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Hollins Columns (1940 Dec 5)

Hollins College

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My Reverie When I Thought It About You

"Huh? Oh, my date's here! Thanks. Hey, Brunhilde, get out from under that fur coat—I'm wearing it. So long, see you at the Tea Dance..." "Hello, Mr. George, I'm so glad you could come!" God, he's worse than I remembered. "You ready to go to the Tea Dance? Well, let's be off." "So we decorated the gym; isn't it charming? It's the theme of the universe. What universe? What do you think is over at the other end of the sucker play suit, the little angel? Thank you, sister, you brought it on yourself. But going in night..." "You're sure, aren't you, mom?" "Not to mention my feet which ache..." "My, how he's worse than I remembered. Georgie, love..." "I'll go up, Georgie. I've got such a head..."

DANCE IN THE DARK

The Nearness of You

And so you've stuck with your date. You've talked about everything you've ever heard from of your grandmother's heart trouble to the library clock. Your roommate is over at the other end of the gym and she probably wouldn't break it if she were beside you. Well, ain't you, sister, you brought it on yourself. But oh my feet...
The One I Love or The Wrench of '97

With the noble male from Harvard and Yale, from Podunk, Virginia, invading our lovely campus (how could it be any different with our most princely of spotlights?) to give the gals a minor thrill (we must keep our Hollins girls happy, special vacationing could be a way to warm all girls to beware of boredom as well as the smiling villain residing behind that cute campus dormitory (beginning his tenth consecutive Hollins prom.) Typical types reign from the mid-morning to mid-morn., Class 506s to clothed men, Type 42. Type 42 is especially sensitive to "man-couple"-ing and always "can do" be discontinued with a single refrain from the Hollins watchmats of the night, whereas Classification in the "community indifference" he is committing.

The little, other type constitutes the first group of this categorical outline. Here is the bright-eyed, pygmy-faced big-eyed little man who is completely -thrilled (heaven knows why—do we all have the Hollins prom? Between beating out the time with his two little hands and snapping all ten of his little fingers, he leaves his two little round, and wonder, run over the be-stuffed gym and all the be-stuffed girls. All is a big thrill. He has seen before (and probably again hope never again) attended a prom at a girls' school. All the women just read, speak and beauty leave him in wonder, rupture and amusement.

The "I've just coming-from-the-campus prom now-coming-from-the-Hollins-prom" type is a man to beware. You can tell him by his background, or by the way he trek shoes before you see the gleam in his eye. From his mammoth height, which is probably stare, two weeks before this prom) he looks down at the little Freshman, utterly impressed by his tale, but it's just been a running, for the last ten years, a trifle obtuse), and his state physique (he got it in ten easy lessons) and says, "Oh, duh, how could I have escaped all you these?" (after all, she's been around here long enough.

The I-love-my-date-so-much type is also pretty much of a bore. After all, who's the future of the state? And also have we do come to the prom, certainly not for the fun of it? (on second thoughts, just why do we do the prom, anyway?...) Above all, above being of his possessing soul expression, superficial eye, and his ultimate, I tend to be so full of it. (...)

Not only far breaking him, because his lucky (?) date, thinking him all tied up and (dull), will you leave him still stuck off for new fields to conquer. Nor can we forget the various intellects: he may trick you hiding behind a crew-cut and spalding, but he's a genuine Chavezian. In no time he will impress you with the fact. And then there is of course, your own date who is a type in itself, no one can understand him—not even you.

**FOOLS RUSH IN**

Deep Purple

The Juniors are playing a prom-intrument race. These days, a story on them tells how they almost didn't send any invitations out on account they didn't want the wherobey to the stalls.

There's nothing like a gym to decorate too sad of a feel thing. We've got a pin, a cup of paste, and oh, they're great! We are reminded of the days when a Hollins campus was a long time to have a dump of a pile of dirt in the exact center of Taylor Gymnasium, label the set-up "The Good Earth," call it a day.

**DIrections**

To save to wear an extra slip.

And pull the shades at night.

And have any holes around

Who might be getting tight.

And go down our receiving line.

And speak to teachers, too.

And, please, by all means don't forget

The things we just don't do.

Some of us remember that same class, clitching its $900 savings account right down and pay at a Hollins prom. Regretful to say, that maestro wrote back that he could send a player and six sheets of music. It's a myth!

Maybe it's the Prom that is getting us us, we heard. One other day Popey was seeing ev'rything me into a ballroom. It seems that almost all these movies are just a few final items of information were just what she needed. So she wrote to the company about it. Word came back that the company had no record of such a strike.

**Aryny---** The hot water isn't running. Dick Harrison—Oh, another, the hot water isn't agin't functioning.

Of course, the prom has us all breathless, but this little article is worthy of note. Seems one freshman, desiring to dive well, was greatly concerned over the swindling opportunity to pun. How they that the Seniors did all their work because you see one minute in the library and the next minute they have it. Well, she can just live and learn, we guess.

Daily Thought for the Night; Yes, my darling daughter!