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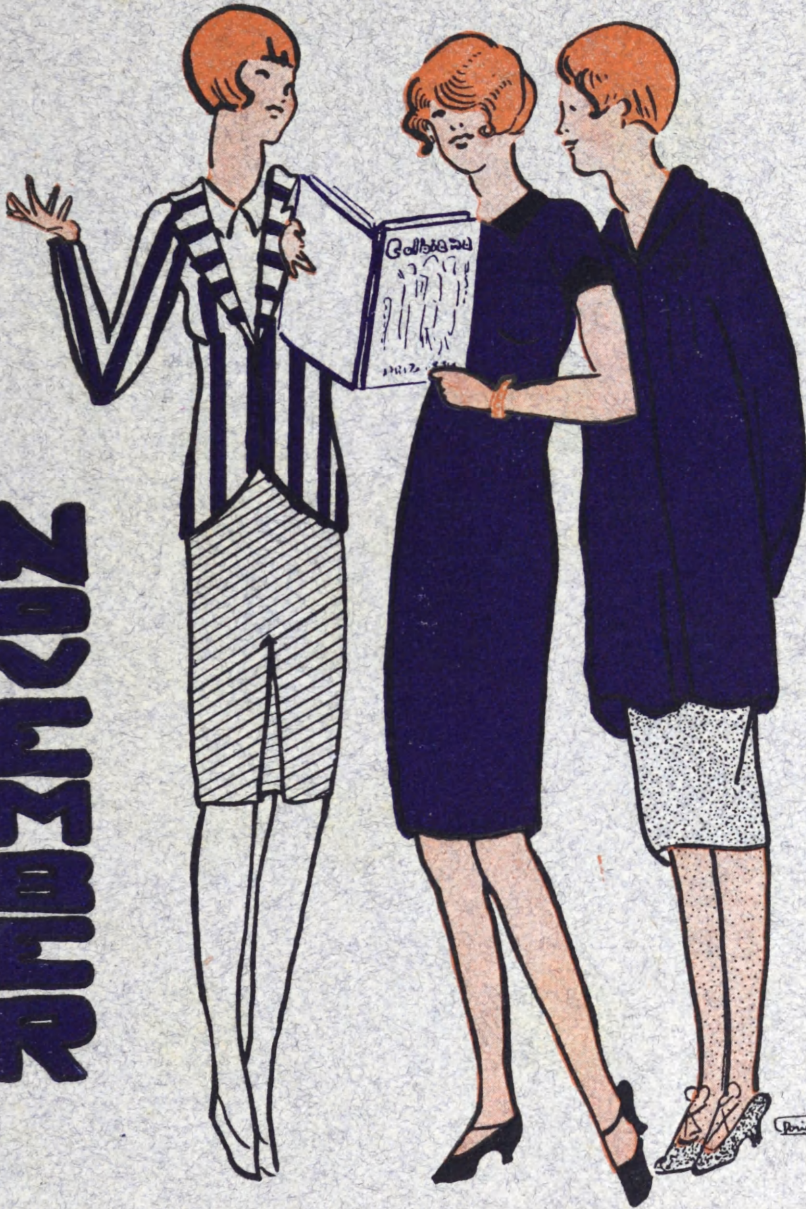
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# Colbiana



COLBIANA

1950

PRIZE ISSUE

Paris & G. Lombardi



# THE COLBIANA

Vol. XIV

DECEMBER, 1926

Number 1



## TO DEAN NETTIE RUNNALS.

To Dean Runnals, who is this year Dean of Women at Hillsdale in Michigan, we wish to dedicate this issue of the Colbiana. We wish that it lay in our power to pay her a greater tribute in appreciation of her years of splendid service for the women of Colby. Herself a graduate of Colby, she knew college girls and understood always where help was needed, whether through advice or discipline or encouragement.

"During the years that Miss Runnals was Dean of Women at Colby she came in contact with unnumbered different girls. Miss Runnals was personally acquainted with and deeply interested in each one. I wonder how many of these girls there are who, after leaving college have not realized the great influence of Miss Runnals on their lives. No girl could have lived one year at

Colby, to say nothing of four, without gaining something very precious from contact with Miss Runnals which will last all her life.

"Miss Runnals was interested in all phases of life here at Colby. No student activity was ever complete without her presence. Her influence in the everyday life of the girls was unestimated. The great lessons in fairness, well-balanced interests and right living taught by Dean Runnals can only be realized after years of experience. Search the world over for all the Colby girls who knew her, and every one will say,—'She never failed our ideal.'"

D. Hannaford, '27.

In some slight tribute to her ability, her fairness, and her friendliness, we dedicate to her this issue of the Colbiana.

## TO DEAN ERMA V. REYNOLDS.

To our new Dean of Women, Erma Reynolds, Colbiana as the voice of the Woman's Division, wishes to extend a welcome. We wish to assure her that we appreciate the admirable way in which she has begun her duties. We realize that any successor to Dean Runnals has a place to fill in responsibilities of office and in the hearts of Colby women which will not easily be

filled. But we believe that Dean Reynolds, with her earnestness for right conditions, with her warm interest in our activities and her sympathetic understanding of each individual girl who has had occasion to come in close contact with her, has already begun to form a place of her own in many of our hearts. In her new work, we wish her success and happiness.



## THE BLUE BIRD'S FEATHER.

The thunder of a miniature Niagara aroused little Miss Price from a most satisfactory dream of her interrupted college career. She was jerked rudely from her drowsy "9 o'clock German" to room 6 in the "Widder Jackson's Respectable Boarding House." Warily she opened one heavy eye. The room was shrouded in a dim half light, so dim in fact that Miss Price decided to take another nap. Just as she stiffened her body to turn over, a rheumatic wheeze near by warned her that the alarm clock was about to set up its strident wail. With one bound she reached it and turned off the alarm. Now thoroughly awake she was free to give her attention to the apparent earliness of the hour. Rain? Rain!

The broken gutter above one window was hurling a torrent of water at the glass. She did not need to look from the other to know that it was raining hard, pelting, spiteful rain, cold, chilling rain which had no business in gentle June. The floor was moist and clammy to her bare feet and she leaped kangaroo-fashion from one rug to another until she reached her narrow bed.

As she dressed she muttered fragments of sentences to herself. "Rain! Indoor recess—Oh Dear! here is a hole in the heel of my last whole stockings. Now where are my old shoes? It's so cool we will have to have a fire and I just know 'Old Simpkins' will take today to have lumbago in. And here is ink on my best shirtwaist. Rainy! Oh dear! why not some other time, it's bad enough anyhow. This getting up at six and going down the same old stairs—and seeing the same old stuffy gossip at the same old kind of a breakfast—and then the same old folks at school, the same lessons—lessons—lessons. Darn the rain!"

Finally trim and tidy, looking every inch a "schoolmarm" (a small edition and a very delectable one at that) little Miss Price descended the much despised stairs and breakfasted in an unappetizing room reminiscent of yesterday's boiled dinner. It made little Miss Price "scringe," to use her own expression. She left her food barely touched and hastened to her room. Even the wall paper seemed to be permeated by the driv-

ing rain without. She tidied her dresser, moving briskly to keep from feeling the penetrating damp, and at 8.30 was ready to start for school.

She found that her rubbers and umbrella were of little use because of the boisterous wind which flapped her drenched skirts and tried earnestly to turn her umbrella wrong side out. By the time she reached the schoolhouse she was soaked to the skin. As she had feared, "Old Simpkins" had not built her fire. "It seems silly to need one now," she mused, "but I want to dry out." The wood was green and the draft too strong. After a long struggle, little Miss Price succeeded in starting a fire, but not before, on the strength of her temper alone, she could have hurled the monster into the foaming ditch.

The children trailed in damply by twos and threes and hung their dripping rain-coats behind the stove. A long puddle formed beneath them, and tracing its amber-like way across the floor, joined forces with the wide muddy pool before the door. Twice little Miss Price swept back the spreading water, feeling each time a twinge of sympathy for old King Canute, who had tried to stem the rising water even as she.

The forenoon was endless, a monotony of dragging lessons and stupid exercises. Miss Price seethed within: not even Clara Moore knew a thing today. They didn't try—they could not be so stupid. At college now the girls were having cosy farewell teas, and just because Mary and Joanna Lawrie had seen fit to have the mumps in April, her school must keep till the 20th. Her pride of self support left her. It would be all very well to say she put herself through college, that she stayed out and taught a year,—but oh! how hard it was on rainy days.

Noon! The children clumped out into the deluge again. Little Miss Price did not leave the school room; she heaped the fire and discreetly dried her petticoat before the children returned. The wind had been beaten by the fury of the rain, and was still. It seemed to pour the proverbial "cats and dogs."



The afternoon session began. It was interminable. The fire burned fiercely and filled the room with steamy warmth. The odor of oilskins and hot rubber filled the air.

"Life," Miss Price reflected, "is just one smell after another."

"Two o'clock," informed Miss Price, a bit nauseated by lack of food and an undue amount of odor, "Study period for geography."

From her chair Miss Price surveyed the inattentive rows of children, half-hidden by the large geographies. A miniature riot distracted her attention from Molly Phillips' flirtation in the second aisle, to the back of the room. George Davis had Eddie's ruler and would not return it. Miss Price had reached the stage where calmness was beyond her. For the first time during the year she shook out one of her pupils. Order was restored but that current of inattentiveness was something which she could not control. Her nerves were near the breaking point.

She began to correct spelling papers. From the front seats came two unmistakable sniffs. The twins Nellie and Lilly Simpkins seemed to be sharing their father's disability. Sniff—sniff—they had twin colds—sniff. C-H-O-I-C-E, not—sniff—C-H-I-O-C-E,—sniff, sniff, from behind the foremost geographies. Sniff—if they did it again she would scream—sniff—sn—. At the limit of her endurance came deliverance. Mr. Cowley, the superintendent, came and asked that the scholars might leave early because of the bad traveling. Numbed in body and soul, little Miss Price dismissed them, refused Mr. Cowley's offer of a ride home, and duly collected her things.

In a daze of self pity she started for home, or the place she called home. She left the muddy walk and chose the path through the fields. The tall grasses overhanging the narrow way, saturating her heavy skirt. Mammoth purple clover heads drooping with their burden of water slapped coldly at her heedless ankles. Unfeeling of bodily discomfort little Miss Price shut herself up in her tumultuous mind. When she reached the bars between the fields, she stopped, dropped her throbbing head on the topmost rail, and indulged herself in many scalding tears.

It was not fair—some have so much and she had so little—nothing was right—the world was a great black cauldron of wrongs against herself. Her first spasm spent itself. The lump in her throat choked her so that she did not realize that the rain had become warm and gentle.

She rested her chin on her arms and stared gloomily out across the field, noting with melancholy satisfaction that she was just as wet as a mortal could be. She glanced at her watch—so late—what had she been doing so long? She must go on—go to supper—see the same old people, eat the same—.

If it had not been so stormy it would have been sunset. At the supreme moment, the God of Storms relented; the morose clouds parted and the golden glory of the summer sun rolled out—out and on, until it enveloped little Miss Price standing at the bars, and the tender leaved apple-tree beside her. From the twistiest limb of all there appeared to spring a misshapen bunch of feathers. Gradually it took shape, a slender bluebird preening itself in the golden glow. Liquid bubbles of thanksgiving burst from its tiny throat—after the storm the sun—the glorious golden sun! For Miss Price, who stood in the molten light, a bit of encouragement came with the bluebird's song.

A warm rain-sweet breeze stirred the damp curls about her forehead. It flooded her being with a new hope. Her shoulders straightened, her head rose. After all there was a new day tomorrow, she was young; she was strong; she was free; she had health and a sturdy mind; she was invincible; she could fight, and she was hungry!

The tiny bird swung joyously on the twistiest limb, chortling for very happiness, then he took flight. He hung poised for a moment in the golden mist before the eyes of little Miss Price; then he shot up in the shaft of sunlight, out of sight. Miss Price with firm jaw and bright eyes contemplated climbing over the bars. Then a last message of the bluebird came to her,—a tiny blue-edged feather, drifting uncertainly down to light on her outstretched hand. Bluebirds are for happiness; Miss Price clutched her mascot delicately and mounted the bars.

Annie Hooper Goodwin, '29.



## THE GAME.

A wild, reckless crowd jostled each other around the Wheel of Life in the gaming place of Chance. Laughing and shouting they threw their money, their beauty, their all, on the table. And the wheel was spun again and again. Suddenly a cry went up and every one made way for a new-comer. Without a word one and all handed over their winnings to her, for it was Fate, herself. Then a woman, who had hitherto kept in the background, stepped forward and with curling lips and scornful eyes threw down her stakes and took up the game. Not a word was spoken but the Wheel of Life was turned and Skepticism was born in the form of Janet Farris.

\* \* \* \*

Janet Farris looked up from the tub of steaming clothes at the dirty cabin with hard bright eyes. Then she returned to her washing with renewed vigor. She must be done in an hour. Pete came home at two for dinner and she had to get over to old Jake's cabin and back before then. She looked calculatingly about her at the dirt floor, the rough walls, and the rusty stove. Not much longer in this. It sure paid to be nice to old Jake. He didn't have long to live by the looks of him last night. And then, no more of this. She hung out her clothes and hurried over to old Jake's cabin.

Old Jake lay, breathing heavily, on a filthy bunk when she came in. He motioned feebly to her and she sat down beside him, smoothing the bedclothes with an ill-concealed grimace of disgust. He was dying, she knew, and she hoped he would tell her where his money was; God knew she had schemed for it!

"Janet—in the floor—my money—it's all yours," he paused for a moment and his eyes burned into hers. "You were meant for wealth, Janet."

She listened to the old man's whispers with a satisfied smile and after he had died she went to the place in the floor and got the money. Bundle after bundle of bank-notes she gathered greedily into her apron and without a backward glance started home. Already plans for the future were forming in her selfish plotting brain. She

would go to New York. She would have a car. Jake was right. She was meant for wealth and what was more, now that she had got her hands on the money nothing could keep her from enjoying it. Her mouth set in an unlovely line. She would make the most of her face, which Pete used to call pretty. Of course Pete didn't know anything but—she stopped by the side of the mill pond and looked at her reflection in the deep, still water. Yes, her face was pretty. Her hair was curly, too. She leaned nearer and nearer. It happened in a second. The sod at the edge of the water gave way and with a piercing shriek she was hurled with her precious money, over the dam and into the teeth of the mill-wheel.

\* \* \* \*

At the gaming table, Fate gathered up her stakes. The woman, a little less confident but still very scornful, threw down her last money, her beauty, everything, and watched the Wheel of Life in its second spin as Skepticism was born in the form of Alicia Vantine.

\* \* \* \*

Alicia Vantine paced the floor of her perfectly appointed drawing room. It couldn't be true—but yes, it was. She might as well face the facts. Her lawyer had just told her that her fortune, every cent of it, was gone and she was as poor as the woman who did her laundry. Yes, poorer, for she couldn't even do laundry. She thought of Bobby. Mighty good she hadn't married him. Nice kid, but poverty—no, thank you. She really didn't worry much about poverty. There was always old Sprague. If he hadn't been so old she'd have been married to him now. But why worry, it was a certainty that he would come back even if he had got a bit piqued. Perhaps if she was extra nice she might get him before he learned of her loss. Not pleasant to live with an old man but—oh well, beggars can't be choosers, and she shrugged her pretty shoulders and went on with her selfish scheming.

The phone rang sharply. Probably Sprague. She'd ask him over right away. "Hello—oh, yes, Sarah—have I heard



what?—Sprague? What about him?—  
what?—good heavens!”

The voice at the other end of the wire  
went on mercilessly.

“The old guy eloped with Suzanne Carle-  
ton. Isn’t it too funny? She’s a wise kid  
to hitch up with that gold mine even if he

is about twice her age. Hello!—Hello!—”  
But Alicia had hung up.

\* \* \* \*

Again at the gaming table Fate gathered  
up the stakes. The woman of the scornful  
eyes had disappeared.

P. Page, '27.

## A BIT OF PARADISE.

There are only a few who know of the  
lovely spot which I visit so often. It is far  
away from the dust and rattle of any road.  
I think that that is why it has such a charm  
for me. This shady nook lends enchantment  
more and more upon each visit. It seems  
as though it must harbor a fairy-ring where,  
every evening in the moonlight, those creat-  
ures from the other world come to make  
merry. Their presence may even be felt  
sometimes in the late afternoon, and day-  
dreams of fairyland seem to make the spot  
even more lovely.

Then there is a brook bubbling through  
it; just a little brook, but clear and swift.  
Not often is the water in the channel still.  
But I remember once, in August, when I  
visited the place, the water was not mov-  
ing. There were left only some small  
pools of water. I wondered then if it  
were not as charming in that state as when  
the water hurried past. For I could look  
into the crystal basins, and see the green  
above, reflected. I made a cup from birch-  
bark and tasted a little of the water. It  
was as cool and as pure as any I had ever  
had to drink. I think there is a spring  
amongst the rocks, else in the summer sun  
the water would all go.

Just beyond the brook is a thick clump  
of birches with a narrow foot-path through  
it. On this side, and close to the water  
are spruce trees, and a hemlock. I always  
marveled at the greenness of their foliage,  
but the tree I most admired was an apple  
tree growing apart from the other trees a  
little to this side. It seems to me a strange  
phenomenon that in a pasture of birches,  
spruce, and hemlock, an apple tree should  
grow. As I lay underneath the spruce close  
beside the brook, I would invariably turn  
my head so that I could see the apple tree.

I liked to imagine that years ago there was  
a house close to the brook, and the apple  
tree was planted that its fruit might satisfy  
the children.

There were no birds’ nests in the trees  
nearest to the brook, but in the apple tree  
there was a robin’s nest. I can feel again  
the joy I felt when first I saw the mother  
bird carrying a bit of a twig up to the tree.  
I saw her mate come with a straw in his  
bill. The nest was barely started. I stayed  
very late that evening, and I saw the home  
almost completed.

During the next few weeks there was an  
added interest in my visits to the brook. I  
took such delight and interest in the robin  
family. I knew when the eggs were laid,  
although I never climbed up in the tree.  
The proud husband made it clearly known  
that no longer was the nest an empty one.  
I was as happy as the two birds when the  
eggs hatched and there were little birds to  
feed.

One day when I approached the brook I  
noticed a bit of white close beside a tree  
trunk. I drew nearer and found a clump  
of pure white perfect Indian pipes. There  
had been none the year before. Indian  
pipes were scarce about my home and I  
wondered where the seed had come from.  
Every year since then there has been al-  
most the same number of these curious  
plants. I never pick one for I like to let  
Nature have her way and please or sur-  
prise me as she will.

Only once did I visit this spot in the  
spring. It seemed clean and fresh and oh,  
what gorgeous mayflowers I found there!  
It was such a delight to look under the  
leaves for any traces of the clear, pink and  
white flowers, and to find that the loveliest  
ones were always tucked ’way out of sight.



One of the other visitors to this spot was Grover Johnson, the farmer who owned the land. Several times a year he spent a day at fishing in the deep pool beyond the spruce trees. From my resting place, I could watch him cast his line into the water and haul out his fish. He seemed so quiet and so still that he became almost a part of the atmosphere when he was there.

Each time I go to my paradise I feel that

it may be my last visit, so I drink in the place with joy and contentment. It is the most enchanting spot to go and one cannot help but get inspiration from these surroundings.

Some day, when my ship comes in, I am going to buy the property and keep it beautiful as it always has been, for the joy and delight of others who may wish to find peace and seclusion.

Helen Mitchell, '27.

## MY PHILOSOPHY OF BEAUTY.

"There are some loves that the world, important though it is, may well be lost for—the love of an idea, a principle, a cause, a discovery, a piece of knowledge or of beauty."

Rose Macauley.

Beauty? Yes, the world may be well lost for beauty. Real beauty is wholesome, satisfying, exhilarating, even intoxicating. And beauty is such a common thing and so plainly visible to all that its intrinsic worth and value are overlooked by the majority and appreciated by only a few. Most of us must even be taught to observe, to appreciate, to enjoy beauty. "We have eyes, and we see not." We are forever striving for artificiality, forever endeavoring to adjust ourselves to the complexion of American civilization forgetting, in our eternal struggle, to seek the God-given solace of the love of nature. But there it is—all about us—beauty. Wherever there is one blade of grass or one bit of blue sky visible—there may be seen beauty—ever-changing, interesting, gratifying.

It would be absurd to stress the importance of natural scenery without, at least, mentioning some others of the multiple sources of beauty. In fact, there is scarcely anything in which we cannot discover some artistic quality. Even such a common occurrence as a friendly smile accompanying a greeting conveys beauty, as Mr. Hutchinson will agree, for he writes: "Infinitely the most beautiful thing in life is a face lighting up with pleasure of friendship."

Then, there is the beauty of love—deep, overpowering, basic in its binding quality. It is our creedal type of beauty, for "He

that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him, for God is love."

Truth—our mania for scientific facts—the fine arts, sculpture, music, poetry, literature—there is indefinite beauty in these, for they are the artistic attempts of man to express the beauty of his soul. This type of beauty is delightful and satisfying to a certain extent, but we often feel in our innermost beings that it is somehow incomplete, or, perhaps, that its perfection is overwrought:—art—the sensuous form of a beautiful thought.

Physical beauty is rare. We can, probably, if we search keenly enough, find some admirable feature in everybody; if one is very ugly in appearance he has undoubtedly a beautiful soul! But there has never yet been created a human being perfect in external beauty and form—unless it may have been Christ, though I doubt even this example. "For there is ever the fatal flaw of humanity which Nature, in one shape or another, stamps ineffaceably on all her productions, either to imply that they are temporary and finite, or that their perfection must be wrought by toil and pain." (Hawthorne.) And perfection thus wrought is transient and easily tarnished.

Then, if artificial and even human beauty fail to satisfy us completely, it must be nature alone that possesses this art. Artificial expression fails to convey to us that thrilling sensation of wild primitiveness, of God-like majesty and power, of perfect harmony which nature so completely embodies. Man's attempt to supplement natural beauty by the erection of magnificent statues, and to regulate and chain her wild-



ness by staid, geometrically arranged concrete walks is absurd, yet pathetic. When the work of the Master has once been touched by human hands, the Christ-like individuality departs, and that fierce, wild, piercing beauty becomes docile, tamed, and man-made artistic.

Because nature is the fundamental source of beauty, we are forever striving to imitate colors,—forever attempting to produce a fabric whose hue can rival the coloring of the sunset or of the dawn. But there is never a green so restful, so delightful, as the green of the grass; never a blue that can be matched with that heavenly blue; never a shade of yellow, or gold, or orange that can rival the marvelous transparency of the sunlight. It is a hopeless task; at best we can find contrasting

shades that will not rudely clash with the color scheme of the Almighty. The greatest tribute that we can pay to nature is not to imitate, but to appreciate,—to allow ourselves occasionally to become so saturated with her beauty that we absorb and retain some of her gracious strength, to be used in the building of our characters.

Words, language, speech! How inadequate, how impossible, how futile these symbols with which we attempt to portray the roaring of the winter gale, the crystal whiteness of the snow, the murmuring of the gentle summer wind, the emerald greenness of the foliage, and the rippling, swishing blueness of the lake. Impressions of beauty are to be received, but never truthfully expressed.

Bernice Green, '27.

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## BEVERLY'S BOB.

Beverly Hunt was homesick. Although it was the beginning of her second year at college, she was humped up on her couch in utter dejection. It would seem to a casual observer that Beverly had almost everything that could be asked to make her happy, for she had many friends, an attractive room, pretty clothes, and plenty of spending money. Beverly was good looking, even now when her head drooped and her eyes were filled with tears as she sat gazing in front of her, chin in hand. Her home was in a New England city, where she lived in an old colonial house with her mother and father, small brother and sister. All summer she had looked forward to coming back to college, but now that she was there, her longing for home and disagreements with her friends discouraged her.

At present, the bone of contention was her long, curly, brown hair, done in a smooth knot at the back of her head. Her roommates, who were nothing if not "collegiate," insisted that she would be a much greater success if it were bobbed. Beverly's brown curly hair, wide blue eyes, and clear complexion, combined with a pleasing personality, made her very attractive. Madge and Louise had been fairly

successful in teaching her the Charleston and the other latest dances, then thought that she ought to be just a little more modern to fit in with them. Beverly didn't lack pep. Quite the contrary, for she was a fine tennis player, and a formidable guard in hockey. Since she played the violin exceedingly well, according to Madge and Louise she need only change to the "uke" or banjo to be quite in style. While she was gloomily going over the conversation which had taken place earlier that afternoon, and wishing that she could appear as interesting and lively as Madge and Louise before the boys who came to see them, Betty Flynt came rushing into the room, calling,

"Cheer up, Bev, come on and go home with me this week-end. Dad's out here with the car now. We're going out to the farm, it's such good weather. Come on, old scout, the world will look different when you get out there in the sunshine and get your teeth into a hunk of grandmother's pumpkin pie."

So Beverly went, and under the rapid fire of Betty's chatter on the way out, found herself feeling considerably better. The excitement of popping corn over the fireplace and pulling taffy in the evening



with a crowd of Betty's friends made Beverly forget her difficulty of homesickness and lack of a "line." She seemed to fit in as well as anyone when they gathered around the piano to sing or wound up the victrola to dance by.

When the girls woke up next morning the day was such a fine example of "October's Bright Blue Weather" that they planned to go hunting for chestnuts. Betty drove out in the country until they came to a place where there were chestnut trees, then left the car in a farm yard, and walked down a long hill where the trees were growing along a stone wall. The two girls became separated as they hunted, Beverly going farther from the road, and Betty staying along the wall. Beverly was groping along, bent over to pick up the nuts, when suddenly she stumbled over something furry that she first thought a cat, but on looking up, found to her dismay that it was a skunk. As she started to run, nauseated by the disagreeable odor, her hair and scalp felt suspiciously wet. She hurried up the hill in tears, and, looking up, saw a young man in blue overalls in the middle of the road, obviously suppressing his mirth with difficulty. He hastened to comfort her, and appeared very sympathetic. After examining her damaged crowning glory, his verdict was,

"There's nothing to do but bob it!" Together, they went back to the farm house, where they found Betty, who was overcome

with a mixture of dismay and mirth, but she, too, agreed that a shingle was the only remedy. The young man, whose name was Bob, produced a pair of shears and started snipping at Beverly's curls. His barbering proved quite successful, and when her hair had been shampooed with everything from sulphur to kerosene, Beverly agreed that it was rather becoming bobbed, after all. Before leaving, they discovered that Bob had graduated from the state agricultural college the year before, that he was twenty-two, and just starting on a farm of his own. Beverly promised to write and tell him the effect of the bob on her friends, in return for the skunk's skin, to be kept as a trophy.

When Beverly and Betty returned, their roommates were occupying all available space in the room, with a box full of all kinds of "eats" in the middle of the floor, and various articles spread on the tables and chairs. As Beverly unconcernedly took off her hat, they all rushed at her, crying,

"Oh! You've had it bobbed! It looks simply marvelous! How did it happen? Don't you just love it, girls?" When Beverly smiled and told them the real reason, they hooted with shrieks to bring proctors hurrying from every direction with dire threats of black marks. The feast was continued in honor of Beverly and her "Bob."

Needless to say, both bobs proved quite satisfactory to Beverly.

Doris H. Church, '29.

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## LUCK.

My eye travels over the table and then to the fireplace, where I study the effect of green tiles and brass andirons and rails reflecting the glowing rays of the fire. I think of how this beautiful set was obtained merely by luck. Luck! Here at my elbow sits a curious device, the Gommy Wozzle of Luck. An ogre reclines on an oriental couch, his right hand resting on his knees, his left supporting a long glass pipe the contents of which, a dark red fluid, he alternately sucks to his lips and then throws back into the tube with such pressure that one drop oozes from the terminal.

Here reclines that strange being, un- sightly with its clawlike hands and feet, and the green head with two large but vacant eyes. He sits in absolute indifference to his surroundings and concentration on his endless task. His eyes remain fixed on the bowl of his pipe. I notice that of the large quantity of fluid seeming ready to drop from the end of the tube only a small part appears, for the ogre has sucked the greater part back. In my imagination I try to make explanations. Does he think he will overwhelm us with too much, or did he wish to see our greedy hands snatch



for it only to clutch the air? How often does the sportsman tell of the luck he almost had but lost.

There comes to my mind a vivid picture of the kingdom of the ruler of luck. How many millions he has at his command! All classes from the little grimy newsboy on the street-corner to the millionaire, the rascal to the judge before whom he stands, the Egyptian to the Eskimo. All, his loyal subjects. All, dependent upon his foibles. Yet some who have served him best go

empty handed, while often I see a careless, indifferent fellow loaded down with riches, riches acquired by no effort or influence on his part. I see those held in the quicksands of poverty sinking deeper and deeper, waiting for the helping hand of Luck; on the other hand, I see the rich placed in more costly mansions, blessing Luck for their fortunes.

The little god Luck reclines upon his oriental couch and watches.

E. Beckett, '30.

## MORAL—?

What were my impressions? Well, mostly fog, slippery wet streets, misty lights blinking in the distance and a lonesome feeling, so lonesome that—well, I never hope to be lonesome again.

Well, what do you want, man? You said, "how did you feel" and I told you! Yes, excuse me. Everything that happened and that I know about it, eh!

Give me a match and I'll get my pipe going first. There, that's better. Now, here's what I know, but I pray you, O Fellow-Inquisitors, if you don't get such a thrill as you anticipated, don't blame me.

On that Thursday evening after I finished dinner, I sat down in the library and lit up as usual and started reading. It was drizzling outside and there was a steady dripping against the window panes. Usually that gives me a comfortable feeling but that night I don't know what got into me. I was restless and couldn't keep my mind on Voltaire, so I knocked the ashes from my pipe, got into my wet weather clothes and started forth. Just as I closed the front door I heard the clock strike ten. I started towards the South End.

And talk about fog! Say, Ed, it had your London fogs beaten at the start. I tried to light a cigarette but the atmosphere was so wet it wouldn't burn, so I had to give it up. I walked on for about three quarters of an hour. In that time I passed but three persons, a young fellow who looked capable of knocking out Gene Tunney, a girl and after them a policeman.

It seemed like walking in some ghost

city. I'd see a light apparently a great distance off and then find it but a foot away. There wasn't a sound but the steady patter of the drizzle and the close silence of the fog which was so still that it fairly shouted. And such nasty footing, especially in crepe soled shoes.

After walking a while longer I decided to go home and turned to retrace my steps. As I did so, there loomed up in front of me, the girl whom I had passed a short time before. At the same time I came onto a large puddle of water unexpectedly and veered sharply to one side to escape it, when—blank—and then nothing!

Gradually I became aware that I possessed a head and that it didn't feel as it should. In fact I thought that I was in a Freshman Razoo again at college. Remember that last rainy Friday that the Sophs yanked us out, Neal, and the fight I got into with "Bo" Hamlin? Oh, yes, yes,—my head. Excuse me, Ed, I'll go right on with this tale. Besides my head thumping and sizzling, I felt all out of balance. Well, as I became once more, Mr. Barney Oldham, I discovered that I was sitting on the sidewalk!

"Robbed! I'm robbed!" was my first coherent thought. Swiftly I went through my pockets; billfold intact, silver knife and cigarette case, cigar lighter, watch, cufflinks, pin—all there! What had happened then? That pugilistic fellow—the girl—now why did the policeman follow them? And—why, I had it!

I could visualize perfectly how the girl



stepped up while the fellow dodged round in the fog and cracked me. While about to help himself to my property, the sudden appearance of the policeman put a stop to the party and they "beat it." Thus I solved my fix in a regular S. Holmes' style, but that wasn't the answer as I found later.

Shucks, my pouch is empty! A little more tobacco, Ed, please, and I'll finish my story. What's the name of your tobacco? It's better than mine. Prince Albert? Why that's odd, that's what I use, too, but it doesn't seem like yours.

Well, to go on with my story—I got to my feet and started off. I walked and walked and then walked some more. By George, I bet I walked twenty-five miles before it dawned on me that I was lost in my own home town in the fog! Not one soul in sight, and lonesome! By Allah! I felt like a six year old left alone in the dark!

It was no laughing matter, Neal. I was soaked through, it still drizzled and my head ached wretchedly, but I decided it would be better to keep on going. Just

then I had a feeling that someone was near. Turning quickly, I saw the policeman and then—blank again!

Talk about heads! My next comeback has had no equal, before or since! Orion, Jupiter, Venus and all the star relatives paraded and scintillated! But for all that my head felt more comfortable and then I came to the fact that my head was dropped on a man's lap! And whom do you suppose it was? Pat O'Ryan, the cop on the next block below my house! I had circled almost home in my wanderings.

But why should Pat be supporting my head, you ask, Ed? Well, that's what I asked him. So hold your breaths, boys, and hear the gory climax. It seems that when I turned quickly to see the policeman, I'd slipped on my crepe soles and cracked my head on the pavement!

And the girl? Well, to be truthful, I fell for her, too, because of those everlasting crepe soles when I tried to avoid that puddle!

Eh! What? Good Lord, no! I'm still a bach!  
Dorothy Giddings, '27.

## NARCISSUS.

The pool lies in breathless expectancy, not a ripple marring its surface. The willows bend by its brink in sympathetic eagerness, and every forest voice is hushed. Narcissus bends to his image in the mirroring water. How he longs to touch this vision: he's so close, and he would take it to his bosom if he could. But he knows that if he lays so much as a fingertip upon it, the face of his beloved will disappear utterly.

If he could but stay away, the torture of his inability to become one with his darling would fade.

But he cannot stay away!

\* \* \* \* \*

The sounds of a universe are still and earth listens in a hush surcharged with emotion, when a mother comes near to the heart of her child, and the child is a quiet pool of welcome. The strident voices of man's warfare fade into nothingness when in the given tension of battle two soldier-pals may almost enter one into the heart of the other. Almost! The poignant pity of the breach!

If we would dull that feeling of frustration we must not come close in spirit to our fellows but dwell afar off.

But we cannot stay away!

M. R.

## THE SOUL OF MAN.

A tangled mass of mystery—so deep  
Intriguing, baffling, foiling all attempts  
To understand the nature of its maze—  
The soul of man. The essence of our life,

The cherished, guarded object of God's  
love,  
Forever striving to express itself,  
Yet destined never to be understood.

B. G. '27.



BEAUTY.

There is beauty in a mountain brook  
Or in a wood's secluded nook.  
There is beauty in the sunset glow;

But the finest beauty that I know  
Is found in the guise of a human soul,  
That is striving to reach a soaring goal.  
V. Fellows, '27.

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# THE COLBIANA

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

## EDITORIALS.

"Ye Editors" announce for the judges, Miss Florence Dunn, Mrs. C. J. Weber and Professor Cecil Rollins, the following winners in Colbiana's prize contest for prose:

First prize: Annie Hooper Goodwin, for the story, "The Blue Bird's Feather."

Second prize: (awarded to each) Pauline Page, for "The Game;" Helen Mitchell, for "A Bit of Paradise."

The judges considered that the verse submitted was not such as to warrant the award of a prize for poetry.

Colbiana wishes sincerely to thank all contributors to the contest. You were comparatively few; we wish there were more of you to thank. It is significant that those who found time to try for money prizes are without exception those who have always before willingly helped Colbiana without the spur of reward. For this reason we feel that the contributions were made in a fine spirit of helpfulness,—and we thank you!

We trust that you, **and others**, will as gladly offer us material for the next issue. No prizes will be offered, but we believe that even more of the women will place articles in the Colbiana mail-box. Where

is the pride of the Woman's Division? There are many of you who write ably, but you allow Colbiana to pull along (no pun intended) as best it can by the dentist's method, extraction. If **you** will make it a point to offer us your best, we'll guarantee you a splendid issue to take home at East-er-time. Freshmen, you may help, too.

The mail-box is always there, and we always need material. Are you with us?  
M. R.

A lady is known by her manners. A co-ord is a lady—therefore—. This may sound like a platitudinous axiom, but there is more to it. We feel that the following epigram gives an excellent definition of a lady: A pessimist is one who washes the tub before use. An optimist is one who washes the tub after use. But a lady is one who washes it before and after use. This is a humorous definite perhaps, but it contains a grain of truth—a lady shows consideration for others. She does not labor under the delusion that she is alone in the world and that she has personal liberty to do as she pleases. She realizes that she lives in a community, that her actions



affect others. And now a co-ord is a lady. As such she is expected to maintain standards. These standards mean not only the major things: kindness, courtesy, refinement of manner, but also the minor details of every day life; the little things which may not be easy to remember for spontaneous irresponsible youth such as ours. We refer to noise in and out of quiet hour, shouting and running in the halls, and general grammar school boisterousness, all the little things which may seem of least importance to each of us but which distress and disturb others. A lady is thoughtful of others at all times—a co-ord is a lady.

H. S.

Are you a pessimist, Colbyite? Are you finding your courses dull, your roommate shallow, the muffins tasteless, and the days all rainy? Are fraternities an evil, and co-ords silly, and does your philosophy end in Nirvana? Then listen to the brave words of one who knew and often wrote about the dregs of human life. In "Oliver Twist," Charles Dickens philosophizes, "Men who look on nature and their fellow-men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy are in the right; but the somber colors are reflections of their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate and need a clearer vision."

M. R.

## AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

Miss Nettie Runnals, '08, our former dean, is now Dean of Women at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich. Miss Erma V. Reynolds, '14, is our present dean.

Donnie C. Getchell, '24, is teaching at Hunter College and attending Columbia University.

Mildred Collins, '23, is teaching in Providence, R. I.

Ida Frances Jones, '23, was married August 21, to Andrew Jackson Smith. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith are teachers in the Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.

Marjorie Kemp, '23, is teaching at Lincoln, Me.

The marriage of Beulah Adams, '23, to Elmer Williams has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm House (Margaret Turner, '24) announce the birth of a daughter, Jean Marie, Sept. 24.

Florence Smith, '25, is teaching at Winthrop.

Mildred Briggs, '25, is teaching in the high school at Phillips.

Margaret White, '25, has announced her marriage to John McGowan.

Mildred Smiley, ex-'25, is now teaching at Stonington.

Helen Kyle, '26, was married to Gordon Swan this summer.

Joyce Gordon, ex-'28, has announced her marriage to Carl Steady. Mr. Steady is a professor in a Missouri college.

The following members of the class of 1926 are teaching:

Marguerite Albert at Junior High School, Waterville.

Agnes Brouder at the high school in Methuen, Mass.

Hope Chase at Winslow High School.

Clara Collins at Berwick Academy, South Berwick.

Alpha Crosby at Buxton High School, Buxton Center.

Irma Davis at Ricker Institute, Houlton.

Dorohty Farnum at Delphi Academy, Delphi, N. Y.

Hilda Fife at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

Adelaide Gordon at Lincoln Academy, Damariscotta.

Emily Heath at Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville.

Imogen Hill at Mexico High, Mexico.

Madeline Merrill at George Stevens Academy, Bluehill.

Jennie Nutter at Kingfield High School.

Lerene Rolls, Strong High School, Strong.

Marian Rowe at Hartland Academy, Hartland.



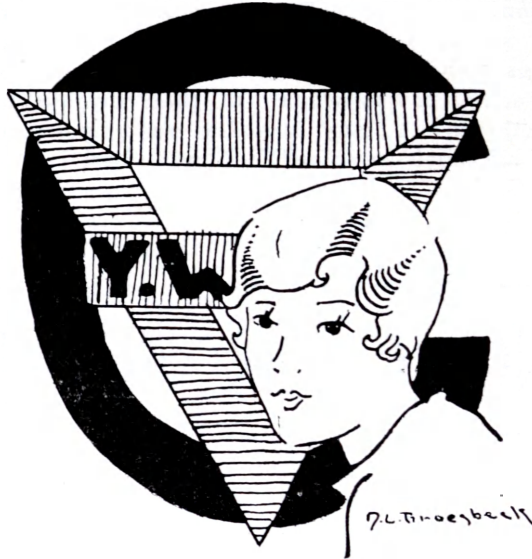
Esther Wood at Stonington High School, Stonington.

Evelyn Rushton at Liberty High School, Liberty, N. Y.

Edna Tuttle at Junior High School, Somerville, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Littlefield (Eleatha Bean, '25) announce the birth of a daughter, Norma.

Margaret Abbott, '23, is teaching in Westbrook High School, Westbrook.



The members of the freshman class of the women's division were given a reception by the Y. W. C. A. in Foss Hall, Friday evening, Sept. 24. Julia D. Mayo, '27, president of the organization, gave a cordial address of welcome to the freshmen and to Dean Erma V. Reynolds. A short musical program concluded the evening.

The candlelight service for the freshmen was held Tuesday evening, Sept. 28, in Foss Hall. Julia D. Mayo, '27, led the meeting.

The first regular weekly meeting was held in the Foss Hall assembly room, Oct. 5. At this meeting each member of the cabinet explained her duties in Y. W. C. A. by giving a practical demonstration of her work. The duties of the chairmen of the religious meetings, publicity, membership, town girls, music, conference, financial, student volunteer, and social committees were explained.

At the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Tuesday evening, Oct. 12, Florence Young, '29, told of her experiences as a

community worker in Evarts, Kentucky, during the past summer.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 28, Mrs. Clarence H. White entertained the members of the Y. W. C. A. with a delightful half hour of piano selections. The program was as follows: "To Spring," by Grieg, two love songs of Schubert's, "Ave Marie," and "In Wist die Ruhe," "In Old Vienna," by Gadowski, and two nocturnes by Chopin.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 2, Rev. Arthur Buckner of the Unitarian church of Waterville, spoke to the members of the Y. W. C. A. Rev. Buckner took as his subject, "The More Excellent Way," from the last verse of the 12th chapter of first Corinthians. At the conclusion of his program Pauline Bakeman, '30, gave several violin selections.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, Professor Lowell Q. Haynes told several quaint tales of Negro life. Professor Haynes made clear many of the Negro characteristics by reading several poems by Erwin Russell.





### The Easy Sex.

"I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man?"

"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

A girl from a telephone exchange fell asleep while at church. The preacher, announcing the hymn, said: "Number 428."

At that moment the girl awoke.

"I'll ring 'em again," she murmured.

When you talk about there being a better country than the United States, every potato winks its eye, every cabbage shakes its head, every beet goes red in the face, every onion gets stronger, every oatfield is shocked, rye strokes its beard, corn pricks up its ears, and every foot of ground kicks.

Little Boy, "I'm not going to school today, 'cause we've got to work too hard."

Mother, "What have you got to do?"

Little Boy, "I don't know but teacher said we'd have calloused thenics after today's classes."

Student, "I have a cold or something in my head."

Professor, "Undoubtedly a cold."

If your nose is close to the gridiron rough,

And you keep it down there long enough,  
You will soon forget there are such things  
As a brook which babbles and a bird which  
sings.

Three things your whole world will compose:

Yourself, the stone and your darned old  
nose!

### Trashy Education.

Fire Starts in Waste Paper Basket Occupied by Two Students.—Iowa Paper headlines.

"Isn't radio wonderful?" said the first man. "Only last night I heard the wife singing in America, and mine is only a crystal set."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied his companion. "This morning I heard my wife stirring her tea in 'China' and mine is only a tea set."

The college president says:  
Such rawness in a student is a shame,  
But lack of preparation is to blame.

The high school principal:  
Good heavens, what crudity! The boy's a  
fool.

The fault, of course, is with the grammar  
school.

The teacher in the grammar school:



Poor kindergarten blockhead! And they call  
That preparation! Worse than none at all!

The kindergarten teacher:

Never such a lack of training did I see,  
What sort of person can the mother be?

The mother:

You stupid child! But then, you're not to  
blame.

Your father's family are all the same.

#### The Random Shot.

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell in the distance, I knew not where.  
'Till a neighbor said that it killed his calf,  
And I had to pay him six and a half.  
I bought some poison to slay some rats,  
And a neighbor swore it killed his cats,  
And rather than argue across the fence,

I paid him four dollars and fifty cents.  
One night I set sailing a toy balloon,  
And hoped it would soar till it reached the  
moon,

But the candle fell on a farmer's straw,  
And he said I must settle or go to law.  
And that is the way with the random shot—  
It never hits in the proper spot,  
And the joke you spring, that you think so  
smart,

May leave a wound in some fellow's heart.

"Pa, does the Lord own a Buick, too?"

"Great Scott, no, son. Whatever put  
that into your head?"

"Well, at Sunday School we had a hymn  
that went, 'If I love Him, when I die, He  
will take me home on high.'"



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