COLBIANA
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MINE KITTY.

Jerry Leonard sat quite still, only his fingers moved, tearing at a bit of paper. It was a way he had when thinking.

He was waiting for young Jerry to come out of the ether. He had been sitting there forty-five minutes, while the doll-faced nurses rustled down the corridor. Apparently, like so many automatons they slid along in well oiled grooves, any trace of individuality they might have had starched into identity.

Young Jerry hadn't had anything serious. Dr. Bowker said, "Spring vacation—good time to have those tonsils and adenoids out. Nothing serious—won't do a bit of harm to wait, the child is well and strong, but I'll save you an hour Saturday afternoon if you like, Leonard. You get out of work at noon? Well, 3.15 say or 4.00—that's taken—2.15?" Jerry had looked at Midget. To Jerry, she seemed like a little girl, not like a wife and mother. Like a sturdy little soldier, she had lifted a brave if quivering chin, then, "Just as you say, Doctor."

Midget—he looked across the ugly table placed so squarely between them—absurd little darling, perched on the chair edge, her slippered feet dangling free; warm little hands clasped tightly, so tiny and yet so—so capable. He saw her trembling lips. She was so darn small! If only the table were not so squarely between them, he would move his chair beside hers. But the nurses rustled by the door and so he only sat and looked at her. He wanted, yes he almost wanted to cry, just because he loved her so.

Jerry smoothed on his knee the ragged remnant of paper he had been tearing. It was as if he had snipped off the shadow of a romping kitten. There it scampered on his knee, back arched and prankish, tail a-waive. Jerry smoothed the ears. "Mine Kitty," he whispered. Jerry smiled as he remembered how young Jerry loved that purring atom of mischief. Jerry, Jr., had named his play fellow, himself—"Mine Kitty."

There was no need of worrying about young Jerry—healthy young devil, Jerry—still one did—just suppose the Doctor—

The doctor breezed in. Jerry eyed the Doctor's tweed suit suspiciously. Had they really done it?

"All done, slick as a whistle. Not a sign of trouble. Out in no time."

Jerry smelled ether. "Er—Doctor, about the fee?"

"Call in some time at the office. No hurry. We'll fix that up. Step along with the nurse, Mrs., and see the kid?"

Midget flitted away. Then the doctor dashed out and left Jerry cramming scraps of paper in his bulging pocket.

The days which followed were empty, Jerry-less days. That very evening, the sight of her forbidden ebony elephants, under the telephone stand, sent a tearful Midget to the refuge of Jerry Senior's arms.
She spent the rest of the evening with her little nose buried in Jerry Senior's comfortable shoulder, while he rocked softly in the big chair.

Sunday morning, he came in with the paper, to find her hugging "Mine Kitty" desperately. Somehow time passed until visiting hours on Sunday, and then it passed again.

Monday, of course, Jerry worked. He had some misgivings about leaving Midget, but he called at ten to find her in a frenzy of house cleaning.

They came in from the hospital about nine to find "Mine Kitty" asleep in young Jerry's cap, which had fallen from its low hook.

Breakfast, Tuesday morning, was a thrill with anticipation and pleasant undernotes of laughter. Midget's brown eyes laughed across the table. The shining kitchen laughed at the kitten romping with a sunbeam. Jerry laughed at Midget's glowing eyes.

"Juddy wants me to bring 'Mine Kitty' to see him this afternoon."

" 'Mine Kitty,' ought to make a hit with Miss Rankin."

Midget gurgled, "Now, Jerry, she's an awfully good nurse."

"Yes, but see what it did to her."

"He'll be home tonight, God love him."

Jerry tweaked "Mine Kitty's" tail and reached for his overcoat.

"Jerry!"

"Yes, Mrs. Leonard."

"Juddy wants creamed salmon for supper. He teased for it. Do you suppose it would be all right?—No, I'm going to have beef stew and dumplings. But you bring home a can of salmon, dear. He can have some for his 'breffus.' Oh, won't it be lovely?"

"Lovely. I've got to beat it." Jerry lifted Midget to a level with his eyes. "Bye, Hon." He kissed her little nose, and sat her on the tall garbage can in the back entry.

"Good bye," she trilled, as his head vanished down the stairs. "Come home early."

A nice March sun was out and Jerry and the sun beamed happily on each other.

At the office it was different. Jerry felt the tension as he opened the door. He took his pile of mail and walked briskly to his desk. Watson, the accountant at the next desk, told him.

"The old man's going to make a cut."

"M-m-m-m. Some of us get the sack."

"Yeah. A relative has graduated from a tutti-frutti college and old A. J. is going to make a man of him."

"Worse yet. That means that (Jerry's buzzer rattled) I'm the first goat," he finished.

His stay in the boss' office was brief and illuminating.

"Good morning, Leonard. How's the sick kid?"

"Much better, Mr. Preble. He's coming home tonight."

"Good e-nough. Er—Leonard, the boys tell you about the cut down?"

"Yes sir."

"Sit down, damn it, sit down. I want to talk to you. My sister's kid is just out of college and she wants him to come here, see?"

"Yes, sir." Jerry pulled a bit of paper from his pocket.

"Well—you're the last to come and I suppose you'll have to go. I hate like the devil to do it, you've been a good worker, damn good, but Lord. I'd skin me alive, see?"

"Yes, sir." Jerry crammed the half formed kitten in his pocket.

"I tell you what I'll do. Got your doctor's bill paid?"

"No, sir."

"How much?"

"One hundred twenty-five dollars."

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the money to pay your bill as a—a sort of bonus, you know, and you can have this week on pay to hunt a job."

"But, sir—I—we—my wife—we—I can't do that, sir."

"Nonsense. I don't want you to go, Leonard, see? But I can't manage an extra. I might—but Ida! You don't know
Ida. Now look here, don’t take a job unless it’s a good one. If you don’t find one this week, let me know. A good one, I mean. Don’t be hasty, don’t worry. It’s worry and women like Ida that kills us men. Good morning, Leonard, take it easy. Come in Saturday noon. Damn Ida,” he growled.

Jerry, back at the old desk, stared at his mail. Then the force gathered at his desk. To their sympathetic queries he nodded, “Yes, O got it—with reservations. Say, he’s a white man!”

Somehow he lived through that day. At four he left the office and check in hand stormed the Doctor’s office. This pleasant duty accomplished, he took the north bound trolley and was borne blissfully homeward. He got out at Nutt and Prescott because he remembered the salmon.

Jerry bought some grapes for a treat, the salmon, and a sackful of hard wood. He left the shop whistling, entirely satisfied with himself and the world in general. Funny way to feel about losing a job. Jerry grinned.

He clattered up the back stairs, thumped the wood on the floor and yanked the door open. He gathered Midget, Jerry and all into his arms without too much damage to the grapes.

The stew was hot and good. Still they might have eaten sawdust for all they cared. After supper Jerry and Midget did the dishes, while Jerry, Jr., teased “Mine Kitty.” Then Jerry told Midget of the lost ob: “Gosh, he’s white!”

“But Jerry, how did he happen to?”

“I don’t know, he’s a funny old batch; likes me I guess. Mrs. Leonard, your husband captivates all comers.”

“Oh,—” Midget didn’t find it strange.

The evening flashed by. Almost at once it was young Jerry’s bedtime. Midget got him ready and he popped into the living room for the good night story. The room was very nice, especially the fireplace. The Leonards used it only on state occasions. Hard wood cost so much that the Leonards saw in it only the most extravagant of luxuries. Jerry bought a burlap sackful for special times. Tonight of course was extra special.

Young Jerry stroked “Mine Kitty’s” glossy back, while he toasted his toes. “Can I have cream salmon for breakfus’, Muv?”

“Yes, dear.”

“An’ Daddy?”

“Daddy’s going to find a job tomorrow, Juddy. I’ll be away before you’re up. Don’t be so tight with the grapes, Midge.”

“Oh, Muv, grapes? Can’t I have some?”

“Just a few, Juddy, and don’t swallow a single seed. Do you hear Juddy, not a single one.”

“Yes, Muv. Does ‘Mine Kitty’ like grapes, Daddy?”

“No, Juddy. I don’t think ‘Mine Kitty’ includes grapes in her cat-egory.”

“Daddy, tell The Three Bears.”

“Hand me the paper, son. Come here big boy. Ouch! There now, comfy? Well, once upon a time——”

Such a heart warming picture they made, the three of them by the fire, with “Mine Kitty” on the rug. Jerry’s fingers flashed in the fire light. A bear appeared with appalling swiftness, another, another, a bed, a chair, Goldilocks with flying curls. Jerry may have been a good accountant, he was a master story teller and besides he had that uncanny method of illustrating with silhouettes torn from paper.

Wee Jerry gave a sigh of satisfaction. “Now Daddy, make ‘Mine Kitty’ quick or Muv will make me go to bed.”

“Doesn’t your throat feel bad, dear?”

“Not vary.”

Snir-r-r; snir-r-r went the paper and Jerry smoothed out on his knee the romping shadow kitten, which young Jerry loved so much.

He trotted off to bed with the paper kitten. Midget tucked him in.

“It is very nice to be in mine bed—mine own bed, Muv?”

“Yes dear, sleep tight.”

Jerry and Midget sat up until ten talking “jobs.” Then they peeped at Jerry, Jr., and went to bed.

Jerry slept soundly. He hadn’t a care in the world, thanks to old Preble, but in spite of that he woke early. He lay considering. He got up on one elbow and looked at the clock. 5.15. He looked at Midget curled up beside him, her hair rumpled around her face, one crumpled hand, palm up, on the pillow. He carefully
drew the covers higher around her throat. Gee, he was lucky! To have Midget and Jerry and everything!

What a joke to get up and go job hunting before Midget woke up. He skinned out of bed and dressed in the kitchen. He had a piece of cold pie and a glass of milk for breakfast. He left a note on the salmon can and left the house at quarter of six.

The entire morning Jerry spent in looking around. He had the most ridiculous cocky feeling that any job-hunter ever experienced. A golden aura of self-assurance and goodfellowship surrounded him. He felt it—the men he interviewed felt it—and even after he had gone the clean, breeze-swept impression remained in the room.

He could have had a dozen jobs in an almost jobless town that morning, but mindful of Old Preble, he was "taking it easy." In one office he was tempted. He sat there, fingers flying. Then, "I could do better," out loud.

"Yes, you could," admitted the man behind the desk.

While he ate in the West Park Dairy Lunch hot roast pork sandwich, swimming in a stagnant pool of gravy, he thought of Midget, bless her. She and young Jerry swallowing bread and milk before going to the movies. There was always a treat of ice cream on movie days. He decided to call—no, they would be gone now.

After lunch he walked through the park toward the river. He met hundreds of bright capped children, going to school. He thought of Jerry and smiled. Suddenly there were no more children and he knew without looking what time it was.

Then, "Hello—see what's happened here." Jerry ignored the peremptory keep off the grass and ran between the budding shrubs.

He picked the child up amid much blood, much gravel, and more tears.

"There, girlie. I'll fix you in a jiffy. Cry hard, now, for soon you won't have a cry left."

He sat her on the bench and proceeded to pick the pebbles from a well scrubbed knee. He washed it with water from a bird bath, and made a really artistic bandage from his handkerchief.

"All better?" he dried her tears with her own hankie.

"Now I'll tell you a story till it's quite, quite well." Jerry had had experience. He took her in his arms and began, "Once upon a time—"

Neither of them noticed their companion. An elderly lady had joined them at the bandaging stage and was watching the child's fascination in the story of Jerry, Junior's kitty and the "perfectly lovely pickshur." Jerry gave the child the picture, "Mine Kitty's" shadow—

"Young man, can you do that any time you want to?"

Jerry rose, child and all, "Why, yes, ma'am. I tell my little boy stories every night."

"With pictures?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You don't want a job, do you?"

"I was looking for one when I met this little Miss Blue-Eyes."

"Could you tell the children of the Stephen Braddock school a story this afternoon? With view to a job, of course."

The child stirred eagerly. "I go to Stephen Braddock school. Muriel Anderson, room 8B."

Not much money in story-telling, thought Jerry. Still he had the whole week—no harm anyhow.

At four o'clock that afternoon Jerry received another jolt from Lady Life. A job—telling stories with pictures—four hours a day,$50 a week. $50 a week! Stupendous. Wouldn't Midget clasp her little hands? They could move nearer. Four hours, 9 to 11 and 2 to 4. Suffering snakes! Such a job—telling stories—kid's stories and tearing things from paper—why! he was always doing that. It was so easy. Fifty dollars a week!

Jerry took a taxi home. He paid the man and tipped him. Fifty dollars a week!

He flew up the back stairs. "Oh Midget! Midget!"

"Mine Kitty" sat on the top step. He swooped on her and tossed her high. Then he sensed a queer half-remembered fragrance,—bitter,—sweet—spicy.
Jerry changed his tactics. He would creep into the kitchen, and sit there as if he had been there for hours. Then when Midget came in from the living room, she would be surprised.

Jerry opened the door and heard voices—men’s voices. He met Dr. Bowker and two other gentlemen in the narrow passage. Jerry backed out into the kitchen.

Then a confusion of words—terrible words—not for him surely. “It’s awful hard, old man, but it had to be, I guess.” Each word jarred him like the blow of a trip hammer. “Must have been the salmon—ptomaine—your wife—the boy—about noon—tried to get you—called me too late.”

The Doctor led the unprotesting Jerry into the bedroom. Midget—Jerry—but Midget’s pink little hands were cool and white.

Back into the living room Dr. Bowker closed the door. Some one had built a fire on the hearth, with the wood left from last night. Special occasion!

The doctor left. A neighbor was rattling Midget’s shiny pans in the kitchen getting his supper. Supper—“Mine Kitty,” walked forlornly to the fire. Then she came to Jerry. She put her soft little paws on his knees and rubbed her sleek little head, hard—hard against his hand.

One slow burning tear rolling down his cheek and dropped on “Mine Kitty’s” sensitive coat—then another.

Jerry Leonard sat quite still, only his fingers moved, tearing at a bit of paper. It was a way he had when thinking.


HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK.

“Don’t wanna go to bed ‘v’ out a story.” The teary little face looking into mine melted my stern command of “To bed with you.” I plumped the little shaver on my knee.

“I’ll tell you how the elephant you saw in the parade, today, got his long trunk. But you’ll have to keep quiet,” I commanded as he began to squeal delightedly. He was wise, however, knowing I scolded because I’d just lost in the battle of wills.

“That elephant used to have a nose not much bigger than yours,” I tweaked his as I spoke. “His ears weren’t as big then as Mrs. Grundy’s.”

“Who’s Mrs. Grundy?”

“You don’t know her.”

“Why?”

“Jimmy, do you want me to finish the story?”

He acquiesed silently. “Early one very frosty morning as Mr. Elephant walked down the street—”

“What street?”

“Down the road—”

“Oh!”

“He saw a house with a big glass door—”

“What street?”

“He saw a house in Africa,” I sternly continued.

“But Uncle, my book you gave me has grass houses ’n clof doors in Aferica. Mama says—”

“The elephant saw a glass door,” I shouted. “He went up to the door and leaned his nose against the iron bar that went across the door. That bar kept out the tigers,” I added as I saw a question tremble on Jimmy’s lips. “Well, Mr. Elephant leaned his nose on the bar and looked in at a big dish of chocolate pudding—”

“I like chock’late pudden. Does you?”

“He wanted the ice cream—’er pudding, but he couldn’t get it. He pressed closer against the bar. Then he heard a mouse in the house and he was scared. He started to run but the tip of his warm nose stuck fast to the cold, frosty bar. He backed down the steps. Still his nose stuck, but it stretched as he pulled away. Finally he wrenched it free. The nose had stretched several feet and was all swollen with pain. It hurt so that he cried out, ‘tr-unk, unk, tr-unk.’ People seeing him running down the street thought he was telling them the
name of his new nose. This new nose was so handy for grabbing peanuts at the Zoo that all the other elephants stretched their noses into trunks, too,” I concluded.

“To bed with you, child!”

Jimmy slowly climbed from my knee. He gave me a disillusioned, accusing glance as he remarked, “I fink your story is silly.”


SEASCAPES.

Little boats with brown sails
On a blue-green ocean,
Lulled as though to slumber deep
By its drowsy motion.

Blue sky up overhead
Through a white mist, hazy;
Yellow moon so round and full
Gliding by so lazy.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

“For Heaven’s sake hustle up! Don’t I get any of that fudge?”

“Dingus darling, she can’t hustle. Great bodies move slowly.”

Margaret Katherine Josephine Bennett, whose cognomen had been unceremoniously and collegiately, shortened to Maggie Katie Josie, and thence to M. K. J., gazed about the little group in mock sorrow. “Oh! I’m crushed! Even my best friends tell me about my size. Four out of every five have it,—avoirdupois. I’m the fourth,” she dramatically stated. “Even though I can correctly use Community Plate and eat Swift’s Premium ham and bacons, and my great-great-grandmother used Palmolive soap, and even though I get my daily iron,” she paused in the midst of a wail, only to continue sobbingly, “even though I rub my hands with Jergen’s Lotion, even though I wear Onyx stockings, even though I wash my silk undies in Ivory Soap Flakes, even though I feed my grandchildren Cream of Wheat—”

“M. K. J.” interrupted the Terror, the others still convulsed with giggles at the scene, “will the time ever come when you can utter two consecutive words of sense?”

“Spurned again! Not only, but also, in between and around and beyond—”

Dingus recovered and pulled her to the couch. “Be yourself Maggie Katie Josie. How about that letter from Jim?”

“All right then, every man for himself. Dive for your own fudge.” They proceeded to do so. “Jim didn’t say much. I swear the only time brothers are useful is when you are hungry, and then they only show a hot-dog’s worth of affection. Tell you what, though,—he said that his roommate at Johns Hopkins was a Sigma Chi brother of Kenneth Jones and his best friend at Wisconsin.”

“Poor roommate, will he ever live it down?”

“Gosh, it’s a crime for a prof to be as goodlooking as Kenneth Jones is. Jim couldn’t pick out better ties himself. And the socks always match. Never a speck of lint on his suit. Nails perfect. Lashes and hair that a movie actor would sell his soul for.” M. K. J. always raved like that about the Crowd’s pet aversion. “It does seem that with all those material advantages, he ought at least have learned how to write the letter A.”

The Terror agreed, “Well, you don’t hate him any more than the rest of us do. It
beats me how that snooty Banks brat manages to squeeze a B out of the beast. I hate her too. She high-hats everyone here, and she doesn’t know how to take a quizz without cribbing.”

M. K. J. nodded wisely, “The only reason she gets a B and the rest of us don’t, is because E’s are easy to make,—a line here and a few there. B’s are more complicated. He probably can’t make ’em very well and gets tired after the first one. Men are lazy brutes.”

The contents of the fudge dish had varied in a ratio directly proportional to the condition of the Crowd’s gastronomic sections. Now, one of the girls was reading College Humor, using a pile of Atlantic Monthlies for a stool; some were indulging in a rubber of three-handed Bridge; Dingus was bringing forth from a dilapidated ukelele a symphony in any flat; the Terror docilely gazed across the Campus, while M. K. J. gobbled the few crumbs that remained.

“What’s the use,” she cried, “I crave excitement!”

Dingus stopped the symphony. “You forget that you are a college gentlewoman. Only the plebeian crave excitement. I wouldn’t mind being plebeian, though.”

The Terror turned from the window with a whirl. “I know what we can do! It’s all quite simple.” The Crowd listened. They recognized the sign. When the Terror’s brown eyes twinkled diabolically, something was sure to be up.

An interested chorus of “Lead on, MacDuff!”

“Well, the faculty manage to find out everything about us. Let’s form a Committee of Student Curiosity, and get all the dirt we can about them.”

Dingus grabbed the uke long enough to chant:

“Who says that our Terror she ain’t got no pep?
She’s got pep every step, she’s got pep every step—”

but threw it down again to ask the important question, “How?”

“Each one of us will take a member of the faculty and by fair means or foul, find some surprising detail of his past history. The wilder it is, the better, but be sure it’s the truth.” She gave each girl a name, and took one herself. “I suppose Kenneth Jones would be good material—”

“Bosh,” M. K. J. interrupted. “He’s a Sigma Chi. If he was a Deke it would be different. Besides, he went to Wisconsin, and lived in the West, out in the great open spaces, where men are men, and women are useless. On top of that he is ninety-nine and nine-tenths pure,—the missing tenth accounts for the time in his extreme youth when he hit his ankle on a chair and got real desperate and said “Hells bells and panther tracks!”

The Crowd broke up with a riot of gurgles and enthusiastic giggles, right after the Terror had told them to bring in their reports in four days.

Things went on peacefully considering the intrigue afoot, that is, until a day or so later when the Terror had to hunt up Violet Banks and ask for Dramatic Club dues. The call was surprisingly successful. In the first place she got the dues, and in the second place, as she left, she noticed that Violet was writing a paper for the cruel Jones. The Terror couldn’t resist a sarcastic “He gives you dandy grades, doesn’t he?”

Violet swelled under the praise. In fact she swelled so much that she accidently brushed some papers from the desk. The Terror picked them up, then made her departure. The next room was also inhabited by a Dramatic Club debtor. She was not there, but the Terror waited. Everything was still in the dorm. Still at first, but from Violet’s room came strange sounds. That was darn funny,—no one was with Violet a second ago, and no one had gone by the door. The Terror went to the wall and listened. A frown appeared upon her angelic face, then a smile and after ten minutes a grin. Then the well-known twinkle of brown eyes. When the debtor arrived she found the Terror reading and willing to depart after being reimbursed. She was willing to depart. Once out of the room she dodged and she dashed. Up the steps of the Hall she flew, and burst breathlessly into the Sanctum.

“Dingus! Get the gang! Quick! Hurry! Dirt!”

The gang didn’t come, it bounded, in-
Girls, I've found out the most priceless thing! This afternoon I had to call on the Brat to get some dues. She brushed some papers on the floor by mistake, and I helped her pick 'em up. Right on top was a leaflet entitled 'Art of Attracting Men.' I knew Violet was dumb so I didn't think much about it. Not until I went into Margo's room and had to wait. All of a sudden I heard Violet talking. I thought it was funny too, because no one was there with her. So I listened.

"For shame, Terror. Whoda thunk it?"

"You shut up, M. K. J. I would do most anything for a good cause."

"Dingus, get the child a drink. She's on the verge of collapse."

"Will you kids be serious? I'm trying to tell you that she is trying that bunk on Kenneth Jones."

"What?" amazedly, then "You're crazy."

"I am not," was the response. "Listen! I heard her say 'O Mr. Jones, aren't you just wun-der-fulllll? I just adore literary men.' She practiced it over and over again, and then she started on 'Mr. Jones, could you spare me a little bit of a wee second? I know a man of your ability is awfully busy, but could you explain to me the influence of Socrates' home life on his writing?' Then she began to mutter to herself something about his eyes being divine (Kenneth's, not Socrates!), and I'm sure she said 'those nose, those mouth.' It was sickening. The poor ooob wound it all up by saying 'O Mr. Jones, your hands look so capable. You would make such a darling surgeon.' She's getting B's all the time all because of a correspondence course on the 'Art of Attracting Men.' She is trying it out on him and is boasting to the whole college that he has succumbed and has given her a drag. If the man in question ever finds out, I'll wager he gives her the devil in eight different languages!

"Now YOU tell one.

"Your cherubic twin,

Maggie."

M. K. J. saw the idea. So did Dingus.

"I get you. You told him not to tell. He'll kill himself before he'll keep it a secret. Then the roommate will tell Kenneth Jones."

"Your intelligence astounds me," murmured the Terror, "but that is the idea exactly. You can't trust a man, let alone two of them when a fraternity brother's dignity is at stake."

The Crowd figured that results should take place by the end of two weeks, so it seemed to them that tempus didn't know how to fugit. But the climax came like a bolt from the blue—and the bolt struck in the English lecture room.

The Beast was speaking, "Really Miss Banks, this paper is atrocious." Wonder of wonders! Kenneth Jones was bawling out the Banks brat. The cool young voice droned on, "Take for example this A paper
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written by Miss Bennett.” (The Crowd gasped.) “There are no imbecilic high school mistakes here, and neither are there any on Miss Carrington’s or Miss Turnbull’s.” (The Crowd began to choke violently.) “It really does seem, Miss Banks, that your time spent here has been superfluous.”

The Crowd finally managed to look at each other. It had happened. They couldn’t wait to reach the Sanctum. Knowing grins flitted over their faces. As soon as classes were over, that gaily colored room was filled, and M. K. J. was passing the proverbial fudge. When their ring-leader opened the door, she was surrounded and congratulated.

“Well, no one can say we ain’t seen our duty and done it,” she grinned.

The Crowd roared gleefully, but hushed as the Terror again began to speak. “Owing to the momentary distraction in our midst, this is the first meeting of the ‘Committee of Student Curiosity.’ Has anyone any dirt to present about our most beloved and respected faculty?”

The answer was a chorus of “Nay.”

“Are there any motions to be made?”

“Madam chairman!”

“Madam M. K. J.”

“Friends and committee members, I propose a toast to the Terror, said toast being accompanied by Madam Dingus on her rarely dilapidated ukelele.”

“Who says that our Terror she ain’t got no pep,
She’s got pep every step, she’s got pep every step!
Who says that our Terror she ain’t got no style,
She’s got style all the while, all the while, all the while!”


MY RELATIONSHIP TO NATURE.

Dawn and sunset with their indescribable colors, magical moonlight, the freedom and beauty of fields and woods, the entrancing melodies of the birds—all these make a definite appeal to me, but the deepest appeal of all comes from the ocean which is enticing and satisfying to my every mood. The freedom and buoyancy of its green glinting waves intoxicates me; the tossing pennons of spray which curl and swirl in a teasing fashion seem to beckon me to play even as a child enthusiastically and thoughtlessly, the low sobbing moan arising from the depths, seemingly bewailing the tragedies of unnumbered years, fills my being with loneliness and sadness, and yet the ocean music with its rhythm and cadence soothes and calms my overwrought nerves. Best of all, however, is the power of the ocean as it savagely pounds the rocks on the shore or crashes in thundering caves. Ah, it is that feeling of power that I love! It stimulates me, strengthens me and lifts me above the sordid worries and petty cares which are continually besetting me. Yes, it does more than that, for it arouses my fighting spirit and enables me to go back to my work with that do or die spirit so necessary to success.

Whence does this power come? Can it be from any other source than an almighty one? No, I do not think so, for to me it seems that the ocean is only one of the many ways by which God manifests himself to us, or in the words of Emerson:

“God builds his temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions.”

V. G., ’30.

LABELS.

Martha was going to college. For parties and dances? Oh no! For feeds and spreads? I should say not! High ideals and a lofty mission were calling her with a mighty roar. College was merely the stepping stone onto a greater and nobler service.
Her resolutions were firm, but their direction vague. Settlement work might do. The thought of bringing light and happiness into thousands of stifled lives was most appealing—just then.

After a tearless farewell to her anxious though admiring family, came the thrilling train ride. Seated in state in her Pullman chair, she was proudly conscious of her mature and serious demeanor. No doubt everyone believed her to be a widely traveled young business woman. The journey was unquestionably too short, but it was by no means without a thrill of pleasure that Martha found herself walking through shady college paths to Registration Hall. That stately building with ivy clambering over mellow brick walls symbolized the earnestness of the road before her. Giant elms and battle-scarred oaks were veritable pillars of learning. She did not notice that the tune of their leaves in the breeze was gentle, that their shadows made grotesque figures on the grass, or even that their breath had a more delicate sweetness than the rarest perfumes.

Duly and properly enrolled as a student in an institution of higher learning, Martha set about becoming securely installed in her new abode. On her way across the campus, an indistinguishable vehicle protruding with young men shot by her. A languid Apollo, tossing a tennis ball over the net, next caught her attention. Her interest in higher education deepened.

Her roommate (unsuspecting object of many misgivings) she found sitting on a semi-unpacked trunk, stuffing cheeks already bulging, with delectable chocolate creams, and reading the College Humor. What a companion for a woman of intellect! Possibly unmindful of her own degenerate qualities, the young lady proved most affable and even generous with the chocolate creams. Upon inquiry, Martha discovered that her conceptions of college were very different from her own, and it was so utterly useless, moreover, to attempt to impress upon this worldly creature the error of her convictions, that Martha decided to postpone her reform until a later date. Upon further investigation, the major part of the college was apparently misguided as to the seriousness of its position. Truly, drastic and wholesale reform was in order. This Martha realized full well and determined to deal with the matter as soon as possible. First, however, this sorority business must be tended to.

Sorority business meant a deluge of parties, teas, dances and picnics; hardly uplifting, but exceedingly enjoyable. You couldn’t refuse such invitations. Besides, it was unquestionably an honor to be invited so profusely. It was really beyond human faculties to think of another thing except sorority during this wearing period. What would she do if she didn’t get a bid to the Alpha? All the cutest and most popular girls belonged. If she wasn’t chosen, college would simply be ruined for her, and she might just as well go home. Certainly this was the most important step in her life!

Fate was kind, and soon Martha was seen on the campus sporting a Phi Alpha pledge pin. This was success. She had started on her long road at last. She was a Phi Alpha. After such a strenuous and nerve-racking episode, she really needed a little rest before starting in earnest on that grind of classes. She quite decided to change her math course to Greek Art. Anyone in settlement work would have more use for the knowledge of beauty and the nice things of life than for the Pythagorean Theory, for existence! Then for a minor reason, ever so many people passed that art course without cracking a book, so they said.

Before she had quite recuperated, another milestone presented itself. One of the Phi Alphas, an awfully sweet girl, went with a Deke that had a friend who was just dying to go out with Martha. All the girls were wild about him, and he was divine, absolutely collegiate. He looked just like an arrow collar ad, everyone said so. She didn’t care anything about the men; in fact, she had, in days gone by, stated emphatically that she had no time to waste over a mere boy. Nevertheless, one did have to keep one’s prestige among one’s own sex, and if she didn’t have a man she would be out of everything. She didn’t go out very much anyway, not more than once or twice a week besides movie nights and of course over the week-ends. If she didn’t
go walking, riding, or to the movies when he asked her, he’d probably take that detestable Amy Carter who thought she had an option on all the men on the campus! Things looked favorable for the Deke ball too, if she could only manage it. Picture her, Martha Ferrell, a mere freshman from Middleton, going to the biggest dance of the season! How all the girls at home would envy her! They would realize they had never appreciated her unusual qualities. That was glory; that was honor. She would never, no never, ask for anything else in all her life if she could only go to that dance. Whether Cupid functioned properly or not, we wager that when the next week came, life and death hung in the balance over something else as vital.

Thus did the long, hard year wear away. A summer vacation in Middleton, helping her mother in the kitchen, her father in the office, reading and sewing, seemed rather purposeless and trivial to one who had reached the estate of a college woman.

"Of course you’re coming to Glenn’s Harbor with the bunch, this summer, Martha.” Dot, one of the most popular girls in college, was actually teasing her. "We wait on tables at the inn every summer. It’s the corkingest place!"

"I don’t th—"

"Loads of college fellows from Yale, Harvard, and everywhere are there. We can go out every single night, and we don’t have to work all day either. We get paid too. I was tired to death in the fall, but I never had such a wonderful time in all my life!"

This was an opportunity, a chance to spend a useful, industrious summer, earning a living by the sweat of one’s brow. Her father ought to approve of that.

Pondering in this fashion over her destiny, Martha idly read a letter from a former high school teacher. It was Miss Pratt, the dawdy one, with whom she used to discuss settlement work. Of all things! She was offering her the chance to do actual work in social service this summer, ”knowing the keen interest she had in the matter.” Her father and mother were willing for her to go. She was “very glad to be able to help a former pupil who had displayed such promise.” It was a marvelous opportunity, the very thing she had often longed for. Everything was perfectly lovely. She picked up her pen to write an ecstatic reply. Well, why didn’t she? She didn’t feel ecstatic. Settlement work was all right, of course, but one always associated it with silly girls, as she had been, or with bumpy old maids like Miss Pratt. It meant dirty children, crowded houses, and long hard work. She thought of a dapper sailboat on deep blue waves, the wet, cool plunge from a float, dreamy waltzes under the stars. That was the broad, free life of the open. She remembered her boasts of success, her firm declarations to be of service to mankind. She might accept the offer to satisfy her pride. After reading the letter through again, she dipped her pen in the ink well, chewed the tip of the stock for an instant, and then threw it down ferociously.

No, she wouldn’t waste a summer for her silly pride. She had learned what was worthwhile since she had come to college. One needed the generous influences of Nature, in general, (of Glenn’s Harbor in particular) to mold the finer and bigger life. Then too, hadn’t she worked hard all the year? Didn’t she need a little recreation? With the smile of smug satisfaction of one who has won a moral victory, she dropped the letter in the waste basket and went out into the great open spaces.

She glanced up at ivy-covered Registration Hall. There was the broken window pane that Jack had shattered with a tennis ball one afternoon. There was the oak tree on which her initials had been carved so long ago, and there were Dot and Peg on the doorstep. She must tell them she had decided to go to Glenn’s Harbor.

But still she did not hear the murmur of the leaves, capture the sweetness of their breath, or see the grotesque shadows on the grass.

L. W., ’30.

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The country landscape at each side was a blot of blackness as the headlights of the Ford swooped around the curve. But there its cocky assurance stopped. It shuddered
nervously. Its lights became a-tremble. For a wee flicker of an eye-lash it seemed as though the little car's heart stood still. There in its path was an object, a dark object, a moving object, a far from fragrant object, an object sinister in its white stripe.

The little car groaned, but every muscle strained as it carefully sidled by. Then with a roar it scuttled into the night, leaving behind a very egotistical skunk, well conscious of his powers. L. S., '28.

FOG.

On every day that's gloomy,
On days more grey than blue,
The fog that shuts the whole world out
I count my friend most true.

It shuts in all the good in me,
And shuts out all the sin,
It shuts out all the noisy world,
And shuts my own self in.

It shuts out all the discords,
That in this world are rife;

It shuts in all those finer things
That make a worthwhile life.

It shuts in all the joy of life,
And leaves outside the sorrow;
It makes me happy with sweet thoughts
Of greater joys tomorrow.

It gives me leisure to forget
Where the world has set my goal;
It gives me time to get to know
And understand my soul.

E. P., '28.

STOLEN THUNDER.

Arthur Colby sat in John Lane's cozy den smoking a pipe. That pipe had been as a symbol to these two. They had always called it, the pipe of peace. Under its soothing influence they had engaged in many confidential discussions. Ah! They were the best of friends. Often after commenting upon the last action of congress, the city affairs, and other current topics, John had freed his mind of some of his personal troubles. Arthur was so sympathetic and so understanding, when little Tommy lay scorched with the fever, and when Mary broke her leg and needed so much to keep her happy! Strange that Arthur, who didn't have wife or kids, could understand! Arthur was (such a pal), anyway! And so Arthur learned, day by day, to know even the deepest secrets of his friend's heart. All the things John couldn't tell his wife, at least not yet, were discussed at the council, with the flaring flames of fire and the pipe of peace, casting their magic spell.

Tonight, they had lingered long. John placing a log on the fire, thought that never before had their bond of friendship been so strong. For sometime they had strolled up and down the garden of the holy of holies. They had followed the little path which winds in and out among beautiful flower beds, beds of thought, carefully obscured from the maddening crowd by thick hedges of celar and evergreen. They had refreshed themselves at the cool spring which bubbles joyfully up in even the most desolate life. They had found the tree of life with its roots sunk deep in the cool waters. They had tiptoed noiselessly through the barren deserts of doubt and despair, (lest some phantom, now passed into oblivion should return and again cast its spell.)

And now, they left the garden of memories behind. John, poking the fire, gazed intently at the many colors which leaped to the ceiling from the glowing cinders and spoke.

"Arthur."
"Yes, John."
"You remember the story I said I should write some day?"

The silence which followed was broken by the fall of a charred log which landed with a thud among the glowing embers.
"Well, it’s written."

Then followed another silence, during which time, Arthur puffed at his pipe, and each busy with his own thoughts, gazed at the fire.

"It’s written. I’ve spent hours at it. I’m afraid my office work has suffered and my wife, too. You see, she thought I was spending all this time on work for the firm. I—I couldn’t let her know I was such a fool as to try, if it’s a failure—but it must not be a failure. Just think what it means! I’ve dreamed of it all my life! We could have a better home, and a little in the bank. The doctor says I may go anytime."

Arthur puffed again. Little circles of smoke rose toward the ceiling. As they disappeared, Lane continued, "I’ve read it so much that I don’t know what to think of it. I’d like to have some one else read it before I send it away. Colby, you’re my best friend. You’ve been my Pythias. Will you read it? Take it home. As man to man, give me your honest opinion. I can trust you with it."

Soon after, as the last circle of smoke arose from the pipe of peace, circled around as if it wished to prolong the tribunal, and then fled, Arthur Colby, manuscript under his arm, walked home in the starlight, deep in thought. John, after going silently through the house to make sure that all was safe for the night, climbed the creaking stairs. He entered the nursery and stood watching the sleeping children. They lay slumbering so peacefully, a little smile playing around the mouth of each. Doubtless they were dreaming of the home with a big garden and a place for all the rabbits, dogs, and chickens they wanted. As his glance fell on a little shoe with a tiny hole in the sole, he brushed a tear from his eye.

His story must be a success. Arthur would advise him. God mustn’t take him away before he had provided for their needs.

That night Lane fell into a deep sleep. His story had been written, and placed in the hands of his truest friend. Arthur would help him. Perhaps he would live long enough to see his family reap the benefits. Alas! Why does feeble man try to fashion his own destiny? Does he not know that he must bend to a greater power?

That night the death angel, spreading his great white wings, flew low over the city. At his approach, the stars dimmed their lights. Nature stood still. Led by the holy messenger, in the stillness of God’s night, John Lane passed through the Valley of the Shadows, passed swiftly and easily as his doctor had said he would.

Even while John was seeking the mysteries to the Great Beyond, Arthur was reading his friend’s work. His light burned long into the night. The more he read, the more loath he was to throw down the work unfinished. John had put his very soul into his book. He read the last words, as rosy light chased away the grey shadows in the east. "A masterpiece," breathed Colby, looking straight at the ball of fire. "Just as the sun is now bursting over the hills, causing nature to laugh and birds to twitter, just so shall this story reach men’s hearts, making them leap for joy, forgetting, for the moment, petty troubles. Men shall know the real John Lane. At last his dream shall come true. His family shall be cared for."

Then, as is often the case in this troubled universe, the brightness of the sun was hidden by a dark cloud of sorrow. That morning, Arthur learned of his friend’s death. Flooding to his mind came all the friendly thoughts and words of the previous evening. "How much John had trusted him! What was it he had said? ‘Colby, you’re my best friend. You’ve been my Pythias. Will you read it? Take it home. As man to man, give me your honest opinion. I can trust you with it.’ That means that I am to take care of the publication. Oh! John, you called me Pythias. May I be worthy of that title?"

That day as Arthur went about his work he felt a conflict raging within him—a conflict between the forces of good and evil. One moment he would picture the happiness of Lane’s wife, when she learned of her husband’s successful undertaking; the next moment, he beheld himself as author of the story. "And why not? No one would ever know. To him alone had the secret been confided. Lane’s wife did not know, need never know. She had become reconciled to poverty, was expecting nothing else. He? Well, he’d always worked for success, but failed. Here was oppor-
tunity. He had always helped John. Now Lane could help him. He could place, moreover, some of the money in Mrs. Lane's hands—some oil stock suddenly become valuable. He didn't want money anyway. All he needed was social position. Surely friendship owed him that much.” The battle continued, until, at last, evil came forth as victor.

In due time the book appeared, heralded from every side. The fact that the author was unknown, seemed to increase its demands. Arthur Colby became immediately one of the social elect. He was received as a member in all literary circles. His presence was entirely essential to the success of a banquet. Many clothiers used his name in the sale of wearing apparel. Women's clubs sent their most charming representatives to secure him for a speaker. At last, Arthur Colby had climbed to the top of that ladder which he had hoped so long to scale. He stood on the topmost rung, gazing down at the great masses of material wealth and enslaved people bending before him. For sometime he gloriied in his newly acquired position. It was like sailing on a beautiful inland sea in a yacht under the tropical sun, but cooled by the refreshing breezes sweeping down from the lofty mountains.

One day a tiny black cloud appeared on the horizon. It was so little that it was scarcely noticed. It was just a passing thought of John Lane. This cloud disappeared for a time, but only to return reinforced by more and blacker clouds.

On the fatal evening, he was speaking before a men's club. He was well into the speech, when he noted one member of his audience especially interested in what he was saying. He started to give his attention this individual. He looked into the man's eyes. What witchery was at work? These eyes had changed. In that human mirror he saw Lane's eyes; now friendly, confiding, trusting; now filled with tenderness and pleading, now disappointed, and then, all despair. Arthur turned to another section of the room only to be confronted with the same spectacle. He viewed the electric light. Out from its dazzling center, eyes, ablaze with many varied emotions, seemed to emerge. Arthur hastened to bring his speech to a close, and excusing himself on the grounds of another engagement tore himself from the clubroom.

Once in the open, he sought to clear his mind by a study of the heavens. Here again was torture. It was a clear starlight night. Each planet seemed to glow brightly that by its aid the wicked plotter and his scheme might be brought to light. Too wrought up to call a taxi, he hurried through the deserted streets toward his own home. Once he halted abruptly and drew back in alarm. Two fiery eyes glared at him from the darkness. The red flag of “Danger ahead” was visible in those eyes. What did it matter, that it was merely a cat suddenly awakened from slumber? Colby's nerves were entirely unstrung. Passing the Lane house his hardening eyes turned toward the gate, from force of habit. There under the porch light was a sign, For Sale. For Information Inquire Within. Arthur stood watching it until his glassy eyes imagined the words, burned deep into his heart, a better home—for the family—My Pythias.

From his pocket he drew forth his pipe, the pipe of peace. It belonged to him so more.

Next morning friends found him walking the streets, pipe in hand, shouting, “Damon, come back, come back. Pythias, as a true friend, awaits thee.”

E. B., '30.

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**PETER THE ICEMAN.**

The members of the director's meeting were excited and yet bored. Excited, because the reputation of the Fleming Ice Company was at stake, with a strike impending and the thermometer dancing between eighty and ninety; bored, because already they had sat thus for two hours, gazing into each other's hopeless faces, without a single bright suggestion to break the monotony.
The president of the board was standing at the huge, velvet-curtained window, staring despondently over New York's hornet's nest. He was a small, high-tensioned man; he bore the same relation to the ordinary opulent business man that an electric stove bears to a burly wood-fire. There was no crackling and flashing flame about him; he was all efficiency, quickness, neatness, and, above all, power. Even now, when failure loomed big, he seemed ever charged with the power to accomplish, to set things ablaze. One could imagine that his fingers, nervously tapping the window-sill, were highly charged with electricity.

Then for an instant the serious anxiety on his face gave way to a look of loving anxiety as he watched a young man dodge his way through the traffic, and enter the building. He turned and waited. The boy rushed in at the door and stopped for an instant at the sight of the worried directors. The younger man was dressed like a collegian, but like a gentleman, too. His face expressed wild joy, which bubbled out as he cried:

"Darling old Dad, those finals are all flunked with credit, I've been kicked out, and you've got to give me a job."

"Gentlemen!" Mr. Fleming said, "I think I have solved our problem. What we need is better understanding with our employees, and, try as we will, we can't get it with such distances between. My son Peter is a dunce, but he does know people. His utter failure at college has given me an idea. The strike is at least a month away, perhaps two, but certain to come. Let's take Peter away from his college, . . ."

"You won't have to Dad, I just told you that I had worn out the mat of welcome."

". . . away from his college, and send him as our ambassador among the employees. Let him live with them, eat with them, work with them, learn their point of view, and, since he already knows ours, perhaps he can bring about a settlement."

"Now the man's talking! I'll deliver ice like a regular Irishman, and I'll love it."

"Say, Fleming," one of the ice magnates spoke up, "we're not going to risk our important interests in the hands of a rattle-brained youngster."

"Gentlemen, you flatter me. My brains don't rattle; I haven't any. But my old man here has, and he'll work me."

"Rash as it may seem, I see no other better way out of difficulties. New York City must have ice during July, and the Fleming Ice Company must supply it. Peter is dependable and I will stand responsible."

* * *

A month later, Peter stood on the steps of a brown-stained bungalow. It was before seven, and every maple leaf was dripping dew. The sun, that would soon turn the brick buildings into steaming radiators, was now graciously withholding its heat. Across the way, a curly-headed youngster was spilling milk on the steps for the cat. A be-freckled boy was crunching the pebbles on the walk with his feet, and a dry piece of toast with his teeth. An old-fashioned milkcart rattled by, and after it a new-fashioned car also rattled.

Peter watched with interest the homely scene. He had seen it every day for a month now, and he had come to love it. As he waited for his breakfast, he compared himself with the Peter of a month ago. Then, at seven o'clock, he had probably just rolled into a crisply clean bed, polluting the fresh linen with odors of the night's debauchery. From seven until ten, he fitfully dreamed of Tacitus and tangents, cosines and cuestas, and woke up two hours too late for his eight o'clock class.

Then, he had thought that he led a wild life, but this life had much more pep. He was up before the shadows had visibly shortened, and, after his cold shower, he weeded in the garden. At half past six, he built the kitchen fire and put on the water so that Katink. . . .

At this point, his thoughts always wandered far from himself. During his young life, he had met many girls, blondes, brunnettes, and red-heads (he didn't know which he preferred), and his heart had been wounded so many times that he thought it hardened. Those girls had been good sports, full of pep, swell dancers, but after that! They had liked him, or his money; they had liked to have dates with him, because Peter was good-looking. But, stupid in the class-room, Peter was wise in other ways, and he hadn't been caught.

And now, Katink had come, and girls
were different things. Before, they had been great fun, but now they were precious things, to be idolized, worshiped, overwhelmed with care and affection. Katink was beautiful, with brown hair, not lack-lustre hair, but full of golden glints when the sun shone through it. Her eyes were blue, with golden glints, too. Even her nose was gold-bespattered with tiny freckles. She was slim, and adorable in the yellow frock that he loved so well. Katink was a girl to love; not ignorant, she had graduated from high school; not light-headed like his debutante friends; not bore-somely intelligent. Katink was just mid-Victorian enough not to think of college, and Peter loved her for it.

"Peter," she called through the screen, "The bacon’s brown, the eggs are fried, come eat them quick or I’ll think you’ve died."

"I would if I stayed away much longer, Katink. The world is beautiful and so are you. I love you."

He was talking to the air. Katink had disappeared into the dining-room, and was making toast for her father.

Mr. Anderson was the weighty exception to the rule that all icemen are Irish. From Sweden he had come to America in the early nineties, and had amassed a fortune that to him seemed enormous, delivering ice. Katink had a piano, he, a Ford, and his wife, a silk dress for every day in the week. What more could you want? He had welcomed this young iceman into his family with no knowledge of his identity. But experience had made him wise, and he had soon guessed the secret. With his aid, Peter had soon come to know every man in his father’s employ, to know him intimately. The talk about a strike had become fainter and fainter. Peter had discovered that the origin of the strike lay in the rumor that the company was planning to change to trucks drawn by horses. He had laughed and cajoled the men into good humor, talked to them of the horrors of lack of work, incensed them bitterly against scabs, and the fight was off.

That night, he and Katink were watering the lawn, when the girl broke out suddenly, "Peter, you are the most wonderful man. Everywhere you go things seem brighter. I was so lonesome until you came, and the men are so much more contented. You are just like sunshine after rain."

"Let’s have sunshine all the time, will you, Katink?"

Within a week, Mr. Fleming received this letter:

Dear Father,

Ice magnates may be happy, but icemen are happier, I know. I’ve taken a week’s vacation; my wife wanted to see Niagara. But can you give me a lasting job? My math prof. said I would make a good ditch-digger, but I have gone him one better; I’m Peter the Iceman.

R. M., ’30.

STARS.

The stars are tiny doorknobs
On the little angel’s doors.

The angels good and kind,
Fly far and wide
Throughout the day;
And then night comes, and all
The little doorways hide
Behind the gray
Of darkness.

So, when the sun goes down
And takes away the light,
God sets the doorknobs twinkling,
Angels can’t stay out all night.
For each weary little angel,
(They come fluttering in by scores)
Knows the tiny starry doorknob
That God puts on angel’s doors.
In Memory

of

our beloved and esteemed

President

Arthur Jeremiah Roberts
"Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"  
Strange what a marked resemblance these words bear to the many discussions in the Education classroom of the "frozen cake of custom" of the twentieth century. Undoubtedly both the poet and professor were talking of the same thing. That the "frozen cake" is any different than it was in days of old—well, it certainly is not any lighter, at least. We venture to say that there are very few persons walking about Foss Hall or the Colby campus who are not fairly well congealed.

In very nearly everything, interfraternity, relationships, the way one talks, the things one does,—"the idea of what the public will think prevents the public from ever thinking at all."

Someone has said, and quite recently too, that "the greatest problems are not solved, they are dissolved." Is there a possibility that in a near (?) future this "frozen cake of custom," along with the rest of our vexatious college problems, will be "dissolved?" Why does not someone at least bring the fire (of individuality) to it, or it to the fire?
Of all vices hypocrisy is the most universally disliked and is rightly deserving of our contempt. But is that wolf in sheep's clothing always recognized? Are not sororities just such lurking hulks? If they represent the high ideals they profess, then it is rather astounding that we should witness such miserable rushing quarrels as we do. The frequency of them, they evidently occur as often as rushing season, does not speak well for the sacred sisterhoods; neither does the fact that quarrels are never really settled. The end comes when the combatants are worn out and sickened by the whole matter. We compose ourselves to impress the freshmen at rushing parties, and pose before them at initiations as followers of high ideals. The freshman has afterwards to be disillusioned and discover that whatever benefit is derived from sororities lies in another direction. Does that benefit, as found under existing conditions, compensate for their other failings and for the fact that they constitute a strong tentacle of the octopus that apparently has a strangle hold on that weak, slightly wiggling, form—Colby spirit?

BUILDING FUND.

How can the women's division of Colby stand back and let the alumnae work for a building which we as undergraduates will enjoy. They are working hard for us: Is it sporting for us to sit back and say, "Let George do it," and not our "jack." Whether it be a dollar or ten, the treasurer will welcome it. The regular amount pledged by the student body in former drives has been fifteen dollars, five dollars a year for three years. But even if you pledge a dollar, every little bit helps. One appreciates a thing more after one has really worked for it. Surely the girls in Colby want a recreation building enough to help the patient, toiling alumnae. With the student body behind the Building Fund it would go over with a boom. The following is a statement of the Fund as it now stands. Let's be represented 100%!

STATEMENT OF BUILDING FUND ACCOUNT.

Contributions from Individual Alumnae $ 63,700.98
Contributions from Alumnae groups 3,178.08
Contributions from Friends 7,375.13
Contributions from Northern Baptist Convention 587.00
Contributions from Miscellaneous Sources 1,457.15

Total receipts to Oct. 8, 1927 $ 76,298.34

Conditional Pledge 20,000.00
Balance Needed 3,701.66

$100,000.00
Alice M. Purinton,
Treasurer,
Colby Alumnae Association.

If "Anticipation is better than realization," the theme alone for our 1927 Colby Day was sufficient to assure a successful observance of Colby Night.

The large number of graduates, undergraduates and friends of the college who assembled to think together, to talk together, and to sing together of "What Can I Do for Colby?" gave assurance of the glowing interest that Colby women are showing for their Alma Mater.

To the very generous and general subscriptions of the alumnae to this fund, there is a splendid opportunity for every member of the undergraduate body to do her part in making a contribution. Only as we have a part in the formation and a responsibility in the conduct of a really worthy project, do we derive from it the greatest pleasure. I believe it is a safe venture to say that there is not one girl in Colby at the present time who will not want to have her share in making possible for the classes of 1929, 1930, 1931, and all succeeding classes the advantages that the new building will provide. Some have
already pledged or paid their support. The time is truly at hand for every other one to be the next to add her name to the number of contributors that shall represent 100% support of the undergraduate body.

Erma V. Reynolds.

Now that the acquiring of our Alumnae Building seems to be a thing of the near future we are besieged with the question, "Just what will we have in the new building more than we have now?"

First and best we will have a large, sunny, well ventilated gymnasium so arranged that it can also be used as an auditorium, which means a stage, of course,—a place to do our entertaining whether of a musical, theatrical or social variety. There will be dressing rooms and shower baths. Every girl can have a shower after exercising. There will be a locker for each one with ample, well ventilated space for her clothes. This means that all changing of clothes before and after exercises will be done in the building where you take your exercise. There will be a room for special and corrective exercises making it possible for such students as are unable to do the regular class work to take more mild exercises or rest under the supervision of the instructor.

The room in which physical examinations are given will be accessible to the dressing rooms without the necessity of going through the front hall.

There will be a class room which will, I am sure, be appreciated by the Freshmen, especially on rainy days.

The larger space and better light in the gymnasium will make possible a greater variety of play activities as well as better work in gymnastics and dancing. Fencing, indoor tennis, real volley ball and real basketball will be possible. We are to have a bowling alley too.

Of course the swimming pool will be a delight to all and we hope the added funds necessary for its completion will be available when the building is started.

Besides all of these features, which we think of as essentially physical educational in character, we will have a recreation room with a fireplace, and a kitchen and dining room where small groups can have their parties. The equipment will be such as to make possible the serving of meals to small groups or the serving of light refreshments for receptions or other large parties. Birthday parties and such celebrations can be held where there are conveniences for cooking and serving meals and for dish washing.

An airy and attractive Y. W. C. A. room will also be one of the features.

Surely this long list of advantages is sufficiently imposing to make it seem very worthwhile for every Colby girl to do her utmost toward making the desired goal possible.

Corinne B. Van Norman.

THE GYM OF YESTERDAY.

I am to speak of former days;
I'm dealing with the past;
(When every gown had mutton sleeves,
I'm glad they didn't last.)
Well—in those days if we believe
What all the records say—
The Colby girls their gym work had
Where the men take gym today.

Each took her cloak and wooly gloves
In winter when the winds were chill.
The blasts whooped down from Coburn Hall,
You know we have them still.
Each put her toque upon her head;
Each took her little muff,
And trotted up those icy walks.
—I tell you, girls, 'twas tough!

For in those days, the same as now,
There never was a doubt
That when a girl dressed up for Jim (gym)
She meant, "I'm going out."
And when they reached the gym, I've heard,
Each laid aside the muff,
Stuck two more hair pins in her pug,
And then she did her stuff.

For gym they wore divided skirts.
(A bloomer like affair)
And these began away up here,
And ended 'way down there.
The blouse was of the sailor type,
'Twas made of good stout flannel.
(Those suits if ripped and stretched a bit
Would reach across the channel.)
The ankle in its cotton sock
Below the bloomer came,
The contour of that hidden thing
Would put a Grace to shame.
But this of course was long ago
Before the days of—limbs
And sweet and girlish modesty,
Made way for fashion's whims.

They used the boy's equipment then,
The bars, the flying rings,
The dumb bells, and the Indian clubs,
And other clumsy things.
They jumped a bar, they rode "the horse"
All rather mannish sports;
What out door exercise they got
They found on tennis courts.

While these young damsels exercised,
Sly young men come and go.
(Their pretext was the football togs
Which they kept down below.)
But these queer things of which I speak
They thought it rather rare,
To see those weird divided skirts
That ended 'way down there.

But these queer things of which I speak
Are things of yesteryear
We girls don't have our gym up there,
The present gym is here.

Annie H. Goodwin, '29.

1930.

We will leave '29 in the dim gray past,
The days when gals were gals.
My tale will be, from first to last,
Of the gym where we've been pals.

For much 'tis true fell to our lot,
That the old folks never knew,
And in days to come, I've often thought,
They will miss things we can do.

In the new gym they will never know
The joy of a dark day, and drear,
But in Foss Hall gym it is always so,
Though sunny the atmosphere.

And when the wind blows an icy gale,
We are always warm and fine,
For the air that we breath, if a trifle stale,
Was there in the warm summertime.

The maids of the future will miss our thrill,
When, fighting for the team
We give the ball a mighty throw,
And then it hits a beam!

Then there is the advantage, of course,
In the saving of Face-powder, too.
For when the ball hits the ceiling with force,
The plaster just covers you.

We have another luxury, carefully planned,
An ocean-wave effect of the floor,
With hummoxes plenty where short girls may stand
And greatly add to their score.

Our calisthenics, too, are fun,
Three girls for each square foot;
We often bump, and sometimes stun,
With the mighty blows we put.

When we march in brave array,
Our mighty stride is thwarted;
If we step more than twice eachway,
We've used all the space allotted.

And so it goes, our gymnastic feats
Are genuine obstacle races,
And yet that never our cheer defeats,
We always have smiling faces.

We must not forget in our delight
In having a new gymnasium,
That we won our brawn and muscular might
In one wee dreary basement.

Lucile Whitcomb. '30.

For three years we, the class of '28, have miraculously survived the treatment received in the dark, close quarters of the room in the basement of Foss Hall, called the Colby girls' gymnasium. Therefore, according to Darwin's funny story, we must be of the fittest, for the best only could outlive those quarters. Thanks to our hockey field and tennis courts, not one of us has been captivated by the busiest of "B's",—T. B. Must we wreak vengeance on the future classes of Colby women by demanding such a toll to be paid?

There is a law of the Student League denying the right of one class to legislate laws upon another class. Stretching this
statement a little bit into the realm of imagination,—if we hesitate to do our biggest bit toward boosting this gym fund, we are forcing the undergraduate to the confines of that barred dungeon below.

Who of us would not be proud in 1950 to have our daughter as a daughter of Colby say,

“My mother of the class of ‘So-and-So’ helped with her gold bricks to build the red bricks in our ‘gym’?”

We must face this subject of a new gymnasium seriously. That college girls can be serious is very evident. Look at the fourteen fraternity pins that the Senior class cherishes and the ever increasing number among the Juniors! Certainly they have hearts,—perhaps in double quantity to those of the rest of us—with the warmth of which they could melt the steel mesh of their purses and so fill our pot of gold which lies not at the end of the rainbow, but here just within our grasp.

Our sometime friend, the collegiate Webster, has said, (and he ought to know) that an appeal is an entreaty for aid. Therefore, lest I be misconstrued, I will not make an appeal. There will be given very soon an opportunity (I am avoiding any entreaty) for each girl to offer her bit towards a brick, or even a bit of mortar for our new “gym.” It has been suggested that at least a dollar—a mere widow’s mite—be given by each student. We are going to make this an one-hundred per cent contribution, so it is up to you as an individual, and as a group, to make this goal. Surely you can earn or save this money in some way. For instance, shine your own shoes for five weeks, and drop the hard-earned dimes into a box reserved for the Colby Gym Fund. Sacrifice your beauty for a few weeks by wearing your hair straight. Better still, sing a song for sixpence in Oakland or Fairfield. Remember, though, that the college assumes no responsibility for any song services rendered in Waterville.

This is an opportunity, I repeat, and there is no time like the present for grasping an opportunity. Tomorrow’s dollar may not lurk smiling around the corner.

Friends, Colby girls, loosen your purse-strings.

We aim to build a new gym, not to bury it!

E. Turkington, ’28.
Dr. Everett C. Herrick, president of Newton Theological Institution, addressed a large group of students and friends at the forum vesperv service held on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 27th. He declared that "The world is a neighborhood which must be made into a brotherhood." He pointed out that the greatest danger in the present day is that men will lose their ideals just when ideals are needed most. He believes the only solution is for men to hold to the truth and steer through a stormy sea of facts. Before the address Mary K. Waggitt, '30, of Rockland, gave a short piano recital. The attendance at this meeting was the largest of any of the series of vesper services held under the joint auspices of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association. Dr. William J. Wilkinson presided.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

On the evening of September 23, Colby girls met once again in the Foss Hall Reception room for their first social gathering of the year—the Y. W. reception to the entering class. While the new students were conducted through the receiving line, selections were given by Ruth Park, '30, violinist and Muriel Sanborn, '29, accompanist.

The Y. W. president, Florence Young, '29, of Brockton, gave a speech of welcome to the entering class. A short entertainment followed consisting of a vocal solo by Martha E. Allen, '29, of Watertown, Mass.; a humorous reading from Kipling by Violette D. Boulter, '29, of Kittery; a musical selection by Ruth Park and Muriel Sanborn; and a reading by Thelma M. Snow, '30, of Atkinson. The program was brought to a close with a vocal solo by Muriel L. Farnum, '30, of Wilton, after which ice cream and wafers were served.

MEETINGS.

Florence Young, at the opening meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, gave an interesting account of her summer's experience in Alabama and Georgia. Florence has done social service work before in the South and always brings to us very interesting and often humorous stories about the people among whom she has been stationed.

"The Magic of Money," was Miss Marion Lounsbury's theme in a recent chapel talk to the Women's division. Miss Lounsbury, representing the National Board of Finance, visited the Colby organization preparatory to the Y. W. C. A. financial campaign.

On Tuesday evening, October 25, Mabel Dolloff, '30, spoke of her work at Dobb's Ferry this past summer. She was matron in one of the girls' dormitories in the school in the Children's Village, and found
her work interesting as well as profitable.

Professor Haynes delighted the Y. W. members one evening in November, with some of his Negro readings. At first he discussed some of the Negro superstitions and some of his relations with the Negroes. The poems which he read were written by John Charles McNeal, a graduate of the same southern college as Professor Haynes. One of the poems, "The Persimmon Tree," was appreciated especially because of the real persimmons passed around. As usual the "Uncle Remus" stories were very amusing.

A pantomime, "Another Situation Saved," was presented Tuesday evening, November 8th, in the assembly room of Foss Hall. This playlet was given in preparation for the Y. W. Financial Drive.

**SUNDAY VESPERS.**

Under the direction of Dr. William J. Wilkinson and under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., a series of vespers services are being held in the college chapel Sunday afternoons. A noted lecturer, Mrs. Mead, spoke on "The United States and the United World," at the first of the gatherings, on October 23rd. After Mrs. Mead's lecture a forum period was held at which time students were given an opportunity to ask the speaker about different phases of the problem. Muriel Sanborn, '29, pianist, and Ruth Park, '30, furnished music at the beginning of the service.

The Y. W. C. A. of Colby college conducted a financial drive, Nov. 8th to 11th. Florence Young, president of the society, announced the campaign Tuesday evening, she told a very appropriate story.

"An old colored minister was trying to arouse his congregation to greater activity, 'Brudders, this church gotta get movin'. Dis church gotta walk.' 'Amen, let her walk,' cried the deacon. 'Brudders, dis church gotta run,' continued the preacher. 'Amen, let her run,' came the response. 'Dis church gotta fly,' said the minister, and the response followed, 'Amen. Let her fly.' 'Brudders,' continued the minister, at least reaching the point, 'It's gwine to take a mighty lot of money to make dis church fly.' 'Let her walk, brudder; let her walk,' cried the deacon."

It was up to the Colby women to make the financial campaign fly and they did. The success of the campaign was due to the efforts of the girls who gave their time to extensive canvassing and the generous response of the members of Y. W. C. A.
The annual Health League picnic began this year's athletic activities with higher spirits and greater enthusiasm than any previous year; nor was this dampened by a shower, or other unexpected misfortunes, as those attending the picnic last year had the pleasure of experiencing.

If the time ever comes when we are permitted to order the kind of weather we desire for such occasions, no better choice could be made than the beautiful weather Providence in her generosity bestowed upon us the day of the picnic. It cannot be disputed that fine weather has a tendency to create light spirits and this combined with the prospects of smoking hot dogs, roasted too much, or too little, coffee made from the romantic waters of the Messalonskee, topped off with several fresh chocolate doughnuts, could have produced no happier group of girls than those assembled on the bank of that beautiful little stream, so well known to the college student.

Many bright aluminum dippers began to flash even brighter in the late afternoon sun, as their owners conveyed them from the cream jar to the sugar bag, and at last held them beneath the nozzle of the huge smoke blackened coffee pots to be filled with the steaming, dark amber liquid. Now and then through the general hullabaloo of female voices pierced the shriek of a poor misfortunate who had lost her nicely browned dog in the center of the blazing fire, and was willing to sacrifice the polish on her finger nails to rescue the juicy morsel of meat from the hungry flames.

Even those with the keenest appetites were forced to pause in their delightful repast to marvel at the glorious splendor of the setting sun which cast its reflections upon the fleecy clouds in the darker blue, and in turn were reflected on the glassy surface of the stream below.

When the deepest rose had faded to pale shell pink, and the azure blue became a vault of darkest purple, while the mists lifted silently from the river, the happy voices were hushed as the company gathered, forming a large circle around the dying campfire to hear the eloquent words from the speakers chosen for the occasion.

Several impressive addresses were delivered by the class representatives and members of the faculty. It is often said that the best speakers have something to say and say it; but the opposite also applies, for the Freshmen speaker had nothing to say and said it, and it was a very humorous talk.

Footsteps were turned homeward as the lights of the town began to flicker in the deepening twilight and a long irregular line of happy voices rose on the evening mists as the girls wended their way homeward with heavy feet but far lighter heart.

Hockey Season.

"No great loss without some small gain." Thus we found that our loss of sun and pleasant weather this summer gave us a
hockey field this fall so heavily carpeted with grass that we were obliged to have it cut before we could play satisfactorily. Previous years there has been little grass on our field which, as soon as Jack Frost began to make his nightly visits, resulted in a slippery, muddy field. Beside the fence where the ball often seeks refuge from the merciless blows of the hockey sticks, the grass is still a perfect nuisance, because every time the ball is lost in its entangled blades the opposite side has the favorable privilege of "rolling the ball in."

The class hockey teams have practised faithfully this fall with an unusual interest and enthusiasm, and those who witnessed the preliminary games will agree to the statement, that, the effects of practice were evident. The competition has been keen this fall among the class teams and judging from the results of the games played between the Senior and Sophomore teams, and the Juniors and Freshmen, the ability and excellency of the teams balances very near equal.

Those who were fortunate enough to decide that the preliminary games would be of enough interest to demand their attendance as spectators have without doubt emphatically and enthusiastically described the merits and high points of interest to their less fortunate friends.

The final score of the two games (3-0) speaks itself of the well matched opponents, and indicates that each individual on the field of contest must have filled their position loyally and efficiently.

Because of the obstinacy of the weather since the date of the above mentioned games it has been impossible to play the final game between the Seniors and Juniors, and because it is so late now, although we are still hoping for a suitable opportunity to settle the championship question, yet it is doubtful if we get our hearts' desire in this respect.

Line-up Senior hockey team:
Marion Jacobs, center forward.
Mona Herron, right cf.
Marion Daye, r wing.
Margaret Davis, lcf.
Irma Sawyer, lw.
Esther Parker, chb.
Betsy Ringdahl, lfb.
Ruth McEvoy, lhb.
Hilda Desmond, rbb.
Mary Thayer, rfb.
Helen Wyman, goal.
Myra Stone, sub.

Freshman Team.
Agnes Ginn, cf.
Marian Monks, rf.
Frances Hart, rw.
Theelma Chase, lf.
Marjory Dearborn, lw.
Isabel Clark, chb.
Beaulah Styles, rbb.
Dorothy Shippee, rfb.
Ada Cram, lhb.
Flora Trussel, lfb.
Ruby Bickmore, goal.

Junior Team.
Natalie Downs, cf.
Harriet Kimball, rf.
Martha Allen, rw.
Ruth Daggett, lf.
Grace Stone, lw.
Lucy Chapin, chb.
Miriam Thomas, rbb.
Louise Butler, lhb.
Pauline Waugh, rfb.
Barbara Weston, lfb.
Laura Neal, goal.

Sophomore Team.
Pauline Bakeman, cf.
Evelyn Maxwell, rf.
Alma Glidden, rw.
Pauline Brill, lf.
Ruth Young, lw.
Helen Brigham, chb.
Margaret Hale, rbb.
Elizabeth Becket, lhb.
Louise Armstrong, rfb.
Edith Woodward, lfb.
Barbara Taylor, goal.
BETA CHI THETA.

The Beta Chi Theta's held their evening party on October 1, at the home of Mrs. E. J. Colgan. Marguerite Albert acted as hostess with Mrs. Colgan. The freshmen entertained were Isabel Clark, Marion Cook, Ada Cram, Phyllis Fisher, Pauline Gay, Barbara Heath, Pearl Langlois, Janet Locke, Ethel MacDougall, Louise Mulligan, Dorothy Shippee, Beulah Styles, Flora Trussell, Anna Veres. Games were played, Flora Trussell and Jessie Alexander winning prizes. Refreshments of fruit salad, sandwiches, punch, ice cream, and cake were served. After the refreshments the girls made up a theatre party at the Haines.

ALPHA DELTA PI.

Alpha Delta Pi sorority held its first rush party Wednesday afternoon and evening, September 28, 1927, at the Fort Halifax Inn, Winslow.

About six o'clock the happy groups of Alpha Delts and their rushees boarded the Lewiston car at the Waterville waiting station and soon found themselves at the Fort Halifax Inn. The guests of honor, Dean Reynolds, Miss Van Norman, Miss Partrick, and Ruth M. Viles, president of the sorority, formed a receiving line to meet and welcome the freshmen and their escorts. A merry half hour was spent in introducing and getting acquainted with one another.

About seven o'clock a delicious dinner was served. The decorations were blue and white, the Alpha Delta Pi colors, and blue candles and candlesticks, favors, placecards and menus decorated the tables. The girls, dressed in their various colored evening dresses made a pleasant and becoming background for the dinner. During the course of the banquet, the girls joined in the singing of Alpha Delta songs. The menu, printed on a miniature Fort Halifax, consisted of the following: Fruit cup, olives, cranberry jelly, roast chicken, squash, tomatoes, creamed potato, hot rolls, fruit salad, apple pie a la mode and demi tasse. Each freshman was given, as a favor, a doll figure dressed in George Washington style.

After the banquet the party adjourned to the dimly lighted parlors where it was entertained by this very interesting program: Reading, Helen Chase; vocal solo,
Vivian Russell; Dutch costume reading, Margaret Davis; ukelele selection by five girls; vocal solo, Muriel Farnum, and a pianologue, Thelma Snow. Following this came the singing of Alpha Delta Pi songs.

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**CHI OMEGA.**

Owing to the change in the length of the rushing season, Chi Omega's "big party" was given as a pledge party, October nineteenth, in the fraternity rooms. The hall was prettily decorated in the fraternity colors of cardinal and straw and numerous bridge and floor lamps gave the rooms a home-like atmosphere. In the center of the tables, which were set for four, were placed wax candle sticks cleverly moulded in the form of water-lilies and tiny corsage bouquets made of gum drops and dainty white lace paper. At everyone's place was a dainty crepe paper hat modelled after the pattern of those popular in the days of George Washington. After the pledge service, a supper consisting of the following was served: Cream chicken rolls, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, hot rolls, Chi Omega ice cream, Chi Omega punch and coffee. The following brief entertainment was given:

Song, "An Old Fashioned Garden" — Harriet Towle
Minuet Bernice Collins, Harriet Towle
“The Bachelor's Reverie,” (an illustrated reading) Chi Omega Orchestra
Cast.
Reader Ruth Park
Bachelor Harriet Kimball
Country Girl Claire Richardson
Coquette Claire Kyle
City Girl Grace Morrison
College Girl Cornelia Adair
Nun Muriel Lewis
Belle of the Ball Mildred Fox
Red Cross Nurse Mary Rollins
Chi Omega Girl Barbara Libby

This reading proved to be especially interesting since the costumes worn by the girls were those of a day long past. After the entertainment, dancing was enjoyed, music being furnished by the Chi Omega orchestra. The party closed with the singing of Chi Omega Songs.

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**DELTA DELTA DELTA.**

One often reads in the papers that a very beautiful wedding took place at G—- home on C—— street. This is a Tri Delt rushing party which took place in Choate's barn on College avenue. The barn was decorated in the sorority colors, silver, gold and blue. Pine boughs, banners, and cushions added to the attraction and produced just the right kind of an atmosphere for a party. The freshmen were the guests of honor.

As soon as all had assembled, a three-minute peanut hunt was held. First and second prizes of soap dice were awarded. An interesting program was then presented. Helen Hight and Natalie Downs sung several popular songs and parodies, playing their own accompaniment on their ukes. Edvia Campbell gave a reading, "Mrs. McGary Goes Visitin'." Incidentally the party turned out to be a wedding, for the next number on the program was a mock wedding. Mary Thayer officiated as clergyman and Helen Hight took the part of the sweet young bride and married Amy Dearborn. Mona Herron and Eleanor Lunn acted as witnesses. That the entire bridal party wore stunning garments is not to be doubted.

Directly following the ceremony, the rest of the girls as wedding guests enjoyed refreshments of fruit salad, sandwiches, pumpkin pie, cider and coffee. Blue triangular shaped pin cushions with gold Deltas painted on them were given as favors. After refreshments the remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and singing fraternity songs.
PHI MU.

Elks Hall was transformed into a rose bower in an old-fashioned garden when the Phi Mu fraternity held its "big party." White crepe paper trellises were covered with roses, carrying out the fraternity colors old rose and white. A white sun dial over which roses were rambling, told only the sunny hours to a dainty old-fashioned maid who was inquiring the time o'day. A quaint rose and white menu was served while at the place of each guest an old-fashioned maid in a handkerchief bag made a curtsy. While girls daintily attired in rose and white costumes served the dinner, sweet melodies of long ago were played by the orchestra concealed behind a rose bower. After the dinner, days of long ago were portrayed in many ways by the active members of the fraternity. First a skit of college days in 1852 was given, followed by "A Song of Love" between a maid and lad of ye good old days. Maxine Hoyt was the maid and Margaret Hale impersonated the small lad. Mistress May, Evelyn Foster, danced a stately minuet. An amusing song was given by Violette Boulter, followed by a medley of good old timers sung by Grace Stone dressed in appropriate costume. After the entertainment, dancing of this jazz day and age rather than the slow stately dances of yesteryear was enjoyed by the guests.

SIGMA KAPPA.

On Thursday evening, October 6, 1927, Alpha Chapter of Sigma Kappa entertained at a formal dinner dance at Elks Hall. The atmosphere of the whole was French in every detail. The walls were panelled in lavender and maroon, and in each lavender panel was a life-sized maroon mannequin silhouette. Through the lattice-work of the ceiling the lights shone, giving everything a subdued, yet ruddy glow. The little tables for four were arranged in triangle formation, each one boasting a lighted candle, and the daintiest of service. At each one's place was a ruffled lavender and maroon chapeau, which, when expertly tied on, looked very pert and "vraiment Parisienne." The tables were made attractive by gay little hatboxes holding nuts, dainty napkins with a miniature mannequin silhouette in one corner, and hand-painted menus printed in French, which read something like this: "Cocktail de Fruit, Celeri, Olives, Pates de Poulets, Pommes de Terre Souffles, Legumes, Glace a la Sigma, Demi Tasse." About the room were chairs, covered in the sorority colors, in which gracefully reposed the most sophisticated Parisian mannequins imaginable. Dick's orchestra from Gardiner furnished music. Between each course, and also later in the evening dancing was enjoyed.

After the dinner was over, a clever and original entertainment drew the attention of everyone. The first feature consisted of a very melodramatic (?) skit in three scenes. Then the dancing of Helen Wyman and Janet Chase deservedly won a large share of applause. "The Toy Shop," in which the characters were dolls, was in keeping with the occasion. Everyone agreed that Rosalinda, Anne Goodwin's ultra-graceful dancing partner, was a work of art.

Then came the climax of the evening. Viola Blake, wearing a ruffled lavender and maroon dress and a little cap to match, took the floor and presented to each freshman a French doll dressed exactly as she was.

After one or two last songs were sung, the party was brought to a happy close.

WOMEN'S GYM BOOMS COLBY.

The Times' Reporter sent to cover Colby Women's Recreation Hall has brought back glowing reports.

The people who planned and gave this wonderful gymnasium must have studied just what women should have and would
desire—for it is complete in every detail. Nothing seems to be lacking for the comforts and needs of women athletic enthusiasts.

These same people, alumnae of Colby, are the ones who made possible this stupendous campaign. Especially was the campaign aided by the liberal contributions of Miss Florence E. Dunn, one of the College's own lady faculty. Though it may be true that silence is golden, it was because so many interested alumnae furthered the great cause by talking to the tune of a little silver.

With the advent of the new gym it was unanimously decided to adopt the newest of uniforms. As a result Spalding yearly receives a good sized order for the latest style in gym suits.

At any hour of the day one may see girls in regular gym classes, playing basketball, fencing, doing folk dances or Danish gymnastics under the capable supervision of Miss Corinne B. Van Norman. Or, if one ventures down near the swimming pool, one may see a fancy dive, a finished overhand stroke or perhaps some poor individual struggling to keep afloat with the aid of an approved swimmer.

Any evening you will find the social room filled with happy girls, playing bridge, drinking tea, or dancing. Many of the club feeds are held there, while every Tuesday evening the Y. W. C. A. holds sway. The stage, dressing rooms, and acoustic properties of this hall were sufficient proof to the audience at the last commencement play that this building had added much to the fame of Colby College.

These are only a few of the many activities that have been made possible since the completion of the Colby Women's Recreation Hall. The erection of this building has proved to be one thing separate from the boys in every way. The girls completed their campaign without any support from the boys division whatever, and the result is a gymnasium so resplendent in all its modern glory that it strikes envy into the very hearts of Colby's neighboring co-ed colleges—Bates and Maine.

Colby is indeed assured of a golden future!

"ASK ME ANOTHER."

"Did you know?"
That Dorothy Austin, '25, is teaching in Waterville Junior High?
That Priscilla Russell, '27, is taking a dietician course at Pratt's Institute, New York City?
That Frances Nason, '27, is teaching in Andover, Maine?
That Evelyn Estey, '27, has a position in the Northeast Harbor High School?
That Lura Norcross, '27, is teaching English in Presque Isle High School?
"Ask me another, do!"
Did you know that Flora Harriman, '25, and Dorothy Hannaford, '27, are studying the librarian's course at Simmons?
And have you heard that Harriet Fletcher, '27, is teaching in Springfield, Vt.
And that Hester Fifield, ex-'29, has a business position in Portland?
That Marion Drisko, '24, is teaching in the Waterville Junior High?

That Bernice Green, '27, is teaching in the Waterville High?
Are any more graduates of 1927 teaching? Yes, for, Fayalene Decker is at Litchfield; Miriam Rice at Scarborough; Arline Mann at Strong; Dorothy Giddings at Milo; Marjorie Dunstan at Rockport; Mildred MacCarn at Waterville; Prudie Moore at Mt. Herman, Northfield, Mass.; Myrtle Main at Pittsfield; Caroline Rogers at Stockbridge, Mass.; Emily Candage at East Machias.

Emily Heath, '26, and Florence Plaisted, '27, are studying for their M. A. degrees at Radcliffe.
Helen Smith, '27, is in Washington, D. C.
Julia Mayo, '27, has a splendid business position in New York City.
Phyllis Ham, '27, is attending the Maine School of Commerce in Auburn.
"Have you heard?" "Well you really
ought to know—"

That Olive Soule, '25, is teaching in Kingston, N. H.
And that Doris Wyman, '23, is teaching in Revere, Mass., High School.
That Dorothy Steinert, ex-'28, was recently married to Kenneth Sims.
That Grace Abbott, '27, is married to Frederick Fassett of West Medford, Mass.
That Alexandrine Fuller is doing graduate work at Radcliffe college.
And that Mary Holland, '27, is teaching at Wiscasset Academy.

"And did you know—"

That Esther Knudsen, '27, is teaching in Norway, Me.?
That Doris Sanborn, '27, is Postmaster F, at Dryden?
That Ardelle Chase, '27, is teaching in Hartland Academy?
And that Annie Merrick, ex-'29, is teaching in St. Albans?
That Josephine Pattangall, ex-'27, was recently married to Alexander Capps, ex-'30?
That Dorothy Mitchell, '23, was married in August to Dr. Clifford Grant? Dr. and Mrs. Grant are now living in India.
That Eleanor Hathaway, ex-'29, is teaching in Steuben?
That Corona Hatch, ex-'29, is studying music at New York University?
That Ada Steelbrooke, ex-'29, and Beatrice Miller, ex-'29, are studying together at Drake's Business College in New York?
That Evelyn Bell, ex-'29, is teaching at Strong?

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Remembrance.
A form so withered, Wrinkled, small,
It never graced A banquet hall;
A look so sad, A touch so cold,
It might become A maid of old.
An aspect hopeless, Yet 'twas free,
So like one ship Alone at sea.
A heart so hard— A very stone,
A skin by age Like leather grown.
'Tis not a maiden Whom I sing,
Nor to a lady Praises bring.
O all ye Muses, Aid my tune!
Mistake me not,— A Foss Hall prune.

Pauline Waugh, '29.

.Ruth: "I don't see where my vanishing cream has disappeared to."
Min: "It's behind one of those invisible hair pins over there."

"This is a rare one," said Marjie as she gazed on her Foss Hall steak.

Hight: "And what did you say made you think of our room when you looked at the Portland board walks?"
Bart: "Sawdust!"
“Hello, is this the Salvation Army?”
“Yes.”
“Is this the place where you save men and women?”
“Yes.”
“Well, save me a woman for tomorrow night.”

’Twas Ever Thus.
1830: A gig and a gal.
1920: A flivver and a flapper.
1930: A plane and a jane.

“Ernie, from where I stand you look just like a flower.”
“Is that so, Bill? Well, what kind of a flower?”
“Oh Ernie, just a chin pansy.”

Weber has a bug-bear
He has it night and day.
It follows him to classes
He cannot get away.
It is his yawning furnace—
He thinks it is a sin,
To have to shovel ashes out
And shovel coal back in.
A. H. Goodwin.

Girl, to “Turkey,” who had found a silver ring, “Hey, Turk, that’s my ring.”
Turk, cautiously, “Can you identify it?”
Girl, “Sure, it has my name in it.”
Turk, “What is your name?”
Girl, “Sterling.”

The Undergraduate’s War Cry.
There is, alas, a well known cry
Around the campus day by day,
A cry which fills our hearts with grief
As faces sad we turn away—
No mail!

It may be rain, it may be snow,
That causes sadness e’er to spread;
The trolley may run off the track,
That makes each student hang her head—
No mail!

Oh Fates, some other system make
So that our hopes, e’er held on high,
Will not crash down for good and all!
Do not, we pray you, always cry—
No mail!

The Happiness Boys.
Ernest: “Bill, my stomach feels terribly bad. It rumbles just like a wagon without any tires going over the pavement.”
Bill: “Oh, Ernie, that is only the truck you ate tonight.”

F est francaise, que nous tous aimous,
R est la regle que nous ne savons.
E est l’effort,—que nous essayons bien,
N est pour nous; ne sommes-nous rien?
C est pour chere, alors c’est l’amour.
H est pour Helie, qui parle tous les jours.
Francoise.

Freshman (bursting into neighbor’s room at exam time): “Oh, have you seen my ‘Four ways of thinking?’”

Green tips of asparagus
In a little bunch
Make us sometimes wish that
We hadn’t come to lunch.

Weber: “What great poem of English literature reminds you of an egg on a piano stool?”
Stewd: “The Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

“Mother, what is that tramp doing with that piece of wrapping paper?”
“Hush, darling, that is a college graduate with his diploma.”

There was a girl at Foss Hall
Her comb, she loved every bit:
In fact, she loved it so well,
She just could not part with it.

Teacher: “Willie, name three kinds of nuts.”
Willie: “Chestnuts, peanuts and forget-me-nuts.”

Well, Dad, at last I have graduated, and to show you my appreciation I am going to play for you all the tunes I learned at college.

“I miss my Swiss,” yodeled the old man, as the pickpocket disappeared around the corner.

Louise: “Can you drive with one hand?”
Angie: “You bet I can.”
Louise: “Then, please, pick up my hair pin?”

“And what was Noah’s favorite dish?”
“Why, it must have been preserved pairs.”
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