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Lantern Should be Less Safe and Sound

If Lantern Attempted More to Use the Better Life as Training

POETRY IS BEST WORK

(Exemplarily Contributed by Mr. E. M. Warburg)

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rents of a college magazine, and somewhat by the surprise
All this simply means that after hav-
ing read these pages, I now find-
 myself put to irretrievable print an opinion which is so personal as to be of little or no critical value.

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### The College News

**Conscientious Objectors**

It is one of the bitter lessons that those who work at any organization or movement in a community such as the college community must learn that the more effort they put behind their project and the greater success crowns that effort, the more unreasonable, and unkind and misunderstanding all the criticism that is brought upon them by some of the contemporaries who take part in no constructive movement and put their shoulders behind no wheel.

To turn this criticism to any real benefit either to what is attacked or those who are responsible for its success or failure is impossible as the critics, while they get very strongly—often even to the point of hinging—their dislike of the publication, organization, or performance, when questioned specifically cast a smile and say that was the work of others. It must be, or that it is departing from tradition (which usually means that happy state of fuzzy failure in which a project may hide success fully, for the criticism is directed towards the slight first sign of life that may exhibit).

Often the answer of the critics is simply that they dislike the personalities behind the thing—which perhaps is the truth but is the point that we want to be brought home.

*We started by saying that this is a bitter lesson, and we might have to have added that it was the universal lesson of all initiators or organizers of any kind of project of the kind, that in order to succeed at least in the way that each organization must undergo.*

### Ave Ave Fulbe

As we cast a somewhat critical eye over our shoulder at May Day we experience considerable relief that it is over, but our relief is not uninterested with pride. That May Day was a success for the best of reasons, the enthusiasm of everyone who witnessed it, and another pain has been added to Buryia's Week of May Day. May Day as it was developed on Friday and Saturday was not the work of individuals, but of the college as a whole. To the efforts of the talented individuals who admired and guided the preparations tribute can be paid. The praise for the finish and beauty of the actual performance above all must go to the students who worked through the Green to Queen Elizabeth herself.

The co-operation for which the director pleased was given at the crucial point and our effort was repaid many times over. We thank the students for their efforts and the faculty for their desire but not only to destroy, but to above all make their critics a personal affair of class and hall divisions, we feel that criticism in college has reached its all-time low.

### Historical Notes

We've found a professor so shy and retiring...he cut his last class—so the fair and amusing...consequently there was hate for the last time. Then they saw that the weather was blackened, and low...and keep it different that he knew Schopenhauer.

Took a nap...May Day was crowded with visagers.

One petticoat princess arrived on the event...Declared that the pageant was gorgeous, although. If, she added, they should miss the other horse show...Another transgressor was heard to say..."That they'd choose a queen with such beauty that red hair..."

And a pure-minded modern was heard...which one of the courtiers was playing the king...A mere subtle watcher took part in...in the excitement of the pageant...The actor was supposed to be...but now they stand on the Inf's sterile...traveled by work-ends and cumber-some...until...Attention must be given to the spectacle...it is clear that they've killed...the driver doesn't recognize this..."There is no one...You may not..."

We have noted with surprise and delight that our friend Alice has been at the campus...She's a beauty...but she wasn't—ah...remember it...my own little piece to..."The Mad. heuristic...

**Letters**

(The News is unable to give the financial side of this column)

Dear Sir:—This being Sunday, I find I am out of work, so you will have to forgive the criticism being typed on this blank sheet of some ancient charity benefits, which is all I can find until I get to the office.

The show was very fine but it is clear that the capacity for the visual work you all showed, have been more of a unity. To your Mrs. Col. [illegible] if she is responsible for the evolution on the Green, I take...in all my hats. That was the really present moment...I have a feeling that I have prob-ably been too critical, but where and when you join into a little...best ever of the same girl...Alice made my own little piece to your honroable group..."You have a lot of promising..."that we've all been aware of..."But it isn't always conventional..."

Chop, change and generally do what..."The professor's taste it..."Perhaps a psychology quiz...Call the harrow!—College Life.

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Lindeman, Ralph arrives at the week's end and is to be...we have always been an...may be supposed that the...But in May Day...and the faculty...and we hereby tender our appreciation. Our final note of thanks goes...to the faculty who have made a generous contribution to May Day through their considerate contributions as to work. We appreciate the prompt response to our platitude for the meager. The martyred feel...we were all nursing a few weeks before May Day disappeared...May Day on the whole, the faculty have contributed generously to the success of May Day, and the student body is duly appreciative and hereby wish to register its appreciation.

Now, fellow-students and fellow-janitors, this is the last time this publication will ever bring up the subject of our recent triumph. We are all feeling a little weak over it all, but we can still astound our Ave Ave Fulbe.

### News of the New York Theatres

Marry-Go-Round, a melodrama dealing with all the aspects of the love play, was presented at the theatre by a New York actress...we found that the audience was turned off..."The great Jimmy Walk-er!"

It can be assumed that he was...the production...we do with the sudden efficiency of the...We are always pleased to...many very weak. . . The real...it is true...its beginning...and the editor. Not...and the theme might not be explored...and involving...such an excellent company. The Phila-...a melodrama deal...for the pleasure..."I am writing...the path...the very weak...If all that...and the theme might not be explored...and involving...such an excellent company. The Phila-...a melodrama deal...for the pleasure..."I am writing..."Professor’s taste it..."Perhaps a psychology quiz...Call the harrow!—College Life.

**Gossip**

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Miss Park Voices Her Approval of May Day

Says it is Best in 4 Years and Reads Letter From Mrs. Skinner

GREEN GAINS IN COLOR

No official financial report of the proceeds of May Day is possible for publication as yet. According to Miss Park in chapel Tuesday morning, but there are hopes that after many bills and a few more receipts have come in that there will still be a small surplus over the expenditures of May Day, even taking into account the tickets as compared to other years. Miss Park claims that this was the most beautiful of the four May Days that she has seen for many reasons. We are grateful to innumerable students have. a better sense of trees" for Miss Park. Thanks to Mr. and courage. Mil Park then enoe to the other five May Days ed than ever before. The Green gsin- The Green gsin- authority many nerve shattering mo. Day: Mr. King, MiaA Petta, Mr. Do... I was the only play I saw from other yean. more universal this year than ever be- seenes in time. But

the play costumes were delightful on the cue came that valiant queen's champion through the walk through the maple. Then the grand march of the heralds and their stand on the right of the throne! I could go on forever with my joy over the inoffensive detail of the depart- ment on the Green. You just must never say that you learned it all from me. I felt humble. I know how much I owed to Mrs. Andrews and to Elizabeth Dea, but, for the reveals for the Green I am ever deeply grateful to Miss Appleton. You have taken all that went before and added your own, until now we can all acknowled- ge, that the ideal May Day. have been. achieved. Of the plays I saw not half enough. Partly because I was a little late to walk the distances; partly because, with meeting so many old friends along the way, I could not get to the opening in time. But I saw enough to feel that the acting was of a gen- erally higher order than formerly. All students have a better sense of acting today, and, when the con- jecture are more accurate, more believ- ing the characters, we get a more complete enjoyment than we did in the old days. St. George and the Dragon was the only play I saw from start to finish, and (with all differ- ence to the other two May Days I have seen) it was the only time when I have found in it a genuinely hu- morous quality. The dignity queen, with her flying silver veil, was a pec- tile of lasting memory. "The Minutes of Positive Man" was never so perfectly cast, acting the way in which you had us all together. High sentiment was toned; everything so apparently poen- taneous, yet so completely coordi- nated. All this in the leading role; all truth, of every essential character. And, after the last of the pageant, Miss Park made a speech of the cue came that valiant queen's champion through the walk through the maple. Then the grand march of the heralds and their stand on the right of the throne! I could go on forever with my joy over the inoffensive detail of the depart- ment on the Green. You just must never say that you learned it all from me. I felt humble. I know how much I owed to Mrs. Andrews and to Elizabeth Dea, but, for the reveals for the Green I am ever deeply grateful to Miss Appleton. You have taken all that went before and added your own, until now we can all acknowled- ge, that the ideal May Day. have been. achieved. Of the plays I saw not half enough. Partly because I was a little late to walk the distances; partly because, with meeting so many old friends along the way, I could not get to the opening in time. But I saw enough to feel that the acting was of a gen- erally higher order than formerly. All students have a better sense of acting today, and, when the con- jecture are more accurate, more believ- ing the characters, we get a more complete enjoyment than we did in the old days. St. George and the Dragon was the only play I saw from start to finish, and (with all differ- ence to the other two May Days I have seen) it was the only time when I have found in it a genuinely hu- morous quality. The dignity queen, with her flying silver veil, was a pec- tile of lasting memory. "The Minutes of Positive Man" was never so perfectly cast, acting the way in which you had us all together. High sentiment was toned; everything so apparently poen- taneous, yet so completely coordi- nated. All this in the leading role; all truth, of every essential character. And, after the last of the pageant, Miss Park made a speech of the...
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Sylvia Bowditch, '33, will be the Bryn Mawr undergraduate at Summer School here this year. The Summer School asks us to "extend to the people who are interested in the Summer School at Bryn Mawr, a cordial invitation to drop in on us this summer and learn more of the school, at any time they happen to be in the neighborhood"—and particularly during the special undergraduate weekend, from the 30th of June to the 2nd of July.

Senior Orations as They Leave Halls of Learning

(Continued from Page Four)

Speech in Front of the Gymnasium

"Isn't it just too piquant, here we are back again at the sweet, old gymnasium. I always have said it was too marvelous we were such an athletic class, so variegated. Well, I do think it was rather daisy of you to get me to speak be- cause, after all, as captain of the sum- marial team, I have rather distinguish- ed myself in the athletic world. Perhaps angles you didn't know, but back in those merry old days when we were pink little freshmen, I actually used to dispense my baby chivalry, I admit, within those mesmerizing, adorbs, Baby Mechanics class, I was too, too appreciative, my dears, I swear. I came and pretended I was a di- nite elephant or a rather earthbound point at least three times, three- away, expanding the rosy old eleva- tor and getting utterly fumigated and I wasn't a bit disappointed when I had to take it—I mean this Big Machine—over so much, because I al- ways say it's such fun for a girl to feel that she is keeping in touch with the athletic world; angels, I sim- ply adore muscles and sinews. That's why I never miss a football game, es- pecially basketball, my dears, means more emotional than playing the game, ego periphrastic, because, af- ter all, a girl can take such a dis- tinction she's perfectly agreeable and nev- er acquire such utterly devastating muscles as Dr. Haddrick has. Dar- lings, isn't he the most demoralizing man, what with utterly High-credit brains and bravery. I mean it really doesn't discourage a girl from being a captain of the sum-mart team to see an utterly beautiful spectacle like that it just proves that, after all, a girl

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Keep a Regular Telephone Date with Home
Senior Orations as They Leave Halls of Learning

(Continued from Page Five)

because how could a girl take somber things seriously, while Pat standing over her with a whip, ran savage, my dears?—Patty Putnam.

Speech in Front of the Library

When I was asked to speak at the Lib I was at first rather startled. "The Lib," I asked, "what's the Lib?"

After a careful explanation, repeated several times (articulation and pronunciation always old), I finally realized what was meant by that mysterious term. You see, I always recognized the Lib by the bushes at the corner of Penn West—those prickly bushes by which scattered papers and exam books blow from nearby windows, frequently nestled damply, until removed by some kind-hearted professor passing that way—that same professor who believed in keeping the handsome clean, until he heard the fashion. Then those bushes disappeared—suddenly—overnight, and in their place came, in quick succession, daffodils, cherry trees, etc. until there was left not trace of any familiar landmark.

Naturally, I thought the Lib had burned overnight and that I had just slept through the experience. You can imagine my surprise, then, to be told that it still stands, safe and whole, only now hidden behind a cherry tree instead of a clump of bushes.

I believe my unsympathetic feeling toward the Lib started the first time I entered it, at the very beginning of Freshman year. I heard it was customary to "talk to the picture"—what picture I did not know, but having a true pioneer spirit, I took a chance and assorted the first one I came to in the Reading Room. Sure enough, it answered right back, very distinctly, and wrinkling up its nose, but all I could get it to say was, "You brought me motion, boy; I asked for beef!" So do you wonder that my feelings were hurt, and that my first impression of the Lib was not a favorable one?

Having heard of the marvelous acoustics of the Raging Room, and knowing myself, of our sad state in Goodhart Auditorium, I saw no reason why we shouldn't make an exchange and have everyone happily—indeed, in Goodhart and have concerts in the Lib. Of course, we wanted to have Prof. Mahoney's approval, and I am glad to say I can read you this telegram from him—"MOTHER AND I DELIGHTED AT YOUR PROPOSAL. WILL GLADLY GIVE INADVERTENT CONCERT IN LIBRARY IF YOU CAN TUNE FOUNTAIN TO CONCERT PITCH. SIGNED, HORACE ALWYNE."

Matisse Etching

An original etching by Henry Matisse was hung in the Common Room Monday afternoon due to the kindness of Mr. Benjamin Harris, of St. Louis, Missouri, who is connected with the Loan Collection there. The drawing, which represents a woman leaning on her hand, shows Matisse's beautiful use of line and pleasing pattern of curves.

Her first impression in China were the terrible effects of the Manchurian disorder. Hordes of Chinese refugees crowded the train, hoping to escape with their lives. At Shanghái, the boycott had already started, The Chinese Foreign Minister had been seriously incited by students impatient with the government's inaction, and there was serious discussion as to whether the Institute of Pacific Relations should hold its meeting in view of the tension between China and Japan. When the conference finally assembled, the Japanese took a great risk in attending and the Chinese showed equal courage in accepting them.

After the meeting had adjourned, the situation became even worse interesting. The Japanese attacked Shanghái partly, Mrs. Slade thinks, because the boycott was working too effectively, and partly because the army wanted an opportunity for glory. Intelligent Japanese now admit that the move was a blunder.

The League of Nations finally took action and sent a commission to study the affair at first hand. In consulting Japan to fight without admitting she is at war, and in abusing the conduct of some of its leaders, the League has helped the situation considerably. Recently, Japan has set up a new Manchurian state, nominally independent, but really administered by Japanese advisors. On the other hand, she has signed an agreement to evacuate Shanghai. The two most significant questions now at hand are whether Japan will adhere to its new policy of demanding no alterations from outlying districts, and whether Russia will tolerate a new Manchurian state under Japanese influence.

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