DO'S FOR MEN
ATTENDING THE
JUNIOR PROM.

Be sure to wear a uniform.
Ride in a parlor car.
Since New London is such a hill town, you might do well to bring a cane.
Forget your umbrella; it couldn't rain. (Better bring a rubber in case it should.)
When you are with your hostess, keep your eyes glued to the floor. No "Right dress" business allowed. All rights reserved.
But in case you have occasion to make up quarrels, come prepared with nips or ten boxes of candy.
Remember that the reception room is never limited to two persons, even though it may seem innocently empty.
Count the gymnasium stairs when you ascend so that you will not over look a few when you come down again.
Rave about the orchestra and the decorations.
Eat all that is set before you, and anything else within reach.
Remember to bring your cigarette and diary.
Remind someone to forget this advice.
Come again when.

THREE TIMES AND OUT

Scene I. Time, January 1
"Hello, Marge," said Dot, as she flopped down on Marge's dainty cushions. "Gee, isn't it great that we are to have a Junior Prom—the first C. C. Junior Prom? Well, I hate prelims—a Polonius says: Therefore I will be brief. Have you asked your man to the Prom yet?"
"Why, of course not," said Dot, "it's only January first. You don't mean to tell me that you've asked a knight so early?"
"Yes, I have," replied Marge, "promptness, that's me, Mabel. My lieutenant friend Ben was home during the holidays, and I just asked him if he wouldn't like to come. And he just slapped his hand on his knee, and said, 'By Jove, I certainly would—I'll be there with bells on.' Well, Dotty dear, I do adore these people who are uncertain up to the eleventh hour. Better hurry and ask your man—you know the early bird catches the worm. Well, goodbye. I have a class with Dr."

Tearful Telegrams

Dr. Coerne, coaching song practice for the Prom:
"Hold onto the last whether it's a hymn (him) or a song!"

Teaful Telegrams

Tune: "When it's telegram time in Prom week."
May 8. 10 A.M.
O المتوسط who is home? Letter of introduction. Senior will come to Prom. Oswald.
May 8. 1 P.M.
Dont believe you're home! Sorry but you are. Susp.
May 9. 5 A.M.
But I'm too late. Must see you soon. Try to fix up Prom. Give Cousin George to roommate. Susp.
May 10. 2 P.M.
O. K. George with roommate. Come to Prom. Susp.
May 10. 4 P.M.
Tears and foolishness. Quarantine on for tonights. Prom. cancelled. Susp.
May 11. 10 A.M.
Must see you soon. Can't you come home? Never mind Prom. Susp.
May 12. 4 P.M.
May 14. 2 A.M.
Omar and Kant! We are quaranteed. Susp.

KEEP IT UP!

The Right Spirit

Telegram received several days ago:
"Delighted to come to Prom—but when is it?"

Dr. Coerne, coaching song practice for the Prom:
"Hold onto the last whether it's a hymn (him) or a song!"

Oh it's hard to dance
Since we've been in France,
For the A. E. F. didn't teach us,
But we'll dance all night,
In our suits so tight;
In our eyes so blue,
We're the boys of '19.

Keep it up.

This is the Life!

Scene—Supper time, exactly one second after dance cards were supposed to be started.

Rinse the fingers, please, and go home when it's over.

The Right Spirit

Telegram received several days ago:
"Delighted to come to Prom—but when is it?"

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We're the boys of '19.

Keep it up.

This is the Life!

Scene—Supper time, exactly one second after dance cards were supposed to be started.

Junior—"How about a dance at the Prom?"
Senior—"Nothing doing!"
Junior—"Well, one for Friday afternoon will do."
Senior—"Sorry, just gave away the last one!"
Junior—"Well, surely Friday night."
Senior—"Full up.
Junior—"Well, for heaven's sake, give me a five-minute period of conversation at the tournament.
Senior—"Now you're talking. I have one left!"

ILYDA PROVOST 19.

Don'ts For Men

ATTENDING THE
JUNIOR PROM.

Don't want to be invited. There is always someone's man who gets group at the last minute, and can't come.
Don't bring your little brothers and sisters with you. The Junior Prom is no place for children.
Don't flirt with the Freshman waitresses. It isn't nice, and besides you're here for a purpose.
Don't try to be pleasant to every girl you meet. There's a limit to human endurance, and smiles have to end somewhere. We advise cutting out the brutes.
Don't use Mary Garden perfume on your hair, especially if you are short. Remember someone has to dance 35 dances with you.
Don't wear yellow flowers in your buttonhole. The college must protect the eyesight of its students.
Don't be the first one to start the chimes. Let someone else be the goat.
Don't send a pillow of roses to your lady, and if you do, don't have R. I. P. on it.
Don't ask an upper classman for information. They're after you, too.
Don't forget to smile serenely upon all members of the faculty at all times. It's worth it.
Don't admire any girls in the presence of any other girls. It's the surest way to queer yourself.
Don't forget that the college is dry, and that there is no smoking allowed on Connecticut College campus.
Don't forget to go home when it's over, if you can.
Any further information may be obtained from the janitor by enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MAMIE ANTONETTE TAYLOR '21.

"Gimme" A Dance?

Yes, we believe in democracy every time—even to the point of Death! Such was the case on the evening of May 7 at the Senior-Junior Rendezvous, which seemed a very timely occasion for both classes to make out the much-talked-of prom. program—and make it out we did.
Here and there in the gym were groups of girls yelling, grabbing each other, and writing madly on anything

(Continued on page 5, column 2.)
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EDTORIALS

AND SO IT GOES.

Yes, it is true that this is the first Junior Prom, and that the first Senior Class has been invited to join in the celebration. Yes, and that this is the first time any class has invited its "gentleman friends" to spend a whole week-end in New London.

New sensations are always fun, and this is more than fun; it is entirely blissful.

So much so that we are trying in this sheet to tell our friends how much we are enjoying their company, and how glad we are that the war is over. Otherwise we wouldn't have a Prom, this year any more than we did last. This is a real Victory Prom. In more ways than one.

Oh, yes, we have been dancing right through the war. That is one of the advantages of building a college opposite a Submarine Base, and near a pier where all good ships eventually land. And all along we have been glad to see the navy invading the gym, for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund. We certainly do appreciate our friends in the navy.

But all the while we were missing our friends in the A. E. F, and in other branches of the service overseas.

Now they have come back to us too.

TO OUR PROM. GUESTS:

A cordial greeting from the class of '20.

To you, who come to our campus perhaps for the first time, who perhaps know of C. C. only through its friends, we extend a hearty welcome.

May you enjoy your short stay with us as the events of the first Junior Prom at C. C.—the dance, the dramatic club play, the tennis tournament, the Prom, itself, the house tour, and Sunday vespers. We hope, too, that you will, even in this very short time, come to feel the happy spirit of our home here—to love our hilltop, our river, and our Bolleswood, which are the symbols of our carefree life and the foundation of the true spirit of our college.

And to our Seniors—the first, the best Seniors, who know with what eagerness we have looked forward to the coming of May 16th—to you, too, we extend a most hearty welcome!—hoping that it may be one of the happy "get togethers" that we may always cherish with thoughts of Loyalty '19 and Loyalty '20.

EDITH LINDHOLM,
President of the Class of '20.

ALL THE PROM. POEMS.

THE JUNIOR PROM: A SEQUEL TO SPRING.

Ah me, ah me! The song begins In deeper strains and quiet thought Drinking in (as if Pete's punch) The things of nature that spring hath brought! But now the muse's spirits rise To e'en a lighter mood than spring as such. You ask, "What can there be more gay?" But ah, alas, you have missed much. Ah me, ah me! How sweet to see The gambolling youth and gambolling lass, They give no scintilla of care To anything except the Jazz! The way they glide and the way they jig Is over on the whirligig; Nor can "Melissa" ever prance And imitate their sprightly dance.

And now the moon is rising higher, And nature is all hushed and dumb, And yet—whence are the sounds of music? Methinks it's from the gym, they come.

Oh, muse, have you not love for human nature? Is it you've forgotten the Junior Dance? Forsworn! But come, you must awaken, The campus thrills with fond romance!

Ah me, ah me! E. V. N. '20.

GREETINGS, THEN FAIR GENTLEMEN! Pray what are these arriving On horseback or on foot? These uniforms, these "civie" clothes, These spruce young chaps, just look! They're coming from New York State, They're drifting down from this town, They're each one looking forward To dancing with his Jane.

Why are they here? I ask you, Come here and whistle long. They're here because they're here, I suppose, To jazz it at the Prom. The man from home, the tourist, from France, Our heartiest welcome then. We never have nor never will Gaze on such comely men.

Our campus is your own—all yours To stroll on 'neath the stars, But do not stumble over the rocks When you to her show Mars. We have an Island and a Gym, A shipyard and a view— That shows you nearly half the Sound, And every day it's new. And so again it's, welcome. We hope you'll like us here Full well enough to stop again Some time when you are near.

To the Juniors, U for you and me, N for new friends one and all, I for invites to the ball, O is for our exclamations, R is for cut recitations.

J is for the Juniors, U for you and me. N for new friends one and all, I for invites to the ball. O is for our exclamations, R is for cut recitations.

P is for the pretty girls, powder puffs and sashes, R is for a gay romance, and here I leave some dashes— — — O is in commemoration, M for men and cOy flirtation! '20.

WAY BACK IN THOSE COLLEGE DAYS

(With apologies to?)

Oh don't you remember those college days? C. C. girls and their Jolly ways. All those bills you sent to your dad, Um-um-um but he was mad! Gee, but it took a lot of dough To bring to the Prom your very best beau.

To Jazz a bit And make a bit Way back in those college days.

Oh don't you remember the night of the Prom. You were so proud on his right arm, Gee, but he looked good to you! Um-um-um but his eyes were blue! Thirty-four dances out of thirty-five, Gee, but you were glad you were alive. Time went so fast Why couldn't it last? Way back in those college days?

GEORGE W. B. HARRIS.

SHAKESPEARE'S ADVICE TO THE JUNIOR

Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy, Thy roommate's closest furnish, thy yielding friends let go; For their apparel, on another girl, doth often shine more bright, And when thou dost eat, ah! thy glass of fashion and the mold of form. The observed of all observers, on the arm of courtier, soldier, scholar, of thy man in arms. De thou familiar, but by no means vulgar; Give every man thine ear, but none thy secrets: Take each man's compliments, but keep thy judgment. Farewell, my blessing season thee in this! DEAN Nye.

CAMPUS CHAT

"Oh my dear, do tell me how to make out my program. Thirty-five dances? Why it makes me tired to look at them. How many must I save for my man? Fifteen? Why, I don't want as many as that with him. I'll save ten. You're saved, dear, you are. Yes, lady. Well, I'll save twelve then. Oh, you're going to have a couple with your man at the end so when you get tired you can sit them out with him? Well, I'm not. Why, I'll be dead before the evening is over. Thirty-five dances! Edythe is resting up now she won't get too tired. Of course the Prom isn't until next week-end, but you never can get too much rest. Oh dear, I don't see why they're having thirty-five dances. If I liked a man well enough to dance thirty-five dances with him, you bet I wouldn't bring him here. I'd stay home with him!"
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

SOME LETTERS FLOATING TO AND FROM CAMPUS IN PROM. TIME

To a friend of the family:

... But music

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you to mine. You were a peach about notice.'

... so-called Pr-orn., and Mother thought moment, and 'subject to change with-

cause you will need them. By the way, 

Mrs. M. E. Austin, Mgr.

... trunk, as I simply adore Tappe boxes. 

... it, and I hope you will have an

... array!

... only have the few with you

... about. signing up for dances, and I

... it,

... on your way up you might stop off at 

... Tappe's and treat me to a sport hat, 

... as you can't tell but that I may need 

... it at the tennis tournament. Don't 

... bring it in a bag or your wardrobe 

... trunk, as I simply adore Tappe boxes. 

Dear Sister:

... I think I can come because Mother 

... said in her last letter not to buy any

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

JAZZ

As couples side-step in and out,
And then just turn to right about,
You wonder where they got their skill,
And if they're having lots of thrill.

AT THE PROM.

Junior, catching hold of the arm of a 
Senior who is doing the Jazz for the 
first time—"You promised this dance 
to me."

Senior, much excited, fumbles 
around in hand, produces a paper—
"Oh, here it is—my goodness, I've 
brought my exam. schedule for finals!"

NOT REALLY!

Junior—"Did you know that they 
were going to fence the campus in 
before the Prom?"

Freshman—"No! For goodness sake, 
why?"

Junior—"Because the trees are leav-

YOU DON'T SAY!

There are handsome men
And homely men
And men both fat and tall.
But oh, ye gods, deliver us
From the man who is too small!

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

Senior at lunch, unexpectedly—
"Say, did you know that Polonius shimmied?"

Junior, surprised—"N—no. Where?"
Senior—"Oh, Dr. Wells said to-day 
that he bounced around on the same spot and didn't get anywhere."

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HANDBOOK FOR JUNIOR PROM.

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- From New London 11:41 a.m., 12:35, 12:55, 2:57, 5:41, 8:00, 10:33 p.m.
- Reach New York 2:19, 5:36, 4:20, 7:10, 8:45, 11:14, 12:20 p.m., Penn Station.

II. Hotels—
- Mohican, State Street.
- Crocker House, State Street.

III. Taxi service—
- Crocker House, telephone 147.
- Standard, telephone 1624.

IV. Trolley service—
- For College—Cats leave Parade in front of Crown Theatre at quarter of the hour until 4:45—7:45 p.m., when they run every half hour.
- From College—Leave College station at twenty-five minutes of the hour until 3:35, when they run every half hour until 7:25 p.m.

V. All afternoon and evening festivities held in gymnasium on Friday and Saturday, May 16th and 17th.

- Prom. Night—Helen Perry, Chairman, Blackstone, telephone 1873-2.
- Frances Barlow, Elizabeth Williams, Helen Collins, Eleanor Seaver.

VII. Prom. Schedule—
- May 16th—
  - 8:00 to 7:00, The Danant.
  - 7:00 to 8:00, dinner, Thames Hall.

VIII. Prom. Schedule—
- May 17th—
  - 8:55 to 9:10, Chapel.
  - 10:10 to 1:00, dancing.

Same Scene, Two Weeks Later

"Dotty, Dotty," called Marge, "I just got a special. Heaven's, open it for me. I can't open it myself. I'm too excited." "Oh, Dotty, your sense of the third dimension is way off. Better take another Elementary Psych. course. I should say he wouldn't be here by Prom. time—" "But, interrupted Dot, "if he doesn't accept?"

"Oh well, I suppose in that case I'll have to powder my hair and be a chimpanzee—get!"

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