

**EVENTS**



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## DRAMATICS

Mitchell Hall gave dramatics a tremendous boost, not only because we now have the facilities to produce plays which call for more intricate staging, but from the business point of view as well. We are now able to take care of larger audiences than ever before in the history of the college, and have been so successful that under the auspices of the class in Play Production we have acquired a large workshop of permanent properties and sets.

The Puppets Play was given in the spring last year, in conjunction with the Footlights Club of Men's College. They chose A. A. Milne's "Dover Road," and it was very well received. The annual Women's College Competitive Play contest was held in March. The Juniors took first place with their production of "Finders Keepers," under the direction of Lucille Tharp, while the Sophomores came in second with "Simon Stilites," directed by Dorothy Deiser and staged by Aileen Pyle.

This year the Puppets undertook a production alone, and chose another of A. A. Milne's plays, "The Ivory Door," for their presentation. This play also was staged by Aileen, and it is generally agreed that the sets were the most artistic ones yet to be used in a Women's College production.

Competitives are to be held on May 6th. These plays are sponsored by the Dramatic Board, and this year we have a plan to use the proceeds to increase the contents of the Property closet of Women's College. The board had decided to buy a set of small footlights to be used in the weekly Wednesday evening plays, held in the Hilarium, and also to buy a new make-up box and several books on play production. We hope soon to be successful enough in our productions to enter the national "Little Theater" contests.



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## DANCE OF THE MAY HOURS

An orchestra is tuning! Gaily clad persons are gathering and chatting merrily. Spring is here! It is May Day on our campus!

A huge clock behind the lovely Queen and her Court tells the hours from six, at dawn, until ten, beyond dusk. With each hour comes a dance—and so our May Day passes, from children's morning games until the beautiful Queen arrives and is crowned.

Then, on the hours speed, with minuets and merry couples of milkmaids and farmer boys, and the hilarious folk-dances of the evening. And, at the end of our happy May Day, coy Pierrette comes to dance in the soft moonlight with the charming and graceful Pierrot.

### THE COURT

<i>Herald</i> .....	HELEN CLAYTON
<i>Pages</i> .....	MABEL CULVER, ELIZABETH SIRMAN
<i>Queen</i> .....	FLORENCE LONG
<i>Train Bearer</i> .....	ISABELLE ELLIOTT
<i>Maid of Honor</i> .....	DOROTHY KRAEMER
<i>Senior Duchess</i> .....	MINNIE SMITHERS
<i>Attendants</i> .....	CATHERINE SMITH, MARGARET CROTHERS
<i>Junior Duchess</i> .....	LOUISE BURKE
<i>Attendants</i> .....	MARY JANE DAVIS, FRANCES JEFFERIS
<i>Sophomore Duchess</i> .....	KATHRYN MORRIS
<i>Attendants</i> .....	CATHERINE BROAD, LOIS SHOMO
<i>Freshman Duchess</i> .....	HELEN HACKETT
<i>Attendants</i> .....	ELIZABETH WEBER, SARAH WYATT

### SPECIAL DANCES

<i>Nightingale</i> .....	JEANNE KUSELLE
<i>Highland Fling</i> .....	ANNABEL MORTON
<i>Pierrot</i> .....	MILDRED SIMON
<i>Pierrette</i> .....	MARGARET BECK

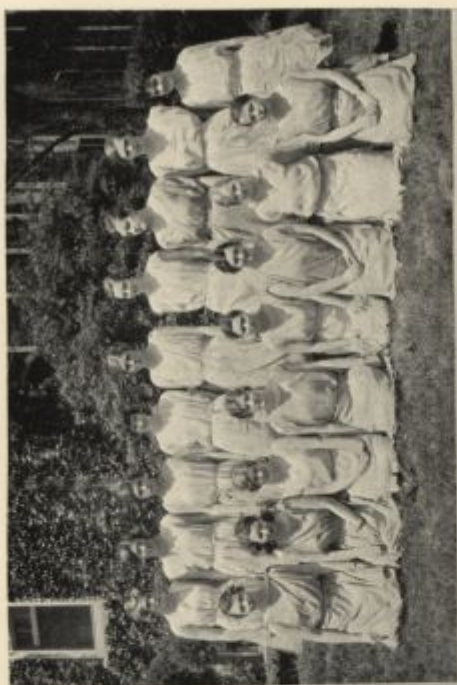


**FLORENCE LONG**





**THE MAY QUEEN AND HER COURT**





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## FOREIGN STUDY GROUP

STUDENTS and friends of the University of Delaware have often read in catalogues the statistical and informative data concerning the Junior Year Abroad. Thirty-seven students from Delaware, forty-nine from Wellesley, and some four hundred from eighty other universities have spent three months at a provincial university and eight months at the Sorbonne studying the language, literature, and civilization of France. "The larger aim is the cultivation of the broader sympathies and the wider interests and outlook which come from knowledge of the life and the thought of another nation." But all the wonderfully accurate details in the Foreign Study Bulletin tell but a small part of the story. There is nothing to indicate how it feels to live in Paris as a student in the Delaware Group. The feeling of Paris is difficult to convey in words or in any other medium; but the account of a typical day may suggest the endless variety of interests which occupy the student's time.

At seven o'clock on a June morning—a day like today—he is discovered reading a Spanish grammar while having breakfast in bed, for life moves so rapidly that it is not enough to do one thing at a time. One half-hour later, he is memorizing a French poem in the subway, and at eight o'clock he is looking up data for a dissertation in the library of the Delaware headquarters while awaiting his tutor's arrival for an hour's conference. The office is very quiet and sunny; presently, however, other members of the group begin to arrive, and soon the lounge is filled with cigarette smoke and chatter in good, bad, and indifferent French; the library with earnest students concentrating on heavy philosophical tomes; the small classrooms with argumentative discussions between tutors and students. After settling a number of problems, such as the imperfect subjunctive, eclecticism, life, and kindred subjects, he dashes to the Sorbonne for a nine o'clock class, through the Luxembourg Gardens, where the day's quota of babies and nursemaids has not yet arrived, but where a number of artists are sketching the pools and gardens.

In the classroom a few hundred students of about twenty-five nationalities open their notebooks as a wiry gray-haired professor, as active as a bright young sparrow, begins an energetic lecture with quick, expressive gestures. And one hour later, eight or ten Delaware students walk eight or ten blocks to a third section of the Latin Quarter where a charming old gentleman is giving a special course in romantic theatre. He reads Alfred de Musset to an enchanted class, always with appropriate gestures and with tears and smiles in his voice at the right moments. Unlike the professors of large classes, he knows his auditors personally, and takes the time to converse with them after eleven o'clock about a recent book a colleague of his has published on medieval theatre. The student, then, walks out to the corner book-store and buys a paper-bound copy of it to read in the bus on the way to a down-town office where he means to make definite plans for a trip to London after examinations at the end of June.

The morning sun has faded, and soon a thin, direct summer rain sweeps down in straight sheets, followed shortly by sunshine, a double rainbow, blue sky, and white clouds. The student, having met some of his comrades for lunch in an ultra-modern restaurant, goes on with one of them to an exposition of illustrations for Dante's *Inferno* and then to an exposition of Polish art that happens to be in the same building. A walk along the Champs-Élysées, where children in chic



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French clothes are enjoying Punch-and-Judy shows and rides on donkeys and in goat-carts under the trees, brings the student and his friend to a café where their art teacher has promised to meet them and take them to the studio of his old friend, M. Pénat, one of the two or three greatest etchers in France, whose work they had admired in the Louvre before they had any hopes of meeting him. He and his wife receive the young Americans cordially and, after a low-voiced conversation in a corner of the studio while the visitors are occupied with a collection of pastels, they graciously and tactfully place a lower price on a few etchings. When the breathless excitement of this event has worn off a little, the two students, having lingered over their tea in a tiny green pastry-shop, taxi to a five-o'clock dance recital at the Théâtre Montparnasse and to a subsequent art class that lasts until 7:30. No one thinks of objecting when the instructor talks over his time, because he becomes more interesting and more amusing than ever after seven o'clock. But dinner is at eight-fifteen, and the student has yet to return to the Delaware library for an overnight book. At eight P. M., activity has not yet ceased at headquarters. The librarian is correcting compositions, the directors are conferring, the secretaries are helping students with their various official difficulties, and two boys are grinning over a new copy of the New Yorker, bought on the Rue de Rivoli for a tremendous price. They talk English without realizing it, but fortunately everyone who might be inclined to fine them sixty francs for such a crime is busy elsewhere. Saying goodnight to his companions, the tired student walks home along the Boulevard du Montparnasse at dusk, up the Boulevard des Invalides to a grassy park in the center of his home avenue, where one bird sings cheerily by a calm pool that is sometimes a fountain. Beethoven's Choral Symphony is to be performed tonight; if he goes to hear it, reflects the student, he will have to stay up all night to write his dissertation—but what of that? One can sleep some other year; one is not always a student in Paris!

