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Connecticut College News, Infant Edition: Watch Us Grow

Connecticut College

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Connecticut College News

INFANT EDITION—WATCH US GROW

Error 999

Two Freshmen were on their way from the dining hall when they met a supposed sister Freshman hurrying toward them.

"Is dinner over?" cried the belated one.

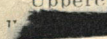
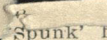
"Oh, no," answered one of the Freshman, "you'll get some if you hurry. Don't be afraid, just walk right in and pretend you've been there all the time. They'll never know you're so late."

"And what do you know!" added the other Freshman, "you'll have CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM!"

"Oh," said the supposed Freshman, "In the Faculty dining room, too?"

Grave Mistakes

After the Service League Reception—gulleless Freshman timidly to upperclassman: "Who was that lady that had charge of the meeting and gave out all the notices?"

Upperclassman, with an  mile: "Why that  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. Upper-
classman.

What \$1.25 Will Buy

A year's subscription to
the "News."

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"Crowning Glory" (?)

* Did not Melisane Jean from her window and let down her golden hair to Pelias? Did not Bess, the landlord's black-eyed daughter, loose her hair in the case-ment 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 upon snaky locks? Last but not least, does not Mary Pickford flaunt her curls that all may see and worship? Is not a woman's hair her "crowning glory?"

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

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!

Embarrassing

Innocent Freshman: "I live at Mosier. Where do you live?"

Promient 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

Don't study when you're happy

Or have something else to do,

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.

Freshmen

I know them by their bashful air,

Their half-shy smile, and high-piled hair,

I know them by their timid looks,

Their Espenshades and History Books;

I know them by their chapel seat,

Their angel robes and clothes so neat.

Oh! the Freshmen are a jolly crew,

And I wish that I were one—don't you?

"Now that I am become a C. C. Freshman I have put away childish things!"