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The Man in the Moon woke up one night
And saw his moon was shining bright.
"This waste of light, it should be spurned—
A penny saved is a penny earned."

So saying he turned out the light.
And left the world in black, black night.
Without a moon we couldn't sing—
So a make-believe moon the Seniors bring.

The man in the moon we do not like.
For he's so stingy with his light.
We beg of you—his ways don't choose,
Don't make us have a make-believe News!

Grave Mistakes
After the Service League Reception—guileless Freshman timidly to upperclassman: "Who was that 'ady that had charge of the meeting and gave out all the notices?"

Upperclassman, with an unusual smile: "Why that was Evelene Taylor, 'Spunk' for short."

Freshman, shrinking visibly: "Oh! I thought it was one of the faculty!"
O Tempora! O Mores!

FRESHMEN! Opportunity knocks! Time is precious—save it Insure yourselves against inevitable breakdowns FOR RENT OR SALE An inexhaustible supply of History outlines accompanied by a Complete Set of Artistic Maps Guaranteed to have served at least one successful year in History 1-2. (Address N. E. Upperclassman.

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"Crowning Glory" (?) Did not Melisande wean from her window and let down her golden hair to Periias? Did not Bess, the landlord's black-eyed daughter, loose her hair in the casement till the face of her lover burned "as the black cascades of perfume came tumbling down over his breast?" Did not Medusa turn to stone those who looked up upon snaky locks? Last but not least, does not Mary Pickford flaunt her curls that a'1 may see and worship? Is not a woman's hair her "crowning glory?"

Tresses long and tresses short, tresses fat and tresses slim, beribboned and rain-dragged, these we see on every side. Perhaps as the moon rises over the river we shall see various waving pigtails beseeching the stars rippling over the window, silks, waving in the breeze. Have Mary and Medusa and Bess got anything on us? Never! History repeats itself! LOOK at our Freshmen!

I wish I were a pigtail
Upon a Freshman's head
I wish I were a pigtail
O heavy,—yes, as heavy
I wish a naughty Sophomore
'D come with stealthy tread
Cause then I'd up and hit her one
Um, yes, right on the head!

Embarassing
Innocent Freshman: "I live at Mosler. Where do you live?"
Prominent Senior; "I'm at Branford."

Innocent Freshman: "What luck! How long has your application been in?"
Senior: "Five years."
Freshman: "Oh, did you know that long that you were coming here?"

Advice From a Senior
Don't study when you're tired
Or have something else to do.
Don't study when you're happy
For that will make you blue
Don't study in the day-time.
And don't study in the night,
But study at all other times
With all your main and might."

—Anon.

First Aid
I will sell to any interested Soph. or upperclassmen my complete collection of Shakespeare papers (including Bradley and other well known authorities) with marks averaging x and v.

Sir Vivor.