Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 9

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1920_1921

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1920_1921/24

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1920-1921 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu. The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
OH, YES, STRUTH!

Isn't it strange that the Sophomore Hop should be such an event in our lives? Living in a community so rich in entertainment as the town of New London it would seem that we should be satiated with amusement, positively worried with the variety of our recreations, blase', and exhausted from adventure! Let us give a cursory glance at the fertility of the town in music, the drama, the dance, and all the other arts.

MUSICAL New London seems to be represented by the Rev. Mr. Hooper, which plays so feelingly before that den of iniquity, the Crown Theatre, many times and oft to catch the sissors waiting for the Norwich car. I believe that it is only in the most advanced communities that music is offered to the public free of charge, which proves, beyond a doubt, that New London is one of the leading musical centers of the world.

At the Crown, the Empire, or the Rialto, you can see drama, although it is silent, so intense that sometimes it is almost worthy of being called Drayna. You can see any number of ex-prize fighters, heavily disguised as heroes, hanging on gold eye-tooth a burning rope, leaping down trap doors into boiling oil wells, protecting the blonde heroine with one arm and mutilating sixteen bandits with the other, or perhaps it is thirty-two bandits, you are apt to lose count in the scuffle. You can see a modern version of Comus, which would turn Milton green, with an innocent heroine, pure and undefiled in the wicked city, with not a villain daring to touch a hair of her permanent wave. You can see any amount of draynas--such as:

Last but not least there is the dance. For the royal fee of seventeen cents you are able to enjoy, not only the most superbative dancing, such as only the Lyceum can offer, but to breathe... (Continued on page 5, column 1.)

GREETINGS! FAIR SIRS.

Gentlemen, from without our cloistered gates—we greet you! We run to meet you—we extend to you the "good hand," as it were, and we offer it heartily. For one wonderful, exquisite, marvelous—alas, adjectives call me—week-end, you are to be with us. Your feet will presently tread our campus—along with other feet, smaller feet. Your shoulders will swing gracefully along under our street lamps (crude street lamps) I say that with no murderous intent. Your shoulders may swing, and your feet yet be upon terra firma. Our campus, our sky, our river, our time and talents are at your service. You may walk about—but avoid the rocks. You may lounge in our reception room—but don't stray too far down the corridors and don't be observant.

We have prepared lavishly—say, slaved for your coming thou longed for, eagerly-awaited through! With aching backs, stiff necks, and torn and bleeding fingers have we decorated the Gym as it has never been decked before. (Do notice it and compliment us.) We await your pleasure. Honestly, we are awfully glad to see you and although we may be demure and very shy in expressing it, the gladness is there all the same.

WELCOME.

The class of nineteen twenty-three welcomes its guests with all the enthusiasm and cordiality of which it is capable. You hope we will have as good a time as we shall have. We can say no more!

WHAT?

What turns the little brook to sobbin',
And stops the singing of the robin,
When you're not here?

What starts my happy heart a throbbin',
And sets the whole wide world a babbin',
When you come, dear?


WHICH IS WORSE?

On Being a Committee Chairman.

Have you ever realized what a hectic life is that of the committee chairman? No! Not unless you were once. I think about it a lot. It just comes into my head whether I want it there or not! Something to do with physics, or association areas I suppose. But like Hafizett, I digest. We were discussing committee chairmen.

By rights they should be imaginative people, and as such they should be carefully handled lest that divine spark of imagination die out. I am going to meet with the dining room committee to discuss the matter of a separate table for committee chairmen. I hardly think they get enough calories, or perhaps not the right kind. The college at large is supposed to be fed the kind of calories that help one take note and find page and line references. That won't do for the committee chairman. She must have ideas, her own ideas, something to keep her committee busy.

It takes more imagination than even I possess to keep five husky girls busy all day, allowing of course, the minimum time for class attendance. I was forced to resort to tricks. It was the duty of one member of my committee to bother the other four, so that I should have time to think up tasks as rapidly as they could execute them.

That wasn't entirely successful. I would find my committee idle! That is a reflection on the chairman! So I turned to hysteries. You can't imagine how quickly a dissenting committee can be brought to obedience, or a hard working committee be made to slow up by hysteries. I admit it is heartening and also humiliating, but who would not sacrifice herself for such results? All committee members have as their official privilege the right to be nervously hysterical at will. I practise in my room in six to seven every (Continued on page 4, column 1.)

DO YOU LOVE TO DANCE?

Apologies to Don Marquis.

I just love to dance! Really you can't imagine how much good it does me to go to a dance. Dancing is so important to the soul's development, don't you think? You know, when I am at a dance, I just forget all about life's serious problems and thoroughly enjoy myself. I get so hypnotized in swirling about aimlessly to the music that I know I do queer things with my feet, but I always hope my partner understands that I am a person of temperament, and not one of these jazz persons.

Sometimes, though, I get very serious at dances. I remember once I was suddenly moved to say to my partner while I was dancing a perfectly lovely waltz, one of those waltzes, you know, that bring life's realities very close to you—"Oh, Mr. Jones, I feel as though this little dance of ours were somehow in harmony with all the great unchanging laws of the cosmos, don't you think it is?"

And you know, he didn't know what I was talking about. Poor man, he hasn't found out the great truths of life. So few of us do. I often thank Heaven that I have been so wonderfully blessed with such an insight into matters of the soul.

But to continue about dances. I wonder just what significances dances have? I have a little theory, you know, that everything in life from a seemingly inconsequential noble to the great ball of fire in the sky, has a purpose. Dances, I think, are meant to be periods of relaxation from the great every-day struggle of life.

You know I belong to a club of Serious Thinkers which meets every day in the week. We discuss all of life's problems. You can't imagine what a relief it is for me suddenly to drop all life's problems and just relax.

SUFFERING FOR BEAUTY.

This morning I picked up a magazine, and, in glancing through the advertisements, I came across a lovely lady with abnormal quantities of hair rippling over her arms and knees, and large spots under her portrait proclaiming, "You Must Have Extra Beautiful Wave-Keeper to Be Attractive." Further down the page were directions—a weekly shampoo, a gentle warm water, a few spoonfuls of "rich, creamy lather," more warm water, a mere drizzle of breeze, and your hair is transformed into a mass of glittering waves, as if so many waves had been whipped into the advertisement.

From the deep recesses of memory rushed various stirring pictures of my youthful shampooings, differing astounding—some were from those of those with a page adorned by the lovely lady. How fanciful is the quest for the perfect wave and how painful for the seekers thereof!

Of course there are those who can walk into a "parlor" attracted by a head of wavy false hair, but mine did, and a boy in uniform at the door—secretaries in a plush-lined beauty uniform in which the air was perfumed and he-agroned Australian soap applied the waves to the "rich, creamy lather." They emerge shaming, flushed and unfatigued. But there be three or four, who, in a cruel circumstance or wayward inclination, manage the wave without the benefit of "hair" on the or the curlers.

The last class I am unfeignedly, unashamedly, and unapologetically my own. I spend many minutes in the tent on the shores of a softly lapping lake where hot water might have belonged to an effete civilization long forgotten. Many times I have hung my head on a bright umbrella and sworn to cleanse my hair in the lapping waves added by a cake of floating soap, a told friend. By long experience, I discovered the simplest method. I satiated myself on a dock fully feet above the water, and, with the kind friend firmly grasping my shoulders, I hung half over the end of the dock violently scrubbing my apoplectic head, clenching at the slippers soap which the waves only tossed higher and yet, and coining vital impressions against the Biblical gentleman who proclaimed a woman's hair her crowning glory.

Again, I have shamped with a nice, shiny spray on the end of a brush, rubber tube conveniently attached to the bathtub faucet. After having spent some time regulating the volume and the temperature of the water, I have aimed bravely at my head just as the tube sprung a large double leak sending one stream into my eye and another soar, and the best friend, as he downward to return to the comfortable puddle in the middle of the floor.

I have stood on my head in a basin built too low for a normal human being to rest her back in, while my position has resembled that of a giant giraffe at his evening prayers. Thus I have gotten soap in my eyes and ears, my mind and body.

But of all these things are as so in the magazine the knowledge that I gained in the magazine this morning, "You must have beautiful, well-groomed hair to be attractive." With such knowledge, I could not believe that I would suffer anything. I not only would, I do.

THE PAT MAN'S PARTNER.

By Alfred Tennyson.

I see my fat old partner, plump, his double chin, his portly size, and none of him danced with could forget. The busy wrinkles round his eyes, the slow, wise smile that round about his smiling forehead dappled countenance, the sleek, half-high and half-white hair. Full of meaning for the girls.

His beard, his walking, his leaning, his plan, Fair Roscoe dear cannot excel, but for the beard, waiting for a while for my face. To-morrow may be a day ago.

HOP.

By John Milton.

Old Time is still a-flying

And as the writer wishes it to be printed. The article may also be signed

Experiments of Psychology.

REFERENCES: Sea, Science, Beach and Dr. Morris.

EXPERIMENT I.

Taking a Chance.

Date: October 1 to December 11, 1920.

Subject: At least three men from your own home town. Your brother, if you have one. A friend's second

Experimenter: Any Sophomore.

Material: One quire of pink writing paper; six envelopes; six special delivery stamps; a fountain pen; small change for long
distance telephoning.

Procedure: Consult as early as possible in the Sophomore year, the Experimenter should make a list of her masculine

acquaintances. In classifying them for eligibility as escorts she should use the following formula for points:

-Dancing 80 points, looks 16 percent, manners 10 percent, weight 4 percent, manners one percent. While the weight of various
gentlemen have been determined, the Experimenter may write cordial special
delivery invitations on pink note

Connecticut College News

EVE OF THE HOP.

By John Milton.

Flies back to season's yore,

Where 'Plato, ill things learned of

Still more augmenting these,

 Trio of charming beauties,

FLY—

By the way, Boston.

Next day—At the HOP.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.

It is a day ago—

Eve of the HOP.

By the way, Boston.
WCHIC Which Is Worse?
(Concluded from page 1, column 3)
meaning that you merely shall give a
cause in nervous hysteria for all who
decide to be members of committees.
This is not an advertisement. You see it
grows right in with the news being
new itself. It is, were it...
But my motto is:
"Remember number one", or in
other words: "Give everyone the
opportunity you have for the
enjoyment of life."

On Being a Committee Member
by One Who Knows.
I was on a committee once. You may
not believe it from my looks. But I was.
That vacuous expression that
comers just before I register pain
or pleasure is due to the habit of waiting
for my chairman's emotional reaction.

I was youthful and very shy,

An expression on his face,

'Tis, merely, sir—the Soph'more Hop.

As committee member one
should know the price of lobster salad for
five hundred people, how to hitch the
off.

To be a committee member one
should carry thumb tacks with her,
to be prepared for any
ter gage at you with an expression of
the mild sympathy and amusement one
feels for the kitten that chases its tail?
Yes, I was on a committee, once. But
I don't remember why, unless it was to
borrow bed-room slippers from the
faculty, and make talcum powder
cigarettes. If you have not yet been on a
decision, let me advise you never,
under any circumstances, to make
cigarettes. What they do to the
smoker who forgets and inhales is
nothing to what she does to you after
warded your chairman demands
theseuggestions, tell her in a very bold
tone, being careful all the while that
your chairman is still in your pocket, tell
her that you buy yours ready made.
It takes too long to roll your own.

New London, Conn. Tel. 1542

J. TANNENBAUM
Fine Stationery and Imported Novel-
lin. All Office Supplies
Whiting's, Stationery, by the Pound
or Box
150 STATE STREET
New London, Conn.

CITY DYE WORKS
Efficient—Prompt
46 Bank Street, New London

The Specialty Shop
MANWARING BLDG.
Hosiery, Underwear
Waists, Neckwear, Corsets

Get It At
STARR BROS., Inc.
DRUG GIST
110 STATE STREET

GROCERIES and MEATS
A. T. MINER
THREE STORES
381 Williams St., 75 Winthrop St.
Crystal Ave., and Adelaide St.

Alling Rubber Co.
Best Quality
Tennis Shoes and Rubbers
162 State Street, New London, Ct.

MISS FLORENCE CANFIELD
Distinctive Millinery
Platt Building
New London, Conn.

J. B., '23.
A SOPHOMORE'S FATE—A
TRAGEDY.

Now this is the tale of a Sophomore,
Who was witty and pretty and always
gowned who were certainly not home-
made;

and was fitted for any dress parade.
This damsel also had plenty of money,

Anne's that were sweeter than any honey;

But in spite of her beautiful eyes so
bright;

This maiden was now in a dreadful
plight.

For she was a Soph'more at dear C. C.
And the glorious Hop was soon to be;

And the poor girl who knew dozens
of men,

Cowardly to take up her pen
To ask one man to become her guest.
For she didn't know which she liked
best.

Now what could the poor girl do?
There was Archibald who was much too
bold.
And Petey who didn't look well
enough!
Billy was always laughed too much,
While Tommy ever appeared with such
An expression on his face, young face
That father would ask him each time
to say grace;

Horace was youthful and very shy,
Allen was too old and very dry;

Bee seemed by far too haughty,
While all the boys cally Percy
and Shorty."

New London, Conn.

TATE & NEILAN
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats
Corner STATE and GREENE STREETS
New London

Beco. the most...

KATIE'S KOLUM OF KLOTHES KUESTIONS.

Uniqueness in wearing apparel is the mode this season. If you are in doubt about any vital question you will find the answer in this column. If you don't find it, write to me enclosing fifty cents in stamps and I will answer free of charge.

For Street Wear.

The most truly apropos mode originated in some time comes from New London, a quaint sea-board town, where sailor hats gaily bedecked with plumes of Cherry Blue are being worn by all of the leading set.

Under no circumstances does one wear furs about the neck. The popular small animal scarfs are hung about eight and three-quarters (8¼) inches apart, tail downwards, from the balanced with careless sides fair upon the hips. This gives the much sought after Charlotte Russe effect achieved by all of our prominent actresses.

Speaking of furs, the banana skin has come of its own.

If you possess an onyx ring, wear it over your glove on the thumb. If you do not possess one, wear it on the index finger.

In New Haven recently at an impromptu affair held by the Yale Students in their arena a new and novel idea in foot apparel attracted a great deal of attention. Heavy wooden stockings were being worn in loose, careless folds rippling about the ankle.

Here also the prevailing motif seemed to be a great variety of impedimenta covering the neck.

At the rendezvous of the Club de Hecker not so long ago, the smartest of the smart, Roberta Wise, one of our pioneers of fashion, introduced coquettish artificial nosegays cloyly peeping from the shoe-top.

For Evening.

Just new simplicity is the note in evening gowns. At Hush Hall the other evening a stunning creation was seen—one of extreme simplicity expressed in terms of gold thread and charm.

A whisper to debutantes. I can furnish upon request the name of a very exclusive little shop where one may procure an unlimited quantity of fabrication upon which to build any air of which but satisfactorily the new victory arch cofiure. These have been proven a bang-up success.

For College Girls.

The middy tie is an available part of every college girl's equipment. At present I have on hand an extremely limited supply of transparent ties which (a word to the wise) may prove quite practicable in typing classes.

Connecticut College girls have found very convenient an odd contrivance consisting of metal-lined pockets with a tiny spigot attached. These can be changed from one dainty frock to another and aid these clever misses in removing liquids from the dining hall for future consumption.

OUR NEWS STAND.

The Spectator..........................D. Randle
Popular Mechanics.....................E. Shay-maker
Good Housekeeping.....................C. Hall
Literary Digest........................L. Roche
Literary Digestion.....................C. K. N. P.
Popular...............................Ray Smith
Nurse & Housekeeper.................J. W. Love
Dimmie
The Smart Set............................Class of '24
Punch and Judy.........................M. W."nner
Bringing Up Father.....................Maunel 3
The Theatre Magazine................A. Greenbaum
Physical Culture.......................Ruth Wilson
Sinny Stories............................Babe Mitchell
Cosmopolitan.........................Marge Bucke
Vanity Fair............................Ray Culver

HOARY LOCK'D SENIORS.

Oh, the joy of sitting by,
And looking on the shore.
What pleasure, just to rest ourselves,
While plantings come and go.

For three long years we've decked the gym,
And matched up colors gay.
We've ordered ets and orchestras,
And once—sent them away.

But this year, down we sit in peace,
And smile with gracious joy;
For College Girls.
Not a single stam
To plan,
No dashing of our pride.

Oh Soph'mores while you plan your Hop,
We watch, and beam and glow.
We know now how Seniors felt,
Two long years ago.
O. L. 21.

OH, YES, STRUTTHI
(Continued from page 1, column 1.)
air from which all oxygen has been removed for the last fifty-nine years and six months. It is a privilege worthy of a higher price. There you can see Azalea or Honoldi, or Gentle using her anatomy to express all the concentrated jazz of America slightly influenced by the earlier manner of the Africants. Masters—and mistresses—of the terpethworden art, danc and twirl those nightly—aye, verily, they even change and clog, shuffle and slide, and billow and booms.

Among all these attractions what is a mere Hop to us? Just one more tune, just one more twist to add to our load of social and artistic excesses!—M. A. O'Kane.

SOUND ADVICE.
Ned—"Darling, say the words that will make me the happiest man in the world." Edna—"Shall I really?" Ned—"Please, if you only will." Edna—"Well, then stay single."—Sun Dodger.

THE STYLE SHOP.
LADIES' and MISSES' APPAREL

119 STATE STREET
NEW LONDON, CONN.

CHIDSEY'S OPTOMETRISTS and OPTICIANS
Photographic Supplies, Developing, Printing, Enlarging, Greeting Cards, Picture Framing
Die Stamped College and Dormitory Stationery

115 STATE ST., NEW LONDON, CONN.

VANITIE SHOP
SHAMPOOING, HAIRDRESSING, MASSAGING and MANICURING
Room 317 Plant Bldg., 'Phone 313
New London, Conn.

T H E S T Y L E S H O P
LADIES' and MISSES' APPAREL
Lawrence Hall Building
17 Bank Street

Davis & SAVARD
Regal Shoes for Ladies
34 STATE STREET
NEW LONDON, CONN.