INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF THE CAST OF “YOU NEVER CAN TELL”.

By the Interviewer.

Dolly.

Eminently musical for several years in the choruses of musical comedy, this refreshingly youthful Presence possesses the perception and discrimination so characteristic of the younger generation, abandoned chorus work as a “one dimension art.” She has brought to the Drama a real Youth. Her imagination and spontaneous humor have the same vitality that makes Mrs. Fiske still a great actress.

Crampton.

This gentleman’s propensities are intellectual. In fact, he has been falsely accused of being a high brow. He is not, however, a rational member of the Young Intellectuals, but is a loyal Classicist, and his scholarly accomplish-ments cannot but soon lift the Drama to a higher plane.

Mrs. Cladon.

As has been said of Geraldine Farrar, this interpreter is an “all-American girl,” so to speak. She possesses an excellently-handled voice of beautiful quality, is an actress of merit, and a gallant sighter. She is very much interested in making the local Connec-ticut a success for the Seniors.

Valentine.

The interpreter of this role presents something of a paradox, for despite a seeming lack of emotion, the actor appeared this season with great success as the young and bashful ingenue in “Le Monde o’er Fren’ en’” and revealed an unusual simplicity of manner and susceptibility of heart. His off-stage facet is an immobile but interesting, and we suspect that as with Cosmo the Twerp’s, it makes a nature even more charming than that essayed in his roles.

THE PROM ETHERAL.

’Twas in September twenty-two. When I was a Freshman green
That first heard of Junior Prom
And I asked what it did mean.

II.

They told me all about it then—
By words—by looks—by sighs—
And said it seemed just yesterday
And “Oh my, how time flies!”

III.

October was the next month,
And it seemed that everyone
Had some little tale to tell
About the last Prom fun.

Continued on page 1, column 6.

SOMETIMES.

Somehow
At Prom-time
It often rains—
Not a genuine pour,
But a sick drizzle
And all those lovely clothes
Hang listless.
While you do a sticker
And walk like to Balderwood
“It’s really beautiful,”
You tell him
“When it doesn’t rain.”
It tries to picture
Nobly,
You show him the domes,
The living rooms therein
Where hopeless women
Like yourself
Gaze despairing at their fins
And try to forget
The picnics, the hikes
That should have been.
They can’t enthusiastic about the view,
There isn’t any.
“O’Leary’s, too,
And even a scorned Ford.
All that is needed
To complete the portrait
Is to learn:
That the orchestra’s out
Maimed itself in Norwich.
That we can’t come
After eleven.
That—oh, well,
It hasn’t happened yet.
But
Any minute you expect a wire
That’s broken.
And couldn’t see the train.
Or that some life-stole his suit
And removed vital parts
Somehow at Prom-time

AND IT CAME TO PASS.

(Translated from the Egyptian.)


Attendant rushes into the sanctuary.

Attendant: O most noble and fair son of the gods, give ear to what I say. I have most dire news to impart to you.

Pharaoh: Speak, Knave, for thus spoke Zoroastrianphilosopher.

Attendant: Ah me! The new-born babe has indulged all the goodly liquor prepared for the feast. Ah me! What shall be done?

Pharaoh shows signs of outward perturbation, then amusement; finally delight.

Pharaoh: Haw, haw, haw! Hoo, hoo! The little tank. Speak, knave, how much liquor was there?

Attendant: Two tanks full, my noble sir.

Pharaoh: Haw, haw, haw! Then shall his name be Tut-tank-Amen.

And his playmates called him Toots.

“A JUNIOR’S SONNET ON HER BLINDNESS.”

(With Apologies to J. Milton.)

When I consider that my man can’t come,
While Junior Prom doth near and nearer grow,
That without a man I cannot go,
I tear my program, and I cease to hum.

When thinking that the music’s rhythmic strum
Is for me—my soul cried out in wo.

Shall I not trip the light, fantastic too?

Continued on page 4, column 1.

PRESS BOARD ANNOUNCES TRY OUTS.

Successful Year.

The Press Board is now considering candidates for next year’s staff. All Freshmen are now eligible to try out. If you are interested see Alice Ramsay, Illinois Hunken, or Vera Grann. You will be required to write a short newspaper article, or act as reporter to some event in campus. All material and names should be in the hands of one of the above girls by May 18th.

Press Board has had its most successful year. Its members have been Alice Ramsay, President; Illinois Hunken, Secretary and Treasurer; Vera Grann, Librarian; Marjorie Ford ’24; Ethel Haas ’25; Dorothy Hubbard ’23; Marian Page, ’23; Irene Steele ’23; Alice Taylor ’23; Elizabeth Wrenshall ’26; Ethel Haas ’25.

All these girls have been sending news of the college and of the girls to twenty-five or more newspapers mostly in New England, and sending special items to newspapers of the West. The greater part of the material and pictures which you see of college in the newspapers are those circulated by Press Board. The work is most interesting and active, and is supervised by Mr. Loomis, formerly Editor of the New London Daily, and now Press Manager for the college. A few weeks ago the Board took a trip through the “Daze” building, where they were royally entertained and carefully shown how a newspaper is made.

If you’re forgetful, if you want to be a member next year, you must submit your name before May 18th.

RASMOH HUNKEN, Secy.

BASEBALL.

Baseball is the National game. My pal said so and my brother said so. It must be so. If it is the National game, it must be up to me to play it. I am always up to date. My brother said I wasn’t because he thinks I can’t play baseball. You see his ignorance. I can. My brother thinks he is playing when he catches the ball. I prefer to drop it and run after it. That is what baseball means running a ball. Besides running is more liable to make me thin than standing still and catching a ball. Then I am batting. I hit at everything. My brother says not to strike at balls but I always think the pitcher is throwing a ball. I never played pitcher. My brother never let me. But Dan said once I was pretty as a pitcher. I never wanted to catch. That mask is enough to make Cleopatra look ugly. My brother says he appreciates me. I am not on the Prom team. They don’t appreciate me, either.

PROM TIME BLUES.

(To Wabash Blues.)

Oh, those Prom-time blues—
I’m going to burn my dancing shoes
For what’s the use of having Prom—
Without Harry, Dick or Tom?

May bedtime make a brother coal and come
And all my collars are so dumb
So what is there for me to do, but sit
And wish—

That I were you.

—Echoes from Vassar.
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

TOUR OF EUROPE PLANNED.

H. Z. K.

SIGNs OF THE TIMES.

Seventeen days have rolled by with a void buttonhole on my coat, and seventeen days have I freited my shaggy brow over that same void. But I continue to wear it, for the day is too warm to use it, the void is filled. Aye, my domestic soul can rest assured that at last it has filled its mission. But let me explain the tragedy of the wanting button. On the seventeenth-ten to the present one I stepped, not trivially, on my coat belt in the street, to swing it adroitly about me; and it was from that trip that wrenched the button loose.

For the next week, I carried the aforesaid button stowed away in the pocket and allowed the belt to trail behind me. Fully three times per day some thoughtless man attempted to fasten it for me and witnessed my embarrassment, at least six times per day did I become absent-minded enough to suppose that the button was there and then, as my own work, I might not have let it swing to the coat with an unpleasant gratification and not have to use it until the button was replaced. But just as regularly did I hastily pick it from the closest every morning in hurried moments of desperation.

At the end of a week I resolved to sew it on. But, woful day, the button had disappeared. A transient revulsion surged over me—summer was already here—where were becoming accustomed to seeing it trill—why not use it?

Another week elapsed. Yesterday a tragedy occurred; the mischievous button slipped out of a shirt pocket to closest floor. I recognized it immediately, but I had no wish to hang the weedy coat and bore forth in delight. But this superexcitement was ephemeral, culminating in a less crisis.

The buttonhole is once more inhabited, and alack! alack! Summer is here.

MELODRAMA.

The magazine had dropped, half-read, to my lap; the chocolates remained untouched—"and, with eyes that saw nothing, I gazed out of the window—dreaming. The train sped on—racing, it seemed, with the very wind itself.

"Tell me what!"
The words, deep and full of meaning, brought me out of my reverie to my senses. I turned my head. In the seat ahead of me sat a young man and a girl. The girl was staring out of the window—the man gazed beseechingly at me. My interest could not help listening.

"Tell me what!"
"Tell me what!"
It was the young man, full of desperation, who spoke again. The girl made no sound.

"She has probably refused him," I mused. "And he’s desperate.

But, no, it couldn’t be that. The man was speaking again, in low, strained tones.

"You want to die, and then you don’t."

He almost groaned, it seemed to me. "Poison, drowning, anything—what would you do it?"

He had his arm around the back of the seat, he was leaning toward her, his brow close to her, for fear of her rejection. I knew he was afraid that she would not accept him in her arms. I smothered my gasp toward him at last. She was wonderfully pretty, but her face was wrinkled with worry—and resignation.

"Tom," she said slowly. "If you don’t—If you still are afraid to consent it, I’ll—"

"If I were you, I’d—Oh Tom!"

Her voice, when she spoke, was hushed, her whisper. "He’ll kill me! Oh, I don’t want to die!"

She was sitting upright in my seat. I was fairly tingling with curiosity, and excitement. Here was melodrama—tragedy! I waited breathlessly.

"Marion," the man’s voice was husky—so low I had to lean forward to hear the words. "Stay! You! You’ll kill him!"

My throat had dried—dry—my eyes almost popped from my head—I had forgotten when I took my last breath. Tragedy! Couldn’t there be somethings? Why all this killing?—Something of a trifling order must have happened to them.

The man spoke again. I could not hear him this time. Goodness! was it so terrible that he had to whisper it? Another low laugh. Where, some scene. You can do it. The man is great. Abnormally great. A kissing hush—a—y-your—say, and then the curtain—that will hold em?"

THE MAIDEN WHO DWELT BY THE RIVER.

Beneath the dew in an Eastern land on the shore of a mighty river a comely damsel, and there were gathered about her the comeliest of maidens that they bring unto their lands on the shore of the sea. And lo, in the Spring of the year the face of the earth was clothed with beauty as with a garment, there came a desire among these maidens that they bring unto their shores youths, comely, and light of foot in treasuring out the dance. So they called unto them scribes, and they wrote these letters. Kept with the seal of hope they sent them through the light wings and pondered while they carried them a day of their carriage. So they brought their heralds should bring them word if the youths of their desire would gather with them on the shore or no.

But the maiden Ursula murmed aloud for she was of a distant tribe, and she said unto herself, "I cannot bid him come unto me while he wears his father’s shoes and keeper of the west, and a shore journey. Of a truth I must content me with the music from afar, though I am light of foot.

But there was one, who, hearing her moan, spoke unto her, "Comfort ye, Ursula, for your youth is a strong and a mighty, and doeth for me my highest best. Bid me that I should say unto him, ‘Bring hither with thee from among they brethren, such a youth shall dance with the fair dance, for Ursula was of a fair tribe, and else would watch alone.’"

And Ursula consented unto her. And behold the youths came, and there was none so comely as the youth who came unto the arms of Ursula, and some who were mighty in the dance. And he, looking up her saith, "Though thou wert sad because thou wert of a fair tribe, yet am I glad, for thus was I brought unto thee because thou hast the good word for thou art fair, O Ursula."

Now I lay me down to rest. Before I take to-morrow’s test. If I were in my room Three cheers!—I’ll have no test to take.—Ex.
ALUMNAE COLUMN.

If You Had Aladdin's Lamp—

We know what you would wish for—
next to the wish that every one of our alumnae donors would equal her contribution—you would wish for a real 100 per cent, college reunion of alumnae, ex-members and former faculty. You would want to meet them and greet them. You would want to know what each and every one is doing, how she has changed, how old, or how thin or how—prosperous she has become. You would want to meet all the children, all the husbands, all the fiancées. You would want to hear all their amusing experiences, their adventures, their achievements.

Aladdin's Lamp is in your hands! But you must rush to make some one else's wish come true, and she will rub for you. You cannot have your wish unless you first rub for someone else.

And now the secret is out. The Vea is going to give us a reunion in June. We have slipped in the press. In other words, alumnae are to have a whole series all to ourselves, to revel in, to chat in, to philosophise in, to wax poetical and literary in, to serious, humorous, or artistic in. Through the length and breadth of its columns, the Vea will be for alumnae, of alumnae and (there's the rub)—a lamp.

No, sister alumnae, it is up to you to begin at once. Mothers, write us of your children—of their appearance, accomplishments, and misdeeds. Wives write us of your husbands and household affairs: fashions of your futures; and spinners—of yourselves.

Do you know a funny story about one of us? Send it in. Have you a letter from our distant friends? Let us read it, too. Have you been travelling? Tell us about it. Have you a good snap of some of your alumnae? Let us all see it. Perhaps you kept a diary in college. Write us a "Do you remember..." letter. Where is your college men, book? Re-adopt yourself with some alumi of yours, and then send us a page of reminiscences.

You can never do better work for the alumnae paper than right now—today—when your desk is heaped with 16-16-16 letters, your days and waking hours are spent trying to think of an55 alumi person; when memories are stirred by the new call to you from your alma mater.

"No time" is no excuse. If this were a term paper, you'd find time to get it in. But this "assignment" is more than a term paper—it's a four years' report; for this will be the first alumna publication of C. C. in the world! We are still Pioneers. Let our first complete attempt be worthy of the Pioneer achievements in days of yore. Send all contributions before May 31st to

JULIUS WARNER,

4 Washington Apartments, Paterson, New Jersey.

MEMORIES.

Cold, grey dawn across the river—
April mists still drip forgotten—
Sudden metal clang of fire-bells—
Drowsy maids greet May Day morn!

Plaintive strains of quaint melodion—
Clear, young voices fill the air—
Magdalen's sweet, age-old Latin—
Rhymes from the granite stair.

Panies in gold paper baskets—
Hanging on each Senior's door—
Black-robed elders, joyous gildhood—
On the green prairie sipping on more.

Though the world has called us onward—
Yet our hearts return to thee—
And unite with those now gathering—
May Day morn, at dear C. C.

The Familiar Alibi—"I know what it means but I can't express it."

MARRIAGES ANNOUNCED.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Katherine Shaw, ex-1927, to Edward Robinson Durgin, ex-'23, in the United States Navy, on Monday the twenty-third of April, at Los Angeles, California.

Mr and Mrs. Thomas Lewis Kendall, of Brockton, Massachusetts, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Helen Kendall, to Lt. (j. g.) Charles Horace Kendall Miller, M. D., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

They are to be married early in June, and said June thirteenth for the Philip- pines, where Lt. Miller is ordered on a two-year tour of duty.

Robert Newton '21, is to be mar- ried to Willard Haines Bayo, June 18th, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Middletown, Conn.

Barbara Clay ex-24, of New Haven, Conn., is to be married to Eli Whitney Debevoise on June 23rd. Mr. Debevoise, who is now at Harvard Law School, is a graduate of Yale, 1921.

THE PROM ETERNAL.

(Continued from page 1, column 1)

... I saw pictures by the dozens—
And then—I passed away—
For they discussed whom they invite—
To the Prom—which came in May!

V.

By December all were certain—
Just how it would come out. And though I often wandered—
There seemed to have no doubt.

VI.

Then came the long vacation—
And I went home to stay—
But even there—letters reached me—
About that Prom in May!

VII.

January found us again—
Perched upon our hill—
And though surprising it may seem—
A Jack—has every Jill.

VIII.

February was an exciting month. For then we all found out—
That if Business was alright, "Fred" might be alright.

IX.

And "Roy" and "Luk" were coming too—
Of course "Carol" would be there—
The new plea word then became—
"I hope the weather's fair."

March and April dragged slowly by—
And May dawned bright and clear, Which according to the Juniors is the best time of the year.

X.

And now within a day or two—
At last, so they say—
I shall at last see that Prom—
Which comes each year in May.

XII.

But even now I am consumed—
With worries by the score—
When I think that Prom for me must last—
At least three years or more!

Dr. Helen Bishop Thompson, who was professor of Diotetics at Connecticut College 1915-1918, and has been Dean of the Division of Home Econom- omy at Kansas State Agricultural College that time, has accepted a call to the University of California, southern branch, Los Angeles, to take charge of the work in Home Econom- omy at that institution.

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS
JUNIOR PROM.
Rushing, gushing, blushing, mushing
Talk of men and dances,
Dashing, clashing, clashing, clashing
Over old romances.

Wondering, blundering, loss of slumber
Whom shall I ask next?
Waiting, ruling, oft debating
— For the best pretext.

Thinking, prinking, maybe blinking
Disappointed tears,
Hopscotching, blindly groping,
Days that seem like years.

Phoning, moaning, often groaning,
Oh, why won’t be answer?
Darling, tearing, maybe swearing,
Such a knock-out dancer!

Joyous meeting, happy greeting
At the railroad station!
Dancing, prancing, joy enhancing,
Boundless exultation.

"A JUNIOR'S SONNET ON HER BLINDNESS"

Concluded from page 1, column 3.
I madly ask: A friend to keep me from
That sorrow, soon replies—You must
not give up hope
To give up hope so quickly. Those
who dance
Were never known to get sore,
often
pleasure find.
This grief allusion in an unknown man,
I'll write to mine and ask him if, by chance,
He cannot bring a friend: you shall
get
FOR HER WHO GOES BLIND.
He—Oh pray, Miss Dolyrymple, don't call
me Mr. Brooks.
She—But our acquaintance has been
so brief. (Sweetly). Why shouldn't
I call you Mr. Brooks?

10—Because my name's Sommerset.

EX.

She—Would you like to go to Prom?
He—"Crazy to!"
She—"Wish I'd know it sooner. I'd
have asked you instead of Bob.

Last night as I talked to my Prom
man,
Life took on a rosy hue.
To-day as I count my few pennies,
I realize that life's become Mar!
A shot!
Rang out behind the stage.
The actor tore his hair in rage,
And cried.
"Mein Gott!! I'm stabbed!"—Ex.

OUFFFUL.
Oh, it isn't the lunch
That carries you off
It's the coughing.
They carry you ought.

EX.

Teacher—"Take this sentence: Let
the cow be taken out into the lot.
What mood?"

Pupil—"The cow."—Ex.

"These are the little things that
count!" cried the salesman, as he de-
strings the adding machines.—Ex.

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