Conneticut Collitch Catchall

Connecticut College

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EMINENT PLAYBOY AGAIN
IN NOTORIOUS LIMELIGHT!

FATHER OF THREE EXPOSED
IN SCANDALOUS DISARRAY

Testimony of twenty-five beautiful young damselflies all members of
the C. C. Sighkology Club implicates Professor Dee Dee Unclesey
in shocking behavior on noted island.

Just before the hour of sun-set, about 6:30 p.m., in the twilight
bush of the budging evening of May 15, Professor Dee Dee Un-
clesey of the apartment of Sighkology of "C. C. For Gotten
Women" narrowly escaped with his life in what has been explained
as an attempt at suicide. Chap-pering a group of his students
for their annual club picnic to the Isle of Lost Lunches, the professor,
shortly after having devoured one half dozen charred puppies,
several loath dough-nuts, three scups
coffee, and a half-peeled orange
with mustard and relish, suddenly,
for reasons best known to him,
developed suicidal tendencies.

His actions from then on, ac-
known, had a strong communistic
leaning. He drowned himself with
a sprig of grass. He shot me a
look, but missed.

"Thrillg," I chirped, and chewed
a sprig of grass. He shot me a
look, but missed.

This sketch of Prof. D. D. Unclesey drawn hurriedly by Collitch
reporters, fell into the water, too, and shrank

Mist the cheers and jeers of
the student body, Spector Dean-
ville uttered a mouthful of wise
advice. "Beer," she urged, "is
the staff of life, galls.

It was reported that the patellar
reflex was entirely missing as was
the well-known blash - - - it
is impossible to account for the as-
tomding coolness of the subject,
the reaction was entirely contrary
to the ordinary one, given a simi-
lar situation and identical stimuli.
The Babinsky reaction was also
absent and those in the know,
attribute it to the somewhat ad-
vanced maturity, (at least phy-
cally - - - the professor is just
thirty-one) of the subject. - - -
Imagine! - - - A man of his age!

It has been suggested that the Alpha-Beta-Sigma-Kappa-Hunka-Pia
tests, formerly used on the
army, be administered to the un-
fortunate professor, in an attempt
to determine his mental age, but
the scheming individual has very
dexterously surrounded himself
with a host of his Fannamy Hall
associates who, fearing his subsequent
exposure, have insisted that such
a procedure would be strictly un-
constitucntional - - - dirty poli-
tics.

"C. C. For Gotten Women"
should consider itself undeed
(Continued on page 6, column 4)

STEWDUNTS DUNK DONUTS IN BEER

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the student body, Spector Dean-
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(Continued on page 6, column 4)

DIRT GARDENER DUGS
INTO LONELY SOUL

Collitch Goil Intervus Noted
Dr. Biel

by Isa Bloo

With a dashing heart I won-
dered lonely as a cloo and watched
the bees humble and the leaves
twitter on the trees. My philoso-
phy of life had come to an end.

Then I turned down a pide wate
and saw grey-haired Dr. Biel gig-
ging in his garden.

"My afternoon isn't it," he
argued with me, and then went
on earthing up the spade.

I sat down on a cog in the lump
and reflected on life in general.

"Why, yes and no," I answered.

"The mathematical preclusion of
that statement simply thrills my
heart," he still argued, and viewed
his potent cabbages with a re-
flexive ear. "Yes, right over there
are carrots, and over there,—say,
two feet three inches, one kilo-
meter, and two right angles,—will
beams be?"

"Thrillg," I chirped, and chewed
a sprig of grass. He shot me a
look, but missed.

"Do you like beans," he an-
swered me knowingly, perching
his head on his cap, and stretching
out to me.

"Yes, why and no," I said.

"That's what I always have
thought about the geometrical
situation of the analytical triangle,
too," Dr. Biel smiled and nrot-
ed knowingly.

Then I spoke. I said nothing,
and he answered me silently. I
felt intrigued, heightened, lifted,
downtrodden, blest, magnificently
etheral. I sat there and listened
to the clikens chucking and the
cowboy roaring. It was heavenly.
My philosophy of life was here
again—after this good old-fash-
joned down-to-earth conversation
with one of our eminent gardners.
I sat, and looked at the potential
cabbages and carrots, and beans,
and spaghetti, and fried bananas.
Then he kept on digging up earth
and I knew my interview was at
an end.

"Thank you," I questioned, and
walked up the peaten bath. He
kept on digging.
DEADATORIAL

From the Editor's Desk

One funny eraser.
Three pencils—one sharp, one broken, and one lost.
One wire basket.
Two 1932 letters, unanswered.
One package of Chesterfield—almost empty.
One dummy copy of News.
One crocker crumb.
Two sheets of blank paper.
Four packs of matches—one half filled, the others empty.
One leaky pen.
One basket of vespers.
One joke for "Around Campus With Pressboard."
One pair of hands, slightly grimy with ink.
One pencil sharpener.

The following manuscript was found among the mess, and has been copiedverbatim. (It may have been a potential editorial.) ((Is probably very valuable.)) (((We copied it all down, anyway.)))

"In our economic system of today, de havt to face a material stock, which points probably ac-

kingly. "It not you might like to know that you will be able to get your children healthily drunk on good
ty? I wouldn't have minded if it had been a decent stuff.) Wottle I do?

Deplorably.

MRS. PUMPER NICKLE.

My dear Mrs. Pumper Nickle:

You are in a precarious predicament, and so glad that you came to me for help. Your case is a sad one, I fear. However, I feel confident if you follow my direc-
tions you will never be distressed again.

If you were I should go to my neighborhood bootlegger and buy him all the little darlings or your husband know that you are substituting this drink for the one they have ordi-

narily. At first they will remain under the effects of the rotten rye, but after careful concentration and sound judgment, I feel sure that you will be able to get your children healthily drunk on good rye.

Ever of service,
I. SCANALL.

My dear Mrs. Scanall: I am writing to you in fear and trembling. What am I to do when I sit down, I can't think what is the matter with me. Even if I stand up, or walk or run, it's always there. I have had it for years and months, even days, and even more, minutes. What shall I do? I am pleading with your better sense of reason. If you will have the goodness to drop me a line, perhaps you can tell me what I should do about it all. I am so sick and weary and happy, yet at times I feel melancholy. It has gotten to be a habit with me, and I'm afraid I may smash it, or break it, or something. Please write to me to the best of your ability. And don't print the answer in your paper, either. I hate to see my name in print, especially in a column of that sort. Of course, that doesn't mean that I care if you'd like to just put it very lightly in your own special column.

Yours in despair,
IMA BLANKA BOUTT.

If you can't read page 5, look on page 6.
Alex has gone noble!
Andy has a "porter"
Mary likes cucumbers.
"How-ho!" does Berger try.
"Why-men" Case?
What are Sheewell's "night-airms"
"Gee Nathin" does Minna no
Benny's got a "War-on".
LouLisa丘ich.
Dotty Bard is thinking of taking
a "treat" and you know why.
Bobby is all in a "Days"
Kelog will make a good "salt-treat"
Morris "cares" no heart.
Liz, Betty-to-your-Moon, Jacks
them all up.
A Ytne rump a up a bird.
Ruth Jones is rollin' round fine.
Merrill wants a "door-man".
Red has got a "Ead"
Archer likes coffee—Maxwells.
Hershey has "don" it.
Betsy  

------  

Hive "tieda" everything.
Dog "song" Swampland, except that
"Hare are Old" is fill.
Harry—"you" Abe.

PLAYLET IN ONE SEEN

Ye Ed: Well, now, goys, let's get going.
Ye Galley: We've got one page filled, now let's write up a
picnic in five thousand words to fill this tided sab.
Ye Nickle: Ze peeples dat know me I'm craze, but de
peeples dat don't — dat's de question, what? (And said Nickle
pulleth up sko to her waste regions.)
Ye T ypewriter: Get in, get in goin'.
I don't want to be working here all nite.
Ye Desk: Stop burnin' up me book.
I don't care.
Ye Editor's feet: Up on the
desk.
(See changes to smoke. Gradu-
ally a breeze bloweth in, rattlin
the curtains gently, and a visage
is seen in the distance, vaguely re-
producing the FEATURES of Ye Ed.)
Well, now, ladies, the Neoze is
finished, let's get on the trolley.
You'll find, goys, we'll all go, to the
trolley! (This bawdy song res-
ounds over the silence, startling,
lovely, terrible campus, and settles
down for a nap again.)
Ye Galley: (pushing back her
up hair with a ruler, and gazing
frantically through the coughing
smoke.) We've forgotten to put
in the name of the Wesper
speaker.
Ye Ed. (Philosophically frown-
ning out on life in general and then
gazing on in life in particular)
That's all right — so many people
in a place like this!—who was it. Why
put in state nuce to

VEGETABLES LEAD IN FASHION SHOW AT C. C.

On Thursday evening, any day you
want, at 6 a.m., Connecticut Collitch
reg. Wmmin's had
an anwell fashion show in Knouet
Saloon. The audience sat around
on barrets, and waited with ex-
pectant delight for the show to be-
gin. Promptly at two minutes to
11.00 the pianist at the organ
rippled off a few delicately
sewn hooks, and the models
swooped into the hall, there eyes
leaning, and there feet moving.
One by one they went up the
trolley, and by the end of the
show, a great number of such
as tickling babies' toes, killing ants,
shaving chickens, crabbing parties,
picking peaches, and stuffing
tables. They will have no success
in anything they attempt and will
never attempt anything.

Happy birthday to them!

ODE TO THE FRONT ROW

By One Who Knows

It begins with the lady named
TYLER.
In discussion it's easy to rile her;
She argues so well
You can't possibly sell
Any idea of yours to Miss Tyler.

We next have a damsel named
BLODGETT
Whose name rhymes with nothing
but Spodgett
She eats garlic, no less;
"Take it, I guess;
But her friends find it best just
to dodge it!

There was a fair damsel named
WINNIE
Whose fate it was not to be skinny.
She bemoaned it a lot,
But it's really all rot,
For who'd want a tall, skinny
Winnie.

The next shining light is Miss
BENNETT
(If her name has a rhyme, I don't
ken it.)
She likes a tall man,
Which I can't understand.
For there isn't so much of Miss

The last to be named is Miss
FERRIE
Whose ability's limited (very)
She spends most of her time.
Making horrible rhyme
And of work she's exceedingly
wary.

(Concluded from page 1, column 8)

Fortunate in having this well-
known individual for an audience.
His geniality expresses itself in
the most charming manner—
who has not heard that hearty,
open and lighthearted voice of
the glee leader?

MY PURPLE DINOSAUR

And kneel there for a while,
Paid homage to his royal race;
Then he told me to rise;
I looked up at his great big face
And thought it kind and wise.
But as I looked about the hall,
I found it strange and hollow;
The dinosaur had eaten all
In one enormous swallow.
I gave him quite a bovine look,
And knelt there for a while,
For he had eaten every book
And stored them in his hide.
So I took him home with me;
Now my room is filled with bones
Because he knows so much, you
FUN AT NITE

The night was dark
The sky was blue
Across campus
A sophomore flew.
Behind her Knowlt.
Before her ... head harsh com-
ments rain,
Who intimately knoweth pain.
Poems are made, but not by me,
Let other men write poetry!

AM I EMBARRASSED!

Ask Marge Thayer how she takes a bath!
Ask Jan Pickett whether she prefers Cleveland to Boston!
Ask Allison Rush about the New London Grill!
Ask Miss Hausman if she likes men in her classes?
Ask Betty Krana about the straps on her white velvet evening dress?
Ask Ruthie Perree how she's Ed-diting!
Ask Sammy what the C. V. Chicken Train is like?
Ask Alexander how she likes Wesleyan!
Ask Winnie DeForest why THE DEAN called her out of class the other day!
Ask Betsy Turner if she was "here" at the I. O. C. A. Conference!
Ask Minna how a man's shirt came to be in her room!
Ask Lena Waldecker who she went to parties with!
Ask Alma Nichols how she Burps!
Ask Shewell what "Nesting Time" is!
Ask Mary Lou Ellis how to scare men away!
Ask Jan Richards how she enjoys playing ball with a visiting lecturer!
Ask Bunny Sea bury who "Bebe" is!
Ask Doder Tomkinson how she likes to date THE tennis player!
Ask Peger how she likes his friend!
Ask a certain Senior why she was pursued by a fire-engine!
Ask Hamilton how she likes to go Bob-bing around.

PLANT'S POSIES

Up above the river
There is a house called Plant;
Within those ivied walls
Many a girl do rant.
Betty thinks that all is rosy
In a social Yankee way.
Else thinks that life is coy;
She sees him every day.
Lena wants to love a man;
For one she's always fumin'.
While Mary knows she has a fan
Who thinks her more than hu-
man.
Peggy has a beaten track
To Wesleyan's biggest hero.
Stimpie merely turns her back
On letters cold as zero.
Ellis has a warmish spot
For Cooper, so they say.
While Fritzie casts her lot
To follow David's way.
Cavin's always looking
For a perfect ideal man;
While Dartmouth's always book-
ing dates with tousled little Nan.

JUST IMAGINE!

Miss Standwood with "Chiff-
ton."
Miss Hanson with Dr. Avery's
smile.
Miss Burdick with Miss Ernst's
hair.
Mr. Selden with Dr. Lawrence's
precision.
Dr. Roberts with Dr. Doyle's
flower in his buttonhole.
Miss Wood with Dr. Jensen's
umbrella.
Mrs. Trotta with Mrs. Kemp-
ton's gaiters.
Dr. Laubenstein with Miss
Ramsey's avoirdupois.
Miss Noyes in Dean Nye's
sweater suit.
Dr. Leib with Dr. Well's beard
and, of course, Dr. Wells
without it.
One Wright without the other.
Dr. Erb with Dr. Jensen's
knicker suit.
Mr. Cobblewick with Mr. Kin-
sey's moustache.
Miss Reynolds with Miss
Snider's accent.
Dr. Avery with Mr. Pinol's
walk.
- - - or the whole campus with-
out any of them!

TREECHERY

In my reminiscences of the
metamorphoses of Ovid I came
on the melancolncooly story of
the Crooosaders. They, filled
with a spirit of chivvvalry and fore-
bouding, but veeheement in
their quest, set out for the
rueeens of the neeshe of the
seculur. They were led by the
unik but treeclicheous figures who
subsequently swayed their jali-
ousy. The apppparently ineve-
itable uppserman Salaman led
them---his childish individuali-
came twixt them and the reek-
ognized dangers of their veeheen-
desire. He recomended the
use of their feats against the
tantilizing hoevering birds---

ROMANCE

Knowlton House—Service
League
Girl is stag—Boy is big
Music's good—time is short
So the girl will be a sport
May I cut—off they go
Boy and girl are not so slow
Car backs out—wedding tune
Hugging house—no honeymoon
Dirty work—gives man door
Back to the—my tale is o'er
When at dances, girls, beware
If cut you must, use savoir faire.

CONETICUT COLLEGE CATCHALL

Girl is stag—Boy is big
Music's good—time is short
So the girl will be a sport
May I cut—off they go
Boy and girl are not so slow
Car backs out—wedding tune
Hugging house—no honeymoon
Dirty work—gives man door
Back to the—my tale is o'er
When at dances, girls, beware
If cut you must, use savoir faire.

FATAL INTERVIEW

Characters: Miss Burdick
A Sinner
Miss B.—"How D'y Do?"
Sinner—"Give Me a Moment, Please." He then So Ashamed for "Over the Week-end" I met a "Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia" and we went "Roam-
in for Romance."
Miss B.—"How Long Has This Been Going On?"
Sinner—Oh, we've been "Sweet-
hearter Forever."
Miss B.—"I Can't Believe It's True."
"You're Blasé!"
Sinner—But "We Were Only Walking in the Moonlight!" and "One Little Word Led to An-
other. Now He's Turned Me Down and Said Can't We Be Friends?"
Miss B.—"Ain't Dat a Shame?"
Sinner—Oh, but "Some Day We'll Meet Again" for "I'll Be True to My Honey Boy."
Miss B.—"Thou Shalt Not!"
"Now That It's All Over" you must say "Goodbye to Love."
Sinner—"How Do You Do It?"
Miss B.—"You Try Somebody Else."
Sinner—"You're So Wonderful!"
"When I Look Into Your Eyes" I know "I'm Only a Back-street Girl!" "I've Got Those Old Century Blues."
Miss B.—"Oh, Don't You Weep!"
you know that "Somebody Loves, Somebody Wins."
Sinner—"I'm Learning a Lot from You" and "I'll Follow You" for "You've Got Me in the Palm of Your Hand."
"Don't Tell a Soul" about this and I'll be "As You Desire Me."
Miss B.—"I Promise You" "Auf Wiedersein!"
Sinner—"Say Au Revoir But Not Goodbye."

A FAREWELL TO THE MUSE

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think no one will ever see
In print, a poem writ by me.
By me whose editorial zest
Is pitted against the rest;
By me who strives alike each day
To give the world a roundelay;
By me who spite of anxious care
Is forced my teacher's scorn to
bear.
Upon whose head harsh com-
ments rain,
Who intimately knoweth pain.
Poems are made, but not by me,
Let other men write poetry!
THE FALL OF CAESAR

In lab, I saw a little worm:
I thought my nerves were strong
And firm,
Dignified Credit Jewelers
274 State Street
DIal "68
(With apologies to Humbert Wolfe)

2. Miss Blunt is our shepherd
We shall not want.
She leadeth us beside the Thames waters.
She increaseth our knowledge.
She leadeth us in the paths of righteousness
For the College's sake.
Yea though we walk through the valley of ignorance.
We shall fear no evil.
For she is with us.
Her books and letters comfort us.
She has furnished a table before us
In the halls of Thames and Holmes.
She anoints our heads with senior caps.
And our ideas overflow.
Goodness and learning shall follow us all the days of our life.
And we shall remain true to her forever.
Amen.

Jewelry and Watch Repairing
Costs You Less Here
MALL LOVES, INC.
Dignified Credit Jewelers
48 State Street
Telephone 7219 New London, Conn.

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Alas, he watched not where he tread;
He followed only where she led,
And when he reached the table's edge,
He fell far down. Ah me!
He hit his head upon the floor,
The ideas of March had called once more.
So Caesar died in blood and gore;
The sight was sad to see.
And now about the lady fair;
She saw him fall and cried, "Be careful,
What have I done?" She tore her hair
And died of misery.
I buried them beneath a tree,
And there they lie, both he and she;
Two worms who suffered foolishly.
I beg you, let them be.
This be the verse I scribbled for them:
He and she are dead. Amen.
Oh, when can they come back again?
Across the dreary sea?
Near Caesar's head: Alas, alack,
He just looked up and turned his head.
So Caesar died in blood and gore;
The sight was sad to see.

And as I thought, I said, "Egad,
Who is this lofty potentate?
Can you imagine his chagrin
When liketh she not me?"

He raised his head as if to say,
"Who is this lofty potentate?
Who is this great personage?
Some fun,
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He said to tell is such a fate
For one so great as he.

We Wonder:
What will Gert do when MacCaffrey leaves?
Who is that cadet who takes up Budge's time.
Who is the young man who
Rises to the heights of a pugilist
And has one of Connecticut's fair fresh worried about his ears.
Who is the girl who was cured
With a name famous in the musical world,
Who enjoys such popularity at the college.
Near George!

But as she turned to go away,
She anoints our heads with senior caps.
And our ideas overflow.
Goodness and learning shall follow us all the days of our life.
And we shall remain true to her forever.
Amen.

The lady worm must be de-

FRANKS' SNAPPY FOOTWEAR

At

POPULAR PRICES

18 Meridian St.

HARRIS--16 State Street

5. Always dreaming of the birth
Of a new heaven and a new earth:
Tales of Billy Shakespeare tells
Here's to Dr. J. E. Wells

6. Rejoice, ye pure in heart
Rejoice, ye faithful, thanks and singing:
With D. D. Leib in Math to start
We say it's quite the thing.

7. Dr. Lawrence, of morning and of night, We thank thee for thy gift of light
Into politics, both nice and naughty.
Without you wherever should we be?

8. Awake, Miss Dedeker, and with the sun,
The bugs have lots of fun.
Shake off dulle sleep and joyful life.
To give two guineas for sacrifice.

9. O Erb! Thy world is sweet with prayer
The wealth of music in the air
With faces shining sings the choir
Proving your words gives higher and higher.

10. O philosopher of life, thy quickening voice
In our minds does thought provoke
Until Mr. Morris, if we had our choice
Indeed--well Plato and his crowd choke.

11. With courage dreast, strong-hearted, blest
Miss Cary teaches French.
With a world of knowledge
The students at college
Feel that they are drenched.

12. Come Miss Ernst, thou must
Of a new heaven and a new earth:
Tales of Billy Shakespeare tells
Here's to Dr. J. E. Wells

13. Oh splendid of McKee's glory bright
From light eternal bringing light
And other mysteries pro-claiming
With the aid of chemistry training.

Turn over to Page 6, Volume 4

CARROLL
CUT-RATE PERFUMERS
Exclusive Beauty Aids Powders - Perfumes -Toiletries Patent Medicines

158 State Street

FAIRY LAKE FARM, INC.
Fancy Food Delicacies
Better Kind

214 State Street
Dial 2146

Compliments of
IDEAL CLEANERS
673 Bank Street

This be an add for the Rattleboro Sexpress

Sammy and Liz Take Notice

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Without you wherever should we be?

8. Awake, Miss Dedeker, and with the sun,
The bugs have lots of fun.
Shake off dulle sleep and joyful life.
To give two guineas for sacrifice.

9. O Erb! Thy world is sweet with prayer
The wealth of music in the air
With faces shining sings the choir
Proving your words gives higher and higher.

10. O philosopher of life, thy quickening voice
In our minds does thought provoke
Until Mr. Morris, if we had our choice
Indeed--well Plato and his crowd choke.

11. With courage dreast, strong-hearted, blest
Miss Cary teaches French.
With a world of knowledge
The students at college
Feel that they are drenched.

12. Come Miss Ernst, thou must
Of a new heaven and a new earth:
Tales of Billy Shakespeare tells
Here's to Dr. J. E. Wells

13. Oh splendid of McKee's glory bright
From light eternal bringing light
And other mysteries pro-claiming
With the aid of chemistry training.

Turn over to Page 6, Volume 4

CARROLL
CUT-RATE PERFUMERS
Exclusive Beauty Aids Powders - Perfumes -Toiletries Patent Medicines

158 State Street
THINK OF A TITLE

On second floor in Fanning late last night, My eyes must have deceived me For I saw a queer sight; The corridors that should have been quiet, cold, and bare, Were all decked up to entertain the spirits playing there.

Miss Ernst was strolling round in quite a lazy air, With bedroom slippers on her feet and bobbie pins in hair. She tittered in her squeaky voice, "Staying at home; Miss Markham's so quaint." In faculty lounge there's Tiddley Winks and piles of Oh Boy gum.

Dean Nye, in shoes with rhinestone heels and slinky satin gown, Was looking sadly in the halls, her smile turned to a frown. For from her mind had slipped a most significant detail. Twas this—she simply couldn't say in Greek, "Do you inhale?"

Miss Burdick had a cocktail and a cigarette in hand. She sputtered shrilly, "I relax, and Gee Whiz it feels grand! Although my private life is just as moral as can be, I swear this is the night to shirk responsibility."

Miss Wright skipped in and out of doors, her manner gay and free, But soon she stopped her merry round to tell our faculty, "Because depression's bad and your positions soon may shake, I'll teach you how to open safes of any size or make."

Miss Ramsey, when not sliding down the bannisters with bloodshot eyes, Was tight-ropeing with parasol as nicely as you please, But tears were streaming down her face, she quoth, "I'm very hurt—"

The horrid Food Committee clean forgot to bring dessert.

Mrs. Floyd was peering through the keyhole of each door With microscope for fingerprints and tracks upon the floor. "My range in school publicity, is not so vast; And tracks upon the floor."

Dot Felner lay stretched on the bench with dull and feverish stare, She muttered incoherently, and pulled out bunks of hair. It's hot tonight—my work's not done--the Easter eggs are broke-- In all my dreams I see a tall dark man who doesn't smoke."

Dr. Leib, with Sandwich grin, was with a club-footed gait, With application blanks as fuel the flames kept lemon high-climbing. "My every hour is spent in reading these, and food petitions, I'll tell the world it's Hell on earth for Directors of Admissions."

And what was strangest yet, when they by chance saw timid me, They tanged up and down the halls and waved their arms in glee. "We all adore the students with their quaint and naive style. Tell them we pray they'll call on us and stay for quite a while."

"It's a speed. Just as she reached a whirl wind speed, ther was a sound of splintering wood, and a crash that shook all of New London. Luck was with our fair young age. She received no serious internal injuries. All X-rays showed that no bones were broken, as was reported by radio last evening. Just as soon as the rocking chair is mended, this darling freshman is going to take up this hair-raising vocation once again.

Pull Puick cannot go to jail, mitobut a derrick of wader! Space be low for and

grafts.

Women's Genuine Calafkin Riding Boots and Jodhpurs at $5.00 a Pair.

From Other Page
14. Now, when the dusky shades of night are casting Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee; Miss Chaney starts some eggs to beating For the morrow's meal'y spree.
15. When streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes his eyes Mr. Selden takes paints and brush With pictured excellence lesser artists to crush.
16. Still, still, with Mr. Avery When purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, And the shadows flee. Soft, soft on a marble pedestal An orange tulip breaketh And Mr. Avery daniceth In most unaccustomed glee. 17. Hurrah to the living Dagblan Hurrup, and Physical word. Explaining these terms when called on "It's a speed. Can always be heard."

HAPPY DAZE! (Beer?)

SOCIAL SOTES

Connecticutitttt Cthllitttt. May 41. Lady Diamond Zogooos was seen in the distinguished crowd at Vespers the other evening. She was standing purply in a purple satin creation which was cunningly decorated with red, green, and white spangles. People on every side, gazed as she swept into view in her sumptuous gown. Her brown and white sport shoes had matching Purple silk laces.

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sable service and will carry Graduation messages from Alumnae to friends in the Class of '33

BOSTON CANDY KITCHEN
State Street

SHUFF OFF TO BUFF
Come one . . come anyone, and enjoy the luxurious new trolley that The Famous city of New London has installed for its lov-
ing patrons! At one end has been placed a soda fountain where all types of refreshments will be served . . . to Quench the thirst of trolley riders. A superb new ping pong table and an automatic self shuffler and self-dealing card tables are available for use . . . All one has to do is push the button buttom besides each upholstered seat and the tables will spring up from cunningly concealed trapdoors in the floor. Because of complaints about the discourdants noises the trolley makes, special, musical springs have been put on. For those who wish quiet, a soundless room . . . furnished with gleaming white leather . . . has been pro-

imized. All girls wishing to study (if there happen to be any such phenominas) are cordially invited by the trolley company to make use of this chamber. They are reminded of the fact that the Dem, also urged any students who did wish to study, to please do it on the new trolley because they would not disturb the other girls to college then.

NELLY DON COTTON DRESSES are here $1.50 to $8.95

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Wedding Cakes—Marion Glass—Sliced Meat—Burg Meat—Roast Beasts—Barbeled Prilfs
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KOOB SWEEVER

One of the latest and most popular books on the market to-day is My Expectations in Saffraca, by M. I. Nutty. In this exciting ex-
est of exciting stories, Mr. Nutty takes us with him through some of his most hair-raising experiences in the jungles of Saffraca. Not only is the book highly enter-
taining, however; it is also very instructive, for it describes in detail that ferocious animal, the potshopapampus, and gives very valuable information about that hitherto mysterious friend of Dr. Doolittle, the Push-me-Pull-you. Except for the few facts that Dr. Doolittle had already discovered, very little in-
deep was known about the origin and whereabouts of the Push-me-
Pull-you. Mr. Nutty tells all about him in this book. My Ex-
periences in Saffraca, is a book for all the family—the children will appreciate the thrilling tales. Father will realize the scientific worth of the knowledge of the Push-me-Pull-you, and Mother will be interested to learn more about the jungles of Saffraca.

Have you read The Return of the Svollenby by Reb Ch. This book will go down through the ages as a masterpiece of literature. Your education must not be complete until you have read this, the great-
est book out since Shakespeare wrote Kidnapped.

Another of the latest hits is Caught Red-handed by U. Grabber-Robbers, murderers, kidnappers, cops, and gamblers are all in-
volved in the liveliest mystery story ever written. If you have a weak heart, don't read it; otherwise, buy it immediately and spend an enjoyable evening by the fireside with the greatest mystery on the market.

FRESHMAN CRACK SUIII!
A Press) The world stood at a standstill yesterday, when the dauntless "Zazam Pitts" crashed in her Rocking Chair. Never before has she been known to crash up. In fact she has had a brush with all the great rockers . . . she travels at such a terrific rate of speed . . . 201 rpm (rocks per minute). As everyone knows, this fair young damsel has been suffering greatly from that dread disease. Spring Fever. Thinking that, perhaps, a flight in her chintz colored rock-
er mite appaese the terrible gnawing pain created by the fever, she started off . . . Singing most lustily "My Wild Irish Rose" as she gathered more

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**WANTADS**

**Wanted**: One small, white girl, to follow wainter and keep the bees from buzzing about said wainter's head. Must hate bees with a vengeance. Must have experience with stings. Apply at L. G. Treadway, Manager. C. E. Graham, Res. Mgr.

**Wanted**: A series of junior Prom weekends. Apply to those concerned, anywhere.

**Not Wanted**: One week or more of exams in June. Please keep out.

**Help Wanted**: One mechanical typewriter to do budgets. Must be accurate, speedy, and thoroughly automatic. Please apply to Miss Take, Dept. 0000,000.

**Wanted**: One blank check. Inquirer will meet person willing to offer this at the corner of Benham Avenue on Thursday evening at 8:00 P.M. Please be prompt.

**CLASSY FIDADS**

**Lost**: One boat-load of prom-trotters. If found—well, don't bother.

**Lost**: Sometime during Prom. One tall, thin blond, (male) green eyes, (oh, what eyes!) smooth dancer, weighing 165 pounds, walks, talks, sings, (Bing Crosby—don't write K., Branford. Found: A wandering glance from deep blue eyes. Owner may have it upon identification.

**Lost**: One small, white girl, to follow wainter and keep the bees from buzzing about said wainter's head. Must hate bees with a vengeance. Must have experience with stings. Apply at L. G. Treadway, Manager. C. E. Graham, Res. Mgr.

**Wanted**: One wandering glance from deep blue eyes. Owner may have it upon identification.

**Lost**: One blond moustache. If found, please return to L. R., Branford.

**Found**: One magnified voice. Dot Winters call for it at Knowlton.

**Lost**: One breath of spent passion. Owner apply to Mosier House.

**Found**: A wandering glance from deep blue eyes. Owner may have it upon identification.

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**CONNETICUT COLLICHT CATCHALL**

7

**AROUND THE SWORD WITH A TANDEM**

Perhaps it's just the season, but we wonder if it mightn't be something more when the secretary of Thames House ends the minutes of the House Meeting with "Love and Kisses".

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love", so it would seem from the time that a certain Prfman made with a man who was here with another girl.

It is a great question at present whether that was really coca-cola that was served at the Prom. What do you think, girls?

We understand that certain prominent men from a nearby college have found that there are other girls C. C., and let's compare notes.

One date, asked at the last minute, found it necessary to "Shuffle Off To Buffalo." Why didn't someone get out all their old shoes Sunday night when from deep blue eyes. Owner may have it upon identification.

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Another insight into Professor Uncleeny’s private life. Photo shows infant in fit of demon’s thermometria.

I’M ALL A FLUTTER

In the days of good King Arthur it was the latest Parisian fashion for the female sex to wear flutters. Oh yes, Queen Guinevere had a large flutter! In fact, everyone had flutters—the horses hoofs got tangled in them, they clogged the wires for telephoning, even the drainpipes were filled with them. They were big and small, of all colors—and everywhere.

It seems needless to say that the men-folk were disgusted with such conditions but the fluttering females continued to smirk and titter behind their newest play-things.

One day as Sir Launcelot was threading a needle for Guinevere, her latest flutter came fitting into the room. Our brave demi-god had reached the point of desperation and, forgetting his manly pride, jumped up and grabbed the flutter around the neck, at the same time exclaiming, “Ah! At last, I mawl a flutter!”

At this, Guinevere blushing cried, “0 Launcy, I’m all a flutter, too.”

WHERE IS SHE? (Nertz—She’s Yellow!)

C for the cats cut up in Zoology,
O for those students of Ornithology;
N for the nuts in the house on the river;
M for the nudists who plunk, yet shiver;
E for our efforts to get educations;
C for the crafts that give us vacations;
T for the time I’ve put into this;
I for my hope that the rest won’t be worse.
C for the calk pushers—teachers in shorts—
U for the IOU, a popular sport,
T for the trouble I’ve had up to here,
C for the Coast Guards who dwell so near,
O for off-campus so far away,
L for the Libe-place for work and not play.
F for New London and the old Sub Base.
E for the eggs that gave breakfast its place;
G for Groton and the Griswold Hotel—
E for the echo of the 8 A. M. bell.

Mr. Kinsey has the quinses.
Here’s more power to Mr. Buie.
Dr. Lawrence likes to snore.
Dr. Dagblan rides a stallian.
Daddy Doyle makes us toll.
You should be held by Mr. Weld.
Dr. Erb is superbe.
Dr. Leib can’t make things jibe.
Dr. Morris sings in a chorus.
Dr. Curt’s thinks we’re nerts.

I for my hope that the rest won’t be worse.

ONE CAKE OF BEER
FOR THE 4 OF US!
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Here’s Hoping Room Drawing
We Just Couldn’t Say Good-bye
Seniors
Let’s Have Another Cup of Coffee
C.C.’s Beer Embargo
I’ve Got Rhythm
Bosworth
Try A Little Tenderness
Holmes and Thames
Wells (a) the English Department
Is Hall right; in fact it’s OK (es) a say and everybody Noyes it.

Miss Brett can’t win a bet. Miss Noyes breaks kids’ toys. Miss Martin is a Spartan. Miss Wentzel chews her pencil. Miss King will not sing. Miss Shover is a rover. Miss massey kills things fuzzy. Miss Hier plays a lyre.

BEER!?

BEER! - !

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Mr. Rogers
Rain
Any College dance
Speak Easily
Dean Nye
Quiet Hours
Too Busy To Work
After Spring Vacation
Destination Unknown
Seniors
What—No Beer
Connecticut College
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So This Is Africa
Sun Bathers
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