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COLBIANA

THE COLBIANA

Vol. XIII

JUNE, 1926

Number 3



THE FIRST GIRL.

(The scene is laid in a room of a New York City club. The room has an air of rest and solitude about it. In four of its over-stuffed chairs, seated around the fireplace, are four men quite past middle age. They are Malcolm McDermott, an explorer; Roland Otterby, an engineer; Turner Rundlett, a diplomat; and Leon Norris, a socialist. As the curtain rises the four men are deeply interested in conversation covering a recent ship disaster.)

Norris. What a terrible catastrophe! I think there is nothing worse than a sinking ship. Ugh! and a torpedoed one at that!

McDermott, (pensively). I well remember when the Seronica went down thirteen years ago. I was on that ship. It was Hell until relief came. Its survivors may rightly be called "damaged souls."

Otterby. And you can never forget it?

McDermott. No. I eat it, I drink it, I sleep it. Would that I had gone down with it!

Rundlett. It must be horrible! In the list of those who were drowned in this disaster I noticed the names of the Marsdens of Newport.

McDermott. Yes, the John Morley Marsdens. And what a pity that should happen. They were known everywhere for their kindness and hospitality.

Norris. Their married life was one of exceptional happiness. I think this rather surprising when you think how late in life they married.

Rundlett. Because they waited, they found happiness.

McDermott. What a different world it would be if every man had been accepted by the first girl he had proposed to! Sometimes I think that first choice is one of truer instinct, less tinctured with the world's sophistication than any later one.

Otterby. Well, I do think that the first girl has one advantage over the wife—no matter how perfect the latter,—that she remains the ideal.

Norris. How well I remember my first girl! She was the finest girl in the land. I couldn't find another like her.

McDermott. I'm sure she couldn't hold a candle to mine. I love to think of her.

Rundlett, (proudly). I hold that mine would surpass your first loves.

McDermott. Why not tell about them and see whose lady really merits first place. I'll tell about mine—oh, she was wonderful!

Rundlett. It's a go. Let McDermott begin. Tell us about your first girl and what she meant to you, then we'll follow in order. (Motions around circle to left.)

Norris. Yes, it's just between friends.

McDermott. Well, I met her in the Adirondacks, and knew her only one summer. After that, I couldn't see her just as a friend—and she was unwilling to be anything else to me. So, all my life, I've associated her with the woods and lakes, with the sincerity and wholesomeness of the great Outdoors. She had the freedom of

Diana, and her lack of self-consciousness. I never saw her except roughly clad, but she always suggested that line of Virgil. "She walked the goddess." She was strong and lithe as a boy, could climb mountains, row, play golf and tennis with any of us; and what a good sport! She never fussed over getting caught in drenching rains, being bruised and torn by rocks and thorns; and once when a small party of us lost our way, and had to spend the night on a lonely mountainside within sound of wolves and catamounts, her gaiety made a "lark" of it. She could drive horses with a man's steady hands; she knew the birds by name, and all the plants and trees that grew within miles, and she was familiar with the tracks and habits of all the small creatures of the forest. To me she was—simply wonderful, and, I confess, always has been.

Rundlett. What became of her?

McDermott. Later, she married—a man who didn't know a pine from a palm! I always wondered . . .

Rundlett. That sort is a little too independent and upstanding to belong to my type of women. The rough, tanned skin, the strong, capable hands—big, probably—the woolen skirt and blouse—they'll do very well in a girl chum, for a summer. But when it comes to a wife, one's demands are different. The girl I wanted first—and I've never forgotten her; she was a queen—I knew during my first winter in Washington. You talk of Diana, I prefer Venus—wholly feminine, but never cloying. She was the kind who looks best in thin, clinging things. I remember yet a shimmering green and silver "creation" she wore at the Inaugural ball. She didn't take hikes with me through scratchy forests, but she'd dance all night long, and her little feet would never tire. She didn't handle guns or tillers, but you should have seen her pretty fingers deftly managing the things in a drawing room, of a winter's afternoon, or playing soft, enchanting airs on the piano at twilight, or, for the matter of that, placing a carnation in a man's buttonhole. I can feel her doing it yet! She probably didn't know birds, but by George! she knew men! And there wasn't one of us young fellows that winter that wouldn't gladly

have had her snare him. Only—that was the one thing she didn't do!

Otterby. Didn't she ever do any snaring?

Rundlett. Oh, finally. And, the pity of it!—a man who couldn't dance, and had no use for society! Sometimes . . .

McDonald, (to Otterby). How about you? Was there a first best girl for you, too?

Otterby. Guilty! But my account will sound prosaic after these others. You know, my early days weren't given to expensive summer camps, nor to Washington ballrooms. I made my own way through college, and "vacations" meant the hardest work of the year. But when I was a senior, all the drudgery was transformed. Paradise wouldn't have been in it with that little co-educational college campus and library and chapel and classrooms; for I found her. Just a classmate she was. You tell how your girls dressed; I never noticed how she dressed; it might have been in shimmering green and silver, and it might have been in in linsey woolsey, for all I knew. But she could think, and she could talk! We discussed everything together, from philosophy and the evolution of history to the affairs of the day. I spent every hour with her that I could, and in all sorts of places. There's a spot in the stackroom of the old library that I always visit yet, when I go back, because of her. I've never known a woman since with such a mind, such breadth and clearness, and it showed in her face—the face of Athena, not Diana or Venus! I believe that with such a companion at my side, to turn to in every perplexity, I could make my life worthwhile. But she—saw it differently.

McDermott. Is she a feminist now?

Otterby. She, too, married, after a while—a fine fellow, but—anything but a student. I can't help . . .

Norris. Mine will sound least dramatic of all—though I assure you the time was dramatic enough for me. You talk about your goddesses; my pedestal held just a sweet human girl,—a nurse, serving her first year at the hospital, that time we had a smash-up in '80. And you talk of beauty, and style, and brain; but with me it isn't

of a pretty face or graceful form I think when I recall that magic time; and least of all is it of any intellectual prowess. I'm not sure whether she knew the difference between physics and metaphysics, or whether she'd ever heard of a cosine. But she was endowed with the charm of charms in a woman—sympathy. She would listen by the hour while I poured out to her my young hopes and ambitions; I could tell her all the dreams a young fellow cherishes most deeply, and would die of mortification if ever his best friend guessed at their existence. She always understood, and though she talked little herself, she had the effect of making me appear at my very best. I felt I could move the world if she

would just stand by and watch. But in spite of her kindness and gentleness she turned me down. Many times I've questioned . . .

Rundlett. That was all right for a sick boy, but for a wife, a girl like Alison—

Otterby. "Alison"—a nice name, anyway; that was her name.

McDermott. Why—that's an odd coincidence; so was hers—Alison Forbes.

Norris. Alison Forbes—Alison Forbes-Marsden!

(There is silence for a moment, during which time the four friends look strangely at one another.)

Curtain.

Helen Mitchell, '27.

BEGUN.

There's one week of hurried preparation. Dresses, hats, shoes. Shopping—shopping shopping! Money gone. Then packing. Trunks, clothes, banners, books, cushions—good-byes.

The train pulls in without us, the train pulls out with us. Kisses, handshakes, greetings.

"Ruth, you sweet thing, what have you been doing? Have you seen Edna? Francis? Do you know about Ted and Alice? Isn't that the funniest? Her dress is certainly

tailleur, isn't it? Isn't he keen though?

"How do you do? Where are you staying this year? Same old room? Isn't that corking!"

Rattle, rattle, rumble—the train. Chatter, chatter, chatter—our tongues.

The station—more kisses, handshakes, shouts, stories, all in the same breath.

Freshmen, "profs," registration, courses, books, Freshman reception. Whew! The college year has begun!

M. Sondberg, '27.

WHEN FATHER WAS A BOY.

Have you ever seen the picture called "When Father Was a Boy?" I have. And did they ever tell you how angelically good he used to be? They told me. But you didn't need the picture to make you understand the reality of his good qualities after they had been expounded upon to such and extent, did you? Doesn't it just beat all how forgetful people are at times? We have to believe that they were young once; for we grow older every day.

But oh, how they mourn over customs and over morals, which they think they see being chopped down and cut up for firewood; and in reality the old tree is just as strong and healthy as ever. Only a few old, dead limbs have been hacked off before

they could fall and crack some one's skull.

But still, father insists on handing us that old picture to look at now and then to remind us of the "good" times of long ago. And in that picture we see father as a youngster of ten or twelve years, immaculately dressed, sitting on a velvet cushion with his back toward a window. His hair is smoothly combed, his face wears a serious expression as he regards the book in his hand. A little song bird sits on a branch just outside the window in the delightfully warm sunshine. His throat is swelled almost to bursting with the volume of his joyous song. But father never heard that bird or any other, and never noticed how nice it was outside. Oh, my! No! It was

his business to learn his lessons and boys always did things well then. So father sat on a velvet cushion and studied. He says

he liked to. How funny!

E. M. E., '27.

BROADMINDED.

It was not until I found myself using the expression that I attempted to analyze it, and a very poor job I have probably done of it. The analysis should certainly be done by the doctors and the professors; yet, I expect that if they attempted it and anyone of the students paid the slightest heed, the verdict would be but the repetition of the expression itself, as thoughtlessly uttered then as now,—“He tries to be broadminded.”

“Yes,” some student will say, “I rather like Dr. A. or (Professor B.) He’s a queer old bird but he tries to be broadminded.” Or, “Professor B (or Dr. A) is a good egg, strict as er-anything, really, but he tries to be broadminded.”

The first few times I heard it, I thought little of it, but presently I found that I was mentally tabulating the instructors, at lectures and outside the classroom, by the method in general employment. The task was a difficult one because the method was sadly at fault. I found, and I believe correctly, that by “broadminded” the students meant tolerant; and tolerant, rather of youth, rather of changes. A professor is a “good egg” if he will smile on the frivolities of youth and regard the student body as a group of modernists not more surprising than delightful.

Doctors and professors who were once of the pupil group themselves, who have nursed class after class through the four years of cutting their wisdom teeth, must each year square their shoulders, right about face, and say jauntily to the new arrivals, “Oh, you are such a novelty. Your habits and man-

ners are so unparalleled that you quite take our breath away, but we think we rather like your modern ideas and we will certainly try to be broadminded about them.”

It would seem that the students might better look to themselves for a little of the insight which prompts this toleration act. How we must pall upon the men who have taught us and our like these passing years. It is a wonder to me that they can muster a smile at our senseless repetition of newness; as different from the class before us and the class before that as the newly hatched chicken of this spring is different from the newly hatched chicken of last. Yet, they do smile and not always, as you might suppose, either bitterly or sardonically, but rather with a kindly smile tempered with that tolerance of understanding that has made it possible for them to awaken and strengthen our thinking powers.

They look beneath the standardized outer layers of our minds and find the fundamentals. “Here,” they say in conference, “is a chance for salvation, we will do our best.” They take pride in their work and our success is their success. They do not dwell upon our active abilities so much as on our potentialities. And it is these men, men who have studied psychologies, philosophies, and histories, whom we, rarely conscious of their kindly labors for us, have accused of trying to be broadminded, in that they are tolerant toward our unprecedented youthfulness and our modern egotism.

G. P. A., '27.

A-SUND-EING.

In the winter the only place north of the Mason-Dixon line where you can buy a good fudge sundae is the college town. Now, at Palm Beach they are delicious. And although the Bermudas bar automobiles be-

cause of their modernity, a sundae, the popular relish, is omnipresent and palatable; there the luxury-enjoying class hibernates.

Meanwhile a vigorous youth plows

through the snow of a Kennebec town to a sleepy eight o'clock. Oh, the sacrifice for a college education!

A thin letter arrives from Miami: "Your father and I are having a lovely time. The weather here is simply superb. Perhaps you'll think mother is childish, but I must confess I have developed a craving for chocolate mousse roll sundaes. My dear boy, you don't know how proud we are of the good work you are doing at college this year!" The affectionate salutation follows.

What has she omitted? Well, he still

has credit with the hot-dog man, and his roommate sells chocolate bars. At least, one of his fraternity brothers could fork over enough fags to keep him going. But why did she mention sundaes? Well, he wasn't the first to borrow money to get through college—on to the Spa!

The strenuous adolescent reacts to the environment into which his parents thrust him. With all the world-conquering ideas of youth, he enters college, only to feel latent cravings for the old order surging up within him. And one of the old orders is: "Ice cream, hot fudge and nuts."

Marie Holmes, '27.

ON A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN WHO HANGS AROUND MY DAUGHTER.

I can distinctly remember one Sunday afternoon while mother and I were sitting quietly on the porch, how I was thinking what a happy family we had, with little John, and Timothy, and innocent little Eliza who is just going on nineteen. But alas, that was over a month ago, and I have given up hope that we shall ever be the same again,—a young rascal from the college has been hanging around my daughter for the last four weeks. Nothing is the same; my den isn't the same, my favorite chair isn't the same, the piano plays a different tune, the telephone doesn't ring true, the car isn't the same, and my daughter isn't the same.

It is impossible even to eat our meals in peace and quiet. Nearly every day that telephone rings once, and sometimes twice, exactly when we are partaking of our noon-day meal—which is an unpardonable sin in the daily routine of one's household. Why, even my business clients know better than to call me at such an hour. But someone has to answer the thing, and I usually have to leave the table and going into my den, take up the receiver only to hear the inevitable "Five cents, please!" and then, "May I speak to Elizabeth?" I vum, that boy will waste every cent of his spending money on telephone calls. I should think his father would know better than to keep sending it to him.

But this young rascal isn't content simply to call Eliza on the telephone. He has a very obnoxious habit of appearing Sunday afternoon, all ready to take Eliza to ride in our car. I supposed when I permitted Eliza to take the car, three weeks ago last Sunday, that that would be for just that particular afternoon, but I find I was wrong in my theory. Every Sunday, as regular as clock-work, that youngster arrives with his hair slicked down with lard, or something; baggy knickerbockers, that in my opinion are the very picture of slackness; and checked stockings which nearly put my eyes out every time I see them. On one such occasion he even had the audacity to arrive in one of those perfectly outrageous blue smoking jackets, that they say are the magnificent insignia of the college seniors. Eliza came downstairs, jumped into the car, and off they went, while mother and I and the children sat sweltering on the piazza.

Mother tries to cheer me up and asks me if I can't remember when I was young myself. I can remember all right, but when I borrowed my father's buggy to take my girl out for a ride, I at least brought it back safely. Why, my eyes nearly popped out of my head when that young scallawag had the cheek to come home last Sunday afternoon driving Eliza in a bright yellow assemblage of four wheels and a seat which looked more like a spider than any-

thing else, and which I feared for awhile he was going to drive up the front walk and in at the front door. The two of them came up on the porch carrying four leather cushions which had been in the new Chevrolet touring car he drove off with; and that was the last we saw of our little Chevrolet. Mother had to take me into the house then, because I almost had one of my spells, I got so angry with that dude!

Since this episode, things have quieted down and I had hoped that we had seen the last of Oswald. But not so, for one evening a few days later, when I got home, tired from my work at the office, there he was occupying my chair (the only one in the house that really fits me) in my den, before my fireplace, with my Eliza beside him. Luckily the two were so engrossed in one of those positively disgusting college magazines that they did not notice me enter. Deciding, therefore, that my presence is not absolutely necessary to them, I take a book and go out on the porch to sit in the hammock and read. To my utter dismay I discover that not only does Oswald enjoy an evening before the open fire, but that he has doubtless already enjoyed the sunset from the porch, for the hammock is lying out of commission on the floor. "Heaven help me! That boy will drive me crazy!" and in desperation I climb

the stairs and go to bed.

Once in a great while now it is possible to get a good night's sleep, but more often one finds it pleasant to toss and turn in bed while the melodious harmony of "Horses, horses, horses, crazy over horses," penetrates the house. Oh yes, Oswald plays the saxophone, you know. Zounds, that boy has the strongest constitution of any young man I ever knew. He can sit up till all hours of the night and wouldn't think of going home before eleven o'clock. He has completely worn me out, and if it weren't for the strong physique which he has built up running around that cinder track up at the college he would never be able to stand it himself. Eliza took me to see him perform up there one day, and I've never quite recovered from the shock which I received when he appeared in a costume which was most immodest.

Oh, this modern generation! I'm sure I don't know what will become of them! In my day—well, I suppose that young fellow means well enough. There is one good thing about him anyway,—he doesn't seem to mind if the lights on the front and back porches aren't on when he and Eliza come home after one of these college dances. Consequently my electric light bill was less than seven dollars this month. Possibly the reason is that he has red hair.

Dorothy Daggett, '28.

MORNINGS AT COLBY.

Mary: "O, dear! I believe that alarm clock is going off!"

Evil Spirit: "O, no, Mary! That must be the telephone."

Mary: "I wonder what time it is."

Evil Spirit: "O, it's not late, Mary. It can't be more than five o'clock. See how dark it is."

Mary: "O, dear! I ought to get up. I won't get that theme written."

Evil Spirit: "Plenty of time, Mary."

Mary: "I thought I heard a bell."

Evil Spirit: "It must have been the door bell."

Mary: "What time do you suppose it is?"

Evil Spirit: "O, it's not late. It can't

be more than six."

Mary: "I must get up."

Evil Spirit: "Mary, it's so cold in the room. You'll freeze to death. The heat will come on in a few minutes."

Mary, half an hour later: "I thought my roommate spoke to me."

Evil Spirit: "O, no; you must have been dreaming."

Mary: "Edith, did you speak? What time is it?—Quarter to eight! I've missed breakfast! And I have an eight o'clock class!"

Evil Spirit: "Cut it!"

Mary, rising: "Get thee behind me, Satan! I'm flunking that course now!"

Bernice Green, '27.

BALLAD OF CAROLINE COMEAFTER 2026 A. D.

Miss Caroline Comeafter
Had dined in gay Paree—
Her gown a gauze confection
With feathers at the knee.

Her hair was done in patterns
Of geometric swirls,
The last fad of the moment
For dames and giddy girls.

Her ears were tipped with crimson
For fashion willed it so;
She had a zebra ulster
And wore her slippers low.

While dining on the sidewalk—
The still accepted mode—
She had exchanged love letters
By wireless in code.

With Mr. Jimmy Rocket,
Her last affinity—
'Twas he explored by airship
The planet Mercury.

He just escaped a comet,
Almost upset two stars,
And landed plumb on Mercury,
Though thinking it was Mars.

He brought back wings of dragons,
And moonstruck airmails' tails,
Feathers from fallen angels,
Bones of Mercurial whales.

No wonder Miss Comeafter
Should jilt a quillionaire
And hand her heart to Jimmy,
The "Peary of the air."

That night a restless fancy
Led Caroline to try
Her Transatlantic flivver
And take a little fly.

Now, having dined in Paris
And radioed to Jim,

She called her plane and started
To flutter back to him.

She would have scorned Leander,
The silly drowning swain
Who tried to swim to Hero—
Poor fool, he had no plane!

But dreaming of her hero,
She stepped upon the gas,
She lost control, spun wildly,
And skidded, till, alas!

She turned a dozen turtles,
And, crazy as a loon,
She coasted through the heavens
And landed in the moon.

This futuristic fancy
Concerns a fatal fix
In—say that distant era,
Two thousand twenty-six.

I'm writing of a lady
A hundred years from this:
Girls of today would never
Risk drowning for a kiss.

But when you watch the moonlight
It's safer seen through glass,
As Caroline Comeafter
Will learn, the feckless lass.

She'll sicken of green cheeses
And die of loneliness,
Unless a passing airship.
Will heed her S. O. S.

Whenever you are tempted
To sail the dizzy sky,
Remember Miss Comeafter;
Don't climb the clouds on "high."

For giddy souls despising
What Grandpa Newton said
May learn their gravitation
By standing on the head.

Florence E. Dunn.

I struggled through the night's bleak hours
 in fear;
 Despair had clutched her fingers round my
 heart;
 She held me in the blackness of her art.
 I felt her awful presence ever near,
 As through the darkness shone her wicked
 leer.
 At every sound I gave a trembling start—
 "Ha! I have you, now I'll ne'er depart."
 Thus, through the endless hours I heard

her jeer!
 Then, faintly came the timid flush of dawn,
 And with it brought dear Hope to give me
 aid.
 I turned half fearful to her glowing face,
 And lo! I found that black Despair had
 gone,
 The day had brought to me its priceless
 maid;
 To her my deep despondency gave place.
 Vera Fellows, '27.

WITH APOLOGIES TO COLERIDGE.

It is a modern flapperette,
 And she stoppeth one of three,
 "By thy painted lips and naked knee,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The college doors are open wide,
 And I must go within;
 The class is met, the 'prof' is set;
 To cut would be a sin."

She holds him with her shapely hand,
 "There is a show," quoth she;
 "Hold off! Unhand me, horried hag!"
 Eftsoon his hand dropt she.

She holds him with a baby stare
 The poor dumb goof stands still,
 And listens like a three year child;
 The vampire has her will.

The flapperette whose eye is calm,
 Whose nose with talc is white,
 Is gone; and now the poor dumb goof
 Turns from the classroom's light.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense all shorn;
 A sadder and a poorer man,
 He waited for the morn.

L. A. N., '27.

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EDITORIALS.

Commencement time is here again. Some of us are soon to be handed diplomas which will signify that old Colby has given us four years of college education. In spite of the bustle of these last weeks, doesn't it sometimes give us pause to wonder what that diploma really stands for? Pals, dances, cuts, exams, frat., Chi Gam, Maqua Club, A in this course, D in that, a chance to get a position for next year,—can it possibly mean only this? To each of us it will mean something different. To how many does it mean all that it might if we had taken a less passive attitude?

For instance, take the matter of classes. Ask yourself how much four years has added to your store of facts. More important, has your thirst for accuracy in facts been whetted? Have you become discontent with uncoordinated facts, feeling that with knowledge you must get understanding? Has your intellectual curiosity developed? Have you grown in "culture," that quality so difficult of definition, so valuable to possess? Have you an increased taste for what has been proved good, both in art and music and letters? Have you learned to feel with great men, to recog-

nize the greatness of their thoughts? Do you challenge every idea you hear or see expressed? HAVE YOU LEARNED TO THINK?

Take the social side of college life. Your diploma should mean to you more than memories and friendships, no matter how treasured. It should mean increased ability to form new friends among all sorts of folks, increased tolerance of others' ideas and peculiarities, increased ability to work and play with a group, either leading or cooperating, increased ease and enjoyment in all social contacts, increased power of personality. Does it?

These questions come naturally to the mind of the girl who is graduating, and she is to be envied if she feels that her diploma represents real values with which she can be content. She is further to be envied if those values are of the sort that leave her still discontented, still with a feeling of unfulfillment, with a sense that her college education will perhaps be completed in the rest of life.

Yet how much finer it would be if we who do not receive our diplomas for another year or two or three would make the

same assessment! How much finer for all of us to begin next fall actively to put real values into our diplomas!

M. E. R., '27.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's
grace;

You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Thru which Aurora shows her brighten-
ing face,

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at
eve."

I wonder if, in the hurry of our college life, we don't often miss out on the loveliness around us; I wonder if we don't take the beauty of nature too much for granted. It's worthwhile to sometimes go out doors to look, and admire, and marvel.

The dewy air of a cool spring morning, the morning sun with its life-giving power, the delicate green of new foliage; beauty which makes you strong, which strengthens your faith. A tiny white violet amongst wet moss, a teacher-bird singing vigorously, a redstart flitting here, there, and everywhere; beauty which makes you glad, which fills your heart with love.

The warm, sweet air of a May night makes you remember; a twinkling star in the evening sky makes you wish; a crescent moon hung on high makes you wonder; a robin building its nest makes you hope; a white birch with its little, new, green leaves makes you dream.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds

Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language: for his gayer hours
She had a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

* * * * *
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings."

A. L. V., '28.

For several years now, the Colbiana Board has been obliged to obtain its material through the kindness of the various English professors. One of the objects for which the Colbiana was formed, was to create a greater Colby spirit and loyalty among the women. It seems to us to have failed in this. Certainly when the above is true, there can be no great amount of Colby spirit and loyalty among the girls. We wonder if the girls have ever realized that writing for a literary journal is like going out for an athletic team. Any coach will tell you that it is the "subs" who "make" the teams. The better the "subs" the better the varsity. So it is in writing for any school paper. Each and every girl should feel it her duty to be a "sub" at least, on the Colbiana. Only a few can make the first team but the rest should be proud to be "subs" so the varsity may be better. Let's everyone "go out" for the Colbiana.

M. E. L., '28.

AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

Mary Gordon, '24, who is in Girl's Club Work at Haverhill, Mass., was a recent guest of Donnie Getchell, '24, at Mary Low Hall.

Annie Brownstone, '24, is teaching in Groveland, Mass.

Virginia M. Bean, '22, who for the past three years has been teaching in Rockport,

has accepted a position in Thomaston, Conn., where Dorothy Crawford, '21, is teaching.

Margaret Abbott, '23, has been teaching at Traip Academy, Kittery.

Pauline Abbott has been the instructor in History at Westbrook High School this past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Gates (Helen Baldwin, '19), who are missionaries to India, are now on a furlough. They arrived in New York, May 16.

Lucy Osgood, '23, is planning to teach Latin in Lowville, Conn., next year. For the past three years she has taught at Marion, N. Y.

Doris Wyman, '23, has been teaching in Revere, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlin Farnum (Melva Mann, '23) announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth DeWolfe.

Elizabeth Kingsley, '25, plans to be at home in Hebron for the coming year.

Myrtice Swain, '23, Beulah Cook, '25, and Velma Briggs Moores, '23, were callers at the Hall recently.

Grace Wilder, '21, plans to enter Johns Hopkins University next fall.

During her spring vacation Dorothy Gordon, '24, was a guest of her sister Adelaide

Gordon, '26, at Foss Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Howard, Jr., (Elvira Royle, ex-'26) announce the birth of a daughter.

Celia Clary, '24, plans to return to Central Village, Conn., next fall.

Ruth Fifield, '25, has accepted a position to teach in Milton, Mass.

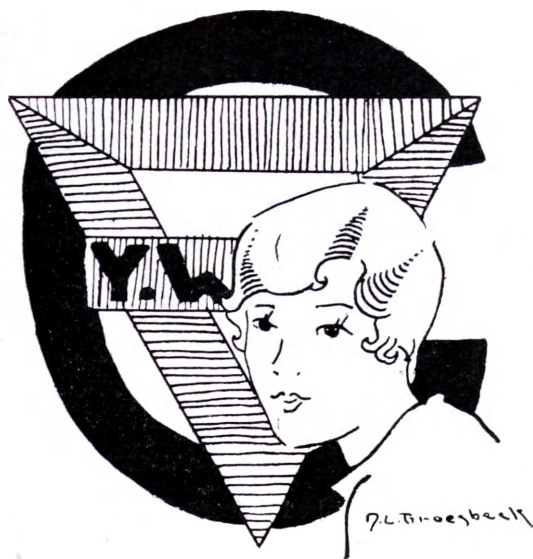
Mrs. Bernard Estes (Marcia Davis, '23), is living in Boston.

Mrs. A. Carleton Wight (Daphne Fish, '22) lives in Gorham, N. H.

Among the alumnae who were guests over Ivy Day were: Leonette Warburton, '23; Josephine Warburton, ex-'25; Sibyl Williams, ex-'22; Edna Owen Douglass, '02; Edith Pratt Brown, '16; Mrs. Grace Coburn Smith, '93.

Avis Varnum, '25, was married to Everett E. Candage of New York city, April 30.

Mildred Briggs, '25, was a guest of Jennie Nutter for a few days this term.



An unusually interesting meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held at Foss Hall, Tuesday evening, April 20. Ruth E. Dow, '27, had charge of the meeting. Those present were divided into two sides for a game of Bible baseball. Evelyn Ventres, '28, was captain for the Old Testament players, and Virginia Dudley, '29, for the New Testament. The Old Testament side was the winning team.

The next Tuesday evening meeting was led by Arline S. Mann, '27. The entire program was musical. Jessie G. Alexander, '28, and Edna E. Turkington, '28, entertained with a piano duet; Dorcas W. Plaisted, '29, and Elizabeth Libbey, '29, with a vocal duet; Harriet W. Kimball, '29, a piano solo, and Mollie R. Seltzer, '26, a violin solo.

A joint meeting of the Y. W. C. A. and

Y. M. C. A. was held Thursday evening, May 6, in the College chapel. Dr. Henry Crane, of Malden, Massachusetts, was the speaker of the evening. Dr. Crane based his address on the parable of the ten virgins who came to the wedding feast. The five foolish virgins brought lamps without oil, and were refused admittance, but the five wise virgins brought lamps filled with oil, and were admitted to the feast. Dr. Crane clearly showed the evil of the lamp of religion without the oil of righteousness, the lamp of sentiment without the oil of habit, the lamp of training without the oil of a trained will, the lamp of goodness without the oil of gladness, and the lamp of love without the oil of loyalty. Dr. Crane is a

powerful, magnetic speaker, and one of the finest college lecturers that we have ever had at Colby.

The meeting of May 11 was led by Barbara A. Weston, '29. Several readings on "Friendship" were given by Eleanor G. Butler, '29. Edna E. Turkington, '28, and Eva L. Grant, '29, gave several very pleasing musical numbers which everyone enjoyed.

Miss Priscilla Fowles, dean of women at Newton Theological Seminary, was a recent visitor at Colby. She gave a very helpful talk on "Cooperation" to the new Y. W. C. A. cabinet, and also held several private conferences with the girls in regard to religious life work.



First Student: You say you flunked Spanish? Why, I can't understand it!

Second Student: Same here. That's why I flunked.

College Student: Do you think that Greek has much value in modern education?

Another One: Certainly, the Greek Alphabet enables a girl to know what frat her man belongs to.

Mother, to child who has just returned

from Sunday School the Sunday after the track meet with M. I. T. "What did you learn about at Sunday School, dear?"

The Child: "Christ and Gus Mittelsdorf."

A pedestrian used to be a person who walks. Now he jumps.—Toledo Blade.

Education is a slow process and even the best of men get it by degrees.—Dayton News.

William Wrigley says the sun never sets

on his chewing gum, but most everybody else does.—Kansas City Star. —look at his spelling.”

“Now that your boy is big enough to go to school,” said the proprietor of the village bookstore to Farmer Brown, “don’t you think you ought to get him an encyclopedia?”

“I should say not,” replied Farmer Brown. “He will have to walk to school, just the same as I did.”

“Don’t you know, Dean, that the proper study of womankind is man?”

“That may be, girls, but I do wish you wouldn’t keep the front porch littered up with your specimens.”

“I’ll drive this car,” said Tweedie, as she climbed in the back seat.

More Truth Than Poetry.

“Foss Hall food is not for athletes,” said Prof. Parmenter.

On the Other Hand.

We question the truth of this statement by another of our professors: “Soft food is ruining our teeth, for instance, the delicious desserts and tender steaks served at Foss Hall.”

“A moth leads an awful life.”

“How come?”

“He has to spend the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit.”

On the floor of Elks hall whirling,
Back and forth like water swirling,
Shoulders heaving, dark eyes flashing,
Through the throng with gestures dashing,
Close together, fast embracing;
Who is dancing? Everybody!
And they danced the Charleston.

“Here’s a writer says that St. Paul had a stenographer.”

“Dunno about St. Paul, but Chaucer did

Neighbor: You look tired and sleepy, Jamie.

Little Jamie: It’s that new baby at our house. He broadcasts almost all night long.

Dentist: What kind of a filling do you want in your tooth, son?

Boy: Chocolate.

Mrs. Smith: Really, Mr. Giles, your prices are exorbitant.

Farmer Giles: Well, mum, it’s this way: When a chap ’as to know the botanical name of what ’e grows, an’ the zoological name of the hinsect wot eats it, an’ the chemical name of wot kills the hinsect, some one’s got to pay for it!

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

The Home: The Cave. The “Rude Hut by the Danube.” “The Evergreens.” The Hotel Grandiloquent. The Car.

War: Tongues. Sticks. Stones. Spears. Arrows. Swords. Bullets. Gas.

Peace: ().

Law: Solon. Alfred. Bacon. “Judge Lynch.” Kleagles.

Business: Jacob. John Law. Jay Gould. Ponzi.

Literature: Homer. Dante. Shakespeare. Walt Whitman. Walt Mason.

Art: Angelo. Corot. Picasso.

Music: St. Cecilia. Beethoven. Strauss. Irving Berlin.

Architecture: The Parthenon. The Taj Mahal. St. Paul’s. Any Public Building.

Politics: Pericles. Washington. Any Legislature, Congress or Parliament.

Marriage: Lucretia. “Gentlemen of the jury, this poor little woman—”

The Theatre: Antigone. Lear. Abie’s Irish Rose.

Man: Adam—or Pithecanthropus erectus. Look in the mirror.

—R. E. Alexander in Collier’s Weekly.

1820

1926

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