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### Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 26

Connecticut College

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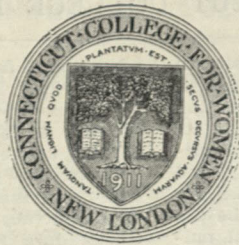
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*Miss Wright*

## PROM ISSUE

### PIERROT THE PIRATE.

Comedy of Youth, Beauty and Mirth.  
Effective Scenery Used.

Here at last, is the long-awaited eagerly anticipated festival of youth, beauty and merriment. "Pierrot the Pirate" has come. It will be given Friday evening, May 13, in the gymnasium for the first time, and Prom guests are favored with the initial performance. Such a feast of mirthful song, of gay costumes and sprightly dancing is seldom seen on this campus.

The musical comedy this year promises to be the best ever. Come and be swept away on the wings of fancy to the realms of romance.

The very first scene assures the success of the entire piece. A merry group of young people disport themselves in a most impudent manner. They are giving an intelligence test to a blandly grinning Chinaman, a stowaway on the yacht of Peter Schuyler, the host of the party. Poor Peter vainly tries to win the love of the beautiful but indifferent Georgianna. She will have none of good-natured Peter. Her hero must be of highly romantic type, an uplifter of the down-trodden. Tu-long, the stowaway, conceives of a plan to help Peter. The charmed necklace, however, does not win Georgie.

In the second act, all is confusion. Yvonne and Georgianna have been carried off by the gallant Captain Kidder, and his band of Pirates Bold. Georgie's consent is all but gained by the ardent wooing of the Captain, when her father and the rest of the party arrive with the ransom.

The third act discloses a masqued ball. Many are the dancers, Cleopatra and a gypsy gey; shocking is the flirtation with the chaperone. In the height of the merriment, Georgie a charming Pierrette, recognizes in Peter dressed as Pierrot, her ardent Pirate lover. And then what happens? Why the plan of Tu-long, the match-maker, is completed. Happiness reigns supreme.

### PROM PRESENTIMENTS.

Well, here it is at last! What? Junior Prom of course. To you whose life has been but a primrose path this means not so much, but to poor demented ones whose existence for the past three years has been a constant bout with Hygiene, Physical Ed and Economics—Junior Prom comes as a blessed oasis in this desert of intellectualism,—a splash of color on the canvas of monotony, as it were. Think of it, friends of my youth, three glorious days of men, music and milkshakes. My childish heart beats thrillingly at the thought of Danz terpsichorean syn-copation. It will rain of course, but who minds water in this fair land of "freedom and prohibition." There will be hearts, engagements, and windows broken, promises, rings and thrills given, and eyes, waves and "bones" rolled. We will all discover that no man is so wise as ours, no Prom so peppy and no place so nice as dear C. C."

What prohibition drink does Prom become for a man who gets a "funny one." Lemonade!

### THE TRIALS OF MAKING OUT A DANCE PROGRAM.

It is three weeks before Prom. You are, for the time being, content with life. You can afford to regard with pity those poor unfortunate maidens who are hoping and praying that the man they invited will answer "Yes." Yours has accepted, and no longer will you spend sleepless nights tossing on your "downy couch," wondering whether he will or not come.

But—your troubles are not over, far from it—they are only just beginning. At class-meeting, it is revealed to you, that there are to be twenty-five dances. An icy hand clutches your heart—that means you will have to make out a program. "Well, what of it?" someone asks. Have you ever made out a program for a man who is six feet tall? No! Then you know not of what you speak, when you say "What of it?" It means that for the next two weeks, everyone will be madly dashing up to you between classes and exclaiming "Can I have the eighth one?" or "Say Mary, you must give me the tenth." It means that before promising any dances, you must make a quick survey of the height of each applicant. It means also that you must carefully avoid all your friends who are not much over five feet, and if, by chance, you do bump into them you must put them off, by tactfully saying that you haven't your program with you. If only Jack weren't so tall! You yourself are only five feet six—and you wouldn't dare to give a dance to anyone shorter than yourself. How to avoid doing it, though—that is the question.

You stumble out of class-meeting, and rush home—before anyone can speak to you. You must lay your plans carefully. But alas! You cannot avoid your room-mate, Helen, who comes bouncing in. Ordinarily you are fond of your room-mate, and wouldn't mind giving her lots of dances, but now, you have a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach as you look at her. Funny, you never noticed before how small she was. Why, she is a lot shorter than you are. You gaze at her in silence—you feel that she is going to ask for a dance—or probably three or four. "Now, Mary," she exclaims, "I want the second with you, the tenth and the twenty-second." you gasp—inwardly, "Oh, here's a piece of paper," Helen grabs at a pad on the desk. "I'll start to make out yours with mine, so I'll be sure of three at least, with you."

Her pen scratches merrily. Your heart goes down and down. Why, oh why did you ever ask a six-footer to the Prom? The dreadful thought comes to you that this is only the beginning of your troubles.

Your room-mate rushes off to class, leaving you to cram that French for to-morrow, and to try to forget your discontent at everything. But you are doomed for the next half-hour, girls literally pile into the room; all clamoring for dances, all (ah woe!) far from tall—all taking for granted that you are willing and glad to give the dances. There is no escape. Someone spies your program in plain view on your

(Continued on page 2, column 3.)

### MR. BRUNO ROSELLI LECTURES ON DANTE.

One of the largest audiences assembled at College this year heard Mr. Roselli's lecture on "Six Centuries of Dante's Spiritual Leadership (1321-1921)". Rarely do we hear more perfect diction or observe more genuine love of subject than Mr. Roselli showed. With sentence after sentence of faultless structure he built up his ideas in such a manner that his audience was immediately charmed. To the Italians, Dante means more than any other man, therefore we were most fortunate in having his praises sounded from the lips of a true Italian nationalist. Italians claim that Dante made their kingdom what it is today. Before his time there was no national language. He had to work with a number of dialects and a corrupted Latin language, for he was the first as well as the greatest poet. The poorest, most down-cast Italian appreciates and knows the works of Dante, much more than the average American appreciates Shakespeare or the Bible. Mr. Roselli admitted that Dante had his faults. But it was Dante who built the foundation of a nationalism which is the basis of Italian patriotism today. We blame the Italians for holding so strictly to their own customs and former mode of living when they come to America, but after all is not this love of country a beautiful thing? Americans who go to Europe are not content to live at once as the Europeans do, but their habits change gradually, generation after generation, until they themselves are finally assimilated into their adopted race. The Italians who come here have much they can give to America, and in her turn America can give much to the Italians. The race is distinguished by an unusual warmth of feeling and a patriotism—which as Mr. Roselli said—is not the mere waving of a flag, but a genuine desire for service. America—the nation of today—is to be most influential in shaping world policies—so why should not our colleges and universities place Italian literature on a par with our own?

### FRESHMEN RAISE SILVER BAY FUND.

Nineteen twenty four never fails when it comes to doing the original. On Saturday evening, May 7, it upheld its reputation in presenting a cabaret displaying the many and varied talents of the class—everything from the musical and artistic lines to the mysterious and scientific arts of the circus. Dorothy Hubbell and Madeline Foster in costumes most fetching were the heralds of events, while charming little waitresses sold ice-cream, candy, and cookies and "Bangs" and "Higgy" found tucs most becoming.

Glo's balancing stunts were worthy of a professional, while she and Lucille Witke performed most realistically on an imaginary tight-rope. The Jolly Brothers with their woeful tale approached the grotesque and we beheld with awe the two young damsels swallow fire with a regular Campbell Soup grin. "Abbrecht Rubens" astonished us with his portraits so full of

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

### PROM TRAGEDY. (In One Reel)

"DON'T SPURN YOUR BROTHER"  
or  
"THE CALL OF CONSCIENCE."

Dramatis Personae:

Annabelle—the temperamental.  
Lil—the blasé, the efficient.  
Time 2:59 a. m.—Three days before Prom.  
Scene—A cosey bower in Plantstone.

Discovered—Lil—a wet towel around her head, doing Bible in a corner.

Enter Annabelle, tearing her blonde hair out by the handfuls, and dropping it in a waste-basket at right center.

Annabelle, shrieking in dire despair—"Heavens, Lily, I can't get a man for Prom." Pushing a pencil and blank telegram into her hands. "Here, you try. That bunch at Wesleyan are the meanest, most despicable mortals! They're either in training or they're having a Prom of their own! If I can't have a man from Wesleyan I won't have anybody. I could ask Brother Bill, but he's bow-legged, you know, and his ears were shot away last summer when he was deer-hunting up in Deep River. For heaven's sake, do something! Don't sit there gaping at me. I tell you I'm a desperate woman."

Sits down, pulling her finger nails out by the roots with both teeth.

Lily scratches her chin with the pencil—(Lil' always does that when she is "up a tree") and proceeds to write—"Henry, if you value my sanity, bring man for Annabelle. Must be short and graceful on his feet. Lily." Complacently—"That's one. Now here's one to Oberlin" and she proceeds to write again.

"And here"—tearing off another sheet of paper—"goes one to Oxford. He may not be able to make it, though. Last time his gasoline tank exploded in mid-ocean and Percival had to ride into port on one of his cheese-cloth wings. And"—busily writing—"I'm wiring to the University of Calif—"

"Stop," commanded Annabelle, beginning to writhe temperamentally. "This is terrible! If you mean to be humorous, Lil', it were better that a milk can be tied to your neck and that Eldridge buried you in the depths of the ash can. My mind is made up. I shall take Brother Bill at all costs. He may not be beautiful, but he has a soul, and that is more than your Percival, your Rudolph, your—"

She falls, fainting, to the floor. Lil' contemplates her somewhat scornfully,—chews the end of the pencil into ribbons and falls to writing the books of the Bible, now backward, now forward, and again backward.

Quick Curtain!

### ENGAGEMENTS.

The class of 1919 announces the engagement of Mildred Provost of Stamford, Conn. to Charles J. McElray of Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. L. Lindholm of Middletown, Conn., announced the engagement of her daughter, Edith, '20, to Raymond Earl Baldwin of the Yale Law School.



## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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## WE BID YOU WELCOME.

Welcome to our hilltop—guests from the outside world—who have journeyed to this our campus to make merry with dancing and feasting for the brief space allotted us.

Twenty-two greets you, her guests, with wreaths and garlands, laughter and bids you join hands with her in this gala fete of joy and gladness—our Junior Prom. Our campus is yours—do what you will—only be gay.

JEANETTE SPERRY '22.

## TOTEM POLE GREETINGS.

With bird song, soft breezes and sunshine,

With joy unbounded we greet thee—  
We spirits of hilltop and river  
We folk of the Totem Pole story.

Gladly we welcome each stranger  
On this our week end of power.  
Totem Pole reigning in its glory  
And with Good Fairy makes merry.

C. A. H. '22.

## PRIZE-WINNING SILVER BAY ESSAY.

## "WHAT PART THE SERVICE LEAGUE PLAYS AT CONNECTICUT COLLEGE."

The three most poignant longings of the human soul—life, influence and ability to perpetrate thoughts and purposes—cannot find satisfaction in a small sphere of intellect. Only the mind which becomes well developed can enter into civic life. College, rich in opportunity, in association and in fellowship, furnishes the horizon on which the ideals of culture may loom up to shed a broader light. But college from this point of view seems an institution for individual cultivation to the degree of disagreeable egotism. It is true that the primary consideration should be that of personal development, but it is equally necessary

that the community of interests in public welfare be kept alive. This in itself is an education. Organization which offers a beneficent share in its development, which embraces practically every form of social activity, and which presents abundant material for individual experiment seems to be the practical check on an egotistical culture, which insures a broader perspective and a clearer conception of general efficiency.

Built upon the high ideal of genial human sympathy, the Service League inspires college life with the general education gained from shouldering the burden of personal and civic responsibility. The most distinct act of all reasoning and the acknowledgement of all existence admits the principle of service as the most fundamental law of civilization. The true conception of a gift of time and talent in behalf of fellow-beings whose ignorance or suffering or weakness makes a strong claim on knowledge, happiness, and strength is made clear and vivid through the efforts of the body known as Service League.

The forces working both to the moral and material gain of college life recognize the diverse interests and distinctions of associations manifest in every branch of effort, but the Service League, by its wide range of opportunity, approaches the ideal condition of an absolute unit, with every member of this democratic institution a direct and positive blessing to her sister member.

Success is achieved through well-directed effort, but success without a feeling of spiritual uplift and a strengthening of moral stamina falls below defeat. The height of satisfaction is experienced through an advance of good fellowship with all its attending enjoyments and positive benefits. Good fellowship includes a personal responsibility for a certain amount of work involving personal sacrifice and self-denial.

The rush of college life rather eclipses the sense of true comradeship, but the Service League, by the social and civic problems confronting it is the unfailing agent which makes the larger world outside congruent with college activity.

Beyond the narrow confines of the college campus the Service League spreads the ideal of Connecticut College—the training of efficient womanhood—to the greater organizations for civic amelioration.

The vital interest in intercollegiate conferences, the sense of direct association with social problems and the endeavor to alleviate the hopelessness of discouragement by diffusing the best of womanly culture where it is most needed, has brought Connecticut College recognition as an academic institution devoted to the ideals of service. Therefore the Service League is perhaps the greatest instrument in developing the ideas born in our own college and in shaping and adapting those gleaned from other institutions to our use.

Generous and important as this larger and more comprehensive work may be, there are the smaller and more specific branches in which students of similar tastes are brought into the stimulating association of comradeship. Here, as in no other extra-curricular work, the piquancy of individual activity is accentuated by the companionship and intimacy of cooperation. In these smaller branches of effort, commonly referred to as "on-campus activities", the faculties and powers of individual expression are given free play in several directions with much definiteness of purpose. The talents of each individual are brought out by a united effort for a common end. The mental vagabondage arising from ignorant or thoughtless disposition of personal faculties is replaced by versatility, ease of action and readiness of

adjustment from the practice of public service. Here the Service League furnishes precisely what the world is seeking every day—helpful, inspiring contact between associates.

From the personal activity of encouraging the unfortunate to the task of supporting the larger relief work as Christadora Settlement, dependent on the comprehensive loyalty of every member, abundant opportunity for a display of individual ability is presented.

The Service League is merely a central tower from which is a series of many folding doors, opening on all sides and leading direct to every part of the field of active life. The Service League is a living, warm-hearted organization which brings the college into close touch with the continual questions of the world and which develops the loyalty of team-work together with an appreciation of individual power and ability.

CATHERINE DODD '23.

## MR. GUNNISON TO READ IN BRANFORD LOUNGE.

There is one opportunity of college life which we cannot afford to overlook—the one of becoming acquainted with the great works of great poets. On Saturday afternoon, May the twenty-eighth, at 3.30, Mr. Gunnison will read "Ring and the Book". Faculty, students and friends of the college are given a warm invitation to attend. We who want to make the most of college, really cannot afford to overlook something fine like this, when the occasion offers itself.

## INVITATION.

Come, oh men, from far and near  
To this our May-time frolic!  
Come and bring to us the cheer  
Found in friendly rollic!  
Come, be happy in May, in May—  
Come, and join us today,  
Today! G. S. A. '22.

## THE TRIALS OF MAKING OUT A DANCE PROGRAM.

(Concluded from page 1, column 2).

desk. "Oh! here's your program. Just the dance I want. Isn't that great?"  
"So glad you're going to take Jack. I do adore tall men—," someone babbles, a diminutive little miss, as she cheerfully puts you down for a dance.  
"I do adore Jack—he's such a good dancer!"

"Can I have the third?"  
"Do give me a waltz, I'm dying to have a waltz."

Somehow you manage to smile, to register politeness, to murmur inane remarks such as, "Yes, do give me the thirteenth. So glad you are all going. Was just going to ask you, Lou," and so forth.

They gradually trail out of the room, the door slams behind the last one. Blindly you grope for your program. It is as you feared—a long line of names confronts you. Your dances are all, all gone, except eight which are saved for yourself. Who said the world was a nice place to live in?

Suddenly you are aroused from the depths of despair by the voice of your room-mate, exclaiming, "Mary, you poor thing! I just took a telegram for you from Jack. He can't come—some business trouble, but he's sending a Fred Nelson. Who's he?" Your voice seems taken from you—you gaze at Helen with open mouth. She, thinking you are overwhelmed with grief begins, "Oh! I'm so sorry."

But it is joy that has overwhelmed. The fates have favored you for once. Jack is ever so nice but Fred is too, and he isn't six feet. He's just medium—just the right height for everyone of the girls to whom you have given dances. You seize your bewildered room-mate around the waist—and dance madly around, exclaiming: "Oh! how wonderful! What luck!"

M. C. S. '22

## AN "IF" FOR PROM.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can write a man when all about you,  
Are telling you of course it is no use,  
If you believe he'll come when all girls doubt you,  
And yet when he delays you make excuse,  
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,  
Or being answered yes, control your joy  
Or being answered no, stop all debating  
Seem to forget the things that most annoy  
If you can bear to read that fatal note  
Twisted to make you think he's in despair,  
Or read the lines that joyously he wrote,  
Then sit and do those lessons hard with care,  
If you can do your work and keep your head  
Or think of Prom nor lose the time of day,  
If neither hours late, nor dances many kill you dead  
If with all men you have a pleasant way,  
If you can fill your whole Prom week end with three days' worth of joy and friendly fun.  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it  
And what is more your task will be well done.

M. B. D. '22.

## SUMMER BREEZES.

I.

It's whirring music softly beating in my heart,  
The summer breeze is dancing like a listless maid,  
Who forgetting shyness, seems suddenly to dart  
Into the arms of hungry space, wisely afraid  
To taste a joy so fleeting.

II.

Your fragrant breath that cools my hot and tired cheek,  
Is like the youthful summer wind that frisks and plays  
In a world quite weary, but eager still to seek  
The haunting joy and happiness of love-filled days,  
Though love, like wind, may blow away.

M. J.

## YOUTH.

This is not a piece of magic prose,  
But a thought more precious  
Than the jewels that decorated ancient temples.  
Far richer than the coat of many colors,  
As beautiful as the psalms expressed by David's lyre  
Is the thought that in the spring,  
The world is new and young,  
And happiness rests upon the lowest bough  
Of the pink-blossomed apple tree.

M. A. W., '24.

## NEW TENNIS COURT REGULATIONS.

Owing to the demand for courts, the Department of Physical Education considers it advisable to initiate a system of signing up. The regulations and schedule for use of the courts each day will be found for the present on the bulletin board in the gymnasium. Later a suitable place will be made for them on the courts. Give the new system a fair trial and you will find that it prevents unfair monopoly of the courts and does away with the necessity of waiting your turn to play. These new regulations go into effect Monday, May 9.



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**CULLINGS FROM THE CELL**

Brewster's Neck,  
 Padded Cell 23, 2 A. M.

Dear Men:—

They don't know I'm writing this but I shall throw it out the window in the hope that it will get to you in time and warn you. I won't take time to tell you why I am here. Suffice it to intimate darkly that Freshman History and other obstreperous courses had something to do with it. I may be a little cracked, in fact I bear a strong resemblance to the Liberty Bell in that respect, but I am *not* crazy. Not much. Guess it takes mentality to take a post graduate course in an institution like this. Now you men are going to Prom. Not only to Prom but Junior Prom and though it sounds innocent there are certain things which I feel called upon as a graduate of C. C. to tell you.

Don't eat the decorations. We have to guard against that every year. They may look delectable but they aren't—I've tried 'em.

Look out for the Freshman waitresses. Fascinating, fresh and favored—that's them.

Don't bring a valet. Bring rubbers. They'll be more useful.

Bring your life insurance policy. We have a curb market here in case you'd like to turn it into money.

Bring flowers. If you don't, you'll be dragged all over Bolles Wood to pick 'em.

Don't bring the "Boston American" or "Snappy Stories" to read. There are numerous copies of Hamlet on campus.

Well, there are other things which I should say but I hear steps in the corridor so I must cease desist.

Crazily yours,  
 Cecily Ann '22

**ELECTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1921-1922.**

The *Student Government Association* is certainly very fortunate to have such splendid executives at its head as it has for the following year.

President ..... Jeanette Sperry  
 Vice President ..... Ann Slade  
 Secretary ..... Gloria Hollister  
 Treasurer ..... Christine Pickett  
 Chairman of the Executive Committee  
 Margaret Baxter

The executive staff of the *Sophomore Class* for the year 1921-1922 is as follows:

President ..... Julia Warner  
 Vice President ..... Marion Johnson  
 Secretary ..... Dorothy Hubbard  
 Treasurer ..... Emily Slaymaker  
 Cheer Leader ..... Elizabeth Moyle  
 Assistant Cheer Leader

Anita Greenbaum  
 Chairman of the Entertainment  
 Committee ..... Helen Hemingway

The regular meeting of the *Freshman Class* was held on May second. Various designs for the seal and several samples of paper were submitted by

Katherine Slater, chairman of the committee. On Thursday, May fifth, a special meeting was held for the election of officers.

President ..... Mary Snodgrass  
 Vice President ..... Katherine Slater  
 Secretary ..... Amy Hilker  
 Treasurer ..... Dorothy Hubbell  
 Historian ..... Etta Strathie  
 Cheer Leader ..... Margaret Call  
 Assistant Cheer Leader

Ruth Curtiss  
 Chairman of the Entertainment  
 Committee ..... Ellen McCandless  
 Chairman of the Decorating Committee ..... Virginia Hays  
 Chairman of the Auditing Committee ..... Elizabeth Armstrong

The Juniors have chosen Constance Hill, their Senior President, to go to Silver Bay. The Sophomore representatives will be Dorothy Randle and Emily Slaymaker. Catherine Holmes is to represent the Freshman Class.

"What are you going to do with your week end?"

"Wear my hat on it, as usual."  
 —Exchange.

**I WONDER IF—**

Little Ann will be glad to see Al?  
 Jeannette can suppress her prize laff for a whole weekend?

M. P. will try to play her uke during intermission?

Betty Hall will bring the pink sweater to knit on between dances?

Friar Tuck will try to aid and abet the orchestra?

Anyone will make (or attempt to make) the usual prohibition remarks about the punch?

Some of our engaged friends will find it necessary to spend one dance in the post office to see whether they have any mail? M. A. T. '22.

**FRESHMEN RAISE SILVER BAY FUND.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

"local color" in which he exposed our little friends in most typical poses.

The real cabaret atmosphere was created by Ruth Curtiss in a splendid interpretation of a Spanish dance. Polly Packard with Ellen McCandless as her "Arrow Collar" hero gave a fine exhibition of the two extremes of modern dancing. Evelyn Ryan was as pleasing as always in a selection from "Seventeen," and as an encore imitated most successfully a little girl with a fly.

After the "show" Helen Douglas displayed her ability as an auctioneer in disposing of the artistic posters which decorated the bulletin boards for the past week. Rivalry ran high—one poster fetching the princely sum of \$3.00. Led by Miss Douglas the audience joined in an enthusiastic cheer for Silver Bay for the proceeds of the evening are to go towards sending the Freshman delegate to the Silver Bay Conference.

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Harken, all ye guests who darken our doors. Our campus is noted for its wild, natural beauty. Don't walk away with any of its rocks in your pockets. They are gifts to us from the meteors.

Some fiend in human form once remarked unkindly that our buildings resembled jails. Be original, at all costs. The architecture is English. Cannot you possibly discover a likeness to turreted castles on the Avon,—or to a stately manor house in Smithfield?

Speaking of "eternal triangles," I once heard a blasé Senior remark scornfully "Oh, it's the 'eternal triangle' again," and an innocent Freshman very anxiously, "What is an 'eternal triangle'?" And then on second thought she remarked brightly, "Oh, I know, it's the Y. M. C. A., isn't it?"

The night is dark,  
My heart is sad,  
I need a man.  
My eyes with grief  
And briny tears  
Will soon have ran.  
Through the still night  
My heart it beats  
As on a pan.  
Oh! Man o' mine  
Why did you break  
Up all my plan?  
I hide my face  
My shamed face,  
Behind my fan.  
M. A. T. '22.

**ONE DAY.**

The other day,  
I went into our only town Bank  
And got a lot of nickles and dimes  
In change.  
And then  
I took the old rattly, tinny bus  
And fed it some soup, and coaxed it  
along  
To the County Fair.  
I went in  
And looked at the pigs, and turnips,  
and roses  
And helped the judges taste the prize  
food.  
And decide.  
And then,  
I wandered around to the fortune  
teller,  
And crossed her palm with a dime  
Only to learn  
That I, a batchelor,  
Had been married twice, the first had  
died  
While the second was at home, caring  
for  
My seven children  
Then I meandered  
Into the freak tent, to see the bodiless  
head.  
But just then somebody tickled his  
feet  
And he jumped.  
Disillusioned, I wandered;  
And bought a hot dog, and an ice cream  
cone  
And drank a long glass of pink lem-  
onade  
Thru a straw.  
By that time,  
I was feeling as if I'd been in a prize  
fight.  
So I searched out the good old Henry  
And went home.  
M., '24

**ECHOES OF THE OUIJA  
BOARD.**

Conversation the Night Before Prom.

Q. Ouija, will you give us some ma-  
terial for Prom Issue?  
A. Yes.  
Q. Fine. Shoot!  
A. Maybe men are fools.  
Q. Why do you say that?  
A. Because they come to Prom!  
Q. Whew! Do you think that's nice?  
A. No.  
Q. Then why do you say so?  
A. Because it is true.  
Q. You're hopeless. Give us a bit of  
poetry, Ouija.  
A. Sure.

Far away from C. C.'s hill,  
Men are wont to roam.  
But when they're asked to Junior Prom,  
They have to stay at home.

There was a second verse, but out of  
respect to our guests, we are keeping  
it out of print.

**GLIMPSES!**

Lydia Jane—Bursts of song.  
Naiveté  
Gambols on a hill  
Landslide  
Louise Lee—Floppy hats in a southern  
garden  
Flashes of steel  
Pools of still, dark water  
Poetry in the air  
Ruth Rose—Red on a black background  
Battle!  
Pioneers in woods of oak  
Forté!!  
Cherry Drew—Ivory and Damask  
Titian Tints  
Torrents  
Cherries ripe!  
Jeanette Sperry—Winds of the West.  
Gleeful imps  
Hearty laughter  
Futurist landscapes

**RIDDLES.**

The sunflower is yellor,  
The harvest is meller,  
I'd give a fortune  
If I had a feller.  
Answer: The roses are blue  
Of a glorious hue  
It would take quite a fortune  
To get one for you.  
M. A. T. '22.

Sophomore: There's going to be a  
new Ec. teacher next year."  
Freshman: "Who?"  
Soph.: "I don't know, but its either  
a man or a woman."  
—The Mt. Holyoke News.

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