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### CoNnEcticuT koLlegE OoZe Vol. 26 No. 22

Connecticut College

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# CoNnEcticut KOLLEGE Ooze

Vol. 26—No. 22 New London, Connecticut, Wednesday, May 7, 1941 5c per Copy

## COLOR CHART

This isn't a Communistrag; we're merely making a feeble attempt at getting the Ooze RED.

## Warbler Jones Pushes Penny, Beats Phi 'Bet'



WIDOW JONES  
AMERICA'S  
LEADER  
OF BOYS'  
FASHIONS.

Last night, on the road between New London Hall and Windham House, a few hard working seniors who were feeling a bit berserk due to their long and concentrated toil over generals, held a penny-pushing contest—with the nose. The participants were: Helen "Warbler" Jones, Janet "Sorefoot" Bunyan, Jessie "Hayseed" Ashley, Elizabeth "Phi Bet" McCallip, and Kitty "Glamoor" Bard. The contestants lined up on their hands and knees at New London Hall, and began to push to Windham. It was a close race all the way, except for Hayseed Ashley, who turned over on her back early in the race, and couldn't get righted again. Warbler Jones won by a nose—it was almost a photographic finish as Phi Bet McCallip snuck up close. Miss Jones, tired but happy, with no skin on her nose and the blood leaking from her dainty nostrils, said, before she was asked to say a few words, "I knew I could beat that McCallip. Phi Bet ain't ever-ting in de woild."

McCallip's only comment was, "It's no skin off my nose."

## WOW!

Splash! President Blunt attends "bank night" at the Garde Theatre and wins. Upon being interviewed, Miss Blunt states she plans to build a swimming pool with under water breathing holes for each student so that she may do her best work.

## Gorgeous Photograph



Of Mr. Harrison's New Moustache.

## Men! Men! Men! C. C. Goes Co-ed! Conscription Comes To College

Word came from the Prexie's office late Wednesday that the Trustees of the College, sitting in super-extra session, had decided that Connecticut is to become co-educational. The announcement of this juicy item comes as a complete surprise to students, but the trustees say they have been contemplating the move for a long time, and were merely waiting for the right moment to spring it. In fact, they say if the students had had any intelligence whatsoever, they would have realized long ago,



Trustee



Draft Board

WPA, F.T.C. (Inter-state Commerce Commission, Works Project Administration, and Federal Trade Commission, you blokes!), to be known as the D.B.F.S. O.C.C.F. (Draft Board for the Salvation of Connecticut College Females.)

The Board will select twice the number of boys as there are girls in the College, so that every girl may have at least two boys. Thus, when one boy is broke, we'll still have a spare to buy our cokes. The boys will be chosen from every state in the Union, and will even

Dilley (Chairman of the College's Defense Committee) to represent the faculty, Janet Fletcher, Mal Klein, and Edie Patton to represent the seniors and students in general, and Hedy La-Mar, Vivien Leigh, and Ann Sheridan to represent the typical female. (The latter will act by proxy—the Trustees consider it too dangerous to have them here).

The housing of the male students will create no problem. Tents will be pitched on the hockey field and in the middle of the soph quad, and any overflow will be housed to the north of



Mal Klein

## POLICY

All the news that's unfit to print and some that ain't.

## Committee Plans White-Washing Winged Victory

The Student Committee to Foster Unimprovements on Campus has selected as its spring project the whitewashing of the Winged Victory of Samothrace which stands between Mary Harkness and 1937 House. Betty Burford, chairman of the committee, has selected the following people to serve as disturbing elements in her Kampus Klean-Up Campaign: head of squawker-abouters, Dodie Wilde; head of paint-brushes, Kitty Bard; work-supervisor by proxy via western union, Lorry Lewis, who will direct the activities of the paint-brush brigade, composed of Betty Holmes, Mary Lou Sharpless and Elizabeth Kirkpatrick. Elizabeth McCallip will direct the lighting conditions under which the work will be haltingly carried forward.

Chairman Betty Burford has stated the purpose of her drive in the following words, "One of the most important benefits gained from higher education is an aesthetic appreciation of the beautiful. The artistic sensitivity of our student body is constantly being offended by the dull surface of this statue. It is therefore our purpose to rectify this abuse, and to redeem from oblivion the carefully-nurtured collegiate aesthetic sense."

The whitewashing will take place on May 26, at three o'clock. The Winged Victory will be moved out into the middle of campus in order to facilitate more elbow room.

## Ty Power To Slay Femmies At Convo

Tyrone Power, L.L., S.T., and M.S. (Load of Lure, Smooth Technique, and Master of Seduction) will speak at convocation at Bill Hall on Sunday, July 13. His subject will be, "Why I gave up my career and joined a monastery." Dr. Power's topic is one of special interest to the students of Male Reactions to Female Tactics in the psych dept. Dr. Power, who served about five years as professor of romance in Hollywood, California, recently resigned his post and retired to a monastery, because he got tired of being pursued by hordes of females.

## Convocation Speaker



Latest posed portrait of Tyrone Power, who will speak at Convocation.

## Parade Marks Opening of New Policy Which Makes Connecticut Kollege Koedu Kational



Elizabeth and Elizabeth (Butler and Byrne) lead the procession with Francois Zileh (ex-Yale) and Ebenezer Phleffensneffer (ex-Wesleyan) both of whom state they were attracted to K. K.'s new K-K. plan because of the educational advantages to be derived from pleasant scenery. A caht from the Hahvahd Yahd brings up the rear.

when the "For Women" was dropped from the former name of the school, "Connecticut College for Women," that such a drastic move was pending.

It seems that the Trustees decided on this particular time for inducting male students into the student body for a number of reasons, the chief one being that, since the national government is drafting so many of the young men of college age, the College felt that it would bolster the morale of its sad-eyed seniors, in particular, by drafting part of the men into the College before the Army and Navy get 'em all.

Upon consultation with Washington officials, who decided that being a co-ed at C.C. would be just as strenuous and trying, and just as much a sacrifice on the part of the young men as service in the nation's defense forces, permission was granted the College to set up a Draft Board, to be a special governmental agency on a par with the I.C.C.,

be taken from other colleges. Female students may submit to the Board a list of not more than three men each, and the Board will act on these. If not enough desirable specimens can be obtained this way, the Board will act on its own motion.

Certain specific qualifications must be met by the Board's selectees. They are as follows:

1. Have an automobile, preferably convertible.
2. Have either a herringbone tweed, clover cloth, gray flannel, or a reasonable facsimile suit.
3. Have a tuxedo and full dress suit.
4. Be sober (minded) at all times.
5. Have "It."
6. Maintain at least an "F" average scholastically.

The Board, which will have nine full-time members, has been named only tentatively, but it is

thought that these people will serve: Dr. Dorothy Bethurum, President Blunt, and Dr. M. R. Windham house, though the Board will resort to the latter only in emergency, as that is considered the most dangerous front line on campus, and the most vulnerable spot for the poor lads.

No time will be lost. The Board will start drafting right away so that C.C. won't be forced to take

the left-overs after the government is through, and also to give the poor old seniors a break before it's too late. So the influx of draftees should begin almost immediately (in fact, you seniors had better not go away for this week-end). All regular classes will be suspended after general exams, for the duration of the year, and only extra-curricular and extra-campus activities will be permitted.

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North of Windham House



For Morale



# Connecticut College News

Established 1916

Published by the students of Connecticut College every Wednesday throughout the college year from September to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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The Ooze Staff

## Ooze Staff Renews Policy

A general survey of the mental habits of undergraduates has recently revealed the need for comprehensive changes—in our newspaper, as a vital organ for reproducing student opinion. Therefore, with this number of the *Connecticut College Ooze* the editorial staff is issuing in a new policy. In a democracy it is essential that the paper be run not only by, but also for the students, and we have reluctantly compromised with some of our higher ideals in order to keep down with the student trend.

Two facts uncovered by the survey will have far-reaching defects upon the type of material published and its manner of presentation: (1) that the average mental age of students deranges from 8-12 years, not taking into consideration, of course, the large number of non-compotes, and (2) that undergraduate interests cluster with a regularity that would put even Erutan to shame around the end of the unbalanced scale farthest from the academic pole. The editorial board recognizes its former error in pitching *Ooze* at the 14-16 year age level, and is now fully beware of the footility of trying to sponser any reader interest in fields of endeavor higher than the elementary correspondence-school level of male courses.

To remedy this sad and silly prevalence of untoward affairs, and to meet the demands of student morale, we have employed a large and experienced staff to act as consultants on youth problems and adolescent behavior, and purchased an elementary psychology book by Freud. We shall endeavor to keep down to the intellectual level of our readers, and all articles will be as unfit to print as their minds are to receive them. There is also a gradual tendency to reduce the average age of the staff so that we can better experience and represent the lower instincts and interests prevailing among our public.

A new editorial police-y has also been experimentally induced. Instead of leading the crusade for campus clean-up, we have decided to draw up in the rear of the procession. Thus we shall support only the opinions which have met with instantudious approval, and have already been acted upon with success. This is so stipulated under section II A of the by-laws on how not to lose friends nor

(Continued to Column 4)

## KONNIE . . .

. . . By Bobbie Brengle



"I said he'd either have to give up me or his art"

## Burn, Squirm Club To Alleviate Lack Of Vitamin "B"

The Burn-Squirm Club, a competitive senior organization, has recently been organized on campus, in order to increase the seniorial supply of vitamin B. Recent statistics of the Personnel Bureau reveal that an inadequate vitamin supply is the cause of many graduates' inability to secure positions in the business world. Senior class president Virginia Chope recommended the formation of the Burn-Squirm Club to alleviate the situation, after conferring with Dean Burdick and the members of the Board of Examiners: Jessie Ashley, Carol Chappell, Thea Dutcher, and Priscilla Duxbury. The charter members, admitted during the week of May 1 are: Eileen Barry, Elizabeth Schwab, Anita Kenna, and Janet Bunyan. The organization will be represented at Inter-Club Council by Kay Ord. The new club will be most active during the spring term, and will continue its practice of holding daily meetings at 12 o'clock noon at Ocean Beach. Dr. Scoville is reserving a bed for over-enthusiasts.



Editors not responsible  
for anything that is said  
today. The world has  
gone mad, and we've joined  
the general movement  
in that direction. Pass  
the blame onto the printer.

IRRESPONSIBLE

## Horrible Example of the Week:

Margaret Robinson,



BEFORE TAKING

General Exams

## HEART AND HOME CORNER

By Bernice Floorwax



Dear Mrs. Floorwax:

I'm desperate! The report in the Registrar's office says that I'm emotionally stable and have a high I.Q., but I'm still desperate. Maybe my situation and goal set is all wrong, and I should let the Swards dissect me, but I thought I'd write to you instead. You see, I'm in love with a boy who attends a nearby University (just fifty miles down on Route 1) and everything has conspired against us! We want to be married in June, but his conscription number comes up in July. We both would be willing to wait a year, but know that if we did our families would keep us apart forever.

Somehow, our parents' social psychologies just don't coincide. Dad is for All Out Aid to Britain; Mr. — is an isolationist. Mother is a Presbyterian; Mrs. — is a D. A. R., and she didn't resign when Elmer did. Mr. — is simply wild about "For Whom The Bells Toll"; Dad burned 7 copies this winter when the coal was low.

You can see that this is a stalemate and that our parents are doing their utmost to keep us apart. But if I do marry him in June, and he leaves a month later, then the college would never let me finish my senior year. I adore him passionately, but does that mean that I would have to give up engagements with other young men at other colleges?

I am most in a despondency. Please help me.

Hesitantly but Hopefully,  
Hettie Heatburn

— heart and home —

Dear Mrs. Floorwax:

My teachers tell me that I am an apple-polisher. What can I do?

Sincerely yours,  
Sue Shine

— heart and home —

Dear Sue Shine:

Just don't rub them the wrong way and all will be well.

Bernice Floorwax

ement

Mal Klein '41 Accepts Post  
Co-op News

## Printer's Note . . .

The printers of this paper are not responsible for typographical errors, omissions, additions, substitutions or subtractions which may or may not be intentional.

## FREE SPEECH

(The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column. In order to insure the validity of this column as an organ for the expression of honest opinion, the editor must know the names of contributors.)

## Great Expectorations

"Spit" is a nasty word. It also implies a nasty habit. Many progressive cities have laws against spitting on the sidewalks, or in the streetcars and buses. Why shouldn't this college become progressive too, and rule out this foul habit before it is too late? Things have come to a pretty pass when Janet "Big Shot" Fletcher, ex-President of Student Government, and Barbara Twomey, often known as "Scales of Justice," ex-Chief Justice of Honor Court, are both seen, on the same day, expectorating on the floor of Fanning Hall before the Grandfather's Clock. (Miss Fletcher was obviously chewing tobacco, too.) The editors of *Ooze* suggest that an Honor Court penalty consisting of two weeks on bread and salt—no water—makes less saliva—be imposed upon all offenders of society, and we further suggest the formation of an S.G. (Spit Guard) to check up on all floors of all buildings. We also suggest that all students be honor bound not to chew tobacco except when on dates.

In a recent survey taken by E. Alverna, it was found that 700 out of 758 students are guilty of the vile habit, but the faculty percentage shows that our esteemed professors are even worse offenders, for only two of them are free from guilt. What's to be expected of either students or faculty when Fletch and Twomey set such a revolting example? Let's reform our administration, and let's do away with this menace, prolific and promiscuous expectoration.

Ptew!

Ed.

## Editorial . . .

(Continued from Column 1)

influence people. Only in cases of universally bad habits which endanger the very lives of the students will our column venture to lead a march on vice.

And so the revolution has come! Confidentially, we are not going Communist, but merely putting forth a sincere effort to get our paper read.

## NEW CAMPUS BOUNDARIES



## Kewt Koedu Kational Kwoir Kids



## Calendar . . .

1941						
MAY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



President Blunt Delivers Stirring Chapel Talk



President's Chapel

"The Connecticut College swimming pool will no longer be a mirage; it will be the McCoy," said President Katharine Blunt, announcing the construction of the long-awaited swimming pool in her Chapel talk Tuesday morning. Prexy's text on this all-important matter follows:

"Last week's vacation in Florida cleared up at least one matter that I want to talk about today—that of the swimming pool. Our swimming pool will no longer be a mirage; it will be the McCoy. Need I go into its benefits? Hearing you students speak about it for years, my own trip to Florida, and several conversations with the faculty have convinced me how much we need a pool on campus.

"Now you'd like to know how we're going to get this pool. Our Sinking Fund, grown enormous over many years, will finance most of it. Then we have a great many friends, including the city of New London, who have offered their help, material and otherwise. The faculty's talents will come into play. And you students can contribute to it more than your moral strength.

"Two of the faculty, Mr. Robert Logan, associate professor of fine arts, and Dr. George S. Avery, professor of botany, have consented to design the pool, which will be built of the traditional field stone. They have decided that the land directly south of the Palmer Library between Knowlton House and New London Hall would be the most suitable location for it. Miss Marguerite Hanson, associate professor of fine arts,

in her latest report on the color scheme states that "sky-blue water will be used to fill the pool." I have been negotiating with the Ocean Beach Park Commission to borrow its sand to give our pool a natural setting during the month of June. We have not, however, evolved an efficient method of transporting it.

"Now for the accessories. Dr. Garabed K. Daghlion, professor of physics, has invented a device for us, "Save-a-life," guaranteed to pluck from the bottom any submerged swimmer and to resuscitate her. Several physi-

Trees At Pool



Just in case the dressing rooms are locked. Special Botanical Dept. fund provides these.

al education majors have volunteered to operate this machine when necessary. How about dressing rooms? I've put in a bid for the prefabricated defense houses now being put up in Groton, but until our turn to use them comes around, the cubicles in the library will have to suffice.

"I have the seniors' consent for an innovation on Class Day. The Bucket Brigade, replacing the Laurel Chain, will fill the pool from the Arbor-etum lake. The entertainment, usually given in the Outdoor Theatre, will also center around the new pool.

"You will be hearing about this from time to time. At present I am concentrating on an appropriate name; if you have any brilliant ideas, do tell me about them."

Espionage And Fifth Column Activities Spotted On Campus By Administration Sleuths

Glamor Girl Hit Road On Thummer'th Conqueth

Cindy Burr Phillips is still doing a remarkable piece of work in the personnel office, encouraging students to leave their sheltered lives this summer for honest to goodness jobs. Some of the results are as follows:

Nancy Crook '43 and Bah Hogate '43 are donning overalls and opening a car washing establishment in the rear of Bah's home in Scarsdale, N. Y., as soon as vacation rolls around. They are sponsoring one of those new clean-them-while-you-wait jobs, so let's have all of you Westchester people cooperating with them.

As a side line Nance is selling fictitious name tapes for those who don't like to worry about leaving tagged wearing apparel behind them on weekends.

Peg Grout '43, influenced no doubt by her recent southern trip, has accepted a two-month job as cigarette girl at the Samoa Club in Key West, Florida. Watch out for those Cubans!

Torchy Tigh '44 was so intrigued by a recent survey of chicken farms that she has decided to go into the egg business this summer. She hoped to develop a method for producing small candy eggs by crossing bantam eggs with jelly beans.

Gene Mercer '41, with the station wagon which she is now sporting around campus, is planning to open a "dime a package" delivery service with Bobbie Yohe '41 within the city limits of Pittsburgh.

A group of energetic juniors in Mary Harkness, Connie Bleecker, Grace Nelson, Mu Thompson, and Pete Franklin, are applying for hostess jobs at the Circle Bar X ranch, Wolf, Wyoming.

Many more plans are in the offing but they must wait until the next issue to be dealt with in more complete detail.

Co-Op News, You Cooperate By Writing This Headline

The New London Musical Coop is sorry to announce that most of the records ordered recently through the Coop have suffered breakage due to unusual roughness of the track between here and New York on the New Haven line.

"We are suing the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Company," said Dr. Chakerian, president of the Coop, "for damages to supplies, plus reimbursement for mental anguish suffered by the members of the Coop over the delay."

Those who are willing to collect the broken pieces and glue their own records together may obtain choice symphonies for half price by calling at Dr. Chakerian's office.

Hey Girls . . . Look!



J. STOOPNAGLE ANDERSON THE THOIRD

This shot of our printer was taken in his shop on a busy Wednesday morning. Jerry is attempting to decipher a bit of late copy which Sophomore Susie should have written three weeks ago come next St. Swithin's Day.

Puzzled Draftee



Strolling about campus looking for Thea Dutcher, Eulilie Pintwistle wonders why no more attention is paid him by the Glamorous Hordes. Reason: He left his uniform home.

Yale Draftee Comments On Conscription

(Editors' Note: We have already heard from one of the prospective draftees, who upon being informed of the new co-ed plan at C.C., has the following suggestions to make. We are publishing the text of his article in its entirety—all censoring has been left to the readers of the Ooze.)

By C. G. A., Jr., Yale '41

Since the plan for making Connecticut coeducational has been brought to my attention I have dropped other matters of national interest, such as the European situation and how to break the New London to New Haven record (49 minutes 55.2 seconds from Plant house to York street) to give this matter due consideration.

I am sure the following plan which I have recently submitted to the city government of New London and New Haven will render the coeducationalization of Connecticut more feasible. With the revenue to be derived from parking meters liberal-ly distributed throughout both towns, they are to build a subway connecting Yale and Connecticut.

Before I give my full consent to the plan I insist on certain forms and reforms which are as follows:

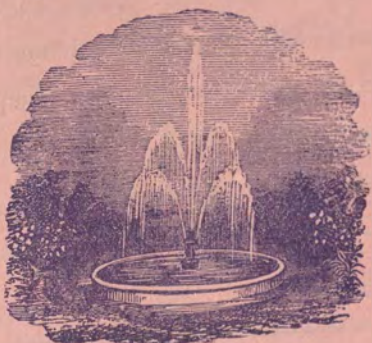
1. The people with whom Connecticut coeducates should be limited almost entirely to "the" major college. It is unnecessary to add that I mean Yale.

2. Up until now a certain Connecticut regulation has been an egregious mockery to humanity. I refer, of course,

(Continued to Page Six)

Ten spies who have been carrying on subversive fifth column activities at K. K. were arrested and taken to prison to await trial, an official bulletin from the President's office announced late this afternoon. The extent of their activity was estimated as "tremulous". A reliable source said that five of the men had been employed in the deceptively angelic task of building the new wings for the library. They are thought to have laid a faulty foundation which could easily be crumbled by one well-placed bomb. The motive for such activity is obvious: the fifth-columnists were preparing to destroy one of the main centers of the defense of our nation—the strong bulwark of knowledge which is assuming tremendous proportions on our campus. Another of the persons implicated in the crime is the lawn-mower man. An examination of his machine shows that it is fully equipped to carry a ten-foot gun, and large grips have been prepared to fit over the wheels so that it can be successfully used as a tank.

Water supply for new pool. The fountain of youth springs eternal from



the middle of the new pool, which is soon to decorate the Konnecticut Kampus



## For Out-Going Senior Class Faculty To Give Zombie Party

President Blunt's teas and Dean Burdick's talks during freshman week, both for the benefit of the class of '44 ('45 or '46 as the case may be), proved so successful that their highnesses the faculty have decided to collaborate without the help of Elsa Maxwell in order to throw a zombie party for the seniors.

This is a slight gesture to those about to receive a certificate indicating they have completed the requirements for an A.B. degree. That is, they now know their A B C's but the C is left off for lack of space.

As we understand it, the time for this party is most any hot day near the end of May from 1:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m. (the unusually long time is provided so that the guests may adjust themselves to their environment). The place is Knowlton Saloon, and no bull—that is, we don't keep them here—bulls, we mean.

Even Rooseveltian third termers, (those who are on their third season as termites) will be admitted and there will be no cover charge as zombies cover everything.

There will be a receiving line and in case you have trouble finding it, we will inform you beforehand that the faculty will be found on chaise lonnges at the north end of the saloon. Don't be too startled as those of you who resort to shelter under the table will also be wheeled out on chaise lounges. "You, too, can be the life of the party." You will be wheeled to your respective dorms with no extra charge, but a slight

tip might be in order if you don't lean too much to the tipsy side.

Black coffee will be served continuously and will be available for all those who can handle it. Also the shower upstairs in Knowlton will be just chock full of cold water to freshen you up a bit. Upon mere request you will be carried upstairs piggyback and revived, so to speak. In fact, for those who are so

timid that they are extinguished like a chandelier (out like a light, for the benefit of the dim lits) all the above mentioned services will be administered without request. As zombies are not particularly filling even after several refills, hors d'oeuvres and bromo seltzers will also be on tap.

All of you who have been aesthetically intoxicated know that you get a mighty big rum for your money. A beautiful display of all sorts of fried, pickled, and stewed things will be shown near the end of the party and any senior still standing by the second 1:00 a.m. will, guess what? be given another zombie or three to impress her with the fact that she is really on her way out.

We think this senior zombie party should be an annual affair as it undoubtedly will be even more successful than the junior prom, the soph. hop or a freshman bull session.

Calling all side cars, calling all side cars, bring in the zombies!

## "There'll Be Some Changes Made"

Escalators will be established in Fanning.

Coffee and cigarettes will be served at the Thursday evening and Sunday noon dinner.

The Carnegie Institute has been persuaded to endow the new wing of the library with beer on tap.

U.S.C.G.A. is turning over all small sailing craft to Connecticut College, to aid in our program for national defense.

A special telephone line is being put through between CC and Yale, as the mortality rate of Yale students' maiden aunts has gone up considerably during the last year.

A new major, fashion-modeling, will be presented in 1941-42. For those not able to select this major, a condensed version of the course will be offered in a new gym course entitled Glamour. The instructor has not yet been decided upon.

Sun deck style class rooms will be built in Bill Hall. Coke fountains will be installed in all dorms, with lemon, lime, and cherry on tap.

The junior year will be spent at the University of Hawaii.

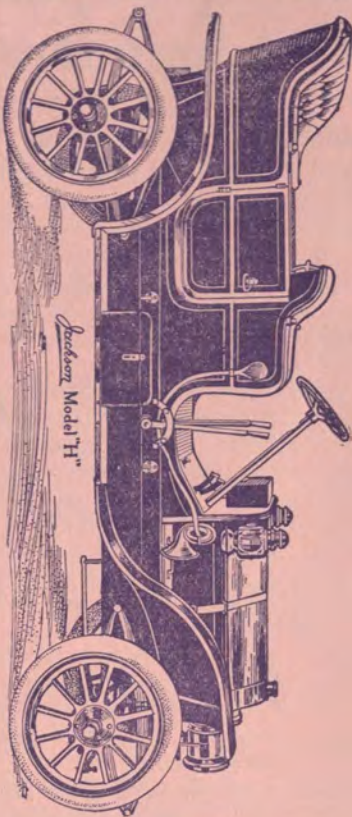
Dictaphones will take students' notes in class.

Regular breakfast—8 to 9.

Cafeteria—9 to 10.

Some people may wonder why we've used some C's and some K's in this issue, but there are reasons. The printer ran out of C's and had to use K's. So help me! Lost this space, too. Yep!

## Senior Kars on Kampus



Streamlined buggy given to Constance Bragaw by her uncle, the event being her birthday. "It makes the distance from Blinman street to campus ever so much shorter," says Miss Bragaw.

## Tippy Treasure Trove Triumphs; Tennis Topples!

The finding of a mammoth earthen jug filled with intricate gold and silver trinkets was reported to the office of the Bursar last Friday by Connie Hillery. Connie was searching for a tennis ball behind the backboard of the college courts, when she suddenly stepped into a sunken portion of the ground softened by the recent rains. When she leaned down to extricate her shoe from the mud, she noticed a gold Indian trinket lying on the ground.

"I began to dig," she told the Bursar. "Very soon I found another bracelet. By this time I was quite excited, and my tennis partner had come to help me. Together we pulled up the old jug, and found all that jewelry!"

The theory is prevalent that the treasure was once the property of the highly esteemed Indian sachem, Owaneco, who first owned Bolleswood. The question of what to do with the treasure has created a furor on campus.

Several students have suggested that the treasure be sold and the money donated to the British War Relief. One student proposed that it would be more in keeping with Owaneco's probable interests to establish a scholarship fund with the proceeds. The question will be referred to the student vote at the next amalgamation meeting.



Coke Man on His Rounds

## LECTURE

BRIEFS

### ASTRONOMY CLUB

Bill Hall, 5:00, May 12

An astronomical symposium between Mr. William H. Carter Jr., and Mr. Charles G. Chakerian resulted in a discussion of the higher and lower heavenly bodies. The opinions advanced were both elongated and foreshortened, as authorities differ on this pernicious piece of pedantry.



### A. A. — MAY 24

The bicycle outing club, headed by Miss Rosamond Tuve, took a short cross-country tour into Rhode Island, ending in a fried squab beach supper. An informal fireside brawl followed, after which Rosy gave a short demonstration and talk on the principles of scouting.

## Three Sophs Open Burlesque Theatre

Three ardent Wig and Candle members are planning to open their own small summer theater at Ocean Grove, N. J., on July 4.

Ruth Ann Likely '43 will be director of all productions, Evelyn Silvers '43 will be stage manager, and Dottie Lenz '43 will be in charge of properties. With their background of work on recent college productions they expect to encounter no difficulties whatsoever.

All that the three of them

Orchids to you all!

From

Fisher's

104  
State

Phone  
5800

now need are some potential actors. The theater will specialize in burlesque numbers. Will all those who consider themselves to have possibilities please contact Ruth Ann Likely at once.

!&!--: 9xkyp j!...

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# True Characters Of Profs Exposed Analysis Of Conduct Shows Nothing Examine The Names And See All

1. With a cockney accent this could be used to cure almost anything.
2. Sounds mighty like our abbreviation for the well-known edifice now acquiring wings.
3. The type of person who sends out those little white slips every half semester.
4. According to Webster this is not so sharp.
5. What daisies make—plus a "y."
6. Most dwellings answer to this description.
7. Reminds us of a nice comfy chair.
8. Often associated with a cock.
9. A close companion of dalley.
10. This comes near to being right good looking.
11. These from little acorns grow.
12. Two more t's and we'd have two members of the crew for that cruise to Nassau.
13. A faithful servant of the stronger sex.
14. A nice juicy little berry.
15. Green and covered with roses—in stories at least.
16. Not according to the "C" during quiet hours.
17. According to our best French, she is always a day behind the times.
18. One of the lower fishes
19. The romantic equivalent for hunt.
20. One thing we can't do on campus.
21. Where Little Red Riding Hood met her downfall.
22. Could be the surname of a lively little moth—or just an old grind.
23. This just missed being a habitat for chickens, hens, ducks, and what have you.
24. What they are doing to ships to prepare them for the war.
25. A sort of concentrated or condensed beverage or drink—quite harmless.
26. The first thing you see (?) when getting off a train.
27. Father sometimes plays at being one—but it's a real profession.
28. Fish would love this one.
29. Associated with the beginning of March.
30. A girl's name plus a few stutters.
31. Now an antique but very respectable piece of furniture.
32. A president was once called this.

33. We should have elevated ones—but they must be good if we are to hit the mark.
34. A well-known film—an' we don't mean movie.
35. This is the way we make the shoes—all with a common name.
36. A compound of deer plus what they have two of.
37. Just a big open field.
38. Only an "s" saves him from penny-pinching.
39. This is not allowed to buy liquor in New London—as we are well aware.
40. One of those prickly little jobs that are the bane of a tramp through the fields, stuck to a colloquial cop.
41. First name of a famous English actor.
42. Once removed from the Pope.

In Test Form

Seward	Erb
Bethurum	Bower
Smyser	Burdick
Ames	Harrison
Carpenter	Noyes
Borden	Leslie
Dilley	Roach
Minar	Woodhouse
Hanson	Warner
Hitchcock	Cobbledick
Blunt	Lyon
Logan	Barnard
Moore	Leib
Hier	Hartshorn
Miller	Ray
Chaney	Wood
Porter	Eatsman
Pond	Chase
Oakes	Manning
Park	Morris
Priest	Butler

## Yale Draftee Suggests A Few Innovations For C. C.

(Continued from Page Three)

to that nasty regulation that keeps men out of the houses after ten o'clock. It is scarcely necessary to say that Smith and Vassar have little rooms in which one may sit while waiting for curfew. At Connecticut on cold winter nights one must say a freezing "good-night." Little rooms must be had.

3. Girls are not to wear hats. Never ever.

4. Pocketbooks are to be limited to the size of small suitcases.

5. Girls are not to wear slacks, however they may wear diaphanous pajamas if they have legs which are acceptable in the eyes of the Legs Committee that I will personally head, in order to get it organized.

6. The college is to provide a form letter for every female stating that she is twenty-one.

7. A tree must be planted on the Connecticut campus.

8. All Coast Guards are to be shot on sight.

9. A little boys' room should be installed in every house.

Hunt For The Rest Yourself

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The president said, in conclusion, that she feels certain the results will prove interesting, and she hopes probably (personally at least). *Ooze* will publish an exclusive interview with Miss Lemon after she has successfully persevered through the numerous tight squeezes which the experiment will inevitably entail.

Miss Lemon wishes to enlist the aid of the entire student body in acquiring the necessary equipment for this daring experiment. Large steel knitting needles with a resonant tone, and brilliant, eye-catching yarn for convocation use, a case of ice cold beer, a supply of frayed bandanas and dingy slacks for dinner wear, an attractive man with convertible for campus parking, and enough house-party invitations, etc., to cover at least fifteen nights will be greatly appreciated. Official sources agree that with this minimum of equipment, and with Miss Lemon's personal ingenuity (derived from ingenu) the experiment, along with the rules, can be brought to a successful termination.

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at the end of the experiment.

systematically disregarded by the president, and a complete impersonal report will be made along with one of their initial letters. "But," Miss Lemon added, "I am going to conduct a personal survey by the well-known squeeze play method." One rule at a time will be for the second week—she replied that it was too dangerous for C. C. girls to try to get When asked if the rules were to be suspended for one week's time—and the students a lemon, recently announced her intention to put "C" rules to an acid test. "The only way we can examine the efficiency and utility of these rules," she stated, "is by not applying them."

The newly inaugurated president of Stu. C., in an effort to prove that we really did pick

# Knitting Needles, Jeans And Men Figure In Lemon's Acid Test Of College Rules

A Busy Day At The Information Office



Marjorie Cramer, Mary Walsh, Jane Whipple, Janet Swan and Mary Sharpless substitute at the switchboard during the lunch hour, while all the "busy professors" are making calls to different parts of town. Barbara Henderson is at the supervisor's desk.

## Reporter Ends Interlude With Professor Lawrence

(Continued from Page Seven)

I challenged Dr. Lawrence as to whether or not he is ever nervous before his chapel talks.

"No, I'm not," was his emphatic retort, "because I know there isn't anything the audience can do about it."

"Oh, I see," was my immediate reaction, "you mean we are all ladies up here." Hank admitted that he had heard this statement made.

Li'l Henrie's reaction toward the prospect of C.C. turning coed was that it is a ghastly thought. For my own satisfaction at this point I couldn't help asking him for a masculine opinion on the subject of why men prefer Smith. Dr. Lawrence was properly shocked by such an idea. "I didn't know they did," he said. "All I can add is that they show very poor judgment." (May I state at this time that, personally I find Dr. Lawrence to be a very wonderful man.)

In closing our intellectual discussion, I asked Hank for any practical suggestion to improve the general organization of the college. He put forth the idea that weekends might be abolished

by having no classes. "First we clip off Saturday classes," he suggested, "then start taking off as many preceding days as the traffic would warrant." (This is another admirable idea of which we heartily approve.)

In view of the valuable information and suggestions which we have gleaned from this first faculty interview on current campus problems, we are indeed grateful to Dr. Lawrence for his hearty cooperation with our new project.

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# RhumbaRiots Hip Hoolas And Peons Break Loose



Somewhere, south of the border, (or was it among the peons of Mary Harkness House?) Senorita Zelmira Biaggi and Senora Leib gave a rhumba exhibition of true Spanish character on May 1. Hips swayed, castanets clicked, and cicadas croaked; it was a gay evening.

Senora Leib, complete in Spanish shawl of Alenon lace and a navy blue straw hat, had a rose between her teeth and silver buckles on her sneakers; Senorita Biaggi was dressed as a bull-fighting toreador with fringed jacket and red garters. The scene was one of colorful action and hep Yehudi.

Said Senora Leib, "It's all in the ankles, girls; if you've ever been on ice skates you'll know what I mean!"

Toreador Biaggi, peeking out from behind a spotted bull, said, "Oh, no; it's all in the eyes, like cinders."

The peons then divided into two camps, one doing the rhumba, from the ankles down; the other swaying to the rhythm of eye-balls.

At 9:30, they joined in a circle in the middle of the arena and before they knew it were doing a Spanish version of the big apple called "Hot Tamale."

After the dance was over, Senora Leib rode home on a burro that she had tethered to a cucaracha outside, and Senorita Biaggi tied her bull in the barn.

The tired peons of Mary Harkness decided that this 'good neighbor' policy wasn't bad, especially when it all could be done with the hips.

cost of the trip will be  
Students taking the T. V.

Judy and Jill went down the hill  
To get some summer clothes.  
They both came up, 'twas quite a thrill,  
With Lanz togs and many beaux.

Bernards

## Mr. Cobbledick's Car



This picture, shot by Dorothy Cushing as Mr. Cobbledick sped up Mohegan avenue, is considered a masterpiece of fifth-dimensional work among the cosmos, and is said by Mr. Daghlia to prove something or other.

## Faculty Foiled In Plots

The BFI tonight disclosed that certain members of the faculty had been found guilty of uncollegiate activities on campus, and that severe penalties were to be placed upon them by the Honor Court division, connected with the Bureau of Faculty Investigation.

It was stated that Doctor Paul Fritz Laubenstein, S. T. M., associate professor of religion and college preacher, had been found guilty of participating in a crap game on Monday night, April 21.

Dr. Laubenstein asserts that he was only watching, but according to all reports he left the game five dollars to the good. Who the other players were has not been disclosed; it is believed they were members of the Religious Council and some guy named Gus.

The BFI honor court division has penalized Dr. Laubenstein his five dollars, which he stated was going to Bundles for Britain.

We have it on authority that the five dollars was headed down-town, but Dr. Laubenstein refused to commit himself on that matter.

April 24. With her face covered by her coat collar and her hands chained to those of G-man Frederick William Harrison, Miss N. Louise Chase, of the College Bookstore, was led away to a Black Maria idling in front of Blackstone house on April 19.

For three long years, the Department of Justice, aided by the BFI, has been searching out the college bookshop swindle, by which hundreds of college students are impoverished yearly. Exorbitant prices charged for pen points and note cards, erasers and O Henrys led officials to suspect that underhanded thefts were carried on in the basement

of Blackstone. Upon close investigation, the officials found bookstore ledgers revealing enormous profits per year and bookstore clerks were seen in

mink coats and Cadillac roadsters. College students in the meantime were going barefooted, having pawned their shoes to buy an eversharp pencil.

Mr. Harrison said tonight that Miss Chase and accomplices were being sent to Sing Sing for a brief tour of the grounds and would then return to New London to take up their posts in State street's Woolworth's, where they will be able to charge one penny for a rubber band, and no more.

Flash! Hot off the press and out of the news rooms comes the astounding story of a faculty member violating miscellaneous rule number 2 of the Connecticut College "C." This rule says "Parking is not allowed on campus or on campus boundaries." Tuesday morning, State troopers spied a gray convertible sitting in the middle of Reservoir street, back of the gymnasium. Whistles blew and sirens screamed and the cops sped up to the parked car. It was a literal April fool's day, when the highway officials discovered Miss Hannah Hafkesbrink, Ph.D., sitting alone and bewildered in her gray convertible. Finding no accomplice in the crime, the cops asked Miss Hafkesbrink if she realized she had almost been found guilty of and penalized for parking. The driver, who had just learned to drive, looked at the officers with tears in her eyes and explained: "But I was stalled!"

Shirley Stuart '41, who recently announced her engagement to Carl Fick, has more recently called the whole thing off. Said Miss Stuart, "I thought it was a case of love at first sight, but I guess

It's On,  
It's Off!



Shirley Stuart '41, who recently announced her engagement to Carl Fick, has more recently called the whole thing off. Said Miss Stuart, "I thought it was a case of love at first sight, but I guess



Shirley Kisses Karl Goodbye

it was only infatuation. I had known him for only a few days, and he swept me off my feet. I just realized my mistake in time."

### Mal Klein Teaches? Alaska

Mal Klein '41 announced today that she had accepted a position as mathematics instructor to the Eskimos in Alaska. Miss Klein said, "I wanted to teach in the Polynesian Islands, but no offer was forthcoming, so I grabbed this chance when it was offered to me. I much prefer the tropics, but what the heck, I always did believe in going to extremes."



## NEWS — Galley 15

### Seen Through Dr. Daghlia's Telescope

Army fighting planes fly over campus. This photo smuggled out of bounds by Mary Cuts.



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## FIGHTS

In-tro-duc-ing Senyor Fe-de-ri-co-o-o Sanchez-z-z y Escri-i-ba-no, the defend-er:



And now, ladeez and gen-tulmen, the contender to the fly-by-night weight (gross tonnage) title, the agile and well-trained George S. Avery, jr.:



Sanchez puts a little Span-ish into the mixup:



Avery counters with a rare botanical gem (snozzlepus plunko):



He's down! The defender thinks he should have put a little more English into that last one.



Ladeez and gentulmen; The Winnah:



A potted plant is awarded the new champion. It will be on display in the greenhouse after General Exams.



### "The Cat's Paw", or "The Tragic Tale Of Missing Honest Olive"

Where is Honest Olive? That is the question being murmured all over the campus at present—only murmured, for the whole situation is much too delicate and complicated to mention in any other tone.

Honest Olive, who won her reputation when she crawled through the hurricane to pay a two cent fine at the library the same day that she received the fine card was last seen acting kittenish on the second floor of New London Hall.

Two of her friends, Sylvia Solomon and Gloria Gleepers, were with her when she disappeared.

The situation was reported as follows: The three loving friends were walking through the second floor of New London Hall at 7:50 Monday morning when Honest Olive stopped to read the bulletin board. "Honest Olive," said sobbing Sylvia Solomon, "always made a habit of reading the bulletin board to see if anyone had lost anything so that she could return it immediately without causing further investigation." According to investigators, Sylvia and Gloria went on slowly ahead and when they next looked back, there was no sign of Honest Olive reading the bulletin board. On being questioned further the two girls remembered seeing Miss (censored) and Miss (censored) standing sinisterly by the door of the vacant zoology laboratory. The committee in charge of the investigation, three noted members of the faculty, hastened to pass quickly over this bit of evidence, but the student body would do well to mull over it in spare time.

To continue with the evidence, Sylvia Solomon and Gloria Gleepers walked back to the bulletin board and caught only a fleeting glance of two vanishing figures carrying a heavy sack between them just about large enough for Honest Olive. Believing innocently enough at the moment that the sack only contained cats, a fact which has long gone undisputed among students and faculty alike, Sylvia Solomon and Gloria Gleepers went on to their next class, thinking that perhaps Honest Olive might have rushed off to the Lost and Found department.

It was not until that night, when Honest Olive failed to return to her dormitory before ten o'clock that the two girls under question became really worried, for Honest Olive never broke an Honor Court rule. Taking no other girls into their confidence, Sylvia and Gloria signed out until eleven o'clock on the white slip, each printing her last name first and using no ditto marks.

From their dormitory they

ambled over in great excitement to New London Hall to the scene of the (censored). A light was burning in the zoology lab and two voices could be heard behind the closed door. "It is too bad that someone had to let the cats out of the bag, because I really don't like to do these things." Then another voice droned, "Well, it's all for the good of science, and I'm sure she would have wanted it that way. What else could we have given to our advance section to work on, after the cats were let out of the bag?"

Those words were enough for Sylvia and Gloria, and they immediately strolled off, barely knowing which way they were going in their distracted state. They arrived by chance at the College Inn where they drowned their sorrows over a coca cola, using discretion in playing only the records which were appropriate to the occasion. From there they lost no time in reporting their experiences to the house fellow, and since then they have taken the matter up with the administration.

The whole episode was being kept quiet successfully until a zoology student found a class ring on what she believed to be the paw of a cat she was dissecting. Faculty members are inclined to take the incident lightly, but students are strangely determined in regarding discovery of the ring as a definite clue. Conspicuous by their absence at all investigations have been Miss (censored) and Miss (censored) of the zoology department. It is expected that after competitive sing the student body will have more time to devote themselves wholeheartedly to the investigation. Seniors are excused from the investigation until after their general examinations.

Until it is even more certain that Honest Olive has been (censored) by Miss (censored) and Miss (censored), the student body is asked to remain civil in its dealings with the zoology department.



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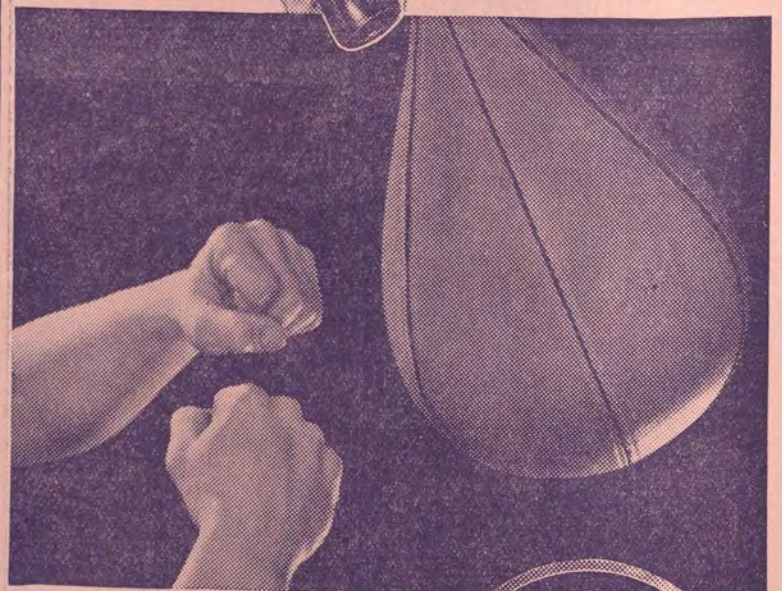
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# No Spin'ch; Fashion Editor Describes Latest Glad-rags

All the momentous questions of the day are waived, m'dears, to consider the most pulsating interrogation of them all: what are the Bright Young Things wearing? With a quick flip of the wrist we throw aside our "Atlantic Monthly" and reach for a "Vogue" to make a serious study of this fashion business.

We've been wearing those slim silver tubes for a long time, but now, dear children, those same gossamer fluffs of scientific perfection (lastex, for all youse who don't read "Popular Science") have perforations and garters on 'em. Please mark that down on my shopping list, Gertrude.

Once again that central portion of the anatomy, vulgarly spoken of as the upper tummy in our plebian circles, but blithely termed "the midriff" among our more progressive nodding acquaintances, is to be displayed to public view. But not accidentally, or even unobtrusively. Oh no! Blatantly—yea, even boldly, swathed about in rhubarb-pink silk jersey. (Ya see, we really did read that Vogue. The mid-riff will frolic lissomely on the beach and will invade the most formal of summer dances. But what worries us is however are we going to hold the cute little thing in after three sidecars and one of those atrocious lobster-Newburg messes that hostesses revel in? Oh, it's a problem, and one which must be faced firmly, with no backsliding. So may I offer the solution of the editorial staff? We, being daring souls, are going to have our midriffs tattooed—so as to have a color scheme to work with, ya know. This department is holding out for a five-pointed star, with Lydia in the middle, as being rather soignée.

Next, you must acquire That Album Look. Do experiment with a cluster of ripe cherries drooling over each ear, just to remind the family of that dusky little native lassie that Uncle Jasper brought home with him on his last voyage in 1856. Just take a peep at her tintype and you'll get the general idea.

Another item you must own is a Regency suit, with one of those interesting frilly white jabot-things dribbling down your front. Most intriguing, though just what you do should any stray broccoli stalks become entwined in its folds has not yet been elucidated.

Now appears the slimmer silhouette and the lowered waist. This latter item is apt to be a trifle confusing to the kindly male members of your family, who may anxiously try to assist you to sit down, and make consoling remarks about "Cousin John's girl, ya know. Poor thing is a trifle out of shape." Your arm assumes the peculiar form molded by the dolman sleeve, a good puffed sleeve gone wrong, and ending in an indecisive way somewhere between elbow and wrist.

Should any one of our readers desire some expert advice on how to handle these delightfully repulsive fashion hints, just mail one dented convertible top and one slightly damaged fender or

If anyone deserves a spree, 'Tis you seniors when you're "generals free." So pack your duds and be on your way To Lighthouse Inn today.

**The Lighthouse Inn**

reasonable facsimile of same to the senior editor of Ooze. (Papa thought it best not to let the family car out of his sight this spring, so we're trying to console her). She will gladly mail you a convenient little booklet we're preparing, with loads and loads of good advice in it!

## Faculty Lead Labor Strike

Drs. Morris and Bethurum, leaders of the United Faculty Front, warned the President of the C. C. Plant for the mass production of matrons that a general walk-out would be staged by all union members during the first part of next week if their demands for increased working hours in the student department, and a 10 per cent increase in professorial pay were not acted upon at once.

The president was somewhat blunt in replying to this statement, but finally agreed to meet with the labor leaders at 10 a.m. tomorrow. She refused to make a statement to the press about her plans.

The situation looks like a stalemate which may seriously affect the plant's business during this very vital time of the year. It is revealed by an official close to the president that she is in sympathy with the demands for longer student hours, but that the increase in faculty pay would cause an unnecessary expenditure of money which should be used to further housing projects for the student branch of the factory.

A compromise will be difficult, for union officials are agreed that they could afford to retract their demands concerning increased working hours, which were suggested mainly to help get them a favorable hearing, but that they must never retreat one step from their original stand for increased pay. "We will walk right out of the plant, first!" declared Miss Hafkesbrink, the secretary of the organization.

Tuesday noon, May 13, is the deadline set for a settlement; if no decision has been reached at this time the United Faculty Front will withdraw en masse. The Student Branch of the Federation has not yet protested the demands because they prefer not to interfere until the strike has been in effect about a month.

**TRADE THAT DREAMBOOK**  
for a check book—Gibbs training turns timid B. A.'s into suave and esteemed secretaries. Ask for catalog describing Special Course for College Women.

**KATHARINE GIBBS**  
230 Park Avenue, New York City  
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## Out of the BULL SESSIONS

Time: Well after midnight.  
Place: 108 Windham.

Topics for discussion: Positively anything—except subjects relating directly or indirectly to sex, politics, or religion.

You could have cut the atmosphere with a knife. In the midst of the swirling blue smoke could be discerned several figures, all sitting with chin on hand in an attitude of profound concentration.

Silence.  
Then a voice whispered, stifling a camile cough, "What time is it?"

Silence again.  
"Twelve and one-half minutes past two."

Tense silence.  
Then, "Has anyone an extra cigarette?"

Utter silence.  
"Well, not a whole one, but do have a butt."

The sharp staccato striking of a match was heard, followed by the sound of burning eye-lashes. The smoke settled again and the intellectuals resumed their lively chatter.

Silence.  
Suddenly a loud harsh laugh shattered the solemn atmosphere.

"What are you laughing at?"  
"Oh, a joke I heard yesterday—I just got it."

Silence again.  
One of the figures groped her way to the window, peered long and hard into the darkness.

"Do you think," she faltered, "do you think that perhaps the paper was right this morning? What I mean is, well, do you suppose that it will happen? It's so difficult to believe what people say these days. But could it be that man knew what was to come? There are so many prophets in the world today that it's not safe to trust anyone. Oh, do you hazard to guess, to dream that such a fate may descend upon us? Will it rain tomorrow?"

Silence.

"Yes"—and then a momentous pause. "But why talk about the weather? After all, we have so much of it."

Silence.  
"Oh, I meant to ask you—do you think that a four minute egg is tastier than a three minute one?"

The intellectuals looked significantly at one another, their alert minds fathoming out the question. Three minutes elapsed. Then four. Finally the most out-spoken of the master minds leaned forward and snapped out in a voice filled with conviction, "I like mine hard-boiled."

A fierce argument followed.

The speakers became more and more excited. Arms fanned the air; voices rose. Then suddenly one of the group lurched to her feet, shook the ashes from her hair, and stalked to the door.

"No matter what you say, I will always boil my egg exactly three minutes." And she left in a huff.

Silence.

The twenty-nine cent clock on the dresser which had been ticking ominously like a time-bomb all evening suddenly burst forth in a loud penetrating jangle. It was three a.m.

The intellectuals pattered off to bed, well satisfied that the impossible had been accomplished—an intellectual bull-session on positively anything—except sex, politics, or religion.

Save your pennies and you'll grow big and strong like the  
**National Bank of Commerce**  
Established 1852  
New London, Conn.

**FOUND!**

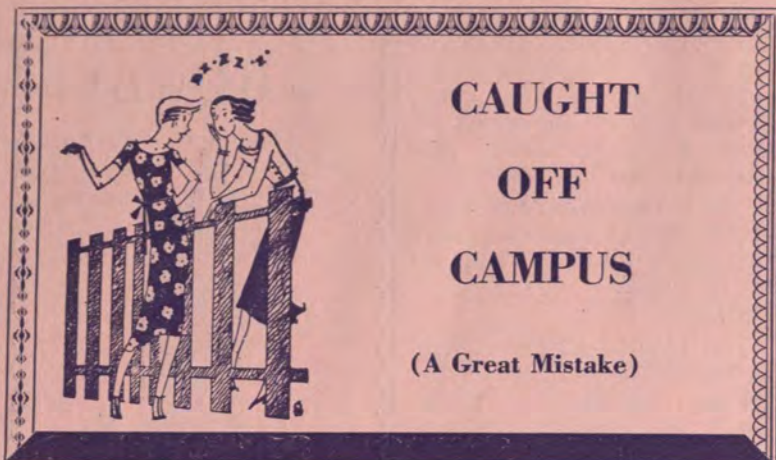
Fevre's ('42) whistle, which was straying about campus without its owner. It will not be returned, regardless of reward offered.

The little white truck  
With the tinkling bell,  
Is waiting now and ready to sell.  
So gather your dimes, you serious clan,  
And hurry out to the Good Humor Man.

**Here's the refreshing treat you really go for... delicious DOUBLEMINT GUM**

Right in step with campus life—that's DOUBLEMINT GUM. Plenty of refreshing flavor. Swell fun to chew every day. And DOUBLEMINT fits all occasions—"bull sessions," after class, during gym. Chewing helps sweeten your breath. Helps brighten your smile, too. And it costs so little you can enjoy DOUBLEMINT GUM daily. Buy several packages today.





—Mr. Cochran with the top down.  
 —Several men.  
 —Dean Burdick looking for appropriate rooms in the Mohican Hotel for all the girls who drew "O" for their room choice numbers.  
 —Miss Tuve "bock t'er-knicker holiday."  
 —All the campused students.  
 —Miss Tuve's pulpit.  
 —Dr. Jensen counting his silver.

**Carol Mops Slums For Eli**

Carol Chappell has just returned from an extended tour of the New London slum area. Miss Chappell says, "I just had to do something about getting the slums cleared up before the Yale-Harvard boat

races, so I decided I'd better get started. Pa was having a fit about them, and sent me out to do something quick. I've got big plans. Wait and see!"

ETAOIN SHRDLU

**Connecticut Album Of Popular Songs**

1. Dean Burdick—I Concentrate on You.
2. Miss Blunt—Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?
3. Dr. Daghliah—The Moon is Crying for Me.
4. Dr. Laubenstein—Gloomy Sunday.
5. The Infirmary—Fools Rush In.
6. Mr. Carter—Taking a Chance on Love.
7. Dr. Smyser—What is This Thing Called Love?
8. Dr. Chakerian—Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day.
9. Miss Leslie—Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing.
10. Monday Morning C.C.-ite—Watching the Clock.
11. Dr. Erb—I Hear a Rhapsody.
12. Miss Ballard—I Like to Recognize the Tune.
13. Dr. Jensen—Don't Fall Asleep.
14. Mr. Ames—All Dressed Up Spic and Spanish.
15. Dr. Leib—I've Got My Eyes on You.
16. Faculty Night—Pushin' the Conversation Along.
17. Miss Hartshorn—Let's Dance.
18. Mr. Hitchcock—Scrub Me, Mama, with a Boogie Beat.
19. Connecticut College—Lost in a Fog.

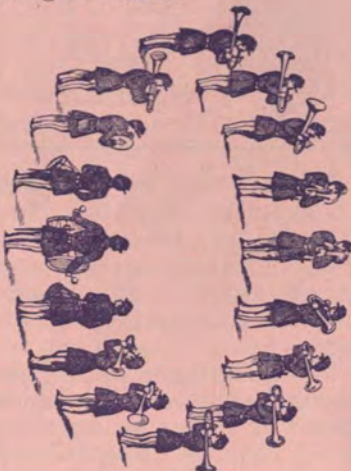
**Stop Me If You've Heard This One**

In point of fact (Mr. Cobbledick)  
 Where's my pulpit? (Miss Tuve)  
 To be sure, . . . Of course you know (usually accompanied by answer in the negative) (Miss Bethurum)  
 So what? (Mrs. Wessell)  
 Now, baby . . ." (Mrs. Ray)  
 The hard right as over and against the easy wrong. (Dr. Laubenstein)  
 Work, work, work, 'cause work comes first (President Blunt)  
 Now, in Arizona . . . (Miss Warner)  
 Where have you bean . . . Miss Dillely)  
 Etcetrera, etcetera, etcetera . . . (Miss Roach)

Come on you book-worms, be sports  
 Out you go to the athletic courts  
 But first be off on a buying trip,  
 For Spalding Equipment with that added zip.

**ALLING RUBBER COMPANY**  
 238 STATE ST., NEW LONDON  
 "SPALDING SADDLE SHOES"

**Goast Guard Band Going in a Circle**



**Yale Draftee Suggests A Few Innovations For C. C.**

(Continued from Page Five)

10. Benches and hammocks placed at discreet intervals on the lawn.
  11. All hags must be relegated to comparative oblivion such as the museum, the Coast Guard, or better, yet the sub base.
- If anyone wishes to consult

me about these or any other regulations I am readily reached. Please send a photograph first.



Henrietta Dearborn may turn back one page—if she cares to.

For a spree or just a coke  
 You'll find all good folk  
 At the snack bar, full of vim  
 Down at the College Inn.

**THE COLLEGE INN**



Date

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Jewelers Since 1865

To dazzle and sparkle is every girl's wish

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 CAN OF THREE . . . .

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