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Coneticut Collitch Catchall

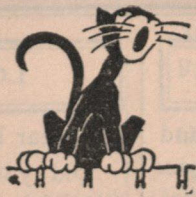
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EMINENT PLAYBOY AGAIN IN NOTORIOUS LIMELIGHT!

FATHER OF THREE EXPOSED IN SCANDALOUS DISARRAY

Testimony of twenty-five beautiful young damnsalls all members of the C. C. Sighkology 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 hush of the budding evening of May 15, Professor Dee Dee Unclesy of the apartment of Sighkology of "C. C. For Gotten Women" narrowly escaped with his life in what has been explained as an attempt at suicide. Chap-eroning a group of his students on 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 floundered 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 seemed 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-Has, 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 clamored childishly over the rocks in his bare tootsies, blissfully ignorant of the dangers of poison ivy, broken glass, dead beetles and spilt mustard. By that time, hallucinations had followed delusions, and obsessions became a hyper-sensitive phobia of dementia praecox, which set in with alarming rapidity, until the advertisement was

shown to have a sex appeal with strong communistic leanings.

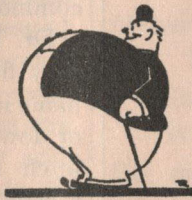
The professor had previously expressed a yearning for "some good three point two" and it is said that the associations connected with this thought were probably too suggestive to a mind already over-burdened with personality, and the poor man actually became intoxicated. At any rate there was a breath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

To the on-lookers, the spectacle of a father to three eugenic 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 blush - - - 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 thirty-one) of the subject. - - - Imagine! - - - A man of his age!

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

"C. C. For Gotten Women" should consider itself un-deed
(Continued on page 3, column 4)



This sketch of Prof. D. D. Unclesy drawn hurriedly by Collitch reporters, fell into the water, too, and shrank

STEW DUNTS DUNK DONUTS IN BEER

Midst the cheers and jeers of the student bodys, Sactor Deauville uttered a mouthful of wise advice. "Beer," she urged, "is the staff of life, goils. It is what every collitch stewardent 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 Fanning 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 Arboretum, and we hope you'll all join us there.

STRANGLED BODY OF PROBATION FOUND

New London, May 20—With the permission of the higher authorities, the Press discloses to the public the scandal which may drag our Alma Mater in the dirt. Already some of you readers have unscrupulously learned what we now give in an up-to-date résumé concerning the tragic end of Connecticut College's oldest member, Probation.

On Wednesday, May 17, at 3:00 A. M., the strangled body of Probation was found by Mr. Norris in the tunnel between Plant and Blackston. Since that hour, Honor Court has spent hectic days in vain attempts to find

the scoundrel, villain, and heart-breaker.

We regret to say that the indignation of the Honor Court members hardly surpasses the keen enjoyment of the situation by the few knowing students. Because of this misplaced sympathy, Anne Shewell was forced to ask for the coöperation of the faculty, and from the moment of their acceptance results have been amazing. Who would have suspected Mr. Kinsey of being a second Sherlock Holmes? It was he, dear readers, who looked up present and past records, and

Continued to Page 3, Column 5

DIRT GARDENER DIGS INTO LONELY SOUL

Collitch Goil Intervus Noted
Dr. Biel

by Isa Bloo

With a daching heart I wandered lonely as a clod and watched the bees bumble and the leaves twitter on the trees. My philosophy of life had come to an end. Then I turned down a pide wath and saw grey-haired Dr. Biel giggling in his darden.

"Nice safternoon, 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 ear. "Yes, right over there are carrots, and over there,—say, two feet three inches, one kilometer, and two right angles—will beans be!"

"Thrillg," 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 snorted knowingly.

Then I spoke. I said nothing, and he answered me silently. I felt intrigued, heightened, lifted, downtrodden, blasé, magnificently ethereal. I sat there and listened to the clickens chucking 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.

Picture of Dee Dee's Youngest
Youngster, Demonstrating
a Baboonsky Reaction



Coneticut Collitch Catchall

Published by the stewdunts of C. C. once a year. Entered as first rate material at the Ost Poffice of Lew Nondon, Coneticut. Uncensored. Limited Edition

YEE GUILTY
THE BIG CHEEZ
ENN CROAKER '43

POTENTATEST
LIZBTRH TRNUER '43

POTENTATER
LICE AGANTE '43

POTENTATE
LIDYA IRELY '43

Little Cheezes
aine jox '53
marryin warrin '53

Helluping Hands
lama pickles '43
weedith kinastairy '43

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wrethel uss

lizzie Peep '02
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pois hyman '41
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igne lark '15
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BIG SNOOPER
MEELEY SITH '43

Cadd Taker
ritzy cook '50

Big Rounder
booth sooks '69

Little Snooper
ham an neggs '71

Little Cadd Takers
uth pestor '88
matty gasprender '99
beddy tear '11

sorothy disson '56

Rounderettes
barrin gobart '75

jalisson a cobs '81

The Censor
Yerry Yensen (?)

DEADATORIAL

From the Editor's Desk

One fudgy eraser.
Three pencils—one sharp, one broken, and one lost.
One wire basket.
Two 1932 letters, unanswered.
One package of Chesterfields—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 report 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 mess, and has been copied verbatim. (It may have been a potential editorial.) ((Is probably very valuable.)) (((We copied it all down, anyway.)))

"In our economic system of today, de havt to face a fi----- D. D. D. D. (written in scrolls and curlycues.) What are we going to do a ut the chapel system of----- There's an important issue before us, and we mustn't mss the opportunity to mack the most of it--- June 10, June 10--boat races come on the 16---three days after we leave. That means we'llmiss 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 Mary: 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, heavens8yoj can't use "I's" in editorials. My typing is getting to be pretty good, I think, don't you. Ma ybe I ant want vac tion to come.' ----(Next follows a series of pictures in ink, undoubtedly drawn by the ediotr's own hand, (and very likely very valuable) Sorry we can't print them here, but cuts are wxpensive. Then down at the bottom is the following note) May 8 minus June 10 equals-----" (and here the editor evidently fell asleep, for there is a wide smootch of ink trailing across the paper.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

KAMPUSS KARACTER

Its hare is luvly—all coils and wisps hanging out at the edges. He has a pugg nose, and her eyes are pink, bordered with purple and gold. We all no it, becuz she's so good in his studies and then, too, she's hed uv Stew Court and Cheef Justiss of Guvernment. Dandelions pinned to a bare rug. panzies looped around a green hankerchief (apologies to Koine)—but that's what she makes us think of. Perhaps you know him, and then agen maybe you don't, bue she's a grand kid. Do you know who it is?

WESPERS

At 3:37 o'clock, due to the fact that he had to take an early train, Dr. B. A. Theist some day last week delivered the usual Vespers oration, and eloquently urged "Prepare to Be An Angel—Learn To Fly". Owing to the interesting subject, the aeronautic 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. Theist pointed out that one very fine advantage of owning a plane is that one may fly either up or down, so that in case there is a hitch somewhere and plans for ascending to the angelic 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 plain of Pluto just north of Fire Fly City. (Complete directions may be procured in the office of the Dean).

"Modern Youth should fly," says Dr. Theist, "for flying elevates the soul (and body), and raises one to heights many of us will probably never reach otherwise. "Emulate Amelia 'Airheart,'" says the doctor, "and fly a New Hell, New Heaven, and Hartford plane."

Dr. B. A. Theist has won the distinguished G. A. (Doctor of Give-in-ity) from Bedlam University, and has received a call from Church-Ez la Femme, where he will occupy the pulpit after this week. He is publicity director of the New Hell, New Heaven, and Hartford Airplane Corporation and holds thirty shares of its stock, which points probably account for the subject of his sermon.

PIE?

3

1 4 1 6

BEER?

LOVEY DOVEY

my Dear Lovey,

Did you SEE the PERFECTLY SWELL date I had this last weekend for PROM. HONestly I had the BEST time I have EVER had—and did the girls FALL for him. But let me tell YOU, not one of 'em stood a CHANCE 'cause as how you just SHOULD hear some of the ADORable things he whispered into MY ear. Well when we were gang IN I NEARly fell off the plank when he told ME the HIGHEST Compliment a man can PAY to a woman. And then he SIMPLY RAVED about my WONderful dancing in the Junior CHORus. I could HARDly BEER it. And then DID you see the SMOOth guy what sat on the DIVan all evening with the TAUGHT-us glasses. I HEARD he was MARried but 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 PICnic on Saturday was the NURTZ too. We STEAKED the boys to a feed that they could NEVER have had ANY other place. The game we played afterwards was so BASE that I thought it MOST foul so I soon LEFT wilt 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, ny DEAR here's a LETter from him NOW—I can HARDly open it—let me READ it to you.

"Dear Lizzie:

I tnot you might like to know that I fell for Maggie Scaultz at your Prom. I wanted to tell you myself so you wouldn't feel queer when she comes up to you for my pin.

Sincerely and Thank you,
Zilch.

OOOoooHh! Stormy WEATH-er but you KNOW Lovey, 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.

Who Knows;

Where Corine Dewey owes three dollars?

Whom Jane Vogt talks about in her sleep?

Who Dibble's supressed desire is?

How Miss Burdick gets any sleep with the second floor Blackstone crowd?

Why Cupie Tetor gets good grades in Labor Problems?

When we are going to have a week of good weather?

Where Mollie Merwin gets the grand tan?

Why Adelaide is always so Frank?

Why we have final exams?

LADEEZ'ADE KOLUMN

Dear Mrs. Scanall:

I had to write to you! I know you will sympathize and advise me. *Please* help me. Never was there a more heart-broken girl, a more disintegrated personality. I am a young woman of fifty, have twelve little darlings, the eldest is fifteen; eleven boys and one girl, and one brute of a husband. It is about this brute that I am begging your assistance, my dear Mrs. Scanall. He is sixty-five, and was always a good husband until yesterday. Of course, he always drinks two quarts of rye a day, and never did a stroke of work. I have supported him all my family life, but he's been such a good husband. But yesterday I came home, and found all twelve of my darling, loved-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.

My dear Mrs. Pumper Nickle:

You *are* in a precarious predicament, and I am 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 fears will cease. If I were you I should go to my neighborhood bootlegger and buy some *good* rye. Don't let the little darlings or your husband know that you are substituting this drink for the one they have ordinarily. At first they will remain under the effects of the rotten rye, but after careful concentration and scrupulous care, I feel sure that you will be able to get your children healthily drunk on good rye.

Ever of service,

I. SCANALL.

* * *

My dear Mrs. Scanall:

I am writing to you in fear and trembling. What am I to do about it? Every time I sit down, I can't think what is the matter with me. Even if I stand up, or walk or run, it's always there. I have had it for years and months, even days, and even more, minutes. What shall I do? I am pleading with your better sense of responsibility, and I feel, perhaps vainly, that you can tell me what I should do about it all. I am so sad, and yet so happy, yet at times I feel melancholy. It has gotten to be a habit with me, and I'm afraid I may smash it, or break it, or something. Please advise me to the best of your ability. And don't print the answer in your paper, either. I hate to see my name in publicity, you know. Of course, that doesn't mean that I care if you'd like to just put it very lightly in your own special column!

Yours in despair,

IMA BLANKA BOUTIT.

If you wanna read the rest lookon Page 5, Column ?

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

Miss Martin
"Horses, Horses, Horses"

Miss Priest
"Taps"

Miss Brett
"Young and Healthy"

Miss Pollock
"I Got 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. Daghlion
"Star Dust"

Dr. Erb
"When the Organ Played at Twilight"

Mr. Kinsey
"Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"

Mr. Pinol
"I Fa' Down and Go Boom"

Mr. Doyle
"Linger a Little Longer"

Dr. Roberts
"My Kingdom for a Smile from You"

"I've Got No Use For Women"

Dr. Avery
"I Wake Up Smiling"

Dr. Kip
"Student Prince"

"Blest 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 Lou likes ashes.
"How-hard" does Berger try.
"Why-men" Case?
What are Shewell's "night-aims"
"Gee Nathin'" does Minna no good.
Benny's got a "War-on".
Lou likes Chapel.
Dotty Bard is thinking of taking over a "parish".
Bobby is all in a "Days"
Kellog will make a good "s-treat-er"
Morris "careys" no heart.
Liz, Betty-to-you-Moon, Jacks them all up.
Alma's run up a big Bill.
Ruth Jones is rollin' round fine.
Merrill wants a "door-man".
Red has got a "Ead"
Archer likes coffee—Maxwells.
Hershey has "don" it.
Betsy -----!
Hiney "reds" everything.
Dog "ong" Sammy.
"H'are Old" is Beth.
"Harry—you" Babe.

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 picnic in five thousand words to fill in this toid space.

Ye Nickle: Ze peebls dat know me think I'm crazzee, but de peebls dat don't - - - dat's de questions, what? (And said Nickle pulleth up skoit to her waste regions.)

Ye Typewriter: Get goin', get goin'. I don't want to be working here all nite.

Ye Desk: Stop burning up me back with cigarette stubs!

Ye Editor's feet: Up on the desk.

(Seen changes to smoke. Gradually a breeze bloweth in, rattling the curtains gently, and a visage is seen in the distance, vaguely resembling the FEATURES of Ye Ed.)

Well, now, ladies, the Neoze is finished, let's get it on the trolley. You go, I'll go, we'll all go, to the trolley! (This bawdy song resounds 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 frantically through the coughing smoke.) We've forgotten to put in the name of the Wesper speaker.

Ye Ed: (Philosophically frowning out on life in general and then gazing in on life in particular) That's all right - - so many people attend, they'll all know who it was. Why put in stale nooze?

Glee Club

"Sing, You Sinners"

Probation

"You're Getting to be a Habit With Me"

Benham Avenue

"Just a Little Street Where Old Friends Meet"

VEGETABLES LEAD IN FASHION SHOW AT C. C.

On Thoisdav eevning, any date you want, at 6 a. m., Coneticut Collitch fer Wimmin held there anuwel fashin show in Knownot Saloon. The audience sat around on barrels, and waited with expectant pauses for the show to begin. Promptly at two minutes to 11.00 the pianist at the organ rippled off a few delicately resounding chords, and the models swooped into the hall, there eyes gleaming, and there feet moving. One by one they dashed past slowly, cavorting gracefully before the entranced audience. Mrs. Assa Nine came in first, wearing a luscious Liliputain garment of sheerest sackcloth, cut in expensive lines, and draped with garlands of eggplant. Atop her mess of ropy hair was a wee smitch of a hat, shaped liked an inverted mushroom, and decorated with a sprig of parsley. The fashion experts hastily wrote down their notes on this intriguing costume, (and no doubt there will be headlines in *Vogue*—"Vegetarian costume leads Spring styles—garnish your hat with a fresh greenage.") Wee Miss Herr toppled in on her spike-heeled rubber butes, with her gaily striped riding habit and silk rompers. It was a dear suit, but a bit wintry for this season, although the butes 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 Neea Mya, who was garboed in a mysteriously valed hat and a daintily flowered dress of felt and crepe de chine. Next glided in gaunt old Miss It, the sensation of the day. He plump thin figure was clad in her latest style—a chemin de fer of ruffled organdy, with plaid inserts. Steel ball bearings cascaded from her ears—her lovely cauliflour ears! There was a brief intermission, while the audience thucked thider through thrawth, and tried to make out their thort-hand, (excuse me) short-handnotes on the fashions of today's leading collitch. Suddenly Minnie came in, with dull fire in her eyes, and kicked her huge gong about for a while. But she soon collapsed, and parted with the curtain. That was too much for the audience—for after all, it was a fine, cultured, educated, pious, fine, cultured, (etc.) crowd, and they weren't used to such displays. As to the fashion show, well—that will be written up in a later edition.

TIME

If I had time to find a place
To set me down full face to face,
With books of which I nothing know:

But C. C. days are flying so
It might be then I'd get an A
Instead of zeros day by day.

I then might even make this rhyme

If I only had the time.

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 Splodgett

She eats garlic, no less;
She likes it, I guess;
But her friends find it best just to dodge it!

There was a fair damsel named WINNIE

Whose fate it was *not* 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 likes a tall man,
Which I can't understand,
For there isn't so *much* of Miss Bennett.

The last to be named is Miss FERREE

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

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)
fortunate in having this well-known individual on its faculty. His geniality expresses itself in the most charming manners—who has not heard that hearty, open laugh, and seen the glottis vibrate from end to end? He has been known to sneak down to the Commuter's Rooms and teach a bridge fiend to play rummy—or to substitute a mashie-niblick in place of a hammer, and latest reports have been confirmed that he good-naturedly demonstrates his tonsils and semi-circular canals to an interested senior.

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,
Walked 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;
Because he knows so much, you
Forward to Page 5, Column 3

HORROR SCOPE!

Today is the day of sunshine and rain, Saturday, May 20th. Those born and bred on this day are under the control of the Satyr Light. Their life will be long and they may look for an early death occurring from shock from a prof's penetrating perusal, or a "no assignment," or an A, or from being drowned in a drinking fountain. They will have stormy and cruel natures and will spend their lives doing cruel things, such as tickling babies' toes, killing ants, shaving chickens, crabbing parties, pickling peaches, and stuffing dates. They will have no success in anything they attempt and will never attempt anything.

Happy birthday to them!

tion!
can no longer be put on Proba-
And what she to fear? She
fact she is on her honor to do so.
murderer to declare herself; in
mains mysterious it is up to the
As long as Miss Burdick re-
I won't tell."
a reply to our latest plea—"No,
time! May we quote at length
careful guarding, but give us
nothing has been gained by this
from building to building. So far
ning, (5) the fifth follows her
door in Blackstone in the eve-
(4) the fourth studies outside her
other rides in her rumble seat,
Fanning during the day, (3) an-
sits on the bench on 2nd floor
dow every night, (2) one student
sleeps outside the bed-room win-
tack are as follows: (1) Anne
her moves. Our methods of at-
instead devote our entire time to
ceased to guard the tunnel, and
her priceless secret, we have
out the rest. Since we learned of
you, we are doing our best to find
much as we do, and let me assure
Miss Burdick that we know as
our truest friend. It is through
sympathetic, loveable Probation,
who has deprived us of kind,
lesson to the shameless person
KNOWS ALL? Let this be a
generous patron, that our Dean
dick! (Could you have guessed,
spent the money) - - Miss Bur-
genius silent (and we've already
causes she bribed us to keep her
whom we tremble to reveal be-
Equally inspiring is a person
won't tell."

all master detectives - - "Daisies
places him on the level with
guide our lives, the truth that
debited for the saying that will
And to him, mind you, are we in-
scene of his crime (she didn't).
criminal would return to the
nel Thursday night, thinking the
for an hour and a half in the tun-
will tell.") It was he who slept
A spade is a spade. Time alone
ute research: "Murder will out.
crisply at the end of his five min-
exact words, which he uttered
ourselves fortunate in having his
base dead. (We may consider
ments capable of prompting any
brought to light cruel punish-
Continued from Page 1, Column 4

FUN AT NITE

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

Behind her Knowlt.
Before her Fann.
So distant yet
Alone did stand.

The sophie sped
To that fair goal
Where time before
Her man had stole.

This man of hers
Whom she had brought
To this last dance,
Now should be sought

Again to Knowlt.
He should be led
Or she to him
This last have said

This man to whom
She said in gripe
"Go, scram, and get
Out of my life.

"Go go to Fann.
If place you need
In which to wait
Until comes Speed

Then Speed the man
With whom you drove
Can take you back
And all my love."

So left he then
For dear old Fann.
Old Commut's room
Now fixed so grand

"Is he still there?"
The sophie cried
As tripped she 'long
In shoes rose dyed

Hair tossed an blown
Skirts mussed in hands
Hot and panting
She came to Fann.

Up concrete steps
In thru the door
Down down the hall
Swiftly she tore

And there he stood
With grin swift checked
As she sank down
Upon his neck.

TREECHERY

In my reminesenses of the metamorphoses of Ovid I came on the melannnncholy story of the Croosaders. They, filled with a spirit of chivvvalry and forebooding, but veeheement in their quest, set out for the rueeeens of the neeshe of the sepulcur. They were led by the unik but treecherous figars who subseequently showed their jalousy. The apppparently inevittable supperman Salaman led them—his coshious indivduality came twinxt them and the reekognized dangers of their veeheement desire. He reekomended the use of their feests against the tantaliizing hoevering birds—they know from mitology of the strong bareers around the city. The irreconcelible natives, contingus to the sepulcur were commenting on the ginisis of the treecible elkquence of Salaman. A centripeedal force drew them on, a long march enshuued and finally their ideality was realized after tantaliizing sights of akerducks and strange orakles treecible from the time of Dionsus.

But I see that time is passing-----

JUST IMAGINE!

Miss Standwood with "Chif-fon".

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. Kempton's gaiters.

Dr. Laubenstein with Miss Ramsay's avoirdupois.

Miss Noyes in Dean Nye's sweater suit.

Dr. Leib with Dr. Well's beard
- - - and, of course, Dr. Wells without it.

One Wright without the other.

Dr. Erb with Dr. Jensen's knicker suit.

Mr. Cobbledick with Mr. Kinsey's moustache.

Miss Reynolds with Miss Snider's accent.

Dr. Avery with Mr. Pinol's walk.

----- or the whole campus without 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 Grille!

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-iting!

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 visiting lecturer!

Ask Bunny Seabury who "Bebe" is!

Ask Doder Tompkinson how she likes to date THE tennis player!

Ask Peger how she likes his friend!

Ask a certain Senior why she was pursued by a fire-engine!

Ask Hamilton how she likes to go Bob-ing around.

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 folks—my tale is o'er

When at dances, girls, beware

If cut you must, use savoir faire.

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.

Elsie thinks that life is cosy;

She sees him every day.

Lena wants to love a man;

For one she's always fumin'.

While Mary knows she has a fan
Who thinks her more than human.

Peggy has a beaten track

To Wesleyan's biggest hero.

Stimpie 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;

While Margie is completely sold

On Freddie, never fear.

Marion's latest flame

Is one indeed, we see;

And our tempermental 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.

MY PURPLE DINOSAUR

I heard an awful roar;

For what d'you think was stand-
ing there

But a Purple Dinosaur?

Of dinosaurs I'm trully fond,

For they're not meek and mild;

I feel we have some common
bond;

We're both so big and wild.

He looked to me so like a cow,

I gave him a big smile;

Down before him I did bow

Back again to Page 3, Column 4

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 "Roam-in' for Romance".

Miss B.—"How Long Has This Been Going On"?

Sinner—Oh, we've been "Sweet-hearts 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 20th Century Blues".

Miss B.—"Oh, Don't You Weep"—you know that "Somebody Loses, 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 oft 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
squirm,
I found out differently.

"He looks so very cross", I said,
"I'll call him Caesar: Caesar's
dead;

We need another in his stead,
So Caesar he shall be."

He seemed to be so very sad
I thought I'd try to make him
glad
And as I thought, I said, "Egad,
A little love needs he."

"And so" methought, "I'll find an-
other,
Who will make this worm recover
From this mood that seems to
smother
His personality.

"Oh would he care for large or
small?
Perhaps he has no choice at all,
Whoever answers to the call
Will do right happily."

I placed a worm from out the
stack
Near Caesar's head: Alas, alack,
He just looked up and turned his
back,
Still in a lethargy.

The lady worm was quite irate.
"Who is this lofty potentate?
I'll rouse him from this silly state
By simple trickery."

And with a lady's clever wife,
She did not turn on him her smile,
But hunched her back, so as to rile
His sleepy majesty.

She left the spot where Caesar lay,
But as she turned to go away,
He raised his head as if to say,
"Come keep me company."

Can you imagine his chagrin
'Cause she was not adoring him?
The realization was so grim,
It hit him heavily.

"Oh great is Caesar's name," he
raved,
I'm used to having all I crave.
This lady worm must be de-
praved.
Why liketh she not me?"

He cried, "I'll show this fair lady,"
And rising from his royal knee,
He followed her where she did
flee
Across the pan to me.

The lady worm knew she had won
And so, she thought, "I'll have
some fun,
I'll lead this Caesar on and on
'Till he fatigued be.

Therefore, she climbed to lofty
height:
Still Caesar followed with delight.
He cried to her, "I'll stop your
flight,
And you my wife shall be."

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 Ides 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-
ware,
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 scribed for
them:
He and she are dead. Amen.
Oh, when can they come back
again
Across the dreary sea?

Here lies the lofty potentate,
Who died while searching for his
mate.
Sad to tell is such a fate
For one so great as he.

OUR FACULTY

(With apologies to Humbert Wolfe)

1. Hark the Herald angels cry
Timidly, because Dean Nye
Has arrived and seems to be
Bored with immorality.

2. Ye, who this turf may trample
Seek to follow their example
And to standardize your
frenzy
Take a course with Clark and
Kinsey.

(With apologies to the 23 Psalm)

3. Miss Blunt is our shepherd
We shall not want.
She makes us stay off the
green pastures.
She leadeth us beside the
Thames waters.

She increaseth our knowledge.
She leadeth us in the paths of
righteousness
For the College's sake.
Yea though we walk through
the valley of ignorance.

We shall fear no evil.
For she is with us.
Her books and letters com-
fort us.

She has furnished a table be-
fore us
In the halls of Thames and
Holmes.

She anoints our heads with
senior caps,
And our ideas overflow.

Goodness and learning shall
follow us all the days of
our life

And we shall remain true to
her forever.
Amen.

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We Wonder:

What Gert will do when Mac-
Caffery leaves.

Who is the cadet who takes up
Budge's time.

Who the young man is who
rises to the heights of a pugilist
and has one of Connecticut's fair
frosh worried about his ears.

Who is the cadet with a name
famous in the musical world, who
enjoys such popularity at the col-
lege. Now, George!

Who was the girl who rushed
up to Cadet Weed at one of the
dances last October and gushed,
"It is so pleasant to see you
again, Mr. Fields!"

Why everyone thinks that Joe
and Mil make a cute couple.

How many Bobs there are at
the academy. Collecting statis-
tics, that's all, because of the
popularity of various cadets by
that name at C. C. We are with-
holding the sur-names for various
reasons.

When the academy and college
are going to get together and ar-
range their affairs so that they
won't coincide. After all, our
social calendar is made up a year
in advance.

Where did that fourth class-
man learn his technique? Haven't
you heard? Why yes, he met
one of our frosh, with whom he
had danced at a tea, and calmly
invited himself to one of our in-
formals!

How long it will take until the
delegations from the academy ex-
ceeds that from Wesleyan. I
suppose it's all a matter of time
-- but -- "tempus fugit!"

What the exact dates of the
marriages of two of our seniors
to two ensigns are. We hear that
the dates are set for soon after
graduation.

Why the academy doesn't send
up some of its good-looking offi-
cers to lecture to us. After all,
we send our profs down to speak
to you.

Why the academy wouldn't let
us in to see the inter-class swim-
ming meet. We were invited!

What Ruth will do when Fred
leaves?

(With apologies to this and that)

4. Every morning absent ne'er
Comes as fresh as morning
air.

Every morning ne'er a slip
There in class our H. Z. Kip.

MY PURPLE DINOSAUR

see,
He keeps us well-informed.

He's really worth a million,
Of legs he has but four,
Of books he has a trillion,
My Purple Dinosaur.

FRANKS'

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR

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5. Always dreaming of the birth
Of a new heaven and a new
earth;

Tales of Billy Shakespeare
tells
Here's to Dr. J. E. Wells

6. Rejoice, ye pure in heart
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
With D. D. Leib in Math to
start
We say it's quite the thing.

7. Dr. Lawrence, of morning
and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of
light
Into politics, both nice and
naughty.
Without you wherever should
we be?

8. Awake, Miss Dederer, and
with the sun,
With the bugs have lots of
fun.
Shake off dull sleep and joy-
ful rise
To give two guineas for sac-
rifice.

9. O Erb! Thy world is sweet
with prayer
The breath of music in the
air:
With faces shining sings the
choir
Proving your worth goes
higher and higher.

10. O philosopher of life, thy
quickenning voice
In our minds does thought
provoke
Until Mr. Morris, if we had
our choice
Indeed we'd Plato and his
crowd choke.

11. With courage drest, strong-
hearted, blest
Miss Cary teaches French.
With a world of knowledge
The students at college
Feel that they are drenched.

12. Come Miss Ernst, thou must
be waking
Now is breaking on Earth an-
other day.
And even though other work
forsaking
Continental Lit. must have
its say.

13. Oh splendor of McKee's
glory bright
From light eternal bringing
light
And other mysteries pro-
claiming
With the aid of chemistry
training.

Turn over to Page 6, Column 4

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necticut College Faculty and Students.

HERE IT IS:

My sweet child, Ima:

Yours is the sort of case that
thrills my very apple, I mean
heart core, and I feel that I am
sufficiently able to help you in
your predicament. First of all, I
would advise you to take a wee
trip to the doctor's, just to see
whether or not your mind is work-
ing on all eight nerves. It is very
important in this great large
world of ours today that we are
entirely sane and well. Then, if
he says you are all right, which I
really doubt, dearest Ima, you
may sit down at your little rose-
wood desk that you mentioned so
sweetly and descriptively in your
letter, and make some resolutions.
You must say to yourself, I will
be happy if I feel sad, and vice
versa (that means against crime,
my dear) and then make your self
think that you don't feel the way
you do. Of course, if the doctor
says that you are slightly batty
(scientific word for nerts) why
you must write me a long letter,
and I will give you a road map
and complete directions to the
Lunacy House for Young and
Old. Oh, my dear, I do hope that
you are crazy. I love to help peo-
ple in this happy condition. You
are lucky, and I wish you the vest
of conditions. P. S. (Please
scrap) I am knitting it now.

Yours delicately,

I. SCANNALL.



This be an add for the
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KOOB SWEIVER

One of the latest and most popular books on the market today is *My Experiences in Safrica*, by M. I. Nutty. In this excitingest of exciting stories, Mr. Nutty takes us with him through some of his most hair-raising experiences in the jungles of Safrica. Not only is the book highly entertaining, however; it is also very instructive, for it describes in detail that ferocious animal, the pottahippamuss, 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 already discovered, very little indeed was known about the origin and whereabouts of the Push-me-Pull-you. Mr. Nutty tells all about him in this book. *My Experiences in Safrica*, is a book for all the family -- the children will appreciate 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 Swallow* by A. Belch? This book will go down through the ages as a masterpiece of literature. Your education will not be complete until you have read this, the greatest 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 involved in the liveliest mystery story ever written. If you have a weak heart, don't read it; otherwise, buy it immediately and spend an enjoyable evening by the fireside with the greatest mystery on the market.

FRESHMAN CRACK SUP!!

A. Press) The world stood at a standstill yesterday, when the dauntless "Zazu Pitts" crashed in her Rocking Chair. Never before has she been known to crack up. In Fact she has been a wonder to all great rockers . . she travels at such a terrific rate of speed . . 201 rpm (rocks per minute). As everyone knows, this fair young damsel has been suffering greatly from that dread disease. Spring Fever. Thinking that, perhaps, a flight in her chintz colored rocker mite appease the terrible gnawing pain created by the fever, she started off . . Singing most lustily "My Wild Irish Rose" as she gathered more

Hop and Skip to Column 3

SHOE-FIX

REPUTABLE
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THINK OF A TITLE

On second floor in Fanning late last night,
My eyes must have deceived me
for I saw a queer sight;
The corridors that should have been quiet, cold, and bare,
Were all decked up to entertain the spirits playing there.

Miss Ernst was strolling 'round in quite a lazy air,
With bedroom slippers on her feet and bobbie pins in hair.
She tittered in her squeaky voice,
"Staying here is dumb—
In faculty lounge there's Tiddley Winks and piles of Oh Boy gum."

Dean Nye, in shoes with rhinestone heels and slinky satin gown,
Was lurking sadly in the halls,
her smile turned to a frown,
For from her mind had slipped a most significant detail,
T'was this—she simply couldn't say in Greek, "Do you inhale?"

Miss Burdick had a cocktail and a cigarette in hand;
She sputtered shrilly, "I relax, and Gee Whiz it feels grand!
Although my private life is just as moral as can be,
I swear this is the night to shirk responsibility."

Miss Wright skipped in and out of doors, her manner gay and free,
But soon she stopped her merry round to tell our faculty,
"Because depression's bad and your positions soon may shake,
I'll teach you how to open safes of any size or make."

Miss Ramsey, when not sliding down the bannisters with ease,
Was tight-roping with parasol as nicely as you please,
But tears were streaming down her face; quoth she, "I'm very hurt--
The horrid Food Committee clean forgot to bring dessert."

Mrs. Floyd was peeking through the keyhole of each door
With microscope for fingerprints and tracks upon the floor.
"My range in school publicity, you know, is not so vast;
I'd die in the attempt to find a really lurid past."

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Dot Feltner lay stretched on the bench with dull and feverish stare,
She muttered incoherently, and pulled out hunks of hair.
It's hot tonight--my work's not done--the Easter eggs are broke--
In all my dreams I see a tall dark man who doesn't smoke."

Dr. Leib, with fiendish grin, was dancing 'round a fire;
With application blanks as fuel the flames kept leaping higher.
"My every hour is spent in reading these, and fool petitions,
I'll tell the world it's Hell on earth for Directors of Admissions."

And what was strangest yet, when they by chance saw timid me,
They tangoed up and down the halls and waved their arms in glee.
"We all adore the students with their quaint and naive style,
Tell them we pray they'll call on us and stay for quite a while."

speed. Just as she reached a whirl wind speed, ther was a sound of splintering wood, and a crash that shook all of New London. Luck was with our fair young ace. She received no serious internal injuries. All X-rays showed that no bones were broken, as was reported by radio last evening. Just as soon as the rocking chair is mended, this daring freshmen is going to take up this hair-raising vocation once again.

Pill Puick cannod go toidy miles mitoud a drrink of wadder !

Space be low for audio graffs.

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From t'other Page

14. Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
Miss Chaney starts some eggs to beating
For the morrow's mealy spree.

15. When streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes his eyes
Mr. Selden takes paints and brush
With pictured excellence lesser 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 Daghliah
Hurrah to the Physical word.
Explaining these terms when called on
"It's simple" can always be heard.

HAPPY DAZE!

(Beer?)

NOCIAL SOTES

Connecticutttt Collitch. May 41. Lady Diamond Zogooo was seen in the distinguished crowd at Vespers the other evening. She was stunningly arrayed in a purple satin creation which was cunningly decorated with red, green, and white spangles. People on every side gasped as she swept into view in her sumptuous gown. Her brown and white sport shoes had matching Purple silk ties.

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SHUFF OFF TO BUFF

Come one . . come anyone, and enjoy the luxurious new trolley that The Famous city of New London has installed for its loving patrons! At one end has been placed a soda fountain where all types of refreshments will be served to Quench the thirst of trolley riders. A superb new ping pong table and an automatic self shuffler and self-dealing card tables are available for use. . . . All one has to do is to push the enamel button beside each upholstered seat and the tables will spring up from cunningly concealed trapdoors in the floor.

Because of complaints about the discordant noises the trolley makes, special, musical springs have been put on. For those who wish quiet, a soundless room . . . furnished with gleaming white leather . . has been provided. All girls wishing to study (if there happen to be any such phenominas) are cordially invited by the trolley company to make use of this chamber. They are reminded of the fact that the Dean, also urged any students who did wish to study, to please do it on the new trolley because they would not disturb the other girls in college then.

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WAN TADS

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

Wanted: A series of Junior Prom Weekends. Apply to Those Concerned, Anywhere.

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. 000000000.

Wanted: One blank check. Inquirer will meet person willing to offer this at the corner of Benham Avenue on Thursday evening at 8.00 P. M. Please be prompt.

CLASSY FIDADS

Lost: One boat-load of prom-trotters. If found—well, don't bother.

Lost: Sometime during Prom. One tall, thin blond, (male) green eyes, (oh, what eyes!) smooth dancer, weighing 165 pounds, walks, talks, sings, (Bing Crosby-like). Snatcher please return to A. Y. Deshon House.

Lost: One dumb bunny, awfully blue, a sad expression in his eyes. If found or seen please notify Dot. S. Blackstone.

Lost: A tall brunette roommate. Been missing since Prom. If anyone knows a remedy telegraph, don't write—K., Branford.

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

Lost: Continental Literature Final. Unless found, there will be no examination in this course. If found, please burn immediately.

ISN'T THIS SILLY

Stormy Weather Jane Vogt
She was just a Sailor's Sweet-heart Helen Wallis
Mad about the boy Peg Worthy
He's a great big man from the south Mary McCroskey
Say it isn't so Betty Casset
You're getting to be a habit with me Elsie Hoffman
Brother, can you spare a dime? Kay Conroy
The night shall be filled with music Ernie Herman
I only heard Helen Pollard
We just couldn't say good-bye Nan Laycock
I'm young and Healthy Bobbie Townsend
Two loves have I Mary Lou Ellis
I got religion Annie Burke
All American Girl Jan Pickett
After you've gone Kewpie Teter
I've told every little star Barbara Mundy
Puttin' on the Ritz Sunny Ray
Hot-cha Lena Waldecker
Let's have another cup of coffee Emily Smith
Hustling and Bustling Fitz Rooke

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.

Found: One breath of spent passion. Owner apply to Mosier House.

Found: A wandering glance from deep blue eyes. Owner may have it upon identification.

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QURAZY QUIBBLES

Is Frances Wey-gone?
Is Jane Vogt-ing this year?
How Young is Marge?
Does Marge Sey-mour than you?
Dodie goes Merrill-y on!
Let the Sea-bury its dead, says Bunny!
Bill holds the Record!
Is Frances always Rush-ing?
Betty makes a good Archer!
Clapp hard for Nancy!
Jo is Eakin to go!
Winnie keep out of De Forrest!
Janet loves Towns-end Yale!
Pick-ett says Janyce!
Ruthie Rose to the occasion!
Is Mary Lou in a Hays?
Meak-er than good, says Bobby!
Hill-s are good things says Lou!
Red Cur-nows her S. A.!
Polly wants a Crocker.
I'm Bush-ed, says Helen!
Are you as able as Cain?
Not a cough in a Carlough!
Adelaide sat on a Cushing!
Bobby is always cheery on Mundy!
Lou makes a good Sales-man!
Ruth lives down near the Brooks!
Virginia has a bad Case!
Abbie likes to Usher!
I can't ask Mc-vey home, says Julie!
Fritz is no Rookie!
Lena is no Waldecker-ation!

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AROUND THE SWORD
WITH
A TANDEM

Perhaps it's just the season, but we wonder if it mightn't be something more when the secretary of Thames 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 Frshman made with a man who was here with another girl.

* * *

It is a great question at present whether that was really 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 in C. C. 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

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".

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

MY PURPLE DINOSAUR

I walked into the libe one day;
My mind was bent on knowledge.
In fact, I thought that there I'd stay
Until the end of college.
As I walked up the noble stair,
Whoa! Back up to P. 4, Col. 4

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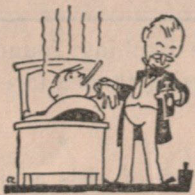
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Another insight into Professor Unclesy's private life. Photo shows infant in fit of demens thermometia.

I'M ALL A FLUTTER

In the days of good King Arthur it was the latest Parisian fashion for the female sex to wear flutters. Oh yes, Queen Guinevere had a large flutter! In fact, everyone had flutters—the horses hoofs got tangled in them, they clogged the wires for telephoning, even the drainpipes were filled with them. They were big and small, of all colors—and everywhere.

It seems needless to say that the men-folk were disgusted with such conditions but the fluttering females continued to smirk and titter behind their newest play-things.

One day as Sir Launcelot was threading a needle for Guinevere, her latest flutter came flitting into the room. Our brave demi-god had reached the point of desperation and, forgetting his manly pride, jumped up and grabbed the flutter around the neck, at the same time exclaiming, "Ah! At last, I mawl a flutter!"

At this, Guinevere blushing cried, "O Launcy, I'm all a flutter, too!"

HERE'S TO
OUR GALLY—
WHERE IS SHE?
(Nertz—She's Yellow!)

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C for the cats cut up in Zoology,
O for those students of Ornithology;
N for the nuts in the house up the river—
N for the nudists who sunbake, yet shiver;
E for our efforts to get educations,
C for the cuts that give us vacations;
T for the time I've put into this verse,
I for my hope that the rest won't be worse.
C for the calk pushers—teachers in short—
U for the IOU, a popular sport,
T for the trouble I've had up to here.

C for the Coast Guards who dwell so near;
O for off-campus so far away,
L for the Libe—place for work and not play.
L for New London and the old Sub Base,
E for the eggs that gave breakfast its place;
G for Groton and the Griswold Hotel—
E for the echo of the 8 A. M. bell!

Mr. Kinsey has the quincy.
Here's more power to Mr. Bauer.
Dr. Lawrence likes to snorence.
Dr. Daghlion rides a stallian.
Daddy Doyle makes us toil.
You should be held by Mr. Weld.
Dr. Erb is superbe.
Dr. Leib can't make things jibe.
Dr. Morris sings in a chorus.
Dr. Curt's thinks we're nerts.

ONE CAKE OF BEER FOR THE 4 OF US!

(Must be 3.0015)

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I'm Playing With Fire
Mosier House
The Grass Is Getting Greener
All The Time Whistle Week
Here's Hoping Room Drawing
We Just Couldn't Say Good-bye
Seniors
Let's Have Another Cup of
Coffee C. C.'s Beer Embargo
I've Got Rhythm Bosworth
Try A Little Tenderness
Holmes and Thames
Well(s) the English Department is Hall right; in fact it's Oak(es)ay and everybody Noyes it.

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 Hussey kills things fuzzy.
Miss Hier plays a lyre.

BEER ! ?

J. SOLOMON
Stationer

30 Main Street

Don't sigh over Nye.
Don't sob over Rob.
Don't reproach Miss Roach.
Don't have spells before Doc Wells.
Don't gyp Dr. Kip.
Do or dee for Miss McKee.
Miss Ernst is very learnst.
Miss Stanwood likes canned fud.
Miss Welch should never squelch.
Miss Chase sets the pace.
Miss Clarke hates to park.
Miss Hanson is fond of dancin'.
Miss Witters always titters.
Miss Wood should be good.
Miss Oakes tells good jokes.
Mrs. Wessel loves to wrestle.
Miss Priest says "Eat yeast."
Miss Chaney gives bugs a painey.
Miss Wright rides at night.
Miss Cary is quite contrary.
Miss Kelly makes wine jelly.
Miss Cook should be shook.
Miss Pollock's paid to frolic.
Miss Snider drinks hard cider.

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