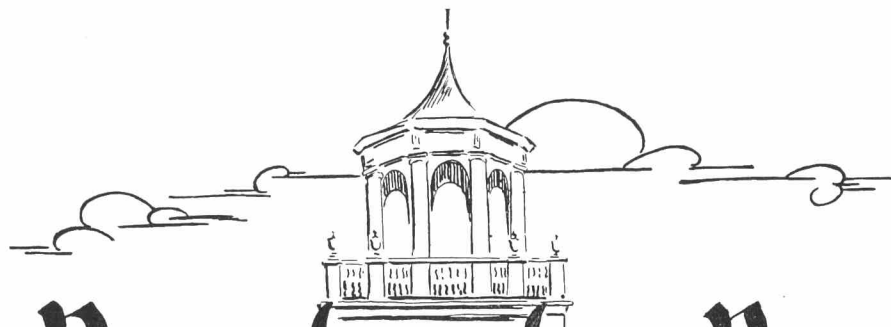




The Pembroke Record

Vol. XIV.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., MARCH 22, 1933

No. 17

SENIORS NOT TO AID IN JUNIOR PROM EXPENSES

TRADITION PERSISTS

Question Club Makes Decision Concerning Senior Aid for Junior Prom

At a recent meeting, Question Club considered the plan whereby the Senior class was to help meet the expenses of the Junior Prom. This group, consisting of the heads of various campus organizations, with Stella Hoffheimer as chairman, deemed the plan unwise. According to this new innovation, the Senior class was to help pay Prom expenses, while in return, Juniors were to reciprocate by contributing a fairly large attendance to the Ivy Night Dance.

However, in consideration of the fact that there would be very little actual reciprocation, the plan was not considered feasible. Comparatively few Juniors attend the Ivy Night Dance, as so many girls leave for home before that week. In this way, the Senior class would run the risk of suffering a loss. Other than this, it was generally felt that a step of this sort might cause a critical attitude on the part of the Seniors, or a feeling of obligation on the part of the Juniors.

Due to low finances, and to the inability of students to pay a very high price for tickets, it was decided that the most advisable thing to do under the circumstances was to lower class taxes and dues, in preference to depending upon Senior aid. Of necessity, the class cannot have the usual Prom favors, as expenses will be curtailed as much as possible. On the other hand, the tax will be low enough so that most members of the Junior class will be able to attend. The members of the Senior class will be invited as guests, in accordance with the prevailing tradition, and it is expected that with the help of the proceeds from the Junior Informal, the class will be able to make ends meet.

YEHUDI MENUHIN PLAYS TO CAPACITY AUDIENCE

Varied Program Presented with Vividness, Clarity and Maturity

Yehudi Menuhin, the sixteen year old virtuoso, whose first appearance in Providence last night marked the close of this season's Providence Community Concert Association Series, was received with every evidence of appreciation by the capacity audience.

Those who have watched Menuhin since his first appearance nearly a

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NOTICE

All Juniors report in the Music Room on the second floor of Alumnae today at 1:15 to be measured for caps and gowns.

PLAN FOR ANNUAL GYM EXHIBITION UNDER WAY

To Be Held in Brown Gymnasium On March 28th; Program Changed

The annual gym meet, which this year has been changed to an exhibition is to be held Tuesday, March 28th at eight o'clock in the Brown University gymnasium. Several new events have been planned to take the place of the competitive ones which have been eliminated. There will be no interclass drills, but only one mass freshman drill and the apparatus will be an exhibition event. The tap dances will include two elementary taps, a musical comedy tap, a soft shoe tap, and a military tap routine. There will also be a Hungarian folk dance, a Morris Stick tapping folk dance, group rhythms, and a Greek freize. Tumbling, pyramids, and unusual relay races are to be interspersed throughout the program. Another new feature is a short basketball game between the first and second varsity teams. Faith Cushman '34 heads the committee which includes Frances Brown '33, Rachel Baldwin '33, Doris Dawson '34, Mary Watkins '35, Alberta Holdsworth '36, and Betty Fales '36. This committee in cooperation with the members of the Physical Education department are planning the program and conducting the rehearsals. The latter is to be held Monday, March 27th, at seven-thirty o'clock in the Brown gymnasium. Tickets may be procured in Sayles gym and each person may have two.

PEMBROKERS TO HAVE PARTS IN "R. U. R."

C. McSoley '31, Pembroke Actress, Takes Role in Sock and Buskin Play

Catherine McSoley, Rosa Rieser, and Elizabeth Pratt will play the leading feminine roles in "R. U. R." or "Rossum's Universal Robots," by Karl Capek, which is to be presented by Sock and Buskin on March 27, 28, and 29. This play was produced by the Theatre Guild in 1922 and achieved outstanding success. It represents the twentieth century in the series of Sock and Buskin plays and is their final production of the season.

The play is being directed by Professor Ben W. Brown.

LANGUAGE CLUBS DANCE TO BE HELD SATURDAY

Tickets Are Only 75c a Couple and 50c a Stag; Everybody Invited

The Language Clubs Dance, sponsored by the Salon Francais, will be held on Saturday evening, March 25 in the Crystal Room, instead of on Friday as announced in the calendar. As the tickets are only seventy-five cents a couple and fifty cents a stag, and as this is the only dance to be held in March a large crowd is expected. It is not necessary to be a member of a language club to attend. Everybody is invited.

The patrons and patronesses will be members of the Modern Language Departments and their wives.

The committee on arrangements is composed of the officers of the Salon Francais, Gladys Burt '33, President; Elizabeth Hastings '34, Vice-President; Barbara Mackay '35, Secretary; Muriel Kommel '33, Treasurer and Vivian Cote '33, Senior Board member.

Reidelle Bowder, the "Book Store Lady," Grants Interview to Record

Graduate of University of Texas; Studied Art in Kansas City

Reidelle West Bowder, widely known on the campus as the "Book Store Lady," finally succumbed to the persistence of this reporter and granted an interview. A most charming young lady, Mrs. Bowder, a graduate of the University of Texas, is not only well educated but highly cultured. Although she was born and brought up on a large Texas ranch fifty miles from a railroad, (not the movie kind of ranch, but one with all modern conveniences, including gas and electric light plants right on the premises), she has none of those "wild west" airs; she distinctly favors of the big city, that intangible urban quality that is immediately noticed, but which defies description or analysis.

Mrs. Bowder's chief talent and hobby lies in the field of painting. While in Kansas City she studied at the Kansas City Art Institute. For four years she studied in New York City under M. S. Mulford, the well-known illustrator and portrait painter. In 1928 she was commissioned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City to make copies of several originals. The works she

ANNUAL BROWNIE 'STUNTS' PLANNED FOR THURSDAY NIGHT IN ALUMNAE

KOMIANS IN REHEARSAL FOR TWO SPANISH PLAYS

Cast Selected for "Women's Town" and "No Smoking"

Having selected the plays for their next major production on April 21 and having cast them, Komians are in full rehearsal under the direction of Mrs. Sarah Minchen Barker.

"Women's Town" by Joaquin and Serafin Quintero, a tale of kindly gossip and matchmaking is a pleasing commentary on the Spanish temperament and community; it is to be preceded by the curtain-raiser "No Smoking" by Jacinto Benevente, a very humorous sketch of a peasant woman on a Continental train. Both plays are representative of contemporary Spanish drama which is unique in that it proceeds in an unbroken narration of incident rather than by building toward a climax. This is Komians' first endeavor in this type of drama; the result should prove interesting.

JUDGES UNANNOUNCED

Cup Will be Awarded to Class Offering Cleverest Skit

All classes, from 1933 to 1936, will have a chance to prove their superiority in satire when the annual event, Brownie Stunt Night, rolls around tomorrow night, March 23 at 8:15. It is an evening always anticipated; on this night students avail themselves of the opportunity of portraying impressions collected from September to March—of the faculty, of fellow classmates, and of college life in general. For the stunt judged the best by unannounced judges, the sponsoring class will have its numerals engraved on the cup which is awarded annually. In the year 1931-32, it was awarded to the graduating class.

The committees upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of proving the abilities of their class are as follows:

1933—M. Milliken, chairman; E. Tillinghast, G. Burt.

1934—D. Dolloff, chairman; H. Conway, D. Carr, E. Ingram, S. Bowman.

1935—L. Hicock, chairman; R. Delclisur, M. Hobby, K. Jodoin, D. Haynes, M. McCabe.

For the class of 1936 the writer of the stunt chosen automatically becomes chairman.

No more details are available—remember to find them out for yourselves.

JUNIOR PROM USHERS CHOSEN BY COMMITTEE

NINE SOPHOMORES

Juniors Vote to Have No Favors at Prom; Orchestra Selected

The Junior Prom Committee, headed by Helen K. Parish, has invited the following Sophomores to usher at Prom: Helen H. Bowman, Jacqueline Gage, Dorothy Hunt, Katherine E. Illing, Margaret Rich, Dorothy E. Richardson, Natalie Smith, Carolyn Troy, Mary S. Watkins.

By class vote it has been decided to have no favors at Prom.

Edward Wittstein's orchestra of New Haven has been chosen for the occasion. He has been engaged at the Surf Clubs, Miami Beach, Florida during the winter season.

THE PEMBROKE RECORD

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EDITOR THIS ISSUE BARBARA LANGDALE
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, ELIZABETH HASTINGS

All contributions must be typewritten on one side of the paper and sent to Stella Hoffheimer, 188 Meeting Street, Providence, R. I., before noon on Saturdays

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to Faith Page, 98 Cushing Street, Providence, R. I.

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The idea of a University Press, proposed recently, is, it seems to *Record* a good one. This press is to publish the *Brown Daily Herald*, the *Brown Jug*, the *Pembroke Record*, the *Alumni Bulletin*, the various theses written in conjunction with the graduate school, and all notices, catalogues and booklets.

The advantages of such a press are many—since it is to be run on a non-profit basis, the material which is at present in the hands of various printers at great expense to the University and its separate organizations will be got out at a lower price. The added convenience of such a press is also to be considered, for all the publications will be integrated and service will, we hope, be more efficiently rendered. Then, too, it is certainly fitting that Brown as a University have its own press, since most large educational institutions do.

The initial expense of such a venture, it has been estimated, will be about \$12,000, which is to be made up from the sinking funds of the various organizations. *Record*, since it has already made arrangements for the disposal of its resources, will probably not be called to contribute just at present.

Record offers its approval to this proposed press and will endeavor to cooperate in this scheme which is probably as much to its advantage as to that of the entire University.

TRADITION WINS

Question Club's decision that Seniors should not help pay for Prom is indeed a wise one. On the surface, it seemed like a splendid idea: the Seniors would help out the Juniors for the April dance in order to receive the same cooperation at the Ivy Night Dance. But on close examination, the suggested project proved most impractical. Not only can the Juniors, by cutting expenses a little here and there, meet their own obligations, but should the Seniors have helped out now, they could never have been repaid by the Juniors. For the number of Juniors who go to Ivy Night is small in comparison to the number of Seniors who attend Prom that the plan would not be at all feasible.

It was further suggested that if the Seniors paid for going to Prom, there would be favors, but favors are usually so very unsatisfactory and in this case would so arouse the criticism of the Seniors that they would surely not be worth the price. Thus by deciding that Seniors should not help pay Question Club was also preserving the traditional Prom spirit.

Somehow there is a difference in being invited to a dance and in paying for it. In the latter case, Prom might easily become "just another dance" in the eyes of the Seniors, and Ivy Night the same for the Juniors. In their

instance it would be actually unpleasant if they had to help pay for a dance to which so few of their number go. But those Juniors who do attend the Ivy Night affair will do so in the spirit the Seniors will have in attending Prom. They are both guests on these respective nights—a gracious gesture the Question Club could practically decide on retaining.

—:-

FREE PRESS

—:-

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

We should like to complain about the lack of courtesy in the audience that witnessed Mrs. Kurath's recital in Alumnae last Wednesday. Mingled with the students and friends of the college whom Mrs. Kurath was kind enough to invite was a sprinkling of pests who did all they could, in their own little way, to make the recital a failure. The pairs of high school children who coquetted noisily during Mr. Hitchcock's playing were surpassed in irksomeness only by sensitive female souls scattered here and there in the audience, who could express their appreciation only by voicing it noisily and annoyingly. It is almost superfluous to add that for proper enjoyment of a recital like that in which these talented friends of the college shared, the first and most important requisite is perfect quiet.

If any other opportunity is to be given us to enjoy recitals such as this, we suggest that some nominal sum be charged for admittance even if the artist's intention is to bestow on us something absolutely free. A

small charge would act as a sort of strainer to keep out the riffraff and admit only those genuinely interested. If this precaution were taken the recital would produce the accustomed sensations of aesthetic pleasure rather than murderous contemplations of homicide and an acidity of disposition lasting for several days afterward.

'33.

ON EXAMS

It has often occurred to me to ask professors to give exams by the stagger system. Whenever we have an exam announced, we are bound to have four others announced for the same week. Can't something be done so as to give us only a few at a time?

It's not bad enough having them all come together, we have to have them all before a recess. Can we possibly do our best work when thinking and planning for a good time? I think not.

Will professors please think it over and try to decide to do something about it? We can do better work if we have only one exam to think about and if it isn't before a recess.

THEATRES

AT LOEW'S STATE — "Fast Workers" is just about what might be expected from the name and cast, and happily, a little more. The picture begins weakly, and the story is rather thin. It concerns two steel workers, "Gunner" and "Bucker" who are as fast at their work as they are with women. "Bucker" has a failing for getting himself engaged to the "wrong" women, and "Gunner" is forever making them and showing them up to his pal. The climax occurs when "Bucker" gets married secretly and "Gunner" goes through the usual tactics without knowing of the fact until its too late. And anyhow the girl has always been in love with him. John Gilbert is fairly amusing as the supposedly irresistible steel worker who is "Gunner." We liked the clumsy credulous "Bucker," as interpreted by Robert Armstrong, somewhat better. Most entertaining of all, however, is Mae Clarke who plays the part of the girl who causes so much trouble. She is such a clever gold-digger that we have to pay her our respects. Certainly there is little of the "artistic" in this film, but there is some very skillful trick photography and enough fun to amuse one for the while.

C. P. '33.

AT THE MAJESTIC—Held over for another week, "42nd Street." It's been a long time since a picture has been held over. But do you remember "Rio Rita," and "The Broadway Melody"? Well "42nd Street" is a

reminder of those good old days. An unusually fine production, with gorgeous costumes; gaiety, dancing, and a plot. "The Secrets of Wu Sin" is a fair second picture. It is a contrast to "42nd Street" and the two together make a fine all round entertainment.

The Modern Dramatic Players present "As Husbands Go" by Rachel Crothers; staged by Charles Schofield; setting by Clarence Hanson.

Rachel Crothers is probably the first of the American women dramatists; a new play by her is an event in the theatre. In the past 5 years she has had 3 plays in the annual list of 10 best. Miss Crothers is first and foremost a student of character; her story is always secondary. She follows conventional dramatic forms but her plays are always interesting by reason of good and fast-moving dialogue. Her people always talk wittily, succinctly and a propos of the occasion (which—you will agree, is an accomplishment). And so, expecting all this, we went to see "As Husbands Go"—and were not disappointed for it possesses all the Crothers characteristics.

The scene is laid in Paris, where anything can happen—and usually does. Emmy Sykes and Lucille Lingard are spending their last night in Paris after a 3 months sojourn on the Continent. We find that Emmy is in love with one, Hippolytus Lomi (and he's not a Greek); we also find

Lucille to be in love with Ronny Derbyshire (pronounced Darby). Emmy is free, so she can marry Hippolytus at her own convenience; Lucille is married to Charley (not of "Strange Interlude" fame) and so can only marry Ronny at Charley's convenience. Lucille and Emmy return to America, followed after a discreet interval of 3 weeks by Ronny and Hippolytus. Hippolytus stays to marry Emmy and Ronny returns to Paris because he finds Charley is a "man's man" and that his "selfless love" for Lucille is more than Ronny can ever give her. And that's my story and I'll stick to it.

Last night's presentation was slow and uneven, but it will pick up with successive performances. The gayest moments were contributed by Dorothy Lord who gave the play most of the action which it did possess; her portrayal, while vivid and alive, was a little overstrained. She will doubtless polish up with ensuing performances. The Constance Bennetish-looking Miss Kingsley is always easy to watch and she like Dietrich (I had to say something about her *somewhere* in this issue) can sing when occasion demands. Walter Greaza gives a sympathetic portrayal as Charley, and Pierre Watkins and his ever-present monocle is always an asset. And guess what we found—Bill Smith in knickers doing a young boy of 14. He'll be playing "Peter Pan" or "Alice in Wonderland" next—and will we go see him?

That's that! My job is done when you finish this sentence but the Modern Players will be doing "As Husbands Go" all this week—go see it.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ART OF BOOKMAKING

It is surprising how much the binding and printing of a book emphasize or detract from the charm of its content. Blurred printing can mar the poems of Milton, and Shelley would lose his identity in a newspaper.

To bring public consciousness to the importance of the art of bookmaking the American Institute of Graphic Arts has displayed fifty of the most beautiful books of the past year. They were to be seen in the John Hay Library.

They range in size from *Fatal Interview* which is 3½ by 4⅞ inches, to *The Inferno of Dante*, measuring 12½ by 19 inches. Some are bound in exquisite leathers, some in cloth. Even to the uninitiated, the various kinds of paper and type are fascinating. Just as illustrations are planned to match the tone of the text, so the type corresponds to the meaning of the poem or story.

Many of the illustrations and title pages are by well known artists. The drawings for the *Poems of Catullus* are most decorative, and the wood engravings for *Wuthering Heights* are sombre, just as they should be. *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* is a beautiful big book. One of the most elaborate is *Pius XI on Christian Marriage*. On the whole, this exhibition was well worth seeing.

Literary Supplement

Hastings Discusses Saturday Review Of Literature As Critical Journal

The Saturday Review of Literature is the only independent critical journal in America. Its chief rival, the back sections of the New York Sunday Times and Sunday Herald-Tribune, though distinctly readable, are journalistic in their endeavor to hit a "popular" view. The *Saturday Review* is by contrast more compact, more formal, more "high-brow;" it makes few concessions to popular taste. Since its separation from the *New York Evening Post* (when a change in the ownership of the paper threatened an annihilation of the *Review*) it has enjoyed the services of its original staff of editors, with Dr. Henry S. Canby at their head. It has made itself indispensable to

"MULLINER NIGHTS"

By P. G. Wodehouse

Admirers of Jeeves and Lord Algy will welcome this latest, and by far the best, book in the Wodehouse collection. We find ourselves again rubbing elbows with the Best People, moving familiarly among Lords and Ladies of high degree. We become the friend and confidant of Lady Millicent Shipton-Bellinger, younger daughter of the fifth Earl of Brangbolton, and her lover, Adrian, a detective. We learn of the villainy of Sir Jasper Addleton, O. B. E., and of the sinister secret of Sir Sutton Hartley-Wesping, Bart, not to mention the attempted outrage upon Lord Knubble of Knopp.

There's Lancelot, an old friend, involved to the point of delirium with such as Gladys Bingley, alias the Sweet Singer of Garbridge Mews, a poetess with ink spots on her nose. Later on the same Lancelot gets mixed up with Lady Widdrington, of Widdrington Manor, and her aged mother, Mrs. Pultney-Banks, but everything turns out for the best finally.

The book is written in the delightfully witty style of Mr. Wodehouse's other stories. It is light and amusing. It has no plot, but I think you will like it, despite that.

Woman of the Streets

(From a Death Mask)

You have had knowledge of the things that burn and sear;
You have had longings for the things that heal and cool.
The cobblestones of Paris streets raised jagged heads
To bruise your tired stumbling feet.
The gutters ran with filth that soiled your skirts
And here and there a languid lady in coach and four
Looked back and smiled a slow, deep smile.

Constance Saunders.

students of literature and public affairs.

It naturally suggested comparison with its older English competitor, the *London Times Saturday Book Supplement*. The *Times Supplement*, it must be confessed is the stronger of the two. The *Times Supplement* is more scholarly, more academic; it delivers judgments with the authority and anonymity of God—and some times with a Divine cruelty and partiality. Somehow the American journal seems in comparison incompletely informed, and too often merely impressionistic. It is further characteristic of the difference between the two that the *Saturday Review* gives much more space to Reviews of fiction and the *Times* to solid works in the fields of history, philosophy, biography and technical literary scholarship. The *Times* has one indispensable department, "Correspondence," to which scholars the world around send their questions and their discoveries. The special departments of the *Saturday Review* (except the Compliment Collector") might all be easily spared.

William T. Hastings.

IMMUTABLE

Once in a lovely hour
I saw the Dipper lean so close to me
That with my lips I could have kissed the brim
To taste of certainty . . .
But as I looked beyond the golden rim
I found what I have always known to be
Innumutable . . . a tree
Dropping a withered leaf—April in flower.

Margaret Milliken, '33.

"PEKING PICNIC"

One would expect something—one doesn't know exactly what—of an Atlantic Monthly prize novel. And "Peking Picnic" immediately dispenses any qualms a stiff-necked reader might have had in approaching it. It seems a pity to damn such a fine book with adjectives—especially all the old adjectives; but what is a poor reviewer to do? (It is very difficult to change position when perched on the horns of a dilemma, no matter how uncomfortable one may be!) The plot is so well constructed and so subtly proffered that one does not object to its lack of originality. (We have all read stories about Chinese bandits and foreign legations and things before.) As a matter of fact, the story is absorbing, and turns out to be one of those annoying books that is not laid aside

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SUNDAY SUN

By David Cornel DeJong
(Mr. DeJong is a graduate student at Brown and has had many poems accepted by leading magazines.)

So this afternoon—brown verticals of awl to wall pur in the warm and dapple sloth of sun gone deep through maple-pile and monotone.

Basking our laughter summer-eased at noon,
sunning the thoughts as sands unloosed
in frugal flow, we shall yet hear the blue
ungirdled walk of waters go and go.

God, toll the hazy bells, strum the bloom of maple-afternoon,
of all the dapper feasts of June laid tired on the grass.

DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY—1932

The Provincial Lady in London-1933
E. M. Delafield

Upon Miss Delafield descended that quality of joyful stoicism which has belonged so definitely to women like Mme. de Sevigné or Jane Austen. Her earlier novels "The Way Things Are" and "First Love" are not particularly infused with this spirit of pure humor, but in "House Party" we see the ripening of a comic genius, poking fun as Molière might have done at exaggerated and one-sided people. In her two recent books the "Diary of a Provincial Lady" and "The Provincial Lady in London," Miss Delafield's gift has increased, and her provincial lady, one of the really life-like people of recent literature, belongs to that great company of people who think deeply about life, but end by an amused acceptance of all the vagaries of daily living. And delightful people they are too, who make a burned roast, a stalled automobile, a wrong costume—the occasion for an amusing anecdote.

The Provincial Lady writes a novel and becomes a rather well-known literary figure—quite frequently to be found in London. Of course she is lionized, feted, and flattered. People she barely knows ask her to dinner to meet Mr. So and So who "has read her book." She finds herself at gatherings of "literary radicals" who seem to be chiefly distinguished by a morbid preoccupation with sex, horn-rimmed spectacles and uncombed hair. Like the sensible person she is, the Provincial Lady refuses to be impressed with herself or any of these pseudo geniuses she meets. Amusement without scorn is the quality that colors her entries in her journal.

Her own relatives' ideas interest her a good deal more. Aunt Gertrude writes that she has not read the book in question because "modern fiction leaves nothing to the

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Edmonds Described As "Local Color Writer With Universal Appeal"

LARK ASCENDING

By Mazo de la Roche
(Little, Brown & Co., Boston)

The "Lark Ascending" is as a cauldron pot of quality, where the good, the bad, the indifferent simmer side by side. Miss de la Roche has developed a tale along lines new to her though not to us. The narrative is superficial in quality, and lighter in vein than her previous novel; but the excellence of characterization and the "picturesqueness of detail" so strong, so vital, so constant in Miss de la Roche is still here.

The frame-work of the story forms an opportune background for the gripping play of these powers of characterization and detail. Miss de la Roche has caught the feeling of her subject; she has thrown open an imaginative, masculine, powerful, clear-sighted and vivid mind with all its force of artistic interpretation to the quill.

The story is one of contrast—"a story of light and shade, a contrast of Sicilian exuberance with New England restraint." It is the story of a family, a mother and son, whose blood is mingled with foreign strains of the Indian and the Portuguese. It is the story of fiery, human emotions first suppressed and stifled in a Massachusetts fishing village, then given too ample leash in the warm, passionate country of the Mediterranean.

The style saves the book—the descriptions smack of the soul, the sweat, the foil, the passions, the pangs, the furies of strange human natures are painted sincerely, favorably, clearly, vitally. The unwinding of the plot fails miserably; but we linger on a word, a phrase, a picture—and wend our way by the "Shouldering of the Waves."

Elizabeth T. Hastings.

To An Ancestor

(A Great-Great-Great Grandmother)
Whiteness of slender hands and powdered hair,
You are that part of me
That speaks with silken cynicism,
That turns a whitened shoulder to the crudely elemental,
That smiles and stands apart.

You are that part of me
That sings with weary lips,
That aches in unfulfillment.

You are chained to thin teacups;
I am bound within the closeness of a drawing room.

Constance Saunders.

ERIE WATER

By William E. Wilson

"The Canal is really the hero of Mr. Edmond's story," announces the blurb on the jacket of "Erie Water," Walter D. Edmond's new novel.

Unfortunately, although Mr. Edmonds seems to have learned all there is to learn about his hero, he has learned nothing from it. While studying so carefully the history of the Erie Canal's construction, the methods of building the locks and of laying the foundations, the fine judgment shown in choosing stone and timber, the author should have discovered that the writing of a novel is not widely different from the building of a canal. A definite channel must be dug. Foundations must be laid firmly. Extreme care must be exercised in the selection of materials. And when finally the water is turned in, the whole countryside must not be flooded.

In "Erie Water" Mr. Edmonds—who can write short stories and isolated incidents comparable with the best in American literature—has opened wide the floodgates; and instead of giving us a novel, he has given us what appears to be little less than the notes collected for the preparation of his book. Sometimes he seems to go out of his way to present a character he relishes. The case of "the Talkative man" is an example. Mr. Blue meets Jerry Fowler, the hero, on a canal boat when Jerry is en route to Rochester, having just discovered that his wife has run away with another man. We are suffering with Jerry. We want to know what he is going to do. We are already on page 405 and we expect the book to be brought soon to a dramatic close, for the Canal has been finished and only the reconciliation between Jerry and his wife await us. But, first, "the talkative man," Mr. Blue, must have his say. When on page 409 Mr. Blue remarks, "Fowler, I believe you've scarcely listened to my conversation," and Jerry replies, "You're right about that, anyway, Mr. Blue," we wonder how the author can expect us to have listened. With Mr. Blue at last out of the way, we look again toward the end. But, no. There are 100 more pages, some 30,000 more words, some twenty or thirty more new characters to be introduced.

First novels are expected to be prolix. Few beginners master selection. But Walter D. Edmonds is not a beginner. This is not his first novel. He began in 1929 with "Rome Haul," a first-rate story of the Erie Canal of the '50's. In his second book, "The Big Barn," he wrote of the country near the Canal in Civil

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Four Graduates Distinguished in Literary Fields; Achievements Many

Outstanding as Undergraduates; One to Speak in Chapel on March 30

By Dorothy Hanson

Four of our graduates have done particularly splendid work in the field of writing and with pleasure let me introduce to you Stella R. Clemence, Margaret B. Stillwell, Louise Morgan and Louise Schutz Boas.

Miss Clemence, '10 has become the country's leading authority on early Spanish manuscripts. This work, begun in the California missions as research assistant to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Fellow of Smithsonian Institution, has culminated in an exhaustive study of Spanish manuscripts concerning Peru in the Library of Congress at Washington.

The New York Times, Jan. 1, 1933 says of her last book: "This work represents the first of a series of three volumes which will make known to scholars the contents of two bequests made to the Library of Congress by Edward S. Harkness in 1929. The book was evidently prepared with great care and precision. (We would add that it took infinite patience and a brilliant mind as well to decipher and translate the all but illegible documents in archaic Spanish)."

Margaret B. Stillwell is librarian of the Annmary Memorial and has under her charge the finest permanent exhibit of the books of the great first half century of printing. She is a specialist in incunabula (old books) and member of the bibliographical societies in England, France and

Germany. Her book, "Incunabula and Americana, 1450-1800" is a key to the knowledge and use of source material relating to the two fields.

Louise Morgan, '07, seems to be living an ideal life over in London. As associate editor of *Everyman* she not only writes articles, poetry and music reviews, but she also interviews all the interesting literary people for: "London is the center of literary gossip and we have our fingers on Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, etc. and practically all the American writers turn up here at one time or another." In a delightful little volume called "Writers at Work" she has published her impressions of eight of the writers whom she has interviewed and their stories of how they go about their work. She found that "every author is a law unto himself. The one and only common factor is an innate compulsion toward self-expression in writing. . . Authors are on the whole the kindest, most generous, and most sympathetic professional people in the world." For Sinclair Lewis she says, "He has one of those fine American voices that one can imagine singing among primeval forests or shouting across endless plains, that can easily express a warmth of human feeling reserved by Europeans for once or twice in a lifetime. He can squander as much feeling on a 'Well, well, old boy' or a 'Hello, honey,' as would keep a thousand cold Englishmen in social amenities for a year."

Perhaps Louise Schutz Boas, pro-

Please Turn to Page 6

ADVICE FROM AN UNDERGRADUATE

(Mr. Goldsmith '34 is a Junior Editor of the *Daily Herald*.)

I feel an awful sense of responsibility. I represent the undergraduate writing with his superiors. You see, there was a time when I thought that there couldn't be anyone greater than Win Scott—I was the awe-struck freshman, he the brilliant and dashing columnist of the *Daily Herald*. There must be a few in Pembroke who are going to turn into mighty people. At least they will if they start to run their own lives a little bit, and get across their own ideas, at the same time that they imbibe the ideas of others. That's what I want to get off my chest.

All your lives, adverse factors have made this state of affairs almost impossible, that calls for a long dissertation. You, like many other undergraduates have been conditioned by the paternal interest shown in you by the well-meaning older generation. You have been subjected to Simon-Binets in order that your I. Q. might help your overseers to "place" you. You have had music lessons thrust at you, so that some day the parent will be sure that she has not died in vain. You've had dowdy seamstresses with eyeglasses surveying your maidenly form, two weeks before the First Dance, and saying to

your mother: "she needs the long flowing type of thing—I think that blue would suit her best." And then there was the Child Advisor, the real *bete noire* of the adolescent, who told your parents, as though it were the most amazing thing in the world, that you were an "Individual Case." You've been crammed with thousands of associations concerning how you were to "improve yourself." You didn't have to think—you were almost not allowed to think—you just went through your paces, and here at college the process has become a habit.

In a course known to the sophomores and juniors as C-ael 1-2 (tied imagery—remember?) we were told about Pavlov's dogs, upon whom too many associations were tried. Do you recall the result? To put it in the vulgar vernacular the poor dogs went nuts. And the same thing has happened, in a way, to us—for mind you, the doctrine is universal. We were made to think that we were not real people until the crow's feet began to sprout. The principle of "being guided" with which only a bigot would find fault, has turned into the principle of "being led." The difference between the two terms is as diminutive a thing as Mount Everest.

It is not entirely your own fault, you see, I think that my objective will be to put a new magazine on the market, if there is any market left

when I receive the sheepskin and the president's handshake. The magazine will be entitled: "Parents—a Magazine for Children." Oh, there's so much that they can still find out, they and their army of teachers that include psychoanalysts, young group leaders, doctors. If they just learn that the child is to quite an extent sufficient unto himself, the college material of today would be different. Granted that they can preach it all right, even now. But they must feel it. And then, when we attain our collegiate age, we'll believe it ourselves, and the worthwhile members of the faculty, our kindest friends and severest critics, will join with us in offering a vote of thanks.

It's on its way. Heaven forbid that I should preach the old ballyhoo about "standards changing . . . the old can't keep up and won't admit it . . . when we come out of the depression youth will be riding in the saddle . . ." But I do say that improvement is in most cases brought about by the young minds, the new minds, that have been fitted by past experience and forged ahead on an individual basis—sought new standards, attempted to live up to them, thumbed their nose at the other fellow. And you, girls, are the potent leaders of your sex, and sometimes of mine. Not all of you will be your greatest boast, Mary E. Woolley, by any means, but you may well be the kind of people that she is looking hardest for. There's lots of talk about the uselessness of education—especially feminine education. I've preached it myself sometimes, and still do on occasion. (In fact, that was my first contact with this sheet—being interesting if unsuccessful in its results). But that doesn't alter the fact that there are plenty among you, by any law of averages, that are going to do "big things" some day, or be in back of same—if you don't go Pavlov on us.

The eerie polyharmonics of Stravinsky are for us. Likewise the mysterious cubes of Picasso. It was the ante-25 year old crowd that most vociferously applauded T. S. Eliot a little while back. I even think that the present occupant of the White House (I refer to the husband, incidentally), is essentially a younger generation product. It's us in sport—indoor or outdoor. Spring is the season that has always been conceded to us—and Charles Darwin.

In other words, we, you, are at bat. Dear old Pembroke—you always get the necessary books at the John Hay when the men want them, you raise the scholastic standards to a horrible height in the co-ed classes, you make it harder for the men to get into Abbott Hall than into the Martha Washington, you give the impression of Brown University's being a Cornell without Cayuga; borrowing from Pinero, "I can't help thinking that you think that I think that you are most unmitigated nuisances." But it's not so, really. You are at bat, and, I say some of you are going to score, with the aid of de lawd, and the return of beer, and the consideration of thoughts that are like the above but couched in more convincing language.

Gene Goldsmith.

PEMBROKE VISITED

(W. Scott was prominent in literary circles as an undergraduate at Brown. He is now on the staff of the *Providence Journal*, where he edits the *Sunday Book Page*.)

An invitation for a vanished Brown man to return, in the form of print, to the Pembroke campus is a dangerous thing; not, of course, for Pembroke, but for the flattered gentleman. He may be so adjectivally overcome (watch this!) that he'll desert the noun. I mean, he may run wild.

He may condescend; he may criticize; he may, God save the mark, get sarcastic and overbearing. Any alumnus of Pembroke is liable to those things. But if he is wise he will simply recall them as the ineffectual attitudes of his undergraduate days and no longer follow them. "When I became a man - -" . . . Ah, Pembroke, Pembroke!

What shall he say, having accepted the invitation to readdress a long-belabored public, a public (alas! from his point of view) already 50 per cent changed, for better or worse and certainly for poorer, since his salad days? Having once been an earnest columnist on the *Brown Daily Herald* (cheers) who was sometimes so fortunate as to receive a not unkind Pembroke audience (tigers), he may echo those far-gone times and simply write a column of words, signifying nothing. If you've got this far, you've stood for it, so why shouldn't I go on?

Of course, to be blunt about it, my temptation is the age-old and semi-honorable one of all alumni (-ae, as you like) who grasp an opportunity to lecture their ex-contemporaries. My temptation is to compose an article entitled "What I Got Out of Pembroke, by —, Brown '31." This should be done in the best College Humor-True Story manner I could summon, revealing All and, so long as I insisted on the occasionally veiled truth that I was always a well-meaning, good boy at heart, the whole business would very likely provide a moral uplift talk for the next chapel service at Alumnae Hall. It all depends, as the saying goes, on how it's done.

So, for instance, (supposing I should write such an article), I should patiently recall my contacts with Pembroke and my contacts—well, certain of my contacts, with Pembroke, as they are jokingly called. And what would you have? . . . Well, the damned flurry of mixed studying at the John Hay; the aggravating manner, in co-ed classes, of the attentive femmes making the fellows look lazy; a dash of red hair now and then, mixed with one tall blonde and an atmosphere of coffee at an institution once known as Brennan's. Etcetera, to employ the Latin. Which, we all perceive, gets us nowhere.

Now on the other hand, there is the sentimental method. I might for example, write seriously and tenderly of my undergraduate days—the calm spring weather on the campus, the lazy strolling between classes, the long May-June evenings, the flutter-

ing of Pembroke skirts beneath the flowering maples. You get the mood? And to this, I might add an intriguing dash of fictive romance, confessing to present-day Pembroke that often they are seen and admired, that often a Brown heart does disturbing gymnastics on their account, unknown to them, as mine once did: that Pembroke was the world because of a beautiful lady, admired from afar and feared (aye, girls) for her beauty, which was passing the comprehension of the common tongue. That though no word passed between us, the young-man-that-was-I kept more or less faithfully on, later to win the proud lady, to marry her.

Well, obviously you wouldn't believe that. And I'm too fond of fan-mail to allow any printed story of mine so closed an ending.

No, it won't do. And I can't say anything, I fear, worth your while. One concludes, sadly, that once Pembroke was a part of one's life; and is no more. I mean, what the hell, girls.

Win Scott.

PEMBROKE, '04, WRITES RHODE ISLAND'S ANTHEM

To Sarah E. Taylor, '04, goes the honor of having written our new State anthem. It was selected by Governor Theodore Francis Green, '87, and his committee and is sung to the tune of *Duke Street*, which is to be found in church and school hymnals. The words are as follows:

"Rhode Island Beauty past compare
Our God's good hand hath poured
on thee,
All dignity of earth and air
And rolling hill and kindly sea.

We hail thee for the sacred past,
For legend dim and shining truth,
Heroic shadows, faintly cast
Across the brightness of thy youth.

We hail thee for thy steadfast fame,
Thou first republic of the West;
When Freedom to thy borders came,
She sought and found in thee her rest.

May justice be thy constant friend
And lead thee in the paths of Right,
Freedom be thine till time shall end,
And God protect thee by His might."

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College Courses Narrow In Scope; Fault Partly with Whole System

Can you imagine a child given a complicated erector set without any explanation of its possibilities. He examines it for a while, tries to find out what it is good for, and then failing, turns back to his old blocks. He has missed all that he might have gained from the gift because no one has taken a few minutes to explain to him the real function of it. Naturally enough it means nothing to him.

The college student is often in the same situation. He is offered the valuable opportunity of spending four fairly undisturbed years in finding out a great many things that will probably make him happier as long as he lives. (That seems to be the accepted opinion of the purpose of the college education.) But all too often the student fails to make the best of his four years—and sometimes it is simply because he has no idea of what to do with what is given to him.

Why should he? His preparatory school has probably done no more than train him for entrance examinations. He is not exactly sure why he came to college; eight times out of ten he leaves with his diploma, still a little uncertain of what he is supposed to have done.

The reason for his uncertainty may lie in himself; perhaps he never cared particularly. It is just as possible, however, that he would like to know but has never found a satisfactory answer. No one has told him how to fit together the parts—those jagged little scraps called Political Science, Art, Literature, Sociology, Biology,—well, read the University catalogue. And yet, the fitting together of those parts and a hundred others forms life, and he is probably more concerned with seeing the whole rather than a lot of neatly boxed parts.

The frequency of this situation is just one more black mark on the record of the present educational system. How often do you find it in Brown — Pembroke? How many times do you hear a sullen mutter of "Oh—what's the use of this stuff anyway? What good is it?" or, "Gosh this stuff bores me. It's so dead!"

After all, it is rather a strain on an individual to spend four years asking questions like that. Perhaps he doesn't ask anyone who might tell him. He may think that he is expected to know. But he doesn't and there are few answers given without the asking to the most vital question of all he could ask about college.

It seems to me that there is something wrong in this. Where does the fault lie? Frankly, I don't know; but it must be either in the system itself, or in the professor, or in the student. I have an idea that the fault lies in all three, but as we can't change the system just yet we might as well examine the other two.

Those students are at fault who make no effort to find an answer, but they are not in the great majority, and we aren't concerned with them now. It is the great group that really wants to know "What's the use," and finds no answer that is important,

and they are not wholly in the wrong if they don't find it.

That leaves a problem for the professors, and how many of them have ever concerned themselves with it? How many of them are aware of their students as individuals rather than a mass of blank faces. How many of them, seeing blank faces, ever wonder if they have anything to do with the blankness? Are all of them interested in teaching, or are they so deeply buried in their own research and study that they are mentally in the laboratory or scholastic den when they are apparently standing by a desk in the lecture room?

Why should the average student have any burning desire to learn bare dry facts if he sees nothing beyond them? You may see the fascinating ideas and thought beyond the unappealing exterior of your subject, Professor, but how often do you try to share them? Did you have to find those things out all alone? Didn't you ever have someone to make you want to know and understand more and more? But perhaps you have only that exterior yourself; perhaps there are no great thoughts, no possibilities for ideas that are alive, in that subject of yours. How do we know?

Not all of us will be profoundly interested in your course, but we who take it would appreciate a suggestion here and there of how some of the ideas might be valuable in our own lives—else wherefore study? There are little waves of air through the classroom, small currents started by the movement of a number of ears coming to life, when the owners of the ears expect something more than last years lecture notes warmed over for them. And we aren't so jaded that we have to have our lectures crooned to us. All we want is something alive.

I'm not complaining for myself, because I've been quite fortunate, but I have seen so many other undergraduates missing some things so completely that I begin to feel that something is wrong. It might be profitable for every student—and every professor—to give himself a five minute examination, the all-embracing question being, "Why am I in college, anyway?"

W. I. D. '34.

--- NOTICES ---

The lecture by Professor Taylor on "The Classical Point of View" has been postponed to Thursday, April 13 because of the Spring Vacation.

The Language Clubs Dance will be held SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, in the Crystal Room instead of on Friday evening, March 24, as announced in the University Calendar. For further details see article in this issue.

Juniors—Please vote in Lower Pembroke as to whether or no you are going to Prom. If you definitely

"PEKING PICNIC"

Continued from Page 3

until finished. This is true because the characters are so real that they are quite preoccupying. Ann Bridge does not draw cartoons; neither does she take two-dimensional snapshots. With her pen she creates living persons and personalities. Laura Leroy, unobtrusively the "heroine," is one such a woman whose psychology is so simple and yet so complex; as it might well be, for she lives her life in two halves, and always misses the one when she has the other! Of all the characters that of the American novelist, Miss Hande, is the least sympathetic. Miss Bridge uses her as a means of criticizing American ideas with which she is not in accord. However, even Miss Hande is entertaining, if only for her American accent! If we must be very critical, we shall deprecate but two things—the author's self-consciousness and the fact that she is not as tolerant as she implies that she is. (The lady does NOT like Americans!) But, after all, these "faults" seem somehow to be more in one's indirect impression of the author's personality than in one's direct reaction to the book itself. Really, we cannot help ourselves; we must continue to sing the praises of "Peking Picnic"! It is tremendously worth while, if only for the particularly good Chinese "atmosphere" it gives. The book has artistry and wisdom of human experience. We urge you to read it!

C. P.

HERE AND THERE IN NON-FICTION

At this time it seems hardly reasonable that American people should read and digest much more about Depression and World Economics. And yet right now there have come forth interesting books by eminent authors on this very topic.

One of the best of these recent books is "The United States in World Affairs" by Walter Lippman, Charles Merz, and William O. Scroggs. Here is portrayed simply and accurately the futile attempts of Congress and the President influenced by or fighting against an unenlightened public opinion to disentangle the American situation or adjust it to a rapidly changing world abroad. There is a discussion of Congress, solutions of conditions, Latin America, tariff barriers, Lausanne settlement, and further American postponement of solution of conditions. They wind up the book with the present war debt and Sino-Japanese crisis.

While the authors as such have their definite ideas on American actions, yet this book presents a clear, concise, unprejudiced view of what is going on today. Not too technical, nor yet too simple, this book should appeal to all college students if they are interested in keeping up with the times.

From world politics to adventure is a big jump, but one can hardly leave out of a non-fiction column a word

are not going, be sure to vote.

Juniors—Class meeting on Friday at 12:40 to decide on class rings.

Wanted: a last year's *Sepiad*. Seller please see W. J. Dolloff.

on R. H. Bruce Lockhart's "British Agent." One of the most vivid accounts of an Englishman in Russia during the war, yet told with all the fluency of a thrilling novel, this book is an outstanding success. Mr. Lockhart is a Consul at Moscow when the war breaks out. He comes to be regarded as a super spy and as such has a lion's share of adventures during his time in Russia and in getting out of the country. Told as an autobiography, but not with too much "I," this book proves fascinating and somewhat instructive reading.

History books have come to the fore recently. One can only mention a few outstanding ones. There is "Henry Adams" by the eminent author James Truslow Adams. This is a well written, compact essay on one of the most interesting figures of the 19th century and member of a real "first family" in America.

There is another corking good book which must be mentioned in passing. It is Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette." Although Marie Antoinette has been written by countless historians, some more able than Zweig, yet this history has a freshness and vigor that makes it most interesting. Stefan Zweig finds the answer to the historical question in the personalities and personal relations of the king and queen. It is a more dramatic, more intelligible, more human story of Marie Antoinette.

Don't forget to read George Bernard Shaw's "A Black Girl in Search of God." The author and title are recommendations enough in themselves.

DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY—1932

Continued from Page 3

imagination." Writing on June 12 the Provincial Lady comments: "Personally am of the opinion that this in Aunt Gertrude's case is fortunate, but do not of course write back and say so." There in a sentence is a sketch of the Provincial Lady and of Aunt Gertrude—the sort of vignette in which the rest of the book abounds.

Another quality of the Provincial Lady is her ability to pass from one mood to another and savor the peculiar pleasure of each. An entry for June 1 in her diary reads:

"Life full of contrasts as usual and after recent orgy of society spent most of the day in washing white gloves and silk stockings, and drying them in front of the electric fire." A quiet day at home has its charm too.

Of the Provincial Lady it may be said that she transcends the covers of a book, and becomes a woman we know intimately—human, amusing, true.

Helen Mulvey, 33.

EDMONDS DESCRIBED AS LOCAL COLOR WRITER

Continued from Page 3

War times and again produced a good novel of convincing action and powerful characterization. In "The Big Barn," however, Mr. Edmonds began to evince the tendency toward exaggerated discursiveness which has taken possession of his writing in "Erie Water." If this tendency continues to grow, it is doubtful if he will ever be able to complete a fourth novel.

But it is to be hoped that he will produce a fourth book, in the meantime mastering the craft of novel construction, for a position awaits him near the front rank of American novelists, the men and women who are trying to build an American tradition in fiction.

Edmonds knows his characters inside and out, and he introduces them with as little ceremony and as much assurance as they would employ in introducing themselves. "Yes, sir. I'm calculated a medium kind of man—height, heft, and coloring. Meet me, mister—Merwin Gandy." Edmonds knows the feel and the taste and the smell of the country and the flavor of its people. He can write about them in a style that is at once poetic and homely. Although he is a "local-color" writer (and what novelist in a country so large as this is not driven to "local color?"), Edmonds has an eye and an ear for universal appeals.

William E. Wilson.

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THE SCREEN TODAY

Some years ago in College Humor "moom-pitchers" were listed as one of the greatest of great American "institutions;" they still remain so but not with the glory that they once knew. The general run of motion pictures today is pure unadulterated drivel. The screen today has speech; it talks but it says nothing. It still has motion but it gets nowhere. Some of the pictures do have plots. The screen now depends upon its success solely by hurling at a wondering and long-suffering audience "star" names of directors and actors; by having ten to one hundred authors collaborate on a story that is not worth the time and effort expended. And what is the reason for such a state? Why is the motion picture in its present state of senility when once it was such a lively youngster. René Clair, the first of the French directors, gives the answer, I think, when he says, "The movies are ruined by industrialization. A director is subjected to suggestions advice and comments from those far less capable than himself. From this supervision there is no appeal. The outcome is timidity and routine productions; submission to pernicious rules and requirements. He voiced his cry in "A Nous La Liberté," one of the finest of films imported to America last year. Clair believes that the screen will only find itself when the present system of super-organization crumbles; then will independent directors arise and produce films original and vivid in treatment and masterful in conception. René Clair, known as France's White Hope has possibly done more for the advancement of the cinematic art, with the exception of Eisenstein, than any director of the day. His "A Nous La Liberté," "Le Million" and "Sous Les Troits de Paris" bear witness.

The greatest director of the age is unquestionably Eisenstein, a Russian. He places his characters and plots against a social background. His are not the puerile putrid efforts of Hollywood but the strivings and accomplishments of a genius, second to none in his field. He is the Titan of Titans. This is the man Hollywood asked to do "An American Tragedy" and then forbade him to turn a camera on the production. Eisenstein tells why, "When I delivered the manuscript of a scenario of the book the Americans told me that they would prefer a good stiff police story. I wanted to make a modern Everyman of 'An American Tragedy.' I did not wish to load the picture with star players; the Americans could not reconcile my ideas with their principles of film direction and production." So Eisenstein left Hollywood and journeyed to Mexico where he spent a year and a half filming the life and history of the Mexican peon and Indian. He returned with a film that far surpasses his Potemkin, hitherto considered the finest film produced. Its beauty of photography, simplicity of story and dignity of execution reaches a new peak in the annals of screen art.

In Hollywood we have no Eisenstein, no Clair; but there are a few

men who do good work even tho' it is not great—Milestone, Lubitsch, Von Sternberg are probably the finest of the Americans. Milestone can be depended upon to turn out a fast moving, compelling and believable film. But he is seriously hampered, as are the others, by the great American taboo, "BOX OFFICE APPEAL." "Scarface" is probably Milestones best of the last few years; but "All Quiet" is undoubtedly his masterpiece. Lubitsch is not a great director by any means; but he is always interesting. He is facile, light, now risque, now ironic, always deft and sure in whatever he attempts. He is probably the most ingenious of the American directors.

Von Sternberg is a director characterized by affectation; however, he is always interesting. His work has suffered in the last three years because he has spent most of his time making Dietrich into big box-office appeal. He has given to the screen a fascinating and interesting figure; but he has let his story and development take second place, consequently many of his films are dull and slow of movement. His "Shanghai Express" is the best work of those last few years and is a splendid example of Von Sternberg's best. He delights in shadows and lights—and makes use of them many times to point the action. In this tone he is not surpassed by any American director.

The German directors strive chiefly to secure striking camera angles and bizarre photography and their efforts are generally crowned with success. Each year sees a German film which is the acme of perfection in this style; remember "Metropolis," "Dr. Calagari's Cabinet," "Congress Dances"; the latest is F. P. I. and is rumored to be a worthy successor to its predecessors.

The cinema is a powerful and virile medium; it has unlimited possibilities. Dalton Trumbo believes the day will come when the film "will tell straightforward stories thru the delicate subtleties of pantomime and music. In its more inspired moments it will be a poem of motion, rhythm and fantasy. Speech will be used only where it is essential to the action. Asinine conversation and stupid realism will vanish and simulation will give way to imagination." A splendid future and if such a cinematic Utopia does arise you will find Eisenstein and Clair in the forefront of the leaders who have effected such a change.

I. A.

SWIMMERS END SEASON WITH VICTORY IN MEET

With an unusually large number present, Pembroke dramatically closed its swimming season Monday night by defeating Radcliffe, Jackson, and Wheaton in a meet at the Plantations Club. Albina Osipowich, captain of the Pembroke team, won first place in the diving contest. Ruth Sittler took first place both in the 40 yard crawl and the 60 yard free style events. Among the spectators was Mary Wakefield, former Pembroke student who was a varsity swimmer.

YEHUDI MENUHIN PLAYS TO CAPACITY AUDIENCE

Continued from Page 1

decade ago have wondered whether he would go the way of most child prodigies, a brief moment of genius, a flutter and then death. These anxieties, justly aroused, must, with equal if not more justification, be placated. Menuhin's gift is not a childhood talent, but one that is healthy and sound. His sixteenth birthday was just two months ago, but the maturity of his playing has nothing to do with time. Discipline and profundity are balanced by zest and freshness. The pure, lyric tone is controlled by a sure intuition as to form, and remarkable taste. Not only is he a very fine musician, he is also a technician of the first order. There can be no question as to the significance of Menuhin's gift. He has showed a constant development in the past years and the years to come should develop one of the greatest violin virtuosos of the day.

Artur Balsam, Menuhin's very competent accompanist, has an excellent sense of rhythm and form. His performance added much of value to a memorable recital.

The program was as follows:

I. Sonata in G Minor ("The Devil's Frill") — Tartini-Kreisler

II. Sonata in G Minor (for violin alone) — Bach

Adagio
Fugue (Allegro)

III. Symphonie Espagnole, opus 21 — Lalo

Allegro non troppo
Scherzando (Allegro Molto)
Intermezzo (Allegro non troppo)
Andante
Rondo (Allegro)

IV. Praeludium and Allegro — Pugnani-Kreisler

Hungarian Dance, No. 17, in F sharp minor — Brahms-Joachim

"Gutiarre" — Moszkowski-Sarasate

"The Flight of the Bumble Bee" — Korsakov-Hartmann

"Le Ronde des Lutins" ("The Dance of the Goblins") — Bazzini.

FOUR PEMBROKERS IN LITERARY FIELDS

Continued from Page 4

fessor of English at Wheaton and wife of the Ralph Boas, '08, has done the greatest amount of writing. "Cotton Mother" 1928, "A Great Rich Man—the Romance of Sir Walter Scott" 1929, and "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" 1930 are her books, all authorities in their field. Her literary efforts have found acclaim in the eyes of critics and approval in the minds of readers.

All four Alumnae were distinguished in academic fields as undergraduates at Pembroke. Miss Clemence completed her college course in three years. Louise Morgan was initiated into Phi Beta Kappa while at Pembroke and acted as college pianist. She was granted the degrees of A.B. and A.M. in four years. Mrs.

Boas is also a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Miss Stillwell, who is to speak in Chapel on March 30 for the Alan Crosby Emery Fellowship had numerous distinctions while at Pembroke. She was editor of the first Brun Mael, and a list of her activities reads as follows: Chairman of Junior Prom, Class President, Executive Board of S. G. A., Masque Committee, Sepiad Board, Shakespeare play, Chief Usher Ivy Day, Question Club. Miss Stillwell is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

AIRPLANE TRIP OFFERS ADVANTAGE TO GIRLS

If you plan to fly home this vacation, you are not only assured of fast transportation that is not too expensive, but of pleasant publicity. The company that is sponsoring vacation flights always keeps a photographer at its airports for the special purpose of taking your picture just before you leave. This is released through the Providence papers along with written publicity.

Thus you get recognition for being modern and up-to-date. But more than that: you will, if you fly, arrive home earlier and have thus a longer vacation. Why not be different and add a thrill to your departure and arrival this spring? American Airways offers you fast travel and free publicity. Surely these are two pleasant advantages no out-of-the-city students can afford to overlook.

MINKINS WINS COLLEGE BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP

Cushman '34 is Close Second in Final Contest of the Season

Sixteen girls from all classes competed last week for the all college bowling championship. Faith Cushman and E. Minkins were by far the most outstanding contestants. They each bowled two strings with the same average. Then the third time Minkins came out on top with a seven point margin.

Helen Howard, bowling champion last year, bowled a good average but did not reach the totals piled up by the winner.

This contest held at this time every year marks the end of the bowling season.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Thursday, March 23

9:00 a. m. Pembroke Orchestra in Chapel.

5:00 p. m. Lenten Organ Recital in Sayles, by Arthur B. Hitchcock.

Friday, March 24

9:00 a. m. Pembroke Choir in Chapel.

Sunday, March 27

10:45 p. m. Brown University Musical Clubs broadcast over WTIC.

GIRLS IN UNIFORM

"Girls in Uniform" by Christa Winsloe—A play in 3 acts—courtesy of Ultima Lending Library.

This is an adaptation of the German Play "Gesten und Hente" upon which the German film "Madchen in Uniform" is based. The latter, I am told, is to be shown here in the near future. In short, it is the story of Manuela von Meinhardis, her deep devotion for Fraulein von Bernburg, the head of her dormitory and her ruin in the end. It gives one a very clear insight into the ways of the Prussian schools. They, in the words of the headmistress must remain true to the ideals that made Prussia great and will make her great again. The girls are sent by their parents to be taught discipline, order, self-control and obedience but in reality the young ladies are not educated but suppressed. Fear is instilled in their minds at the very beginning and it continues to grow. They are given very skimpy rations, too.

It is a play well worth reading, not only for its instructive significance but also for a chance to see the true sides of a girl of fourteen starved for mother-love and of a school mistress, seemingly hard but capable of taking a mothers place. You oughta' read it, really!

H. R. '36.

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"Full-Fashion" is the modern brassiere for the modern girl—without a seam to mar the "skin-smoothness" of its skillfully shaped breast sections. Yet "Full-Fashion" controls perfectly because it is permanently blocked to keep its lovely uplift contours. In styles for different figure types. If your local shops cannot supply you, write Dept. C for booklet.

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RADICAL CHANGES MADE IN RECITATION SCHEDULE

**Classes Begin on Hour; Group I
Omitted; Chapel to be Held
Twice Weekly**

Several changes will take place in the newly proposed recitation schedule for next year. The plan was released by the University on March 14. The most important change was that all classes are to start on the hour, leaving a full hour for lunch.

Chapel will be held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9 o'clock. No classes will be held during that hour. Convocations will usually be held on a regular chapel morning.

There will now be eleven instead of twelve groups. Group I, being omitted, will probably be changed to Group C. Classes will be held on Wednesday afternoons, but not on Thursdays. The schedule is as follows:

	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
8:00	K	L	K	L	K	L
9:00	A	Chapel	B	Chapel	A	B
10:00	D	E	F	E	D	F
11:00	G	H	C	H	G	C
12:00	Lunch Hour					
1:00	B	F	A		H	
2:00	C	G	D		E	
3:00	J		J		J	
4:00						
5:00						

A NEW COLLEGE GIRL EMERGES IN AMERICA

**Changes in Past Five Years
Have Widened Her Range
of Activity**

From Article in Times

The second in a series of four articles on the New American College Girl by Eunice Fuller Barnard appeared in the Magazine Section of the New York Times last Sunday. Great changes have come over the college girl and her environment in a century of higher education, particularly during the last five years.

Five years ago, smoking was taboo. Dances with the male sex present were almost unheard of. The college girl was free, 21, a voter, but considered as, and treated like a child. Today all this has changed. The college girl has suddenly freed herself socially, scholastically and recreationally from the restraints that surrounded her, and has taken her place as an adult on her own. Smoking, although still restricted to certain places, has become a regular phenomenon, and dancing and "dating" is franker and more actively pursued.

However, free as the college is, she is still bound by the Victorian Convention of letting the man take the social initiative. Many a girl has stayed home alone because she lacked the "nerve" to ask a man friend to a dance. Besides the occasional convention, there are strings tied to her new-found freedom. There is a definite limit to the time girls may stay out at night. Smoking is usually confined to certain rooms. There are only a few colleges where the girls may smoke in their own rooms.

The freer social opportunities have weakened the "old rahrah spirit" and

have changed the "type of hero worship." The football man is no longer a hero, the captain of the girls' varsity basketball team is no longer the heroine. The emphasis on team sports has changed to that on individual ones. The competitive spirit is dying and in its place is developing a more adult interest in individual fields, art, music, playwriting and sports. The physical education departments are like country clubs, offering sports that appeal to the girls as individuals. Sororities are dying out. College girls want to enter into activities that represent their own individual interests, not those of the group as a whole. There is a spirit of experimentation in almost every field of individual activity.

This new diversity and independence of interest is due mainly to the

new type of student, coming from a progressive secondary school, and to the wider opportunities around her. There has also been an improvement in the teaching of art, music, dramatics and physical education. "The college girl," Miss Barnard concludes, "is growing up, she is becoming less of a type and more of an individual."

The third article in the series, appearing next Sunday, will compare the life of the girl in the co-educational college with that of the girl in a college for women only.

PEMBROKERS PLAY IN SHORT MUSICAL RECITAL

Two Pembroke undergraduates, Mary Jane Eshelman and Frances Lenkowsky, participated in a recital

given by Brown University students on Sunday afternoon, March 19. Piano numbers by them were very well received as also were the offerings of John E. Flemming, Jr., tenor soloist, and of the Varsity Quartet composed of Messrs. Flemming, Buckle, McKenney and Maddock. The program was completed by a series of chorus songs by the University Chapel Choir of 20 voices under the direction of Arthur Hitchcock, talented instructor of music, whose accompaniments on the piano were one of the most delightful features of the program.

The Brown University Musical Clubs will broadcast a program over WTIC next Sunday evening, March 26, from 10:45 p. m. to 11:45 p. m.

NOTICE

The following have not paid Komian dues:

Frances Barnes, Jean Bauer, Betty Brennan, Eleanor Campbell, Dorothy Carr, Helen Conway, Doris Davison, Sally Dowty, Mary Jane Eshelman, Eleanor Gilbert, Dorothy Greene, Martha Hamlin, Dorothy Hanson, Helen Herz, Stella Hoffheimer, Ruth Hussey, Legh Kennerly, Constance Learnard, Dorothy Lovett, Ruth Lyon, Mary Manley, Dorothy Markoff, Margaret Melville, Ruth Moorehouse, Margery McCabe, Mary McCarthy, Anna Peck, Clarice Pitta, Virginia Rice, Rosa Rieser, Evelyn Sanborn, Jane Sanborn, Constance Saunders, Kay Smith, Muriel Smira, Lucia Steere, Alma Thomas, Anne Thurnauer, Ruth Whitaker.

They're
Milder
and yet
They Satisfy



*You get what you
want, and you don't have to
take what you don't want*

It's like this: You don't want a strong, rank cigarette; you don't want one that's tasteless. You want one that lets you know that you are smoking, but you don't want one that's bitey.

Chesterfields are milder... and yet They Satisfy.

Chesterfield
the cigarette that's Milder
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

OSIPOWICH STARS IN SWIMMING CONTEST

Radcliffe Defeated by Narrow Margin After Leading Until Relay

Albina Osipowich, captain of the Pembroke swimming squad, was the

outstanding participant in the meet with Radcliffe in that she took first place in both the diving contest and the 60 yard free style event.

Pembroke also gained first and second place in the 40 yard free style through the efforts of Carolyn Troy and Sally Dowty. The medley relay

was won by a Pembroke trio consisting of Jane Sanford, Albina Osipowich, and Sally Dowty.

This left Radcliffe one point ahead, however, as they had taken the 40 yard backstroke, the 40 yard breaststroke and 2nd and 3rd places in several of the other events.

The Pembroke team remedied this by dashing through the relay in record time and by the fact that Ruth Sittler added five points to the Pembroke score by taking first place in the backstroke contest.

A triple tie followed in the crawl stroke among Ruth Hobby, Sally

Roberts and Carolyn Troy. Radcliffe won the breaststroke and two Radcliffe swimmers tied for first place in the side stroke.

The final score was 38.5 to 33.5. The swimming team has won all its dual events so far having previously defeated Wheaton and Wellesley.



ILLUSION:

A large packing case is exhibited on a raised platform. A young woman climbs into the box. Head, hands and feet protrude, and are held by spectators while the magician takes a crosscut saw and, with the help of an assistant, saws through the center of the box and apparently through the woman.

EXPLANATION:

There are many explanations for this illusion. One method of performing this illusion requires the presence of *two* girls in the box. One girl curls up in the left half of the box with her head and hands protruding, giving the effect you see illustrated above. The other girl is doubled up in the right half of the box, with only her feet showing. Nobody is sawed in half.

It's fun to be fooled — ...it's more fun to KNOW

Cigarette advertising, too, has its tricks. Consider the illusion that "Flavor" can be achieved by some kind of magical hocus-focus in manufacturing.

EXPLANATION: Just three factors control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring. The blending of various tobaccos. And the *quality* of the tobaccos them-

selves. Quality is by far the most important. Domestic cigarette tobaccos vary in price from 5¢ a pound up to 40¢ a pound. Imported tobaccos vary from 50¢ a pound to \$1.15.

No wonder, then, that cigarettes differ in taste—since distinctive, *pleasing* flavor depends so largely upon the blending of the *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels. Give your taste a chance to sense the subtle difference that lies in costlier tobaccos... a difference that means all the world in smoking pleasure... in pure, unalloyed satisfaction.



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