Score yourself on a basis of five points per question, or a fraction thereof. One hundred is the perfect score—you didn't get one hundred; it can only be done in theory. If you made better than fifty, you are up and coming.

1. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, Rousseau, d'Allembert, Hohlbach and others.
2. Trans—and consubstantiation, abuses, and in especial indulgences, papal infallibility, and Hussite doctrines are the main points. Marriage of clergy and the worship of saints—possible.
3. Edward I.
4. Sun Beau.
5. The Frogs, Aristophanes (Brecce-ce-cex.)
6. The first-act prologue to Henry V, Shakespeare.
7. A Greek slave, heroine of a book by that name by Thornton Wilder.
8. *The Man of Property, In Chancery, To Let; The Silver Spoon, The White Monkey, Swan Song, On Forsyte Change.*
9. *Lilom, The Swan, The Guardsman, The Good Fairy; Lynne Fontanne, Eva Le Galliene, and Helen Hayes.* (Other answers are possible.)
10. (a) *The House of Connelly, and In Abraham's Bosom*, etc. (playwright); (b) *Marco Millions, and Hotel Universe*, etc. (scene-designer); (c) *Hamlet, The Man in Possession and Grand Hotel*, etc. (actor and director); (d) *The Barretts of Wimpole Street, and The Truth About Blaydes* (producer); (e) *Lysistrata, Hamlet, Fifty Million Frenchmen* (designer and producer).
11. The Pitti and Uffizi; left and right banks, respectively.
12. A pre-kindergarten school.
13. Marx, Lassell, Blanc, Shaw and others. Space does not permit the inclusion of the doctrines; ask the encyclopedia.
14. (a) A four-part musical form for a single instrument; (b) a complicated contrapuntal form; (c) a simple, one-theme, contrapuntal piece; (d) a composition arranged for many voices, usually of a religious nature; (e) a short technical study, for a single instrument.
15. Michigan murderers last summer, who burned four victims to death in an automobile after robbing them.
16. (a) A gland in the throat, controlling metabolism; (b) a gland, also in the throat, which is necessary to life; (c) a gland in the brain, thought to be a relic eye; (d) a gland which regulates growth and sex activities; (e) a gland in the digestive system.
17. Des Cartes—thinking and extended matter.
18. That Germany should have her conditional reparations suspended for one year; should pay her unconditional ones into the Bank of International Finance, whence they should be lent back to her; and that all war debt payments are suspended for the year. (This is not an official answer.)
19. A California prisoner; woman Prohibition enforcement head; Speaker of the House; Governor of Oklahoma; President of France.
20. (a) A concave fold in rock strata; (b) a chemical reagent; (c) radium emanation.

New Members of Faculty Announced by Miss Park

Miss Park announced the few changes that there will be in the faculty for next year in chapel last Thursday.

Dr. William Huff retires next year after thirty-three winters at Bryn Mawr not only as professor of physics but as a member of the board of admissions and a sharer in the general responsibilities of the college.

Dr. Walter C. Michels will fill in the vacancy as associate in Physics. He is originally from the California Institute of Technology and is at present National Research Fellow at Princeton, where he is teaching. Physics courses will go on as usual next year, but there will be a general change in the department later.

Dr. Rhys Carpenter, of the Archeology Department, returns next year, after having been director of the American School in Athens for several years. Miss Swindler, of course, remains in the department and Dr. Mueller's course in Eastern Archeology will be available next year at any rate.

Dr. Lelah Crabbs is lecturer elect in education to replace Dr. Rogers temporarily. Dr. Crabbs is research assistant in Psychology and assistant professor of education at Teachers' College, Columbia.

Miss Dulles, formerly of Bryn Mawr, has been elected to the economics department. She has studied also at Radcliffe, and the universities of Paris and London.

Dr. Minor White Latham will be lecturer in English. She will offer instruction in play-writing and is now assistant professor at Barnard and the Columbia summer school.

Miss Cornelia Miegs is instructor elect in English and will give a course in experimental writing, as well as having a freshman and perhaps a sophomore English section. Miss Miegs will be remembered as the writer of several delightful children's books.

Miss Katherine Koller, who is now studying for her doctors' degree at Johns Hopkins, will also have a Freshman English section.

Mr. Alwyne is returning to College next year to take over his regular music courses and Mr. Vaughn Williams, next year's Flexner lecturer, will lecture in the advanced music courses during his stay in Bryn Mawr.

The college is taking into its own hands the management of the Low Buildings and the College Inn. Plans for changes in the tea room are not yet complete, but the general management will be in Miss Howe's hands, making her too busy to go on as the warden of Wyndam.

Miss Hile will be warden in Wyndam, Miss Fisher in Merion, Miss Collins warden to Rock, and Miss Rosalie Cross warden to Denbigh. Miss Bancroft is being persuaded to be warden of Pembroke West.

Girls of Barnard steal so many signs from the campus that the controller issued the following statement: "If there is any sign which a student very much desires, please do not steal it, but apply at the office and a duplicate can be obtained at cost."
—(N. S. F. A.)

Cornelia Otis Skinner Grants News Interview

(Continued from Page One)

street. Miss Skinner explained that they were dressed in typical campus costumes and "looked a little strange," so that Market Street was a bit taken aback by the performance, which held up traffic for a considerable time.

Miss Skinner was, of course, active in dramatics at college (her friends attest that she was active in everything, including athletics). But while there is a question of her athletic success there was none of her dramatic ability. She wrote and produced her Freshman Show, and was a leader in Varsity Dramatics. The parts she played evidently varied greatly, as at least once she played a man over ninety. This was Sir Jasper Thorndike in *Rosalind*, and about it she had another story. It seems that her make-up included a pair of fluffy side-burns, a fluffy white wig, and some very fluffy chin-whiskers. As a leading player and the daughter of a famous actor, she was photographed in costume for the papers. Some years later, at the beginning of the run in one of the first plays she appeared in, the elevator man in her apartment presented her one night with this same picture, which had just appeared in the evening paper. It seems that it was the only one in the newspaper files and they had seized upon it in haste. As it was pretty appalling in its original state, a kindly retouch man had attempted to improve on it, and the result was something very like an angora kitten. Miss Skinner was conspicuous in her absence from the picture.

Miss Skinner is still tremendously interested in college affairs (which may or may not be due to the fact that she only remained at Bryn Mawr

two years.) In any case the bloom has not yet worn off for her. Her enthusiasm for May-day was a great boost to our own somewhat jaded interest. She is possessed of a rare quality of enthusiasm and we somehow felt that even if she did have to make paper flowers and practice folk-dancing, she would enjoy it. We learned that in her year, at this time, every one in college could have done the dance steps backwards, and Mrs. Collins, who was present, gave us an

accusing stare. We back down humbly. We recognize our faults, and we were a little intimidated in the presence of greatness. We even refrained from stating our grievances. It is our hope, however, that when Miss Skinner returns to Bryn Mawr for the two days of May 6 and 7, she will not find our offering too unworthy of the honor she confers on us by participating in it.

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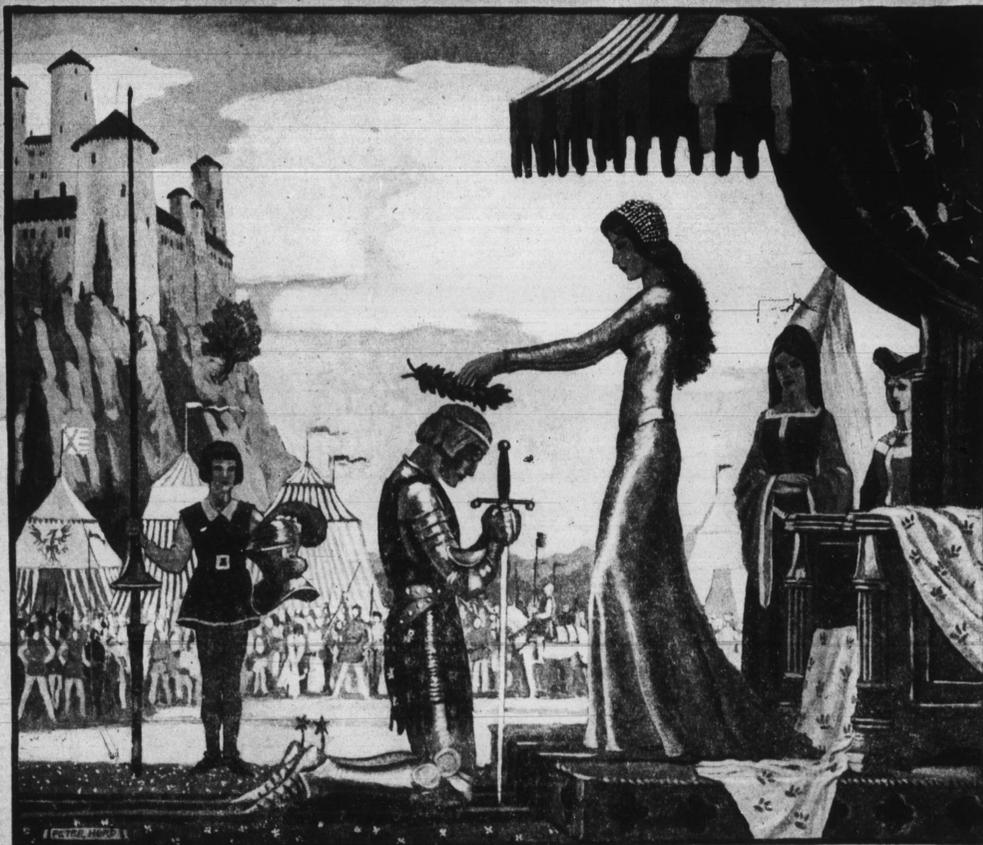
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"Wives of Henry VIII" is Brilliant Performance

(Continued from Page One)

the sun. Socially ostracized by all but the men of the island, she is too well educated to be content, but seeing no possible escape, she just "swims all day and lies in the sun." Miss Skinner's portrayal of this striking figure was restrained and delicate; her facile command of dialect showed here at its finest. It was one of the high points of the afternoon. "The Eve of Departure," "Night Club" and "Mortaring in the '90's" were amusing or touching by turns, but hardly in the same class with the "Beach" or the "Wives" that followed.

After a brief intermission Miss Skinner entered upon the main part of the program, her original interpretations of the characters of the six wives of Henry the Eighth. The first, Catharine of Aragon, is described in a program note as follows: The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, she was virtually queen of England for twenty-four years. She stubbornly refused during her lifetime to grant Henry the divorce he desired, and was removed forcibly to Kimbolton Castle when he obtained it. There she died after three years, deprived of the society of her only child, who was later to become Bloody Mary. Gorgeously costumed, Miss Skinner made a dramatic entrance in this character. During her conversation with first, Anne Boleyn, then, her daughter, the Princess Mary, then a nameless Spanish courtier, and finally with Henry himself, one aspect after another of her strange personality was emphasized. Miss Skinner's command of dialect we have spoken of before, and here it shone forth again. Her Spanish was beautiful, deep and husky in quality, and the very slight accent in her English was most effective. Although much of the situation at the court in 1525 was outlined in the sketch, no particularly dramatic conflict was involved. Striking and illuminating as it was, this was distinctly inferior to the sketch that followed.

The lovely and much calumniated Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth, and second wife of Henry, was shown at the tragic climax of her career, the scene in the Tower a few moments before her execution. All the fascination of this complex woman showed in the singularly sympathetic treatment Miss Skinner used; all of her many lovers "and she had been loved," were brought in as she reviews her colorful past, and brought in so skillfully that one was hardly aware of the exposition. Most impressive of all was the fact that, although one knew her well, as she marched to her death, one was still baffled, as indeed she must have been herself, as to the real depth of her love for Henry. The writing of this skit was a triumph in itself, and Miss Skinner's performance was so moving that her last exit was followed by the deep hush which is the highest tribute an audience can pay a tragic scene.

Jane Seymour, lovely fragile creature, completely cowed by her royal husband, whom she had great difficulty in calling "Henry," was one of the most charming women that appeared. Miss Skinner's make-up change from Anne Boleyn to the blonde Jane was most impressive. Her sweetness, tinged with the shadows of the gloomy

end that lay so near in the future, was most touching; Jane was in pathos, what Anne had been in tragedy, an almost perfectly drawn character, and a perfectly played one.

Anne of Cleves followed next, and occasioned more mirth in the audience than any of the humorous skits of the first part of the afternoon. In a new accent Miss Skinner was again remarkably competent. We could not help thinking when she broke into what seemed to us flawless German, that this was perhaps the object of the language requirements of Bryn Mawr, as this was the third language in which Miss Skinner seemed perfectly at home. The simply, ruddy, and not too graceful maid of Cleves, "who had lifted so now thirty years so yet no man should kiss her," was clearly a terrific shock to Henry, who had judged her from the portrait Holbein had done of her. His unceremonious departure left her for a moment perplexed and troubled, but she soon came to see that it was but the "bashfulness" of love at first sight, and one realized that Anne's fate, though not the one she evidently expected would be in no sense a tragic one. Her cheerful good humor was a match for the direst threats of this ungentle monarch.

Kathryn Howard, the most beautiful of the queens, was also the most obviously worthy of the fate that overtook her. She was discovered in a clandestine love affair with Thomas Culpepper and beheaded at the instigation of the Archbishop Cranmer. Less of a tragic figure than Anne Boleyn, she had very definitely the sympathy of the audience, for all her transgressions and flippant disrespect of the old, gouty monarch. She was not by any means an admirable character, but she was a striking and a bewitching one.

In the last sketch of the group Miss Skinner did a piece of acting, and again we must add, of writing also, that deserved perhaps more credit than it is likely to get. Katherine Parr, the last wife of Henry, and the only one to outlive him, was not as romantic a figure as any of her predecessors, although she was by far the most successful of them. The scene chosen was that at the bedside of the dying king, who, in his delirium, mixed the names of all his many wives and had great difficulty in remembering which he had beheaded. The stolid Englishwoman's views of her predecessors were wonderfully typical—Jane being the only one of whom she really approved. Her quiet and masterful manner at the bedside, although lacking in warmth, showed wonderful insight in its character and admirable restraint. Here, again, Miss Skinner spoke in a foreign language, this time in the Latin of the Agnus Dei, which she said at the request of the dying king.

Nothing too complimentary can be said of this last group. Miss Skinner has obviously studied her characters carefully; the work has an air of authenticity about it—from the costumes to the merest detail of the action. But it was the acting by which Miss Skinner lifted the performance to real heights, and set it apart from any similar performance we have ever seen.—J. M.

College students in Budapest, Hungary, are seeking the job of public hangman in order to defray their expenses.—Holy Cross "Tomahawk."

Pageantry of May Day Only Nine Days Away

(Continued from Page One)

The oxen to draw the May Pole always present a problem. This year they are snow white, have curled horns, and will be brought all the way from Virginia.

Elizabethan tents are to be erected as headquarters for refreshments. An old Irishman, who lives near the campus, will see that they have genuine thatched roofs.

The flower making, earlier a cause of worry, is now progressing satisfactorily. Four students in Denbigh sat up all Saturday night, and piled the smoking, room davenport high with about 1010 flowers.

Almost the whole college has now been outfitted with Elizabethan costumes. Perhaps the most interesting group will be those for *As You Like It*, which are being copied from Hugh Thomson's illustrations for a book which Mr. King discovered in the British Museum. Mrs. Nelson searched the shops until she found the proper yellow material. Janet Barber is doing all the costuming for the *Masque of Flowers*.

Queen Elizabeth's attendants will include the following members of the faculty as courtiers: Doctors Broughton, Cadbury, Carlson, Flexner, Hedlund, Nahm, Richtmeyer, Watson, Wells and Mr. Warburg.

Her ladies-in-waiting will be Miss Ferguson, as Countess of Pembroke; Miss Hupfel, as Lady Magdalen Herbert; Miss Daudon, Miss Fairman, Dr. Glen, Miss Howe, Mrs. Mezger, Miss Terrien, Mrs. Wakeman and Miss Thomas.

New fangled educational methods, Dr. Ernest Horn, of the University of Iowa, recently told the Inland Empire Education Association meeting at Spokane, Washington, should be forgotten until all students learn to read. Dr. Horn charged "it is beyond the ability of the ordinary student to get the meaning out of the ordinary textbook. Reading or failure to read or to be able to read is one of the drawbacks in modern education, even in the colleges."

—Oregon Daily Emerald.

Students at Yale appear to be building libraries at the expense of the university. Smuggling has removed two hundred fifty of the nine thousand new volumes placed on the shelves at the beginning of the current school year.

—Holy Cross "Tomahawk."

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May Pole Dancing is Important Part of May Day

Since the May pole dancing sets the keynote for the whole May Day performance, and it is essential that the dancing be smooth and spontaneous the May Day Committee has obtained the assistance of Mildred Buchanan Bassett, Bryn Mawr, '24, for the final three weeks of preparation.

Mrs. Bassett was on the All-American Hockey Team in 1927 and is perhaps the greatest athlete Bryn Mawr has ever produced. She played on every team and at the 1924 May Day her dancing as William Kemp created a tremendous impression. After her graduation she remained here as part-time assistant to Miss Appleby and organized the Buccaneers, a team of Main Line private school gym teachers, which has given Varsity close competition. In the summer of '27 she went to England to study with the English Folk Dancing Society and returned here to assist with the 1928 May Day.

Since rehearsals on the green have been put off till later than ever before, it is absolutely imperative that everyone be regular in attendance. The college has already co-operated by moving the dinner hour. The fact that nothing has ever been permitted

to interfere with the traditional routine shows the importance of these rehearsals.

Boston University intended to play a woman as "number one man" on this year's golf team until the Athletic Council decreed otherwise.

—Holy Cross "Tomahawk."

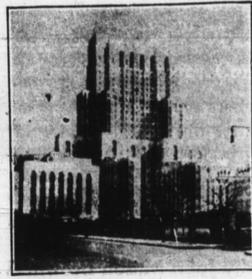
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1935 Freshman Show Music Given Victrola Recording

(Continued from Page One)

a small sample of the thrills in store.) A wax record was made of the piece and then played back. This was repeated over and over again, until considered perfect, and finally the master record was made, followed by the master record of *At Last*, the waltz. The vocal refrain is by Nick Foran, whose voice is calculated to quicken the pulse of many a hearer.

The hospitality of the Royal Broadcasting Company is unexcelled; their acceptable offering of ginger ale as midnight draw near is comparable only to the ice cream party given the chemistry minors on the last day of lab. The company makes electrical transcriptions for radio broadcasts almost exclusively, and among these are numerous records of the speeches of public officials, made in informal moments, with much shushing of the "s's." Mr. Penniger, the recording expert, was most charming in explaining the technicalities of the machinery; his tempo was a bit rapid, but the salient points are as follows: a needle, vibrating to the various frequencies of the notes coming over the microphone, cuts into a wax disc, and this disc is electroplated with nickel, later used as the master. It seemed incredible that Mr. Penniger (the exact double of Clifton Webb in appearance) was actually engaged in a serious occupation; at every moment one expected him to break into the Roxy Usher Act. Had the scene of Friday night in the control room of the studio been presented on Broadway, showing Mr. Penniger with his ear at the microphone, and that tired look on his face, asking his assistant, "Where is the Tuba?" it would have been immortalized in the hearts of the American people.

Our popularity with the company is a bit dubious. The president confided in us, while surveying the orchestra and singers, that it was an interesting business to be in—one certainly saw the strangest people (?). (Author's Note: These records, sensational as they are, will be on sale early next week for \$1.00.)

Trends Converge to International Style

(Continued from Page One)

solid, heavy effect of horizontally laid bricks. He is a very conscientious architect and omits no details, such as chrome window panes and screens curved at the corners—although his work is functionally sound. The beautifying of structural necessities is the basis of his scheme of decoration. America has been viewing this new style with scornful conservatism, and the movement may never make any headway here. Through the efforts of George Howe and Raymond Hood, several skyscrapers have been built in this tradition with the correct structural and functional emphasis on the horizontal lines of the different storeys and with the top cut off sharply, omitting any pyramidal effects.

Mr. Johnson also traced briefly the changes in the interior designs of houses for the last century. The formally built Georgian house of 1809, with its six rooms for living purposes, gave way to the prairie-house with its one room for the necessities of life, created by Frank Lloyd Wright about 1900. In 1920 there was a further breaking down, until the house became one grand abstract design with all "outside" walls and no "inside" divisions. It was a materialization of the fluid space idea. The 1931 International Style house became formalized again,—at least in regard to exterior outline; it was not dependent on axes and the regularity of structure existed in an arrangement of posts, not falls. Mies van der Rohe created the most fascinating of these 1931 houses. It has but one large room and the various corners, designated as bedroom, library and so forth, are separated by screens or curtains. This arrangement gives a feeling of space, but also of privacy. There are windows in horizontal bands the entire length of the exterior wall. Although the International Style has already built enough monuments to be known to later generations, there is still the question of whether or not it will create its Parthenon.

BOOK REVIEWS

***A World Begins*, by Countess Irina Skariatina.**

Countess Skariatina has produced a remarkable Russian-exile book, one that makes a contribution to Americana. Almost two-thirds of *A World Begins* records a series of experiences, some painful, some amusing, from her landing at New York Harbor to the grand finale in Metropole (probably Chicago), when grim reality fades to allow romance to enter. But the chapters in between, dealing with her life in a small Mid-Western town, conveniently fictitious, are an unforgettable record of a cultured European's reaction to its types. She tutored the wife of the town magnate in French, reading to her from Dumas all day and often part of the night. In the intervals she ate, slept, and tried to remain sane. She boarded at one mean village boarding-house and lodged at a worse. Near her lodging, a train passed every night at midnight, but unlike Karenina, she kept away from the tracks.

All of which bears out Mr. Sinclair in his picture of Main Street; for though most Europeans accept his books as gospel truth, and watch the American scene through his eyes, here is one of an alien race who has looked through her own eyes and seen the same thing. *A World Begins* gains richness through Countess Skariatina's memories of the past, which crowd into her mind as she writes. She is not obtrusively conscious of her superiority to her series of employers, and her lack of pose makes her position more pathetic, for it is not her pride that is suffering, but herself.

E. H.

***Upstage*, by John Mason Brown. W. W. Norton and Co. New York.**

John Mason Brown, dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post, has given as the sub-title of his book—the American Theatre in performance, and it is to this that he limits himself. The private lives of the figures he chooses to represent "the helter-skelter, often despairing, but nevertheless vigorously, exciting theatre of contemporary America" are beside the point and he keeps closely to the point. The cast of his performance includes Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, Walter Hampden, Katharine Cornell, the Lunts, Pauline Lord, Lenore Ulric, and Eva LeGalliene. The playwrights are Philip Barry, George Kelly, Paul Green, Eugene O'Neill and Sidney Howard. David Belasco, Winthrop Ames and Arthur Hopkins direct. Settings are by Robert Edmond Jones, Norman Bel Geddes and Lee Simonson. And out in front with You-in-the-Audience sit the critics, Alexander Woollcott, George Jean Nathan and Stark Young. If you pride yourself on knowing your theatre here is a book you should read.—J. M.

Andrew Biemiller Pleads for Striking Kentuckians

Tuesday night in the Common Room, the shade of Thomas Jefferson was invoked on behalf of the Harlan County, Kentucky, miners by Mr. Andrew Biemiller. Since the summer of 1931 war has been going on in the hill-billy county of Harlan. Not much is being done for the families of striking miners, as relief stations have been blown up and food, brought across the border for the strikers, seized for strikebreakers.

Students from a number of colleges have been either beaten up and thrown out or stopped at the border. Jennie Lee, on a necessarily brief visit to the strike area, testified that she had never seen anything as bad in Welsh mines as in Harlan. "The group is entirely dependent on the help of outsiders," said Mr. Biemiller in conclusion, "for the operators are simply trying to do away with the first ten amendments."

Grand Hotel Review

Whatever else *Grand Hotel* may be, it is a daring gesture on the part of the producers. Vicki Baum's story of the tragedy, adventure and romance which exist side by side in a center of metropolitan life—a hotel, for instance—deals with individuals of widely different temperaments, each immersed in his or her affairs, oblivious to the troubles of others until for a minute chance brings them together. To make five characters equally important to the structure of a story would not be an easy task in any case, but with an assembly of "stars" the risk of failure is far greater. Yet Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has shied at nothing, not even at Greta Garbo, who has but to slither across a screen once and the world is hers.

Grand Hotel, however, is not "the new Garbo movie." As a matter of fact, the Glamorous One is sadly miscast. Despite her awkwardness, she might still have been a Mata Hari, but a Russian ballet dancer—never. Unfortunately, she is not the only one miscast. Those who saw Wallace Beery in *The Big House* or *Hell Divers* will have difficulty in picturing him as General Director Preysing, the textile magnate whose visit to Grand Hotel is for the purpose of putting through a big business merger. Coat-tails alone cannot lend dignity. As for the German accent, it seems superfluous when the dialogue is supposed to be in German. The same applies to Lewis Stone, who, as the shell-shocked doctor, is as satisfactory as his part allows.

We realize, of course, that Hortense Aldens do not grow in every studio, and though Miss Crawford, never quite convincing as the society girl, is not yet Flaemmchen, the little hotel stenographer of the dry humor and expedient morals, she gives a very creditable performance—far better than we had ever expected from the starry-eyed Joan.

If the film belongs to anyone, however, it is to the Barrymores. As the droll young Baron, black sheep of his family, John, with his flair for comedy, makes von Gaigern as charming and at the same time as sympathetic a character as Frau Baum could wish. And most of it, whether admonishing his dachshund or stealing Mme. Grusinskaya's pearls, is done with a roll of the eye and a cock of the head. To Lionel, however, go the greatest honors. Kringelein, the dying clerk who has resolved to pass his last days in an orgy of spending, is unforgettable. It is said that during their first scene together, he and Miss Crawford really burst into tears. And we can well believe it. At the same time, his performance is far less sentimental than was that of the stage production. His Kringelein is at times even comic, as when he staggers into his room after too many "Louisiana flips." And he can be tremendously affecting without having recourse to hysterics, as in the scene when he defies his former employer, Preysing. After seeing Mr. Barrymore as the bullying general in *Mata Hari*, it seems inconceivable that he and the browbeaten, hollow-chested Kringelein can be the same.

It is interesting to note how the two brothers "build up" scenes for each other, as when the Baron steals

Kringelein's precious wallet. Co-operation, however, is evident throughout the picture. Perhaps that is why, despite the errors in casting and the superior acting ability of the Barrymores—as yet the stage can boast of its children—*Grand Hotel* makes the author's point.

It is obvious, of course, that the set should be one of the central figures of the story, and what with the telephone operators, the crowded lobby and the long halls, we are quite conscious of its presence. And it is altogether proper that, although the screen treatment, blending, as it does, action from the novel and the play, should embrace a slightly larger field of activity than they, the action be always confined to the four walls of the hotel. The photography could easily have been unusual. Unfortunately, except for a view of the lobby from above, the opportunities are neglected, and the sets, though adequate to the demands of the story, are not very imaginative—a quality which would have set the movie on a plane of its own. It is true, of course, that the jumps in sequence, which, despite the revolving stage, made the play awkward, have been eliminated. Also, the movies have shown a certain amount of taste in cutting the scene between Preysing and Flaemmchen, so objectionable to the Parents' League. Otherwise they have followed the story quite faithfully. On the whole, the faults of the picture are those of the play; Frau Baum has not always clearly defined the motives of her characters.

But if the screen version of *Grand Hotel* has the faults of the original, it has also the virtues, and bids fair to be as popular as the play, which

ran a whole year in New York. One cannot, of course, deny the fascination of such an orgy of favorites as the picture offers, but what will keep draining the ticket agencies and cause even our heart to beat faster is the fact that *Grand Hotel* is excellent melodrama, with a coating of philosophy and vivid—in the case of Kringelein as interpreted by Lionel Barrymore, perhaps even great—characterization.

L. C.

In 1916, a French aviator swooped over the German city of Nuremberg and released a bomb carriage. Down below a German university student rushed to a window to witness the destruction.

In 1932, the French aviator and the German student live across the hall from each other, eat in the same restaurant and teach in the same school, the University of Tulsa.

—Holy Cross "Tomahawk."

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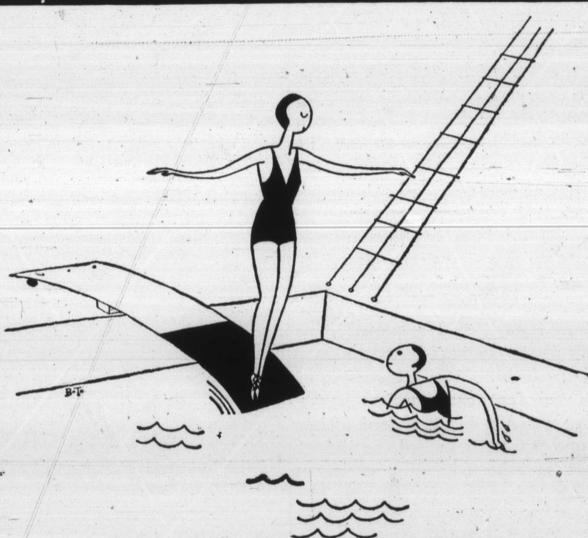
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