

The College News

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ARDMORE and BRYN MAWR, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1949

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Edelstein Plans Philosophy Talk Honoring Frank

Lecture Will Stress Scientific Influence On Philosophy

"The Influence of Science on Greek Philosophy" is the topic of the Erich Frank Memorial Lecture, to be given by Dr. Ludwig Edelstein, at 8:30 on January 4, in Goodhart Hall.

A student and friend of the late Dr. Frank, Dr. Edelstein is now Professor of Greek at the University of California. He has selected the subject because it was one of special interest to Dr. Frank, and one on which he was working at the time of his death in Amsterdam last June. It was to Dr. Edelstein that Dr. Frank left his library, a great portion of which Dr. Edelstein has passed on to Bryn Mawr at Dr. Frank's request.

Dr. Edelstein received his Ph.D. from Heidelberg in 1929, and was a lecturer at the University of Berlin for several years. He also taught History of Medicine at Johns-Hopkins University from 1939 until he took a post as Professor of Greek at the University of Washington.

Dr. Frank will be remembered as the author of "Philosophical Understanding and Religious Truth," composed of lectures he delivered while holding the Flexner Lectureship, in 1942-43 here at Bryn Mawr. For the next two years, Dr. Frank held a Greek Lectureship, and then became visiting professor in Philosophy, until his retirement in 1948. Besides the book of lectures, Dr. Frank is known for his many other treatises and essays.

Arnold To Deliver Sigma Xi Lecture

Mrs. Magda Arnold of the Psychology Department will deliver this year's second Sigma Xi lecture on January 11 at eight o'clock in Park Hall. The subject of her talk, "An Evcitatory Theory of Emotion", is the result of her work of the past two years. Mrs. Arnold presented her new theory at the second of a series of psychological symposiums which take place every twenty years.

Choruses Excel in Carol Singing At Christmas Chapel Service

by Frances Shirley, '53

On Sunday evening, December 11, the Bryn Mawr College Chorus, Haverford Glee Club, and the orchestras of the two colleges presented the annual Christmas Carol Service. The Reverend Andrew Mutch presided, and read the Christmas Story.

After the opening hymn and the Invocation, the Bryn Mawr Chorus sang three Czech carols and Zoltan Kodaly's *The Angels and the Shepherds*. Mr. Goodale conducted the chorus, and had perfect control over it, and the result was some inspired singing that started the service at a high pitch. Every note was clear, there was beautiful contrast in tone and volume, and no-

French Club Presents Nativity, Glassy-eyed Hiccupping Parisians

by Anne Greet, '50

"Tout vifs, tout vifs" cried fishwife Kathy Harper, waving a dead fish at the audience last Tuesday night. The occasion was the French club production, given in Wyndham's music room, of a mediaeval farce entitled "La farce nouvelle et fort joyeuse des femmes qui font accroire a leurs maris que vessies ce sont lanternes." (The new and most joyful farce of the women who make their husbands believe that pig bladders are lanterns.) Kathy and Beatrice Freeman, the second fishwife, spent most of the evening hurling vile Parisian epithets ("coquin," "sale vieille pail-

ard," "cette sale, vieille mackerelle,") and fish at each other with extraordinary relish. Kathy, with red face and red costume, bounced exuberantly about the stage, and Beatrice was remarkable for her graceful movements and varied gestures, even when waving a pig-bladder at Kathy in traditional fencing posture.

The fishwives' drunken husbands were played with realism and abandon by Messieurs Guicharnaud and Van den Heuvel. "On voit bien que Jean Marais est enivre," said his stern wife Kathy, and Monsieur Van den Heuvel, with wagging bonnet and glassy stare did seem in a semi-conscious state. His comrade and Beatrice's husband, Grand Gosier, was played with hiccups, grimaces, and fierce gestures by Monsieur Guicharnaud. The hunched-over lady who has the pig-bladder-lantern idea was interpreted by Sybil Amic with appropriate totters and quavers.

The nativity pantomime, set to a French carol, "Chantons, je vous prie," was pleasant though anti-

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Urfaust Displays Good Production, Humorous Scenes

by Hanna Halborn, '50

The German Club presentation of Goethe's *Urfaust*, given in cooperation with Haverford, rose to no dramatic heights, but was certainly the most enterprising and worth while effort the Club has yet made. Unfortunately it was by far too ambitious a choice; one can only wish that they had utilized their talents for some simpler play, or, if it had to be *Urfaust*, that the play had been appropriately cut.

There are, of course, certain necessary limitations in giving a performance of this sort, since all people who have an adequate knowledge of German do not also have an adequate knowledge of acting. And *Faust* in any form is one of the most difficult pieces in all German literature; there is so much more talk than there is action that highly polished acting is needed to carry it off. All the actors in this production are certainly to be congratulated for having learned their tremendous number of lines, and for the great amount of work which they put in.

The part of *Faust* was taken by Marlin Packard; he played it with well-meaning stiffness and veneration, and little apparent understanding of what it was all about. Ruth McVey, as *Margarete*, was at times appealing, but self-consciousness and an inhibited style of acting were not conducive to the portrait of a tragic heroine.

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Committee Polls Job Preferences Among Students

The following statistics are the results of the undergraduate poll taken this fall by the Vocational Committee to determine the occupational interests of students after college:

Publications and Public	
Relations	175
Teaching	165
Business—including banks, insurance companies, stores, airlines, etc.	157
Occupations involving	
Languages	142
Work in the Physical Sciences	141
The Theatre, Radio, Motion Pictures	130
International Affairs	126
Creative Writing	122
Music and the Dance	121
Designing	120

Professions: Law, 52; Medicine, 63; Nursing, 27; Nutrition, 5; Public Health, 18; Occupational and Physical Therapy, 36; Social Work, 112; Libraries, 35.

Arts: Painting and Sculpture, 92; Photography, 51; Architecture and Landscape Gardening, 42; In-

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Elizabeth and Essex

Anderson Play Displays Color, Lack of Depth

Elizabeth the Queen Features Low, Cooper

by Emily Townsend, '50

The kindest critic could scarcely say more of *Elizabeth the Queen*, as it was performed by Bryn Mawr and Haverford last weekend, than that it was mediocre. It is not easy to see what made it so. The production was certainly not amateur in any way: the stage technique was good, the play was beautifully blocked, the cast must have set a record for not needing to be prompted, Elizabeth's and Essex's costumes at least were splendid; yet there were at the most only three scenes which had even moments of good acting or emotional intensity. The rest were boring and immature.

Why? I think because the play itself is not very good, the direction was hesitant, and nobody in the cast did a really deep acting job.

Elizabeth is certainly not Anderson's best play, and the cast concealed its deficiencies with admirable skill. The verse form never distracted from the content of the dialogue; mercifully the delivery was not sing-song or mechanical. How far the play gave the actors a chance to act is difficult to estimate; certainly it did not make it easy for them.

The value of McKinley's direction, aside from its technical skill which was very great, is a matter on which only the cast can give proper judgment. The merits of any undergraduate direction are debatable; many of us on campus are looking back sadly to the days

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Concert

The second concert in the Oung Musicians series will be given on Sunday, January 8, at five p. m. The performers will be Roy Wilde of the Academy of Vocal Arts, singer at Tanglewood this summer, Leslie Parnas, cellist of the Curtis Institute, and Anthony di Bonaventura, accompanist. The program will include works by Boelmann, Saint-Saens, and Porpora.

Activities Drive Will Raise Funds For B. M. League

The Activities Drive, which supports the Bryn Mawr League, will begin on Monday, January 9th. Soliciting will be individual, and will continue for two or three days. The quota has been set at \$10.00 per person, which may be split up over the last four Paydays. This sum is not obligatory, but it is hoped that as many people as can will meet their quota, as the Activities Drive's funds are the only finances the League has with which to operate. The activities which the League directs are many, including the Summer Camp, Blind School, the Soda Fountain, the Haverford Community Center, the

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Fainsod To Speak In Russian Series

Dr. Merle Fainsod will give the first of a series of six lectures sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation, at Haverford on January 11. This series is part of the Russian studies program in which Bryn Mawr, Haverford will participate.

Dr. Fainsod received his A.B. degree from Washington University (St. Louis) in 1928 and doctor's degree from Harvard in 1932, where he has taught ever since as a member of the Political Science department. He is a specialist in Russian affairs and been to Europe lately to interview people coming from behind the "Iron Curtain."

CALENDAR

Wednesday, December 14
Spanish Club Party, Common Room, 8:30 p. m.

Wednesday, January 4
Memorial Lecture for Dr. Frank. Dr. Ludwig Edelstein, "The Influence of Science on Greek Philosophy," Goodhart, 8:00 p. m.

Monday, January 9
Science Club Lecture, Common Room, 8:00 p. m.

Tuesday, January 10
German Club Lecture, Mr. Politzer on Shakespeare, Common Room, 8:30 p. m.

Wednesday, January 11
Sigma Xi Lecture, Park, 8:00 p. m.

Russion Lecture, Mr. Merle Fainsod, Haverford, 8:15 p. m.

Birch Beatings, Dips in Baltic, Aqua Vitae Enliven Finnish Line

specially contributed by Mary Buckingham, Marylou Dillon, and Anne Warren, '52

We set out to Finland much in the spirit of Miss Skinner's "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay". Our eyes were also roving for the ship-board hero who was to dominate our minds for the next ten days, on the high seas. The trip began inauspiciously because the seas were so low that it was like being on Long Island Sound. Somehow from the motley crew of old ladies and drunken gentlemen, we did manage to make a few valuable contacts; valuable in the sense that they changed dollars into francs and carried our nine bags on and off the boat train to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren met us in Paris and were both surprised and relieved that we had arrived with the right number of passports and bags. Then we "saw" Paris. A very delightful six-foot four, blond Finn certainly helped the sight-seeing tour, but soon we had to turn reluctantly away, and turn our lagging steps to Helsinki, the great white city of the North.

Most people think of Finland as a land of continuous snow and glaciers, but we had been emphatically assured, it was really quite warm in the summer. Naturally after this buildup we arrived in the midst of a cold spell reminiscent of an Arctic New Year. To

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THE COLLEGE NEWS

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Closed Chapter

A large part of the college was appalled to learn of the hysteria and violence which accompanied the election of a freshman show director. Upperclass lobbying, bitter speeches in class discussion, orders to vote in blocs, pressure on certain nominees to withdraw their names, bitterness against freshmen who failed to toe the party line: it is a long time since Bryn Mawr has seen such immaturity in a freshman class.

It is difficult to estimate the extent to which upperclass interference was responsible. Apparently the same manifestations of the grade-school spirit had already appeared in the election of class officers. It is certain, however, that personal rivalry between members of the Drama Guild, each backing her own protegee, did nothing to relieve the tension.

Certain principles are involved here which we feel should be stated emphatically in public. In the first place, it has never been considered necessary to give the freshmen any special supervision, or assume them to be incapable of running their class affairs in an adult manner. When you enter college, certain demands in the way of maturity, clear thinking, and fairness are made on you, which you are expected to be able to meet.

In the second place, you are not a class yet, and will not be until after the freshman show, if then. You cannot afford to indulge in hall rivalry and individual bitterness at this stage. If you do, it may leave a scar you will never be able to forget. Freshman show is not primarily an opportunity for the exhibition of theatrical talent: it is a means of binding the freshmen more closely together, and of creating a certain class individuality and spirit. If you go into it in resentment and faction, you will probably never cease to regret it.

As for the upperclassmen: it is a strong disappointment that anyone who has reached the senior class should be so ignorant of the needs and values of community life that she should deliberately try to sow dissension where dissension is most to be avoided. Freshmen look naturally to upperclassmen for advice, and surely they have a right to expect that the advice will be sound and disinterested. Let us hope that in the future upperclassmen will restrain themselves from meddling in the internal affairs of other classes, and will content themselves with giving guidance in those matters where their guidance is needed and asked for.

The courage to vote for the candidate you judge best for the job, regardless of external pressures, is vital in a democratic community. When Bryn Mawr offers us the opportunity to develop self-reliant and objective qualities of mind, it is unfortunate not to take advantage of it. May we express a hope that this episode is a closed chapter in college history, and wish the freshmen a splendid show.

Current Events

Common Room, December 12 — The dialogue of M. Guicharnaud and M. Van den Heuvel on The Politics of France presented the former in the more pessimistic, and the latter in the more optimistic of "two French points of view."

The violent opposition of two parties, began M. Guicharnaud, that of RPF and the Communists, might, in an international crisis, lead to civil war. De Gaulle's RPF is ready to fight Communism with Fascism. It has an intellectual following partly because of its "brain", Malraux, the novelist. The Communists, though fewer than in '45, are well-organized and "foxy". Their program would put workers in government control. Both parties use any method to gain power.

M. Van den Heuvel replied by explaining the middle party, which though composed of both conservative and Marxist elements, has, in three years' power, maintained a political balance, and begun to establish economic stability.

M. Guicharnaud replied that the government has worsened the workers' position by crippling the right to strike, and setting their wage below the living wage.

Industry has, however, said M. Van den Heuvel, progressed greatly. Further, a good harvest has abolished rationing, the balance of trade favors France, and the dollar deficit has decreased. Only the problem of prices and wages remains difficult: wages have not risen as prices have. The government must either raise wages, which will create more difficulty, or prevent strikes by force. The failure of the last strike, however, shows that workers are losing interest in the method.

M. Guicharnaud's opinion was that the strike's failure was due to demoralization of the workers, because of a division in the trade unions between Communist and non-Communist forces.

The speakers then mentioned serious problems beyond France. One is the threat of Chinese Communists in Indo-China, and the other, the French fear of German rearmament.

Meigs Discusses Children's Book

by Gwynne Williams, '50

We've been realizing for some time that we haven't a scholarly touch and have decided to turn our talents towards a more innocent and imaginative audience, for instance, children, so we went to hear Miss Meigs talk about writing children's books this afternoon in the Common Room.

Miss Meigs told us that the children's book field is varied, and new enough so that competition is comparatively small. Its audience is "self-perpetuating": children who like one of your books will go on reading you they get older, and younger children like to read what their older brothers and sisters have read. The present critics of children's books are discerning, and the "apparatus for distribution is excellent": almost all book stores and libraries have children's departments.

Miss Meigs traced the short history of the children's book: before the 19th century children usually had to be content with what their parents read; some books were suitable for older children such as *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Gulliver's Travels*. In the 19th century, "Saint Nicholas" was started by a Mrs. Dodge, whose standards were high: she would write to the best authors of her time: "I have read your work, Mr. So and So, and I think you are good enough to write for 'St. Nicholas.'" She fostered some of the greatest children's writers: Frank Stockton, Rudyard Kipling and Howard Pyle. She was succeeded by a Mr. Clark who looked exactly like Santa Claus. The development

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Opinion

Thon Explains Changes, Improvements In Course

December 10, 1949

To the Editor of the College News:

We have already started to meet the need expressed in your editorial of December 7. Since the beginning of this year all Freshmen have been giving 5-minute speeches, on subjects of their own choosing, in addition to the introductory 3-minute test speech. The subjects have ranged from Socialized Medicine and the control of atomic energy to the need for a chapel at Bryn Mawr and a comparison of education for women with co-education. The speeches, given extemporaneously, are required to advocate specific action and are judged not only on diction but also on thought and effectiveness as public speaking.

Sincerely yours,
 Frederick Thon

Experienced Students Show Advantages Of Paris

To the Editor:

Although we sympathize highly with Miss Cave's particular predilection for that "microcosm . . . of Western Civilization" (vulgarly known as Florence), we do feel that her affection for this really heavenly town has blinded her to the great charms of Paris.

We believe that Miss Cave's report gives a far from accurate idea of the talks given on Junior Year Abroad in Paris, which did not stress exclusively the academic side, as would appear from her article. We were NOT a couple of grinds! Far from it!

Miss Cave's article neglects completely the advantages of Paris (and what advantages!) which were pointed out. Just to mention the most obvious one: the stimulation we received from contact with the student and artistic milieu. Of course we need not mention "les hommes."

If we had not gone to the meeting and had only read Miss Cave's article, we would most certainly not have been inspired to go to Paris.

Veillez agreer, chere Mademoiselle, l'expression de nos sentiments les plus respectueux.

Karen Cassard, '50
 Kathy Harper, '50

Freshman Elections

The freshman class takes great pleasure in announcing the election of Maggie Glenn as Director of the Freshman Show, Myra Becker as Stage Manager, Zella Thomas as class Vice-President, and Dee Simmons as representative to the A. A.

BM, Haverford Chorus Sing At Xmas Concert

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of Salvation is Created. The most effective of the group was Warlock's Adam Lay Ybounden. This piece had a more inspired quality than the other two selections, and seemed better suited to voices of the choir.

Following the reading of the Christmas Story, the combined choruses, conducted by Mr. Goodale, sang four pieces, *Angels from the Realms of Glory*, *Rocking, Coventry Carol*, and *Born Today!* A more fitting close could not be imagined, for the singing was beautiful, and the chorus was shown to its advantage in these carols, three of which were old folk tunes.

Debate Club Hampered By Lack of Topics, Enthusiasm

Dear Editor:

I think that all of us who are concerned with the perennial Bryn Mawr problem of learning to express ourselves on our feet, welcomed the News editorial of last week on public speaking in general, and debate in particular. Those of us who are connected with the Debate Club will be among the first to admit its inadequacies, and we regret them, for we realize that debating could be of great significance in teaching us to think orally and publicly, as well as privately and via the printed word.

The Debate Club has been hampered in the past, by certain difficulties, among them the difficulty in getting a faculty adviser, and the lack of real debating enthusiasm on campus. The Debate Club is aware that it, too, has failed in certain respects: insufficient debating training, insufficient publicity for debates, and a lack of challenging topics, among them.

The Debate Club will do what it can to improve itself and to attract student interest, but it cannot combat student apathy, and prosper. The Debate Club is well financed and has a series of debates scheduled for the winter term. I would like to call on all Bryn Mawrtys who are interested in this problem of public speaking, to join in and make the Debate Club a better thing, and not to disregard it because it is not all that it might be. If you want to learn to debate, join the club and help plan its debates. If you have ideas for good debating topics, give them to Mary Ann Hennessey or Ann Warren, the President and Secretary of the Club.

Making the Debate Club a useful and important thing in Bryn Mawr life, by all rights it should be, is a challenge to us all.

Yours sincerely,
 Priscilla Johnson, '50

French Club Enchants With Hiccups, Cards

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climactical. Francine du Plessix made a lovely and graceful Virgin Mary, Karen Cassard a dignified Gabriel, and Ellen Shure a fatherly Joseph. The choristers looked Christmasy in their red hoods, tunics, and socks, but their singing at times was tremulous.

The French Club, and especially Claireve Grandjolin who directed both play and pantomime, are to be congratulated for a splendid evening's entertainment. Few of the audience will forget Monsieur Van den Heuvel gurgling somberly into his beer and Monsieur Guicharnaud looking distractedly from lantern to bladder and bladder to lantern in a vain attempt to decide which was wick.

Drive to Bring Funds To Bryn Mawr League

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Maids' and Porters' Dance, the Weekend Work Groups, and the Coatesville Group.

The committee for the Drive is as follows: Pem East, Lanny Olsen; Pem West, Fifi Sonne; Denbigh, Marge Carlson; Merion, Ruth La Place; Radnor, Katousha Cheremetoff; Rock, Claire Liachowitz; Rhoads, Jill Littlefield; Wyndham, Rea Blodgett; Non-Res, Frieda Wagoner; Chairman, Elisabeth Nelidow, and Publicity, Julie Freytag. Any questions about the Drive should be referred to your hall representative on the committee, or to the chairman.

Miss Mellink Speaks of Tarsus, Wears Golden Socks, Tosses Pots

by Hanna Holborn, '50

Miss Machteld Mellink, new professor of Archaeology, has just returned from two years spent on a dig in Tarsus. When we asked her if the expedition had been successful, she seemed slightly hesitant.

"All the local people think we are looking for gold," she said, "we didn't find any gold." However, somewhere she did get several pairs of gold-threaded socks, the Turkish equivalent of Argyles, which one dons in the fall, doffs in the spring, and never washes. (A purely Turkish custom, we are sure.)

But, she added, the expedition, which was first set up under Bryn Mawr auspices in 1934, had led to some very important findings; the discoveries at Tarsus, by illustrating a continuous sequence of civilizations from probably the Neolithic time on furnish a complete chronological standard for future studies. A present day study in anthropology could be made, too, for the foreman living on the mound had two wives and a fancy lady in the village. It was with typical wifely jealousy that the wives, who got along perfectly together, screamed at him for squandering his money on the villager.

Miss Mellink is no stranger to Bryn Mawr. She spent one year here as a graduate student in 1946-47, and was a warden at East House for a week before she went the way of all her predecessors. Before that, she attended the university in Amsterdam, her home town, and during the war she did contact work for the Dutch Underground. This is her first experience in teaching, and she seems to be enjoying it.

"The basic question in teaching," Miss Mellink thinks, "is to talk about what you are interested in, and, by pointing out the problems, to stimulate the students to think and to inquire for themselves." Most of all, she believes, the spoon-feeding method of instruction should be avoided. She finds the students at Bryn Mawr enthusiastic and independent.

Miss Mellink's main interest in archaeology lies in both the Greek and Oriental fields, though while reckoning the Oriental times by centuries she is prone to look down upon the Greek archaeologists, who work in terms of mere years. At present, she is particularly interested in the problem of finding the geographical location of the influence of the Ori-

ental on the Greek, and she said that indications toward the solution of this question were just opening up now. Miss Mellink's main aim is to combine both the teaching and research aspects of her work; she finds both equally important in the field of archaeology.



Miss Machteld Mellink

Chalufour Gives French Club Talk

Mlle. Marguerite-Marie Chalufour, at the French Club lecture last Wednesday, discussed France Today, a Comparison of Social and Economic Life in France between the years 1940 and 1949. Her underlying theme was the slow but progressive recovery of the nation.

France was deeply damaged economically. Paris itself remained largely untouched, but throughout the country one finds only rubble of villages, bridges, and railroads. An estimated 5 kilos of railroad remained intact after the war. The lack of means of transport and communication, the shortage of materials like cement and brick, has made reconstruction slow. Yet it is going forward. One destroyed village now lives again, having started with a nucleus of seven survivors. Recently, the government lent money for building to many who yet were homeless. The resulting improvement of the housing situation has raised morale. At the same time, a rent increase has encouraged landlords to improve their property.

Another economic project has been the extension of social security.

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Murder In Cuneiform

(Ed. Note: We left Miss Lemon horribly dead. Why?)

"I know it's Smithies," said Hildebrand. "Foul murderer. But how? And why?" he whispered. "He, he," came the mordant echo off the walls. Hildebrand was stung into action. (A pun, see below.)

The coroner was thirsty. Scotch and soda? Nothing easier. He extracted a bottle from beneath a handy corpse, and gathered ice off the next one. Suddenly he looked closer at the nicely-refrigerated right wrist he had uncovered. Was it possible?

A puncture! A bite! A sting! He had never noticed it before. Which was this corpse, anyway? Hastily scooping the ice off its face, he laid bare the whiskered remains of Professor Shotwell. "But he was drowned," muttered the coroner bewildered. (See the NEWS of November 16.) Swallowing his

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Gifts, Cookies, Biological Santa Present at BMC Camp Reunion

by Judy Konowitz, '51

At last Thursday afternoon's reunion of the Bryn Mawr Summer Camp, the Common Room became the scene of a Lilliputian revel. There, in an atmosphere of Christmas cheer, sat a circle of blissful children, who appeared to be practicing a strange tribal ceremony with the help of some gigantic-looking Bryn Mawr girls. To all intents and purposes, this activity, (they called it a game) was to develop within the youngsters strong self-control. It certainly took will-power to keep a straight face when confronted by someone crawling under your nose in the guise of a grinning pussy cat.

At the sudden appearance of Santa Claus, there was a shriek of delight (especially from the Biology majors in the room). He tried in vain to conceal his Texan accent as he distributed his sackload of gifts, and rushed shyly away to his Dalton retreat. In a

moment, pandemonium broke loose. A ball barely missed the window, a whirling top skimmed over the rug, an airplane zoomed through the air, and one began to realize what the counsellors at the camp had to contend with last summer. But order was finally restored with ice cream and cookies.

It all ended on an angelic note, as the little innocents sang Christmas carols, and gazed out of the window at the falling snow.

Sports

by Emmy Cadwalader, '52

The Hockey Tea was held last Wednesday, December 7, in Goodhart Common Room for the first three Varsity teams, and the timers and scorers. Sylvia Hayes, the Captain, reviewed this year's hockey results. The First Varsity won three games, lost two and tied one, the Second Varsity won four, and lost two, the Third Varsity won two and lost one, and the Fourth Varsity lost its only game, giving Bryn Mawr the grand total of nine wins, six losses, and one tie out of sixteen games played. This year's season has been one of the most successful in many years at Bryn Mawr. The teams were read out and each member was given a letter stating her team position.

After Sylvia had thanked this year's manager, Janie Stone, and assistant-manager, Trish Mulligan, for all their help, she discussed the duties of the three Hockey Varsity offices. Next year's officers were elected. Sue Savage '51 was chosen Captain, Trish Mulligan '52 manager, and Marilyn Reigle '53 assistant-manager.



Farce Joyeuse des Moyens Ages

Foreign Correspondent

by Irina Nelidow, '50

"Disastro!" That was a word we were to hear many times this summer. It was Dino's favorite exclamation and expressed his sentiments on everything from a cloudy day to a leak in the car's gas tank. Dino, chauffeur and weather prognosticator for my aunt and uncle in Rome, was fortunately able to master many a disastro-us situation, and we would all have been quite lost without him.

He used to drive my uncle to the British Embassy every day at breakneck pace (although he was actually an excellent driver) because, he said, he knew the Colonello liked speed. (My uncle is not a colonel, but to Dino anyone attached to an embassy was automatically a Colonello.) Once they had reached the embassy and my uncle had disappeared inside, Dino would drape himself over a window sill and start a long conversation with the stenographers, who were his mother-confessors. He complained once to one of them that he was exhausted from lack of sleep. He had been to a very long movie the night before, he explained, with his girl friend. It should be mentioned here that Dino was married but took his marital status rather casually. When it was suggested to him that it might have been a nice idea if he'd taken his wife to the movie, Dino was outraged. "After all," he said, "one does not have to eat pasta every day!"

From all we gathered, Dino's wife had a pretty rough time of it. They lived with his mother and countless other relatives in a house on the outskirts of Rome, and Mrs. Dino rarely had chance to get in to town. Furthermore, she did not get on at all with her in-laws. "La madre e la moglie," Dino would say sadly and then produce a gra-

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Ur - Faust

Skits, Caroling, Faculty Speeches Highlight Hall Christmas Dinners

by Paula Strawhecker, '52

Christmas dinners this year will be held Thursday, December 15. The celebrations vary in each hall, according to tradition. Faculty members are invited to each hall, with the French department having dinner in Wyndham. Kathy Harper and Jean Theis will read a rhyming history of Wyndham and after dinner there will be games.

Sophomores are in charge of the party in Denbigh where Louise Earle will be this year's toastmistress. Faculty speeches are optional and at dessert time the freshmen give an original surprise skit.

Merion has sent a special invitation to Santa Claus who has promised to be toastmaster. There will be carolers from the hall and informal carol singing, and, after dinner, freshman takeoffs of upperclassmen. Merion is the only hall in which there are no faculty speeches.

Jane Walker and Linda Bettman are the toastmistresses in Radnor—where the toastmistresses present humorous speeches and the

faculty talks are optional. Nikki de Langley is the freshman in charge of entertainment—this year reading of the Bible story and "all in the Christmas spirit." Micky Natelson is the sophomore supervisor.

Rhoads North and South have their dinners together. Katchie Torrence and Eleanor Gundersen will introduce the faculty speakers. Zella Thomas, the freshman hall representative, is in charge of the freshman skit after dinner.

Pem East and West alternate with decorations; this year West will have more obvious Christmas cheer. The hall representatives are traditionally in charge and there are always faculty speeches. Gwynne Williams is toastmistress and the two halls combine freshman talents to present an original skit.

Alta Mae Harris is Rock's toastmistress and promises a "humorous" speech about Pay Day. She will also introduce the faculty speakers. Before dinner there will be a pre-Elizabethan comedy, "The Revesby Sword Play" presented in simplified form.

NEWS Lists Airwick, Hoagies, Rat Among Shopping Requisites

by Barbara Joelson, '52

With caroling, vacation, and red and green lights at the intersections, Christmas is very definitely in the air. All this has inspired the NEWS to do its Christmas shopping early. The gifts we have selected are highly diversified, as anyone can see.

For Miss McBride: A new hymn. (see page 4.)

For Mrs. Marshall: A trowel and a spade to facilitate the process of weeding.

For Biology 101: A bottle of airwick.

For the Varsity teams: An audience. (Preferably a cheering one.)

For the Debating club: A voice!

For Christmas dinner speakers: Nerve, a good ghost writer, and a lot of laughs.

For Mr. Thon: A brown cow and a rat named Arthur.

For Geology majors: A large box of rock candy, so that they can mix business with pleasure.

For Maggie Glenn: Another

"South Pacific."

For Miss Batchelor: Tender, young shrimp, steaks smothered in onions, souffles that souffle, broiled lobsters saturated in butter, chestnuts, sword fish every Friday night, cheeseburgers, and wild rice . . .

For Mrs. Nahm: A clientele that never changes its mind.

For M. Guicharnaud and M. Van den Heuvel: Courage et soyez sages.

For the soda fountain: Hoagies ad infinitum, but never ad nauseam!!

For anyone caroling: A heating pad, and insulated jacket, and a quantity of hot toddies.

For Miss Oppenheimer: An extra office complete with biscuits, bones, a large pillow, and "Roddy" in gold letters on the door.

For math majors: A haven from "mournful numbers."

For argyle knitters: Many long and boring classes with professors

Continued on Page 4

Between the Leaves

Shippen's Bright Design Lacks Scientific Accuracy

by Irina Nelidow, '50

Shippen, Katherine B., *The Bright Design*, New York, Viking Press, 1949, 207 p.

The *Bright Design*, a compilation of lectures for young people given at the Brooklyn Children's Museum, represents an attempt to trace the background of our present knowledge of electrical energy. Miss Shippen narrates tales of the great physicists of the past in an informal though somewhat monotonous manner and achieves a fairly good balance between the explanatory scientific matter and the lighter "human interest" sections.

Scientific Inaccuracy

Unfortunately, *The Bright Design*, intended as a book to interest young laymen in science, suffers from the very serious drawback of scientific inaccuracy. Miss Shippen, in attempting to oversimplify, is too casual in her terminology and manages to pull a few glaring boners, such as her statement that objects with opposite electric charges have no attraction for each other. However, *The Bright Design* shows evidence of much research on the part of the author, and her presentation of the subject is well suited to her purposes.

Unusual Anecdotes

Many of the stories Miss Shippen tells are classics; everyone has heard of Franklin's keys on the kite string, Galvani's froglegs, Rontgen's "accidental" discovery of X-rays. But most readers will not know that Thomas Young had read the Bible through twice by the time he was four years old, that Steinmetz collected alligators and lizards, or that John Dalton was intrigued by women's fashions. Miss Shippen quotes Dalton (who never married) as recording, "I can see the belles of Bond Street every day. I am no more taken up with their faces than with their dress. Some of the ladies seem to have their dresses so tight around them as a drum, others throw them around like a blanket. I do not know how it happens, but I fancy pretty women look well anyhow."

Stress on Personality

Miss Shippen's style is unfortunately too rambling to sustain the reader's interest for long. Still, one must remember that she wrote her book for the benefit of fairly young readers and undoubtedly deliberately avoided overemphasis on technical explanations. She stresses the personalities of the researchers rather than their contributions to science. Were it not for the inaccuracies, *The Bright Design* could well be recommended for the bookshelf of a prospective scientist.

The NEWS Hymn

by Barbara Joelson, '52

To thee, dear owl, our song we raise,
Our lanterns faithful* and our hearts ablaze*.
"Ave" to yellow, "Atque" to white,
"Vale" to days when we thought we were bright.
Oh owl, we stay up at night just like you,
And like you we listen for the sound "woo-woo."
For though we love (?) our lectures and each daily chore,
We love our two o'clock permission so much more.
So we drink** to the banner, long may it wave
O'er the land of the spree and the home of the slave.
* Transferred epithet
** Just Coca-Cola, of course!

NEWS Tucks Swordfish In Christmas Stocking

Continued from Page 3

that talk in a rhythm of "knit one purl two."

For all departments: A course in ciphers and hieroglyphics, so that students can understand their notes and professors can decode papers and exams.

For Mrs. Manning: A drone.

For sophomores of this and future years: The sudden and untimely death of the science of Hygiene, due to overexposure.

For the Inn: A new brand of macadam road for their toast.

For History students: The necessity to learn just one set of facts to fit all occasions, since "history repeats itself."

For Miss Howe & Co.: Blinders!

For Seniors: The ability to hang on.

For the NEWS: A superfluity of flattering and complimentary letters to the editor.

For the Library: Let there be light.

For everyone: The Four Freedoms. Freedom from Hall Meetings, freedom from Friday dinners, freedom from "attitude" talks, freedom from facts.

Amen.

Bard's Eye View

by Barbara Joelson, '52

"Life is not a bed of roses",
"All that glitters is not gold";
Pessimism was the doctrine
Of philosophers of old.

"Never try to count your chickens",
"Pride doth go before a fall";
All the proverbs are world-weary,
At least all that I recall.

Yet when'er I hear them quoted,
Still I murmur with a sigh,
"None can show the heavy burden
Felt this time of year by I."

"Oh the tempus! O the mores!"
Only seems to half express
All the blows the world has dealt me,
All of my unhappiness.

For while in between vacations,
I must also undergo
Homework, quizzes, and term papers:
Brimming is my cup of woe!

Murder In Cuneiform

Continued from Page 3

drink as he went, he rushed off to the President's Office with the news.

"Ha, Smithies," said Hildebrand menacingly. "Ha, ha," answered Smithies aptly. "I've been waiting to have a talk with you. But first—are you on the Hopperette Gazette?"

"Not yet."

"So much the better. This Shotwell murder." Dodson Smithies never minced words, and had an enormous genius for getting to the point. "I would suggest your examining the fourth drawer from the left in President Flit's personal cabinet."

"What . . . what . . . ?" stammered Hildebrand.

"That is all," said Dodson Smithies mordantly.

Hildebrand and the coroner arrived at the President's Office simultaneously. Rushing in without knocking, always an advisable procedure in these cases, they surprised the President with his head

Continued on Page 5

KNEE SOCKS ARE WARM!

joyce lewis

Lancaster Ave. Bryn Mawr

New Drama Club Open to Actresses

Actresses Anonymous is an organization with informal membership open to all undergraduates interested in any phase of play production. Although a subsidiary of Drama Guild, the meetings and membership are in no way connected, except that Actresses may be considered a workshop for those interested in appearing in or working on varsity plays given by Drama Guild and Cap and Bells. Freshmen are welcome in Actresses Anonymous, although, under college rules, they may not act in plays during the first semester.

Meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the May Day Room in Goodhart. There is a general meeting once a month, with meetings of those interested in acting, production, and direction held in that order on the three following Wednesdays.



Actresses Find "Another Way Out"

Bryn Mawr French Club Hears Mlle. Chalufour

Continued from Page 3

ity to include all those who work, students, and maternity cases.

Since the main financial burden is on employers, it is eventually the public who pays for this measure, which, however, has given it a certain "security of mind." The need of students for aid was shown by the fact that an estimated 37% were tubercular, of which 27% needed sanatorium care.

Nationalization,—of mines, electricity, gas, and five banks, is another economic project. Railroads had largely been nationalized before the war. The price of fuel and travel must nevertheless be high until France is more nearly recovered.

Prices, especially of food and clothing, are many times their pre-war level. Taxes, a large part of which are indirect, are heavy. The family budget is with difficulty made to cover these necessities.

In addition, industry has been unable to provide enough work, and consequently enough salary, for labor. It has, however, made enormous progress since the war, and is determined to render American aid as temporary as possible.

Mlle. Chalufour mentioned two important social problems. One has been the difficult adjustment of war prisoners to their families after five years' absence. The other has been the increase in the number of juvenile delinquents, as a result of war atrocities. Organizations of young people have been formed to help these unfortunates. In this, as in the other fields, determined effort is beginning to overcome the severest obstacles.

Compliments

of the

Haverford Pharmacy

Haverford

Dino Exclaims 'Disastro', Insults Italian Police

Continued from page 3

phic series of explosive noises to illustrate the situation. "Jealousy," he would add, and then, pointing to himself a little self-deprecatingly, "over me."

Dino had a few phobias, one of which concerned the sea. He drove us down to the beach near Ostia many times but would laugh scornfully and knowingly whenever anyone suggested that he go swimming too. Did not the sea hold frightful peril? Once he had taken a swim and no sooner had he submerged his face than a giant jellyfish had stung him cruelly. From then on "la mare" was to be avoided with care. Dino likewise believed in the perversity of inanimate objects. He had a shiny motorcycle of which he was inordinately proud till the day he took a spill. The spill cost him only a grazed left arm, but Dino realized immediate-

The Observer

As usual, it was looking like Noah's Ark, pausing for a short rest in between Taylor and Goodhart before it went bumping off into the clouds with Miss Agnew at the helm.

"Nonsense," said Nina. "It's an aquarium. When you look in the front windows and out the back ones, the effect is green and watery." She waggled a pleased foot and we looked at the aquarium. Bubbles rose along the glass panes. Below, lurked fish. Eager young haddock were dipping into the inkwells. A shark or two nosed along the history reserve. A pale, lavender sea anemone ("me," said Nina) drifted absently down the stairs towards upholstery and the New Yorker.

"Really," said Frances. "The library is the library and its windows are dirty."

Goodhart an Anthill

"Goodhart is much more of an Ark than the library is," said Paula. But she is wrong. Goodhart is a labyrinth anthill with closed doors that never open. The windows are foggy. Beyond them are flattened noses, moons in eclipses, leaves, lights, and voices. The ants creep about in subterranean chambers and make clicking noises on their typewriters. The doors shut them out. The windows shut them in. They wish they were not ants at all.

"Goodhart," said a freshman, "is located west of Broadway. You can only get there by taxi." Velvet curtains slide apart revealing a golden street and a gold cafe. Alone she sits, the tragic child, at a small table, staring at an organ-grinder who bears a hand-organ and a moustache. "Grandes blessees de la guerre, mademoiselle," he says, "tres grandes," and stretches forth a trembling hand.

"Goodhart is the NEWS," said the NEWS.

Good Ship Wyndham

At Wyndham, each window is clear and polished. In the music room are wide window sills to sit on. The view without is street lamps, bushy trees, and shadowy-bright reflections of shepherds, yellow lights, fishwives, and angels. The view within is a ship's bow. The shuttered windows at the far end of the room hide the brine-battered decks and sailors coiling ropes. They wear berets, the ropes keep coming uncoiled, and the shutters bang.

"The stairway," said an expert, "is pure Giraudoux." A continuous procession of odd and eerie heroines float up and down the banisters. They think of Norway, bacteria culture, old cider, dusty summer gardens in Paris, and heroes . . .

"Ici on parle francais," said the warden.

When the muses are faint
Relax your restraint
Be master of your fate
That paper can wait!

THE COLLEGE INN

WISHES YOU

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Bryn Mawr Explorers Discover Gallant Finns

Continued from Page 1

cure our chills and other ailments, a sauna was arranged for us.

Escorted by Mrs. Warren and various other experienced people, we were ushered into a small cubicle. Much to our dismay the ladies began throwing off their clothes, and one by one dashed through a small door into the unknown. Never let it be said that Bryn Mawrtys are narrow minded or not adventurous, so we followed suit. We found ourselves in a smaller cubicle. On one side was a series of benches, rising half or three quarters of the way to the ceiling, sparsely populated with all sizes and shapes of female anatomy beating themselves with bunches of birch leaves. In one of the remaining corners was an innocent looking stove with a layer of hot stones on the top. Beside this Mrs. Warren was flinging dippers of hot water, screaming happily that it wasn't really hot enough—so more, more! The steam got more dense and we cooked more. After we had turned a lobster red, we discovered that there was one more ritual, a brief, very brief, dip in the cold Baltic.

Somehow we recovered and some of us even grew to like it. But now we were ready for bigger and better things—THE FINNS! Have you ever tried to talk to a Finn in English who speaks only Finnish about a subject even as simple as one as the time of day or the weather? Even dancing is difficult. You sit lonely and alone, when across the dance floor a handsome, or not so handsome, Finn purposefully approaches. Mentally your past three Finnish lessons pass before your eyes and then he is there before you. Bang! His heels click, he bows from the hips, stands up straight, and stares at a piece of dust three feet above you on the wall. Silence. The music starts; he stands; you sit, more silence. This continues for three minutes, when it occurs to you that perhaps he wants to dance, and so you're off in a West Point clinch. Now you are in Finland.

Only one famous custom remains—AQUA VITAE. To all those who wish to remain young, innocent, and retain a stomach lining, don't. The liquid is tasteless, colorless, and odorless, but it bears the legend "This is guaranteed not to kill." And it doesn't, it only blinds. This is scattered coyly in any drink that passes, or, if there is no camouflage, is drunk in shot glasses. This stimulates the mind so that you learn Finnish faster than ever—and you can apply your knowledge with the most surprising results. The two phrases that mean Finland to us are

Tulee Krapula Huomena and Mina Ragastan Sinua. They always apply.

LAST NIGHTERS

Garson Kanin Produces "The Rat Race," New Hit

by Helen Katz, '53

The time is summer, the place is a piece of Manhattan. The play is *The Rat Race*, a hilarious comedy, written and directed by Garson Kanin and starring Betty Field. Well cast as the washed-out heroine, Miss Field does a wonderful job as a blase career girl who has "had it." The Donald Oenslager set (there is only one) is a beautiful piece of engineering and lighting, faintly reminiscent of the "Streetcar" set in the way different parts of it lit up as the characters moved about.

We were rather disappointed by the first act, which was long and talky, and we hope will have scissors applied to it before it reaches New York. The beginning of the second act, from the time the hero and heroine, due to financial troubles on the part of the heroine decide that the time-worn "two can live as cheaply as one" has something in it, and proceed virtuously to occupy separate rooms, to the end, keeps a surprisingly fast and clever pace. The repartee is sharp and the portrayal of the aura surrounding the tenement district of New York is good.

Especially fine is Doro Merande, as the stingy landlady, who has buried her husband in the basement. Roy McGreevy, the neighborhood philosopher, does not have the lines Miss Merande has, but he does extremely well with his part, which at times smacks of the Stage Manager in "Our Town." Both Miss Merande and Mr. McGreevy have soliloquy scenes that are deep, ingenious, and very funny.

The remainder of the time is taken up with the ludicrous action of the New York police, who drag an eight-foot bass viola on stage, instead of the hero's brasses that three sharpies have stolen; a rough house mobster who manhandles Miss Field in an unconcerned manner; and the activities of the rest of the "has-been" tenants of the boarding-house.

Barry Nelson, as the musical hero is at times insincere and effusive, but riotous as the hometown boy who has bought a "genuine fur-piece" in Times Square. Everyone is well-cast, the set is

in a drawer. The President surprised them, too. He carefully removed his head and a package of newspaper. A small corpse dropped to the floor. "Ho," said the coroner with hidden subtlety, "don't touch that thing. A wasp. Just as I thought."

Meanwhile Hildebrand, giving full rein to his intellectual curiosity, had removed the newspaper from the President's trembling hand, in order to read the news of the day. "Look," he screamed hoarsely, "look at this."

The coroner rushed to his side. Together they gasped out the headline: Woman, 54, Dies of Drowning caused by Toxic Wasp Sting. They read on avidly while President Flit sat staring dazedly ahead of him. A woman in Manhattan, allergic to wasps, had died because her lungs had filled with fluid caused by the poison of a wasp sting.

Hildebrand's glance fell to the floor, where the desiccated wasp lay forlorn. It was all quite clear to him now. "So it was you," he said. "You thought you'd gotten me too, but you didn't finish the job."

"Well, Flit," barked the coroner, "do you wish to make any statement?"

A growing flush of frenzied fury spread over the president's features. He looked first at the wasp, then at the two figures confronting him so menacingly. "Yes, I killed him," he shouted suddenly. "He was a perpetual threat to me, a vile blackmailer. He didn't deserve to live. For many years I was fool enough to fear him, but now at last I am free! Ever since the day he found out that I had presented a falsified budget to the Board of Directors because I needed a few thousand to get myself out of serious financial trouble, he has never ceased to be a drain on me. His threats of exposure were a constant danger. I'd been on several archaeological expeditions with him in our youth and I remembered that he'd discovered he

inspiring, and the lines stuff that Mr. Kanin can be proud of. Betty Field carries a cheer for the way she carries the first act. Definitely an S.R.O. when it opens in New York next week!

Murder in Cuneiform

Continued from Page 4

was allergic to wasps and feared them greatly. From then on it was fairly easy. He knew no one would believe him if he told them that I'd forced him to undergo a wasp sting. Everyone would have thought he was quite mad, so he preferred to gamble on the possible consequences of the sting. It hit him pretty soon, and then that was that."

"I'd suspected Smithies at first," interposed Hildebrand. "He's been acting queerly, but I guess that's just his nature. Did you kill Miss Lemmon too?"

"Miss Lemmon was Shotwell's confidante," sneered President Flit, "so of course she had to go too. I

Over-ambitious Choice Hinders Club's Acting

Continued from Page 1

Peter Thoran played Mephistopheles, relying heavily on Satanic eyebrows and a clipped manner of speaking. He put little variety into his role, but at times was really funny, particularly in his scenes with Eva Rosenbaum (Marthe). The latter understood her function more clearly than did the other performers, but got little response from the rest of the cast.

General hilarity reigned among the audience at the drinking scene in Auerbach's cellar, featuring Professors Foss and Pfund of Haverford and Messrs. Janschka and Politzer of Bryn Mawr. The opening was certainly funny; but the illusion died away after a few minutes, when nothing but noise



OF COURSE, YOU ALL KNOW

don't know just how much she knew, but I couldn't afford to take any risks. If she'd known about the original episode, I was in a very grave position. Silly fawning woman with her blind adoration for that old fool! Throttling her was a pleasure."

Far away in his library office Dr. Dodson Smithies rubbed his hands delightedly. Mordant mysterious man, how could he have known?

The next week found Hildebrand Sharp's name in a prominent place on the Hopperette masthead. His sensational scoop had made campus history, and no one could but admire the valiant courage and acute news sense of this fledgling reporter.

THE END!

and rowdiness prevailed. Annette Fischer and Anne Gurewich, playing minor roles, contributed a couple of the most delightful moments of the evening.

Great credit is due to the stage crew, who did an excellent job of setting and lighting. The costumes, too, were bright and effective. But the play as a whole was very disappointing. One should, of course, not expect too much from a strictly amateur performance, but the great question is whether the *Urfaust* should ever be given as a strictly amateur performance. The German Club has great potentialities, but should realize its limitations; certainly it does have talent and a commendable will to make a real contribution; these things need merely be applied to a play which is within the realms of possibility.

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"Elizabeth" Suffers From Superficial Acting, Unsure Direction; Low Shows Excellent Stage Presence and Good Sense of Timing

Continued from Page 1

when Mr. Thon could be counted on to produce a miracle out of a mess, and the plays had a maturity of performance, subtlety of control, and intensity of acting which have been missing in the last two. Age and experience do much to give a director the self-confidence and authority he needs; McKinley's native ability is not in doubt, but I would urge the Drama Guild to reconsider the problem for future plays.

As for the acting itself: Marjorie Low was, I think, miscast as Elizabeth, but she unquestionably gave the play what life it had. Margie has a great degree of stage-presence, her timing in dialogue is excellent, and her readings intelligent and provocative. She was particularly strong in the second council chamber scene, where her decisive movements and speech were a great relief after the general flabbiness of the supporting cast. But there was no emotional depth to her acting: it was self-conscious and posed. Her make-up job was excellent, but her portrayal was as superficial as her wig; she never got inside her role at all. The Stanislavsky school of acting is not the only one, nor the best on all occasions, but to make any serious play come off there must be some emotional identification of the actor with the part, and this was missing at all points in Elizabeth.

Brooks Cooper was disappointing. He has turned in much better performances than this in the past. He used to know how to control

his voice for maximum effect, but here he seemed to work on the assumption that shouting is synonymous with strong acting. This was particularly true in the first council scene, where without modulation and crescendo he became merely dull. His scenes alone with Elizabeth were better, although the emotional tension between them was never fully explored; but Brooks had sincere and moving moments, dignity, and an enviable feel for the stage. That his performance remained obvious and unshaded was only because he, like Margie, was not acting all the way through.

Katchie Torrence as Penelope improved greatly as the play progressed, and although she was painfully awkward and amateur in her opening scene with Raleigh, in her dialogue with the fool and her final scene with Elizabeth she attained a tenderness and depth not apparent in any of the other characters. Sue Kramer in the role of the fool was very nice: she knew how to move, and understood both the function of her part in the play and the contradictory emotions of the fool's character. Raleigh, performed by Roger Morrell, came over as nothing more than the superficial values of his lines, deepened only slightly by jealousy and pomposity; John Kittredge's Cecil had moments of being a good char-

acter portrayal but did not sustain them; Jackson Piotrow couldn't act Bacon for peanuts. Lee Haring could never have been taken for an old man without the help of his white beard and the audience's memory from history that Burghley was Cecil's father; Robert Nevitt as the courier contrived, much to his credit, to extract some genuine feeling from the soupiest of lines.

The lighting suffered from accidents, but produced some very telling effects; the costumes were chosen with a good eye for color; the set was excellently managed, both simple and striking; technically, the whole production was one of the better ones which has been given us. That Elizabeth was not a success must be blamed, in the end, on the superficial acting.

Flowers from
JEANETT'S bring
cheer
At Christmas and
throughout the year
LANCASTER AVE.

Undergrad Poll Shows Vocational Interests

Continued from Page 1

terior Decoration, 83; Museum Work, 62.

Social Sciences: Post-war Reconstruction, 70; Politics, 91; Research, 56; Social Welfare, 94; Labor Problems, 45; Housing, 27; Cooperatives, 28.

Sciences: Psychology, 81; Mathematics, including Engineering and Statistics, 34; Farming and Agriculture, 27.

Personnel Work: 46.

Secretarial Work: 58—specified in most cases that it would be taken only as a stepping-stone to something else.

Jobs Abroad: 101.

There will be a Vocational Symposium held the last weekend in February, replacing last year's Vocational Teas. Millicent McIntosh, Dean of Barnard, and Helen Hill Miller of the London Economist will be among the speakers.

Meigs Discusses Children's Books

Continued from Page 2

parallels the development of adult literature; a nation is characterized, said Miss Meigs, by what its children read.

The actual writing has its special technique which applies to different levels. Youngest children (under eight) like picture books; the opportunity for writing is small. The field for children from 8 to 14 is the most barren and presents its problems, in that children like heroes and heroines of their own age. Children from 14 to 18 will read adult books but they do like books of their own.

The kinds of writing children like are varied: fiction, poetry, and informative books. But above all they like the imaginative and adventurous. However, warned Miss Meigs, the touchstone of fanciful writing is the "Extension of Reality". The story should begin plausibly; children like to read themselves into books.

The vacancy left by Saint Nicholas, she concluded, is now being filled by comic books; there must be new writing to satisfy this taste for romance and adventure.

After the talk we ate red and green cookies, sipped jasmine tea, and looked at some children's books on display from the Country Book Store and Bookshop. We liked all the titles, glanced through a Munro Leaf Arithmetic is Fun, and noticed a new Babar book, Babar's Picnic.

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