Connecticut College

Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

5-20-1933

Coneticut Collitch Catchall

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1932_1933

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1932_1933/23

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1932-1933 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
FATHER OF THREE EXPOSED
IN SCANDALOUS DISARRAY

Testimony of twenty-five beautiful young damsonials all members of the C. C. Sighology Club, implicates Professor Dee Dee Unclesy in shocking behavior on noted island.

Just before the hour of sun-set, about 6:30 p. m. in the twilight bush of the budding evening of May 15, Professor Dee Dee Unclesy of the apartment of Sighology of "C. C. For Gotten Women" narrowly escaped with his life in what has been explained as an attempt at suicide. Chaperoning a group of his students to their annual club picnic to the Isle of Lost Lunches, the professor, shortly after having devoured one half dozen charred puppies, several holy dough-nuts, three scups scoffee, and a half-peeled orange with mustard and relish, suddenly, for reasons best known to himself, developed suicidal tendencies. Skipping down to the water's edge, before his bewildered students could put out their arms to stop him, he plunged into the sea without a moment's hesitation on the slippery rocky brink, and for a few agonizing seconds floundering helplessly in the cruel brine, the milling stream swirling dangerously around his ankles and the hungry waves licking his young calves with undisguised glee. The cold water splintered to warn the man of his peril and with an almost super-human effort he pulled his water-soaked shoes, his feet intact, one by one from the treacherous Connecticut Minnie Ha-Ha, and in a few moments gained the shore unaided.

His actions from then on, according to Miss Lilly Ink-setter, one of the beautiful "I" witnesses, were bordering the maniacal stage. Zip, off came the professor's shoes and socks and with a moronic glee he commenced childish over the rocks in his bare tooties, blissfully ignorant of the dangers of poison ivy, broken glass, dead beetles and split mustard. By that time, hallucinations had followed delusions, and obsessions became a hyper-sensitiveness, until the advertisement was shown to have a sex appeal with strong communistic leanings.

The professor had previously expressed a yearning for "some good three point two" and it is said that the associations connected with this thought probably too suggestive to a mind already over-burdened with personality, and the poor man actually became intoxicated. At any rate there was a breath of spring in the air, the birds were full of treacherous Connecticut Minnie Ha-Ha, and all the saplings were twitting.

To the on-lookers, the spectacle of a father to three euugenie babies behaving in such a fashion was interesting to say the least. The more alert students made some important scientific observations of what will no doubt go down in the history of the college as a unique case.

It was reported that the patellar reflex was entirely missing as was the well-known bluish - - it is impossible to account for the astounding coolness of the subject, the reaction was entirely contrary to the ordinary one, given a similar situation and identical stimuli. The Babinsky reaction was also absent and those in the know, attribute it to the somewhat advanced maturity, (at least physically - - the professor is just second Sherlock Holmes?"

The Babinsky reaction was also absent and those in the know, attribute it to the somewhat advanced maturity, (at least physically - - the professor is just advanced maturity, (at least physically).

It has been suggested that the Alpha-Beta-Sigma-Kappa-Hunka-Pla tests, formerly used on the army, be administered to the unfortunate professor, in an attempt to determine his mental age, but the administering individual has very cleverly surrounded himself with a host of his Fanmamy Hall associates who, fearing his subsequent exposure, have insisted that such a procedure would be strictly unconstitucational - - - dirty police.

"C. C. For Gotten Women" should consider itself unceded (Continued on page 6, column 4)

STEWDUNTS DUNK DONUTS IN BEER

Midst the cheers and jeers of the student body, Sceoter Deau-ville uttered a mouthful of wise advice. "Beer," she urged, "is the staff of life, golls. It is what every colltish stiwdent needs. Growing girls can't get along without it. Therefore, I prescribe three steins of beer a day for all the students.”

The ice water coolers in Fannng will be refilled with foaming Pickwick Ale, and everyone must bring her own mug. Milk will be served only at the table reserved for stout misses. Chapel period will be devoted in the future to beer drinking, and a prize will be given to the person consuming the greatest amount. This prize, however, must be turned over to the Student Scholarship Fund. A simply entrancing German beer garden has been fixed up in back of the Arborstum, and we hope you'll all join us there.

DIRT GARDENER DIGS INTO LONELY SOUL

Collitch Gill Intervus Noted Dr. Biel

by Isa Bloo

With a dashing heart I wondered lonely as a clove and watched the bees humble and the leaves twitter on the trees. My philosophy of life had come to an end. Then I turned down a side walk and saw grey-haired Dr. Biel giggling in his darden.

"No, my dear, isn't it," he argued with me, and then went on earthing up the spade.

I sat down on a bog in the lump and reflected on life in general. "Why, yes and no," I answered.

"The mathematical precision of that statement simply thrills my heart," he still argued, and viewed his potential cabbages with a reflective eye. "Yes, right over there are carrots, and over there,—say, two feet three inches, one kilo-meter, and two right angles—will beans be?"

"Thrilrg," I chirped, and chewed a sprig of grass. He shot me a look, but missed.

"Do you like beans," he answered me knowingly, perching his head on his cap, and stretching out his left toe.

"Why, yes and no," I said.

"That's what I always have thought about the geometrical situation of the analytical triangle, too." Dr. Biel smiled and snort ed knowingly.

Then I spoke. I said nothing, and he answered me silently, I felt intrigued, heightened, lifted, downtrodden, blase, magnificently sheerable. I sat there and listened to the clikkens chuckling and the cooster rowing. It was heavenly. My philosophy of life was here again—after this good old-fashioned down-to-earth conversation with one of our eminent gardeners. I sat, and looked at the potential cabbages, and carrots, and beans, and sphagetti, and fried bananas. Then he kept on digging up earth and I knew my interview was at an end.

"Thank you," I questioned, and walked up the peaten bath. He kept on digging.

CONTINUED
CONNETICUT COLLITCH CATCHALL

Published by the students of Connecticut Collitch Catchall. Entered as second-class matter at the One Post Office Square, Hartford, Connecticut. Uncontrolled.

LIMITED EDITION

YEE GUILTY
THE BIG CHEEZ
ENN CROAKER '43

POTENTATEST
LIZBETH TWINNER '43

POTENTATEST
ERIE AGANTE '43

POTENTATE
LIDYA IRELY '43

Little Cheezes
ainy jox '53
marryin warrin '53

Hallupping Hands
lama pickles '43
weeddil hinastylyt '43

Kopy Kat
wreeth uus

Keyholers
liz eels '36
liz mowih '39
netty stowall '70

Big SNOOPER
MEELEY SITH '43

Cadd Taker
ritzy cook '59

Little Snooper
ham anoggings '71

Rounderettes
sordly dissan '56

The Conor
Yerry Yensen (?)

From the Editor's Desk

One judgy eraser.
Three pencils—one sharp, one broken, and one lost.
One wire basket.
Two 1822 letters, unanswered.
One package of Chesterfield—almost empty.
One dummy copy of News.
One cracker crumb.
Two sheets of blank paper.
Four packs of matches—one half filled, the others empty.
One leaky pen.
One little bottle of vespers.
One joke for "Around Campus With Pressboard."
One pair of hands, slightly grimy with ink.
One pencil sharpener.

The following manuscript was found among the mass, and has been copied verbatim. (It may have been a potential editorial.) (((Is probably very valuable.)) (((We copied it all down, anyway.)))

TO our economic system of today, de havt to face a —— D. D. D. D. (written in scrolls and curlycues.) What are we going to do at the chapel system of ———. There's an important issue before us, and we mustn't miss the opportunity to mock the most of ——— June 16, June 19 —— boat races come on the ——— three days after we leave. That means wellpassion Ethan when he comes down. 2 and 5 equal 7, and that means I haven't any money left in the bank. What did I buy that hat for, anyway. Dear Mrs. Pumper: I'm trying to write an editorial at this point, but can't rack my brain. Did you have a good time on that Havana cruise? Was in the wet all the time during vacation, but I imagine you weren't. Ho, heavensboy I can't use "L"s. What are we going to do at the bottom is the following note,) May 8 minus June 19 equals ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— (and here the editor evidently fell asleep, for there is a wide smooth of ink trailing across the paper.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

PIE?

1

4.

3

6

BEER?

KAMPUS KARACTER

For bar is forty—all coils and wings hanging ont as the edges. He has a page nose, and her eyes are pink, bordered with purple and pink. We've got to do it, because she's so good in his studies and then, too, she's best u. Stew Court and Chief Justices of Government.

Dandelions growing to a bare rag

pansies assorted near a green

haunterble (apologies to Kone) —— shall star that she makes no
ting at all, perhaps you know him, and then agen maybe you don't, but she's a grand kid. Do you know whom I mean?

WESPEYS
At 3:37 o'clock, due to the fact that he had to take an early train, Dr. R. A. Thist some day last

week delivered the usual Vespers oration, and eloquently urged "Prepare to Be An Angel—Learn To Fly." Owing to the interjecting subject, the aeronautical element of the college turned out in full, providing such a remarkable crowd that no less than three rows of seats had to be set up to accommodate them.

Dr. T. Thist admitted that one very fine advantage of owning a plane is that one may fly either up or down, so in case there is a hitch somewhere and plans for ascending to the aneginal state fail, one's flying ability never goes to waste, for one can turn in the opposite direction and alight on the modern "Satan Landing Field" on the plan of Pluto just north of Fire Fig. City. (Complete directions may be procured in the office of the Dean.)

"Modern Youth should fly," says Dr. Thist, "for flying elevates the soul (and body), and raises one to heights many of us will probably never reach otherwise." (Eminently Amelia "Airheart," says the doctor, "and fly as high as Heaven and Hartford plane").

Dr. B. A. Thist has won the distinguished G. A. (Doctor of Humanities.) His plane is that one may fly either up or down, or something. Please advise me what to do. I have a boy who flies, and he is very fine advantage of owning a plane, which accommodates them.

Dr. B. A. Thist, I came to me for "help. Your case is a sad one, but after careful concentration I am more diVINE that than before. Oh, my dear, I can give you no help, and I heard that I could tell, he'd left his wife at home by the way he ogled at me—he's really in a CLASS by himself.

THE PICaC on Saturday was the KURTZ too. We STREAKED the boys to a feast that they could never have had any other place. We played after-

wards so SOSE that I thought it MOST fool so I left with my OWNly one to

run HOME. There's not much MORE I can say 'cept that he was EVEN more diVINE that night than before. Oh, my dear there a letter from him NOW—I must HARDly open it—or let me READ it to you. "Dear Lizzie: I trot you might like to know that I felt for Annie Scaw址t at your Prom. I wanted to tell you myself so you wouldn't feel queer when she comes up to you for your pin.

Sincerely and Thank you,
Zilch.

OOGAoomph! Stormy WEATHER but you KNOW Lovie. I REALLY didn't believe all he SAID to me. In fact, I didn't like him at ALL and I'm GLAD he didn't fall for ME. And now I MUST write to all those NICE addresses that I collected so cheerio,
Dovey.

LOVEY DOVEY

my Dear Lovey.

Did you see the PERFECTLY SWELL date I had this last weekend for PROM. HONESTLY I had the BEST of IT. I HAVE ever seen girl, a more darly good, a more diversified personality. I am a young woman of fifty, have twelve little darlings, the eldest is eighty; seven boys and one girl, and one brute of a husband. It is about this brute that I am begging your assistance my dear Mrs. Scaw址t. He is sixty-five, and was always a good husband until yester-

day. Of course, he always drinks three days a week, and never did a stroke of work. I have supported him all my family life, but he's been such a good friend; seven boys and one girl, and one brute of a husband. It is about this brute that I am begging your assistance my dear Mrs. Scaw址t. He is sixty-five, and was always a good husband until yester-

day. Of course, he always drinks three days a week, and never did a stroke of work. I have supported him all my family life, but he's been such a good friend; seven boys and one girl, and one brute of a husband.

DEADATORIAL

I SCANALL.

Who Knows?
Where Corine Dewey owes three dollars?
Whom Jane Vogt talks about in her sleep?
Who Dubble's suppressed desire is?
How Miss Burdick gets any sleep with the second floor Blackburn next to her?
Why Cupie Teter gets good grades in Labor Problems?
When we are going to have a picnic?
Which Miss Merwin gets the best part in the Kurtz too?

My Dear Mrs. Pumper Nickle:
You are in a precarious predicament, and so glad that you came to me for help. Your case is a sad one, I fear. However, I feel confident if you follow my directions your case will be cured. If I were you I should go to my neighborhood bootlegger and buy five little darlings or your husband know that you are substituting this drink for the one they have ordi-

You see the SMOOTH guy what sat on home, and found all twelve of my drain, and darling-ones dead drunk. He had fed them all with rotten rye! (I wouldn't have minded if it had been decent stuff.) Wottle I do?

Deplorably,
MRS. PUMPER NICKLE.
VEGETABLES LEAD IN FASHION SHOW AT C. C.

On Thursday evening, any date you want, at 6:30, Conneticut Collitch Nag Wimmin held some anewul fashion show in Knowsnot Satoon. The audience sat around on barstools, and waited with expectant nerves for the show to begin. Promptly at two minutes to 11:00, the pianist at the organ ripped off a few delicately resonating chords, and the models swooped into the hall, there eyes gleaming, and there feet moving. One by one they emerged, looking as if they had just slowly, cavorously gracefully before the entrance audience. Mrs. Asa Nine came in first, wearing a luscious Liliputian garment of sheerest sackcloth, cut in expenssve lines, and draped with gar- dots of eggplant. Atop her mess of silky hair was a smilh of a hat, shaped like an inverted mushroom, and decorated with a spire of parsley. The fashion experts hastily wrote down their notes on this intriguing costume, (and no doubt there will be head-shaking in the yrs for ever after.) - There is no Spring costume leads Spring styles—garnish your hat with a fresh greenedge.) Wee Miss Herr toppled in on her well-cared for rubber betts, with her gaily striped riding habit and silk rompers. It was a dear suit, but a bit winny for this season, although the betts were in perfect keeping with the atmospheric conditions—(at least that's what the weather man wrote down in his notes on the fashion show.) Miss Herr was followed by Miss Nee Mya, who was garboed in a mysteriously. Haptic hat and a dauntly flowered dress of felt and crepe de chine. Next gilded in gaunt old Miss It, the sensation of the day. She was clad in her latest style—a chemise de fer of ruffled organdy, with a plush collar, Steel buckled falling foliage cascaded from her ears — her lovely coffee-earns! There was a brief interruption, while the fashion experts peered through thrawth, and tried to make out her short-hand, (excuse me) short-handnotes on the fashion show, (I think you've written notes in Voglcr-HVegetarian costume leads Spring styles—garnish your hat with a fresh greenedge.)

ODE TO THE FRONT ROW

By One Who Knows

It begins with the lady named

TYLER

In discussion it's easy to rile her;
She argues so well
You can't possibly sell
Any idea of yours to Miss Tyler.

We next have a damsel named

BLODGETT

Whose name rhymes with nothing but Spodgett
She eats garlic, no less;
She likes a tall man,
But her friends find it best just to dodge it!

There was a fair damsel named

WINNIE

Whose fate it was to be skinny.
She bemoaned it a lot,
But it's really all rot,
For who'd want a tall, skinny
Winnie.

The next shining light is Miss

BENNETT

(If her name has a rhyme, I don't ken it.)
She's the belle of the ball,
Which I can't understand.
For there isn't so much of Miss

FERRERE

Whose ability's limited (very)
She spends most of her time,
Making horrible rhyme
And of work she's exceedingly wary.

CONNETICUT COLLITCH CATCHALL

CONNETICUT COLLITCH CATCHALL

"Nobody Knows the Trouble I See"
"I'll Be Good Because of You"
"That's Where My Money Goes"
"We're Under the Control of the Satyr Light"
"Together"
"Our All-American Girl"
"Taps"

Miss Burdick

"Nobody Knows the Trouble I See"
"I'll Be Good Because of You"

Miss Nye, Miss Ernst

"Together"

Miss Stanwood

"Our All-American Girl"

Miss Dederer

"Say It Isn't Zoo"

Miss Wright

"That's Where My Money Goes"

Miss Wood

"-m, Would You Like to Take a Walk?"

Miss Martin

"Horses, Horses, Horses"

Miss Priest

"Taps"

Miss Brett

"Young and Healthy"

Miss Pollack

"I Get Rhythm"

Miss Fussell

"Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries"

Mrs. Trotta

"Shuffle Off to Buffalo"

Miss Snider

"Practising Up On You"

Miss Hall

"If I Only Had a Five Cent Piece"

Dr. Laubenstein

"You'll Never Get to Heaven That Way"

Dr. Dagblain

"Star Dust"

Dr. Ever

"When the Organ Played at Twilight"

Mr. Kinsey

"Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"

Mr. Pinot

"I'm Down and Go Boom"

Mr. Doyle

"Linger a Little Longer"

Dr. Roberts

"My Kingdom for a Smile from You"

Dr. Shewell

"I've Got No Use For Women"

Dr. Avery

"I Wake Up Smiling"

Dr. Kip

"Student Prince"

Mr. Brat

"Bliss Be the Tie"

Dr. Morris

"Thanks for the Buggy Ride"

Mr. Barry

"Good News"

Mr. Rogers

"Why Can't This Night Go On Forever"

Faculty

"Try a Little Tenderness"

Seniors

"Give Me Something to Remember You By"

Juniors

"You'll Get By"

Sophomores

"Standing in Need of Prayer"

Freshmen

"I'll Always Remember September"

Choir

"Sing Something Simple"

Winthrop Warbles

Alex has gone noble!
Andy has a "porter"
Mary looks like ashes.
"How-ha-ha" does Berger try.
"Whymen- men? Case?
What are Shewell's "night-aims"
"Gee Nathin" does Minna no
Benny's got a "War-on"
Lou's like Chapel.
Dobby is thinking of taking
which is better for a dish?
Bobby is all in a "Days"
Kellog will make a good "s-treat"
Morris "careyes" no heart.
Liz, Betty-to-you-Moon, Jacks
them all up.
An Yruppin' up a Big
Ruth Jones is rollin' round fine.
Merrill wants a "door-man".
Red has got a "Ead"
Arch er coffee—Maxwells.
Hershey has "don" it.
Betsy ————
Henry "telsa" everything.
Dog "sonam" Spokesmen.
"H'se Are Old" is Ethel.

PLAYLET IN ONE SEEN

Ye Ed: Well, now, goils, let's get going.
Ye Galley: We've got one page filled, now let's write up a picquin in five thousand words to fill this tin sould box.
Ye Nickle: Zee peppers do me know I'mizar, but zee peppers do don't, - dat's de question, what? (And said Nickle pullsh up skoito her waste regions.)
Ye Yr typewriter: Get goin' , get goin'.
Ye Editor's feet: Up on the desk.
(See changes to smoke. Gradually a breeze bloweth in, rattling the curtains gently, and a visage is seen in the distance, vaguely reassembling the FEATURES of Ye Ed.)
Well, now, ladies, the Neoze is finished, let's get it on the trolley.
Ye Ed: Let's go, we'll all go, to the trolley! (This bawdy song re- sounds over the silent, starlit, lovely, terrible campus, and settles down for a nap again.)
Ye Galley: (pushing back her up hair with a ruler, and gazing frontall like through the coughing smoke.) We've forgotten to put in the name of the Wesper speaker.
Ye Ed (Philosophically frown- ing out on life in general and then gazing in on life in particular) That's all right — so many people here. Hoo! Hoo! Who was it? Why was put in stace noove?

MY PURPLE DINOSAUR

And knelt there for a while,
Paid homage to his royal race;
Then he told me to rise,
I looked up at his great big face
And thought it kind and wise.
But as I looked about the hall,
I found it strange and hollow;
The dinosaur had eaten all
In one enormous swallow.
I gave him quite a bovine look,
Waved over to his side,
For he had eaten every book
And stored them in his hide.
So I took him home with me;
Now my room is swarmed;
With booksticks, and cases, and dangerously.
Because he knows so much, you
Forward to Page 5, Column A.
**FUN AT NITE**

The night was dark
The sky was blue
Across campus
A sophmore flew.

Behind her Knowlt.
Before her ... head harsh com-

ments rain,
Who intimately knoweth pain.

Poems are made, but not by me,
Let other men write poetry!

**TREECHERY**

In my reminiscences of the metamorphoses of Ovid I came on the melanchoolly story of the Croocoaders. They, filled with a spirit of chivvavay and fore-

booding, but veehemee in their quest, set out for the r rouces of the neebe of the sepulcre. They were led by the unik but treecherous figurs who subsequently showed their jali-

ousy. The apppparenty inevitab appp erman Salaman led them—their cushous individuality came twixt them and the reek-

ognized dangers of their veehemee desire. He recommeded the use of their fists against the tantalizing hoevering birds—

they know from mitology of the strong bearar around the city. The irrecconcill naives, con-

tingus to the sepulcre were com-

menting on the gini of the gini of the treeclel equelence of Salaman. A centrisepedal forc-
drew them on, a long march en-

shuned and finally their idealty was realized after tantalizing sights of akertas and strange oracles treecycle from the time of Dionus.

But I see that time is pass-

ning-------

**JUST IMAGINE!**

Miss Standwood with "Chiff-

on".
Miss Hanson with Dr. Avery's
smile.
Miss Burdick with Miss Ernst's
hair.
Mr. Selden with Dr. Lawrence's
precision.
Dr. Roberts with Dr. Doyle's
flower in his buttonhole.
Miss Wood with Dr. Jensen's
umbrella.
Mrs. Trotta with Mrs. Kemp-
ton's gaiters.
Dr. Laubenstein with Miss
Ramsey's avoirdupois.
Miss Noyes in Dean Nye's
sweater suit.
Dr. Leib with Dr. Well's heard
and, of course, Dr. Wells without it.
One Wright without the other.
Dr. Erb with Dr. Jensen's
knicker suit.
Mr. Cobblewick with Mr. Kin-
sey's moustache.
Miss Reynolds with Miss
Snider's accent.
Dr. Avery with Mr. Pinol's
walk.

--- or the whole campus with-

out any of them!

**AM I EMBARRASSED!**

Ask Marge Thayer how she takes a bath!
Ask Jan Pickett whether she prefers Cleveland to Boston!
Ask Allison Rush about the New London Grill!
Ask Miss Hausman if she likes men in her classes?
Ask Betty Kenna about the straps on her white velvet evening dress!
Ask Ruthie Ferree how she's Ed-ding!
Ask Sammy what the C. V. Chicken Train is like!
Ask Alexander how she likes Wesleyan!
Ask Winnie DeForrest why THE DEAN called her out of class the other day!
Ask Betsy Turner if she was "here" at the I. O. C. A. Conference!
Ask Minna how a man's shirt came to be in her room!
Ask Lena Waldecker who she went to parties with!
Ask Alma Nichols how she Burps!
Ask Shewell what "Nesting Time" is!
Ask Mary Lou Ellis how to scare men away!
Ask Jan Richards how she enjoys playing ball with a viving leeter!
Ask Bunny Seabury who "Bebe" is!
Ask Dodd Tompkinson how she likes to date THE tennis player!
Ask Peggy how she likes her friend!
Ask a certain Senior why she was pursued by a fire-engine!
Ask Hamilton how she likes to go Bob-ing around.

**PLANT'S POSIES**

Up above the river
There is a house called Plant;
Within those ivied walls
Many a girl do rant;
Betty thinks that all is rosy
In a social Yankee way.
Elise thinks that life is coy;
She sees him every day.
Lena wants to love a man;
For one she's always lumenin'.
While Mary knows she has a fan
Who thinks her more than hu-

man.
Peggy has a beaten track
To Wesleyan's biggest hero.
Slumpie merely turns her back
On letters cold as zero.
Ellis has a warmish spot
For Cooper, so they say.
While Fritzie casts her lot
To follow David's way.
Cavin's always looking
For a perfect ideal man;
While Dartmouth's always book-

ing Dates with tousled little Nan;
Mary Mac has left her heart
In sunny Tennessee;
And Marge from Bill is far apart;
Tis sad we all agree.
Bobby T., so we're told,
Is twenty-four and queer;
Margie is completely sold
On Freddie, never fear.
Marion's latest flame
Is one indeed, we see;
And our temperamental Jane
With Chuck can stormy be.
We could go on for ages
Of all that we have did;
But it would take just pages,
And time and space forbid.

**RO ROMANCE**

**Knowlton House—Service League**

Girl is stag—Boy is big
Music's good—time is short
So the girl will be a sport
May I cut—off they go
Boy and girl are not so slow
Car backs out—wedding tune
Keeping house—no honeymoon
Dirty work—gives man door
Back to folk—my tale is o'er
When at dances, girls, beware
If cut you must, use savoir fare.

**FATAL INTERVIEW**

Characters: Miss Burdick A Sinner
Miss B.—"How D'ye Do?"
Sinner—"Give Me a Moment, Please" I'm So Ashamed for "Over the Week-end" I met a "Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia and we went "Roo min' for Romance!"
Miss B.—"How Long Has This Been Going On?"
Sinner—Oh, we've been "Sweet-heer Forever!"
Miss B.—"I Can't Believe It's True", "You're Blasé!"
Sinner—but "We Were Only Walking in the Moonlight!" and "One Little Word Led to Another". Now "He's Turned Me Down and Said Can't We Be Friends?"
Miss B.—"Ain't Dat a Shame?"
Sinner—Oh, but "Some Day We'll Meet Again" for "I'll Be True to My Honey Boy!"
Miss B.—"Thou Shalt Not!" "Now That It's All Over" you must say "Goodbye to Love!"
Sinner—"How Do You Do It?"
Miss B.—"You Try Somebody Else!"
Sinner—"You're So Wonderful!" "When I Look Into Your Eyes" I know "I'm Only a Back-street Girl!" "I've Got Those 10th Century Blues"!
Miss B.—"Oh, Don't You Weep" —you know that "Somebody Lenes, Somebody Wins".
Sinner—"I'm Learning a Lot from You" and "I'll Follow You" for "You've Got Me in the Palm of Your Hand!" "Don't Tell a Soul" about this and I'll be "As You Desire Me!"
Miss B.—"I Promise You" "Auf Wiedersein!"
Sinner—"Say Au Revoir But Not Goodbye!"

**A FAREWELL TO THE MUSE**

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think no one will ever see
In print, a poem writ by me.
By me whose editorial zest
Is pitted off against the rest;
By me who strives alike each day
To give the world a roundelay;
By me who spite of anxious care
Is forced my teacher's scorn to bear;
Upon whose head harsh com-

ments rain,
Who intimately knoweth pain.
Poems are made, but not by me,
Let other men write poetry!
THE FALL OF CAESAR

In lab, I saw a little worm:
I thought my nerves were strong
and firm,
but when I saw that wormy
and firm,
I thought I'd try to make him

I'll call him Caesar: Caesar's
dead;
We need another in his stead,

He looked so very cross", I said,

"I'll rouse him from this silly state

Whoever answers to the call

Woe...!

And so methought, "I'll find an-

He follows her where she did
Go.

"I'll stop your

He cried to her, "I'll..."

Said to tell is such a fate
For one so great as he.

THE FALL OF CAESAR

In lab, I saw a little worm:
I thought my nerves were strong
and firm,
but when I saw that wormy
and firm,
I thought I'd try to make him

I'll call him Caesar: Caesar's
dead;
We need another in his stead,

He looked so very cross", I said,

"I'll rouse him from this silly state

Whoever answers to the call

Woe...!

And so methought, "I'll find an-

He follows her where she did
Go.

"I'll stop your

He cried to her, "I'll..."

Said to tell is such a fate
For one so great as he.

Jewelry and Watch Repairing
Costs You Less Here

MALL LOVES, INC.
Dignified Credit Jewelers
48 State Street
Telephone 7319 New London, Conn.

Alas, he watched not where he tread,
He followed only where she led,
And when he reached the table's edge,
He fell far down. Ah me!
He hit his head upon the floor,
The idea of March had called once more.
So Caesar died in blood and gore;
The sight was sad to see.
And now about the lady fair;
She saw him fall and cried, "Be-

What have I done?" She tore her
hair
And died of misery.
I buried them beneath a tree,
And there they lie, both he and she;

Two worms who suffered fool-
ishly.
I beg you, let them be.
This be the verse I scribbled for
them:
He and she are dead. Amen.
Oh, when can they come back
again?
Across the dreary sea?
Here lies the loftiest potentate,
It is so pleasant to see you
again, Mr. Fields!"
But when I saw that wormy
and firm,
I thought I'd try to make him

I'll call him Caesar: Caesar's
dead;
We need another in his stead,

He looked so very cross", I said,

"I'll rouse him from this silly state

Whoever answers to the call

Woe...!

And so methought, "I'll find an-

He follows her where she did
Go.

"I'll stop your

He cried to her, "I'll..."

Said to tell is such a fate
For one so great as he.

Jewelry and Watch Repairing
Costs You Less Here

MALL LOVES, INC.
Dignified Credit Jewelers
48 State Street
Telephone 7319 New London, Conn.

Alas, he watched not where he tread,
He followed only where she led,
And when he reached the table's edge,
He fell far down. Ah me!
He hit his head upon the floor,
The idea of March had called once more.
So Caesar died in blood and gore;
The sight was sad to see.
And now about the lady fair;
She saw him fall and cried, "Be-

What have I done?" She tore her
hair
And died of misery.
I buried them beneath a tree,
And there they lie, both he and she;

Two worms who suffered fool-
ishly.
I beg you, let them be.
This be the verse I scribbled for
them:
He and she are dead. Amen.
Oh, when can they come back
again?
Across the dreary sea?
Here lies the loftiest potentate,
It is so pleasant to see you
again, Mr. Fields!"
But when I saw that wormy
and firm,
I thought I'd try to make him

I'll call him Caesar: Caesar's
dead;
We need another in his stead,

He looked so very cross", I said,

"I'll rouse him from this silly state

Whoever answers to the call

Woe...!

And so methought, "I'll find an-

He follows her where she did
Go.

"I'll stop your

He cried to her, "I'll..."

Said to tell is such a fate
For one so great as he.

Jewelry and Watch Repairing
Costs You Less Here

MALL LOVES, INC.
Dignified Credit Jewelers
48 State Street
Telephone 7319 New London, Conn.

Alas, he watched not where he tread,
He followed only where she led,
And when he reached the table's edge,
He fell far down. Ah me!
He hit his head upon the floor,
The idea of March had called once more.
So Caesar died in blood and gore;
The sight was sad to see.
And now about the lady fair;
She saw him fall and cried, "Be-

What have I done?" She tore her
hair
And died of misery.
I buried them beneath a tree,
And there they lie, both he and she;

Two worms who suffered fool-
ishly.
I beg you, let them be.
This be the verse I scribbled for
them:
He and she are dead. Amen.
Oh, when can they come back
again?
Across the dreary sea?
Here lies the loftiest potentate,
It is so pleasant to see you
again, Mr. Fields!"
But when I saw that wormy
and firm,
I thought I'd try to make him

I'll call him Caesar: Caesar's
dead;
We need another in his stead,

He looked so very cross", I said,

"I'll rouse him from this silly state

Whoever answers to the call

Woe...!

And so methought, "I'll find an-

He follows her where she did
Go.

"I'll stop your

He cried to her, "I'll..."

Said to tell is such a fate
For one so great as he.
THINK OF A TITLE SHUFF OFF TO BUFF
IT KOOB SWElVER
One of the latest and most
popular books on the market to-
day in *His Experiences in Safrica*,
by M. J. Nutty. In this exciting-
est of exciting stories, Mr. Nutty
takes us with him through some
of his most hair-raising experi-
ences in the jungles of Safrica.
Not only is the book highly en-
tertaining, however; it is also
very instructive, for it describes in
detail that ferocious animal,
the potshellanapuss, and gives
very valuable information about
that hitherto mysterious friend of
Dr. Doolittle's, the Push-me-
Pull-you. Except for the few
facts that Dr. Doolittle had al-
ready discovered, very little in-
deed was known about the origin
and whereabouts of the Push-me-
Pull-you. Mr. Nutty tells all about
him in this book. My Ex-
periences in Safrica, is a book for
all the family - the children
will enjoy the thrilling tales.
Father will realize the scientific
worth of the knowledge of the
Push-me-Pull-you, and Mother
will be interested to learn more
about the jungles of Safrica.

Have you read *The Return of the
Svoolvy by the Redbeary?* This book
will go down through the ages as
a masterpiece of literature. Your
education must be complete until
you have read this, the great-
est book out since Shakespeare
wrote *Kidnapped.*

Another of the latest hits is
*Caught Red-handed* by U. Grabber.
Robbers, murderers, kidnappers,
cops, and gamblers are all in-
volved in the liveliest mystery
story ever written. If you have
a weak heart, don't read it; other-
wise, buy it immediately and
spend an enjoyable evening by
the fireside with the greatest
mystery on the market.

FRESHMAN CRACK SU!!
A Press) The world stood at
a standstill yesterday, when the
damned "Zara Pits" crashed in
her Rocking Chair. Never before
has she been known to crack up.
In fact she has been known to
several of the biggest freshmen
... but on this occasion, it was
daring freshmen is going to take
her face; quoth she,
"I'm very hurt.
"The horrid Food Committee
clean forgot to bring dessert.
Mrs. Floyd was peeking through
her microscope for fingerprints
and tracks upon the floor.
"But tears were streaming down
her face; quoth she,
"I'm very hurt.

Women's Genuine Caliskan
Riding Boots and Jodhpurs at $5.00 a Pair
VANITY SHOE SHOPPE
Phone 2-2708
111 Bank St., New London, Conn.
Next to Clark and Smith Market

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.
Is giving its usual indispen-
sable service and will carry
Greeting messages from
Alumnae to friends in the
Class of '33

From Other Page
14. Now, when the dusky shades of
night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner
swiftly flee;
Miss Chaney starts some eggs
beating
For the morrow's meal
spear.
15. When streaming from the
eastern skies,
The morning light salutes his
eyes
Mr. Selden takes paints and
brush
With pictured excellence
less-
er artists to crush.
16. Still, still with Mr. Avery
When purple morning
breaketh
When the bird waketh,
And the shadows flee.
Soft, soft on a marble pedestal
An orange tulip breaketh
And Mr. Avery danceth
In most unaccustomed glee.
17. Hurrah to the living Daghtian
Hurling Hubble in Physical word.
Explaining these terms when
called on
"It's simple can always be
heard.

HAPPY DAZE!
(Yes?)
SOCIAL NOTES
Connecticutittt Collitch. May
41. Lady Diamond Zogozo was
seen in the distinguished crowd
at Vespers the other evening.
She was standing next to a
purple satin creation which was
cunningly decorated with red,
green, and white spangles.
People on every side gathered
around her to hear her thoughts.
She muttered incoherently, and
"My name is Hog.

The morning light salutes his
eyes
Mr. Selden takes paints and
brush
With pictured excellence
less-
er artists to crush.
16. Still, still with Mr. Avery
When purple morning
breaketh
When the bird waketh,
And the shadows flee.
Soft, soft on a marble pedestal
An orange tulip breaketh
And Mr. Avery danceth
In most unaccustomed glee.
17. Hurrah to the living Daghtian
Hurling Hubble in Physical word.
Explaining these terms when
called on
"It's simple can always be
heard.

HAPPY DAZE!
(Yes?)
SOCIAL NOTES
Connecticutittt Collitch. May
41. Lady Diamond Zogozo was
seen in the distinguished crowd
at Vespers the other evening.
She was standing next to a
purple satin creation which was
cunningly decorated with red,
green, and white spangles.
People on every side gathered
around her to hear her thoughts.
She muttered incoherently, and
"My name is Hog.

The morning light salutes his
eyes
Mr. Selden takes paints and
brush
With pictured excellence
less-
er artists to crush.
16. Still, still with Mr. Avery
When purple morning
breaketh
When the bird waketh,
And the shadows flee.
Soft, soft on a marble pedestal
An orange tulip breaketh
And Mr. Avery danceth
In most unaccustomed glee.
17. Hurrah to the living Daghtian
Hurling Hubble in Physical word.
Explaining these terms when
called on
"It's simple can always be
heard.

HAPPY DAZE!
(Yes?)
SOCIAL NOTES
Connecticutittt Collitch. May
41. Lady Diamond Zogozo was
seen in the distinguished crowd
at Vespers the other evening.
She was standing next to a
purple satin creation which was
cunningly decorated with red,
green, and white spangles.
People on every side gathered
around her to hear her thoughts.
She muttered incoherently, and
"My name is Hog.

The morning light salutes his
eyes
Mr. Selden takes paints and
brush
With pictured excellence
less-
er artists to crush.
16. Still, still with Mr. Avery
When purple morning
breaketh
When the bird waketh,
And the shadows flee.
Soft, soft on a marble pedestal
An orange tulip breaketh
And Mr. Avery danceth
In most unaccustomed glee.
17. Hurrah to the living Daghtian
Hurling Hubble in Physical word.
Explaining these terms when
called on
"It's simple can always be
heard.

HAPPY DAZE!
(Yes?)
SOCIAL NOTES
Connecticutittt Collitch. May
41. Lady Diamond Zogozo was
seen in the distinguished crowd
at Vespers the other evening.
She was standing next to a
purple satin creation which was
cunningly decorated with red,
green, and white spangles.
People on every side gathered
around her to hear her thoughts.
She muttered incoherently, and
"My name is Hog.

The morning light salutes his
eyes
Mr. Selden takes paints and
brush
With pictured excellence
less-
er artists to crush.
16. Still, still with Mr. Avery
When purple morning
breaketh
When the bird waketh,
And the shadows flee.
Soft, soft on a marble pedestal
An orange tulip breaketh
And Mr. Avery danceth
In most unaccustomed glee.
WANT ADS

Wanted: One small, white girl, to follow wrangler and keep the bees from buzzing about said wrangler’s head. Must hate bees with a vengeance. Must have had experience with stings. Apply at Winthrop House, Room 212.


Not Wanted: One week or more of exams in June. Please keep out.

Help Wanted: One mechanical typewriter to do budgets. Must be accurate, speedy, and thoroughly automatic. Please apply to Miss Take, Dept. 08000000.

WANTED

Wanted: One small, white girl, to follow wrangler and keep the bees from buzzing about said wrangler’s head. Must hate bees with a vengeance. Must have had experience with stings. Apply at Winthrop House, Room 212.

CLASSY FIDADS

Lost: One blond, blank check. Inquirer will meet person willing to offer this at the corner of Benham Avenue and Thursday evening at 8:00 P. M. Please be prompt.

THAT'S YOUR QUESTION

(We don't care)

Lost: One blond moustache. If found, please return to L. R., Branford.

Found: One magnified voice. Dot Winters call for it at Knowlton.

Lost: One class schedule. Please return. Can’t attend classes without it. Y. A. Can’t, Box IOU.

Lost: Continental Literature. If found, please return. We understand that one of the faculty members has asked if there are any rules about “parking” on the campus. It seems that he saw a girl kiss her date “right where he should be kissed”!

C. C. had its weekly beer party in Fanning Speakeasy.

MY PURPLE DINOSAUR

I walked into the life one day; My mind was bent on knowledge. In fact, I thought that I should... Until the end of college. As I walked up the noble stair, didn’t someone get out all their old shoes Sunday night when Prom dates, leaving their loved ones with loathing, found it necessary to sing them a fare-well for an hour? ... * * * * I’ve heard of girls asking their brothers to dances but never saw a father? Or was he her father. ... * * * * We understand that one of the faculty members has asked if there are any rules about “parking” on the campus. It seems that he saw a girl kiss her date “right where he should be kissed”!

AROUND THE SWARD WITH A TANDEM

Perhaps it’s just the season, but we wonder if it mightn’t be something more when the secretary of Thomas House ends the minutes of the House Meeting with “Love and Kisses” * * * * “In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love”, so it would seem from the time that a certain Franham made with a man who was here with another girl * * * * It is a great question at present whether that really was coca-cola that was served at the Prom. What do you think, girls? * * * * We understand that certain prominent men from a nearby college have found that there are other girls, C. E. Let’s compare notes. * * * * One date, asked at the last minute, found it necessary to “Shuffle Off To Buffalo.” Why didn’t someone get out all their old shoes Sunday night when Prom dates, leaving their loved

PALACE RESTAURANT

The Ideal Place to Eat

40 Green Street

Compliments of

UNION LYCEUM TAXI CO., INC.

THE BLUE CAB
TRUE BLUE
TO E

Let Us
Meet your train or
greet your guest.
Do your shopping
And Prom Hopping.
and
You Will Find
Punctuality is Our Watchword

Phone 2860

Lillian’s Beauty Shoppe

Shampoo - Manicures - Marcelle
Facials - Finger Waves - Eyebrows
20 cent treatments — Any Dress, $1.25

85 State Street

BRATER’S ART STORE

Art Materials — Lowest Prices

24 Main Street

NORWICH INN

New London - Norwich Road
Route No. 32

A “Real New England Inn”

Here—every season is enjoyable! This Inn is one of the finest and is most modern in its facilities for pleasure, comfort and rest. And, its cozy Nook, spacious Lounge, Dining Rooms, and delightful Sun Porches, lend themselves, charmingly, for social functions.

GOLF  HORSEBACK RIDING  TENNIS

Afternoon Tea served every day from 3 to 5:30 Special rates for Connecticut College Students, Alumni, and their families

L. G. Treadway, Mgr. Director  C. E. Graham, Res. Mgr.
WITH THE SONGS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Singer</th>
<th>Album</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I'm Young and Healthy</td>
<td>Beth Sawyer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm Playing With Fire</td>
<td>Monie House</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Grass Is Getting Greener</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All The Time Whistle Week</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here's Hopping Room Drawing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee</td>
<td>C.C.'s Beer Embargo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I've Got Rhythm</td>
<td>Bowworth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Try A Little Tenderness</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The English Department is Hall right; in fact it's Oak(es)ay and everybody -</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You'll Never Love Again</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Brett can't win a bet, Miss Noyes breaks kids' toys. Miss Martin is a Spartan. Miss Wentzel chews her pencil. Miss King will not sing. Miss Shover is a rover. Miss Hussy kills things fuzzy. Miss Hher plays a lyre.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ONE CAKE OF BEER FOR THE 4 OF US!**

(Must be 3.0015)

**BEER 1?**

**J. SOLOMON**

Stationer

30 Main Street

**OCEAN BEACH**

**CLUB VALHALLA**

**DINING**

**DANCING**

**BEER 1! 1!**

**Have You Seen Our Snappy Sport Shoes?**

**ELMORE SHOE SHOP**

(Next to Whoel's)

**ALLING RUBBER CO.**

238 State Street

**CONNETICUT COLLITCH CATCHALL**

WITH THE SHOWS

Another Language | Senorita
Music In The Air  | Dr. Erb
Madchen In Uniform | Any College dance
Laughter | Dr. Avery
Picture Snatcher | Mrs. Kempton
Night Patrol | Mr. Rogers
Rain | Any College dance
Speak Easily | J. Dean Nye
Quiet Hours | J. Too Busy To Work
After Spring Vacation | J. Connecticut College
Destination Unknown | J. The Mind Reader
Seniors | J. Dean Burdick
What—No Beer | J. So This Is Africa
Forgotten Commandments | J. Sun Bathers
College Rules | J. Forgotten Commandments
Fast Worker(s) | J. Rushie

**GRANN'S**

PRINTZESS COATS
Exclusive With Us

70-72 State Street

All Branches of Beauty Culture
Hairstyling by SALEM

Genung's Beauty Salon
Phone 3335

**GRANN'S**

PRINTZESS COATS
Exclusive With Us

70-72 State Street

The Bookshop, Inc.
Church and Meridian

**GRANN'S**

PRINTZESS COATS
Exclusive With Us

70-72 State Street

The Bookshop, Inc.
Church and Meridian

**GRANN'S**

PRINTZESS COATS
Exclusive With Us

70-72 State Street

The Bookshop, Inc.
Church and Meridian