



12-1924

The Colbiana vol. 13 no. 1 (December 1924)

Colby College

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Figure 1





Decker '27

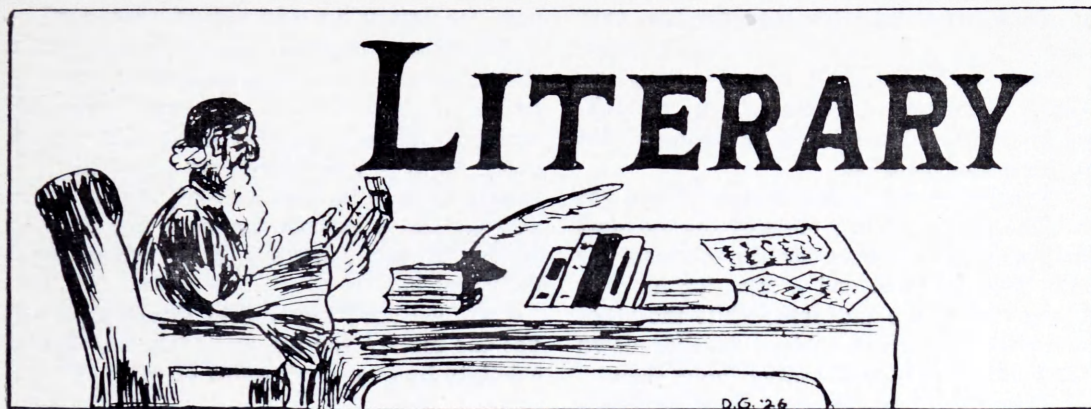
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THE COLBIANA

Volume XII

DECEMBER, 1924

Number 1



“GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN”

Old Hezekiah Tolman settled back comfortably on his nail keg and stroked his scraggly whiskers with meditative fingers. Much urging from his cronies, finally produced the following story,—the one great event of Hezekiah Tolman’s life.

“Wal, boys, this was how it happened. Along back, when I was a heap more sry than I be now, I was splitting wood for Abe Smith up on the Rocky Hill road. Back in them days a guy didn’t get five dollars a day for just living. David was just a little shaver then, ’en couldn’t see nothing to speak of, so we were all the time a-calculating to put by enough cash to take him to Boston to some eye specialist. I was downright discouraged, a-working hard ’en not getting nowhere.

“Wal, all at once I heard a racket. Fellows, there was an automobile! Climbing right plumb up Rocky Hill! Automobiles were mighty scarce back in them times ’en I stood ’en gaped at it. Next thing I knew the blamed thing was a-rearing, ’en a-kicking, ’en back down the hill she started. ’Bout half-way down she side-stepped into the ditch, ’en there she heaved a sigh ’en quit panting. Didn’t take me long to get down to her, now I kin tell you. Wal, sah, we worked half a day to get the cussed thing

out of the ditch ’en up the hill. Now, who do you suppose was a riding in it, besides one of them uniformed shofers, named Jones? Why ’twas the President of the Consolerdated Steel Company! Yes sirresir! ’En everyone remarked on it at the time as him ’en me we looked enough alike to be twins. We did too, if I do say it as should-n’t. ’Twas most gratifying, ’en he give me ten dollars for hoisting the thing out, which meant a heap more to Mary ’en me.

“This guy went away ’en his existence, you might say, slipped my mind. Time dragged by ’en then, on one day when Mary ’en me were particularly blue, there come this Jones from the city. He wanted me! Yes, boys, can you imagine it? He ’lowed as how the President of the Consolerdated Steel Company had sent him ter fetch me back ter the city ’cause I had a likeness ter the President hisself. I’d be paid one thousand ter go ’en do what they asked. A thousand dollars listened mighty good ter me about then. That money would give Davie his chance, ’en I’d take years ter get it for him a-chopping wood.

“There wasn’t much time to consider. I knew Mary wouldn’t let me go if she knew the details. I made out I was off ter work. That president, Andrew Holbridge, was one

square man. He had everything writ down. A lawyer read it ter me 'en I put my name on the paper.

"It seems there was a strike on at the mill 'en some of the workmen were fixing to kill Mr. Holdbridge. He alwus took a ride every afternoon and come home through the park. Now all he asked me ter do was ter take his ride for him that day.

"They rigged me all out 'en away we went. Somehow, I couldn't help a-thinking more about Mary 'en the kids than I did of the grand scenery.

"Everything was calm enough 'till we got into the park. Then a mess of the meanest looking men you ever see surrounded the car. One of them had a gun, 'en he took a long look at me and fired, while the other men cheered. Jones told me to slide down but I didn't need any telling 'bout then.

"They took me to the hospital 'en I

stayed there quite some time. But,—I got well 'en the police got the guilty mill men all arrested, which they couldn't if I hadn't let myself get shot.

"Mary most had a conniption fit when they notified her. Even after she'd read the paper that I'd signed, she said I was worth more than anything else 'en shouldn't have let myself be a president, that day.

"What was in thet paper? Oh, it only stated as how for letting myself be shot I, or my wife, was to receive one thousand dollars. All my hospital bills were to be paid, 'en if I was killed my funeral expenses were to be took care of, 'en my wife was ter git a thousand a year for fifteen years. It was a mighty good trade as I looked at it.

"No, we ain't never told David how we got the money for his eyes 'en we don't calc'late he ever shall know either."

FRIENDSHIP

Whenever you're blue and discouraged
And your troubles seem never to cease,
Just think for a while of your friendships,
For friends bring you comfort and peace.

There are many o'erburdened with troubles,
Never knowing the love of a friend;

They must struggle alone and unheeded,
Cheery messages no one will send.

So cherish these ties of true friendship,
For wherever your pathway may wend,
There's nothing so precious and sacred
As the loyalty of a real friend.

SILVER MOSSES—A LEGEND

Slimly swaying, softly singing
Lullabies o'er silvered mosses,
Birches gleam through misty twilight,
Radiant in their life of Service.

Long ago beneath these birches,
Grew some mosses, simple, kindly,
Drab of hue and unpretentious.
While above, the careless birches,
Heedless of approaching danger,
Gazed upon their mirrored beauty,
Gloried in the clear reflection
Of their outline, slim, symmetric,
Marred not by a single blemish;
Saw not waters darkened, clouded,
Flash with angry light, till darkness,

Eagle-winged, swooped down upon them,
Panic stricken, trembling, huddled,
Buffeted by storm so ruthless
That the tender roots were twisted,
Torn from Mother Earth, protector,
Silver birches, fainting, gasping,
Cried for moisture and for succor.

In the scorching heat of noonday,
Panting, seemingly forsaken,
Stricken, dying—lovely birches
Rued their pride in former splendor;
Rued their vanity and glory.
Then beneath their feet, the mosses,
Ever humble, meek and lowly,
Pitying their friends, the birches,

Sorrowing for their misfortune,
 Crept beside those gasping rootlets
 Just to comfort and console them,
 Never thinking that the moisture
 Given to the moss by nature
 Meant release from pain, new vigor
 And new life to dying birches.

Grateful, unbelieving, humbled,
 Knowing thus the worth of friendship,
 Birches now devote their efforts

To repay the service rendered;
 Share their glory with the mosses,—
 Still so unpretentious, lowly—
 Let their beauty filter downwards
 Till the mosses are ensilvered.
 Slimly swaying, softly singing
 Lullabies o'er silvered mosses,
 Birches gleam through misty twilight,
 Radiant in their life of Service.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

On an evening of the Christmas vacation of nineteen twenty-three, there was assembled in the light of fireplace flames, a group of the Colby family. The circle was composed of Those That Are and Those That Have Been. Conversation centered about Colby incidents. Those That Are, unfamiliar to a certain extent with the traditions of Old Colby, were being initiated into the facts of the past by Those That Have Been. The following paragraphs contain gleanings from their conversation concerning the past history of the Women's Division.

In 1871, a daring and courageous mortal, Mary Caffrey Lowe, entered the precincts of Old Colby and thus blazed the way for the women of the future. As the number of the fair sex increased, need was felt for a women's dormitory as the women students at that time were boarded by private families.

In 1855, the college purchased for the purpose, the former residence of Professor Briggs as a Ladies Hall. It was the oldest house in that section and was originally known as the Shepherd House. Soon after 1850 it changed hands and was occupied by a family named Bodfish. Although it is not known as a haunted house, nevertheless there occurred there the suicide of one of the Bodfish daughters. Due to the absence of the usual vanishing lights, ghostly groans and isolated situation, the story soon lost its terrorizing aspect and has now been almost entirely forgotten. It might be added however, for the benefit of those who may be inclined to doubt this latter statement,

that the groans and shrieks and flickering lights, which are sometimes evidenced about the premises today, are not due to any descendent of the Bodfish family ghost, but to the present occupancy of the house by the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity and the recent installment of a radio. The home however became obnoxious to the Bodfishes, and was inhabited by private families until its purchase by the college. The Oracle of 1866 records the event as follows: "Hitherto they (the women of Colby) have been compelled to board at different places about town. They met only in their class rooms. Occasionally some of them would pass part of the study hours in the sanctimonious atmosphere of the Boardman Missionary room. Here, surrounded by the wretched remnants of the missionary collection, amidst the dusty souvenirs of cannibalism they horsed their Greek and Latin. Thus, much of the pleasure attendant upon college life was lost to them. . . . Although there is no gymnasium, there is no need of one as the ladies take exercise of a much lighter and different sort, such as sewing many yards of ribbon for Sigma Kappa 'beaux.' When this no longer appeals to their intellectual taste, they engage in the more refining pastime of throwing bean bags at a knot hole. They are however falling into the way of college customs as one junior and two sophomore ladies were seen engaged in 'slugging' a freshman."

That the girls of Colby have always had courage and independence, is shown by the following incident. One night, certain gentlemen of the college, braving the

wrath of Miss Emma Sawtelle, the matron in charge of the girls, seized upon that instrument of relief to thirsty plants—the hose, which was curled up invitingly on the lawn. They gleefully dragged it from its resting place and turned its nozzle upward toward the open windows, where the female occupants were peacefully slumbering. The result was a succession of confused dreams, in which gentle summer showers and raging black thunder storms were hopelessly mixed. The climax came with a rush to defend the exposed side of the fort. Fierce was the struggle! That the “weaker” contestants, led by Miss Bakeman, put up a strong defense was notably recorded in the columns of the Police News of '91. In addition to a very elaborate account of the affair, this paper also appeared with a startling picture of the feminine defenders attired in all manners of costumes. Possibly the police force of that day was not as vigorous as it is today, at any rate, it is an actual fact that a detachment of the police, sent up to rescue the enfeebled forces of the masculine sex, were unable to quell the disturbance for a considerable length of time.

Mary Lowe Hall now claims attention. Built by Mr. George Getchell in 1870, it was occupied by the Getchell family and also by that of Dr. Palmer and thus became known as the Palmer House. At that time, Student Government was a thing only to be prophesied by the far-seeing, so that when it was necessary to use this building as a residence hall for students, the girls were placed under the care of Dr. Marquardt and his wife who resided there. The hall was remodelled and named Mary Lowe Hall after the first woman graduate of Colby, Mary Lowe Carver.

At this period of the college, the Messalonskee held a more than usually exalted position in the minds of the co-ords, and its smooth surface was not then a thing debarred to them. Doubtless many of the fair sex received under the mellow rays of the golden moon, the emblematic “frat” pin which would, on the following day, cause Dame Gossip to forget her rheumatism.

To the girls who have passed part of their college career at Dutton House, it is

doubtless dear for the close companionship that it insures. It is the desire of every college student to travel. At one time, Dutton House felt the urge of travelling, and so in 1904, it journeyed from its former position, the site of Foss Hall, to its present location. Dutton House was first owned by President Champlin whose study was on the right hand side as one enters the front door. It was here that the faculty meetings were held and Dr. Julian Taylor attended his first meeting here. At that time, the porch had not been built and the broad stone steps of the home served as a cooling off place on summer evenings.

The house was in turn occupied by Presidents Whitman, Butler, Robins and Pepper and by Mr. Dutton, a Baptist clergyman, prominent as a collector of funds for the college. When the women students, because of the scarcity of room in the other halls, took up their residence with the Dutton family, they found in the family life of the Baptist minister, a genuine and strong influence for good.

Foster House, adjacent to Foss Hall, was for many years the home of the late Prof. John B. Foster, '43. Previous to Prof. Foster's residence, it was occupied by Josiah Drummond, Attorney General of the state. It was in this building that Prof. Julian Taylor took his admission examinations.

That “all's fair in love and war” is exemplified by Prof. Foster, then a widower, who picked as his choice a young lady who was also the object of attention of one of the students. Prof. Foster obtained a school for the young man and then, his rival being removed from the field, he succeeded in winning the object of his choice. It was this same Prof. Foster who, because of his sandy complexion, was called the gentleman with the pink hair.

After the death of Prof. Foster in 1897, the house was occupied by Professor Hedman. Upon the death of Mrs. Foster it was found that provision had been made in her will to allow the college to buy the house for a women's dormitory. This offer was accepted by the trustees and Foster House was purchased in 1921 as a residence hall for women.

At the commencement dinner, June 29, 1904, Mrs. Eliza Foss Dexter announced a

gift of forty thousand dollars to be used in the erection of a new women's dormitory. Work was begun the first of August and on October 6, 1904, the corner stone was laid

with impressive ceremonies. It was opened for students in 1905 and has a capacity for accommodating about seventy-five students.

A PSALM OF THE COLLEGE WOMAN

(With Apologies to King David.)

Rare is the woman who findeth time to do all she is asked at Colby,
 And yet hath a little time left
 To do a bit of studying;
 For her delight is in serving her College,
 And about this service is she preached to day and night;
 For she is informed by all the organizations in College
 That loyalty means giving her time,
 Yet she hath a quiz every morning;
 And whatsoever she refuseth she is sorry,

So studying is not done,
 But resembles her sleep which is crowded in anywhere.
 Therefore studies shall not be bothered with here at College,
 Nor books in the education of the student;
 For the world accepteth the excuse of the ignorant,
 But the way of the Phi Beta Kappa shall perish.

"THESE THREE"

Faith, sublime Faith,
 Thou wondrous maiden with the sweet, firm smile!
 Thou art gentle, yet thou art great and strong;
 Thou can't move mountains, and all the while
 Thou art as sweet and lovely as a mother's song.
 O, thou art great! Still, thou but pavest the way
 For something greater,
 Faith, sublime Faith!

Hope, glorious Hope,
 O beautiful hope of this great world!
 'Tis thou who guidest our Ships of Dreams
 Across Life's sea, and doubt is hurled
 Into oblivion, it seems,

By thee. But yet thou merely pavest the way
 For something greater,
 Hope, glorious Hope!

Love, Love, O Love,
 Thou art the greatest of the great!
 Thou art the wondrous rose that blooms
 In the world's high, flowering garden, and stern Fate
 Is mastered by thy beauty and rare perfume.
 O, thou art great! The greatest of the great.
 There is nothing greater—
 For God is Love!

"And now abideth faith hope, love, these three: but the greatest of these is love."

THE COLBIANA

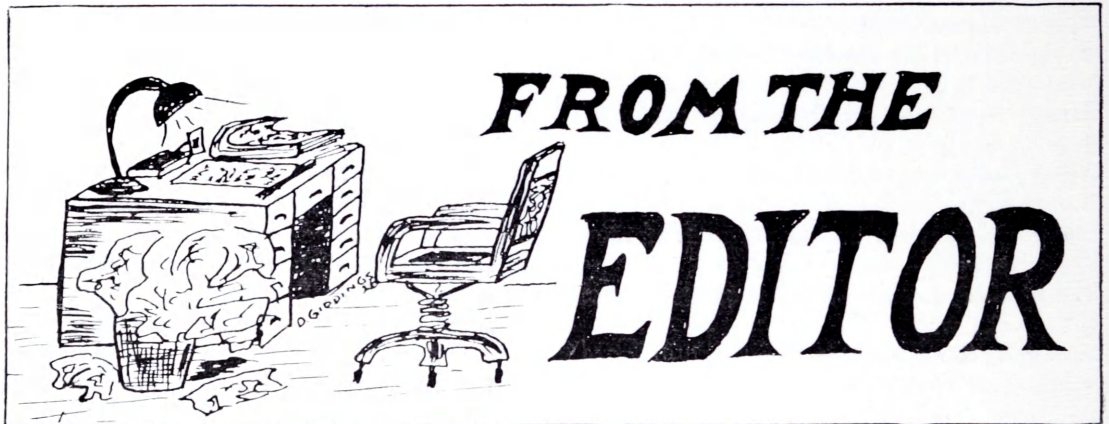
Published three times a year by the Women's Division of Colby College.

Entered as second-class mail matter, December 18, 1914, at the Post Office at Waterville, Me., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editors.



We are going to college! What a thrill those magic words give us when we first hear them. How wonderful we feel! How brilliant the future year seems to us! Then—the joys of getting ready for the glorious undertaking; the many last minute parties; the excitement of packing the new wardrobe trunk. A little tear perhaps when the train pulls out; but our hearts are jumping with joy of the anticipated pleasures and nice things to come. Then the mad rush of the first few days. The many new

friends, the picnics, the movie parties all delight us. But then come the grim studies, the grind, grind, grind to get good rank and the low marks for neglect or careless preparation. It is then we begin to lose sight of how wonderful is our opportunity, of how glorious it is to be able to come to college at all—and the monotonous everyday studies crowd out every thing. But this gets us nowhere—we must ever keep the brightness, not the darkness of our lot, before us. Lessons are no easier if we

dwelling upon their difficulties, instead of the interesting facts to be found in them. Let us pledge ourselves now never to forget that **College is our great opportunity. Remember, Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to build an ark, so don't you lose your grip now.**

Back in 1912 a mass meeting was held of all the members of the Women's Division, at which it was voted to publish a paper whose object should be two-fold: (1) to develop among the girls a greater Colby pride and loyalty and (2) to give to people outside of the college a complete representation of the activities of the Women's Division. The Colbiana has now been appearing regularly, three times a year, for twelve years and has come to take its place among other college traditions.

We believe that the Colbiana has, in the past, supplied a real need among the women students but the question is, does that need any longer exist or has the Colbiana outlived its usefulness? Some think that it has.

The Echo now has on its staff representations from both sides of the campus so that today activities of both men and women are recorded in it. Those of the Women's Division therefore, who read the Colbiana largely for the college items, feel that they are getting merely a useless duplication. But are they? How many of the girls keep the Echo for future reference? Is it not more often tossed aside after reading or mailed to some friend? When college

days are over will they not wish some record of college activities in bound form for ready reference? We may be wrong but, we wonder.

As yet we have said nothing about the literary department of the paper. Has its interest too, been displaced by that of the sketchy, scenario type of writing or the "plastic agery" of the twentieth century?

The object set forth when the paper was established was to discover and encourage literary ability among the women students and to arouse an interest in writing generally. How far this object has been attained is a question. Certainly it is a difficult thing for the editors to obtain a sufficient amount of satisfactory material for publication. Can it be that there is a lesser amount of ability among the student body than there was twelve years ago when the paper was founded? We cannot believe so. It seems out of the question that from two hundred and twenty-five or more girls, there cannot be obtained enough literary material to publish a small paper three times a year. What then can be the trouble? Is it that the girls feel that the paper is an unnecessary adjunct of college life and therefore lack interest to support it? If this be the case, certainly no amount of tradition ought to justify the existence of the paper.

We ask your careful consideration in this matter as it is something you may be called upon to decide sometime in the future. In the meantime why not try boosting the Colbiana?



Prof. Marriner: "A wonderful day, isn't it? Just an ideal afternoon for canoeing!"

Co-ord: "Is that an invitation or a weather report?"

"Prex" in Philosophy Class: "Funny, I can't remember you ladies' names. Lack of interest, I guess."

Miss M.: "Can a hydra feel?"

"Buggy:" "I don't know, I never was one."

D.: "Did you ask for your rank?"

B.: "No, I didn't want him to see how dumb I was."

D.: "Well, he knows that already!"

"Can you tell me, Mr. Jones, which philosopher we study today?"

"I. Kant."

Prof. Marriner, coming into classroom: "Brr, cold in here. What are the windows open for—to let in the fresh air?"

Dr. Libby: "No, to let out the hot air. Public speaking class's been in here."

Customer: "I want to buy three lawnmowers."

Dealer: "You must have a big place."

Customer: "No—but I have two neigh-

bors."—The National Magazine of the Hardware Trade.

A "Chink" truck driver recently presented the following bill to the college:

"Ten goes, ten comes, at fifty cents a went—\$5.00."—Froth.

KEEN COMPETITION.

Mary's beau (waiting for her to come down stairs): "Is Mary your oldest sister?"

Kid Brother: "Yep."

Mary's beau: "And who comes after her?"

Kid Brother: "You and two other guys."—Lehigh Burr.

Teacher: "What makes water hard?"

Student: "Freezing."

From a letter written by one of next year's Freshmen: "We are wondering what subjects to take up the first year. Could you help us any? Think we'll take Math, Latin, Bibliography, Physical Ed., French, Rhetoric, and Public Speaking. Then we have to take four more. Do you think we'd like Biology, Economics, Geology and German? Seems like an awful lot."

"Cassie" White, showing Indian battle-

axe: "How would you like to have this bean-splitter come down on your bean?"

NO CHANCE.

"Well Dad, I ran up to say hello."

"Too late, my son, your mother ran up to say good-bye and got all the change."—Jack-o-Lantern.

"Farm products cost more than they used to."

"Yes," replied the farmer. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raising, an' the entomological name of the insect that eats it, an' the pharmaceutical name of the chemical that will kill it, somebody's got to pay."—Anderson (N. C.) Intelligencer.

Waiter: "Well, my little man, what are you going to have?"

Small Boy (alone with menu): "You mean what ain't I going to have!"—Chicago Daily News.

Miss D——, declining "my mother" in German: "meine Mutter," (my mothers)

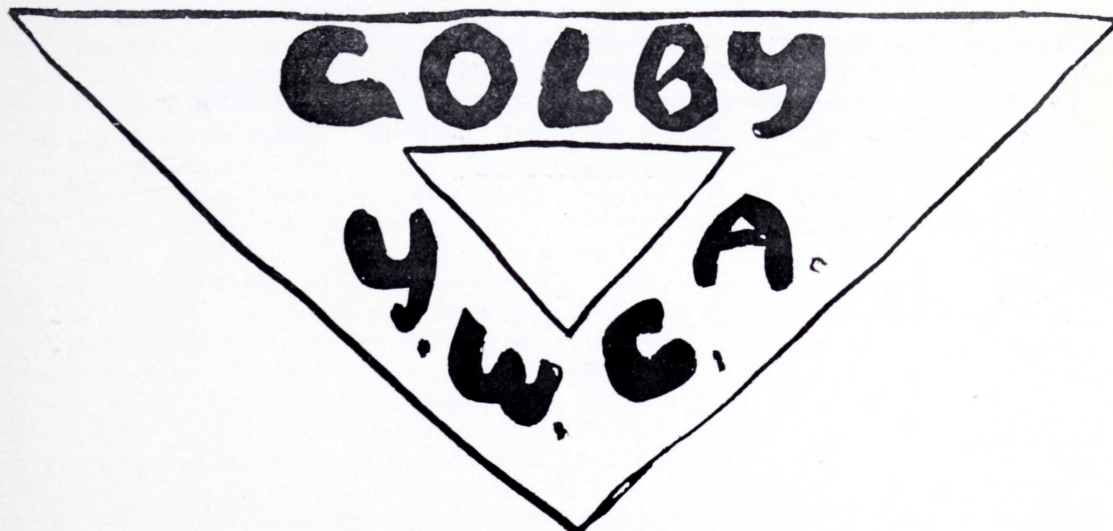
"Dutchy": "Not now, Miss D——, perhaps some day, but not now."

"Prexy" after having given an hour quiz on Monday: "After having corrected your papers it was a great relief to me to observe that none of you broke the Sabbath."

"Cassie" White in Art class: "The creature has five legs, two of which are standing still, and four are in the act of walking."

Ted T, remarking on the quality of H. F.'s penmanship: "Say, you don't write very audibly, do you?"

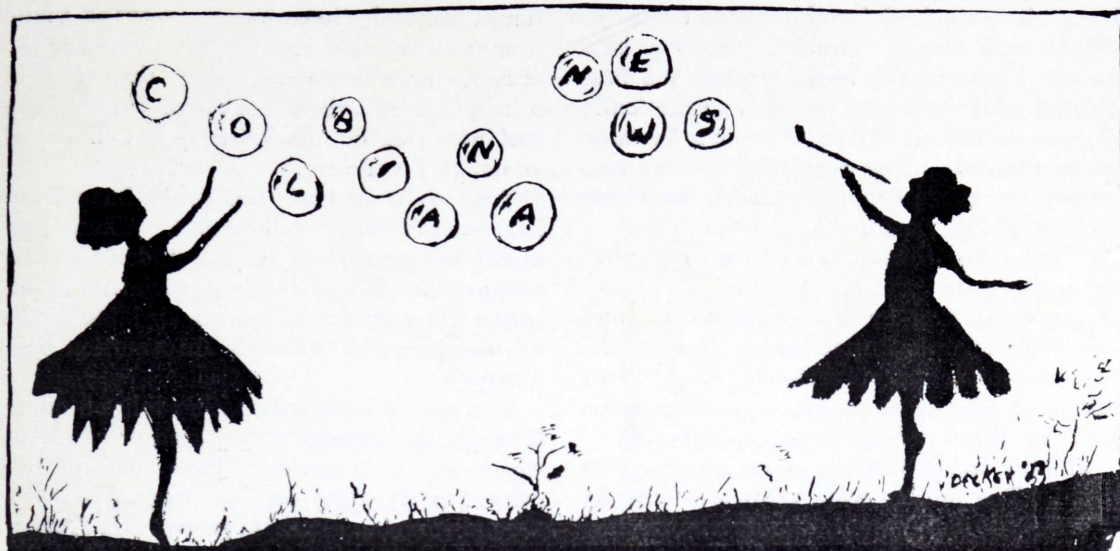
Prof. Colgan, discussing ranking in Education class: "These grades all ought to be A's, but if they were you would all be angels and then I wouldn't be teaching you."



MAY 27—NOVEMBER 18.

In a realm of golden fancy, in a city of the elm trees,
 By the side of living waters dwelt a group of College maidens—
 Mother Colby's carefree daughters; carefree shall I call these maidens?
 Thoughtful often when on Tue days met each one in sweet communion,
 All with one accord and purpose worshipping the Great Spirit.
 Y. W. C. A. the emblem, mystic symbol of the sisters;

Blue and white they named the colors, purity and truth the meaning.
Eagerly I scan the annals; first, a service of singing,
And the his'try of the authors by the maids of Eau de Ville.
Then as summer sun is blazing o'er long days in month of roses,
Maqua calls to distant places with her sports and lofty sentiments,
After months of pleasant leisure they return to halls of learning,
Welcoming the verdant Freshmen at the annual reception,
Violin and cornet playing given by the Seltzer sisters;
Music of violin and 'cello by M. Rice and Johnson;
Readings too by Cates and Beatty; vocal solos by M. Hardy,
Did beguile away the evening, while all met in pleasant converse.
Other times there were in common—when M. Everingham was leader,
And the cabinet presented "Living Portraits," themselves models.
Quoth E. Alley one bright evening "always have your scale of values,
Talents you must invest daily for a richer, fuller living."
Then Professor Wilkinson as speaker on the presidential candidates—
Their abilities as leaders, their ideals and their convictions,
Tales of Maqua without number, happy hunting ground in summer;
Or as leader, Senior Kingsley, music by Tarrant and Johnson,
And a reading by B. Whitney, so was passed another evening.
Came one Sunday in November Miss Sanderson, an older sister,
Telling of her life in China, far off country of old Asia.
Mme. Tsamados sketched in chapel the poor Grecian children starving,
Needing aid and Christian kindness, victims of War's fierce exactions,
Tenth to sixteenth—week of prayer for our neighbors o'er the ocean,
Dinners take another semblance by their continental dishes,
While we learn surprising data from the poster's printed items.
Last—a summons for assembling, all in robes of spotless whiteness,
Candle service for the Freshmen, shared by upper-classmen also.
As each candle flickered upward, as the strains of music echoed,
Every heart throb beat the quicker from some unknown source of power—
Something lofty, something higher, signifying veneration.



Dear Patsy:—As I haven't written you for a long time, I will begin with the opening of college and try to tell you all the news that I can remember.

The first Sunday we were here we observed the usual "Go-to-Church Sunday," marching in a procession, with the professors leading, to the various churches.

The Panhellenic Association has adopted this year what is called the closed rushing plan. The rushing season has been shortened to three weeks and preferential bidding has been established.

The Dramatic Club has elected officers. They are: President, Alta Doe; Vice President, Claire Crosby; Secretary and Treasurer, Emily Heath.

Miss Ethel Nicholas, a travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited Colby for two days this fall and addressed groups of students.

Before I go any farther I must tell you about Colby Day which was held October 17. There was a fine group of alumnae and faculty ladies present and much Colby spirit was aroused. The dining room was prettily decorated and lighted with jack o' lanterns. Viola Jodrey, '25, was mistress of ceremonies. She introduced the following speakers: Nellie Pottle, '25, who spoke in behalf of the Student Government. Marjorie Everingham, '25, who spoke for the Y. W. C. A.; Florence Dunn, who spoke concerning our hoped for gymnasium.

(You know how we all do just love to hear Miss Dunn speak. Well, she was just as clever as ever); Miss Van Norman and Eva Alley spoke from the standpoint of health; and Helen Wyman represented the freshman class. Mrs. Annie Pepper Varney, '98, financial secretary for the Colby Woman's gymnasium campaign, told of her efforts to raise money in our behalf. All of us who had never met Mrs. Varney were greatly pleased to hear her speak and to glimpse her charming personality. Mrs. Marriner, '10, president of the Waterville Alumnae Association, acted as spokesman for this organization. Following the speakers a musical program with readings was carried out.

Mme. Michael Tsamados, the Honorary President of Relief for Fatherless children of Greece, spoke one evening in the chapel. Mme. Tsamados is the daughter of a distinguished diplomat, and her husband is the present Greek minister to Jugo-Slavia. Her first hand story of the children in the refugee camps, made more effective by the appealing personality of Mme. Tsamados, seemed to strike home to every heart.

One day at chapel Dr. Lewis, president elect of a girls' college in China, spoke to us. Miss Lewis has been in China for fourteen years and spoke very interestingly of the many traits in which the Chinese girl excels.

As for the Health League, the fall has

been characterized by the usual Saturday picnics and hikes. The first one was held on the banks of the Messalonskee the first Saturday after college opened. Practically all the members of the Women's Division were present. The freshmen were welcomed and made acquainted with the ideals of the Health League.

The hockey season came to an end with the sophomore team triumphant. The semi-finals were won by the sophomores and juniors while the final match found the sophomore team victorious. Each year seems to find better trained hockey teams and the titles are more hotly contested.

Health League week was observed as usual. The juniors were victorious with an average of 3.8 points, the freshmen had 3.67, the seniors, 3.44, and the sophomores, 3.42.

The college is conducting an extension department with courses offered in business economics, education, English literature, art and biology. The classes meet once a week, on Monday evenings. Many of the seniors are availing themselves of this opportunity to obtain additional training.

One of the most memorable occasions in the annals of Colby took place on the evening of November 14, when the Colby chapel was rededicated and the President's chair presented by Chief Justice Leslie C. Cornish, '75. I do wish you could see the chapel—you would hardly recognize it! The wood work has been refinished; the walls relinted; new lighting fixtures put in; flag cases for the American and the college

flags installed; there is a new grand piano in place of the old organ; new chairs for the faculty, and handsome velour draperies in back of the President's chair and along the platform railing. It certainly is a chapel of which to be proud.

I do so wish that you could have been here last Friday evening too. Then, you might have gone to a lecture under the auspices of the Pan-Hellenic Association given at the Congregational church by Miss Walker, the head of Filene's Information Department.

She gave a most interesting talk on color schemes, and showed a new kind of gingham which was very pretty. Then some of the college girls came on the stage one at a time, displaying gingham gowns, silk frocks, etc., which Miss Walker had brought from Boston. Some of the girls looked positively stunning.

After the dresses had been displayed, different ones in the audience asked Miss Walker many questions concerning clothes. She told us: that pearls were about the only beads to wear this winter; that hosiery would be darker but not black; that white satin is most chic for evening dresses; that the bob is still popular, and many other things. However, I can not write about them now for I expect that the last bell will ring at any moment.

Be sure to write soon and tell me the latest news.

Heaps of love,

Kit.

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AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

1923.

Ruth Allen, teaching, Milo, Me.
 Marion Bibber, teaching, Mexico, Me.
 Waneta Blake, teaching, Norridgewock, Me.
 Marion Brown, preceptress, Kingston Academy, Kingston, N. H.
 Annie Brownstone, teaching, North Anson, Me.
 Celia Clary, teaching, Southwest Harbor, Me.
 Genevieve Clark, teaching in the Junior High School, Waterville, Me.
 Rachel Conant, teaching, Exeter, N. H.
 Beulah Cook, in training at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Mass.
 Marion Cummings, teaching, Lee, Me.
 Sippelle Daye, studying dietetics. Address, 50 Stratford St., West Roxbury, Mass.
 Marion Drisko, teaching, Milo, Me.
 Mary Drisko, teaching, Hartland, Me.
 Anna Erickson, teaching, Spelman College, Atlanta, Ga.
 Mary Ford, teaching, Bingham, Me.
 Grace Fox, teaching, Northeast Harbor, Me.
 Donnie Getchell, assistant to Professor Chester, Colby College, Waterville, Me.
 Margaret Gilmour, teaching, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.
 Ervena Goodale, teaching in Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Me.
 Dorothy Gordon, teaching, Alton, N. H.
 Mary Gordon, social service worker. Address, Room 35, Academy Building, Haverhill, Mass.
 Mrs. Clayton D. Weston (Helen Gray), at home, Madison, Me.
 Ethel Harmon, at home, Meredith, N. H.
 Katrina Hedman, teaching, Corinna, Me.
 Carolyn Hodgdon, at home, 142 Sherman St., Portland, Me.
 Esther Holt, in civil service work. Address 2308 North Capitol st., Washington, D. C.

Vivian Hubbard, teaching, Hampden Academy, Hampden, N. H.
 Alice Manter, teaching, Garland, Me.
 Grace Martin, teaching, Newfield, Me.
 Mrs. Daniel P. Kearney, (Helen Pratt), at home, Corning, N. Y.
 Ethel Reed, at home, Harmony, Me.
 Marjorie Rollins, teaching, Berwick, Me.
 Helen Springfield, at home, Waterville, Me.
 Mildred Todd, teaching, Brownville Junction, Me.
 Mrs. Malcolm S. Howe (Margaret Turner), at home, 208 Edge Hill Road, East Milton, Mass.
 Mary Watson, teaching, Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me.
 Alice Hilda Worthen, teaching, East Providence, R. I.
 Evangeline York, at home, 22 Grand St., Portland, Me.

Eleanor Taylor, ex-'26, is teaching in Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me.
 Marguerite O'Roak, ex-'26, is teaching in Brownfield, Me.
 Phyllis Buck, ex-'26, is librarian at Spelman College, Atlanta, Ga.
 Leola Clement, ex-'26, is teaching in Knox, Me.
 Many friends of Doris Dewar, ex-'26, and Robert Hunt, ex-'27, attended their wedding which took place in Augusta.
 Dorothy Giddings, ex-'26, is working in an office in Augusta.
 Doris Keay, ex-'26, is teaching in Mars Hill, Me.
 Myrtle Main, ex-'26, is teaching in Dennyville, Me.
 Susan McGraw, ex-'26, is teaching in Surry, Me.
 Ruth Walker, ex-'26, is teaching in Eliot, Me.
 Marian Sproul, ex-'26, is teaching in Stonington, Me.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Velma Briggs, '23, and Pitts Moore. They are residing at Carmel, Me.

Edythe Porter, '23, and Leslie Dunstan, '23, were married on August 29 and are living in Boston.

The wedding of Margaret Smith, ex-'26, and Evan Shearman, '22, took place in Portland on September 2. Both Mr. and Mrs. Shearman are studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

Clara Carter Weber, '21, has a little son, David Carter.

Annie Burgess, '22, was married to Blyn Lumsden on November 15. They will reside in Reading, Mass.

Irene Gushee, '21, is now Mrs. E. C. Moran.

Julia Hoyt, '22, was married on October 11, to Harold Brakewood, '20. Doris Wyman, '23, was the bridesmaid.

Caroline Heald, ex-'27, has transferred to Wheaton College.

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