

The College News

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Penn Physicist Proposes Basis Of Bird Flights

Science Club Sponsors
Henry Yeagley's
Lecture

"Now let's just ease into this gradually." Dr. Henry Yeagley, astro-physicist and Associate Professor of Physics at Pennsylvania State College, is a slender, genial man who likes to gesture broadly, particularly when he is discussing his avocation, *A Proposed Physical Basis of Bird Navigation*. His talk, sponsored by the Science Club was given last Thursday evening in the Biology Lecture Room in Dalton.

"You may think I'm going a long way 'round", he said, "but you will see the relation of what I say to bird navigation."

"I grew up in York, Pennsylvania. My father was a horse and buggy doctor, and I used to take it, the horse, to the blacksmith's to be shod. I got my early education hanging around the blacksmith shop, but", here he paused and regarded his audience thoughtfully for a moment, "I won't go into that now."

"A few yards away from the shop was a pigeon coop in which child I used to wonder how those a man kept homing pigeons. As a fuzzy-wuzzy things, that work their way out of their shells with such difficulty, can in four weeks be on the wing, and in three months can compete in hundred mile races. On those evenings I used to sit and watch the bats wheeling around the street lamps. Flying at high speed they would approach some obstacle—a branch or a telephone wire, and then sud-

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Dr. Martin Foss To Give Address At Baccalaureate

Dr. Martin Foss of the Haverford College philosophy department has been chosen by the class of 1950 as speaker at the Baccalaureate Service on Sunday evening, June fourth. Dr. Foss grew up and began his work in Berlin when it was still the artistic and scientific center of Europe, but he left at the time of Hitler's rise to power. He went to Paris where he lectured and carried on secret liaison work with the German capital. Later he was persuaded by his wife to leave France and come to New York.

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B.M. Innovates Contest in Skills Of Horsemanship

The first Bryn Mawr College Horse Show was held on Tuesday, May 16 at Mr. Fox's Stables in Valley Forge. The show consisted of three classes in straight horsemanship, and one jumping class. The results were as follows: Beginners, Louise Dengler, Beverly Singer, Norma Bachrach, Zita Levine; Intermediates, Diana Poole, Sheila Atkinson, Bertie Dawes; Advanced, Bess Foulke, Gretchen Wemmer, Chris MacVeagh, Eula Harmon; Jumping, Gretchen Wemmer, Chris MacVeagh, Eula Harmon, Rosemary Spicer. This first of Bryn Mawr's horse shows was a great success, and one which the Athletic Association hopes to repeat in years to come.

The News takes great pleasure in announcing the election of Frances Shirley as co-make-up editor.

Resolutions, Rights Discussed by NSA At BM Conference

The delegates to the NSA sub-regional conference held at Bryn Mawr on April 29 passed several resolutions during the course of the afternoon's heated discussions on Student Rights and Responsibilities. Later the regional officers of NSA reconsidered the resolutions, and decided that they had been passed by a group not wholly representative of NSA, even though these resolutions were of a committal nature.

Recently, in a letter to the college committee, Elmer Brock, President of the Pennsylvania Regional United States National Students' Association, said that the resolutions were "not to be considered as either NSA policy or NSA pronouncements." That they had been passed at all was in violation of the regional constitution, for fifty delegates represented not NSA exclusively, but YPA, the Academic Freedom Union, Young Republicans, and even non-existent organizations.

The motions dealt with the civil rights case of students of Lincoln University in Oxford, Pennsylvania, as well as with various campus political organizations. The conference acted without a petition.

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Bryn Mawr Wins In Softball Game

The softball game played between Bryn Mawr and Chestnut Hill on Tuesday, May 16 closed with a score of 6-5 in Bryn Mawr's favor. The game was stretched to nine innings, because Chestnut Hill tied Bryn Mawr in the seventh inning. Our players were: Catcher, Jackson; Pitcher, Cohen; First Base, Klin; Second Base, Jo Raskin; Third Base, Tilman; Shortstop, Hayes; Shortfield, Voorhis; Rightfield, Cross; Centerfield, Janet Leeds; Leftfield, Ellen Wells.

The class of 1951 takes great pleasure in announcing the election of Annie-Lawrie Fabens as editor and Marilie Wallace as business manager of next year's yearbook.

CALENDAR

Friday, May 19

Last Day of Lectures.

Class Day, Library, Taylor, Deanery, Dalton, 1:00 p.m.

Monday, May 22-Friday, June 2

Examination Period.

Sunday, June 4

Memorial Service for Serena Hand Savage, '22, President of the Alumnae Association of Bryn Mawr College, 1948 to February 24, 1950, Library Cloisters, 4:00 p.m.

Baccalaureate Service, Dr. Martin Foss, Lecturer in Philosophy, Haverford College, Goodhart, 8:30 p.m.

Monday, June 5

Senior Garden Party, admission by invitation only, Wyndham Garden, 4:00 p.m.

Tuesday, June 6

Commencement Exercises, Dr. Millicent Carey McIntosh, Dean of Barnard College, admission by invitation only, Goodhart, 11:00 a.m.

Roosevelt, Sforza, Taft, Shaw Send Advisory Letters to IRC

Specially contributed by
Eva Glassberg, '52

Since so many students are going abroad this summer, the International Relations Club thought it would be a good idea to ask for advice on what we, American students, can do to stimulate efforts towards a peaceful world. Therefore, the IRC wrote letters to fifteen people, asking for such advice. Unfortunately, all the responses

have not yet come through, and we are able to publish only four letters. We have not yet heard from Nehru, Pope Pius, Trygve Lie, Albert Einstein, Robert Schuman, Franco, or Marshall Tito. Both Winston Churchill and Clement Attlee wrote that they received too many such requests and had made it a policy to answer none; Senator Vandenberg was unable to answer because of his illness; and President Truman sent us several speeches pertaining to international relations, none of which, however, contained a direct answer to the question we had asked. However, we did receive the following answers:

From Eleanor Roosevelt:

The most important thing that American students can do is to learn what their own democracy means and live it in whatever circumstances they find themselves. At the present time there is a struggle going on in the world for the minds of men and if democracy is to win against communism it must be because democracy proves that it is a growing, living faith, demonstrating its faith through action. This can be done by students in schools, in their homes and wherever they travel. It requires a crusading spirit and a determination to fight for peace throughout our daily lives as we fought to win the war.

From Count Carlo Sforza:

The idea of a European unity, which until recently was considered by many people as a Utopia, is now gaining ground as the actual reality of a not too distant future. But just as Rome was not built in a day, we can likewise assume that a goal so far-reaching as this one will not be achieved in one breath. What is — after all — even a period of ten years, when history is being made? It was only under Dictatorship that we have witnessed — (sic.) improvised pseudo-

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Bones on Roof Alert Wyndham For Hunt of Bristling Raccoon

Specially contributed by
Karen Cassard, '50

As my roommate and I were preparing, a couple of weeks ago, to go out and sun ourselves on the porch roof, which is just outside our room, we noticed, to our horror, several very large and very smelly bones lying about. Being as how I am so frightfully civic minded (my wanting to sunbathe had nothing at all to do with it, of course), I volunteered to remove them, with the invaluable aid of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. That helped a bit but not much, and we were forced to move several feet away. Stark tragedy had reared its ugly head.

The great mystery was how the bones ever got on the roof in the first place. They were much too big to have been brought there by a cat or a squirrel, the only animals anyone had ever seen around here, and although we fully realize that the percentage of eccentric people in this locality is unusually high, we really didn't think there were any—even among the professors—who were eccentric enough to want to throw great, half-gnawed bones onto our roof. We were, for the first time since the hygiene exam, stumped, so we did what we had done then, and for-

got about it, repeating to ourselves the unofficial Bryn Mawr motto: "Ignorance is bliss."

But more and more bones kept appearing, and at last we decided that we really must do something, so my roommate and I went to the Business Office and told our gory tale. Everyone was most sympathetic, and we were at last advised to listen carefully that night for any suspicious noises, and then, if we heard any, to rush boldly out with a flashlight and see what it was.

This was all very well, except that my roommate was going out and leaving me all alone. Nevertheless, I resolved to be brave, and after opening the three windows with screens in them, I sat down and waited. But the minutes passed away and became hours, and still no noises. I began to lose hope, when suddenly there reached my ears the unmistakable sounds of light quick steps on the roof! I rushed for the flashlight, and approached the window in dread, fully expecting to see untold horrors.

If you have ever tried looking through a screen at night with a very feeble flashlight, you know how much you can see: the screen.

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Descartes' Anniversary Marked By Exhibit in Rare Book Room

In conjunction with the tercentenary celebration of Descartes' death, the Rare Book Room has on exhibit many first editions and related volumes on Rene Descartes from the collection of Professor Paul Schrecker.

Of the portraits of the French philosopher and mathematician, one was engraved "dans le gout du crayon" by Saverien 1763, another shows him as a young man; the original is in the Museum of Toulouse.

One picture, of which this is the only copy recorded, shows Descartes at his writing desk, quill in hand, two globes on the floor beside him, a skeleton on the wall, geometric instruments scattered on the desk, and the sun streaming through the window.

Included in the display are copies of *Les Principes de la Philosophie*, Paris, 1659, opened to the illustration of the vortices, and the catalog of the Descartes exhibition arranged by the *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris to celebrate the tercentenary of the *Discours de la Methode*, in 1937. Pasted on the frontispiece to the catalog is a postage stamp with the portrait of Descartes after Franz Hals, issued by the French government on the same occasion.

The stamp, however, was soon withdrawn because of the scandalous misprint: (*Discours sur* instead of *de la Methode*).

A first edition of the *Lettres de M. Descartes* in three volumes his portrait after life drawn and engraved by his friend, the mathematician van Schoten, the Latin translation of "*Passiones Animae*" which appeared simultaneously with the French original in the year of Descartes' death comprise much of the rest of the display.

In the corner glass cupboard works of Descartes' contemporaries and followers may be seen. Here is the first edition of Leibniz' early writings, and also the first of his many articles on Descartes. One can see a copy of Moliere's *Les Femmes Savantes*, a satire on the snobbish Cartesianism of bourgeois women published in 1672. The works of Louis de la Forge, and Arnold Geulincx of Pierre Daniel Huet, Bishop of Soissons, of Johann Clauberg, the first German Cartesian, may also be examined.

Last, in the same case are the *Opera Postumae* of Spinoza, and a great copy, in T. Taylor's English translation of Malebranche's *Search After Truth*.

'Cogito ergo sum?'

THE COLLEGE NEWS

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Academic Pressure And A Healthier Attitude

It is generally agreed on campus that there is a definite Bryn Mawr tradition of individualism: each one to his own lifeboat, and if there aren't enough lifeboats to go around, let the rest of those on board sink or swim. This attitude is evident in every phase of college life. There is no college spirit; attendance at step-singing and similar affairs must be eked out of the small group who are bored with bridge, and seek another means of diversion. There is little class spirit; the little that does exist is evidenced half-heartedly in Freshman Show, Maids and Porters and Sophomore Carnival, and Junior Show.

This cold and introverted state of mind is commonly blamed upon the academic system, and the need of rigid seclusion for survival. Regardless of how much bearing the academic rigidity may have upon the situation, such a state of mind is unhealthy. This has been made obvious by the more outstanding cases of nervous fatigue during the year. Two solutions, one actual and one potential, have been mentioned to remedy this situation.

The consulting psychiatrist is already present on campus; a consulting religious counselor has been proposed. The objections to these solutions are obvious. The very name of "psychiatrist" is an anathema to those who might need to consult him, in addition to the fact that in order to consult the psychiatrist, one must go through administrative channels. There could hardly be a religious counselor in a college so rigorously non-sectarian as Bryn Mawr; a non-sectarian religious counselor is an impossibility.

There is a third possible solution, that of a personal counselor. This has never been brought up officially, but has often been discussed among the students. A personal counselor is a definite necessity, but he or she, once instated, could not do the entire job. There must be a revision of the inter-student relationship to provide a sympathetic background for this work. A small group of students has proposed a simple project to be undertaken in the short time remaining before the end of the college year. After seven months, even those who arrived at college last fall are acquainted with at least a plurality of their fellow undergraduates. It would not be a hard task to say "hello" to the other students one passes on campus, and might be the opening wedge to the needed feeling of fellowship. This could at least be put on trial for the remaining three weeks. With the beginnings of a spirit which makes each individual feel a common bond with her fellow student, and the solution of the vital need for a responsible personal counselor, whose main interest does not lie in the student's academic work per se but in the student's personal orientation, a real start could be made to correct Bryn Mawr's unhealthy state of mind.

J. A. J.

IRC Receives Letters Concerning World Peace

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historical events. Time has shown what they were worth. Let us therefore consider objectively the real situation. We have two main roads before us: one is the union of Strasbourg — the other one is the Atlantic Pact; they both lead to peace and to a better organization of European peoples. The milestones of the new world are already being laid (sic.) down. Of course, the task is a difficult one; but at this point only blind men — whether voluntarily or not — can indulge in useless talks, speaking of Utopias.

Do you know what is actually becoming a Utopia? The myth of the absolute sovereignty of the National State. This sovereignty has been a major calamity which has given birth to two World Wars. Today, however, it is acquiring also another character, which is even more indefensible: it is becoming a historical and a moral absurdity.

The common salvation can only be found in Unity. If we would suppress the dozen custom frontiers (sic.) which are now separating us, we Europeans would soon become as rich as the United States and we would be better furnished of raw material than Russia is. And what would this superadded wealth mean? It would above all mean this: peace; and furthermore, for those who think in human terms, it would mean a higher standard of living for all, even in the most distant and desolate regions; a human dignity and peace of mind extended (sic.) at last to all the suffering folk.

The Council of Europe at Strasbourg, the Atlantic Pact operating in each of the allied capitals and — in the field of economic organization — the OEEC, all these agencies are working earnestly (sic.) and loyally in the direction of this supreme and common ideal: peace in freedom. There is one thing which must be borne in mind by all free peoples; it is also up to them to act and insist. The greater will be the initiative taken by public opinions, the more expedient and fruitful will be, in turn, the action taken by Government.

From Senator Robert A. Taft:
If we want to meet the ideology of Communism we must keep this country strong. We cannot adopt the deadening policy of socialism or statism or impose tremendous taxes which destroy the very machinery which produces the taxes necessary to fight Communism. We cannot win by apologizing for a free system.

The decisive struggle today is one of ideas and not of arms. If we can win this struggle, we need not have another war. We cannot, however, defeat Communism if a lot of our own people compromise with its basic ideas. We need to arouse the same religious fervor for the American Doctrine of liberty and free government as the Communists have for Communism. In such an effort, objective study by vigorous college minds can throw much light where light is badly needed. At no other time in history has our nation had a greater need for the deep patriotic interest of thinking people.

From George Bernard Shaw:
In reply to President Glassberg's EG/deh, dated the 9th instant, your students can do nothing better than to study the history of their own country from English versions and of English history from American versions, and in the light of the knowledge thus obtained form their own conclusions from the conflict of lies, slanders, and accusations, meanwhile taking such natural contacts as may come to them as they go their own ways.

Artificial contacts and contact parties should not be attempted. The language being common, the contact zealots will quarrel just as they do at home.

The better we know the worse we like.

Incidentally

It seems that Room D, Taylor, was recently the scene of great agitation, on the day that a faculty conclave was held therein. The faculty apparently have not learned by their experience through the years, by watching their own august presences in the process of being slightly undermined by the undergraduate sense of humor. Due to this longstanding lack of perception, the faculty were surprised to find themselves imprisoned within their meeting-place by a length of rope tying the doors firmly closed. It has been rumored that one of the more agile members of the group departed via a window, and heroically freed his fellows. The key to freedom was a pen-knife wielded by the rescuer, who left a strand of rope dangling from the doorknob, a tribute to student valor and a memento of student daring.

Bard's Eye View

by Barbara Joelson, '52

Dear Mr. President, I feel I should tell you
Of a sad mistake in your statistician's ink:
For according to everything that I can figure
There is one less person in the country than you think.

It's this way: You see I went home this weekend
And the census-taker came, with his questions, to the door.
"How many live here?" he asked politely,
"Well, my parents and my sister and myself make four."

Up to that point all seemed quite in order,
But this morning at college, imagine my surprise
When there was the census-taker counting noses,
And he counted mine—so the census now lies!

Tell the World Almanac, Mr. President,
That either statistics should be edited right away.
For they counted me twice, a tragic error,
And there's really one less person in the U. S. A.

NOTICES

Essay Prize

All manuscripts for the M. Carey Thomas Essay Prize for Seniors must be submitted not later than Saturday, May 20. Manuscripts should be turned in to the President's Office.

Late Luncheon

Luncheon will be served late on Friday, May 19, to provide time for the Class Day speeches.

The long-playing recording of the Haydn Mass in D Minor as performed by the Bryn Mawr and Haverford chorus and orchestra has been released for sale. The Mass is under the direction of William Reese. The solos are sung by Elizabeth Jean Conner, Nancy Ludwig, Robert Grooters, and Thomas McNutt. The price of the record is \$6.75 for chorus members and \$8.00 for others.

NSA Regional Officers Refuse to OK Motions

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tion from the student body of Lincoln. Mr. Brock reiterated that such action was "completely out of order with the principles, politics, and practices of USNSA."

Little was heard of the controversial motions on the Bryn Mawr campus, but at several other universities there was definite reaction. As a result the NSA headquarters felt it necessary to absolve NSA from any part in the resolution.

Opinion

Freshness of Vision Advised in NEWS Criticisms

To the editor of the COLLEGE NEWS:

I found the review of the Arts Night Dance Production disappointing and misleading. Although it seemed to have been written sincerely and conscientiously and each dance was analyzed thoughtfully, it failed to convey the "lift" that one had in viewing a successful performance. I feel sorry for the reviewer if the first dance seemed too complicated for her to understand, but I question whether she has the right to give the impression to the large number of people who did not see the dances that they were merely "the sort of thing the dance club should be doing." And if her judgment is to be harsh, I believe that she should not allow herself to be uneven in her judgment.

For instance, her decision that the *Death of a Marionette* was successful and *Marche Slave* was not, seemed dictated largely by her indulgent attitude in regard to the former and her rigid intolerance in regard to the latter. It is highly debateable whether comedy enables the artist to laugh off his mistakes as if he intended to make them. An artist performs at all times with purpose and authority. Originality of choreography can be greatly marred by indecision of movement and inconsistency of concept. On the other hand, lack of originality can be considerably redeemed by fluidity of movement and projection of mood.

Originality Not Essential

I believe that the audience could feel and enjoy the technical skill and the serious concentration of the dancers in *Marche Slave* without craving originality and novel gesture.

As for the reviewer's criticism of *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*, I am amazed at her preoccupation with the "embarrassingly poor" parts. Why does she attack the inexperienced male dancers? Their presence in the dance represents a step toward a more complete realization of the possibilities of dance composition, and I felt that they performed with vigor and sincerity. It is natural for spectators to disagree with the choreographers in some respects, but her critical reaction seemed to prevent her from feeling that the dance as a whole was an exciting and successful affair.

If she chooses to dissect the dance rather than take it as a whole, ought she not be sure of her facts? She is right when she says that more than a small part of a dance's success depends upon the feeling within the dancer herself, but I think she should make it clear that although this feeling will inevitably show in the facial expression, the dancer aims to translate her feeling into the language of movement, of which the facial muscles are a very small part.

Need for Comprehensive Crew

And what is the reviewer's authority for her outline of the best procedure of composing a dance? Is she reviewing the end result with a freshness of vision or has she delved into the process of composition and decided on her own how a dance should be composed? There is no rule about the number of choreographers. The best procedure for adapting the music to the dance has not been decided upon, but it is generally conceded that the dance should be given priority and the music should be added as an accompaniment after the movement is clarified.

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Penn State Astro-Physicist Considers Possible Physical Basis of Bird Navigation

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denly dip to avoid it. I wondered how, developing as quickly as they did, without training and presumably without much intelligence, they could navigate so skillfully."

Mr. Yeagley eventually acquired and then sold again those same pigeons—at a price each time befitting their advanced age and reduced number. His transactions were continually confused by the fact that the pigeons kept coming back to their old home. The most impressive of these returns was the last and tragic one—a flight of ninety miles home from a gun range in Philadelphia. Mr. Yeagley's interest in homing pigeons then waned; for a time his attention was absorbed exclusively (as he said) by pole vaulting and dates.

Years later "when I had become a physicist", Mr. Yeagley came across an article in the *National Geographic*, which explained that bats can fly blind because their ears have a peculiar sensitivity to high frequency sound waves. "Here was the solution, within the boundaries of physics, of one of the puzzles that I had noticed from the door of the blacksmith's shop. I began to read up on the other puzzle, bird navigation. I happened on the suggestion that birds are aware of influences in flying through the earth's magnetic field. I began to look for another physical factor as a guiding influence in bird navigation.

"One evening I took down Webster's *Dynamics of a Particle* (I'm not awfully good at math, but it's always fascinated me) and just happened to open to an explanation of coriolis effect. Coriolis effect is caused by the rotation of the earth, and is a function of latitude. If a bird flies over the earth directly parallel to the equator, it experiences no coriolis effect. But if it flies north of the equator, it is being accelerated to the right to a greater or less degree, depending on its distance from the equator, because of the rotation of the earth beneath it. Thus if a bird flew in a perfectly straight line, meaning to reach an object at some distance, it would find itself to the left of that object. In the course of thousands of years, birds have presumably learned to adjust themselves to the coriolis effect. Latitude lines are lines of equal coriolis effect. Magnetic effect can be considered as existing on lines radiating from a spot near the north pole. These lines cross each other in such a way that identical combinations of magnetic and coriolis conditions can exist in two places on the earth. It is Mr. Yeagley's theory that pigeons are guided in flight by lines of coriolis effect and by lines of magnetic effect, and that they regard as

"home" either of the two places where exists that combination of magnetic and coriolis effect to which they have become accustomed.

Mr. Yeagley has found various pieces of evidence to support his theory. Some he has found in pigeon journals. The pigeon journal is the periodical of pigeon racers, who race their pigeons in speed of home-coming. "The pigeon is the poor man's racehorse", said Mr. Yeagley.

Mr. Yeagley has experimented with the effects of the earth's magnetic field on the flight of pigeons. He attached copper discs to the wing of one set of pigeons, and magnetic discs to the wings of another and then released both sets of birds at the same moment, at the same distance from home. He found that the magnets retarded and confused the home flight of the birds. With the help of others interested, Mr. Yeagley has trained pigeons to fly home to the area around State College; he has then taken them to the so-called conjugate point in Nebraska, where the same magnetic and coriolis lines meet and has tested their flight home.

Enough birds have been found and reported on the direct route home to State College to indicate support for this theory. Another man interested in Mr. Yeagley's theory has trained birds in Nebraska and released them in the East. Mr. Yeagley also explained that the atmospheric conditions and the landscape of the two conjugate points are very dissimilar; it seems a further indication of the influence of magnetic and coriolis effects, that in spite of this dissimilarity the birds seek to fly from one conjugate point to the other.

Mr. Yeagley concluded with an account of some of the proud exploits of his pigeons. He is at present training wild ducks for further experience in electro-magnetic effects.

"What I like about this problem," said Mr. Yeagley, "is that there's no profit in it. It's of no earthly use to any big industry." One suspects that another reason is that he has become very fond of his ducks and his homing pigeons.

There will be a square dance held in the Haverford gym Friday night at nine o'clock, immediately following a Charlie Chaplin movie. Bryn Mawr faculty and students are invited. Admission 25 cents.

Murder In the Mosque

by Helen Katz, '53

The Mohammedan, with the blue eyes showing out from slits in his yellow face, wrapped the cloak tighter about him and stepped out of the alley. He hurried into the mosque and crept up the aisle. He stopped behind a bowed man facing Mecca; slowly he withdrew a glimmering blade from his robe. He prayed aloud, his voice in unison with that of the man in front of him, and then, rising slowly, plunged the knife into his back.

The salugi (Mohammedan for chief - inspector - of - the - Baghdad - police - and - fire - departments - combined) stood sneaker-deep in blood. Outside Mohammedans could be heard wailing at the top of their voices.

"Ahem!" he said. "Ahem!" And then, "We have a murder on our hands! I notice that this man has very short arms. I do not think he could have reached around and stabbed himself. Therefore, I conclude that someone has stabbed him. This is murder," he said in his most serious tone. His face firm and determined. He stroked his temples and looked severe. His mother was British.

The wailing of the Mohammedans increased.

"Sir," said the lugi (Mohammedan for assistant-chief-inspector - of - the - Baghdad - police - and - fire - departments - combined) "the people are raising a terrible rumpus, — we'd better find out who murdered their leader at once."

"We shall," said the salugi, "and you may be sure that he will be seriously punished for his crime." The salugi looked perplexed. "Now then, who are our suspects. The only people in the mosque at the time all say they were facing Mecca, and didn't see. One must be lying. Bring them all in here at once."

Three ugis (Mohammedan for under - assistants - to - the - chief - inspector - of - the - Baghdad - police - and - fire - departments - combined) brought in the suspects; there were twelve of them. All were wrapped in white cloaks and had slitted eyes peering out from yellow faces. The dead man's wife arrived at that moment on the arm of an ugi. She was wailing also.

Still facing Mecca, the salugi questioned her. "Did your husband have any enemies?"

"A few, you see, he went to Princeton."

"I see," said the salugi, thoughtfully. "This poses a problem." He

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Acting Techniques of Delsarte, Stanislavski Discussed at Vassar

specially contributed by Frederick Thon

Continued from Last Week

Acting was discussed by Don Hanmer, who recently played the psychopathic murderer in *The Man*, and Sanford Meisner, formerly of the Group Theatre. Hanmer, asked how he prepared the role of the psychopath, told how he developed everything as if it were completely logical to him. Asked how he and the director worked together, he answered, "We fought. But we knew each other very well and could resolve our conflicts as they arose." — An actor, he declared, should pay less attention to his notices, to what the critics said, than to his own judgment of his work. Style in acting he believed to be "a coat put on afterward, but the rack should be there first." He spoke of the Actors Studio in New York as one of the means whereby an actor can further his development, although at present the waiting list is unfortunately several thousand long and the studio must necessarily remain small.

Mr. Meisner defined the training of the young actor as being primarily "the breaking down of what prevents him from responsive action." He sketched the development of actor training from the early Delsarte theory based on external imitation of the results of inner experience; for instance, the hand to the heart for "in love," etc. Delsarte emphasized grace of bearing and beauty of voice, the actor imitating the emotions but not actually experiencing them. This whole facade crumbled under

the impact of modern psychology and realism. Stanislavski, searching for truth in acting and knowing that the inner aspects, the elements of the unconscious, are the most difficult to develop, formulated his theories as a means to release the creative impulse. He "did not invent his system of training any more than Freud invented the unconscious." The body must be responsive to inner pressures; actors do not need beautiful bodies, do not need to move and speak beautifully — but their bodies and their voices must be responsive, free. Only motivated action is theatrically effective. If the action is merely external, then it is "merely the false eyelashes on the cadaver." Each action must be "the source through which the pipe reached into the oil," and the source of acting talent lies therefore within the unconscious.

The two concluding speakers were Martin Manulis, of Westport, who pointed out the threat of television by saying Tuesday night has repeatedly proven to have the lowest box office because of the Milton Berle program, and John Wharton of the Playwrights Company who proposed the decentralizing of the theatre by encouraging community theatres. He was certain that the theatre would survive because it serves the all-important purpose of resolving tensions (catharsis).

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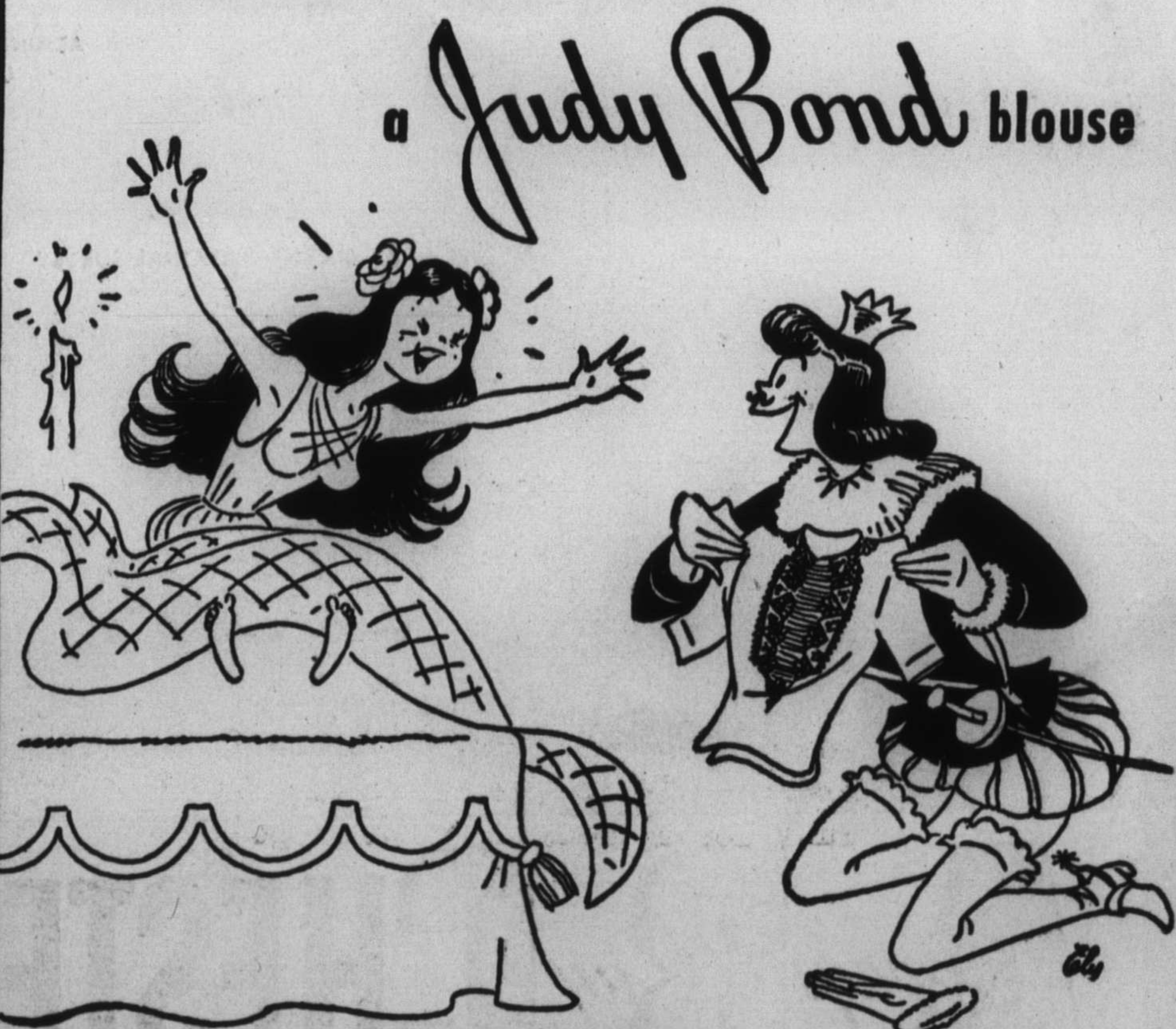


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Murder In The Mosque

Continued from Page 3

rubbed his Van Dyke, and did an around-the-world with his yoyo. Deep in his thoughts, he started to hear the woman ask, "Would you like me to show you the people my husband was playing bridge with last night?"

"Ah-ha!" the salugi cried, "A sore loser did it! Now we're getting someplace!" The widow pointed to three men in the group of twelve. One had blue eyes, one had brown eyes, and one had green eyes. The salugi ordered them searched, but none of them had any weapons on them. "One of you three is the murderer," he proclaimed. "Who was El Cosmo's partner?" The man with the blue eyes nodded. "Did you win?" The man nodded in the affirmative. "Then you're OK. I arrest you two as partners in crime for the murder of El Cosmo, the leader of the Eastern Mohammedan world. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say will be held against you." One muttered Betty Grable, one fainted. Quick as lightning, the ugis sprang into action. They brought in cameras, set up kleig lights, clamped handcuffs on the two accused men, and revived the unconscious one with a bucket of water. "Talk," snarled the salugi. Amid great noise, hundreds of Believers had crowded into the mosque, all wailing and pointing at the two men.

The man with the blue eyes looked around him, amazed at the attention that the two were getting. Flashbulbs went off, news-reel cameras hummed, and announcers canvassed the onlookers to get their opinions. Finally, he could stand it no longer, and shrieked "I did it! I did it. Give me some attention too!" He reached out, focused the cameras on himself, and clawed at the salugi's uniform.

"Yes, yes, I won last night," he continued, "but I hated him. I killed him. He's been antagonizing me for years, and last night was the last straw. I had just bid and made a grand slam in no trump, and he said, 'That's all you Harvard men are good for, — Bridge!' So I killed him, and I'm glad of it!" He turned to the camera, smiling, and repeated, "I'm glad of it!"

The salugi stopped filing his nails long enough to smile benignly at the widow and answer her questions. "Oh, of course, I sensed it was the blue-eyed one all along. Once ran into a case something like his down in Java, a few years ago. The only reason I arrested the others was to get him to talk. Knew it was he all a long. Yes sir, knew it all the time."

The widow looked up admiringly at him, and murmured "How?" The salugi whispered almost inaudibly, "Yale, '27."

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THE COLLEGE INN

Haverford Professor Will Speak to Seniors

Continued from Page 1

Dr. Foss arrived at the Haverford Co-operative Workshop, where foreign teachers were being familiarized with the United States, in 1940. He was discouraged due to unsuccessful financial ventures and found in the atmosphere of the Quaker college the spiritual "lift" he needed. He has been a teacher, judge, lawyer, lecturer, and businessman but has maintained throughout his life a deep love for philosophy, which he is now teaching to Haverford and Bryn Mawr students. In 1948 he was elected Haverford's favorite professor.

Besides the books he wrote in Germany, Dr. Foss has written two books in the philosophical vein since he came to America — **The Idea of Perfection in the Western World and Symbol and Metaphor in Human Experience**, which came out last fall. Dr. and Mrs. Foss have two sons, one of whom is studying and painting in Paris, and the other of whom is scheduled to assist Leonard Bernstein in the instruction of orchestral conducting at Tanglewood this summer.

Correspondent Deplores Fault-Finding Criticisms

Continued from Page 2

Before I prove to be doing to the review exactly what I am complaining that the reviewer has done to the dance I shall close my letter with the plea that reviewers cease to devote their energies to finding the flaws in productions and allow themselves to feel the impact of the performance as a whole.

Sincerely,
Alice Lattimore

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Bard's Eye View

The Complaynt of an Ousted Senior or

Is an old hoop stick all I mean to you?

Specially contributed by Anonymous, '50

We endure the scornful stares With which our superior wisdom is met

We are quite ready to share Our table with the rabble, and to let

The Freshmen outstay us up late: but the thing

Most exacerable, insolent and galling

Is when they view our room—the humble nook

Where dreams and hidden things and an occasional book

Have lain, our sacred room with a possessive look.

Oh! They will put the bed right there, their curtains are too short,

The walls will be the perfect color for the picture of the fort

Is the closet roomy enough? is there matting on the chair?

They will change the window cushion—just as soon as we're not there.

I will let them pity us when the comprehensives come

I will let them steal away all my special private stones

I will let them find the tower

Climb the trees, invade the bower

Ring the bell and tame the birds

But if they want to escape an

Philadelphia Inquirer, Flashlight Instrumental In Discovering Bone Carrier of Wyndham Roof

Continued from Page 1

headfirst down a vine.

Undiscouraged however, I went to another window; darkness and void. But suddenly, just as I was about to remove my nose from the screen, there leapt up at me out of the blackness a face! But such a face as I have never seen — pale and wild and eerie! My knees turned to water, and the flashlight, shaken beyond endurance in my trembling hand, went out. After having yelled in panic for (a) a friend to come and comfort me, and (b) another flashlight, I felt somewhat fortified.

Somehow the flashlight got lit, and slowly and hesitatingly I shined it over the roof. The beam crept down to the left and back without exposing so much as a bottle of suntan oil. But suddenly, as the light began to spread to the right, there surged up out of the darkness, trembling with righteous indignation, an enormous and bristling raccoon. He sat and looked at us vindictively, and then, waving his tail, scooted

We almost collapsed! That it was a raccoon who had been bringing those bones up onto Wyndham roof had never occurred to us. That's when the fun began. Since then, our roof has been invaded, at all hours of the day, by men bent on catching the raccoon. They set a trap for it two nights ago, but the only thing that got caught in it was me, and that was quite by mistake. Last night at dinner the maid came in and solemnly announced that at 11:00 a man would be around to watch for the "animal," and at about 11:15 we heard gunshots in the garden, but what happened nobody knows. We are still waiting, never knowing what new developments each day will bring forth in the mad adventures of Wyndham and the raccoon.

ENGAGEMENT

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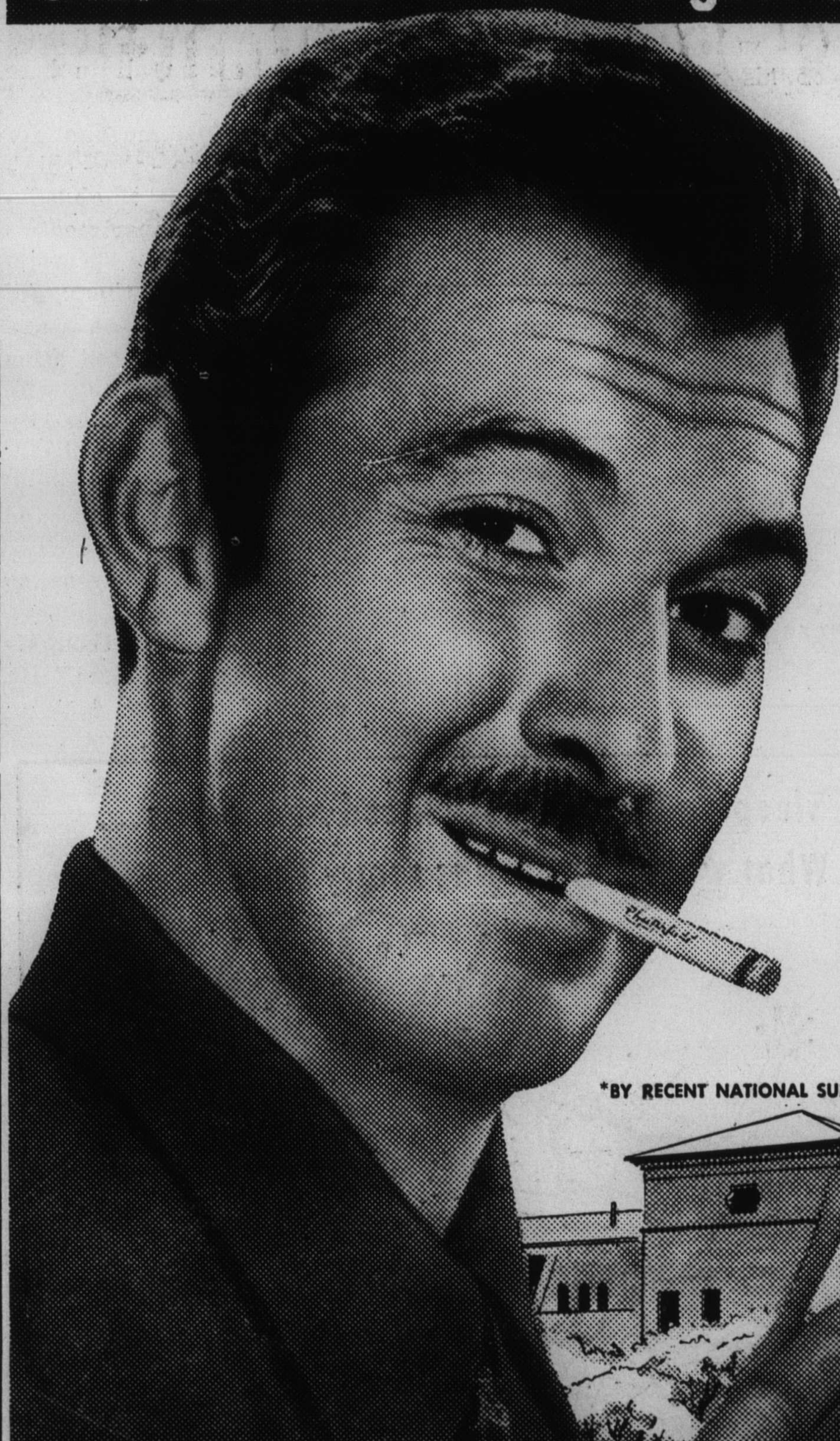
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