Junior Show Suppressed

STUDES CLASH WITH FACULTY, TENSION HIGH

Vol. XII. Storrs, Conn., Friday, May 7, 1926. No. 24

Six Die In Marine Disaster: Swan Lake Scene of Horror

THE WEATHER

Rising temperature during junior week, followed by cold wave as examinations approach. High pressure in Holcomb Hall area.

MURKY WATERS FOIL EFFORTS OF LIFE CREW


PILOT DENIED BAIL

While scores watched helplessly from the shores and a sharp north wind swept down from the snow-covered hills and churned the dangerous waters of Swan Lake into a veritable fury, six went to their death by drowning yesterday. Captain of the "Bulfinch House" was destroyed. All the bodies have been recovered.

THE DEAD:
A. Cockroach
J. Cockroach
D. Cockroach
H. Cockroach
W. Cockroach
Unidentified Cockroach

NEW MOVE LINKS SISTER COLLEGES

We are authorized to announce that, following the recent meeting here of State executives, a reciprocal agreement has been made between the two leading institutions of the State. Arrangements are under way to provide students at Harvard and M. I. T. Under the new plan a student at Storrs can substitute courses at Westfield and obtain full credit toward a degree. Some very attractive thirty and ninety-day courses are being offered in both institutions. It is expected that some of the H. E. courses here such as Interior Decorating and Design will prove popular among the Westfield students.

The plan marks a departure from conventional educational policies and points Connecticut in first rank among the more liberal states.

Threaten to Attend Formal

is unfit for the public stage and the production in its present form may be withdrawn. There can be no compromise. Our demands must be met in full.

In spite of this determined opposition, however, the Scampus has learned from a reliable source that plans for the junior week activities are going forward normally.

Don't Be Bullheaded

"I spoil the Junior class when I assert that we shall not allow ourselves to be bullied and intimidated," said Sherman Wilcox, Chairman of the Junior Week Activities Committee. "I can give you my positive assurance that all events in the Junior week program will be carried out exactly as announced. On Friday night, May 14, there will be the Pagan Rout in Hawley Armory, starting at 9:00 P. M. and lasting as long as anyone is able to keep his feel. And on Saturday there will be the tea dance.

We are authorized to announce a definite agreement with the social committee on this matter, and while we have to make certain minor changes in the amount of kick in the tea, I am in a position to tell you that our original plans will be carried out virtually unchanged.

"The Pagan Rout," says Wilcox has been called to my attention by Frank Tinney, caretaker of the that he out-Romeoed Romeo and out-valued the young woman was using the sacred stone. "The Dickey Bird" was the vehicle which carried the young woman to the greatest success of the present theatrical season. Critics grudgingly admit that he out-Romeoed Romeo and out-Rudolphed both Valentino and Billipp. The other plays were "Saved" and "Judge Lynch."

As examinations approach. High pressure in Holcomb Hall area.

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How We Got This Way

In a rash moment, the Student editors of THE CAMPUS asked the Faculty to edit one issue of that dignified and scholarly publication. Here it is! It isn't our idea of a College newspaper. Rather, it is a desperate effort to prove that we are not as dull as we seem. We are sometimes accused of being old-fashioned and most persons would rather be dead than behind the times.

We offer apologies to Mr. Hearst for our journalistic pattern.
Page Two

THE CONNECTICUT SCAPMUS

RIVAL ACTORS CLASH

O'HECKEERSON SAVED WHEN EYE-BROW PENCIL STRIKES SOLID GOLD VANIETY CASE

"Assures Success La Petite Theatre Movement," Says William Lyonelfs, Classing Attem pted Suicide as "Greatest Public- Lik Stunt of Age."

Prof. H. A. O'heckerson, actor- manager of "La Petite Theatre," well- known artist who has just returned from the conclusion of a heated conference with his company last night, seized an eye-brow pencil and plunged it into his bosom in a successful attempt at hara-kari. This desperate act fol- lowed the termination of a conference of members of this cooperative com- pany held to reconcile the difference between Senor Rudolfo Billiposo, trau- merian, and "Baby Doll" Dutton, the facile, versatile, and capricious gir- l comedian.  

Wants to Play Juliet  

The affair was the outgrowth of the recent "La Petite Theatre" management to se- cur e the location of the little white church on the Hill to remodel as a playhouse. The plans of the com- pany were discussing plans for financ- ing this popular project when Senor Billiposo, who before this evening was the stage a house painter's assis- tant, interjected a suggestion for carrying out the reconstruction pro- gram.  

Miss Dutton, seeing in Senor Billip- sos action a move to frustrate her scheme, called on him in the rays of the sun. Her blue eyes, filled with tears, were wide and hurt a little at the accident was caused by a faulty 

Willey Goes Mad

Mr. Tincup Willey despairingly seized the box, drew the rouge from his possession, and cast it on the floor, repeating with long-drawn wails: "How can you spend it till you've got it? How can you spend it till you've got it?" Uttering these words, he ran from the dressing room down the alley and into the street.  

Professor O'heckerson, feeling his life's work undone by a moment of greed and jealousy, seized the eye- brow pencil, an adject despised and plunged it into his bosom. Only his scarcity of the general kind, the case, doctors say, saved his life.  

A vast crowd collected around a deserted pole upon which the box fell. At the top of the pole clung a man of ver- 

SPECIAL TO THE SCAPMUS, 12:00 P. M.  

O'heckerson, actor-manager of La Petite Theatre, last night entered an eye-brow pencil into his bosom in a successful attempt at hara-kari, announced to- night that all differences in his cast had been reconciled and that plans have been perfected for financ- ing the removal of the little church on

the Hill to a new site, and for its re- construction, a total of $10,000.  

Special to the Scampus, 12:01 A.

New Haven, Conn. William Lyonelfs died to-day in a silent, suffering temporarily from Dementia Dram- atica.  

Special to the Scampus, New Haven, Conn. William Lyonelfs died to- night that Professor O'heckerson's recent attempt at hara-kari was the latest in the public stunts of the age. He says it absolutely assures the success of Professor O'heckerson's attempt to finance the reconstruc- tion of the little church on the Hill into a modern the-atre.  

DENIES DISRESPECT

(Continued from Page One)

and is in bed every night before dark. When one feels that she would behave unseemly manner charged is prepo- sition.  

"I don't know one from another," said Brand Prof. Brandle, "and so I don't think there was anything in his having gone through the process of in- tantaneous marriage."  

"Well," said, picking up a copy of "Snappy Stories" to indicate that the thing was established, "it's a great way to really improve the scholarship of the library. Professor Hall. I believe that that might con- vert even such hopeless prospects as Mr. Tincup and Makofski into thorough- going research workers.

SIX DIE IN MARINE DISASTER

(Continued from page one)

Various theories as to the cause of the fatal accident were advanced by Capt. Caspar Prim, U. S. Navy, that in his opinion the causation was caused by a faulty

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Dear Miss Barefacts:

I am taking Sophomore Chemistry and am deeply in love. Need I say more? Oh, if you only knew Mr. S. (I dare not use his name) you would know how I feel. He is so noble, in fact my ideal man. But, of course, he doesn’t return my affection. Every lab period is a torture to me. I have even contemplated suicide. Oh, Miss Barefacts, do advise me.

Distractedly,
RUTH

Dear Ruth:

Have you stopped to consider that there are probably twenty others who share your sentiments toward this “noble” young chemist? Every hand that grasps a test tube in the laboratory dons resemble the same emotion which racks your bosom now, Ruth, let your sense of humor come to your rescue. Imagine two “noble” lablings sulphuric acid or jumping off the water tower. When you can laugh at this thought you will be on the way to recovery from this girlish torture.

My Dear Miss Barefacts:

I am desperately in love with a charming coed, but have not the courage to tell her of my affection. If I do not find some means of expression I shall go mad. Last night, at the witching hour of three, I composed this poem. Will you kindly advise me if it is suitable to her?

Mae

When your blue eyes are kind, to me they bring,
A palpitation like the twittering birds of spring—
But when they turn on me a frosty glare,
My world is turned to winter, cold and bare.

Oft-times I see in them a troubled gaze,
Which ‘minds me of a deep autumnal flame—but when I bask in their azure depths
so clear
Ahh! then I know that summer-time is here.

Dear Mae:

Apparently the lady in question would be a great asset to the Weather Bureau. One look into her eyes and we would know when to don our red flannels or put away the old fur coat in moth bin.

Seriously, Mae, writing poetry is not your forte. We advise you to shelve your composition until at least until your mind is a little more mature.

Yours truly,
Beatrice Barefacts.

My Dear Miss Barefacts:

You have helped so many, will you not advise a faculty wife in a domestic crisis? My husband was invited to the Co-ed Formal by a young woman in the community. Since that time he has gone about with an abased air, hardly noticing me at all. I feel sure he intends to return the invitation by inviting her to the Junior Prom. Oh, what shall I do?

Mrs. X.

FORECAST OF SUMMER STYLES

Hair and dresses, like the stock market, either rise or fall. This movement for R. E. 21 is inverted, simultaneous and has been charted by Mr. Hansen.

Long dresses went out of style with the advent of bridge clubs and motor cars. Women no longer are drawn to housekeeping and the floor-sweeping habits of yesteryear have passe. Short skirts are the sign of the emancipated woman.

There is a tendency for skirts to become longer this season. On the other hand—

When bobbed hair fell below the ear, hats were just below the knee, With the King Tut bob, just above the ear, skirts rose just above the knee. The Wethersfield Bob, popular in some sections, is frowned upon at C. A. C. It was originally intended to be worn only with stripes. Should the Wethersfield Bob become popular locally the effect on skirts will be pronounced, but at this writing style dispatches from Holcomb Hall indicate that the longer tendencies in hair and gowns. The forenamed young woman will allow an extra inch and a half of material for her next costume. The skirt can be hemmed up if necessary.

Sincerely yours,
Beatrice Barefacts.

THEIR DAILY RECIPES

C. A. C. Ensemble

A simple meal which will make use of all the leftovers on your pantry shelf.

One slice of Holstein. Add several Murphys. Flavor with Mintz. Then add a Beveridge from our own Case; amount to be governed by taste. (It will probably be improved by adding a little Murphys. To the mixture."

Place in Baker and Cook until it is reduced to a jelly and set it in a Snow to Kahl.

Garnish with any stray nuts you have and your meal is complete. All that remains now is the Service.

DAILY BEAUTY CHAT

Beauty, a young woman’s prime consideration, is in neglect, in most college courses. Laborary work, in fact, is likely to be positively disastrous in effect. The time has come for re-shaping Home Economics courses in line with common sense. Browing particularly, is harmful. It stains the eyes and eyes are a college girl’s chief asset.

Making rains the complexion. Steam opens up the pores of the skin in a way for damage which no number of “facials” can repair.

Botany is one course that may well be retained, with modifications. The study of botany consists in gathering wild flowers in the green fields and pressing them (the flowers—not the fields) in the dictionary. Bending over to pick flowers develops certain body muscles necessary to grace in carriage. However, this should not be overdone. In fact, bending more than twice times in any one class should be absolutely inadvisable. To guard against this, each young woman should be accompanied by a male escort to pluck any flowers in excess of her daily dozen.

Leaving complete that several use of note-books should be avoided, as taking notes tends to make one round-shouldered. The study of English is excellent, providing it does not excite the imagination so as to induce insomnia. Some sensitive temperaments cannot stand the subject matter in our English courses.

It should be said in general that if the personality of any instructor has an unsettling effect, the course should be dropped at once.

French is an eminently suitable subject for young women. It enables one to read the French style books in the original.

There still remains a wealth of material for obtaining a well-rounded education without that sacrifice of beauty which has been so marked in our women’s colleges.

BEAUTY HINTS

By E. P. D.

On this Woman’s page, in this column, I feel that it is my duty to give a word of sound advice, on the much abused subject “Beauty.”

It ought to be each woman’s duty to pay attention to her beauty but most work with natural means and girls must learn this in their teens. If you would have the grace of Eve and strength of Socrates you must leave— and never, never, never take any thing to drink but water. If you can keep this in your skull you always will be beautiful.

Keep yourself clean in every way and brush away your “Teeth” every day—because if you should omit this every time you might come down with “Rheumatism” and, after bashing as you ought each day, if you need it or not, don’t be afraid of showers cold they make you young when you are old. And then when all these chores are done take a bath out in the sun and think of naughty but nice days. My dear, but I know it pays for spending your time you save your face.

(Continued on Page Four)
HINTS FOR FAIR SEX
Continued from page three

Things are not always what they seem, and life isn’t a simple dream—I hope you’ll never lose your sense of humor!: “Would I were dead.” And when it rains, mind the sprinkler if you do it makes a wet mark. Even in the Spring-time don’t allow a single furrow in your brow. Don’t hesitate when duty calls to dishes, books, or classes; be prompt, be original and don’t be like the mass.

At six A.M., you take your—

The only way to get results is to go it alone, and in all probability your brake need adjusting. Four wheel brakes for safety. Wind and Wet are

FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY; car manufacturers can install a locking device which would operate the hand brake, and in the crank of said hand brake, which would eliminate the necessity for the hand brake.

The day started well you may do your all but your vigilance don’t cease. At dinner time, that bounteous meal with longit quite makes you squel—you’re hungry, but alas, of bread, some watermelon, a skin-milk but a glass. Your teeth before you must go through it, for to yourself you owe this solemn duty, you must attain that slim and graceful beauty.

At supper-time you must refrain but, if you feel that gnawing pain a cup of tea, quite clear, with lemon, may be had, of fat you’ll have a quite considerable pad. You may apply a lubricant if you are very thin. If you are fat, at night you harness up your chin. Your cry, what a bore!” My dear it quite eliminates that awful snore.

At six A.M. understand that beauty also must include the hands. The nails are polished to the pinkest tint. And, while you soak your fingers in a bowl do not forget the concert for your soul.

If you are very short or very tall if you are large or very small, don’t fret or stew—your weight or height often does depend upon your point of view.

As soon as the bell announced the noon recess, the Students Union of this college, under the auspices of the Student Council, assembled in the Union Lounge to enjoy the best lunch the present college has ever given its students.

The Students’ Union was formed last fall when the Students’ Senate voted to establish a Students’ Union to take care of the social and cultural needs of the students.

The Union Lounge is located in the basement of the Student Union Building and is equipped with tables, chairs, and a kitchenette.

The Students’ Union has a number of committees, including a Finance Committee, a Program Committee, and a Social Committee.

The Finance Committee is responsible for the financial affairs of the Union and is made up of students elected by the Student Senate.

The Program Committee is responsible for planning and carrying out programs and activities for the students.

The Social Committee is responsible for planning and carrying out social events for the students.

The Union Lounge is open to all students and is a popular place for students to study, socialize, and enjoy a meal.
DOLE'S CHARGES

VICTORIOUS IN
WALKAWAY GAME

PLUVIUS HALTS SLAUGHTER

TRINITY TEAM DEMORALIZED

DOLE'S CHARGES

VICTORIOUS IN
WALKAWAY GAME

PLUVIUS HALTS SLAUGHTER

TRINITY TEAM DEMORALIZED

RHOADES RUNS WILD

IN ANNUAL DUAL MEET

Revenge!

CAPACITY CROWD
DOES CONQUER
CINDERELLS

THE ConnectIcUt SCAMpUS

The Daily Scampus
Sporting Page

Page Five

The frequenters of McCurdy's A. C. had a rare treat last Wednesday night when Billie Jennings of the Dynamite Dan Patch in the third

The sky was a dark, dense, grey. Few light shadows flitted across the surface of the water. A gentle breeze wafted the scents of spring across the landscape, and the little breeze itself was enough for them to gather the downy milkweed seeds to line their cozy nests. The bees, fresh from their endless Mists of Winter, were seeking out the earliest blossoms and basking in the earliest весна.

A field lay in the gentle rays of the afternoon sun—broad, level, and covered with vibrant green grass. It was a long, oval field, bounded by a thick hedge, almost like the seating for an outdoor theatre. It faced across the river toward New York. The stand was crowded with beautifully dressed young damsels. Girls in blue. Girls in red. Girls in pink, orange, and green, and French nude. Girls in every color of the rainbow, and many others. Sprinkled among them, as always, was a vast assortment of men—even more colorful in their dress, if possible, than their consorts.

The intent and careful observer, however, would have noticed that the happy, carefree, unusual spirit of interest and of intense excitement which pervaded the crowd, as well as the air.

Attention seemed fixed on some vital, very important problem. Conversation among the members of the group was all but absent. Occasionally the group as a whole would break into hoots and hollers. Three members of the group would lift themselves from the ropes and go straightaway heavenward. The battler

Time

A. W. M.

The baseball contest between the Connecticut Agricultural College and Trinity College on the twenty-eighth of April, 1926, was well received by the somewhat less than capacity audience on hand. The game was characterized by a lack of unseasonable haste and a dignity that threatened at times to become ponderous.

The pitcher for Connecticut was Mr. William's a. A. M.

Mr. Oscar Nanefeld, formerly a large figure in the packaging industry of New Haven, graced the first of the three bases. Mr. William's a. A. M.

He was declared out by the umpire. Mr. Bond batted the ball to Mr. Eddy who, while at first, Mr. Nanefeld knocked the ball right at Mr. Schofield, the latter attempted to retrieve and leap into the air at the same time in order to catch it. His jump was unsuccessfull and no one benefited from the necessity of his seconds. Four-teen seconds later Seckerson appeared in the ring and walked heavily down the aisle. He slipped as he clambered into the square circle, dashing away some blood and hinting at some quickness in the ring, disregarding the profuse assistance of his seconds. Fourteen seconds later Seckerson appeared in the ring and walked heavily down the aisle. He slipped as he clambered into the square circle, dashing away some blood and hinting at some quickness later in the contest. The Battling Kid circled the ropes, Seckerson seemed to be sitting up his opponent, while Dan was endeavoring to get a start on him from getting dizzy from his gyrations. The two blows were practically simultaneous, and both participants were floored. The referee consulted his rule book, as he could not decide on whom he was to start counting, but before he made his decision the bell saved them both from a double knockout.

ROUND'S Fash the Green House Press carried the fight to his light-er opponent from the bell. Closing in quickly he delivered a murderous rab-bit punch which turned the light-weight boxer completely around several times, and as the latter was spinning Dynamite Dan started a left hook to the chin. He might have been on the speed of revolution and the blow landed but for the quickness of his opponent. The Battling Kid tripped on his feet and fell into a sitting position. They were quickly separated, and Seckerson, still swaying dizzyly, was on the point of falling against the bell range.

DOUG T. THREE. Again Patch was on the aggressive. The battler from Faculty Row was wary, and watched the ropes. He foot-work saved him time after time from the discouraging advances of his opponent, of his weight. The crowd was becoming un-calling for action, but Dynamite Dan could not seem to close with his opponent. Fortunately for everybody, the rain which had been threatening all the afternoon became a downpour in the latter part of the sixth inning. With the curtain of rain falling down the umpire terminated the game.

The box score will be found in any standard reference book.
THE CONNECTICUT SCAMPUS


SIGNS OF SPRING
MUCH IN EVIDENCE

Life at Storrs
Perfect Except For
Dull Classroom Lectures

“Ain’t Nature beautiful!” This quantity original exclamation is heard almost every day in Storrs, now that May seems determined to linger no longer in the lap of winter.

Already, the grass is springing up, lured forth by warm days and gentle rain. How welcome is the grass! It is the first green thing we have seen since the class of ’29 registered last fall.

With the coming of spring, Storrs’ famous chain of lakes has been opened to navigation. From the distant line of the Fenton come some astounding stories of trout bagged by the piscatorial experts of Storrs. It is claimed that the students catch the most fish but the faculty certainly has the edge on fish stories.

Buds are in evidence about the campus and out at the orchards. In fact about the only thing in Storrs that has ceased to bud is genius. There is the usual crop of society buds at Holcomb Hall which we hope will escape the usual frost before the time of Junior Prom when the none too practical faculty will be required to furnish their own barrels next fall. This departure from the usual generous policy of the department is occasioning much adverse comment.

Gayer’s classes in aesthetic dancing are making great progress, the dew covered carpet of the Campus lawns providing a pleasant contrast to the frosted surface on which they have been practicing all winter.

The only fly in the ointment as you might say is the fact that some professors still insist on holding classes. Classroom lectures show little if any influences of the vernal season and are practically as dry as they were last January.

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SUNEW VICTORY
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TRIPS TO ALL GAMES

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BOOK REVIEWS

Seydor: Soils and Fertilizers
Not since Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" has anything been written which so strongly as the gripping, realistic tragedy portrayed in this recent best-seller. Here we come face to face with matter in one of its blackest moods, in one of its most absorbing—or shall we say abstract—forms. James Joyce and Theodore Dreiser love dirt and they have portrayed for us the lure and attractiveness of the mire, but it has been left for Seydor to propound the startling thesis that dirt is not only beautiful but is actually necessary to modern civilization! Think of what is implied in this apotheosis of mud, filth and manure, in this justification of the putrescence of the dunghill! It is what we have all been waiting for. It palliates our own playing with pollution, our dilettante dalliance with dirt. It out-moderns the moderns. It is primitive. It sticks. It is nasty. Read it!

Gay: Productive Horse Husbandry
A good yarn, but slightly Victorian in atmosphere. The plot jogs along a little slowly for our modern taste, but near the end of the tale (or, as the author quaintly spells it, "tail") you will get kick enough to satisfy the most sophisticated. As the title implies, the love interest centers in the male element in conjugality rather than (as is more usual) in the female. But after all, why shouldn't it? Doesn't even Shakespeare say "There's husbandry in heaven?" We believe that romance has never been regarded as a solely female attribute. Heart-hungry husbands of the world, unite!

Sinnott and Dunn: Principles of Genetics
We do not approve of this book. Even the fact that it has been excluded from the mails does not make it worth reading. It is thinner on plot and thicker on propaganda than Wells in his most Olympian moods. To be frank, it is over-sexed. Why should we call attention so continuously and so shamelessly to the mysteries of reproduction? As Heine (or was it Goethe) has so beautifully put it, "Hunger and love make the world go 'round." For our part, we are content to let them do it, and not to throw any eugenic monkey-wrenches into the machinery. How tame and sophist have romances been when the climax of a courtship is the issuance to the loving couple of a certificate of eugenic respectability on their ancestry and when, as they rush into each others' arms, all they can find to say are the concluding words of the hero and heroine in this book, "So's YOUR old man!"

Holmes: General Chemistry
Holmes is one of the best of our younger poets of the ultra-modern school and between the covers of his latest little book lies some of his most successful work. We who are intellectually emancipated have rejoiced to see up-to-date versifiers boldly abandon the outworn forms and rhythm of Keats and Tennyson and experiment with VERS LIBRE in its many and fascinating varieties. Gertrude Stein has been recognized for some time as the boldest of these pioneers but we feel that she must now yield to Holmes and his molecular school of verse. Stein uses words divorced from their meaning. Holmes goes her one better by replacing words with symbols. His syntax is remarkable. He senses the electronic vibrations of the universe.
Here's a Chance to win a fortune.

Simply fill out this puzzle correctly and then try to collect your $50,000!

It is really quite simple—all but the collection.

ACROSS
1. Most any system today.  
4. Our local metropolis.  
7. When the sun and moon come from.  
12. What your girl's old man gives you when he kicks you out.  
13. The longest form of wit.  
15. We have none of these.  
16. R. The front of a house.  
18. What most of us buy stuff on.  
23. The best part of a fish.  
28. B. Complete insolence.  
29. The action you take regardless of your condition.  
34. When the coal and nuts come from.  
37. What the scissors say when they cut you.  
38. You hav none of these.  
39. What you promise to love your girl for.  
40. What the co-ed does this.  
41. Our local Dalmatian.  
42. A co-ed's knees.  
43. When he kicks you out.  
44. The best part of the year.  
45. Simply fill out this puzzle correctly.

VERTICAL
1. This, plus 6 verticals, something you like to walk home with after the movies.  
2. Two thirds of one.  
3. What the department of music must also contribute.  
6. The hot half of 1 vertical.  
10. There is.  
11. We have always felt that the Department of Physical Education may cooperate with the female members of the student body to help them in the winning of a hus- band. Mr. Guyer explained his plan to a representative of The Campus yesterday as follows: “I have always felt that the Department of Physical Education should seek to make itself useful to every student by matriculates at C. A. C. regardless of color, sex, or previous condition of servitude. It has seemed to me that too much emphasis has been placed on the problems of the men students, and not enough on those of our fair co-eds. I have been working on a plan to incorporate physical exercise, interesting pastime, and worthwhile results into one class for the girls. It has been a serious problem. However, I early decided that the most important problem facing co-ed students is that of securing a living, and the easiest way for most of them to do this is to capture a man to earn it for them. My observations of co-ed life have convinced me that this is the primary purpose of most of our female students in choosing a co-educational college.”

20. Where the coal and nuts come from.

DAYS
THURS., FRI. AND SAT.
B. F. KEITH VAUDEVILLE—5 ACTS
HAROLD LLOYD IN “FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE!”

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW AT THE CAPITOL

COMING!!!
ON FRIDAY, MAY 16th
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Unless British Strike Intervenes, Commencement at Storrs Will Be Held On June 12.

Commencement plans are rapidly maturing. Confidential information from the Secretary's office indicates that the Faculty intends to grade as many as possible of this year's Senior class so as not to be bothered with them next year.

Among the sixty, more or less, who will receive diplomas on June 12 are a goodly share of what is popularly known as "the sweet girl and sweet boy" group. It is rumored that some of them will also qualify as "Buisness Men".

June is the month when green things are at their best, and is very appropriately chosen for commencements and weddings.

The Commencement Address is to be delivered Saturday morning, June 12, by Dr. James Gordon Gilkey of Springfield, Mass. There will be a ball game in the afternoon between the well known Aggies and the submarine Base at New London and the day will close with the annual Alumni Dance.

Commencement Week begins Sunday, June 6, with the Baccalaureate Sermon. No announcement has been made of the speaker for this occasion but it is known that the managing editor of The Storrsman has offered his services. The Community House will be dedicated Sunday afternoon.

The President's Reception to the graduating class and Seniors will be held Thursday, June 10. Friday, June 11, is Class Day. The new dormitory for men will be dedicated on that day and the baseball team from Massachusetts Agricultural College will be offered for sacrifice on the altar of Class Day.

It is understood that the annual custom of decorating members of the graduating class with sheepskins will be observed this year. Some persons profess to see an ironic touch in this custom and point out that a sheepskin is only a symbol of what the cold, hard world holds in store for the sweet girl and sweet boy graduates. However, we haven't heard of any sheepskins being refused.

C.A.C. CLOSES MAY 11 For One Day

It is understood that at a recent meeting of the Faculty a general strike of professors, assistant professors, instructors and all members of the teaching staff was declared effective May 11.

Up to the time of going to press, all efforts of the student body to get the Faculty to rescind this action had proved futile. The Student Senate in an all-night session with the Faculty Committee on Social Activities attempted to work out a plan of investigation but their efforts were scorned.

Barred from the classrooms, the students expect to turn their attention to the athletic field. The work of grading the new field started last year will be completed. The money in charge consists of Lewis, Morland, Makofski, and Moore. At the conclusion of the competition May 12, a day will be set apart for a meet, which will be advertised by the Record, the daily newspaper of the institution.

The Tripod, student newspaper at Trinity College, complains that Trinity gets the "ham" athletes that the other colleges have picked over and seriously recommends that intercollegiate athletics be abandoned by the institution. "Cheer, Trinity! You might try Harvard."

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2:30 P. M. 3:30 P. M.
5:00 P. M. 6:15 P. M.
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WE ARE LOOKING FOR BUSINESS

By RADIO DAN

It was rapidly growing dark and all the little chicks were gathered about Mama and Papa Henny. "Tell us a bedtime story, Papa Henny," said one little chick. "Yes, Papa Henny," other, "tell us about the wildfires, the retterniches of the outer universe." Papa Henny looked at Mama Henny: Mama Henny smiled her indulgent and nodding amusement. "All right, little chicks," said Papa Henny, "gather close to me and listen, for all the little chicks clapped their hands in glee, and moved near as they could to Papa Henny, because you know, boys and girls, they did not wish to lose one word of what Papa Henny began:

"Once upon a time (course you kiddies know these things always happen once upon a time). Well, once upon a time there lived in the land of Leo Storhust a great hunter called Long Lee. Every night of the week he would travel, and at his very next journey he was traveling in strange lands to kill ferocious beasts.

"One day when Long Lee was trailing a klickleiser he became lost in a vast desert. Tired and worn, he was struggling around the edge of a massive iceberg; he stepped around a project-ing wall, and suddenly a huge retternich leaped up in front of him, and let out such a tremendous vibration cracked the top of the iceberg, sending a shower of ice chunks tumbling to the base.

"Long Lee saw the huge retternich gather his muscles for a spring at him, but just as the beast was about to spring a great ice cake fell between him and the ugly monster, saving Lee and the ugly monster, saving Lee and the ugly monster, saving Lee and the ugly monster.

"The brief respite gave Long Lee time to examine his gun. To his horror, he found that he had shot only powder, but that his bullets were lost. He looked up and saw the great jaws of the huge animal move toward him around the edge of the ice cake. It was a terrible moment. No bullets! What could he do? Beads of perspiration gathered on his brow as he fell toward the ground the intense cold caused them to freeze in midair and they fell upon the ground in little ice pellets. Long Lee watched the approach of the retternich, its great jaws gaping and displaying fangs.

"With sudden inspiration Lee stopped, gathered up the frozen pellets, rammed them into his gun, and took careful aim at the retternich as it reared to strike the heat of the explosion melted the pellets, and they poured forth from the muzzle in a stream of water, but again the intense cold caused the stream to freeze in midair and the bullet pierced the animal's head. The heat of the beast melted the ice and the poor retternich died of water on the brain.

"And now, little kiddies, if you will come closer, I shall tell you a story about Sammy Cotton Tail, or the Indian with Two Names. If you are good little kiddies this week..."