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The See See Nooze

Connecticut College

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THE SEE SEE NOOZE

VOL. 1, No. 1

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MARCH 26, 1930

PRICE TEN CENTS

IRATE HUSBAND DESERTS WIFE IN GREAT CRISIS

Fatherless Child Dependent On Charity

Shrieking like a firealarm in Fishburnian crescendo, Mrs. Larson Kindler, that buxom blushing mother, parent of our colleges only contribution to the race, tore out of her room this morning in a frenzy (which is a newspaper word for popping buttons). This frenzy parked all over Mrs. Kindler, in spite of regulations—her eyes popped out like zoo frogs, her hair waved about semaphorically and her face was livid (which is a novelist's term for all poofed out)—but these and other vivid details such as the heaving of her bosom up and down and up and down, etc.—I must pass over. Her breath came daintily in well regulated gasps, and out of her tightly closed mouth came only grunts and shrieks. Back and forth her weary feet clad in the People's special, clumped on the hard cruel cement of Branford—once she leaned over the railing while the chorus sank "Hold Everything" but it was only to aim a glorious spit drop to the depths below. Noble female, that she could have presence of mind and saliva at such a crisis.



At last the panting (a common word for rapid exhalation) creature was pinned by her friends against the wall when they had found a pin big enough and the heart-breaking story was wrung from her by Pollard's own hands. "In that room," said she pointing to her chamber, lies my che-ild, an innocent infant (which is a 5th Avenue word for brat) with scarce enough teeth to chew its cheese and cauliflower which everyone knows is C. C.'s standard food and all that the poor child can get. There 't lies all unbeknownst of the cruehell (which is a compound word for gosh-awful) fate which has befallen it." Here the good woman took ten counts of time until the gong sounded and she began again, tears falling in slushy splashes from her eyes, bouncing up and spotting the chiffon stockings of the crowd.

"Kindler," she sobbed, "that brute, that villain, declares that he is not the father of my child!—but if not how did it get here?" This puzzled the crowd until someone bethought and presented the broken mother with a copy of "What Every Little Girl Should Know" which made things clearer for her.

At this point Kindler himself, the dastardly villain, strode upon the scene, smoking Old Golds and coughing incessantly, a contrary man by nature. Glaring balefully at the woman he had mistreated—teaching her to read fairy tales instead of the tabloids which would have saved her from this fate—he gave a panther-like leap over the railing, barking his shin in the process and swearing manfully "Fiddlesticks!" and was off—leaving just in time to miss the last car.

"Alas!" bewailed the unfortunate woman—"gone is my husband, my sole support." "But look here are his glasses" cried Noble. And clutching those Oxford beauties in one trembling hand and the fatherless child in the other—the poor mother sank down upon the welcome mat in just the pose that the photographers were clamoring for.

Aviation a New and Novel Feature of College Life

"Legion of the Condemners" Formed

When first the notice appeared that "Students shall not fly while in college, or going and coming from short vacations", a great spirit of depression settled on the Student Body. For many years a certain fore-sighted group had been planning, scheming, hoping against hope that by means of aviation the salvation of the college could be effected. Of course, all the details of these intricate and altruistic schemes could not be given to the press. But, the master mind did condescend to outline the main features of this stupendous scheme to our reporter. It would seem that if this plan had not been blighted in its infancy—that nefarious blot, Physical Education, would eventually have been completely erased from our campus—and aviation substituted in its place.

The organization planned to convert the hockey field into a landing field. Then, the gym was to have been taken over for a hanger and ground school work. In fact, plans had even gone so far that the reservoir was to be taken over for sea-planes, and in this way eliminate all danger of people being forced to keep training rules (for who can drink eight glasses of water a day, when there is no water). Then, as the last word in preparedness, the organization had secretly pledged all the members of the rifery squad to give the aviation corps their complete cooperation. Their particular duty was to man the machine guns in the pursuit planes, and shoot to kill all those traitors who appeared in gym clothes. The only sport which was to be allowed to remain was tumbling—and this because the association felt that the more easily and gracefully the student pilots could tumble, the less wear and tear there would be on the campus (due to that great law of nature which states that all which goes up must come down).

But then, with the posting of that devastating notice—all the hopes which we had placed in the "aero-nautical association for the salvation of muscle-bound maidens" were shattered. But we had reckoned without those few stalwart souls whose motto was "Never say die—say fly." Again they banded together—and as results now show, they must have labored night and day—yet little news leaked out on campus of their activities.

At last, they overcame, seemingly insurmountable difficulties—and now, with the coming of the daffodils to Thames, aviation blooms forth again upon our campus. With becoming modesty the association announced the greatest discovery of the age—a fool-proof aeroplane! All the thrill of flying, and none of the risk. At last, the air made safe for college girls. Just for safety's sake many tests were made before these planes were placed upon the market. It was found that they landed with perfect integrity in the highest of Dr. Lieb's trees or even in the Home Ec. Lab.

And now, aviation clubs may be found even in the most isolated districts of our campus. This is expected to revolutionize Mascot Hunt in years to come. Imagine the hiding possibilities of those great uncharted spaces bordering on the semi-civilization of "Winthrop Land". Another great use it is planned to put the planes to is to carry missionaries preaching religion and conversion to the Freshmen in the wilds of Nameaug. It is also thought that mail may be gotten to the outlying districts more promptly. In fact, the possibilities opened up by the introduction of aviation are almost unlimited.

One of the most skillful and completely equipped squadrons of the C. C. aviation corps exists, most surprisingly in our faculty. This group is perhaps more familiarly known to the undergraduates as "The Legion of the Condemners". Its four most outstanding members are: Kernel Kinsey, Sargent Selden, Lieut. (Loony) Lambdin, and Doughboy Daghlion. These intrepid airmen, however, are rather shy about using the college landing field. However, let it be said that one member was seen experimentally flying his plane around the inside of the gym. This undoubtedly proves that he realizes what the true usage of the gym should be. Our readers may be interested to know he has been recommended for the D. S. C. (not Dept. of Street Cleaners).

So, at last the college has gone air-minded (not to be confused with hot-air). It is hoped that all those not converted to the cause will come to see the *airor* of their ways. Three cheers, sez the *Nooze* for the day when "The Legion of the Condemners" organizes an expedition to the South Pole.

HUNDREDS OF FISH CAUGHT IN POND BEHIND KNOWLTON

Hundreds of fish are being caught every day by clever fisherman in the pond behind Knowlton House. There are four fishermen working in pairs. Two go out to the middle of the pond and sit in their boat. Then the other two on shore set off some dynamite at the north and south ends of the pond. The water on both sides rises into the air and showers towards the center. The fish rise too and fall into the boat which remains perfectly stationary.

Buy C. C. Cod at any fish market!

Then there was the sophomore who wrote to one of her instructors: Dear Miss X:

In your lecture yesterday in the course on Evolution you said (or so I took it down in my notes):

"Chase your ancestors up the family

THE UNDERGROUND DEN

Under the ground in a cold, stone dorm

Where rats and bats of every form Slink through the crannies and flap in the night,

Is a gruesome, gory, horrible sight! For lovely girls are imprisoned here, And they sell their wares, and they sell them dear.

They sell them all day in this loathsome den;

They sell them to maidens, they sell them to men.

The maidens are lured to this place by force,

The men send them from every course. The maidens go, and they go for more, And they buy their wares at our Bookstore!

tree, descend and act like four bears." My room-mate declares that you said:

"Race your ancestors up the family (Continued on page 2, column 1)

GIRL SUFFERS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE ON COAST GUARD CUTTER

College Junior Confesses Month Later

Over a month ago Clara Clancy, a Junior living on Nameaug Avenue, suffered a soul wracking experience in the region of the shipyards and other dens and dives of New London, which completely shattered her nerves, but which she kept patiently to herself until two days ago, when she fell sobbing into the arms of her roommate and confessed all. Rumors of the terrible incident reached the faculty and Miss Clancy was immediately summoned to them. However overcome with the remembrance of her experience she was prostrated and confined to a bed in the infirmary, where she was visited by a committee from the faculty, composed of Dr. Jensen, Dr. Wells, Dr. Morris. Dean Nye was also present, carrying lilies.



"I hope they may bring a little cheer into her young and saddened life," said Miss Nye, when questioned about the lilies.

Miss Clancy, when interviewed, was lying on her bed in a white nightgown. Although serene and composed when the committee first entered she shrieked and burst into tears immediately at sight of Dr. Morris.

"It's his collar!" she cried hysterically, gripping Dr. Wells by the lapel for protection. "Oh, the Chinaman! The Chinaman!"

"She doesn't like your laundry," Dr. Morris was advised by Miss Nye. "I think you had better take it off."

Dr. Morris obligingly removed his collar and tie and his shoes as well.

"Tell us your story right from the beginning," Dr. Wells urged Miss Clancy. "Don't just talk. Say something. Get it?"

Miss Clancy gave a low moan and began her story.

"It was the night of the searchlight," she said in a voice deep with feeling. "You remember?"

Dr. Wells looked at Miss Nye meaningfully, and Miss Nye nodded her head. "Yes, I remember," she said. "It was a dark night and the wind was howling."

Dr. Morris who was sitting on the other bed gave a low oohone.

"I went down to the river," continued Miss Clancy, "to look for my brother."

"Where is your brother?" asked Miss Nye, coming forward with a lily. "He is in Indiana."

"Then why did you go down to the shipyards?" Dr. Jensen asked her, from where he was perched on the footboard, swinging his feet.

"No! Oh, no!" Miss Clancy shrieked. "Not that! I loved him, I tell you, I loved him!"

Witnesses saw a tiny tear in Dr. Wells' blue eye.

"I too have loved," he said, when questioned. "Miss Clancy, will you please continue?"

Miss Clancy gripped his lapel more tightly and went on.

"As I reached the railroad track," she said, "out of the bushes stepped a Chinaman, in a felt hat, and a tall white collar. Oh, my God! The Chinaman!" There was a rattling in Miss Clancy's throat.

(Continued on page 5, column 1)

SEE SEE NOOZE

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A FABLE FOR NAUGHTY CHILDREN

(From the original Greek of Potiphar Homer Pigeon.)

One sunny afternoon in April, 550 odd (very) students from C. C. set sail on a Coast Guard rum-chaser. 'N' they sailed, 'n' they sailed, until finally they came to a lovely tropic isle. And the goddess Circe (her of the affair with Ulysses) came down to meet them, and all of a sudden she shouted "Now I've got you, Mary," so what could the poor girls do?

And all the little nymphs that are the goddess's constant attendants came running down to the shore, to find out what sort of animals the new visitors were to become. And when they heard the sad news, they were sore amazed, and cried, "Oh, goddess, what have these done that they should suffer the worst penalty. Of course we know that they park their chewing gum—well—er—mmm; and that they do things with their cigarette butts that well, we, you know—"

"But," interposed the majestic goddess, "There is a worse crime." And so the deed was done, and 550 odd (very) pigs, walked on the grass until they just wallowed in the mud, and the mud came up around their toes, and around their tails, and finally it reached the tippy-top of their ears, but just before they sank at length to perdition, all the little nymphs came tripping round and spat vigorously on the unfortunate beasts.

And now children, if you don't know the moral of this tale, go ask the first wise man you meet—anybody with an I Q of over 60.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3) tree and you will find that you can descend like apes or bears."

Another member of the class believes that you said:

"Face your ancestors up the family tree and you will find that you are descended from four apes, like bears."

Which of us is right?

Your bewildered,

DAPHNE.

To this Miss X replied:

Dear Daphne: This is what I really said:

"Trace your ancestors up the family tree and you will find that you are descended from ape-like forbears." Under no circumstances should you chase or race your ancestors up the family tree.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SEE SEE NOOZE

Dear Editor:

I wish to complain through your paper of a very unpleasant experience which I had while I was staying recently at the Mohican Hotel, with my dog Foo-Chow. As poor little Foo-Chow had not slept well lately, and I wanted him to have his afternoon nap in peace, I placed a sign outside my door which said, "Do not enter. Dog inside."

I then laid Foo-Chow on the bed, covered him with his little robe, and sat down to stroke him until he fell asleep. He was restless for some moments, but he finally grew quiet. I was sitting there with my hand on his head, when suddenly I felt his whole little body tremble, and he gave a strange nervous cry. I looked up, and saw with horror that the door-knob was being turned slowly and stealthily. I was terrified and looked frantically about for a weapon. There was none; so I armed myself with a pillow and waited. Then the door was suddenly flung open wide. To my amazement, there stood a young girl, tall and thin with curly hair that was sticking out like a wildman all over her head. There was a fiendish gleam in her eyes too, and I knew at once that she had escaped from Brewster's Neck. I was trying to think of a way of reaching the telephone without exposing poor defenseless little Foo-Chow to danger, when this strange girl suddenly covered her face with her hands and began to shake violently. So doing, she backed out of the room, banging the door so loudly behind her that Foo-Chow whimpered in his sleep. I was amazed. It was some time before I realized that the strange sounds I heard outside the door were laughter.

It was quite a while before I recovered from the shock of this incident. When I was calm once more, however, I went to my desk, and began writing in my diary, which I had neglected of late, due to Foo-Chow's condition. I was startled a few moments later by a loud knocking at the door. I called "Come in" and had hardly time to put my hand over the page that I had written, before the door opened, and a tall, serious-looking girl with glasses entered, talking so fast that all I could hear was something about "the mascot". She seemed to look longingly at Foo-Chow, and I became nervous, realizing that Foo-Chow would make an ideal mascot and fearing for his safety. She finally became aware of my presence, and stopped abruptly. She seemed to be peering at me, and I kept the diary well-covered until she murmured "Excuse me" and left very suddenly.

By this time I was annoyed, but after a few moments had passed, I decided that it was safe to take a bath. I arranged little Foo-Chow's blankets more comfortably, and started to undress, keeping a watchful eye on the door as I did so. When nothing happened, I became reassured, and got into the bathtub. No sooner had I done so, than the door was thrown open with a great crash, and two creatures came bounding into the room. On second glance, I saw that they were two girls. One wore a turban and a determined look. The other was looking particularly queer, in a sweat shirt, with her hair hanging down her back and around her face. I have seen girls from Bank Street who go around with their hair falling around their shoulders, and I have no doubt that girls from Bank Street would go running around the corridors of hotels and bursting unceremoniously into strange people's rooms. Nevertheless, it was a great shock. I snatched my towel and held it before me. The girl with the flowing hair cried suddenly, "Where is the mascot?" The girl with the turban exclaimed, "It's the wrong room." "Gosh!" said the first girl, making a horrible face, and they suddenly turned and dashed violently from the room.

By this time, I was indignant. I dressed myself, and started downstairs. On the first landing, a girl was lying, with her knees drawn up. At first I supposed that she was ill, and I was about to call for the house physician, but I soon saw that that

A. RABBIT'S DIARY

March 10

Dear Diary:

You didn't know I indulged in second story work, did you? But then, perhaps you didn't know Junior Banquet was the end of this week, and that the Sophomore Hares are out to find what the Tortoises have for their mascot. The truth about the matter is, that when we heard that those old Tortoises were having a class meeting at 6:45 tonight, we all went and explored their rooms. We learned any number of interesting facts about "Happy birthday" telegrams and what brand of tooth paste and cold cream 1931 prefers, but there wasn't any Mascot under the bed. I guess we haven't much *savoir faire*. The Murads were forgotten too. When Achsah found Bliss in Anne's bureau drawers, Bliss was decidedly embarrassed.

The whistle that warned us meeting was over was awfully exciting. No one saw the mascot.

A. RABBIT.

March 11

Dear Diary:

Wiggle my ears! There was a sham mascot wrapped up in an orange blanket, tonight in Appy's room. We all rushed out of the basketball game, but we didn't learn anything.

RABBIT.

March 12

Dear Diary:

Three cheers and a carrot. We found the tunnel. Marge and I started without a light, but we were afraid that we would fall into a bottomless pit, so we borrowed a flash. We went through it twice. I got a runner in my last pair of clean stockings. We found some inspiring excelsior in the dumb waiter. There was a tag addressed to Kay from Park and Tilford. We sent them a wire. After all you never can tell.

Tommie is away. Her room was suddenly locked. We borrowed a ladder and Marge climbed in the window. The ladder didn't quite reach. The vines pulled loose and bits of dirt drizzled into our eyes. Marge got the window open, then the screen. Scottie and I went in by the door. There were a lot of people in the room across the hall, but they never heard us. Tommie's room doesn't have anything in it. We are sure of that. We returned the ladder and went home.

RABBIT.

March 13

Dear Diary:

Judy and I had a grand plan. We decided to spend the night in Tommie's room. We got in the same way: Judy climbed through the window; I returned the ladder. We had hidden our impedimenta in the basement. I collected: 1 fur coat; 2 packs of cards; 1 book; 2 pair of pajamas; 2 flashlights; 1 grapefruit; 1 knife. We were all settled in the room, when someone knocked at the door. We kept as still as Rabbits can. Through the crack under the door we watched feet; pink ones, brown ones, black ones. Then the feet went and got a key. What chance had we? With forty-eight people pushing on the other side of the door we had to give in. They were surprised to only find

was not the case. Going on downstairs, I was astonished to see that the lobby was full of girls, flying madly about, whispering in little groups, smoking, and lounging with their heads on each others' shoulders. I naturally assumed that the Bank Street girls had turned out in a body. Therefore, you can imagine my shocked astonishment and dismay, when on inquiring at the desk, I learned that these were Connecticut College girls, out for a frolic.

Poor little Foo-Chow was so upset by the unusual excitement that his little heart fluttered all night, and he made queer frightened noises in his sleep. Indeed it was several days before he could eat properly.

I therefore wish to register my complaint about the unseemly actions of the college girls, and I sincerely hope that this will be seen by the proper persons.

Very sincerely yours,

ELMIRA FITZ.

two of us. Lots of things surprised them. They made us go to a house meeting and then, oh the indignity of it, they picked us up bodily and threw us out the door. We ate our grapefruit in the moonlight.

What is this thing called mascot?

R.

Friday

Dear Diary:

Things wax exciting. I know the Mohican cold. Their system of room numbering is peculiar. As for trailing people, well I've raced up and down State Street so often, that I must have broken some sort of a record. The times I've been in the B. C. K. are numerous. And the Juniors that walk five blocks to go one are amusing. Some one ought to tell them. Their headquarters are 616.

I solemnly swear never to run an elevator. My parents need not fear. It all reminds me of a little verse.

"If riding in elevators

The mascot insures

With the greatest of pleasure

I'll ride up in yours."

Trailing a Tortoise back to the hill-top, this Hare succumbed.

Sleepily,

RABBIT.

Saturday

Dear Diary:

This day started at 5:30, when we arose and returned to the Mohican. The Juniors have moved down to 355. They are taking turns breakfasting at the Grill. The day moves on Tortoise feet. Everyone has an eye closed. The Hares are losing hope, but not heart. Some of us ride out to Groton. The elevators are still going up, so are the Sophomores.

The telegram is sent. The mascot comes up in three parts to the eleventh floor. I get my head stepped on, trying to get a worms eye view of the decoy. The Rabbits are wrong. The Tortoise wins. There is one thing certain, these Hares didn't sleep.

Bed - - - Voices - - - A Junior Serenade - - - Good old 1931.

RABBIT.

Bobby Foster went to see
If I'd passed my history
But alack, ah woe is me
Not a single word said he—
Only grimaced nervously.

Two women went tooting in Fife
In weather both barren and leafy
With Bobby behind 'em
Where no one could find 'em
—All three in a Buick quite beefy.

Who's that trudging down the street?
Who's that looking so petite?
Small mustache and derby hat—
Do say what you make of that!

Cobbledick
Played a trick
On himself
So hear
Wither going
Cobbledick
All of a green smear?

Flower in his buttonhole
Oh most awfully elegant soul
A top hat
White gloves
Daddy, King of Doyle,
And that's that.

Long ago in Belgium
Was born a little maid
Step up, friends,
Do not be afraid.

All about campus
With a long black pipe.

A long slow step
A long slow sigh
"Good mo-o-o-orning"
Jensen goes by.

TEN COMMANDMENTS
(a la C. C. F. W.)

Thou shalt not instill original ideas in thy mind.

Thou shalt not swear and be of the plebeian kind.

Remember thou attend vespers one Sabbath day.

Honor thy A's and B's, yet be thankful for C's and D's.

Thou shalt not cram.

Thou shalt not dress for dinner. (Who does?)

Thou shalt not bear false grudges against Friday night dinner.

Thou shalt not commit thyself.

Thou shalt not covet thy roommate's man.

Thou shalt not covet a Ford sedan.

Prominent Girl of Wealthy Family Shot Stealing Books

DETECTIVE HUNT FOILS ROBBERS

Detective Hunt has been on the trail for weeks and much to everyone's surprise caught the culprit red-handed (the gory blood was awful! she had just been drawing a chicken and she is *not* an Art major).



For weeks the librarians have been missing books. Five murderers had recently confessed to "sleeping among the rats in the basement and Detective Hunt was on his guard (the guard should be on him), but he has proven his worth in this great denouement. It seems that the librarians go around and count the books every morning. There are 4,823 altogether. One morning they counted 4,822, but thought that since they both had been out the night before they might have made a mistake. But the next morning when there were only 4,821 and they had *not* been out the night before, they became suspicious.

Detective Hunt, being right on his tin ear as usual, immediately disguised himself as a book-case and fastened himself to the wall. He almost gave the plot away when a Freshman tried to put a book in him, but fortunately the Freshman caught on quickly. Miss Stewart assisted him greatly by cleverly twisting herself around a light and watching developments from this elevated position. Then they began to wait. When no one was looking, Miss Stewart would exchange signals with Detective Hunt so he would know she was still there. Knowing she was there, gave him more inspiration as a book-case.

The robber was also very clever. She put out all the lights (Miss Stewart was very upset when she was put out), grabbed a book and rushed out. Detective Hunt, after straightening himself out of his book-case position, shot the girl (much to the surprise of both of them) and saved the book just in time to catch Miss Stewart as she fell from the light.

PARIS FORECASTS SPRING FASHIONS

Suggested by Monsieur Chenel

As the first faint, sweet apple-scented—(not yet but soon) breath of spring sweeps gently up and down this, the rejuvenated campus of our dear ol' Alma Mater, our equally light and airy minds turn from the efforts of applied study, to the serious business of clothes. People must wear clothes. We have realized that ever since the first days when Eve decided that fig leaves were more becoming than the less apparent types of clothes.

Hence, let us give you a bird's eye view of the mode which will clothe the college girl in the best possible taste.

First and foremost, there is a distinctly marked downward trend in skirts. After a statistical survey of the legs displayed on our grounds, the board of directors, the censors, and Miss Lovell decided that the Physical Education Department had done nothing to prevent our bringing our hems nearer the floor, and if anything inspired their upward progress.

Secondly, belts have been removed to the natural waist line (if any); though in some cases we would suggest the removal of the superfluous covering of the waist line which has accumulated unwittingly when our belts occupied lower regions. However, before following this style too closely, may we advise some means of confinement for the figures of those who have an inclination to—

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

COMPREHENSIVE EXAMINATIONS

The Nooze herewith announces certain ideal examinations that have been compiled with the help of a staff of experts. We feel that these questions call for all the basic knowledge gained in the respective courses.

SOCIOLOGY 21-22

1. Briefly, what did we discuss last time?
2. If your grandmother hadn't married your grandfather who would you be?
3. With what does the Mendelian law of inheritance deal? Answer briefly.
4. Can you answer any of these questions?

AMERICAN LITERATURE

1. What do I (Dr. Jensen) think of:
 - a. Emerson.
 - b. Longfellow.
 - c. The Movies.

PSYCHOLOGY 11-12

1. Name five of your worst habits.
 - a. If so why?
 - b. Do you reach for a "Lucky"?
2. What must be the reflex action of an elephant? Compare this with your own.
3. Distinguish between hearing and Hering.
4. Grass is cow food.
5. What is a tonal island? If you can't answer this try Long Island.
6. Are you afraid of mice, mercurochrome, thumb tacks? What does this indicate concerning your development?
7. What have you read about heredity? If you went to the movies instead, discuss Rin-tin-tin.
8. If your alarm went off at 5:30 what would you deduce?
9. The following are true or false. If you think so put a green check.
 1. Birds are fish.
 2. Chickens swim.
 3. Taxicabs travel in schools.
 4. Onions make you laugh.
 5. This is silly.

SHAKESPEARE

1. Explain Cleopatra's technique in detail. Was she justified? Compare with that of Clara Bow.
2. Why does Shakespeare, in all his plays, have the end follow the beginning? Is this logical? Be definite and explicit.
3. Why did Shakespeare write "Othello"? Try and answer this one correctly. Remember the play is the thing, gather your material accordingly.
4. Check as true or false, the fewer details the better:

Juliet loved Romeo.
Romeo loved Juliet.
Antony loved Cleopatra and vice versa.
Othello was a blonde.
Uncle Tom's Cabin is (?) was (?) based on the play "Othello."
King Henry wrote a new version of the Bible.
The nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" was a graduate of the Peter Bent Brigham hospital.
Iago being a graduate of Dartmouth, and a Phi Beta Kappa, his intentions were high and noble.
5. Compare the following people. Be specific. List reasons and evidences for your judgment.

Juliet—Mary Pickford
Cleopatra—Clara Bow
Romeo—Rudy Vallee
Othello—Nils Asther
Iago—Lon Chaney
The nurse—Marie Dressler
6. What new qualities of King Henry appear in "Othello"? How do you account for this?
7. Who has the leading male role; the leading feminine role; in "Antony and Cleopatra"? What elements and features justify this? Be explicit.
8. Why did Shakespeare put the Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet"? Was he merely upholding an old Elizabethan custom—or was it Spanish? The point of the play depends upon your interpretation of this.
9. Henry the Fifth was popular, handsome, and all that a man should be. Cite all passages that show that he might have served as an "Arrow Collar" ad?

And One Was Named Mary Smith

There were once two girls. The first one was named Mary and the second one was named Mary, but the first one was named Mary Smith. They came to Conn. College for Women (more or less endowed), and being physically fit they both took upon their shoulders the burden of three seasonal sports. Except that Mary Smith did not think it was a burden; she liked it. Whereas Mary, not Mary Smith, exhibited the wrong ATTITUDE. She had a little joke in which she mentioned the irksome business of being "fitically physc."

Well, one day quite near the beginning of the year when they had finished pulling weights, jumping on and off scales, blowing things and telling what they did last summer, they took posture tests. Mary Smith stood as stiff as she was able, received the mark of B—so goody, goody, she could go out for hockey. Whereas Mary (not Mary Smith) laughed. She walked into the glare of the great white light and looked at the expanse of her shadow on the screen.

"No, turn around," came a spectral voice from out the black container. She turned around and faced the direction from whence cometh her help.

"No, sideways!"

"Sideways it is," said Mary.

Now Mary had an idea (being an honorable girl) that this was a test of her posture—her *own* posture I mean—so she sagged a bit here and there. When she was finally urged to remove her warmed self from the center of attention she learned that she had an abdominal protrusion, a pelvic tilt, fallen arches, head forward, and a lateral curvature of the spine, round shoulders, and just incidentally an "F".

Mary Smith played a vicious game of hockey. She practiced at all the practices, kept training and ran around the quadrangle every day. While Mary (not Mary Smith) took tennis. After a few weeks she discovered that this sport consisted of saying "Ball please" and of swinging a racket at the atoms etc. So she concocted a scheme which was really quite intelligent. Every day she lost all her balls by knocking them from the lower court into a large clump of looping trees. Then she would run as though to look for them but would really go and sit in the coolness of the bushes and munch. No, I guess she chewed. This was the wrong ATTITUDE. She did not make any squad but received an "E" which was more than Mary Smith ever did.

As time went on the winter season approached and with it basketball—for both Mary and Mary. They were both beginners. Mary Smith used always to get to class early and practice. In fact, she used to stay after class and spent all Saturday afternoon in the gym. She would say, "Hello, isn't it just the most splendid fun?"

10. Are your notions of Paris changed by what occurs in "Romeo and Juliet"? If so, how so? Take into consideration the improvements there since the Great War.

HISTORY 1-2

- I. Between what countries was the Franco-Prussian War fought?
- II. Who is heir to the throne of England?
- III. Of what country was Ivan the Terrible the Tsar?
- IV. How long did the Seven Weeks' War last?

ENGLISH 1-2

- I. Write a short paper on what you think you have received from the course.
- II. How would you suggest changing the course to suit the desires of students?
- III. What mark of punctuation is placed at the end of a sentence?

HYGIENE EXAM

1. What do you use your lungs for?
2. Why do you eat?
3. State the symptoms of the plague?
4. Why is the slim figure no longer appreciated?
5. Give the main points of Miss Benedict's lecture on Administration?

Oh, Miss Wood, I'll never be able to play the way you do" and "Oh, Miss Burdick, show me before class" she would quaver, and "Please, can't I play longer!" Sometimes she even jumped up and down for the pure joy of—basketball. Mary used to jump up and down for the pure joy of basketball too—when it was over! Quite an Athlete, Mary Smith was fast becoming the darling of the Physical Ed Department. Now Mary (plain Mary) used to just about get to class on time (or else she'd cut quite occasionally for no good reason.) Her almost-burlap blouse never seemed to be clean, somehow; and her bloomers being always someone's elses were either very small and tight or else voluminous and flapping loosely about the ankles. She was almost invariably requested to remove her beret and her gum (cherry gum). Sometimes however she succeeded in sticking the latter on to the roof of her mouth. Mary always showed great affection during the period and would worm her way in amongst her friends so that she became the center of so many admirers that she could hardly be seen by the whistle-blowing-hand-out-of-that-thing-called-pinny. However, when she did play it was to a most appreciative audience. They never missed a laugh.

And then came the Spring—Blue of the river, green of the grass, fog of the brain. Mary was taking on an extra sport (not because she wanted to—just one of the dept.'s little jokes.)

Well, she was a bit tired of games 3 times a week and archery once, so she racked her brain now and this is what she discovered: A blue, very blue, vein on her leg. "Oh, a varicose vein," thought she, practicing a slow and dragging walk as she hid her to the office. Knock. Entrance.

"Miss Stanwood, I have a varicose vein and strenuous exercise like playing games and shooting arrows causes me great pain."

Success. She would hike four times a week. Sometimes she hiked by going to the library, sometimes by going to the movies, and one time by going a-walking and a-dreaming in a field. (Oh fatal day.) I mentioned green of the ivy some time back—but not of poison ivy. It was brown—and unrecognizable.

The next day, Mary's friends got very excited and sent her to the infirmary. The report of measles went around. But Mary emerged wearing a beautiful covering of thick white goo. Gradually her eye swole and closed. Gradually her mouth closed. And then when she could neither see nor smile, when she could not defend herself, Mary Smith the pitcher on the baseball team who had disappeared all along came to her and said, "That is righteous retribution."

This is the story of two girls. The first was named Mary and the second was named Mary, but the first one was named Mary Smith. One of them won a skin at the end of the year and the other got by with hers.

LEWISA CARROL '30, CALLS STUDENT-ALUMNAE HOUSE SAFE INVESTMENT OR HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?

"Will you give a little money?" said a Senior to a Grad,
"For a house that we've been wanting and we long since should have had?"
"See how cheerfully the seniors and the others give their mon—"
"They perhaps will buy the plaster—will you help us swell the fund?"
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you swell the fund?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you swell the fund?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
"When we need a secret meeting or we want a cup of tea!"
The Grad replied "Not I, not I" and gave the look of one
Who thanked the Senior kindly but she would not swell the fund.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not swell the fund.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not swell the fund.
(Continued on page 5, column 2)

Is Etiquette Spurned By Males?

Dorothy Styx Gives the Answer

Dear Miss Styx—

I am a professor in a small college in Connecticut and don't quite know what to do about it. The collection of pupils are pretty dumb, on the whole, though maybe I can do something with them. What puzzles me is whether or not I should wear a green or an orange tie to my Spenser class on St. Patrick's Day. I have black hair and wear glasses and am fond of grey suits. It also would help if you would tell me whether to cut out breakfast altogether before the class and get there at two minutes after nine, or whether to eat it and get there at five after.

PUZZLED.

Answer:

I think that with your dark hair and grey suits either green or orange ties would be becoming, but perhaps it would be safer to wear a black one—then the class would have nothing to giggle about when you entered on St. Patrick's Day.

As to the breakfast question, it is all up to your honor and conscience. If you feel that you can do greater justice to this business of living by eating before class, then do it by all means. But whatever you do, don't let your prejudices influence you—remember your reputation is at stake, and it is the man who has to pay and pay and pay.

Dear Miss Styx:

I want to know if a green knicker suit, red tie and cap are becoming with an umbrella and rubbers on a rainy day. It puzzles me, my word, at times to know what to do.

TROUBLED.

Answer:

It all depends on the point of view. If you feel that it is a greater sacrifice to go without the rubbers than your conscience could stand, then by no means ruin your life by doing so. Remember that some day you'll be glad that you listened to your mother and so be prepared.

Dear Miss Styx:

In sending telegrams to the President of the United States would you address him as "Dear Herbert," "Mr. Hoover," or "Herbie"?

UNDECIDED.

Answer:

It is always wise to address anyone, especially the President, by his first name. This establishes a friendly contact at once and maybe he'll ask you to lunch or christen a boat or something. Therefore, I suggest that you use "Herbie."

Dear Miss Styx:

I write articles very often for the press at the college where I teach French. They are excellent articles and the college doesn't appreciate them, but of that—Je m'en fiche—What is puzzling me exceedingly is whether or not I should wear rubbers while on a date. My friend has a car and is very uncritical, but still I am puzzled.

WORRIED.

Answer:

By no means ruin your good times by wearing rubbers. They are trying to the most magnanimous nature, and you should not tempt fate.

Dear Miss Styx:

I am engaged to a young man recently graduated from Yale College and now working in Garnerville, N. Y. In planning our house we have come to blows over whether to have blue or pink ribbons tying back the curtains in the dining room. We have agreed to abide by whatever you may say. Please tell us what to do.

HEARTBROKEN.

Answer:

Stop, you foolish children, before you send your romance on the rocks. Don't you know that you should never quarrel about dining room curtains. Surely the depth of your romance is greater than that. You should kiss and make up and then you'll probably start in all over again.

Dear Miss Styx:

I have recently been elected to an office in the college where I'm a stu-

dent. I am quite tall and have straight dark hair and wonder whether I should wear a purple dress with pink dots or a sweat shirt and knickers to my inauguration. Some of my friends say one and some the other and a bunch of we girls have agreed to let you be the deciding factor.

WONDERING.

Answer:

I would suggest that you wear a middie and bloomers—they are always practical and you should always be dressed appropriately for the business at hand. If you are tall and dark this costume should be most ravishing when worn by you.

Dear Miss Styx:

I am house fellow in a dormitory at a college for women. The girls in this dormitory next to Thames Hall puzzle me greatly, especially the third floor, for they are so quiet and studious that they never go out of their rooms or make any noise. Tell me how to arouse this studious group, for such silence appears unnatural.

UNEASY.

Answer:

Never tamper with studious minds—they are the greatest blessing that was ever created and should be handled delicately and with care. Be thankful that you have such a houseful of girls and count your blessings with rejoicing.

Dear Miss Styx:

I am dietitian at a college for young women in New London, Connecticut. You've never seen such pigs in your life, but aside from that do you think that a luncheon of pickles and milk daintily served on a lettuce leaf is appetizing? Have tried all menus possible, including sliced turnips with cheese, cheese muffins, cauliflower and cheese, macaroni and cheese, and cheese.

UNSETTLED.

Answer:

Try "Cheez-its."

Dear Miss Styx:

What do you think of this gum-chewing, sox-wearing generation of college girls? I come into contact with them every day and find that they do not seem to realize that perfect ladies never do that sort of thing. My chief question to you is, however, the question of calendars—do you think they are prettier with large pictures and quotations from poets or without? Personally, I am very partial to pictures, for then they make such pretty bridge prizes.

DOUBTFUL.

Answer:

Do you know what you are doing, foolish one, by going ahead so rashly? Stop and think things over awhile, for you should always "look before you leap." It never pays to be hasty and always remember that though you may feel you are justified others may not.

PARIS FORECASTS SPRING FASHIONS

(Concluded from page 3, column 1)

wards any slight protuberance fore and aft. To be sure, the feminine figure, *au naturel*, is unquestionably beautiful, but within bounds, my dear ladies, within bounds, and let the bounds be from five to eight inches of stout, pink elastic.

Thirdly, let us turn to the subject of necks, (first hand information to be obtained on Benham Avenue), in our spring wardrobe. After a season of backless frocks we were disagreeably surprised to find that since all dresses are not made along the same lines—our painfully acquired tan backs have caused us more trouble than pleasure. Therefore, bolero jackets, capes and collars will have their place in our models this spring.

Fourthly, the innovation of the puffed sleeve has created a great chaos in styles. We advise any girl who has participated too strenuously in athletics to abandon the idea of including this Victorian trend in her wardrobe. We believe that square shoulders and arms with lovely rippling muscles are better either frankly and wholly displayed or kept secretly under cover, depending entirely upon the courage of the individual.

Lastly, white and black, oddly enough are reported direct from Paris, to be the predominating colors

EPOCH MAKING DISCOVERY

Academic World Wildly Enthusiastic

Professor Emily Walnut of the department of psychotherapy of C. C. announces that the final patents have been applied for and that her revolutionary discovery of a new method for taking class-notes is to be made public to the eagerly waiting horde of students the world over. Wishing to repay in part the debt of gratitude which she owes to the institution which is the source of her monthly pay-check as well as her Alma Mater, Dr. Walnut is offering to C. C. students a course which will make clear to the dullest brain the results of her discovery, at a special price of \$38.00 for 12½ lessons, proceeds to go to the Student-Alumnae Fund.

In this brief course Dr. Walnut guarantees to teach you TO TAKE CLASS NOTES IN VERSE. Your choice of nine different meters, including iambic pentameter, dactylic hexameter, and volt-watt-ammeter. Think of the advantages that this new approach offers over the old prosaic way! You will approach each lecture with a new verve and enthusiasm; you will be sure of taking crisp, valuable notes, as racy and readable as this month's *True Story*. Learn to be individual, to keep off the grass, to contribute to Student-Alumnae, to be a scholar and a philosopher, all in 12½ (twelve and one-quarter) lessons!

Wouldn't you love to have four-years' notebooks full of notes like these? It is not too late to start now! Dr. Walnut will gladly show to anyone interested sworn statements that the following are bona fide excerpts taken in Philosophy 21-22, on Saturday, January 25, A. D. 1930, by a student who had just completed this wonder-working course. Check these notes with your own for that date: note their accuracy, fluency, superiority. We know that you will agree that they surpass the usual long-hand, shorthand, or even second-hand.

"The roseness of the rose
And the noseness of your nose
Are the subjects of discussion very grave;
Old Plato thought he knew,
Plotinus thought so too,
But the matter only serves to make
the students rave.

The Hellenic love, you know
Of all wisdom (this is so)
In old Thomas found its apex and its top.

We're neglecting this today;
It has faded quite away,
For the modern mind has let it all
just drop (flop? pop?)

Now great penalties we pay,
And we're paying them each day
All because we've lost our former integration.

Still we love that day romantic
When knights and saints were antic,
So we have to seek escape or rationalization."

Kindly make all checks payable to Emily A. Walnut, D. D.

for the season. Black for sport, and white for evening. At this rate, we should advise the overweight to become sport fans, and the pale, beautiful blonds to remain pursuers of the bright lights of Broadway—for fashion has always decreed the constant wearing of one's most becoming color. In conclusion, we state that if these rules be followed faithfully, there is no telling what will happen.



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

If Al Kindler didn't fall for a practical joke?

If C. B. lost her calendar?

If Pete Brooks ever heard what anyone asked her?

If Bobby Pollard couldn't play jokes on people?

If the Dean and Miss Ernst saved all the cherry-pits?

If anyone ever sat in the lounge at Knowlton?

If Jean Booth didn't like horses?

If Grace Atwood didn't take History?

If Jane Williams had a date?

If Scribble didn't offer to clean up after a Sunday night supper at Mohegan?

To Mohegan if Jan's subscription to the "College Life" runs out?

If Paine were not home when the Plant tub overflowed?

If Caz Wood were deprived of her victrola?

If Esther Tyler swallowed her safety pin?

If Jane Trace failed to dress for dinner?

To Red White if Wrigleys went out of business?

In Bannon if the bath water never ran cold?

If Johnny Johnson cut gym?

If Betty Bahney bought a carton of cigarettes?

If Jerry Jerman were seen driving a Whippet sedan?

If Tommy Hartshorn wore a soiled middie?

If Vivian Noble lost her eye-brow?

If Tommy Larson made her funny face in front of Dr. Jensen?

If Lou Cain forgot Bob's address?

If Ruth Ferree lost her appetite or ever had any cigarettes?

If Betty Miller encountered a mouse?

If the Swan twins couldn't agree on what to wear?

If Dot Feltner refused to argue?

If Barbara Dane put her hair up?

If Peg Salter stuttered?

If Izzy Ewing didn't admire Frankness?

If Martie Tobin ate hot tamales?

If Jean Thoman were not in earnest about everything?

If Pretz were on all fours imitating a mouse?

If Lois Morse had Winnie's laugh?

If Marian McConnon didn't smoke a single cigarette for a whole week?

If Mary Colton bought a victrola record?

If Dot Bascom weren't dieting?

If Flinner really taught school?

If Helen Boyd's hair got mussed?

If Tommy were seen without Adelaide?

If Adelaide were seen without Tommy?

If Gretchen and Jeanette weren't sisters?

If Allison lost her drawl?

If Peg Wyman went to class without Jan?

If Do Johnson and Molkie Fitzmaurice couldn't supply everyone with Home Ec creations?

If Anne Ibsen had to wear comfy slippers?

If Mr. Pinol forgot when someone in his classes had been absent?

(Continued on page 6, column 1)

MRS. I. D. YOUNG

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GIRL SUFFERS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE ON COAST GUARD CUTTER

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

"The death rattle!" whispered Dr. Wells.

"How do you know he was a Chinaman?" Dr. Morris questioned her.

"That," said Miss Clancy, "is a personal matter. I refuse to answer."

"How were his fingernails?" queried Miss Nye.

"His fingernails were at least two inches long."

"By Jove," said Dr. Jensen, clambering down from the bedpost. "How bizarre."

"When I woke up I was floating in the water," Miss Clancy went on, "and my birthmark was missing. See?"

"Where?" asked Dr. Morris, coming forward.

"Here," she told him, pointing to her forehead. I ask you all, do you see a little mark?"

"No," said Miss Nye.

Dr. Morris began to giggle.

"How were you floating?" asked Dr. Wells. "Put a little system into this, now. Get it all down."

"I was floating on an inner tube."

"And where was the Chinaman?"

"There is the Chinaman!" Miss Clancy pointed to Dr. Morris, who giggled again and hid his fingernails behind him.

Dr. Wells skipped hastily over this point. "All right now," he said. "Get down to business."

"When I discovered that my birthmark was gone," Miss Clancy continued, "I began to scream. What was my joy to hear shouts in answer, and clinging to the tube with both feet I saw a coast guard cutter frolicking toward me over the waves. But my joy did not last."

"Well, well, well," exclaimed Dr. Jensen. "Is that so? Well, well—"

Miss Clancy interrupted him. "They seized me," she said, "and threw me into the hold. Oh, God, that hold!"

Dean Nye rushed forward with a lily. Miss Nye has been with Connecticut College ever since its founding, and is noted for her tactful handling of delicate situations. "Forget about it," she said. "Forget all about it."

"Poor thing," said Dr. Jensen in a reverberating voice.

Dr. Morris giggled.

"The hold was full of crawling, nauseous things," Miss Clancy went on. "Carrots, beets—"

Dr. Wells again questioned her. "How do you know they were carrots?" he asked her.

"Mercy! Have mercy!" she cried. "Have you never had a mother?"

Dr. Wells shook his beard enigmatically.

"Masterly—convincing," murmured Dr. Jensen.

At this point, due to the hysterical condition of Dr. Morris, the cross-questioning became more brief and pithy. Dr. Morris went to the window and looked out to gain control of himself.

Dr. Wells: How long were you in the hold?

Miss C.: What hold?

Dr. Wells: Did the cutter finally dock?

Miss C.: And how it docked!

Miss Nye: How?

Miss C. (with a shudder): Don't ask me! (Uncontrollable giggle from Dr. Morris.)

Miss Nye: And now, Miss Clancy, suppose you begin at the beginning and tell us what happened when you were taken from the hold? Tell anything you think might be of interest.

Miss C.: There were two old ladies in the room.

Dr. Wells: What were they doing?

Miss C.: Singing.

Dr. Jensen (in a stentorian voice): What were they singing?

Miss C.: "Old Black Joe."

Dr. Wells: Now, that means something. That wasn't just put in to talk. There's a point there. Go on with your story.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

There is a new Dean? The Dean of Barry.

The Bannon Bunk is a formidable rival of the *Deshon Dirt*?

The dust cloth is a vanishing institution?

There is a college known as Yale in New Haven?

The sextet in 37 Nameaug which renders *Sleep, Sleep, Sleep* every night has been campused for keeping the upper floors awake?

Elly Tyler makes a very important visit to New Haven every week?

A well-known Bannonite wears mittens in the bath tub?

The president of the sophomore class found a novel place to use while studying?

An optimist is a person who says, "Please pass the cream." A pessimist is a person who says, "Is there any milk in that pitcher?"

A parasite is a person who goes through the door on another's push?

Miss C.: They tied me to the chair and made me confess.

Miss Nye: Confess what?

Miss C.: They didn't say. They asked me what I had done with the rum.

Dr. Wells: What did you say?

Miss C.: I said I had never seen the rum.

Dr. Jensen: Ah! Wit. Burlesque. Brief sentence structure.

Miss C.: They said I lied. They smelled it on me. They crawled around the room sniffing. They stuck pins in me. But I wouldn't tell them what I had done with the rum.

Dr. Morris (recovering his composure): What had you done with it?

Miss C.: I tell you, I never saw the rum!

At this point, witnesses report that Miss Clancy's eyes grew round and she let out a piercing shriek. Dr. Morris giggled again and slipped behind the door in embarrassment. Upon Miss Clancy's second shriek, Dr. Benedict, the head of the college infirmary, came running to announce that it was time to leave.

Miss Clancy was in a state of partial coma when they went out. Miss Nye laid the lilies beside her on the pillow and smiled down at the young head so bowed with pain.

It was not discovered until the next morning that Dr. Morris had gone home without his shoes, arriving there in disgraceful condition, nearly hysterical.

The best summary of the event was heard to be made by Dr. Jensen as he went out the door.

"By Jove," said Dr. Jensen, "this is REALISM!"

LEWISA CARROL '30, CALLS STUDENT-ALUMNAE, ETC.

(Concluded from page 3, column 4)

In fifty years the House grew up beside a mammoth tree,

With hollyhocks and boxwood such as architects can see;

One day a homeless Grad returned, her thread of life was spun;—

Though poor and old no home found she; she had not swelled the fund!

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you swell the fund?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you swell the fund?

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Famous Sayings

Mr. Bauer: "You-u get the idea?"
Dr. Brown in music apprec. class: "And, now, if you will bear with me—"

Miss Fernald (on entering the room): "Will you please take a sheet of paper and prepare to write for a few minutes?"

Miss Dintruff (just before assigning a source theme): "Blessings on thee."

Miss Ramsay: "Now you fella come across."

Dr. Daghlain: "HENCE, the wol-ume is determined by the welocity."

Miss Reid: "I'm going to ask you to do a paper."

Miss Dederer: "Well, now, where does this go?"

Mr. Shields: "Well, what do you think?"

Miss Ernst: "Eh bien, classe, dormez-vous?"

Prof. Kip: "Now let's take a little trip through the Latin."

Dean Benedict: "And now go home and see what you can do for yourself."

Mr. Cobbledick: "Take this question please."

Daddy Doyle: "If there were inhabitants on the moon they would be lunatics."

Mr. Weld: "Well how's George today?"

Miss Lovell: "Good morning girls, it's your own grass you're spoiling."

Dr. Leib: "That's the crux of the matter."

And then there was the professor who forgot his own address and so told his guests that he would leave the car out in front and they could remember the license number.

Mrs. Wessel: "How many in the class are inclined to agree with Miss White?"

Dr. Wells: "Isn't that right?" "Is that it?"; "How 'bout the thing?"; "See?"; "And that's it!"; "And that's the thing!"; "Did you get that?"

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WHAT WOULD HAPPEN —*(Concluded from page 4, column 4)*

If Mr. Barry weren't the college mail man?

If the cats of Nameaug failed to serenade at 2:30?

If Tempi kept her chewing gum in her mouth when she chewed it?

If Gay Stevens didn't smile?

If Bannon House ever failed to ask for thirds?

To Jane Benedict if her reducing took effect?

If Teddy Harrison wore stockings?

If Barbara Johnson spoke with a Yankee twang?

If Jean Williams didn't have a cigarette lighter?

If Somers looked as though she didn't sleep in a crib?

If Burhans couldn't use her fountain pen when she recites in class?

If Gwen went to the movies without Oak?

If Perkie got mad?

If "Happy" weren't happy?

If Heck weren't philosophical?

If Cluthe could stand it?

If Ray Tyler heard what was said?

If Elly found the lemon tree?

If Reed and Saxton didn't try to phone at the same time?

If Marge Miller picked up the turtle?

If Saxton all got chicken-pox and couldn't go to Bermuda?

If Hort Alderman spent an evening on campus?

If Peggie Coelho didn't answer for everyone?

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Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite.
Curiosity never pays,
It rained Willie seven days.

Willie pushed his Aunt Elizer
Off a rock into a geyser,
Now he's feeling quite dejected,
Didn't get the rise expected.

William looking down the gun,
Pulled the trigger just for fun.
Mamma said in accents pained,
"William is so scatterbrained."

Last week Tuesday gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train
"Oh good afternoon," she said,
But the train just cut her dead.

Gentle Jane when burned to death,
Murmured with her latest breath:
"Well, this is the greatest joke,
All my plans must end in smoke."

"If It's Made of Rubber We Have It"

EVERYTHING FOR THE GYM
Middy Blouses, Bloomers, Crepe Soled
Shoes, Elastic Anklets, Knee Caps,
Sporting Goods

ALLING RUBBER CO.

158 State Street

**CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
BOOKSTORE**

College Supplies

"GET IT"

AT

STARR BROS.

INC.

DRUGGISTS

**FISHER
FLORIST**

Phones:
3358

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**FLOWERS and FLOWERING
PLANTS**

FOR ALL OCCASIONS
THE UTMOST IN VALUES
AND
ARTISTRY OF ARRANGEMENT
ALSO

**PLANT and FLOWER
GIFTS**

BY WIRE
TO ALL THE WORLD

WARNER BROS.

G A R D E

THEATRE

New London's most beautiful, consistently offering the
World's Best Talking Screen Attractions

Every Sun. - Mon. - Tues. - Wed.

A Great Program of Feature film hits and

Delightful Short Subjects

Every Thurs. - Fri. - Sat.

5 — **BIG TIME ACTS** — 5

VAUDEVILLE

IN ADDITION TO AN

ALL TALKIE

Savard Bros', Inc.

134 State Street

DEAUVILLE SANDALS? Have you seen those
good-looking ones in Savards? You can get them
in Black and White, Tan and Brown, Parchment
and Brown, or in Plain White.

Something with a CREPE SOLE? You may take
your choice of plain tan or plain white.

Savards carry a full line of

I. MILLER

**Grenada Beautiful
Shoes**

The Quality Drug House of
Eastern Connecticut
THE NICHOLS & HARRIS CO.
Established 1850
High Grade Candies and Toilet Articles
119 State St., New London, Conn.

Perry & Stone, Inc.
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Fine Leather Goods, Stationery
Gift Articles in Great Variety
296 State Street - Plant Building
New London



MARCH 27-29
"Such Men are Dangerous"
with WARNER BAXTER

AT THE
CROWN

MARCH 26-29
"Troupers Three"
with REX LEASE



STYLE SHOP

Why Be Out Of Season?

Don't be out of season. Don't wear winter clothes when the rest of the world is bright and happy.

Get yourself one or even more of the charming new prints that we are showing.

We also have some delightful new spring coats and suits.

S. F. PETERSON



Time: Two days before vacation.
Place: State Street.

Senior: I nearly forgot my date!!

Freshman: Who? Where? When?

Senior: I nearly forgot to get my Easter present for my family—some candy and bon-bons arranged as only Peterson's can do.

Freshman: Why, I never thought of that!

Senior: Oh yes! And they have such nice packages for Mother's Day, too!! They will make up special packages whenever you want something unusual.

A Timely Reminder

GLOVES

Every fashion—approved style—washable Cape—Kid—Suede—in every good spring shade—16 button lengths in black and white.

HOSIERY

Gotham Gold Stripe Onyx Hosiery—18 correct shades.

UNDIES

Crepe de chine in festal shades—Combinations—Slip—Dance Sets—Pajamas.

HANDBAGS

The new Tapestry Bags—Metalics—Snake Skin—every style.

TOILETERIES

Every nationally known perfume. Cotys—Houbigant—Caron—Guerlain—Rigaud—Bourjois—Lenclerc—Roger and Gallet—Rubensteins Powders and Creams.

THE BEE HIVE

THE S. A. GOLDSMITH CO.
State St. New London
"The Store for Service"

The MOHICAN HOTEL Beauty Shop

EUGENE PERMANENT WAVING		SHAMPOOING
SCALP TREATMENTS		FACIAL TREATMENTS
FINGER WAVING	MARCEL WAVING	WATER WAVING
MANICURING	BLEACHING	TINTING

Reasonable Charges

You are cordially invited to visit this, the most modern and best equipped Beauty Shop in New London. No charge for consultation and advice.

— SPECIAL —

The first Conn. College Student who presents this advertisement at our Beauty Shop will be given a Permanent Wave free of charge.

Please have your advertisement time-stamped, at front office desk in hotel, to avoid dispute.

THE MOHICAN BEAUTY SHOP
Telephone 4341

IF

If you can go to Shield's class
And manage to keep awake,
Follow all his digressions
And understand the notes you take,
If Soc can keep your interest
When Mrs. Wessel turns to you,
Asks you *just how old is man*
Or makes a sarcastic pun or two,
If you can laugh at Pinol's jokes
With glee each time they're told,
Appear to think they're very good
Though you know they're three years
old,

If in Mr. Cobbledick's class
You can take it for what it's worth,
No matter if its extensive
Or intensive use of earth,
If you can be enthusiastic
While searching the sky for Mars,
When Dr. Daghlion asks
For the exact size of stars,
If with Dr. Lawrence
You can live through the daily test,
And still think history very good
Although you get no rest,
If you can wait for Daddy Doyle
To get that place some day,
Watch that flower in his button hole
That smile so sweet and gay,
Then, my dear, for an education
You've begun to sow the seed,
But in our estimation
You deserve a Ph. D.

John Irving

HAS MOIRE, SATIN,
AND SILVER
BROCADE EVENING
SLIPPERS

LET US CALL TO
YOUR ATTENTION
THAT THERE IS NO
EXTRA CHARGE
FOR DYEING THEM

The Green

Luncheon, Tea,



Bay Tree

and Dinner

Corner Church and Huntington Streets

Special Parties by Appointment

TEL. 5642

KATHERINE P. MOORE

ROCKWELL & CO.

THE
POOR LITTLE
RICH GIRL

No wonder she's "poor" with every cent of her allowance being eaten up by the dozens of clothes she has to buy—because, come what may, she always has to be chic.

Yes, she has to buy dozens of clothes—but she doesn't have to pay dozens of high prices for them—because that's what the ROCKWELL ANNEX is for—it spends all its time thinking up ways to cram infinite chic into very finite allowances—with very "My DEAR—I can't BELIEVE it!" results.

State Street

U. S. Route
No. 1

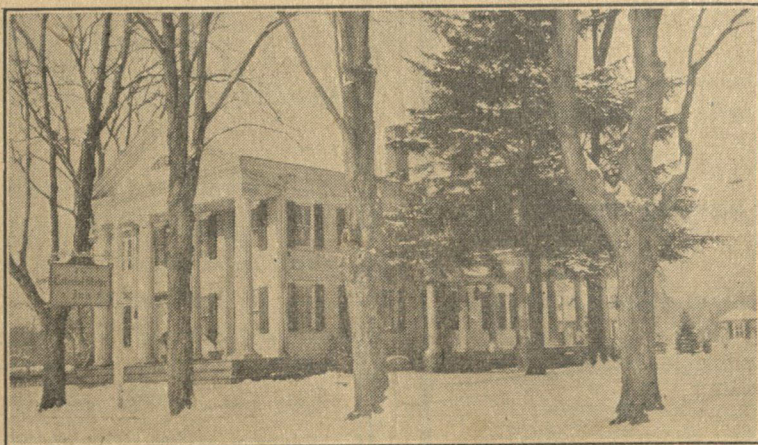
The Colonial Inn

ON BOSTON POST ROAD
Built 1796

7 Miles West
of New London

*Unique in
Many Ways*

Telephone
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*Attractive in
Every Way*

Gerald C. Howe
Ownership Management

Breakfast

Luncheon

Afternoon Tea

Dinner

Special Attention given to Bridge Luncheons, Teas, Dinners

Also Special Dinners and Dances

Orchestra Saturday Nights

Large, Comfortable Rooms at Reasonable Rates for Overnight Guests

GARAGE ACCOMMODATIONS

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Follow all his *digressions*
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