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THE SEE SEE NOOZE

VOL. 1, No. 2

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MAY 1, 1931

PRICE TEN CENTS

MALICE IN FANNING-LAND

A Daring Fantasy of Night Life Among the Insomniac Faculty

(Unexpurgated Edition)

It was midnight—as dark as the inside of a cow—and Malice stumbled to her bed in Branford, tripping over a cigarette butt and a wall of foul blue Camel smoke en route. Gasping in those cute little pants that you get at Macy's for \$1.95, she sank onto her excelstor mattress and drowned in an agony of black and blue spots. Her whole frame—an imperfect 36—shook like a 1920 Ford. She had athlete's foot and her roommate had drunk up all the Absorbine Jr. to see the pictures on the bottom. Her veins were varicose and she hadn't the courage to separate them. Her gastric juices, as she knew right well from Freshman hygiene (you can't fool a college girl!) were working like H—arry to do away with the ghastly remains of four years of muffins, but it was a losing fight for they kept coming up against a mushroom on the top layer and even Dr. Benedict would know that any gastric juice is completely stumped by a mushroom—for which there is no real good excuse for being, especially not in an omelet or soup! Dandruff fell softly on her front page features and her soft bosom rose and fell like Rome. She was a complete wreck—and no wonder for she would not listen to her mother. With a sickening thud she dropped off to sleep, but the innocent slumber of babes who dream of more and better rubber diapers and lots of hard pink rattles to throw in their Nurses' faces, was not for her. She had forgotten to drink her Ovaltine and she had pink tooth brush—even her best friend kept reminding her of it but to no avail. Instead of dreamless sleep a Hideous Nightmare crept up in sneakers and seized her with the strangle hold illustrated on page 36 in the *Love Life of a*—. And here my friends the story really begins and you have just time to leave by the nearest exit if it is open!

It was in Fanning and Malice found herself rising up out of the hole in the water color. "How strange!" she said. "Not at all," said Daddy Leib, falling asleep on the corners of an isosceles triangle, "I have insomnia myself, but I count incoming Freshmen to put me to sleep." But come, this is the haunt of the sleepless faculty who prowls here nightly. "Heavens," boomed a voice near the telephone booth, "Heavens," and it was Dr. Jensen pacing the floors of the booth looking for his umbrella. Malice and Daddy Leib hurried on while Daddy Leib explained that Dr. Jensen spent his time in contemplating a horrible slaughter for all theme writers and that Unity, Coherence and Emphasis, mixed with a little quinine and taken in weekly assignments was his best idea. Half way up the stairs, a dainty little figure in

(Continued on page 6, column 1)

BILLY SEZ—

'Tain't everybody that kin take archery three years n'not be able ter hit th' target!

What would th' presidunt's right hand man dew if he were left-handed?

The collich liberrians air gitting ter be too dum reserved.

How kin a stooudent go daown ter taown in a group of less than two?

Life is like hash—a leetle o' this and a leetle o' that.

It takes a lot of pluck fer sum girls ter wear their eye-brows as they dew.

Art for Art's sake is awl right as long as Art comes across with a coupla prom bids.

Mazie Murphy Guilty of Manslaughter

"MY CHILD," SHE WEEPS AS PRISON GATES CLOSE

Today saw the sensational conviction of Miss Mazie Murphy, alias the Cat, alias the Post Office, alias the Bookstore. Miss Dugan, who resides on Mohegan Avenue, opposite Vinal Cottage, was on trial for her life. The jury which was thoroughly bribed, consisted of the members of the faculty of Connecticut College for Women.

Violet, on the afternoon of Friday, April 17, 1931, was seen to step viciously and with intent to crush on the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth tree in the pine forest.

She was immediately taken into custody by Chief-deputy Lambdin who witnessed the terrible debacle.

Rosie's first appearance on the stand saw her clad in stunning lounging pajamas. She immediately had the sympathy of the jury. The cross examination proceeded and the prosecuting attorney, deftly inquired whether she ever played marbles for keeps?

The strain was too much and Myrtle fell to the floor shrieking, "It was the Chesterfield man. He gave me the rules for Contract."

The jury was out from 9:50 to 10:15.

Upon its return it handed in a unanimous verdict of not guilty.

Daisy, on the arm of her white-haired father, lit a butt and swaggered out of the court room.

Our star reporter was able to slip into the room in which the jury deliberated. He found a number of slips containing remarks of the jury bearing on the case. He has had these slips identified and translated. The "Nooze" offers them to you for what they are worth.

Dr. Wells says, "Gloria failed in plain living, high thinking. She did not buckle down."

Miss Snider, "Vera Vere de Vere is guilty. She made shadows. j; j; j; j; j; j."

Dr. Roberts, "That is a terrible mistake! Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

Miss Ernst, "My heart is filled with melancholy at this sad ruin that did not see that time was passing."

Dr. Jensen, "ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ Well Turned."

When life is like this, what can a school girl do to make up for her failings? And the moral is "butter is sold by the pound."

Notes Found On Mutilated Corpse

Happy Begay Dead

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PALOOKA DETECTIVE BUREAU

(Found on the corpse of the late Sergeant "Happy" Begay—District B.—and submitted for publication by Messrs. Drape and Crepe, cits.)

March 24. Came as per instruction 3 A. M. to Blackrock Estate. Wet night; Drop in temperature noticeable. Waited about sometime observing nothing unusual when was startled by uncouth scream, followed by sounds of general disturbance and alarm. Concealed myself in port-cocher. Door suddenly thrust open. Ferocious lion-cub rushed out. Attempted to follow. Useless.

Observations: no tail
yellow
circus train passed
through N. L. 1
A. M.
no other clues

March 25. As per instruction engaged as switch-board operator at Blackrock Estate. No clues some time. Large crate delivered 8:32 A. M. Left Estate for lunch. Returned to find crate tampered. Took finger-prints. Correspond escaped Sing-Sing 3241782 (Sept., 1929). 2 P. M. crate removed to storage room. Left untouched.

Observations: no clues.

March 26. Came as per instruction 3 A. M. Blackrock Estate. Took post as indicated on chart. Long wait rewarded by weird clanging of bell and general confusion in Master Suite. Observations: no clues

this A. M. N. L. Times
Amalgamated noted
two man-eating
Polar bears at
large
mystery impenetrable
wet night; feel queer

April 10, 3 A. M. Writing on duty as per usual at Blackrock Estate. Low visibility. Damp. Unpleasant. Whole confounded affair queer. Getting on my nerves. Don't like the looks of it. Looks like city slickers. At any rate no soft job. 3:45 slight disturbance in my quarters second floor Estate. Don't like the looks of the thing. In

(Continued on page 2, column 3)

CLARA CLANCY AGAIN IN HOSPITAL

College Graduate Victim of Harrowing Experience

Wan and white, Clara Clancy, a graduate of Connecticut State College in New London, lay on her bed in Bellevue Hospital, New York, today, the victim of Fate. Miss Clancy will be remembered by students of Connecticut College as the girl who suffered a tragic adventure in the New London shipyards at this same time last year and who had the notable experience of being visited by three of the State College faculty at one time—namely, Dean Nye, carrying lilies, Dr. Morris, in hysterics, and Dr. Jensen in plus fours. None of these three could be present at Miss Clancy's bedside on this second occasion, all having Saturday morning classes. Dean Nye, however, sent a lily.

Fate has stalked Miss Clancy's footsteps all this year, which she has spent in the offices of National Goldfish, Incorporated, as a typist. Every word she has erased has been right the first time. Every period she has changed to a comma should have been a period. Every man in the offices of National Goldfish was married and interested, or eligible and indifferent. But Fate did not quite catch up with Miss Clancy until last night at 11:35 on Broadway.

Miss Clancy, or Clara, who is a golden blonde (this merely to stimulate interest) attended a theatre party on fifty cent passes with six of her girl friends, according to the New York custom of college graduates. When the theatre was over, Clara, who lives uptown in a bed-sitting room overlooking a combination fire-escape and refrigerator, left her friends on the corner of Broadway and 47th Street, and walked to the nearest subway. Little did she reck as she strode along Broadway, casting baleful glances at the smirking loungers in front of the line of cigar stores, that Fate was even then overtaking her—that in a few short minutes she would be praying to find a friendly face among those very loungers. Lightly, having tried three subway entrances (all downtown) she sped down the right stairs (uptown), reached into her pocketbook for a nickel, and, stricken with a horrible falling sensation in the pit of her (sh!) stomach, pulled forth, one by one, three pennies. One and one and one are three. Again, Clara! One and one and one are three. By this time, Miss Clancy was an ash blonde. She leaned against a pillar for support and struggled to regain control of her senses. By and around her surged the carefree after-theatre crowds, pulling out nickels with the air of those who have more nickels where that one came from—tossing them into the slot with the airy gesture of the plutocrat.

Suddenly, to her swooning brain came a thought. "If you are ever stranded," someone had once told her, "A policeman will always give you carfare." Murmuring those helpful words to herself, Miss Clancy, with new courage, mounted the subway stairs. Smiling nonchalantly, rehearsing a vivacious speech, she headed for the member of the force, who, white gloved and dapper, was standing on the curb. "Pardon me," said Miss Clancy with a little flutter in her voice. "Pardon me—." Without a glance in her direction, the dapper member of the force darted to the curb, thrust his gleaming boot into a convenient stirrup, hoisted himself lithely onto a convenient horse, and vanished into the midst of the traffic. Cars sprang magically up where

(Continued on page 5, column 1)

Speakeasy Raided

Today, April 30, 9999 a great step in science has been made. Excavators, digging through the ruins of nine civilizations on a hill just above the ancient city of New London, unearthed valuable remains. In the far corner of what had once been a room, the diggers found a crumpled piece of paper.

Although 20th Century English has long been dead, the language is an open book to the erudite. The signs on this crumpled ball, which has defied the ravages of time, have likewise defied analysis. Once identified it will probably indicate the existence of another race of man.

The hieroglyphics so brought to light are:

bost hand vavy vody bact raun vorb
alikj begin alear court driw deije
floess inside xikree nakkrr voughr
althoufh sijdifer directer rkmember
P. S. We suggest that the solution to this amazing problem lies on page 32, L. 14, Dr. 14-A of the "Typing Manuel."

NASHIANA

1. It's strange how often when I call Caledonia
I get REgent or PEenna or things even fonia.
2. A Rolls Royce
Is very noyce.
3. When I'm walking along Broadway at noon
I think I'll be having my lunch soon—
Yet often I wish I'd not been in a hurry.
'Cause eating so fast makes me frequently surry.
4. Beside me there are a great many who
Didn't win the Camel prize either, ennyhoo.
5. Sometimes when I hear Rudy Vallée
I long to throw the radio out in the allée.
6. I hate people who think they're so clever
At imitating other people's poems and aren't ever.

SEE SEE NOOZE

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EDITORIAL

We are facing a great crisis. It is a time when cooperation is at a premium. The college must combat the wave sweeping across the country. Even worse than the yellow peril, more fiendish than the plague, it is encroaching upon us.

Where then, oh friends, is your pride? Mount your horses, gather up your bicycles, shift your gears and fall into line. Uncle Sam needs you. *O tempora! O mores!* And what is worse the fish are dying hourly in the blue Thames. They pant at the slips of the Sub Base, eager for some slight encouragement. And yet we here, on the other side of the river are thinking only of shredded wheat.

And, while we are on the subject of *tunics*, we wish to recount an anecdote *sur le sujet*. It seems, this spring one of us lost her lovely little model, cherished since Freshman year. She searched the college, even peering into the refrigerator and the ice cream freezer. No tunic! Our heroine grew pale. Her strength failed. Games class no longer lured. And then as the smoke in her last cigarette had almost dispersed (tear, tear) came a box from home. *Voilà la tunic!* It had been found resting with the Christmas tree balls.

In dealing with a situation of this type it is wise to consider the paint. Then, too, you should count the spark-plugs before going out in the morning, so that none will be found to be missing.

And if you resent the falling of the rain, consider that the pine trees must be watered. And as has been said so potently *tempus fugit*.

MUEZZIN MUGWUMPISM

C ollege fair
O n the
N oll of the
N ever un-
E ndurable
C ampus.
T his
I s
C oming
U nder
T he

C (again!)
O il of midnight
L ow; and
L oving
E nergetic
G uards of the Coast
E xcavations

F ast
O r
R umbly

W orm
O ur
M inds
E ver
N attily.

AFTER-VACATION DISPOSITIONS

Monday, April 6th.

Dear Diary:

Much mad scrambling around today to get all the last minute things done before leaving for school again. Had to make one final dash to town and change those birthday stockings that were just too small and get a new bonnet after seeing that that Jones girl had one just like it. Had lunch in town and spent the rest of the afternoon in packing and ransacking the house of things I didn't actually need but might be able to use now Spring is here—or at least ought to be here. The packing was interrupted I don't know how many times by the phone's ringing and some irritating boy wanting a date for to-nite—just as if he didn't know I was leaving! The "roomie" dashed down here to go back with me. Drove back with Frank and Jim. Had the hardest time really getting off—many fond farewells and promises to write and all that, just as at Christmas time (and will probably keep them equally well). We had a grand time coming up—had so much to talk about and laugh over, and things to think about too. The ride was just one continual smoking, laughing "gab fest". No kidding! Then all of a sudden we were here, and the boys had to leave, and we came up to the room. Honest, Diary, the room looked so funny and bare and desolate. The first thing I did was grab all the things I had put away and try to straighten up the place and make it look liveable at least. Of course there were new clothes to show and put away, and other people's things to look at, and lots of things to hear about. And was I ever glad to show that new pin of mine, tho of course some of the glory of that was taken away by Helen's ring. Oh, well! Well, time to retire ole dear. Gosh, I sure am tired. Wonder if I'll get a letter tomorrow. Wish I were home again. All that studying to do, too. 'Nite, Diary.

* * * * *

Tuesday, April 7th.

Dear Diary:

Today has been a horrid day! Rained all day of course. Never knew a time when it didn't rain after vacation around this old place. It was so horribly nasty and cold all day, and the cold I started to get during vacation came on full blast with the sweet New England weather, and I felt terrible! Had classes all day, of course, when all I wanted to do was curl up in a ball some place and die—or sleep, at least. And the last straw was when I didn't get any mail at all. Not that I expected much mail, but I had hoped for that One Letter. Well, I should have known that all men are alike after all, and not have expected him to keep his promise. Oh, dear, I am so tired, Diary, and I have so much work to do. The teachers might have a heart and give us a chance to get settled. I'd even like to go to the movies but I am too tired and have too much to do. Oh, to be home again, and going out some place nice with someone nice, or even not going any place, just so I didn't have to work. Just got to get to the grind again, so good-bye, Diary.

* * * * *

Thursday, April 9th.

Dear Diary:

Well, at last Spring is here, though I thought it would never arrive. When I awoke this morning to see the sun shining in my window and to hear the birds whistling—or maybe my "roomie" was snoring, I don't know—I felt so happy all of a sudden. Southerners should be happy all the time. I am sure I should be if I lived in a sunny, warm climate all the time. It was really warm out early this morning, too, and I wore my light jacket to classes. And the most wonderful thing of all was that I got that letter today, and he was all apologetic for not writing before and really had a good reason for it too, and he is so nice and he is coming down soon and I am all thrilled over it Diary! I felt so good all day that I didn't mind going to classes at all, and was quite glad to be here again. The classes were really rather

interesting too, and I wasn't bored. The trouble was that in the afternoon it got quite warm, almost hot, and nearly everyone got Spring Fever. I know I did, and I just couldn't help looking out the window and wishing I were outside and going for a ride in a nice, swift car. I just had to force myself to get to work. All I wanted to do was loll around and day-dream. It was so Springy out that we all began to make plans for shore parties and the like and talk about what we were going to do this summer, and next year for those who are graduating this year. Then some helpful soul had to mention the fact that we would probably still have a lot of cold, wet days, and that when hot weather did come why so would Finals. Why doesn't some one kill pests like that? She got me to thinking along that line and the next thing I knew I was wishing I was home, or at least some place else having a good time and not working. Gosh, I felt almost blue. I really did. All I wanted was to get away from school again, and all I could think of was that it would be two months anyway before we got out and what a lot to do before then. And the mail wasn't very good now because I had just seen everyone; and I was still tired. Also it was true I had gotten that letter, but I probably wouldn't get another. Well, I was feeling kinda blue when someone pipes up, "Cheer up everyone. The week is near over and the week-end will soon be here. Besides isn't this weather grand?" And did I hear someone say something about Spring Parties at Wesleyan? And how about Junior Prom? Come on, who's going to the movies with me tonight? No time for studying." So we all went to a show and had a wonderful time, and I feel great, but all I hope is that the weather stays nice and doesn't try any tricks on us as usual and turn bad again. And I hope I get some mail tomorrow. Maybe being back won't be so bad after all. Another day gone, Diary.

"HABEAS CORPUS"

By U. R. Snoopy

No. 13 at Woolworth's

Here is life presented in the rough: Life with a capital letter and all its sophisticated allurements. It is drama of the western trek in technicolor; all talkie, all single, all dancie.

Desdemona is the cunning little campus cut-up that moves in a pretty dream of feminine frippery through this revealing account of life at its lowest ebb. With her we mount the Steppes of Russia and enjoy the ingenuity of the Empire State Building.

At first we suspected this acute psychological study of making our Desdemona just the least mite capacious. Our fears, however, were set at rest by Professor Snoopy on page so and so of the fourth volume.

It is not often that the simple faith of Mother Goose is seen in juxtaposition with classic satire.

Timothy Spectacle is preeminent as the hero. He saves our heroine with her boyish impetuosity from colic, flea bites and telephone operators. The book reaches a tremendous climax when Desdemona gyrates appealingly into the Pent House of a New London Millionaire.

But there, I am giving away the plot and I want you to have the fun of seeing the whole seething romance unfold before your very eyes.

NOTE FOUND ON MUTILATED CORPSE

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)

a couple of minutes I'm going up. If anything should happen to me, remember I was true to the Palookas to the end, and submit these notes as proof. No clues yet. Guess I'll have a look around—I'm going up and . . .

Editor's Note: As the public knows, the body of faithful Happy Begay was found hideously swollen and purple on the grounds of the the estate.

When there are bats in your belfry that flut,

And your *comprenez vous* ropé is cut,

When there's nobody home

In the top of your dome,

Then your head's not a head, but a nut.

A BRICKBAT

Dear Brick:

Egad! 'tis a long time since you've had an epistle (not the wife of an apostle) from me. But, be at peace with the world, little one, for here comes a line or two from your pride and joy.

So much has happened, and is still happening—everything from Spring doing a leaping Lena about the campus to Norwich Inn and golf breaking down the ole' class room morale.

Competitive plays are over for another year, with the Sophomores, *oh tempora! oh mores!* winning the cup. You should have seen me, in my tricky little costume—I was cast as a shepherd, and I looked like a cross between Robin Hood and the wrath of God. Talk about the weigh of all flesh!

And then, Senior-Junior luncheon at Lighthouse—something I've been looking forward to all my college life. The favors were the cutest little bill clips—not a particularly useful gift, but flattering! We had food that *was* food, and speeches that *were* speeches, what I mean! (But I'm still unsatisfied as to the solution of the problem *Why* is an after dinner speaker?)

You know, these trolley cars aren't so bad. I really prefer them to taxis—especially since the country's little flutter in the market, and the taxi company's little flutter in prices—and the advertising cards give such excellent advice. Chew Wrigley's when playing golf—huh, it would take more than a stick of Spearmint to improve my stance!—Life's not full of sorrow, 'tis only Ivory Snow, and "Something you eat today will taste better" because of Burnet's Vanilla—so *that's* what they've been putting in the soup!

Enough! But just remember, as one of our profs wisely remarked, "Just because a man has rings under his eyes, it doesn't mean that he has seen life!"

BAT.

"There, there little gel, there's gold in them thar mountings," said dastardly Dan as he leeringly pointed to his bridgework.

Dear Bat:

You with your plays, your golf, and your luncheons—and me, the poor wailing gail, with my daily trolley rides (which I do *not* enjoy, in spite of the education advantages offered!), my cafeteria luncheons, and with now and then *The Illustrious Corpse* or *Midnight Madness* for a bit of heavy recreation—speaking of movies reminds me—Have you seen what they've done to the good old *Great Divide*? *Woman Hungry* forsooth! I'll bet there will be a lot of moody comments on that little alteration. I wonder if they will ever call *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Icy Passions*?

You have so many interesting things to write about while I have nothing more exciting to impart than that we have new neighbors, (four children, a player piano, and a canary); Mrs. Alderson's parrot has learned three new words of very profane tendencies; the Birks have returned from Florida; and three new books have been purchased for the library, *The Terror* by Wallace, *The Black Abbot* by Wallace, and *Three Just Men* by Wallace.

Alas! My little fund of news is exhausted. Do write often.

BRICK.

"Heh, heh, now I have you in my grip," said burly Ben as he lovingly placed his toothbrush in the old black bag.

ACCEPTANCE

I have never peeled potatoes
Nor ever baked a cake
I don't know how many minutes
A hard boiled egg should take.

I have never made a dress
Nor worn a last year's hat
I have never darned a stocking—
They come too cheap for that.

There are many other things
I don't know how to do,
But in answer to your question—
Yes—I'll marry you.

'33.

DIGGING FOR DIRT, OR
SUPPOSE THAT:

Telephones were removed from the dormitories.
Roommates never had any maladies.
Roommates wore their own clothes.
Dakin ever got up for breakfast.
Sammy's dog liked college so much that some day it should re-enter.
Somebody called "Goofy" Ruth!
Smed lost her voice.
Sauer went to French Conversation.
Beano lost her comb.
Somebody got to the library ahead of Shy.
Smiley was in a hurry.
Lee forgot to go to Branford.
Dick and Dean didn't visit at Saxton every other day.
Ginny Schanher had to hurry.
Kay Baker lost her velvet hat.
Jill Bender lost her voice and couldn't yodel.
Gert talked less than an hour to New Haven.
Rickie forgot to make a list.
Phyl *did* commit the murder.
Smitty *did* stop smoking.
Natalie Ide got an F.
Janice Richards were without a dramatic impulse.
Jean Belden had flat feet.
Janet Townsend didn't have a Russian influence.
Debby liked the meal.
Jan and Allie ate cheese.
Thames starved.
Sis didn't wear her pin.
Betty Miller smoked a carton of cigarettes a day.
Jane Vogt could sing.
Marjorie McLerie forgot how to say, "Oh, you nut."
Mary Eaton didn't get a telegram daily.
Ann Hess stopped swearing.
Marjorie Thayer were without a Phi Gam.
North Cottage didn't exist! What price noise!
Cupie Tetor never got a telephone call.
Abbie Usher were ever late.
Allie and Prue found a cat in their room.
Appie ever ate in Thames.
We didn't have ice cream Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday.
There was no Santa Claus.
Dr. Roberts lost his pipe.
Mr. Beach faced the chairs in the gym toward the Sound.
The B. C. K. stopped selling "Cocs."
Lou Hill speeded up that drawl of hers.
Ruth Brooks didn't wear her Alpha Chi Rho pin.
Dody Merrill looked disagreeable.
Ernie Herman stopped playing bridge.
Doe Stevenson lost her supply of gossip.
Millie Waghorn went to lunch.
Eleanor Hine ever ate fast.
Nadine Meckes forgot about "Weeze."
Betty Archer were six feet high.
Minna Barnet lost that athletic look.
Serena Blodgett weren't cheerful.
Sylvia Brown didn't know her math.
Beth Flanders weren't with Barbie Meeker.
Barbie Meeker weren't with Beth Flanders.
Helen Pollard spoke in a gruff voice.
Jane Alexander had flaxen hair.
Nesta Cope lost that smile.
Emily Benedict was rambunctious.
Andy Crocker were sophisticated.
Betty Dickenson had a boyish bob.
Alma Ostermann had a match.
Jane Moore couldn't sing.
Kay Geier stopped talking.
Someone answered the phone or doorbell in Branford.
Billie Wilcox knew no news.
C. B. had no scenery to paint.
Viv Noble were in love.
The vacuum cleaner didn't work Sunday mornings.
Eddie Schneider didn't graduate.
Heeny Moore couldn't laugh.
Ginney Hinman went downtown or took a week-end.
Third floor Branford had no "reading room."
Ginney Reitzell remembered "where that book was."
Rosemary Brewer missed a notice about Byrd.

Charlie didn't come.
Bonnie Bahney had to "turn in" every night at 9:30.
Anne Ebsen lost her arms.
Kay Lowe didn't have a telephone buzzer in her room.
Dot Stevens lost her voice.
Mary Scott didn't get every new Duke Ellington record.
Faith Conklin went on an extended week-end to Virginia once a month.
Betty Butler didn't get at least one phone call and one "special" a week from Philadelphia.
Frannie Ayen missed a week-end with a certain H. A. M.
Ax Roberts didn't have a thousand and one things to do besides her Greek and Latin assignments.
Alice Van Deusen lost her Princeton pin.
Joe Lincoln didn't have a Hershey bar to eat and a book to read.
Midge Shea never got fudge cakes and neglected to buy the New Yorker one week.
Marian Nichols didn't have any announcements to read in the dining hall.
Lorna McGuire wasn't ticklish.
Jane Burger couldn't find an explanation for something.
Red White's toe had actually caused her demise on the prophesized March 20th.
We actually saw Jo Eakin in gym uniform some day.
Harriet Kistler did not go on a reducing diet every other day.
Bootleggers no longer sent their daughters to Felicia. What would Peasley do?
Wachie did not live in Mohegan. What would she do for hair ribbons?
Jane Benedict did not get any mail. What would she do for a postal?
Jerry Wertheimer got to Soc class once on time.
Bosworth was far removed from the infirmary. Where would the sunshine come from?
Barbara Mundy lost those famed bathtub mittens.
Wesleyan lost Mosier's telephone number.
There was a "Fife" without a "Liz."
That Paula Reymann ran out of her ever present supply of gum or lost her ability to "snap" it.
That Helen Boehm for once in her life left for some place early enough so as not to have to go at a breakneck pace.
That Elizabeth Warden didn't go to Heaven and as a result didn't have a harp to play on. Would she, do you suppose, be able to make music on pitchforks?
That the waves which reign supreme in Kitty Koller's hair (did Cleopatra have wavy hair we wonder?) struck a calm, and smooth spell.
That Muriel didn't have a faithful retainer and his station-wagon to take her places.
That the world stood still so that no more history happened. What would Margaret Mills do?
That a certain well acquainted young female didn't know at least one of your friends— or if Fleishman went out of business. No insult—there are others on campus less frank about it.
That Sue Blackmer was lacking that very vital thing, a *man*—or worse yet, a pin!
That Mr. Barry failed to deliver at least one letter to Marjorie Green. (Poor man, he has his troubles.)
That Eloise Henry failed to be the charming waitress.
That Eleanor Adams and Peg Fraser changed about. Wonder how it would seem to "Tommy" to see the world from that height.
That Betsy Palmer lost her look of composure and calmness.
That Dot Williams was unknown, and therefore we didn't have her for our everpresent friend and consoler.
That we didn't have our Moon to shine in bridge, bridge, bridge.
Winthrop House were so quiet that you could here a cough drop.
Said the bald-headed man to the waitress bold,
"See here, young lady, my cocoa's cold!"
She haughtily answered, "I can't help that."
If the blame thing's chilly, put on your hat."

ENERGINE THE ER-
STER A POIL OF
GREAT PRICE

English Major Raves

"Now, all you chilluns gather around yore ole' Uncle Remus and I'll tell you Saladin's favorite thousand and thirteenth tale about how on one Friday at seven-fifteen, D. S. T. Amos and Andy got stranded on a desert island twenty years after the man in the iron mask made such a hit at the masque of the red death.
"They were sailing on the good ship Nancey Lee to sunny Palestine with a cargo of Pepsodent. As they were speeding along on this sentimental journey at the rate of twenty knots an hour they saw a huge white speck on the ole' horizon. It—the speck—grew larger and larger until they could see that it was Moby Dick, the white whale! Alas! Alas! He was ravenous and the ship was but an *hors d'oeuvre*. But fortunately for this story, and unfortunately for the reader, our two dusky heroes escaped on a raft constructed out of Pepsodent crates in a manner worthy of that master of all raft makers, Ulysses. This tale, like the fabled winds of old, is in the bag, so on the seventh day A and A arrived safely on their island.
"The island was a combination of all typical desert islands—it was rich with footprints in the sand, lotus eaters, green mansions, swampy jungles, twisted mango trees, falling coconuts; teeming with arguments in Darwin's favor, muffin trees and pits full of pendulums.
"The two minstrelites lived on this island for seven years, caught between the perils of starvation and indigestion. (They had some Pepsodent, but no Pepsin.)
"One day when they were sitting under a greenwood tree they saw a pair of blue eyes staring at them. 'Twas the soul of Tess appearing in the favorite guise of Dracula. She spoke in the solemn tones of the melancholy Dane, and her message was composed of words, words, words. But the ebony radio boys got it, being used to static. They were to inflate the last tube of Pepsodent and make a veritable Vernian Nautilus which was to carry them under the Seven Seas safely to England's precocious daughter, who ever since the first Boston blow-out has had a complex against tea.
"And now, let us drop the curtain for the last time on the two dusky heroes as they disappear down the grandest canyon of all in a mist of confetti and torn up telephone directories. Their slogan, "We had a byrd of a time, but we're glad to be back!"
"What's that chilluns? Where does Engergine the Erster come in? Oh, that, as Kipling would say, is another story!"

JANIE II MEETS DEATH

Until lately Janie II was a charming young goldfish swimming merrily about her Blackstone home with Gouldie Dear II. Fate, in its certain way, caught up to Janie one Thursday night and now only Gouldie moves round and round.
Janie was given burial befitting her fishy elegance. The wake was pronounced a huge success by all who attended. The mourners were strong in their praise of how beautiful Janie II looked, even in death, as she lay in her little white coffin with its satin lining.
Never has more art been expended in floral presentations, even for a gang leader's funeral. Gardenias were in predominance, but the stately old-fashioned bouquet was particularly commented upon.
We take this opportunity of extending our sympathy to those who were so near and dear to Janie II, especially Gouldie Dear.
We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Vandum have adopted a French baby and are now taking up the study of the French language so that they can understand the baby when she learns to talk. Very thoughtful.

"SONGS FAMOUS THE
CAMPUS OVER"

Con. N. Vallee, well-known cousin of the Crooner, gives his impression of "Songs Famous The Campus Over".
"That's Where My Money Goes—Junior Prom."
"Would You Like To Take a Walk?"—C. C. O. C.
"At Dawning"—Tennis.
"Thou Swell"—Daddy Doyle.
"Sweet and Low"—Practice rooms in Blackstone.
"I'm Yours"—Senior Sheepskin.
"99 Out of a Hundred Wanna Be Loved"—Womankind.
"I Don't Need Atmosphere"—Mary Lou.
"Give Yourself a Pat On the Back"—V. Blunt.
"Merry Wives of Windsor"—Shakespeare class.
"Twas Not So Long Ago"—Seniors.
"Here Am I"—Mr. Beach.
"Fascinating Devil"—Dr. Roberts.
"Sing You Sinners"—The choir.
"Let's Be Domestic"—Knowlton House.
"Sing Something Simple"—M. Fishburne.
"Johnny Cadet"—Jean Neale.
"A Room With a View"—Fanning 206.
"I Surrender"—Natural Dancing class.
"Without a Song"—Jane Moore.
"Give Me Something To Remember You By"—Mr. Barry.
"How Could Anything So Good Be Bad?"—"Cuts".
"I'm Wild About Automobile Horns"—Cullen.
"Babes in Toyland"—Gert and Es.
"I'll Get By"—Nat. Clunet.
"You Didn't Have To Tell Me"—Intelligence Test.
"You're Driving Me Crazy"—Prom Refusals.
"Wooden Soldiers"—Library staff.
"Dream a Little Dream of Me"—"Peanuts".
"Little Joe"—Ev. Whittemore.
"We're Friends Again"—Dreiser-Lewis.
"Yours and Mine"—Reserve Books.
"Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"—May 8 or 9.
"Love Is My Master"—All engaged girls.
"I've Got Five Dollars"—Stony.
"It's a Great Life If You Don't Weak-en"—Hygiene class.
"My Ideal"—Any girl without a lisp.
"What Good Am I Without You?"—Kindler-Larson.
"Body and Soul"—Dr. Morris.
"Side by Side"—Dean Nye and Miss Ernst.
"I'm So Afraid of You"—Dr. Wells.
"I'm One of God's Children"—Mr. Foster.
"My Blue Heaven"—Dr. Kip and his Louis' Specials.
"Running Between the Raindrops"—Dr. Jensen.
"Sleepy Town Express"—Mr. Shields.
"I'll Be a Friend With Pleasure"—Mr. Cobbledick.
"I'm a Ding Dong Daddy"—Mr. Kinsey.
"Let Me Have My Dreams"—Certain members of the Drama class.
"Voice of the Southland"—Miss Fussell.
"She's a New Kind of Old-fashioned Girl"—Cal Lynch.
"Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep"—Lucas.
"They Satisfy"—Muffins.
"I Want to be Happy"—Red White.
"Whispering"—N. Smedley.
"King's Horses"—Riding class.
"Walking My Baby Back Home"—Betty Norton.
"Me and My Shadow"—Fusco-Francis.
"Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses"—Sis Bartlett.
"Have a Little Faith In Me"—Prohibition.
"Huggable Kissable You"—Jane Burger.
"When I Think of You"—June 3 to 11.
"She's Funny That Way"—Peggy Rood.
"Stolen Moments"—A Freshman's idea of 12:00 A. M. to 12:03 A. M.
"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"—The Palmer Room.
"Reachin' for the Moon"—Alberta Wolfe.
(Continued on page 6, column 2)

COMPREHENSIVE EXAMINATIONS

The examinations appearing in last years' *Nooze* were received with such enthusiasm and immediately acted upon by the faculty, that we have finally yielded to their urging and are publishing some additional sets.

Zoology 1-2

Answer questions fully in as few words as possible. Be sure that your name is not on either paper.

1. What is the importance of a heart beat?
2. Give significant points of resemblance between the microscope and man in regard to objective, nose piece, diaphragm, and joint.
3. The paramoecium (does, does not) resemble the sole of a foot.
4. Describe and give the functions of:
 - a cuticle (of earthworm.)
 - rakers (of fish.)
 - fat bodies.
 - aqueous humor.
 - Lamina ossea spiralis.
5. Give explicit illustrations of the advantages of being able to change ones shape like the amoeba.

Continental Literature

1. Have you read anything for this course? Answer yes or no.
2. Did Dante write the "Divine Comedy?"
3. Discuss "The House that Jack Built" in terms of Ariosto.
4. Mention the names of three authors discussed this semester. If you can't remember any, draw from your movie experience.
5. Tell what you have learned from this course about *America* and *Americans*.

Botany 1-2

There will be four questions. Spend ten minutes on each and look over your paper for errors in the remaining ten minutes if any.

- I. Tell the life history of the pine tree, including the origin and development of each generation. Also tell all you know about pine trees.
- II. Distinguish between a bacterium and bacteria and tell the individual uses of each.
- III. State the economic importance of the stink weed and give ten ways in which it may be applied to our modern life.
- IV. What have you, personally, gotten from the Botany course? State when and why this happened and explain in detail.

Shakespeare

1. How would you like a "blind date" with Antony?
2. Was Antony susceptible?
3. Do you approve of Cleopatra's methods? How would you improve them?
4. Could you "get your man" with the method of Desdemona?
5. Describe Romeo in the terms of a modern college boy?

English History

1. Tell as many as possible of the scandal stories you have heard in the lectures in this class.
2. Write an essay explaining the slowness of the English in seizing opportunities of gaining more land and power in India.
3. Tell in a few pages the practical value of this course to a college girl.

19th Century Prose

1. You all look very tired. Don't spend more than 15 minutes on this exam and when you have finished go home and take a hot bath and a nap.
2. From the following, select the heroes you would worship: Jimmy Walker, Rudy Vallee, Sinclair Lewis, Robert Montgomery.
3. Group among you have seen this winter, instead of doing your Prose, that illustrate "Plain Living, High Thinking."
4. Tell all that you know about the Anti-Narcotic Society.

Psychology 11-12

1. Cerebrum (is, is not) an instrument similar to a tomtom.
2. Dendrite can be cured by applying Listerine regularly.
3. The Eustachian Tubes are the new subways to Staten Island.
4. The semicircular canals are the three main branches of the Grand Canal.

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

Fierce Finale

College Light Bills Leap As Fields Fight Through Night

"... Pie-face gets the deal for a five spot and slips himself the ace. He's bidding. ... Here it comes. ... a long one ... out to left field for a first down. No, wait a minute. Devil intercepts One-shoe's slice at Goody's left ankle, and slams his left eyebrow to Mickey. Mickey lets it go for a bye. Oh boy! What a bargain that was. Goody comes out with a club but the umpire yells foul ball. Second bye and two to go. Devil's weaving under the table with a queen and catches Goody's ten spot. He bids four hearts and a banana split. No it didn't. It was just fooling. Wuzzy's getting in with six spades, and how that boy makes the dirt fly. They're off. Mickey shoots a nice two spot and whispers "Come seven, come eleven—I've got the A-K-Q." Goody knives him with a spade and Mickey falls back to the ropes for a basket. They won't give him one. Devil pitches into him with two spades and they clinch. They're out. Wuzzy grabs them up and makes a dash for home. He's safe. BONG! That's the end of the first round and they all dive under the table for a game of craps.

Beginning of the second set with the ball in the Devil's hind pocket. Wuzzy aces with a club. Umpire decrees that's no racket and ball is returned to the pack. They all leap on it with diamonds. Umpire intercedes again. "Have a heart." ... and he passes around the stiff. They laugh, because he goes into a tailspin on the banana peel. He reverses his decision and goes up in the air over a foul. One strike, he squawks. Oh! What a game! What a game! Time out while the audience is in an uproar. Or at least it should be. This is supposed to be funny.

Wuzzy passes a nice one to Goody's left ear. "Goody!" says Goody. He lets out the ace for all it's worth and Wuzzy follows up with a trump. Grand slam for Wuzzy. One out. Three to go. This is getting boring. Mickey smothers a yawn and drops off. Only two to go. Devil leaps on him with a club and Mickey comes to with a bump. ...

The alarm goes off and the announcer doesn't come to. Oh well, there's always cafeteria breakfast."

5. The Per-kinsey Phenomena is - - - -.
6. The physiological gradient is equal to one-half the cephalic index.
7. Thalamus discovered that the Peripheral Motor System made neural connections with all trolley cars.

Design 11-12

The next will be your exam problem. It will refer to the period when Napoleon made his famous attack on Abyssinia. The chief elements of design at that time were the star and crescent, the ball and star, the arc and circle, the clinging vine, and painted columns.

Your problem will be to design a modernistic flagpole. It is to be done first in angular perspective and then in aerial perspective to give the proper effect. It may be either structural or decorative, or dynamic or static in design. There are books on the reserve shelf where you can get ideas—you might look through all of them. These magazines on *Our Zoological Friends* will be very helpful in the matter of color schemes.

You will be expected to have completed the designing, tracing and painting of this problem by the time the class meets next time. The grade will be lowered ten points for each sixty seconds after the bell until the design is done, so get them in on time.

There was a young lady of Nicaragua
Whose black hair was removed by a jaguar.

The old lady said, "Hah!"

The jaguar said, "Bah!"

What a false, artificial old hag you are."

STUDENT ALUMNAE HOUSE

Well, now that so much has been said and done about this prospective Alumnae House we are beginning to wonder just when it is going to materialize and what it is going to be like. Nothing like being curious, of course, but then it is said that all the great discoveries in this world were made by curious people like us. Take Newton for example who instead of cussing—as we would have done because an apple, and a wormy one at that fell kerplunk on his dome founded the law of aggravation, or something like that. But that is all beside the point, if there is any point. Anyway, because there has been so much discussion about this new building we thought we'd give a few of the ideas we have heard, and some good suggestions that might (?) be of assistance to those most concerned. At least we think they are just as good hot-air as that which we study and recite all day and every day when we do study. If anyone wants to disagree with us, why let them. We don't care for this isn't the age of duels, and besides fencing isn't taught at Connecticut. (They say that that sport would give us all flat feet, fallen arches, and athletes foot worse than we already have it.)

But just be patient a minute and you'll get all the wise suggestions that anyone could wish—and more. One of the latest ideas was that during Freshman week instead of having the dear little innocent (we hope) Frosh wear all their old clothes around and wear on the outside (we blush to mention it) what should be worn inside, and do such fool stunts as the bright sophomores always seem to be able to cook up for them, that they don overalls and, and—*pants*, and get right to work using their energy where it will do some good. In other words let them do a little ditch-digging and bricklaying. We guarantee that they will all be ready to visit our charming infirmary, or they will never need to take any more exercise the rest of the year. That would be rather hard on the Physical Education department though to steal so many future athletes from them, wouldn't it? Still, there is always the consolation that maybe some day some graduate from this college will be at loss for something to do as a life work, and on looking back on her freshman days at the college by the Thames (pronounced Temes, for we are *not* English) would suddenly remember that week of manual labor, and "Aha," she'd cry, "just the work for me. I'll be a bricklayer!"

But in case that offends the esthetic (is that the way to spell it?) taste maybe we can suggest something better. If the girls don't want to do the work, why not let their devoted men friends work gratis, just so they can be near their darlings. Maybe the men will object though, for we do realize that even men are sometime a little bit lazy. Perhaps the girls who are familiar with the inmates of the Coast Guard Academy could use their influence and get the men working down there to be absent-minded enough to dig a little bit in our back yard, if you know what we mean? Everyone is going to think that that new building on Mohegan Avenue, on the right side going up, if you aren't left handed, is part of our Alma Mater anyway, so why not have little co-operation?

Even that suggestion perhaps won't meet with the approval of all, so we have some more up our sleeves—pardon, we forgot that Spring is here and sleeves aren't being worn—perhaps you know, or maybe you don't that every year there is a wild affair called Mascot Hunt in which the Sophomores try to see who is the better man at showing up the Junior Class. They showed them this year too, but maybe we'd better not say any more on that point, for fear of somebody's sensitive feelings. Well, after the party is all over the idea is for the illustrious Juniors to hide the cute little thing somewhere or 'tother and let the Sophomores do their darndest to locate it. With all the tearing up of the ground that they do in trying to

(Continued on page 6, column 2)

FREE SPEECH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SEE SEE NOOZE

Dear Editor:

Can nothing be done about the way in which people walk around the campus, and in fact, anywhere? But in particular, dear Editor, we wish to speak of the deplorable condition existing about Connecticut College Campus. A group of us have observed, with tears in our eyes, that nearly everyone walks in the same way. Is originality dead? Has no one any imagination? Why must all of us walk straight ahead, placing the right foot before the left and then bringing the left foot up so that it precedes its partner, which retires to the rear?

A few noble souls are to be seen scurrying to classes with a motion all their own. There is one who, though her feet remain ever on the ground, seems to rise up three feet toward the sky for every step forward. This is commendable! This is different!

Still another Connecticutite moves, stiff leggedly with a little sideward quirk, which produces a delightful sensation to the walk-jaded eye.

Can not we band together in a campaign to enliven our progress? It is suggested that we set aside the week of May 4, as "Commotion Week". Monday we might plan to all walk backwards. Tuesday, possibly, if we are not all crippled by the events of the preceding day, we could try the crab walk. Leap frog for another day. Hopping and skipping would provide variation and recreation. There is no end to the possibilities. Let us cooperate and do something.

A Server in the "Good Cause".

P. S. This is not the work of C. C. O. C. or P. E.

RADIATOR RATTLINGS

Wild Life in Fanning

There is nothing more thrilling than to study the life-habits of the radiator in its natural habitat in Fanning. These charming little silver animals are usually found in groups of three or four to a room. In general they communicate with their kind by a gentle, but insistent hissing noise. A happy radiator will sing to itself all the live-long day.

It is during the mating season that one observes, nay has it forced upon one, the pronounced and peculiar characteristic of the radiator. Spring, especially those nice chilly days, the radiator "gets all het up".

Then and there, at the most important moment in a class lecture, the clarion voice of the love-lorn radiator sobs out its cry. "Bang Bang!" it shrieks in anguish. "Clankity clank clank!" "Gurgle Grgle Greal!" It moans. And then, convulsively "Bang."

The radiator, nailed as it is to the floor, is insatiable. We can never hope to still its plaintive, melancholy song.

COMMOTION

When Ellie S. forgot and spoke when on a campus she you met—
In case Ellie R. told to us the School Girl Complexion Secret—

'Nd wanting money left the mind of Stony for just one secunt—

Then Sater growed up over night!

Huzzah! would cry Bi-Billy with a wink that wunkt,

Ringin' Jane Mackenzie's clothes with the shades up,

Or tripping the impeccable Mary Lou's composure (sh! mustn't mention it!)

Perhaps an awakening song at dawn by Ginny Blunt would be forgot.

Here's hoping that the voice of Sally might be sweet—unsquealy,

Or that Betty Lucas might forget to be so slow and sleepy,

Ushering by the Macks might be more kindly,

Should Juddy ask for the one same dance but men numbering three.

Even Jimmy Wyeth might forget to renew her lease on a seat in the Libreree!

BONGO-BONGO BIOLOGIST BROADCASTS

This, dear ladies and otherwise, is the report from radio station BCK, by Dr. Buda Puda, R. S. V. P.; C. O. D.; A. M.; P. M., of Bongo-Bongo.

"When a boy's good and hungry from a rousin' race or game, When he's lookin' for refreshments, and wants somethin' worth the name, Then a whoppin' piece of luscious pie, with ju'ce just oozin' out

CLARA CLANEY AGAIN IN HOSPITAL

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

cars had never been before and drove, apparently, around him in circles. He was gone where all traffic cops go eventually—into the traffic.

Not to be daunted, ignorant of the fact that Fate was dogging her trail, Miss Clancy (now a golden blonde again) waited patiently for him to reappear again. Standing first on one foot and then the other she waited for the lights to change. With the first sign of a green glow in her direction, she darted to the middle of the street and planted herself nervously beside the horse, looking up.

"Excuse me." The horse twitched one ear. "Excuse me." She spoke a little louder. The horse twitched both ears. "I beg your pardon!" She shrieked it. And with that, the gleaming boot, which was all she could see, gave a dig with the heel; there was a clatter of hoofs beside her, and again the only man in uniform in sight had vanished completely. With cars honking peremptorily on all sides, Miss Clancy, again ash blonde, eluded Death (for a second Fate was napping) and gained the comparative safety of the sidewalk. Always in future years, states Miss Clancy, her lip will curl at the old phrase—"Ask a man in uniform."

From her bed in Bellevue (we like that alliteration) Miss Clancy smiles sadly at the memory of the next half hour on Broadway—spent in a ceaseless walk between the cigar store on one corner and the drug store on the other, where men threw nickels away on cigars and women squandered whole fortunes on ginger ale. She searched the sidewalk for pennies, but it was bare. Intermittently, she frantically explored her pocketbook, to make sure two cents had not worked their way into her card case. In that half hour she lived one hundred weary, tortuous years of walking penniless up and down New York, without home, shelter, without nickels. Dear God, the power of the nickel!

Suddenly, as she stood on the corner waiting for something to happen—something always has to happen—she heard a small voice. It was addressing two middle-aged, slightly shoddy women standing near her. It was a peculiar voice, and it seemed to be coming from her lips. Amazed, Clara Clancy listened. "Pardon me," the voice was saying—"But would you think I was terrible if I asked you for two cents?"

"And with that sentence," stated Miss Clancy, from the whiteness of her bed, "my pride fell flat to the dust, never to rise again."

With a nickel clasped tightly in her fist and a buoyant heart, Clara, two minutes later, dashed for the subway—the goal of her dreams. Dashed down the stairs—tripped over one foot—tripped over the other foot—pitched in one gigantic somersault to the bottom, and lay there. While crowds gathered around her motionless form and gazed curiously at her white face, Clara Clancy lay there, clutching her nickel. She was still clutching it, unused, as they laid her tenderly in the back of the ambulance, where rich and poor ride alike—for nothing. Fate, in his usual underhand way, had grabbed her by the ankle.

* * * * *

Today, surrounded by the geranium plants sent her by the employees of National Goldfish, Incorporated, Miss Clancy lay in her bed in Bellevue. "My statement to the Press," she said, "is this: 'Beginning last night, I ride in taxis.'" With the smile of one who has known Life, she sniffed Dean Nye's lily.

Is the grandest feast he'd ask for, and the fillin'est, about."

Strangely, only one or two of the brave ladies from Connecticut College who helped me in this report, mentioned pie as a possible appetizing climax to lunch. Can it be that young women no longer like pies? Small wonder, perhaps, after the 19c sale of meringue pies at the Mohican Market about two weeks ago.

But to get to the meat of the thing immediately, the kind *News* staff of Connecticut College invited me to New London to investigate the food problem there, as a possible means of finding a solution to the general business depression and local lethargy. I conducted my investigations from within the secret Palmer Room, with permission of the Library Staff. Maybe some day, with further permission, I will write a pamphlet about the mysteries therein and present it to the alumnae of C. C.

We were speaking of food, to be more exact and explicit, I was. Less than one-sixth of the students paid attention to my question about the ideal lunch of each class. I have taken it for granted that since those young ladies had the courage to show their fondness for food, they represent the Epicureans in your college. I had hoped to be able to disclose some startling but unquestionable truth to the educational world. But since the average response was so small, I have taken the liberty to base my report on the decisions of a few.

The Senior Lunch:

Cream of Tomato Soup.

Chicken Patties or Creamed Chicken.

Hard Rolls.

Fruit Salad with Pineapple predominating.

Mocha Cake and Coffee.

For the benefit of the girl who signed "Knives" as a possible choice lunch I would suggest that she interview the first circus owner she meets. Pat, I fear, has a mercenary mind; she likes oysters and more oysters, but I really think she must want to own a pearl necklace. Bobbie, I will speak to the management about the "Nut" lunch you suggested, but maybe the depression has caused an under-supply on the market.

The Junior Lunch:

Mushroom Soup.

Tuna Fish Salad or Liver and Bacon.

Tomato Salad.

Hot Biscuits.

Fruit Cup.

Mocha Cake and Coffee.

Fortunately, perhaps, for the college since the Juniors are to be there for one more year, their tastes are modest and sensible; I can see no reason for depression therein, or lethargy in Drama class, especially.

The Sophomore Lunch:

Chicken a la King or Liver and Bacon.

Asparagus Tips.

Hot Rolls.

Fruit Cup or Strawberry Ice-Cream.

To the Sophomores goes the distinction of being the most versatile in selection of food, and the most extravagant. To the girl who likes "minute steak" I would suggest that she wait until Junior Prom of 1932 to satisfy that liking. The girl who signed "corned beef and cabbage" has been reading Jiggs, I fear; but the noblest of people have eaten that dish. Would it be permissible to ask how many girls there are from Massachusetts in this class? There were quite a few requests for Boston Baked beans; we have them in Bongo-Bongo every Tuesday night. I will speak to Miss Harris, the next time I see her about the mushroom, (this is for the benefit of the girl who said she would like more than one and a half for lunch. In Bongo-Bongo, I have never heard of these "Hot Dogs", nor can I find them in any food encyclopedia. Does one really eat them for lunch?

The Freshman Lunch:

Tomato Soup.

Creamed Chicken (decidedly).

Fresh Peas.

Fruit Cup.

Tea and Cookies.

I see hope for the college. With a few exceptions the Freshmen are following in the footsteps of the illustrious Seniors. My suggestion to the "Pate de Foie Gras" girl is that she

Psychologist Reveals National Troubles

Queen Mary's Hats and Fresh Air

To a discerning individual it is apparent that humanity may be divided into two distinct and separate groups: namely, people who take fiendish delight in draughts, papers blowing, and watching other people sneeze; and people who shrink back at the first little flutter of fresh air, and insist on living in tombs as stuffy and musty as a Shakespeare lecture room. If we would only look this fact in the face all national and international problems would become simplified, understandable, and easily solved. We might realize that we are now drinking shellac instead of respectable rye merely because Mr. Volstead allowed Mrs. Volstead to close all the windows during a thunder storm back in 1920. You see, Mr. Volstead woke up with a splitting headache the next morning. When he wakes up with that feeling and Congress is in session things usually happen. Well, he did, and it was, and nothing can be done about it.

Take the World War, if you like. The whole situation was directly traceable to the fact that in the Belgian royal family the King is anti-fresh and the Queen is pro-fresh. Now Albert allowed his spouse to open the windows, and as a result he woke up one morning in 1914 with a horrible cold in his head. If there is one thing that annoys Albert of Belgium it is having to blow his own nose. (He somehow feels that there should be an official to do it for him, but his ministers have refused to take action in the matter.) Consequently His Royal Highness had only sneezed once over his coffee cup when a messenger arrived from William of Prussia, informing him that the Empress had forced him from home by suffocating him in an airless palace, that he was fleeing, and wished permission to pass through Belgium. Well, the very idea of a man quarrelling with a wife so perfect as to want all the windows shut so infuriated Albert that he promptly wrote a reply to his German kinsman, and invited him to go back to his old palace, open a window in the highest tower, and jump out. This William of Prussia was a bit touchy on the question himself, and so there you have the tiny incident which started the World War. You can readily perceive that had Albert of Belgium been married to the Empress of Germany the whole situation could have been averted. All of our peace conferences would now be unnecessary and hence successful.

A master mind has already solved the problem of averting the next war. Great Britain is the eligible one to start this fracas. Now the whole secret lies in the hats of Queen Mary of England. By her hats this great scholar has been able to deduce that Queen Mary is not fond of fresh air. She detests it, and, since it is necessary for her to go abroad upon state occasions, she spends every cent available on monstrous monuments of headgear which she fondly believes will protect her from draughts. Similarly the genius in question has discovered that King George is rabid on the subject of fresh air. He is, in fact, so much a man of the great outdoors that his face has already assumed, by a reversal in the evolutionary process, that hairy and rugged look of his first progenitor.

Now the only method left for war-

has evidently come to the wrong college—or perhaps she should return here fifteen years hence. I wonder how many Southern girls there are in the Freshman class; I came across "creamed chicken" so many times I reckoned sooner or later to bump into "corn bread".

The studio director tells me that my time is nearly up, and it would never do to make Mayor Walker wait—on ceremony or otherwise. My next radio address will be next Tuesday morning at 6 A. M., and the subject will be, "Why Is a Professor?"

TRUE TO TYPE

The phone did ring a-ting-a-ling,
And out into the hall
Dashed seven maidens madly,
And then someone did call.

"Virginia, Virginia,
A man is on the line."
"We're coming!" cried the maidens,
"A man, ah that is fine."

And down the stairs they stumbled
All laughing merrily,
And Virginia followed after
Shouting, "Say, this call's for me."

Then she picked up the receiver,
And she sweetly said, "Hello,"
But she was glaring at the maidens
Fair
Who crowded round her so.

Two were sitting on the floor,
Two more were on one chair;
The other three, gay as can be,
Were perched upon the stair.

And everyone was listening
And heard Virginia say,
"Why Don, that's awfully sweet of you.
Just one week from today?"

I'd love to come. Why yes, I think
That I can get a blind."
Then to the girls, "The Coast Guard
dance.
Oh do make up your mind."

Seven maidens, lovely things,
Shrieked, "I will!" "So will I."
"I guess we must draw lots for it,"
Said one and heaved a sigh.

They drew the lots and who should win
The man but Alice dear.
She was so glad, she danced about
And gave a hearty cheer.

A week went by, the night had come
For which they had the date.
They dressed themselves in lovely
gowns
Quickly, lest they be late.

The door bell rang, the men had come.
The girls went down to greet them.
Don was there with a first classman
Who had come to meet them.

Alice gave a little shriek
And cried, "Oh I can't go!
I've turned my ankle wickedly
And it does hurt me so."

Virginia helped her up the stairs
And said, "Now dear, don't cry."
"Why I'm not hurt, but can't you see?
He's six inches shorter than I!"

Connecticut Boners

The Winthrop Scholars and the Damsels of the Dean's List have been in the headlines long enough. Not that we are lacking in due respect for those worthy souls who have distinguished themselves in the pursuit of learning, but there are those among us who are just as worthy and resent the partiality. After all, it takes just as rare and unusual a performance to land at one end of the normal probability curve as the other.

There is not a Winthrop Scholar among us who would be so bold as to expect "lava to flow from the mouth of the hungry dog at the ringing of the famous bell of Pavlov."

Neither was it a daughter of the Dean's List who produced "the meat croquets and the fish coquettes in the Home Ec. Lab." Yet all of this has been accomplished within the walls of our very own institution of learning.

And that reminds me, have you heard of the fair maiden who sought favor with Mrs. Wessel by including in her examination paper the state-

(Continued on page 6, column 2)

stricken humanity is to take note of these facts, abolish peace conferences, and devote the money spent on them to buying bigger and more formidable hats for Mary of England. By adopting this simple measure they will solve all. King George V and Queen Mary, the other four-fifths, will live in peace and fresh air at Buckingham Palace until the King dies, or the Prince of Wales takes to racoon coats, and—like a reader of this deep and profound exposition—feels a desire to open the windows.

DOTS ARE THE VOGUE

Have you ever stopped to consider what an important part the *dot* plays in the life of an English Major at Connecticut College? It is the emblem of our order, our insignia. Though the Physical Ed. Majors may have their "In Fides Manebo" rampant on black blazers, and the Music Majors thump the pianos in Blackstone Basement; though the Home Ec. Majors minister to the wants of the White Rats, we, I repeat, have our *dots*. Those of us who have been receiving those *dots* through three college years, know just what loyalty is.

Freshman year we were not worthy to receive the honor of the order. Sophomore year, however, witnessed our first decoration. Then it was, amid the awed hush, and stifling heat of the second or third Shakespeare class that, to each of us came our first *dot*, shining on our first topics: "How do Gregory and Sampson differ from each other?" and "Give evidence that the lovers were 'star-cross'd'."

How we thrilled at our breath-taking initiation. Oh the merit of that small *dot*, the manifold meaning! One could read into it the whole gamut of alphabetical thought, A, B, C, D, E and even, yea even F. Therein lay the beauty. "What, how, why"—the mystery of our sacrosanct order.

Came other years and the more ancient and enfeebled of us, who remember the good old room in the Libe, when every pair of eyes was glued on the clock at five after the hour, because there was no bell to shrill the passing of that hour (we digress) were still seeing *dots*.

Progress has moved the English Majors to the silent, airy Assembly Room, but, come what may, the *dot* is preeminent. Before it we stand with bowed heads. Oh incomparable, unfathomable *dot*!

MALICE IN FANNING-LAND

(Concluded from page 1, column 1)

a lavender sweater suit slid off the banister into our laps. "Dean Nye," said Daddy Leib, "she is repressed during the day and finds an outlet at night sliding down the banisters and whooping Latin verbs." "Terrible!" he muttered. Malice shuddered in a perfect imitation of Maurice Chevalier in a bathtub, and they burst into the Assembly Room. There in a high chair sat Dr. Wells wiping egg off his whiskers. "It is outrageous," he said. "This place supplies no bibs, but, indeed, get it in good shape for next time and be specific!" Guttural murmurings were heard in the corner and there in a sea of Continental Literature sat Miss Ernst. "They have given a play," she wailed in perfect French, "and there is nothing wrong with it! My reputation is as dead as a Dodo."

Malice gasped for breath, such an expose! She took an Aspirin just for safety. Just then up the stairs bounded Dr. Morris with a hunted expression lurking about his moustache. "I can't find my nice stiff collar anywhere," he moaned, "and without it how can I lead the good life?" He disappeared around a corner just as Miss Ramsey came by with a trail of tears flowing after her. "I can't get rid of them," she said. "I'm out of a job and I don't know how to get another one for you know I am the Whole Bureau," and she trailed on, the tears loyally following.

Malice and Daddy Leib sat themselves down on the edge of the grandfather clock, dangling their feet in a crack in the floor. At every tick they bounced slightly which didn't help Malice's digestion any. Mr. Kinsey came skipping around the corner, twirling his moustache with difficulty. He had just made a stupendous invention to help him in his work—how to spring quizzes in three easy motions—he was almost overcome with joy. Miss Snider hurried by with a shift key in each hand and her heavy braids hanging down her back. She had no ears!

At this point Malice felt a wave of embarrassment creep carefully over her and she woke up in her own little bed, a new and enlightened woman. She bounced out like a ten-

CONNECTICUT BONERS

(Concluded from page 5, column 4)

ment that "the burden of progress rests upon the Sociologist," and the coy child who tried to win her way into Daddy Doyle's handsome harem with her witty definition of an entrepreneur as "an undertaker who is confronted with many grave problems?"

But the rubber corkscrew goes to the coal dealer who learned that Mr. Kinsey was a college professor and remarked that he had "a cousin who was a floor walked in a department store too."

And now, if you have enjoyed this little bedtime story, send ten cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box 1200, care of this paper, and you will receive free of charge, detailed instructions for writing another story just like it to send to your friends and relatives—mostly relatives.

A student from the Amazon
Put nighties of his gramazon.
The reason's that he was too fat
To get his own pajamazon.

STUDENT ALUMNAE HOUSE

(Concluded from page 4, column 3)

find the thing why not utilize the energy and let them confine their digging to the one spot where someday—we hope—there will be a rest house for emaciated or pooped out alumnae? Or better yet why not arrange a sort of treadmill effect for the two classes to wear out their energy on, the treadmill supplying the power for hoisting beams or such like? All swell ideas we call them. We wouldn't repeat what the majority will call them, because though there is free speech in this country you can't be too careful of what you say, even though this isn't Boston.

Something new just popped into our minds. Why not let the gym department contribute the strength and vigor of their classes? For example, the archery class could shoot rivets, and the track team run errands and hurl stones out of undesirable places. Some of the stronger ones could carry hods of bricks and help in that way. All sorts of ideas can be gotten if you only think along that line, for surely the athletes here have great potentialities.

After the "Ten Cents A Dance" affair that the sophomores threw the other night, why not let the house warming be such an affair and give it color by inviting a few sailors from town? Wait, don't throw any brickbats, we take that all back. We don't invite them, just other people. We might run it as a night club for a few weeks to pay the bills still due.

We seem to be running out of ideas at this point—do we hear a sigh of relief or was that just the wind among the recently planted pines that have grown up over night?—but we will end this with the final suggestion that if the supply of bricks for the house runs out we could use biscuits such as we sometimes get served us, or use the left over Eskimo Pies.

nis ball and putting herself together according to directions went on to an eight o'clock.

"SONGS FAMOUS THE CAMPUS OVER"

(Concluded from page 3, column 4)

"10 Cents a Dance"—At Diamond Lil's.

"Just a Cottage Small by a Waterfall"—The Griswold.

"What'll I Do?"—D. Cluthe.

"Laughing at Life"—Taffy.

"The Peanut Vender"—Ev. Whittemore.

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