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### Hollins Columns (1942 Dec 4)

Hollins College

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#### Recommended Citation

Hollins College, "Hollins Columns (1942 Dec 4)" (1942). *Hollins Student Newspapers*. 192.  
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## Founder's Day Comes to Campus; Shoals of Fish Congregate Here

Ahoy, Matey! It's Flounders' Day at the Hollins Institute for Young Ladies! And if you've been floundering and fishing through the undersea coral reefs of Old Nassau, or peering at Harvard, W. & L., and the like from the mizzenmast, you may be one of the lucky lubbers who has a partner for tonight's hornpipe. Ay, it's rough water fishing for suckers, but, by the great horned moon, if you've dropped him a line and he's swallowed the bait, you've hooked yourself a man, and you'd better not troll for other fish in the sea. Some may talk about the "one that got away," so, even if he's a shrimp, you can thank your lucky stars that you've landed a date. After all, he may turn out to be the sunken treasure type at the Prom. If that be so, you'll have to keep your weather eye open for your neighbors' nets and snares; those other mermaids are just as eager for the catch as you are.

When your date reaches the door of Davey Jones' locker, a frightened look may come upon his visage. Just remember that he probably feels as though he were in a goldfish bowl with all those gleaming eyes upon him, and ease his fear as best you can. When your roommate and a dozen other seawolves come sidling up to him like so many sandcrabs, just keep him well anchored and toss a few sea-shells at them so they'll scuttle away. If they keep coming back to gurgle sweet nothings in his ear, don't get sea-horse about it; just let sleeping dog-fishes lie and go trolling along your own briny way. Who knows, he may not like the aggressive type, anyway! At any rate, remember that you paid quite a few sand dollars to get into this school of fish and it's up to you to get your money's worth. So, avast, you peregrinating porpoise, wriggle your tail, blow a few happy bubbles, and go into your routine. Shiver my timbers! This is a great day!

And after it's all over, you fin your sad and salty way to your own hard shoal, where you cry chowder and chowder over the fact that the hornpipe's over. Warily you take your shining scales off, flipper into your hammock and weep brinily, "The end of a beautiful swim. . ."

## Whale! Whale! The Gang's All Here! What the Hook Do We Care!

The scene is laid at Hollins College immediately following the Great Flood of Carvin Creek. A wave of excitement has dunked the place and the whole damp school is nursing swimming heads, floating ribs, water on the knee, and bad areas. In other words, confusion rains.

The characters are several heels, a shrimp or two, a sea wolf, Ida, the Wayward Sturgeon, and one weakfish swimming backwards. Every one but him is looking forward to a whale of a good time.

Slime flows on. Enter a weakfish, swimming backwards. We fin Ida, the Wayward Sturgeon, being accosted by a sea wolf.

Sea Wolf: Grrrrr acki-sacki.

Ida: You cod, sir! My mama told me never to speak to fresh fish.

A sailfish interrupts them, but they don't want any.

Sea Wolf: Oh, come on, baby, halibut a bate tonight?

She falls for him, hook, line and sinker.

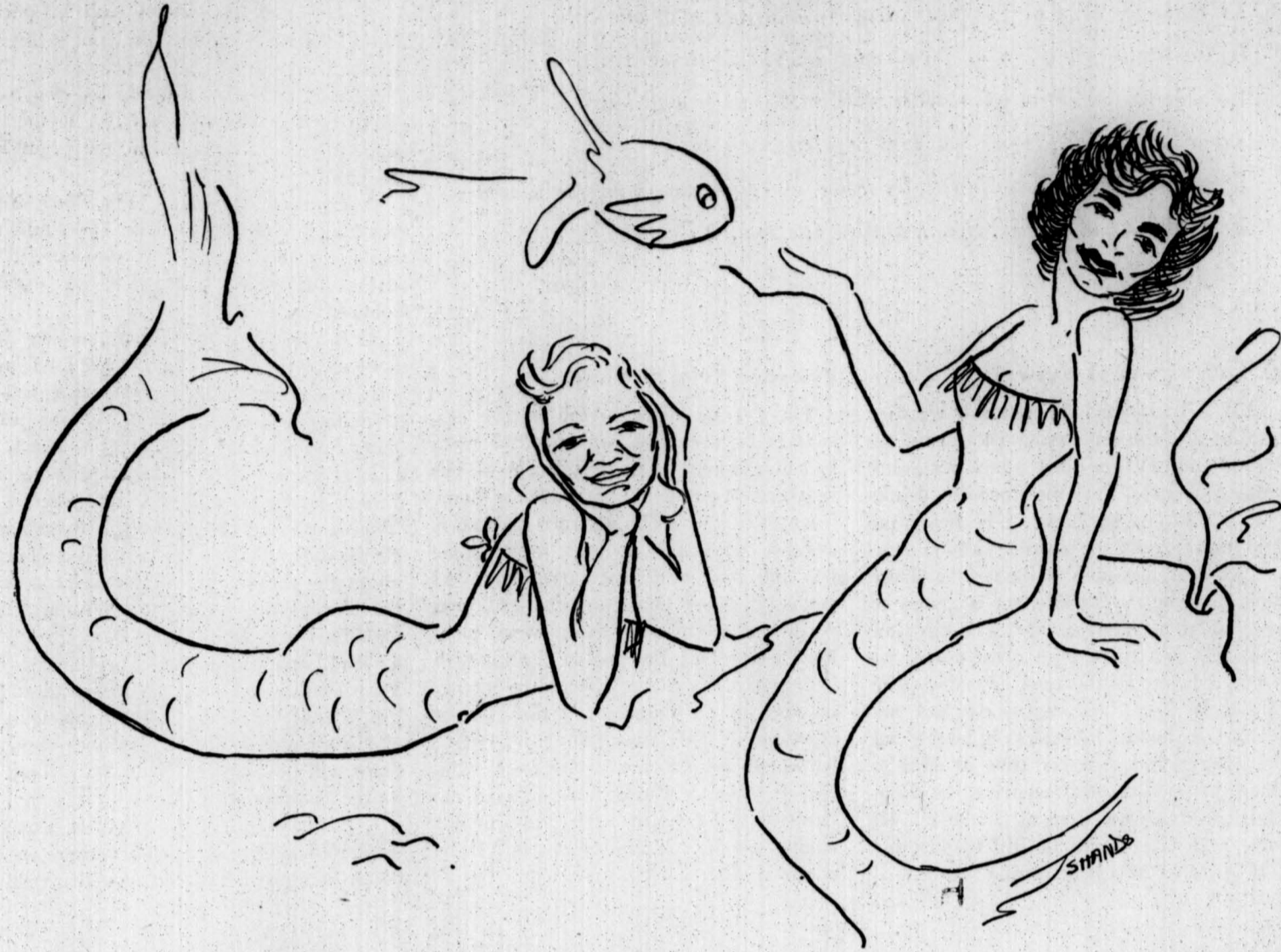
Ida: Well, let's seaweed have oceans of fun at the JUNIOR PROM.

Sea Wolf: Good. I'll come early and seafood like something to eat.

Ida: It's a bate!

Sea Wolf (aside): Aha! I've achieved my porpoise.

More water under the bridge. The



## Song of the Sea Nymphs

*Tonight we have a rendezvous  
With Neptune's merry little crew,  
Yes, undersea we will pursue  
Our handsome merman dates.  
Upon the golden strand we'll sway  
And sing a lovely roundelay,  
On curved conch shell horns we'll play  
Till tides come in again.  
When starfish shine, and moonfish beam,  
We'll swim around in endless dream  
Upon the shimmering blue stream  
Of music from afar.*

*To Neptune's Kingdom we will go  
Where anemones and seaweeds grow,  
Where fans of purple coral blow  
And Hollins mermaids swim.  
When Neal and Jane, from the ocean floor,  
Lead the ball to the white sea shore,  
We'll dance to the tune of the ocean's roar,  
And waltz till the stroke of twelve.  
And when it's done, we'll not decline  
To toast the juniors with seafoam wine  
For a wonderful prom we can't outshine  
Or evermore forget.*

BETTY DIXON.

## Minnie Swims with Meny Schools

Minnie-the-Mermaid balanced herself expertly on her tail in front of the mirror and swayed so the light would play on her shining scales. "Oh, Cod," she said, "Ain't I lovely? And Billy-the-Bass is coming clear from Sturgeon U. to take me to the swim. Hot dog-fish! And then Oliver Oyster is coming from Fishburn and Sam Salmon from Whale for my baymates. It sardinely will be fin. Cod almighty!" She slithered to her door. "I guess Billy will be down at the Socean Offish," she said. "I sure hope Gill Gelbach got his name on the flip-list. I shore would hate to go stag. And I hope Billy doesn't wolf on any girl around here. He's got a line that would sink 'er."

She tossed her spare scales over her gill, drew out her seaweed case and filled it with Lucky Strikes. "Well, acuquatics," she bubbled, "be seeing you schooner or freighter."

Down in the aquarium, that had been decorated to look like a gym, Minnie and Billy danced, fin to fin. "One thing I love about you, Billy," said Min, "is your handshake. It's so nice and damp and limp and fishy." She smiled at him wetly.

"Oh, tanks," Billy cried, "I go for you stew. Say, who's that filet over there? And that sole she's burbling at? They look famishlish."

"Oh, them? That's Neal-the-Eel and Joe Seal. And swimming around them are Jane-the-Jellyfish and Clarence Caviar—they are the kingfish of this swim."

"No roe-ing! Do you really marine it? I'll be clammed. They look like Queenfish to me."

"Now, Billy, don't get nautilus with them or I'll get shad. Come on, let's go fisheye the decorations. Salmon Hammel commanded the school that did it. Aren't they simply ducky?"

"Shell, yes," Billy bubbled, "but Salmon tells me they're serving seafood troutside. Shell we go?" He slid his fin beneath hers and they swam to the door. "Want some seafood, Mama," he spouted, tritely.

"Well, I shad say so," Minnie answered. "Get the turtles out of your girdle and get in line. Oh, Cod, chicken and rice and asparagus! C'mon, they'll have some fish food at the C-House. Let's salamander along."

## Splash!

Hudson 'n' Judson are at it again! The self-appointed representative of the Fiscalatorial Convention which will be held here on campus, December 5th, gives a prevue of the aquatics of the Marine ballroom. Playing for all the hep-fishes and alligators will be the V. M. I. Flounders, who are swimming all the way down the James River into Tinker Creek, embarking by subterranean stream to the very tufts of the sea-weed band-stand. The visiting bass and sturgeon will grab hook, line, and sinker just for one swish with those fetching, fascinating, flirtatious, frolicking water nymphs which slowly weave by displaying their lovely, shiny scales, but carefully concealing their treacherous fins. Now, listen, you stags—don't forget your undersea etiquette, for Penelope Porpoise, the Emily Post of Six Hundred Fathoms below, says one must use as the proper method of approach, the phrase, "Hey, lend me your fin for this swim?" So, minnows, one and all, don't let the line drag; hook the first one that sails by, 'cause fish are scarce, too—too many under-sea disturbances, torpedo squids, octomines and subwhale-marines.

In case you've overlooked it, gals, the bait for the dates will be shapes (of the mermaids) with the super crepe drapes. So "Swim, little fish, swim," said the Junior fishes, "swim if you can."

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## 20,000 Legs Under the Sea

Eddie Eel was a slippery Slappa Thigh from the School of Fishes and he had a nice slimey opinion of himself. Smiling smoothly, he tied his tie in a square knot, plastered down his scales with cod liver oil and slurped approvingly at his reflection in the surface of the pool.

Tonight was the night of the big Splash at Oillins, and he had been hooked by a cute little fin named Squirma Squid. Executing his fanciest flip, he swam up to her bowl with a corsage of anemone and seaweed, gave Squirma a wet smack; then they took a running front dive into the center of the swimming pool. Here the frolic was really whipping it up, as they say in the Mediterranean. Trent Trout and his Trumpet were making the water boil, and it had all the air bubbles of a good party, until Squirma towed him over to the Deceiving Line—Deceiving because they all looked like cold fish and turned out to be crabs. He gave them each a nonchalant flap with his white gloved flipper, and kept his good eye out for that hot minnow he'd heard the Flying Fish talking over. But the guys in uniform always get the girl, he thought, although he wished they'd get the worm instead.

Struggling along in Squirma's wake, he waited wrigglingly for some fin to cut in, as it was a girl-break dance. "Aha!" he

polished his scales, a little Salmon in pink net swam up. "Hello, my lovely lobster, how about floating this one out?" he beamed, giving her the fish eye. "How dare you, you piker!" she foamed. "Aw, honey, give me a fisherman's chance to let my line out. My reel is rusty from hiding in a hatchery," he complained. She got green in the gills, blew a large, angry bubble, flapped his face and said, "You Shad!" Frustrated, Eddie tried to grab her, but she took a nose dive and left him there, floundering among the WAVES. "Humph!" he grumbled. "What a bass! She's just a shrimp, anyhow. She didn't understand my porpoise. Then came a Cat and Dogfish fight. It was a whale of a commotion, and he hated to break it up, but he drew his sword and slit their gills. After this exertion, he felt a tidal wave of desire rush over him. It was thirst. An overpowering one. He needed a shot of salt water at the nearest Spa. He hooked the Kingfish, an old drunk from way back down under, who said he knew where there was a bottle of Port. Off they swam, to Davy Jones' locker. The combination was Meridian glub glub glub and with a sigh of relief, Eddie and Kingfish relaxed on a hunk of coral, nicely padded with sponge, and proceeded to forget the minnows and get thoroughly canned.

# Scales 'N' Scallops

The highlight of the fall social season at Neptune's Court will be the formal presentation of his daughter, Miss Minnie-the-Mermaid, one of the outstanding members of this year's caviar group, to the F. F. S. (first families of the sea, to you). Miss Minnie is a graduate of the Virginian Sturgeon School and is an active member of the "magnetic attractions mean Jap distractions club." As her bait Miss Minnie will em Mr. Shad Roe IV, of the "you fish 'em we fry 'em" Roes, the season's best catch.

Miss Minnie's gown will be a tail-fitting blue sprayon scalloped with silver scales. Perched in her waving locks will be a beautiful barnacle. At precisely nine-thirty o'clock, to the tuna Anchors Aweigh, played by the V. M. I. Clammers, Miss Ann Eel Sole will lead the formation swim toward Miss Minnie's coral reef. Immediately following this splashy extravaganza will come the Senior Sharks "no harpoon" dance.

Among those who will swish and swirl beneath the seaweed and dregs of the lower depths this Saturday night will be Miss Starfish Senter, Miss Armin Spray, who will be sculled by Mr. Tom Roe (unfortunately only of the Kingfish Roes), and Miss Gil Finship. Miss Crayfish Courtney, who has swum off to Moby Dick, will be greatly missed at these festivities.

The undercurrent motif of this ball will be seaweed, seaweed, seaweed, and more seaweed, accentuated by fungus, bubbles and snails. A Sharktail party and Aldephasco dinner given by Davy Jones, will be the delightful preliminaries.

## THE TIME HAS COME

The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things,  
Of men in khaki uniform, of men with stripes and wings,  
Of men in anything, in checks, or tweeds, or freshman caps,  
We'll speak of those from V. M. I., or Chapel Hill, perhaps,  
To them we send our earnest plea, to them we send our call,  
In Boston brogue, New Jersey nasal, and in Southern drawl,  
To skip exams, to cut that class, to get that week-end leave,  
To go A.W.O.L., to get that last reprieve,  
By some great stocke of luck, by hook, by crook, we hope you'll come,  
To Hollins College, U. S. A., and to our Junior Prom!

BETTY DIXON.

### A Gull's Point of View

AHOY skippers! There's fair weather ahead. We've been herring a lot about the Prom, and now we can see how it's going to be. My date, Pete-the-Porpoise, drinks like a fish (he'd gill me if he heard me say that!), and is usually simply pickereled. He sardinely sails on the dance floor, but he's a snail when it comes to conversation. What a buoy! The last time that ole Son of a Fish clam down, we were dancing to the tuna "Fishing Will Make It Roe," and, when we had finished an haddie intermission, he told me he always had a better time at Hollins than he did at Seaweedbriar, or Randolphin-Macon or even at Shellesly. He may look like Barnacle Bill to you, but I'd be a blue fish if he couldn't come.

### A Buoy's Point of View

There're lot more catfish in the sea, says I; so, even if I don't find the right bait on the line I'm getting, I can still get in the swim and fish around for some more. I hear this Hollins Junior Prom is a good opportunity to hook on to some one and reel in lots of good times. If you're a whale-flower over there, you really get the fish-eye from every mermaid there; but I'm one' of the kingfish in these waters cause I like to tr-out my line on all the minnows. I haven't got anything to crab about, 'cause it'll shore be worth the effort to swim over from Sea P. Aye or Bubble and L. or even Crabtown. I'd be an eel to say I'm not excited about it, 'cause I know it'll be oceans of fun.

# Orders of Bridge

The following rules and regulations are herewith entered in the Hollins log. These rules are in accordance with direct orders from "Davy Jones" Caldwell and "Admiral" Maddrey (the Flying Dutchman). All Hollins mermaids, their dates, and other visiting marine life are to conform or be locked in the brig.

1. *Before the Aquacade*—Keep all port holes closed as protection against high seas and high visibility outside.

2. *The receiving line*—Don't try to swim by this. It may seem like so much bilge to you, but after all, we must humor the crew.

3. *Etiquette in the Aquarium*—No smoking on the dance floor (you might set fire to the seaweed). No "pickereled" dates, no "piked" punch and no hooks allowed!

4. *In the stream*—While flapping it around to the "tuna" the V. M. I. Commanders, there will be no undue tail-treading, scale-scraping, or gaffing of dates by lone sharks (the stagline gals).

5. *What not to do between hornpipes* (that's intermission to you, landlubber)—This is more or less left to the discretion of the individual mermaid. But if reports about the sharks from the armed forces, the Finny-Wahoos and the Washington and Eels are true, then "Davy Jones" Caldwell and his Saturday Night Decency Patrol will be working full steam ahead!

6. *Possibility!!*—In case of blackout, and you never know when one may come, dates will go immediately to Davy Jones' locker (business office).

7. *All hands on deck*—After the Commanders blow the final foghorn, there will be an hour to stroll about front campus.

# Under the Foam

(We realize that in order to preserve the high journalistic quality of this issue this column should be both fishy and funny. So sorry—EDITOR'S NOTE.)

Dotty Stevens, as you no doubt know, came to Hollins on a visit last week-end. Dotty Stevens, as you no doubt know, came to Hollins for business as well as pleasure last year. It was a new experience, therefore, to be able to trip up the steps of Main at two-thirty in the morning. No twelve o'clock curfew, she thought to herself, no rush to sign in, not even any Mr. Caldwell.

"I trust," said a masculine voice directly behind her, "that you are planning to report yourself."

"Ohhhhh," said Dotty, "but Mr. Caldwell—"

The fact that he remained unconvinced does not prove, as is commonly accepted, that you can't win. It merely proves that it is unwise to argue with Mr. Caldwell at two-thirty in the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Maybe she isn't well," commented G. G. "She looks like one of Andre's pictures of herself."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's just that I don't have the change," said Dix. "But I'll pay you as soon as I can."

"Ummmmm," remarked A. Jacobs, sagely.

At this point the door creaked open and Ginger slipped furtively into the room.

"Ohhhhhh," she breathed, "I made it. I crept all the way up the back stairs to avoid that woman who's collecting money for prom tickets."

# Use No Hooks--- String Him a Line!

Aiken, Ike, U. of Virginia, Ann Thorton  
Alphin, Marvin, V. P. I., Virginia Wood  
Anthony, Eland, V. M. I., Jane Henderson  
Barker, James, V. M. I., Elizabeth Hendricks  
Barnes, E. A., Charleston, W. Va., Mary Baker Barnes  
Barnwell, Gordon, V. M. I., Lee Echols  
Baumgarder, Fanning, V. P. I., Pat Neilon  
Beckley, Shiney, Roanoke College, Ann McClean  
Bentley, Hagan, V. P. I., Frances Campbell  
Bolling, Stuart, V. M. I., Anne Ferguson  
Briggs, Carter, Roanoke College, Betty King  
Brier, Wm., U. S. A., Marta Cantwell  
Brand, Cahill, V. M. I., Emmy Read  
Brooks, Charles, W. & L., Martha J. Shands  
Brunner, Layman, Roanoke College, Bernard Berkley  
Buchanan, Walter, Hampden-Sydney, Ruth Bond  
Butler, Joe, V. P. I., Jean Fisher  
Campbell, Archie, V. M. I., M. F. Underhill  
Campbell, Hugh, V. M. I., Barbara Stathers  
Campbell, Jack, W. & L., Anne Biggs  
Casey, John, W. & L., Julie Cooper  
Chapin, Neal, U. S. A., Betty Burgess  
Chisman, Tommy, U. of Virginia, Polly Merritt  
Coleman, Buck, V. M. I., Katherine Barnes  
Cook, Rodney, W. & L., Katherine Rosborough  
Crockett, Henry, W. & L., Julie Henebry  
Cutting, Bob, W. & L., Neka Thomas  
Dorset, Carey, V. M. I., Jean Findlay  
Dudley, Frank, W. & L., Phyllis McHarg  
Dent, Jim, V. P. I., Bonnie Turley  
Donahue, Howard, U. of Maryland, Anne Page  
Drake, Chester, V. M. I., Marguerite Cornwell  
Echols, Charles, V. M. I., Betty Gainey  
Echols, M. P., V. M. I., Margaret Barnwell  
Ellis, Tom, Chapel Hill, Beezie Russell

Findley, Robert.....Haverford.....Julie Arnold  
Fohl, Roy.....W. & L.....Carol Froebel  
Fray, Sam.....U. of Virginia.....Eddie Hobson  
Frierson, Clarence.....W. & L.....Jeanne Gray  
Froebel, Gunner.....Lehigh.....Jean McConoughey  
Funk, Robert.....V. P. I.....Mary Ellsberg  
Funsten, Jim.....V. P. I.....Louise Harriman  
Garniss, George.....V. P. I.....Nancey Elder  
Gentry, Tom.....V. M. I.....Jane Dempsey  
Gibson, Robert.....U. of Virginia.....Margaret Fleming  
Gifford, Bob.....Dartmouth.....Nancy Denison  
Gilbert, Tom.....Chapel Hill.....Armin Cay  
Gills, O. Watts.....V. P. I.....Mary Lydia Lyle  
Givens, Richard.....V. P. I.....Ruth Groves  
Gonzalez, Jack.....W. & L.....Carolyn Wolfe  
Greenlee, Arthur.....V. P. I.....Frances Carver  
Hannafor, Red.....V. P. I.....Louise Buse  
Harter, Bob.....W. & L.....Sally Wakefield  
Harvey, William.....U. S. A.....Adeline Moon  
Holt, Mark.....V. M. I.....Jane Buffet  
Holten, John.....Hampden-Sydney.....Mary Lou Payne  
Hoover, Bob.....U. of Virginia.....Betty Young  
House, Bob.....Washington, D. C.....Graham Gwathmey

Houston, Pat.....V. M. I.....Lee Stuart  
Huntington, Bill.....U. S. A.....Helen Anne Symons  
Irwin, Jim.....V. M. I.....Anne Jacobs  
Isenberg, Stanley.....V. P. I.....Peggy Mayer  
Jackson, E. R.....W. & L.....Peg Roney  
Johnston, Means.....Washington, D. C.....Annie Laurie Rankin  
Jones, Jim.....U. of Virginia.....Nancy McIntosh  
Jones, Preston.....U. of Virginia.....Molly Finn  
Jones, Dave.....W. & L.....Barbara Adams  
Kenna, Lee.....W. & L.....Betty Phillips  
Kennedy, Bob.....V. P. I.....Mary Locke Richenbaker  
Kessing, Bud.....V. M. I.....Caroline House  
King, Bill.....V. P. I.....Janie Schivell  
Lamb, C. T.....Shelbyville, Ind.....Margaret De Prez  
Lanich, Jack.....W. & L.....Jane Senter  
Lane, Bob.....Baltimore, Md.....Betty Gelbach  
Lilley, Jack.....V. P. I.....Jean Champion  
Lawrence, B. J.....Chapel Hill.....Ann Weatherspoon  
Lawrence, Ned.....W. & L.....Ruth Jones  
Magan, Peyton.....V. P. I.....Jeanne Phare  
Matthai, Joe.....Baltimore, Md.....Peg Harris  
McCullock, Hugh.....Duke.....Patty Rentsler  
McDuffie, Edward.....U. S. A.....Laleah Sullivan

Sutro, Fred.....Yale.....Bliss Street  
Sutton, Donny.....Cornell.....Rinky McCurdy  
Tate, Carroll.....V. M. I.....Ann Parker  
Taylor, Walker.....Davidson.....Frances Taylor  
Thompson, Pete.....Lynchburg.....Mayo Moomaw  
Thorton, Gene.....St. John's College.....Etheldral Smith  
Troutman, Jack.....Winston-Salem.....Susan Rountree  
Ulm, Hardy.....U. S. A.....Penny Jones  
Walters, Douglas.....Bluefield College.....Mary McCue  
Wampler, Jack.....V. P. I.....Mary Virginia Campbell  
Webster, W. A.....W. & L.....Ann Baker  
Weeks, Chuck.....W. & L.....Laine Winship  
Woodson, David.....V. P. I.....Nancy Stubbs  
Warren, George.....Concord College.....Agatha Roberts  
White, Ray.....V. P. I.....Betty Cobbs  
White, S. M.....Chapel Hill.....Ann Geoghegan  
White, George.....U. of Virginia.....Kay Allen  
Whitehurst.....Philadelphia.....Kip Milyko  
Williams, Walter.....U. of Richmond.....Ann Bowers  
Williams, Marshall.....U. of Virginia.....Jean Myers  
Winston, Tom.....V. M. I.....Tina Ryland  
Withers, Henry.....U. S. A.....Virginia Lang

