DO'S FOR MEN ATTENDING THE JUNIOR PROM.

Be sure to wear a uniform.

Ride in a parlor car.

Since New London is such a hilltown, you might do well to bring a cane.

Forget your umbrella; it couldn't rain. (Better bring a rubber in case it should.)

When you are with your hostess, keep your eyes glued to the floor. No "Right dress" business allowed. All rights reserved.

But in case you have occasion to make up quarrels, come prepared with nips or ten boxes of candy.

Remember that the reception room is never limited to two persons, even though it may seem innocently empty.

Count the gymnasium stairs when you ascend so that you will not overlook a few when you come down again.

Rave about the orchestra and the decorations.

Eat all that is set before you, and anything else within reach.

Remember to bring your cigarette and diary.

Remember to forget this advice.

Come again when —

ANN F. HASTINGS, '22.

THREE TIMES AND OUT

Scene I. Time, January 1

"Hello, Marge," said Dot, as she flopped down on Marge's dainty cushions. "Gee, isn't it great that we are to have a Junior Prom—the first C. C. Junior Prom? Well, I hate preambles — as Polonius says: Therefore I will be brief. Have you asked your man to the Prom yet?"

"Why, of course not," said Dot, "it's only January first. You don't mean to tell me that you've asked a knight yet?"

"Sorry, just gave away the last one!"

"Well, for heaven's sake, give me a five-minute period of conversation at the tournament."

Junior—"Now you're talking. I have one left!"

MILDRED PROVOST '19.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Scene—Supper time, exactly one second after dance cards were supposed to be started.

Junior—"How about a dance at the Prom?"

Senior—"Nothing doing!"

Junior—"Well, one for Friday afternoon will do."

Senior—"Sorry, just gave away the last one!"

Junior—"Surely, surely Friday night."

Senior—"Full up."

Junior—"Well, for heaven's sake, give me a five-minute period of conversation at the tournament."

Senior—"Now you're talking. I have one left!"

MILDRED PROVOST '19.

FLAMING DEVICES

Scene—Terra firma at last. Now you're talking. I have one left!"

Junior—"Now you're talking. I have one left!"

MILDRED PROVOST '19.

TEARFUL TELEGRAMS

Tune: "When it's telegram time in Prom week."

May 8. 5 P. M. - "Terra firma at last. Home Tuesday. Is it too late for Prom?"

Susie.

May 8. 5 P. M. - "Glad heaps you're home! Sorry but have asked Cousin George for Prom. Will try to fix it up." Oswald.

May 8. 5 P. M. - "Beastly I'm too late. Must see you soon. Try to fix up Prom. Give Cousin George to room-mate."

Oswald.

May 10. 2 P. M. - "O. K. George with room-mate. Come to Prom." Susie.

May 10. 4 P. M. - "Tears and cords. Quarantine on for two months. Prom cancelled."

Susie.

May 11. 10 A. M. - "Must you see soon. Can't you come home? Never mind Prom."

Oswald.

May 12. 4 P. M. - "Quarantine off. False bug. Prom holds."

Susie.

May 14. 2 A. M. - "Omar and Kant! We are quarantined."

(Continued on page 5, column 3.)

"GIMME" A DANCE?

Yes, we believe in democracy every time—even to the point of Death! Such was the case on the evening of May 7 at the Senior-Junior Rendering, which seemed a very timely occasion for both classes to make out the much-talked of prom— program—and make it out we did.

Here and there in the gym were groups of girls yelling, grabbing each other, and writing madly on anything.

(Continued on page 5, column 3.)
Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

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EDITORIALS
AND SO IT GOES.

Yes, it is true that this is the first Junior Prom, and that the first Senier Class has been invited to join in the celebration. Yes, and that this is the first time any class has invited its "gentleman friends" to spend a whole week-end in New London.

New sensations are always fun, and this is more than fun; it is entirely blissful.

So much so that we are trying in this sheet to tell our friends how much we are enjoying their company, and how glad we are that the war is over. Otherwise we wouldn't have been having a Prom this year any more than we did last. This is a real Victory Prom. In more ways than one.

Oh, yes, we have been dancing right through the war. That is one of the advantages of building a college opposite a Submarine Base, and near a pier where all good fellows eventually land. And all along we have been glad to see the navy invading the gym. for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund. We certainly do appreciate our friends in the navy.

But all the while we were missing our friends in the A. E. F. and in other branches of the service overseas.

Now they have come back to us too.

And now the moon is rising higher,
And nature is all hushed and dumb,
And yet—whence are the sounds of music?

Methinks it's from the gym, they came.

Oh, muse, have you not loved for human nature?

Is it you've forgotten the Junior Dance?

Forswear! But come, you must awaken,
The campus thrills with fond romance!

Ah me, ah me!

E. V. N. '20.

GREETINGS, THEN FAIR GENTLEMEN!

Pray what are these arriving
On horseback or on foot?

These uniforms, these "civil" clothes,
These spruce young chaps, just look!

They're coming from New York State,
They're drifting down from this state,
They're each one looking forward
To dancing with his Jane.

Why are they here? I ask you,
Come here and whistle long.

They're here because they're here, I suppose.
To jostle at the Prom.

The man from home, the locat. from France,
Our heartiest welcome then.
We never have nor never will
Gaze on such comely men.

Our campus is your own—all yours
To stroll on 'neath the stars,
But do not stumble over the rocks
When you to her show Mars.

We have an Island and a Gym.
A shipyard and a view—
That shows you nearly half the Sound,
And every day it's new.

And so again it's, welcome.
We hope you'll like us here
Full well enough to stop again
Some time when you are near!

JOLLY JUNIOR JINGLES.

J is for the Juniors,
U for you and me.
N for new friends and all, I for invites to the ball.
O for our exclamations, R for cut recitations.

P is for the pretty girls, powder puffs and sashes,
R is for a gay romance, and here I leave some dashes---
O is in commoration,
M for men and OY flirtation.

WAY BACK IN THOSE COLLEGE DAYS

(With apologies to)
Oh don't you remember those college days?
C. C. girls and their Jolly ways.
All those bills you sent to your Dad,
Um-um-um but he was mad!
Gee, but it took a lot of dough
To bring to the Prom your very best beau.
To Jazz a bit
And make a hit
Way back in those college days.
Oh don't you remember the night of the Prom.
You were so proud on his right arm.
Gee, but he looked good to you!
Um-um-um but his eyes were blue!
Thirty-four dances out of thirty-five,
Gee, but you were glad you're alive.
Time went so fast
Why couldn't it last?
Way back in those college days.

SHAKESPEARE'S ADVICE TO THE JUNIOR

Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy,
Thy roommates' closest furnish, thy yielding friends let's go.
For their apparel, on another girl, doth often shine more bright,
And when thou dost eat, ah! the glass of fashion and the mold of form.
The observed of all observers, on the arm
Of courtier, soldier, scholar, of thy man in brief.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
Give every man thine ear, but none thy choice;
Take each man's compliments, but keep thy judgment.
Farewell, my blessing season thee in this!

DEAN NYE.

CAMPUS CHAT

"Oh my dear, do tell me how to make out my program. Thirty-five dances? Why it makes me tired to look at them. How many must I save for my man? Fifteen? Why, I don't want as many as that with him. I'll save ten. You're saved! Yes, and you saved! Well, I'll save twelve then. Oh, you're going to have a couple with your man at the end so when you get tired you can sit them out with him? Well, I'm not. Why, I'll be dead before the evening is over. Thirty-five dances! Edythe is resting up now so she won't get too tired. Of course the Prom isn't until next week-end, but you never can get too much rest. Oh dear, I don't see why they're having thirty-five dances. If I liked a man well enough to dance thirty-five dances with him, you bet I wouldn't bring him here. I'd stay home with him!"
SOME LETTERS FLOATING TO AND FROM CAMPUS IN PROM. TIME

To a friend of the family:

...Music

umbrellas repaired and recovered

Some letters floating to and from campus in prom. time

To a friend of the family:

But to the point of this long preamble. The Juniors are giving a so-called Prom, and Mother thought you might like to be cocooned to come.

Of course the entire affair may not be worth your taking the long trip up from Baybrook, for our doings up here are rather uncertain up to the last moment, and subject to change without notice.

However, do as you like, and wire directly, as I have somebody else in view.

Dear Brother:

No doubt the time has come for me to reiterate my promise that if you took me to your prom, I would take you to mine. You were a peach about it, and I hope you will have an equally good time up here. It won't be bad, as the girls have been corning about signing up for dances, and I only have the few with you I couldn't get rid of. Hope you will like the array!

Don't forget to bring up all those things I enumerated at Easter time because you will need them. By the way, on your way up you might stop off at Tappe's and treat me to a sport hat, or, if you prefer, the supper dance and the maypole dance if I arbitrate a bit.

Such was the combustibility of this maddened throng that the first thing we knew programmes for Friday night were started, in order to get dances with people you had missed out on for Saturday.

But it was soon over—or so we thought—and Peanut Keefe had started us on a grand march for some ice cream which gave us all a chance to breathe again and enjoy the party. Why, we even began to notice who was next to us, whose names we had on the scruffy piece of paper in our hands, and wonder if a Cicero trot would give us even a free translation of it—when suddenly the grumbling, yelling, and tearing of hair began. Someone—someone never-to-be-forgiven culprit had had nerve enough to mention the word "program" for the Dances on Friday, and all the other imbeciles followed suit.

The idea of a "get-together" party for programs was very worthy. Yes, even democratic, in a broad sense—but underclassmen, make your advice and dictate some other method. We're alive, but merely saved that you may profit by our "Rendezvous with Death."

Alice Horrax '20.

TEARFUL TELEGRAMS.

(Continued from page 1, column 2.)

They could get hold of from the flyleaf of Wordsworth to a shoe box.

"How many dances did you say you were giving your man? Fifteen?"

Possibly she thought that before the fight began, but they soon began to fade away. The next thing she heard was, "Well, I'm going to have five dances with Jim the whole weekend, or, 'I have the first dance with Jack, and maybe the supper dance if I arbitrate a bit."

You wonder where they got their skill, and if they're having lots of fun.

Senior, much excited, fumbles around in hand, produces a paper—"Oh, here it is—my goodness, I've brought my exam. schedule for finals!"

NOT REALLY!

Junior—"Did you know that they were going to fence the campus in before the Prom?"

Freshman—"No! For goodness sake, why?"

Junior—"Because the trees are falling."

You don't say!

There are handsome men. And homely men. And men both fat and tall. And oh, ye gods, deliver us from the man who is too small!

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

Senior at lunch, unexpectedly—"Say, did you know that Polonius shinned?"

Junior, surprised—"’N-no. Where?"

Senior—"Oh, Dr. Wells said to-day that he bounced around on the same spot and didn't get anywhere."

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JAZZ

As couples side-step in and out, and then just turn to right about, you wonder where they got their skill, and if they're having lots of thrill.

AT THE PROM.

Junior, catching hold of the arm of a Senior who is doing the daze for the first time—"You promised this dance to me."

Senior. much excited, fumbles around in hand, produces a paper—"Oh, here it is—my goodness, I've brought my exam. schedule for finals!"

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HANDBOOK FOR JUNIOR PROM.

I. Train service Sunday—
From New London 11:45 a.m.,
12:35, 12:55, 2:57, 5:41, 8:00, 10:33
p. m.
Reach New York 2:19, 5:36, 4:26, 7:10,
8:45, 11:14, 2:20 p. m., Penn Station.
II. Hotels—
Mohican, State Street.
Crocketter House, State Street.
III. Taxi service—
Crocketter House, telephone 147.
Standard, telephone 1624.
IV. Trolley service.
For College—Cars leave Parade in front of Crown Theatre at quarter of the hour until 3:45—7:45 p. m., when they run every half hour.
From College—Leave College station at twenty-five minutes of the hour until 3:35, when they run every half hour until 7:25 p. m.
V. All afternoon and evening festivities held in gymnasium on Friday and Saturday, May 16th and 17th.
VII. Prom. Schedule—
May 16th—
8:00 to 7:00, The Dananset.
7:00 to 8:00, dinner, Thames Hall.
Tables may be secured in advance upon application to Helen Gage, Winthrop, telephone 1858-5.)
8:15 to 10:30, Dramatic Club Play, The Truth, by Clyde Fitch.
10:15 to 1:00, dancing.
VIII. Prom. Schedule—
May 17th—
8:55 to 9:10, Chapel.
10:00 to 11:15, Prom. tournament.
4:00 to 11:30, Prom.
7:00 to 8:00, dinner.

May 18th—
2:00 to 4:00, House Tours.
Blackstone, Plant, Winthrop, North Cottage.
5:00 to 6:00, Vespers.
IX. Men's Smoking Rooms—
No. 6, ground floor, New London Hall.

THREE TIMES AND OUT

(Continued from page 2, column 4.)

that you just can't explain. Then he was so darned proud he didn't call up at Easter, and I wouldn't call him—so I'm dished on the Prom. proposition.

Ed. was another possibility. He made a flying trip to New London yesterday, and I popped the question again. Heavens, it's almost as bad as proposing to a man. Of course, like all naval men, he had a boat. Since this war a boot has been an excuse for everything. Well, he said that he was sailing to-morrow for Italy.

"But," broke in Dot, "he'll surely be back by Prom. time."

"Oh, Dotty, your sense of the third dimension is way off. Better take another Elementary Psych. course. I should say he wouldn't be here by Prom. time—you know Italy is considerably further off than the opposite bank of the Thames. Well, anyway, I'm writing to Walt to-day. He's that Yale friend of mine—the one I told you was a marvellous dancer, and he's just on the box for a chaperone—gee!"

Same Scene, Two Weeks Later

"Dotty, Dotty," called Marge, "I just got a special. Heavens, open it for me. I can't open it myself. I'm too excited."

"But," interrupted Dot, "if he doesn't accept it.

"Oh well, I suppose in that case I'll have to powder my hair and be a chaperone—gee!"

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