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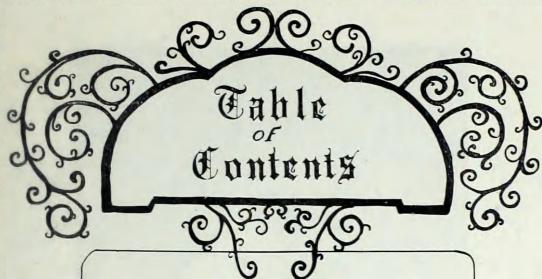
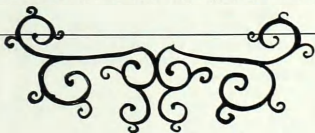


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DEDICATION

*To Mrs. Eleanora S. Woodman,
whose loyalty and devotion to Colby,
and whose generous devotion to its
needs endear her to all Colby women,
we respectfully dedicate this issue of
the Colbiana.*

THE COLBIANA

Vol. XVI

DECEMBER, 1928

Number 1



NOEL—CAMP 7.

Mike ventured one hairy paw from the snug comfort of his "boogy robes."

"Howly Patrick," he grunted, "'twould fraze the fate ofrrom a grand pianny, 'tis that cold."

He groped in the icy blackness for his match box. Something fell. Another grunt as he retrieved it. He scratched once—

"Oh ye will, will ye? Oi'll tache ye. Take that!" Mike drew the match viciously along the edge of the bunk. A pale flame flickered up. He had barely time to make out the face of the battered alarm clock before the shivering flame froze to death.

"Sure an' it's twinty-noine minnits to foive, December the twinty-fourth," he grinned expansively in the darkness, "Oi guess Oi'll be gettin' the fellys up. Up wid yez," he roared, "Up wid yez! 'Tis 'most noon a'ready. Do ye act like fellys going out for Christmas, Oi ask ye? Ye do not."—The darkness stirred audibly—Mike bellowed on, "Tur-rn out, ye lazy spalpeens. 'Tis a gr-rand foire we have Cookie. Sure an' ye'd make a foine Kathleen Mavourneen, but yure a hell av a Queen av May. Oop, Oi say, are ye frozen entoirely? How it is ye can rist and make such aa devil av a noise all the while, all the while, Oi dun-no."

"Lay off Hot air—County Cork."

"Hot air is ut, me bhye. Let me teil yez, Ould Moike—"

His tirade was drowned in a medley of scrapings, stampings, grunts and thumps as Camp 7 rolled out.

Someone lighted the huge lamp which hung from the dark rafters. In fifteen minutes Camp 7 was awake. The cookee rattled the stove-lids while the cook measured oatmeal by the quart into an enormous iron sauce pan.

Mike managed to make himself heard above the melee. "Hi, Dook lad, will yez bring a pair av socks frum the wanigan—jist fur Oul Mike?"

The fellow addressed was at the moment tying the rawhide laces of his knee-length boots.

The Dook was an Englishman,—silent, taciturn, probably cultured. He seemed to be nursing a secret grievance. The Dook was a booze-fighter. "Shure," said Mike, "'tis no wonder the bhye is glum, wid niver a dhrink in soight and no use av hope for a change." He seemed as foreign to Camp 7's motley crew as an owl in a cock-a-too's cage. Mike had referred to him as "me frind, the Dook" and "**Dook**" he became. The peppery camp sawed-off, who for no reason at all was called Mitzi, always addressed the Englishman as "Monsieur le Duc."

"Dook" replied without raising his head. "The store will be open immediately after breakfast. You will have an opportunity to get your stockings when you get your

pay." Civil enough.

Mike snatched his mittens from the drying rack. "There bhyes, Oi told ye 'twas chilly. Will it thaw do ye think?"

Someone laughed and suddenly all of the men talked at once.

Mike lighted a lantern and in a few moments he and his fellow teamster, Bronék Frennon, a gigantic Pole, were crunching across the clearing, through the crisp, breath-taking darkness.

"Ja," the Pole began ponderously, "It iss kalt."

"No!" Mike's irony was useless, "F'what gives ye thot idee?"

"Ja, it iss kalt. It takes my—my breathe."

"Ho! ho!" A thousand merry demons pounced on the sound. They shook it, they whooped in wild glee, and the unseen mountains trembled with Titanic mirth. "Ho! ho!" shouted Mike, "Bronék has 'kalt' in his Bronék tubes. Ho! ho!"

Evidently Mike had cracked a good one. Bronék obligingly opened his mouth and from the cavernous depths of his "Bronék tubes" boomed an earsplitting "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"Say," yelled Mike at the third, "Haw," "Dhry up, there's a good felly. Oi know a man who froze his goozle doin' thot."

"Ja?" Bronék was politely credulous.

They reached the horse shed and Mike after fumbling with the frosted latch, swung it open. A warm animal odor rushed out. The air was filled with eager "whickers" and pleasant stampings.

In a surprisingly short while Mike closed the door on a rhythmic "munch—munch—munch" and the lanterns were bobbing back across the hardpacked clearing.

The crew were noisily gobbling smoking mounds of beans when they entered. Mike grabbed a plate as he came, and stepped over the deacon seat into an empty place beside the Dook.

Some wag paused long enough to shout, "H'ware yuh, Mike? Thought you were eatin' with the other horses."

"Shure an' I had to come an' see how the hogs was makin' ut."

The gust of laughter all but swept the table. The holiday spirit was on them—on

all except the Dook.

Mike clanked his spoon against his coffee cup. "Shure bhyes, Oi hope ye'll get rid of yer hair mattresses while ye are Out. 'Tis a pack of hootnannies ye are. Wan would niver suspect ye had a kind heart behind that bush, Kojoe." He turned to the Dook, "Well, bhye," he wheedled, "Will ye no change yer moind and come Out."

"No, Mike, I have no interests which might call me out."

"Howly Patrick! an' who has? Save the boss an' the cookie. Come an wid the fellys."

"The men don't like me, Mike."

"Divil a bit! Come wid Ould Moike thin."

"Thanks Mike. I guess not. I'm not sure of myself yet. Besides I want to be alone a while. It will seem quiet after the boys go."

"Dom' quiet to my way av thinkin'. Poor bhye, wid no Christmas cheer at all, at all. An' f'what wouldn't ye give for a roarin' dhruunk?" He shook his head sadly. "Wid only a 'Bronék tube' for company."

The Englishman groped for a napkin which was not there, touched his lips with his handkerchief, and hurried to the wigan. For one hour he was too busy to think.

At 7 o'clock Camp 7 was ready to emigrate. The Englishman stood on the wigan step watching.

Camp 7 sprawled in a languid crescent under the sheltering lip of Porcupine Ridge. The horse shed formed one horn of the crescent and the wigan the other. The Camp faced a small stream which lay muted just south of the crescent horns. The Dook faced east as he stood there and stared at the heart of the most exquisite dawn since time began. A filmy veil of frost filled the valley with a soft haziness. The straggling brush had taken on a strange ethereal shimmer. Every silvered spill of the scrub pines was enchanted. The slender birches, frost-encrusted, flushed in the glowing light. The sun in an unbelievable swirl of crimson, hung over the transformed oval before the camp,—rose drifts, blue shadows, —Nature preened herself as she saw. No

artist would dare such an astounding color scheme.

The door of the horseshed flung open. Mike appeared dragging a pole-yoke. He bowlegged his way across to the nearest sled, followed by a superb span of iron grays. Each gleaming neck arched, and each quivering nostril blew a cloud of white into the icy air. "Fire-breathing Pegasus," thought the Englishman.

The Pole followed, steadying a team of wild-eyed blacks. Two other teams followed him.

The clearing swarmed with stamping, fire-breathing monsters. Satin bodies half-hidden by the swirling clouds of incense. The mists reeled at the giddy jangle of the bells.

The Dook clapped his cold hands on his thighs.

One—two—three, four sledges, loaded with laughing, mackinawed men, passed him. They shouted to him, "Merry Christmas!—Goo'bye Dook—Me for the bright lights!—So long, Dook!"—Down over the steep bank the proud grays led them. The runners groaned on the cold dry snow. "Crock-chock" the needle pointed calks bit into the ice of the frozen stream.

The Dook watched them around the bend. The bells were hysterical. The air tingled with them. He saw the tossing silver manes gleam white against a fir thicket. The bells rollicked on. The Dook was alone at Camp 7.

A numb bitterness gripped him,—*"Merry Christmas!"*—the merry remittance man—*"Ah-h-h-h those cursed bells! They reminded him of—"*

With an un-English oath, he seized the water buckets and strode unhappily to the spring. He had to chop four inches of ice before he got water. He clambered up the bank and hurried toward the cook-house, walking on his heels as a man does who carries two full pails. He set one down in the snow, and opened the door, bracing it with his knee. He picked the slanting pail up and paused to glance back over his shoulder. A mile away on the frozen lake he saw—one—two—yes, four moving specks. He had an impulse to run madly after them. The door slammed behind him

as he entered the cook-house.

How still it was!—the frosty trees popped like penny crackers. Oh for some man-made sound. He was a fool not to go out. He thought of writing a letter—what's the use—he was a booze hound. Nobody cared whether he lived or died. "The family" had chucked him out like a bit of garbage. That's what—a bit of garbage!

He watered the remaining team at 4 o'clock. Already the wind was quickening. Slender sickle-like drifts curved across the hard packed clearing. **Suppose the Pole shouldn't come back!**—a fox yapped in the swamp—not that he cared. He had wood enough and food for weeks. He built a roaring fire in the bunkhouse stove. If the Pole should come back he would be cold.

The Dook began to set two places at the long bare table—two places close together at one end. Something howled in the dusk outside, a long sobbing eerie cry. He stood still—his heart beats shook his whole body. Slowly, slowly he raised his head. It did not come again. The Dook rattled the dishes furiously. Outside it began to snow. Gently the flakes dabbed against the meager window.

Bells? The wind whooped around the eaves. There they were again! The fire roared with delight. "T'ling, t'ling, t'ling—good old steady horses." A sudden confused jangle—"Up over the bank," thought the Dook.

He saw the brass studded head stalls flash by the windows. Now he would throw the door open. No, he would be coolly indifferent. He turned his back. The door hitched open slowly. He heard it but would not turn.

"Voila," and an audible sigh.

The Dook whirled and stared at a grotesque figure, nearly as wide as it was high, which waddled toward him. It was swathed with blankets and light snow still wreathed it in spiral folds. It spoke, "Thee weend, she blows, hein? Please onroll me. I am so stoff op, moi."

"Mitzi! I thought you had gone Out!"

The bundle shrugged, "Eet is not good to be alone Chreestmas, weeth a lonkhead."

The Dook unwound a layer of blanket

then another, and a third. Even then Mitzi did not look right.

"I have som' Christmas," he squirmed. "Regardez," from his distorted breast he drew a bunch of celery.

"Why that is celery," said the bewildered Dook.

"Yess," Mitzi beamed, "Eet iss celery. And—" he tugged at another parcel. It burst and its contents sprinkled the floor. "I knew eet. Eet is cranberry." Mitzi was undismayed. The Dook started for a broom.

"Attendez," Mitzi was dragging a lumpy parcel from his copious bosom. "A chicken—all stuff—to roast. I have cherish heem so—and—," He peered under his mackinaw again, "Oui, voici—"

"Grapes." The Dook was bewildered. "Aren't they frozen?"

"Mais non, I hog heem tout le temps." Mitzi's smile was cherubic. He was almost normal in appearance. Three more trips to his pockets and the bulging shirtfront. "Red apples—candy—nots—"

"Nots? Oh, nuts. Well, Christmas is here, Mitzi. But why in the name of all that's good and holy, the celery?"

Mitzi shrugged and tipped his head to the right. He pursed his lips. The Pole lumbered in.

"Well, Peeg, are you frozen, hein?"

The Pole placed the box he carried on the table.

"Good trip, Bronnek? Wanigan stuff goes to the store."

"Ya?" queried Bronnek.

"Eet is not store stuff. Eet is—"

"It iss kalt," said Bronnek firmly. He stumped out of doors and returned with more boxes.

Mitzi began again. "Eet is not store stuff, eet is—"

"It is still kalt," said Bronnek as he crushed the acrid cranberries under his huge feet. Bronnek went out to tend the team while Mitzi swept the cranberries into a questionable pile. The Dook set another place at the long bare table.

Soon the Pole came back. "Noel is here," he observed.

"I have a Chrestmas for you."

The Dook nearly dropped his bean dish.

For once, he was ungrammatical. "Fine."

"Ja, it will not preserf til' morning."

Mitzi waved his arms. "He means, it will not remain."

Bronnek unbuttoned his great sheepskin coat and drew out a much bewhiskered puppy, of doubtful lineage. The Dook received him under one arm. He set the beans on the table. The pup had a crumpled ear which gave him a cocky, devil-may-care look.

They ate their supper. Somehow the Dook felt thawed out.

The Pole indicated the larger of the wooden boxes. "Yourn."

The tag affirmed the statement.

The Dook opened the box with a hatchet. The Dook touched the shining thing in shamed wonder. What a cad he was. To be ungrateful for simply being alive. While Mitzi and Bronnek splashed the dishes, he read the pamphlet which was attached by a tinsel cord. The whiskery pup worried a leather mitten.

After a time it stopped snowing and they slept, while the wind worried the bunkhouse, as the puppy had the mitten. The pup slept at the Dook's side, and over him the Dook had flung his heavy jacket.

In the morning each rose with a definite purpose in mind. The Dook cleaned house furiously, Bronnek fed the horses, and Mitzi, chattering like a magpie, made flapjacks for breakfast. Mitzi tossed the skillet and the flapjacks rose and fell, brown side up. "Almost like de cook, hein?" Mitzi beamed. The Dook teased the puppy with a broom. Mitzi turned to speak to the Dook, and flipped the skillet. Then he yelled—the skillet was empty. Mitzi dropped on his hands and knees—the floor? The wood box? It had vanished completely. He rose and prepared to drop more batter in the spider.

"Diable, she is back." Sure enough, "she" was back, shrunken in size, but valiant.

The Dook sauntered over to the stove. Mitzi warily dropped the spider. "She" sailed high and stuck fast to the bottom of the drying rack. It clung, and then slowly freed itself and dropped to the spider again. The Englishman laughed aloud.

The Pole clumped into the "cook house."

After breakfast, they set up the Dook's new radio. The Dook could not have told you how he felt as he read the directions for installing it. "One gets the best results by tuning in from 5.30 P. M. to 2.00 A. M."

The pup "woofed" in the light top-snow and ran helter-skelter in crazy circles.

The Pole cut a tree, a stubby little fir. Camp 7 was celebrating in earnest. Mitzi trimmed the tree with "rad apples" and several lumpy packages. Not until Mitzi furtively displayed a deadly bowie knife, which was to be his gift to Bronnek, did the Dook give a thought to his own gifts. He must find something. Shortly after, the Pole beckoned him into the bunk house, and exposed a still deadlier knife for Mitzi. The Dook got panicky. He ransacked the wanigan. Good stuff, but not "Chreest-mas." He pawed through his own things. A camera, and two unused films. That would do for Bronnek. But Mitzi? In the bottom of his duffle bag, he found a purple velvet smoking jacket with quilted satin revers. It was a relic of the past, pretty much the worse for moths; but still in spite of this it had a certain jauntiness that would tickle the vain fancy of the peppery Frenchman.

They had a sure 'nuff Christmas dinner, and then the tree,—some tree. A box of fudge from the boss's wife, some real cigars from the boss, a nickle-plated flashlight from Mitzi, and then the bright eyed puppy. The Pole seemed dazed by the camera and its possibilities; he asked a million questions. Mitzi strutted about in his jacket, puffing his "seegar." A very successful tree.

They hurried through their supper, and while the Dook and Mitzi did the dishes, Bronnek played his concertina.

"Stille nacht, heilige nacht."

"Alles schwam, einsam wacht," growled Bronnek, and the Dook, remembering the old days, sang with him whole-heartedly. Mitzi beat time and wagged his black head. Only the whiskered pup objected to the song.

The Dook wanted to use his radio, but he didn't know how to get a station, to "tune in." He fooled with it a moment, but, afraid he might injure it, stood back and admired the satin finish and the intricate wiring.

They turned in early, wriggling puppy and all. They slept—Bronnek noisily—Mitzi fretfully. The Dook snuggled the pup more happily than he would admit even to himself. He had something of his own to love and to love him. The crew—who would have thought they would—that radio. He brushed the puppy aside, tiptoed across the room and touched it. A dial turned. Clear and sweet came the sound of men's voices.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen." It ended with the diabolical shriek of a soul in torment. A wild yell, and Mitzi, hair erect, eyes popping—"Sacre," he squeaked.

The Englishman laughed, a wholesome rib-splitting laugh. The Frenchman paused, then he giggled,—the tears streamed down their cheeks. They were nearly spent, when the Pole began. They hooted like fools, their arms around each other's shoulders. Outside it was snowing furiously; the men would have to break their trail in tomorrow. A. G., '29.

DATES.

To whom it may concern:

To those of you whose eyes have, by chance, fallen on these sentences, and who, perhaps, expect a somewhat learned dissertation on the question at hand, I plead guilty to an unpardonable sin. I am no fit person to write on the subject, for I have had little experience in the field, have only a superficial knowledge to dispense, and am

no genius. Proceed at your own risk.

I have long speculated on the matter of dates. There are the kind that you eat, the kind you commit to memory, and the kind you make, the first and last being most delectable, the other most despicable. All three, without a doubt, originated in Eden.

As a fruit, the date has no equal. It's sweet, soothing taste is exceedingly palat-

able. It is a delicious mouthful. The history date is less appealing, but I suppose has its place in the world in that it successfully pads out the pages when one is struggling with a thesis. The date which is known as an engagement, however, is our chief concern.

As I mentioned before, the date originated in the Garden of Eden. The first date ever made had its location beneath an apple tree, and strange though it may seem, the custom has prevailed down through the centuries, for I, even I, have had a date under an apple tree.

But I have no intention of indulging in personal reminiscences. My purpose is merely to speak of dates with regard to our curriculum, for they form an interesting and not unimportant part of our college life. Why is many a course flunked? Why is the Foss Hall telephone the busiest one in town? Why is the library deserted of an evening? Why has nature study become

an extra course with the "co-ords?" The answer is simply dates. The old gun-fighter of the west who notched his gun whenever he brought to earth one of his fellows, had nothing on the "co-ord" who fills her social calendar with the names of her dates, and lines the pages of her "mem-book" with the trophies of her victims.

Despite their less commendable features dates prove of immense value in keeping students amused and in promoting friendships. College life without dates would be as unattractive as Harold Lloyd without his glasses. Dates are the condiment for our intellectual meal. When used with care they are a source of delight, but in excess they are an abomination.

Had I more leisure, it would be interesting to analyze the subject more thoroughly, but there is no more time left, because, you see, I have a date.

Hastily yours,
Elsie H. Lewis.

AT HOME.

To my friends who would go abroad:

Concessions must be granted in friendship. It might even be said that no true friendship can exist without concessions, for such intimacies exist upon a mutual comprehension of foibles. The making of a friendship is not merely the discovery of admirable virtues, but the detection and amicable disregard of foibles. I grant my friend that he shall talk aloud in public assemblies, when all the voices are silent, if I love him and bear with him. It is disagreeable, but loss of his friendship would be more disagreeable. For the affection I bear him, he may break all laws of aesthetics and I will say no complaint.

Yet there must be limitations even to concessions. The line of demarcation is personally affixed. For myself, I make no more concessions when my friends have reached the hypnotic state of so many Americans who have been abroad. My friends may go abroad, I grant them that, though my pride bows low at home. They may even send letters from Turkey, with postscript screaming of Europe. They may

sprinkle their baggage with labels, Hotel Eden and all. I grant them that; they have my chartered permission. But when they return from Europe with pearls from the Orient, perfumes from the Nile, first editions from London and the rarest in Paris, just then have they lost my love.

There is something inherently haughty about an "objet d'art" from abroad. May I be kept from the snobbish folly of surrounding the drabest Parisian garment with a glamour almost divine. Things from Europe belong in Europe and not in upstart America. I will not grant that Mrs. Grayson's green vase from Venice is superior to my blue Bostonian vase, merely by virtue of its birthplace. If Grayson wishes to impress me with her artistic temperament, her technique is wrong. I refuse to grant the beauty of a European trade mark. It stirs my personal and patriotic resentment when she returns from abroad with bulging baggage reeking with Europe. If the beautiful things upon their immigration took on an American atmosphere, I would accept them to my heart.

But they and their proud owners must ever remind me as of a forgotten thing that they are "from abroad." That they are beautiful I will admit, but I pray to the gods that

my perception of lovely color and hue may never be blurred by the haze of a European atmosphere.

Yours decidedly,

R. M., '30.

ANTICIPATION OF YOUTH.

It must be nice to be grown up, I mean about old enough to go to college. Twelve is such an awful age. Mothers and Dads don't think you know **anything** and everyone is always kissing you. I nearly die every time we have company 'cause Aunt Lil and Gram always says, "Come here, Robert, and kiss me." I'll bet college men don't have to be kissed. No sir! Then, too, when you're twelve you're expected to be a man and not cry when your Dad won't let you go to see Tom Mix on a week night and you have to stay home and study.

Gee! When you're old enough to go to college, people think you're a man. They call you Mister and treat you as though you were more than a mere baby.

Gosh, but it must be wonderful to be able to play football with a big team! I know what it's like selling programs, and peanuts and things, but it must be corking to hear people in the stands yelling your name when you get knocked out.

My Dad says I'll never get to college unless I study now. Why do I have to study? College men don't have to! I know 'cause

I've been to movies lots of times when there were college pictures and the college men didn't **look** at a book even. Gee, Dad says **he** had to study when **he** went to college. I'm glad college is different **now**.

I know what I'll do when I go to college. I'll just play football, wear a big fur coat and eat hot dogs! Joe, the hot dog man, told me that the college men bought more hot dogs than anybody else.

I wonder if you ever **have** to go to bed when you're in college? Anyhow, you don't have to go at nine o'clock, I'll bet. And if you're reading a detective story, you can read right through the most exciting parts, and I'll bet you don't have to wait until the next morning to finish that part, either. I think I'll read in bed when I go to college.

Oh heck! Here comes Dad, and I've lots of examples to do yet. Gee but I hate arithmetic. I wonder if college men have to do such silly stuff? I'll bet they don't, —they don't have to do anything like that. Golly, college men are wonderful! Wish I was old enough to be in college!

M. A., '29.

HOW THE COLLEGE GIRL GETS UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

We recently listened to a lecturer describe the methods employed in studying by the average college student and it suggested to me that perhaps some would like to know how they perform the extremely difficult task of getting up on a cold morning. I will depict the female side of the question since I am more familiar with that, in the hope that somebody will kindly enlighten us as to how the other side of the college accomplishes it.

Perhaps I can best illustrate this by the

following discussion which I overheard a short time ago. It began on Sunday night.

Mooney—Say, Marje, will you wake me up tomorrow morning?

Marje—Sure, but remember I am going to get up at the ten-minute bell. Sure you want to get up?

Mooney—Yes, 'Liz and I both want to.

Marje—All right, if you really want me to wake you.

Monday A. M., at 6.50.

(Bell rings outside door. Marjorie's

roommate wakes, yawns, jumps out of bed and shuts windows. She tiptoes shivering-ly over to Marje's bed and shakes her.)

Roommate (in hoarse whisper) Marje! Didya wanta get up?

Marje—turns over, grunts and opens one eye. Oh-h-hum-yup—thanks.

(Lies there five minutes, then crawls out of bed, shivers violently, and tiptoes to adjoining room.) Mooney, didya wanta get up? It's five minutes of seven!

Mooney grunts and turns over. Whadye say? What time is it, didye say? B-r-r-r, you look as if you were freezing.

Marje—I am. Yes, the first bell's rung.

Mooney—I can see my breath. Must be cold out. Do I hafta get up? (Looks reproachfully at Marje.) And I was sleeping so good, too. (To roommate) We going to get up, 'Lizbeth?

Marje—You better. You'll feel lots better if you do.

'Lizbeth—Ugh! My nose is frozen. I'm not going to get up.

Marje—Aw, come on, now. You said for me to call you. Well, I can't stand here and freeze to death for you. I gotta dress. (Goes into other half of suite.)

Mooney—(Calls to her) Oh, I say,

Marje, I'll tell you—you just bring us up a muffin, willya?

Marje—I will not. I got caught once. Ran right into Van Norman and the Dean with a big banana in my hand. Besides I don't like to steal stuff.

Eliz—It isn't the same as stealing. It's all paid for. Guess we have a right to what we pay for, haven't we.

Mooney—Yes, that's right. We got a right to what belongs to us. Come on—bring us up a coupla muffins like a good girl and say—if you **could** get a hold of—

Bell rings loudly—door slams. Marje is heard outside saying, "No, can't do it," as she runs down the stairs.

Silence in the room. The two prostrate figures pop up to glare after her indignantly.

Mooney—Well, whadya know about that! Say, 'Lizbeth, I bet the breakfast is terrible, anyway. Let's sleep until eight and then go over to Scrib's.

'Lizbeth—Aw right. That's a good idea, Mooney. We'll wait till the room gets warm before we get up.

The two as of one accord pop back into the warm bedclothes and bury themselves up to the ears. **Silence.**

Pearle Grant, '29.

POSSESSION.

My minister tells me that I should scorn my raiment, and that I should share my coat with the beggar. I will not scorn my raiment. I saved my pennies for many weary months to purchase the brown velvet which fashions the dress you saw me wear last Sunday. It took hours of planning for each fold, and seam, and ruffle to form that symphony of line. There is something in me which finds satisfaction in the feeling of the dress over my shoulders, a satisfaction which makes me unconscious of the dress itself.

I only feel that I am completely I, that my personality has external expression for the eyes of the people on the street.

I will not share my coat with the beggar, I will go without my whimsical luxuries for weeks in order to buy the beggar a coat, but I will not give him mine. I would as

soon disturb my white Persian cat, Suleiman, from a nap in his favorite arm chair, and thrust him out of the front door into the hands of a street peddler because the street peddler wanted feline companionship. I bear no grudge against the beggar, I am as loath to share a garment with even a more fortunate friend. On one occasion, feeling ashamed of my inhibitions, I lent that brown velvet dress to a girl whose hair resembled amber satin. She looked much more beautiful in the dress than I. What right had she to bow and smile over the garment that time and association admitted was mine? I might have been the mother of a married son, a mother who had to watch her son come joyfully every night, not to her door, but to the door of the new house across the street.

L. N. W., '30.

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER.

There is an indescribable charm for me about Sunday night, for that is the one time in the week that the family is gathered alone with plenty of time for "puttering around," to quote the head of the house. We have a ritual in our home which, no matter how varied in detail, remains in its integral parts the same, week in and week out. By five o'clock Daddy has awakened sufficiently from his nap to cast a slightly blinking but belligerent eye over proceedings, Mother and Allan have returned from their walk, and I am crouched in the kitchen chair, anxiously scanning the pages of a cook book, for no matter how lacking I may be in culinary efficiency, I am seized on Sunday night with a fit of creative genius. Recipe after recipe I read until I am so replete with suggestions for tempting delicacies that I think in terms of "eggs beaten until stiff and lemon colored," "when well puffed up and full of bubbles," "blend slowly, beating well all the while." At this juncture I retire to the living room, assaulting the sleepily recumbent form on the couch with this dynamic question—"What would you like for supper tonight?"

The results of the sally are always the same. The prone figure heaves a deep disgust, a heavy sigh escapes, and from the depths of the cushions comes a muffled reply, "I don't care; I don't care at all—only for goodness' sake, get something before midnight."

My ardor somewhat dampened, I return to the kitchen and the cook book. I am attracted to a most tempting rule for lobster patties, but have to give it up for two reasons, the first being that we have no patty cases, and the second, that we have no lobster. At this time Mother appears and inquires laconically whether I am intending to get supper then or the coming Sunday. These remarks are certain to disturb the Sabbath calm, and I reply with some show of heat that of course, if she cares to eat the same thing every Sunday night, she may, but I for one prefer a change. I may even return to a perusal of the cook book, but my innocent enjoyment of that worthy piece of literature is brought

to a sudden and decisive close by the appearance of my six year old brother, who in no mincing terms states that he wants something to eat and wants it soon.

Reluctantly I close the magic key to the land of gastronomic delight and start preparations for that most delightful of repasts, the Sunday night supper. All visions of lobster patties and like toothsome delicacies vanish in the prosaic preparations for the ever present help in time of despair—the English monkey, a highly domesticated and agreeable beast. With haggard and drawn face I rescue the monkey from a premature fate of being burned at the stake only to rush across the room just in time to seize the bottle of olives from the clinging grasp of Small Brother. Between breathless dashes from the pantry to the stove, the stove to the table, the table to the refrigerator, I manage to set the table with a little of the unnecessary equipment (the necessary part is supplied on the installment plan during the progress of the meal). At frequent intervals during my athletic dashes and cross-country runs, I am urged on by disgruntled remarks from the living room. When flushed and breathless, I announce that the meal is ready, I find the head of the house peacefully slumbering. It is a matter of minutes before I am able to impress him with the fact that supper is really ready, and he comes to the table with a hesitant, fearful air. Of course, his worst suspicions are realized, for I have forgotten his tea. In some way we finish the meal, but it can never be the same after the unforgivable omission of the crucial cup of tea.

The repast ended, Mother and Allan depart for stories and bed while I am left to wrestle with the dishwashing problem as best I may. Wearily I begin clearing the table and rinsing and stacking the dishes, when a figure appears in the doorway and announces that he will wash the dishes. You are right, it is Father, primed and ready for action, his sleeves rolled high, his favorite pipe in his mouth, and his somewhat-inclined-to-be-corpulent waist girded with the smallest tea apron the

house affords. In vain I urge him to go and read. He is obdurate and puts an end to all my entreaties by yanking the dishpan out of the closet so that all the rest of the contents fall into a hopeless clutter. With such an accompaniment of noise that I fear for the permanency of my auricular faculties, he fills the pan full of scalding hot water and vigorously dashes the soap shaker in the steaming mass. Then with absolute disregard of all the hard fast rules of dishwashing, he dumps into the water everything from fragile glasses to husky pans. "But, Daddy," I protest, "you'll ruin Mother's best china." "You stop fussing and tend to your end of the job," he retorts cryptically, "and why you insist on standing at that end of the sink so I have to reach over you is a mystery to me." "Of course," I answer sweetly, "it is all right for me to walk around you every time I have to put a glass away." Deeply disgusted at this feminine satire, the master of ceremonies jabs a dishmop into a filled glass with such precision and gusto that the waters rebel and shoot into his face with admirable accuracy. Perhaps this would

be the strategic point at which to change the subject. By some miracle the dishes are washed, but the rapidity of the progress is delayed somewhat by my annoying habit of putting certain pieces back for further cleansing. The fourth time I do this I am put in my place for all time by the statement from the chief cook and bottle washer that it's a poor wiper who can't wipe off the dishwasher's dirt. I have a sneaking feeling that this statement may be too personal to be potent, but I wisely refrain from making any comment. When all the china, glass, and silver have been efficiently washed but the sticky pans are left, that adorable man runs his fingers through his shock of hair, draws a sigh of contentment such as can come only at the end of a job well done, turns on me his most beaming and self-righteous smile and remarks, "There, dear, I guess I'll run along and read now that everything is done." Of course I say nothing but plunge into the task of finishing up, for after all Sunday night would lose its charm without this perfect climax.

Suzanne Parker.

SOMETHING HE FORGOT.

"Heart of my heart, I love thee."

Young Peter knelt on the hearth rug, his eyes uplifted in adoration.

"Heart of my heart, I love thee.

Thy hair is like the golden summer squash,

Thy forehead is like Plaster of Paris;

Thy neck is like the goose's,

Thy eyes are like blueberries in a saucer
of skim-milk—"

"Peter!" The cry was a sad jumble of anxiety, surprise, shame, and anger.

"Heart of my heart, I love thee,

"Heart of my heart, I love thee," Peter continued passionately.

"Peter Graham, where did you get that?"

Young Peter tore his raptuous gaze from the pink sofa pillow he had been addressing.

"Get what?"

"That—you know."

"Assuredly, dear girl, I do not."

"Peter Graham, you do. How dare you

read my notes. How dare you say that drivel?"

"I like that. Do you call that drivel? I'll have you know that is original, highly original, too. What would I want to read that sloppy mess of slush for? I'm not so stuck on Harry that I can stomach it."

"My beautiful poem, he wrote that for me. You just wait."

"Nancy, did Harry write what I just said? Cad! Sap! Let me at him."

"No he didn't! You fiend. Ma—"

"I believe our Mother is over at Corson's."

"I bet she is. You wouldn't dare if she was home. Peter, give it to me."

"What, Nancy? I have nothing. See. This 'lily hand' is empty, these fingers, 'crumpled rose leaves,' innocent. Search me if you like."

"Thank you, I wouldn't touch you for the world. Where did you find that poem?"

"Poem?" dreamily.

"Peter!"

"Thy kiss a sip of nectar, Br-r-r. Honestly, Nancy, you can call it verse, **vers libre** if you will, not poetry. Why the poets long gone would."

"Peter, Peter dear, please give it to me. You can wear my new sweater to the game and perhaps Marmie will let me make some fudge."

"Thank you Nancy, but baby-blue is **not** my color and Martha Gibbons is making me some divinity, this evening. Besides I want to type some carbon copies of a bit of verse I picked up **ce matin**."

"Peter, you wouldn't."

"Let's see. Oh yes, here it is." Peter drew a white something from his pocket. Nancy darted at him. Peter's long arm dangled it above her head. She sprang for it like an enraged terrier, then retreated and watched it with melting eyes. Peter unfolded it.

"Peter, where did you find it?"

"Find what? Oh this? Why propped up on a shelf in the bathroom. It's not so good but—"

"Peter Graham give it to me this moment. I'll tell Martha how you lost her ring, and I'll tell Marmie where you dumped the ashes and—"

"As I've found the ring, and Marmie made me clean the ashes up this morning, you'll do nothing of the kind, Miss."

"Darn you," carefully muffled.

Peter turned in horrified surprise.

"Nancy, did you say damn?"

"No, I didn't but I thought damn," snapped the crimson Nancy.

"Heart of my heart I love thee

Heart of my heart I love thee—"

"Peter, please—"

"Thy hair is like a bit of golden cloud—
"A bit" catty, I calls it. You've got more hair than he ever saw. Honest, Sis, he's almost bald now."

Nancy moaned.

"Thy forehead is cool ivory—(Humph-ivory dome, another compliment).

"Thy throat is like the swan's—(Annie Laurie).

"Thine eyes, twin sapphires set in alabaster (hard pictures—hard boiled, think?)"

"I hate you, I hate you, I hate, hate you!" bright tears cooled the fire of Nancy's cheeks.

Peter stole a glance at her, "Heart of my—. Aint it awful—aint it awful."

Nancy was sobbing in earnest.

"Here comes Marmie." (No answer).

"Guess I'll go to Martha's." (a choke). "Let's see, I had to do something." He deftly extracted a beribboned box from the waste basket. "Harry's got to work tonight. He sent this, and a note, where?—here it is. He'll be up about nine. 'Slong."

"Peter, you darling," to a slamming door.

A. G., '29.

REVIEWS.

THIS SIDE IDOLATRY.

(A Novel Based on the Life of Charles Dickens by C. E. Bechhoffer Roberts, "Ephesian.")

"If Nicholas be not always found to be blameless or agreeable, he is not always intended to appear so. He is a young man of an impetuous temper and of little or no experience; and I saw no reason why such a hero should be lifted out of nature."

This quotation from the preface to Nicholas Nickleby is repeated as the foreword of this novel by "Ephesian." To be perfectly accurate, the word "always" should

have been omitted and the statement on Nicholas' (or Dickens') disagreeableness should have been left unqualified. The sub-title could have been more aptly phrased, "a novel based on the foibles of Charles Dickens."

There is surely no harm in writing a novel for the purpose of showing a danger in idealizing a genius for the qualities in which he is deficient. There is no harm in a novel depicting the tragedy which occurs when the character of a genius is incompatible with the character of his wife. There is an element of unfairness, how-

eer, in a book which isolates and emphasizes the foibles, and presents them as a complete picture of the life of an actual figure in history, in this case, Charles Dickens.

Dickens is universally conceded to be a genius, perhaps the greatest literary figure of his age. In this biographical novel, however, the element of genius is utterly overlooked, except in the bombastic egotistical words put into the mouth of Dickens himself. Throughout the whole book, the words, thoughts, and mode of expression which are ascribed to Dickens in no way indicate superior attainments. He might have been the author of penny dreadfuls and a pursuer of that vocation simply because of the material recompense and the opportunity to express his own opinions. According to "Ephesian," the life of Charles Dickens was a pursuit of the ideal restrained by a self-centered greed. He observed all human weaknesses—except his own. The fault lies in the fact that "Ephesian" does not simply accept the weaknesses of the novelist, but intensifies them. He accuses Dickens of caricaturing his relatives, friends, and acquaintances not only consciously, but maliciously, as his caricature of Maria Beadnell as Flora Finching. The biographer finds no expression whatever in Dickens' own life of that "Carol Spirit" which he was continually preaching. Dickens is pictured as chafing at restraint, yet scarcely making a decision without the advice of Forster, his Boswell.

Katherine Hogrth Dickens, instead of the mediocre agreeable person described by most biographers is painted as a martyr to Dickens' inconsiderate nature, a woman of superior intellect and culture whom her husband does not appreciate.

In other words, the Dickens of C. E. Bechhoffer Roberts is not Dickens, the human being, but Dickens in caricature even as Micawber and Flora Finching are caricatures. These incompatibilities do not de-

tract from the merits of the novel if we detach its hero from all association with history and literature. The novel is more restrained and less vivid than David Copperfield; yet it has none of the philosophical fatalism of E. Barrington's biographies. The characters, if considered in the light of pure fiction, are worthy imitations of Dickens. At times John Dickens, as portrayed by Roberts, out-Micawbers Micawber, and attains a certain dignity which the Copperfield character did not possess.

Nevertheless, we cannot detach that indefinite, body-less form, the biographical novel, from its associations with history and truth. Much as we may admire the qualities which would mark this book as good fiction, we cannot enjoy it as a biography.

L. N. W., '30.

REVIEW OF SWAN SONG.

Swan Song is John Galsworthy's third novel of the post-war world. It continues and brings to an effective close the fortunes of the Forsyte family. Although there is much satirical comment on the manners and morals of English society of the present day, the deeper element of the novel is concerned with the serious aspect of life.

The principal characters are those of the *White Monkey* and the *Silver Spoon*—Fleur, and Michael Mont, and Fleur's father, Soames Forsyte. They figure in a situation produced by Fleur's revival of her early love for young Jon Forsyte. Fleur, the sophisticated society woman and the spoiled child of the Forsyte fortunes, is a woman who knows what she wants and is unscrupulous in her methods of pursuing it. Yet, in spite of all, there is a certain naïveté of good disposition and intelligent affection which holds the reader's sympathy.

Swan Song escapes being a tragedy with a conclusion more definite and satisfactory than is employed by most contemporary writers.

POETRY.

LOVE.

Out of the mist and rosy hue of dawn,
 Wrapped in a cloud of soft, translucent
 light,

A soul was wafted gently down to earth
 To find its rest within a human form.
 And close beside this heaven-created spark,
 Came Love in trailing robes of glory, sent
 Unseen, to guard the precious bit of life,
 Too young, too sweet, too innocent to know
 The evils in the path it soon must tread—
 The clogs unto its progress back to God.
 Her gentle tread unheard, Love yet kept on,
 Until within a human shell, on earth,
 The soul took up its resting place sublime
 And started on its earthly pilgrimage.
 God's purpose to fulfill.

The years sped fast.

The babe with his immortal soul became
 A child at play. His piping voice was heard,
 As with his comrades, gayly, he aspired
 To pluck the buds of Spring, or catch the
 waves

That tumbled in along the sand-banked
 shore.

And when his footsteps strayed too far
 afield,

Or when his tiny hands in error turned
 To danger, still his unseen guard was there
 To lead him back to safety, and to fill
 His eager hands, with gifts of everlasting
 Worth. For years, he played at childish
 games,

Until, at length, he grew to sterling youth.
 But ever by his side was gentle Love,
 Folding him within her calm embrace
 To quiet his tormented heart and mind.
 At last there came a day, when, hesitant,
 The youth began to look about, to peer
 Within the secret places of the world,
 To question all the things he could not see.
 With anguish did he learn the veil was
 drawn,

No human eye could pierce the mists of
 space,

No mortal ear could hear the voice of God.
 Thwarted he cried aloud with violence,
 "I cannot see beyond this world of man,
 Complete it is. I need not anyone
 To guide me. I am I! My destiny

Is mine, I'll live my life, and joyfully."

He did not know his wrath was calmed
 By Love, who gathered him within her
 arms.

He did not know that when his frenzied
 hands

Tore at her shining robes, she smiled on
 him,

And he was comforted. He did not know
 That when at last in ignorance of God,
 He found his solace in his own conceit,
 That Love looked up to Heav'n, and
 Heav'n looked down,

And tender glances were exchanged of mild
 Amusement. Onward he went, and when
 he won

A battle or a fight, he laughed in glee,
 And called aloud his challenge to the world.
 "Oh, I am I. Alone I stand. Alone
 I've met the foe." He could not see nor
 feel

Love, as she stood beside him even now
 With gentle hand stretched forth to heal
 his wounds.

He did not know that she had helped him
 face

The tumult and the strife, that ill had fled
 When by his side it saw her countenance.
 He only saw himself complete.

And then

At last, there came a day when he began
 To feel his rugged limbs grow weak. His
 hair

Was gray. The firmness of his step was
 gone.

He tottered down the path, but Love was
 there.

On her unwittingly he leaned. And then
 She broke her silence, and in dulcet tones,
 She whispered in his ear. At last he knew
 The truth of life! The mystery was solved.
 Alone he had not won the goal, for Love
 Eternal by his side had been. He bowed
 In humble thanks that she had been his
 guide,

In meek request for pardon for his sin.
 And Love, forgiving, raised him up and
 bade

Him look above, and wondering he gazed—
 He pierced the veil; he heard the voice of
 God.

Into the mist and dusky glow of eve,
 Wrapped in a cloud which caught the sun-
 set hue,

A soul was lifted up on wings to heav'n,
 To be at peace with God. And close beside
 This spark divine came Love in splendor
 dressed,

Still guiding, watching, comforting her
 charge.

E. L., '29.

MY RETREAT.

My path goes winding by a brook,
 And on and on, to a shady nook
 Where hemlock boughs and conifers
 Have made for me a quiet place
 Where I may go and hide my face
 From all the bustle of the world.
 The needles brown have made a bed
 Like softest down,
 Where I may sit and dream,
 And, in the hush, I hear
 The flute-call of the thrush,
 And silent keep, lest he should fly away,
 And I, no more, his note recall.
 But I am not alone,
 For from topmost bough the squirrels
 come,

Chattering loud for seeds and nuts
 Hidden within my hand.
 Chickadees and warblers, too,
 Flock about me, calling softly
 For the sweets they love so well.
 When they see I am their friend,
 They come flocking up to me,
 On my shoulder, on my knee.
 But, alas! 'Tis o'er too soon,
 And my peace must needs be gone,
 And I hasten to return
 Lest I linger there too long.
 Back to the world I left behind;
 To the bustle and the grind;
 But, tho I must leave my dell
 May God's riches ever dwell
 In my heart and in my soul!
 May I never grow so hard
 That I cannot love His work!
 Love His birds and all His flowers,
 Learn to walk in all His bowers!

Eunice Foye, '31.

SUNSET.

The sun had laughed at Darkness' power,
 All through the long, long day;

Had taunted him with merry beams
 And many a sparkling ray.

'Till now, with confidence supreme,
 He thought, "What strength have I!
 I am the ruler of the earth
 And the monarch of the sky!"

"I have o'ercome Imposter Night,
 And, far from my domain,
 He rages on—but let him rage,
 He'll ne'er rule here again."

And so, with ever-bright'ning smile,
 He closed his golden eye,
 And sat him down complacently
 Upon a hill-top high.

Then came sly Darkness stealing on,
 In dusky mantle wrapped;
 He, catching Sun a-napping thus,
 At heaven's portal tapped,

And called the moon and stars to play;
 Then o'er the Sun he threw
 His dusky cloak, and rolled him down
 The hill, 'till lost to view.

Then Darkness breathed upon the earth
 And, lo, the Light is gone!
 The weary world is now at rest
 For Night is on the throne.

R. R., '32.

COMPENSATION.

I

A dusty, nut-brown, awkward bird
 Flits through the twilight gray.
 An ugly, graceless human form
 Treads on its endless way.

II

A sweet, clear, treble note of joy
 Thrills through the woodland drear.
 A shining, glowing, loving faith
 Brings to the world its cheer.

E. L., '29.

IMPRESSION.

Every bough is tipped with silver
 And sheathed with dancing shadows.
 White clouds are tangled in the branches,
 And the tip is friendly with the sky.
 The cool swift winds of evening

Pause to whisper singing secrets
And stay to loose its organ hymn
Of praise to earth, and sky, and spring-
time.

It spreads its shining fans to waft
The crimsoned gold across the west;
And then to call the twilight
In silvered purple shadows.
And now it stands in wondering silence
And feels the moonlight shimmering
Dawn its green and fragrant robe.

Suzanne Parker.

I tossed a dream away
I thot 'twould sink into the sea
'Twas such a heavy dream,—
But all unknowingly the spray
Tossed it back to me.

I tried to catch my dream,
But now 'twas caught upon the crest
Of waves that scoffed at me
And only sent me back a gleam
Flashed across the spray.

And now a shining mist
Is dancing in the golden air!
And every flying drift of spray
Is gleaming—rainbow kissed—
Dreams will fly away.

Suzanne Parker.

EARLY MORNING.

I sat upon a hill and watched below
A little village wake beneath the sun.
Its neat white houses stood in even row
And gleamed beneath the day just new
begun.

I think I never saw a town more prim,
Like spinster with white apron newly
starched,
Who stands beneath the sheltering apple
limb,
And waters flower beds that lie thirst-
parched.

Prim pointed steeples stab the quiet sky
Softened by the lace of sunlit elms,
Which dare to raise their branches up so
high
To mingle with these sacred, silent
realms.

The milk boy's tuneless whistle from below
Was cheerful, like a sunbeam caught and
held.

Its answer was the raucous caw of crow,
Which sounded and from hilltop was
repelled.

The village in the sunshine sleepy lies,
Like one who in the morning dreads to
rise,
And lingers, dreaming still with half-closed
eyes,
While a curious sunbeam in his slumber
pries.

A. B., '30.

TO DEAD LOVE.

Oh hear, proud heart! It is enough
That fiery autumn pave the dusty roads
With leaping flames that fall from blazing
trees,
It is enough that pale and calm white
moons

Blush to a glowing red in silent skies,
It is enough that awful beauty bend
And kiss the very earth around you here.
Ah! do not say
That Beauty is empty—the world a hollow
noise

Now that love is gone
Do not weep
In the lone stillness of the night
For that one tiny spark that died so soon.
It was not real. All that is real
Is the slow hiss of rustling leaves—
The stern embrace of cold north winds—
The sacred promise of eternal spring.

M. A., '31.

The shadows lay their quiet fingers on the
lawn.

And every sun-sheathed tree
Is whispering wondrous tales to me.
My heart soars up through leagues of quiet-
ness,

And knows the mist-veiled blue
Of heaven's tender hue.
And every bird this green and golden morn
From out his swelling throat
Pours such a joyous note
I cannot help but ache with all its loveli-
ness.

E. R., '32.

A Tribute

*"My life to me is not a little thing,
It is a precious and a lovely thing,
Only my love is more."*

It is indeed "a precious and a lovely thing" for life to meet life in this college world of ours. Through the pages of The Colbiana there comes a tribute for a life which we have met and loved—a tribute of appreciation and of love for the life of

Edna Huff

THE COLBIANA

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

The editorial staff of Colbiana presents the issue of December, 1928, with no apologies whatever. It has worked, and worked hard, to put forth a magazine worthy of Colby women.

That this present issue of the Colbiana is not representative the editors are fully aware; that it is not as personal as could be desired the editors are also aware; that the quality of its literary material could be higher and that there could be greater quantity is a self evident fact to one who knows the potentialities of Colby women. Therefore do the editors most earnestly request that undergraduate criticism shall be in direct proportion to undergraduate work.

Give of your criticisms, please. But first,—earn the right to criticize!

On that last day when the heavenly band plays and the white robes, harps and golden chairs are distributed among the righteous,

our long-suffering roommate will certainly obtain a particularly melodious harp, a particularly shining robe, and a particularly comfortable golden chair. There is no question that the sufferings of our roommate on earth will entitle her to the fullest measure of consideration hereafter.

Perhaps the greatest strain on our roommate is our course in Public Speaking. Actively or passively, vocally or silently, she has to submit to our vehement protestations that we shot a pointed weapon into the atmosphere, or that we wandered lonely as a nebulous phenomenon, or that certain dust-brown ranks were ordered to cease progression. She may groan, she may threaten, she may perspire, but she has to stand it.

If we take Latin, our roommate must without avail woo slumber while we discuss with another devotee of the language the fiendish purpose of the author in put-

ting a subjunctive in a certain place when there is obviously no occasion, and which meaning to select for a word which means tree, cottage, sea-shell, umbrella, and bedroom slipper.

Our roommate is also forced to listen to such vocal demonstration as we may choose to inflict upon her. If we arise in a tuneful mood, she must suffer our early morning croaks and chortles. She has, however, a method of retribution here. She may commence a symphony of her own, in which case we may be subdued.

If we leave twenty pages of something or other till the next morning, her's must be the ear to listen to the gleeful tinkle of the alarm, which summons us, all unconscious, to a premature awakening. Hers, also, are usually the feet which bound across the floor to shut the thing off and complete the awakening process.

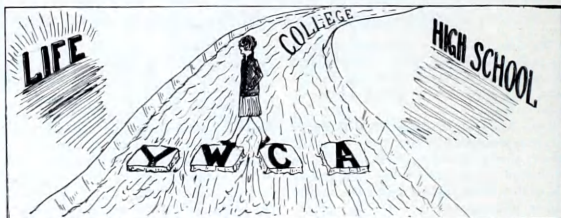
So here's to our roommate! May she reach an eternal bliss which includes none of the terrors here mentioned! May her slumbers be un-interrupted and her weary brain at last find rest!

M. A., '31.

There comes a time when appreciation must be spoken. We, the women of Colby College, have long realized our great good fortune in having as our dean Miss Nettie Runnals. Among ourselves we have often verbally expressed our happiness. Yet the time has come when we must let others know how deep is our appreciation.

It is most fitting that such appreciation should find expression when Miss Runnals has just returned from an absence of two years. It is fitting too, that the medium of expression should be the Colbiana, exclusive publication of Colby women. There is not a voice of dissent. With a perfect balance of discipline and love, with a sympathy greater than the sympathy of girl for girl, with an unusual sense of the just, and, above all, with a spirit of youthfulness permeating every act, she has made herself forever wonderful to Colby women. However poorly we may succeed in our attempts to be all that she would wish us to be, our love and respect for Miss Runnals will remain a high and constant value.

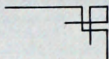
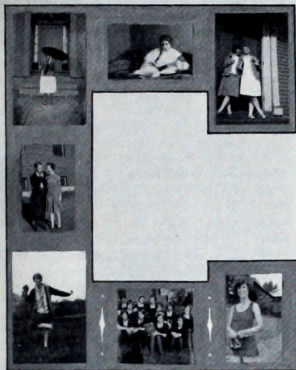
R. M., '30.



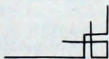
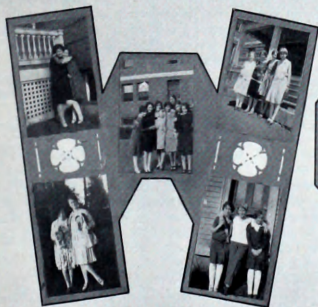
On Tuesday evening, May 1st, the Y. W. girls had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Evelyn McGraw of Augusta speak on the treatment of criminals in the courts of Detroit. Mrs. McGraw explained how the field of psychology is used to determine a fit penalty for the criminal. She illustrated the psychometric and psychological tests given to each individual to estimate his mentality by several definite cases of

which she had taken charge. "Often the fate of the criminal," she said, "whether it be an asylum, prison or return to civil life under supervision was determined by the decision of the psychiatrist." She stressed the fact that mental tests tended to convict the wrong, not merely to punish the offender.

On May 15th Elizabeth Beckett led an informal discussion. The topic of the even-



OLBY



OMEN

ing was, "Should there be a Double Standard for Men and Women?"

The Girl Reserves of Coburn were in charge of the meeting, May 22. Peggy Cayford took charge of the following program:

The Recessional, Rudyard Kipling, Florence Taylor.

Little Batuse, Wm. H. Drummond, Mary Gary.

"If" for Girls, Rudyard Kipling, Virginia Stewart.

The Highwayman, Alfred Noyes, Peggy Cayford.

The week-end of May 26-27 was set aside for the annual retreat. Because of rain the session proved to be a series of meetings in Waterville rather than a house party at Snow pond as planned. Miss Henthorn of University of New Hampshire was guest of the cabinet. The girls met in the afternoon with Mrs. White, in the evening with Mrs. Griffiths. A picnic supper was served in the assembly room of Foss Hall. Acting on suggestions of Miss Henthorn, the cabinet was able to make some very definite plans for the coming year.

On the following Sunday afternoon Miss Henthorn held an open forum for all Y. W. girls in the assembly room. The chief topic of discussion was the relations between men and women.

The last meeting of the year, June 2, was given over to Professor Chester. According to previous arrangements he spoke on Evolution. Refreshments were served.

Five members of Y. W. attended the conference at Maqua, Poland Springs, June 17-27, Carolyn Herrick, Dorothy Morton, Alice Paul, Lucy Chapin, and Pauline Bake-

man. Y. W. C. A. did its best to welcome the Freshmen by a reception given in the reception room of Foss Hall. The receiving line consisted of Carolyn Herrick, president, Dean Runnals, and the wives of the faculty. Carolyn Herrick opened the program by a short talk on Y. W. Dean Runnals followed with a welcome from Colby. Ruth Park, accompanied by Muriel Sanborn played a violin solo, Martha Allen sang "Trees," and "Beloved." Helen Chase

gave an amusing reading "The Anarchist." The program closed by the singing of Alma Mater. Refreshments of ice cream and cookies were served.

The meeting of October 2, was called for a joint purpose: to introduce the new purpose of Y. W. and to bring some memories of life at Maqua to the girls. The first speaker, Lucy Chapin, criticised the old purpose. She made us feel as she did, that it was a purpose of theological stiffness, impossible to carry out in our every day college life. Lucy spoke a few moments of the Maqua spirit. Pauline Bakeman explained the new purpose, summarizing it in the following statements:

We unite in the desire to:

1. Realize a full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God.

2. Have a part in making this life possible for all people.

3. Understand Jesus and to follow Him.

In her talk Pauline told how the purpose had been drawn up by the national convention last spring in Sacramento, California. She also spoke of the discussion groups at Maqua. After a solo by Alberta Brown, Alice Paul gave an interesting picture of a day at Maqua.

On October 9, Rev. Frank Fagesburg of Springfield, spoke to the girls on the theme, "If a man ask you to go one mile with him, go with him twain." He said, "If you go but one mile grudgingly, he might feel that he had the best of you; but if you went two, you could feel that you had the best of him. It is the two-mile people who get the most out of life."

October 16 was given over to a musical program as follows:

My Ain Folk (in Scotch costume) _____
 _____ Janet Locke
 Violin Solo, Oriental _____ Martha Johnston
 Duet _____ Eunice Foye, Winifred Hammett
 Piano Solo _____ Mary Wasgatt
 Chorus, The End of a Perfect Day, (and
 others)

Taps _____
 The following Tuesday, Oct. 23, Miss Van Norman gave a pleasing account of her trip abroad this summer. The object of the tour was for observation of physical education in European countries. She

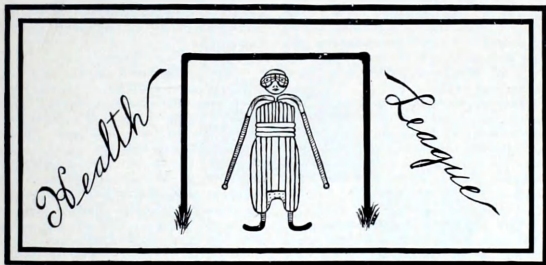
spoke especially of a festival in Switzerland composed of a pageant and gymnastics in which both children and adults competed. Her account of the Olympic games was of special interest.

A Hallowe'en party took the place of the regular service, October 29th. At this time all the popular children's Hallowe'en games were played. After the frolic the girls gathered around the piano for some camp songs.

On November 6, Curtis Foye, M. D., the Resident Physician of the Hull Street Medical Misison Dispensary of Boston told the girls of his work among the Italians. In a striking manner he pictured the ignorance of the people in modern standards of

living and of sanitation, their poverty and their excitable natures making critical situations much more nerve racking than necessary.

At our last meeting, to date, held November 13, Miss Edith Sanderson, recently returned from Broisa, Turkey, on furlough spoke of her experiences as a missionary in a girls' school. She declared that the present revolution was a hopeful sign for Turkey—that changes are at present so swift and complete that one not in the center of affairs can't comprehend them. She said that although as yet, they weren't permitted to preach Christ in Turkey, the opportunity would soon be theirs.



HEALTH LEAGUE PICNIC.

The Colby Health League commenced its activities for the year by holding the customary picnic at the end of Boutelle avenue. According to tradition each sophomore took "her" freshman to introduce our new sisters to the fun as well as to the more serious purposes of our League.

At five-thirty the hot dogs were steaming, the rolls were ready, and the alluring odor of boiling coffee was irresistible. The jolly chatter of many voices was interrupted now and then by a scream from some unfortunate who had lost her "dog" in the fire.

When capacity had been reached with respect to "dogs," doughnuts, and coffee, more wood was put on the fires, and the Colby sisters formed a huge, friendly circle. Alice Paul, president of the League, introduced the speakers. Dean Runnals welcomed the new members especially, and spoke of the importance of the Health League in Colby life. Speeches for the classes were given by the health leaders:

Harriet Kimball, senior; Pauline Brill, junior; Marjory Dearborn, sophomore; and Phyllis Hamlin, freshman. After each speech a class song was sung. Miss Van Norman in her speech told of some of the

activities and purposes of the League, and urged cooperation among all the girls.

HOCKEY.

In spite of much rainy weather during the fall, all the classes have shown great interest in hockey. The junior-freshman game was very close, and two ties were played off before the juniors finally won 7 to 5.

The senior-sophomore game was fast and interesting, and was a sophomore victory by a 2 to 1 score. Both teams showed good spirit.

The final game of the season was played November 20, with the juniors and sophomores dividing championship honors. The score was 1 to 1.

The following named girls played on the winning teams:

Junior—Pauline Brill, cf; Edvia Campbell, rif; Ruth Young, lif; Helen Hobbs, rw; Mildred Pond, lw; Helen Brigham, chb; Betty Bottomley, rhb; Eleanor Hathaway, lhb; Edith Woodward, rfb; Helen Chase, lfb; Barbara Taylor, g.

Sophomore—Muriel MacDougall, cf; Maxine Foster, rif; Gertrude Sykes, lif; Hope Pullen, rw; Agnes Ginn, lw; Pauline Gay, chb; Doris Spencer, rhb; Helen Ramsey, rhb; Marjory Dearborn, lhb; Isabel Clark, rfb; Barbara Heath, lfb; Alice Linscott, g.

THE RECREATION BUILDING.

The women's division has seen many changes for the better during the past

year, but in none do we take more sincere pride than in the recreation building which to outward appearances at least, is nearing completion. Every Colby girl feels grateful to our loyal alumnae for their ceaseless and most fruitful efforts in our behalf. Another year, when they come back for Colby Night, they will not be received in the crowded Foss Hall dining room, but they will truly celebrate in the "new gym."

RESIDENT NURSE.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Eleanor S. Woodman of Winthrop, we are enjoying for the first time the services of a full-time resident nurse. Miss Ruby Stone, R. N., of Lewiston, has been with us in this capacity since the opening weeks of school. She cooperates with Miss Van Norman by caring for any who may be sick, while Miss Van Norman now devotes her entire time to physical education and hygiene.

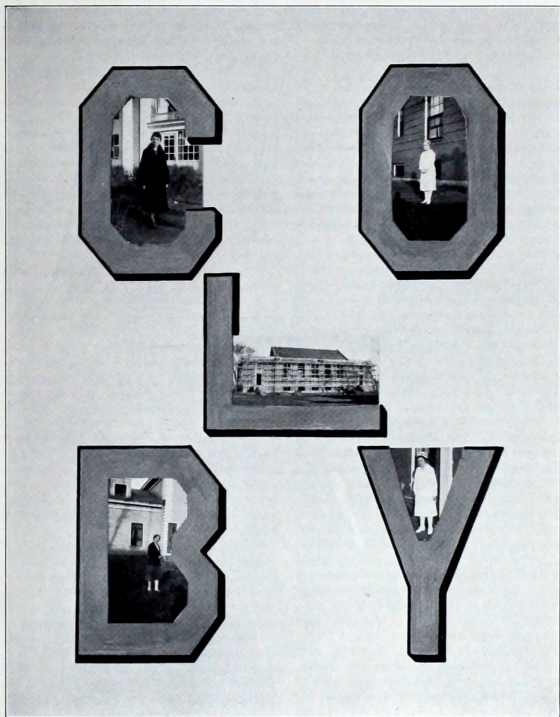
ANOTHER GIFT.

Miss Florence E. Dunn, who has so many times been our benefactress, has again shown her interest and generosity by purchasing the two houses adjacent to the hockey field so that the space they now occupy may be utilized in the spring for tennis courts. We have missed our courts, although we were most willing to sacrifice the space for the new building. Archery has been a popular sport this fall among those who usually go out for tennis.

RES COLLEGII

Eventually—yes, we really have our chapel system reorganized. At 9.55 A. M. meditation is much more easily induced than at 12.05 when thought waves are constantly interrupted by the static of a howling stomach. We almost suspect that the

faculty is beginning to understand us and our motivating impulses. The rejoicing over this change of hours is hardly exceeded by the fact that chapel only occurs three times a week, alternating with the men. The most eloquent testimony of the value of



the new plan is the increased chapel attendance. There are still deserved improvements. How about a chapel choir, and more music in our program if not every day at least occasionally? At present our concern is to save from oblivion some of the worthy gems of thought given us this fall.

It is relevant here to first consider the remarks of Mr. Smith. He presented us with the fact that thought is the determining factor in life. All our great men spent much time in thought. Jesus did not take up his ministry until he was thirty years old, and then he went apart first to think things through. Today we are so involved in doing, in looking after things, that thinking has no part in the program. College is supposed to allow time. Any rushing college student can say whether it does or not. Why do we need time for intensive thinking? Because our mind can't grasp things in a minute. Chapel gives us a chance to spend a few minutes in thought. The Christian Sabbath has had its great value in this matter. Are we using it? What will take its place?

Professor Rollins stressed a thought that is pertinent to college students, especially those of today who are so inclined to let other people think for them, to be guided by the crowd. The theme of his talk was expressed in the 26th Psalm, "I will walk in mine own integrity." The idea is that **you** must use **your** head; first and last. Stamp everything with your stamp. This does not mean unrecipitiveness to other persons' ideas. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." De Voto is an extremist and writes with only a glimmering of integrity, but he seems to have struck the root of the matter. He goes his own way. The first part of the sentence must not be overlooked, "I will walk." Go your own way, to be sure, but **go**.

Professor Weber brought home to us a question of real and close interest. In the first Psalm is found, "Sit not in the seat of scoffers." Among the contributors to the Echo there seems to be some confirmed "sitters"—the men being the chief sinners. (We wonder if the women's innocence isn't due to timidity about writing to the Echo.)

The subject of their cynicism is frequently the decaying institution of Colby, (decaying as they see it) and the funeral of which they anticipate in the near future. Professor Weber gave ten reasons supporting the contention that Colby is a living and a progressing institution:

1. Men are considered more important than buildings.

2. Brains are here rated higher than brawn. We never have paid an athletic coach a higher salary than the president, as has been done in other places.

3. Never have we had a more carefully selected faculty. The seven new men on the faculty board were most carefully considered before choice was made.

4. The faculty is more interested in the student than in research. There is no Ph. D. idolatry here.

5. There is no praise for mere antiquity.

6. There is no praise for mere modernity—we have no course in automobile salesmanship.

7. The present student body is more carefully selected than ever before. The rate of mortality is low. The senior class is larger than ever before. Among the women it is larger than the junior class by nine.

8. There is an improvement in intellectual atmosphere. There is less emotionalism and band stand yells than in many other colleges.

9. Graduation and admission requirements are growing more and more strict.

10. The college is directing its attention toward better training for students.

The changing of the local sorority, Beta Chi Theta, into a national organization, has been one of the various sorority changes which have taken place on the campus this year. It has now become the Gamma Chapter of Alpha Sigma Delta and is its first eastern chapter. Mrs. Byron Stevens, a representative of the sorority, came from Chicago to initiate the local chapter.

The pledge service was held Tuesday night, Oct. 16, and late Thursday and Friday afternoons the girls were initiated. The members are as follows: Miriam Thomas, Doris Groesbeck, Frances Weiss,

Ola Swift, Louise Cone, Alice Jewett, Lucy Parker, Methyl Page, Mildred Pond, Pauline Gay, Barbara Heath, and Marion Cooke. The officers are: Jessie Alexander, president; Sylvia Crane, vice president; Methyl Page, corresponding secretary; Flora Trussel, recording secretary; and Edith Woodward, treasurer. The alumnae who were taken in are Girlandine Priest, Evelyn Bell, Claire Crosby, Jennie Nutter, Ellen Smith and Ena Page.

The various events lasted the entire week. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Colgan gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Stevens to the faculty wives. The next day the seniors of the Sigma Kappa sorority gave Mrs. Stevens and the new sorority members an informal coffee at Foss Hall. Friday night following the initiation an attractive ban-

quet was held in the Elmwood Hotel. The week was concluded by a presentation tea, given by Mrs. Stevens at the Fort Halifax Inn to the faculty ladies and to the representatives of the five other national sororities.

A very pleasant social occasion took place on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 4th, when a tea was given by the senior girls for the purpose of welcoming Miss Runnals back to Colby. A piano solo was given by Jessie Alexander and a vocal solo by Martha Allen. Miss Runnals was presented with a corsage of roses, the gift of the senior class. This tea had a particular significance for the senior girls because they were freshmen at the time when Miss Runnals was formerly here.

Among Our Alumnae

Colby watches Seniors become Alumnae as each class graduates in June. Colby women are all interested in knowing what this year finds last year's Seniors doing.

Many of them are teaching in Maine high schools and junior high schools.

Marguerite Ames is teaching French and mathematics at Boothbay Harbor.

Frances Bragdon is teaching English and history at Ashland.

Gladys Bunker is in Brooks teaching Latin and English.

Cornelia Adair is in the high school at Brownville.

Janet Chase is teaching English and Latin in the Waterville junior high school.

Margaret Davis is at the academy in North Anson.

Adelaide Coombs is head of the English and French departments at Warren.

Ava Dodge is assistant in the academy at Wiscasset.

Evelyn Foster is teaching English at Berwick Academy.

Elisabeth Gross is teaching French and English at Cape Elizabeth.

Helen Hight is on the faculty of the Skowhegan junior high school.

Mona Herron is head of the English department at Bridgton Academy.

Ruth Hutchins was assistant at the Besse high school in Albion, but has been ill in the hospital in Waterville.

Margery Pierce is teaching at her home in Oakland.

Naomi Maher is teaching English in the Livermore Falls high school.

Emily Randall is teaching in the Corinna high school.

Clarie Richardson is in the Waterville high school.

Olive Richardson is teaching mathematics in the junior high school at Houlton.

Betsy Ringdall is teaching in Brunswick high school.

Susie Stevens is at the high school in her home in Millbridge.

Ruth Thompson is teaching in the Mer-

rill high school at Symrna Mills.

Emma Tozier is teaching in Caribou high school.

Edna Turkington is teaching at Hartland Academy.

Mildred Fox is in the Northeast Harbor high school.

Margaret Salmond is at Higgins Classical Institute.

Ena Page is teaching in Tenants Harbor.

Some of them are teaching in other states.

Dorothy Daggett is in New Bedford, Mass., teaching in a private school, Friends Academy.

Dorothy Sylvester is a teacher in the high school in Everett, Mass.

Marie d'Argy is teaching in a high school in Washington, D. C.

Helen Wyman is teaching in New Jersey.

Harriet Towle is teaching at the Mary Wheelock school in Providence, R. I.

Evelyn Ventres is teaching near Rockport, Mass.

Ruth Williams has a teaching position in New Hampshire.

Others of them are living at home, doing graduate work, or holding business positions.

Katherine Greaney is doing graduate work at Colby for her masters degree.

Hilda Desmond is at home in Ridlonsville.

Amy Dearborn is at her home in Bangor.

Violet Daviau is attending Trinity college in Washington, D. C.

Grace Morrison is in Waterville.

Ruth Viles is working in the First National Bank in Skowhegan.

Myra Stone has a position in the office of the Lawrence, Mass., Gas and Electric Company.

Marion Daye is studying for her masters degree at Columbia University.

Lela Glidden is at her home in Jefferson.

Nellie Dearborn is attending the secretarial school of Boston University.

Muriel Lewis is assistant librarian at Colby.

Viola Philbrook is at her home in Kittery Point.

Helen Merrick is at her home in Augusta.

Ruth McEvoy is taking a course at Keene Normal School.

Ella Vinal is at Clark College studying for her masters degree.

Mary Thayer is attending Katherine Gibbs secretarial school.

Ruth Tilton is doing technician work at the Worcester State Hospital in Massachusetts.

Marion Jacobs is at home in Auburn.

Rose Black is engaged in social service work in New York City.

Arleen Warburton is playground supervisor on a Chautauqua circuit.

Some of the girls are married.

Irma Sawyer, '28, president of the Student League last year was married during the summer to Roland Andrews, '28, editor of the 1928 Oracle. They are living in Albion where they are both teaching in the Besse high school.

Esther Parker, '28, was married this summer to Roland Crossman. They are living in Springfield, Mass., where her husband is attending Y. M. C. A. college.

Vera Daye, '28, married Edward Young and is now living in Rhode Island.

Doris Tozier, '25, was married in June to Lawrence Putnam. Doris had been assistant librarian in the Colby college library since she was graduated. They are now at 31 Worcester Square, Boston, Mass.

Lura Norcross, '27, who taught last year in Presque Isle high school was married this summer in the Congregational church in Waterville to Fred Turner, '28. Fred is teaching science in Hartland Academy.

Marguerite Chase, '27, and William Macomber, '27, editor of the 1927 Oracle, were married in Augusta last June. They are living in Augusta where Bill is athletic coach at Cony high school.

Doris Wyman, ex-'29, was married a few weeks ago, at her home in Pittsfield to Lemuel K. Lord, '29.

Betty Morse, ex-'29, has announced her marriage to Dr. Samuel Pennell which took place April 2, 1926. Her husband is practicing medicine in New York City.

Arlene Mann, '27, and Lawrence Peakes, editor of the 1928 Echo, were married in July. They are both teaching in the high school at Strong, Me.

Ruth Allen, '24, who has been in the Y. W. C. A. in Toledo, Ohio, was married in Portland in October to Hershal Peabody,

'26. Ruth and Jim are living in Bangor where he is in business.

Doris Roberts, '26, who sailed in August for Salonica, Greece, under the Congregational Board is teaching there. She has written interesting accounts of her voyage and experiences since she reached her destination.

Virginia Baldwin, '24, has also gone to the mission field. She sailed for India in September under the Baptist Board. Virginia, unfortunately, had to submit to an operation soon after she landed and has not recovered as quickly as she expected.

Alumnae who return to Waterville are always welcomed by the undergraduates. Among those who have called at Foss Hall are: Margaret Davis, '28, Cornelia Adair, '28, Mildred Fox, '28, Elisabeth Gross, '28, Helen Merrick, '28, Janet Chase, '28, Edna

Turkington, '28, Hilda Desmond, '28, Ava Dodge, '28, Ruth Hutchins, '28, Marguerite Ames, '28, Frances Bragdon, '28, Dorothy Daggett, '28, Lela Glidden, '28, Margery Pierce, '28, Margaret Salmund, '28, Claire Richardson, '28, Olive Richardson, '28, Irma Sawyer Andrews, '28, Ruth Thompson, '28, Emma Tozier, '28, Emily Randall, '28, Ena Page, '28, Lura Norcross Turner, '27, Arlene Mann Peakes, '27, Arleen Warburton, '28, Evelyn Ventres, '28, Marjorie Dunston, '27, Marguerite Chase Macomber, '27, Dorothy Gould, '27, Bernice Green, '27, Leonora Hall, '27, Miriam Rice, '27, Faylene Decker, '27, Jennie Nutter, '26, Girlandine Priest, '26, Claire Crosby, '25, Marguerite Albert, '26, Evelyn Bell, ex-'29, Hester Fifield, ex-'29, Ruth Hawbolt, ex-'30, Claire Kyle Johnson, ex-'30, Vera Fellows, '26, Helen Davis, '26.



The Handsome Conductor—You'll have to transfer at Belvedere.

Jan Watson—What time does this train reach Belve?

Then there is the absent-minded professor who, after kissing his wife and daughters, said: "Well, girls, what's the lesson for today?"—Selected.

Co-ord in room 96—Your room seems so homelike.

Co-ord in room 97—Do you think so?

Co-ord in room 96—Yes, you have so many of my books and dishes that it seems more natural to me than my own.

"What are the functions of the skin?"

asked Miss Van Norman.

"To prevent us from looking raw," answered the Freshman.

Peg Neal to Foss Hallite getting in late: "Why do you stand in the doorway wringing your hands so vigorously?"

Late one: "Because the doorbell is out of order."

Professor Griffiths: "In what battle was General Custer killed?"

Liz Marshall: "His last one."

Any College Hymn; Hats Off, Everybody!

Grmm da-daa, du de-daa,

Alma mater thee,

Rrmm du-drmm classic halls,

Brmm la-laa ivied walls,
 Alma mater thee!
 Grmm za-zaaa hopes and fears,
 Hrmm za-brmm after years,
 Alma Mater Theeeeeeeeeee!
 —The Magazine of Sigma Chi.

"Now," said Professor Perkins, "can any of you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

"Yes sir!" cried Barbara Heath.
 "Well, Miss Heath, explain it to the rest."

"I understood my father to say they smelt it."

In Days to Come.

Cupid—This meat has such a queer taste.
 Martha—That's queer. It should be good; I burned it a little but I put vaseline on it right away.

The Breakfast Hour.

Between nine and ten o'clock classes
 When vitality seems to be lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's recitation
 That is known as the breakfast hour.

A doughnut, a napkin, some coffee,
 Is all my finances permit,
 But being a person of avoirdupois,
 I eat every least little bit.

A hasty return to the campus,
 The ten-twenty bell now's began,
 But I've surely a comfortable feeling
 Of something accomplished and done.
 I. B. P., '30.

Senior trying to get acquainted, "Are you a Life Saver?"
 Freshman, "No, I'm a Necco Wafer."

A cut a day keeps Commencement away.

Consider the Sophomores, how they grow in importance.

First Freshman—Say, what's a synonym?
 Second Ditto—A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one.—
 London Answers.

And did you know that we had a proctor

in Foss Hall who was so conscientious that when she dreamt she heard much noise in the corridor got up in the cold and "shushed" for five minutes? Who? "Dot" Morton.

"Whey!" screamed the farmer boy, drinking a Holstein of beer. "I dairy to curdle up close to me."

"I Cud," said the milkmaid, "but I'm not that kind of a girl."—Selected.

"Would you shoot a horse with a wooden leg?"

"Nay, I would shoot him with a gun."—Selected.

"I take it for granite," said Dr. Perkins.

Professor Rollins: Take the sentence, "The Indian sneaked silently into the wigwams." What tense?

Vi Boulter: His sweetie's I suppose.

"Got a new dress?"

"Naw. This is my roommate's new dress. I'm breaking it in for her."

Professor: "And did I make myself plain?"

Freshman: "No, nature did that."

Mrs. Benefit—I am soliciting for the poor. What do you do with your castoff clothing?

"Most any collegian—I hang them up carefully and put on my pajams. Then I resume them in the morning.

Prof. Weber—"About three centuries ago women's skirts were large enough to make every girl in this class a dress. If you don't believe it look up Queen Elizabeth's and see."

Freshman: "What am I supposed to do in case of fire?"

Friend Sophomore: "You should worry, you're too green to burn."—Selected.

Did you ever
 Go to class
 To have a quiz?

And
 Did you ever
 Find out that
 You had done
 The wrong assignment?
 And then have
 That funny feeling
 That is sorta' sickish
 Go over you
 And then get up
 And then walk
 Out of Class?

Can you imagine that there are girls who are worrying about whether or not they can afford to get a permanent so that they can go in swimming and not lose their waves—when we get the new swimming pool?

Hello, dearie, how different you look with a windblown. Really I wouldn't have recognized you if you hadn't had on my dress.

To The Freshmen.

It is better to be silent and thought dumb than to speak and remove all doubt.

My Own.

How much I love him!
 He's my own.
 So many nights we
 Sit alone,
 Exchanging thoughts on
 Work and play,
 On things that happen
 Ev'ry day.
 And oh! the tales he
 Tells to me
 In prose, in rime, in
 Melody
 Of life and lands to
 Me unknown
 Of hot and cold and
 Temp'rate zone.
 I touch him in a
 Fond caress,
 Oh how supreme our
 Happiness!
 To class each day we
 Walk, we two,
 I dressed in gray and
 He in blue.

More than all else he
 Is to me
 My book of letters
 By Pliny.

'31.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" he asked.
 I nodded my sweet permission.
 So we went to press and I rather guess
 We printed a large edition.

—Selected.

Faculty Portraits.

From Harvard comes Mr. Wallace
 An intelligent man by his face.
 He smokes a mean pipe
 But then he's the type.
 Now pipes are all over the place.

From Oxford, George Loveland Ridgeway,
 A likeable fellow, I'll say,
 He has a long nose
 And wears beautiful clothes,
 But I doubt if he gives me an A.

We've another professor named Haynes
 Who assumes that his students have brains.
 Therefore he never teaches
 But rises and preaches
 And gets unkind words for his pains.

'29.

Choice Gems Heard Around the Dorms.

What did we do? My dear, you really can't fathom it. We sat on the umbrella stand and talked about books and plays and he told me the plot of a movie he had seen. It was putrid, just like having my brother call—How's for going to get a toasted olive, darlin'? That pudding was simply vile, if you ask me—Who wanted this tub next?—I went right out in the rain and laughed and laughed—I really oughtn't to cut that nine o'clock but I simply have to get this laundry off and anyway he probably won't give us a quiz today—If anyone calls me I'm down in Woodie's room—Can't go. Got to do Browning—Did I have any mail?—There goes P. Green—Who's on telephone?—I'm all for it. What do you say?—Anybody going down town?—Shhhh —I got another black mark and I wasn't doing a thing. I was just sitting there studying and the rest of the kids were laughing and she gave us all black marks

—A fellow who said his name was Blah Blah Something just called me and asked me to go to his fraternity dance. I don't know him. What's he like? I bet he's short and a rotten dancer. Blonde? I just detest blonde men. I bet I have a rotten time—Shhhh!—Did I have a call? Wouldn't that cramp you? He said he'd call before seven. Oh, I don't care anyway.

A diet of worms has become popular in Room 14. What is it? Eleanor Rogers' Roquefort cheese.

Professor Libby in hearing reports on W. Rollo Brown's speech asked the following question, "Did he hold you close?" After hearing the various answers he said, "How about you Miss _____?"

"Well he held me," came the reply.

HOW THE MUFFIN GOT ITS TOPKNOT.

(An Epic.)

Should you ask me whence this story?
Whence this legend and tradition
With the odors of the kitchen,
With the heat and steam of cooking,
With the curling smoke from ovens,
With the seething of the fires
With their bright illuminations
And their constant variations
As of strange hallucinations?

I should answer, I should tell you,
From the cupboard in the pantry,
From the barrel deep with flour,
From the can of baking powder,
From the crate with eggs replenished,
From the dish of butter scrapings;
Where the cook, queen of the larder
Rules in might with spoon and skillet.
I repeat it as I heard it
From the ghosts in Foss Hall kitchen.
You shall hear how Colby women
In the past now long departed,
Prayed for bigger, better muffins,
How they longed for taller muffins
In the better days gone by.
Not for greater skill in Latin,
Not for greater craft in guessing,
Not for triumph in the classroom,
And renown among the students
But for muffins in abundance,
For thick muffins, light and fluffy.

First, the cook one night in slumber

Saw a vivid apparition,
Saw the girls of dear old Colby,
Snugly swathed in sleeping raiment,
On their bended knees appealing
That the muffins be made larger.
All the night they knelt entreating
On the cold floors of the kitchen.
"Mistress of food," they cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

When the cook awoke at dawning,
Down she knelt in supplication;
Long she prayed for full forgiveness
For the thin anemic muffins,
For the burned, becharcoaled muffins
Of the bitter days gone by.

Then she 'rose and to the kitchen
Made her way with trepidation,
With profound and deep repentance,
With resolve to make a muffin
That would stand the test of co-ords.

So into the mixing basin
Poured the cook some lacteal fluid
Put the eggs of the Gallina,
Put the sugar from the Southland,
Put the butter from the scrapings,
And the powder white as snowdrift,
Then she stirred a plush-topped mushroom,
Stirred a soft and clammy mushroom
Plucked from off its podgy stemlet,
Stirred it in the flopping batter.
Then into the smoking oven
Went the smoothly beaten mixture,
Went the soft and creamy mushroom,
Went the eggs and baking powder.

From the middle of each muffin
Rose a light and fluffy center,
Rose a tall protruding center,
Rose a topknot on the muffin.
Then the cook with glee exceeding
Seized a plate of steaming muffins,
Seized a plate of peaked muffins,
Raised them up with cries of triumph,
"Lo!" she cried, "Behold the muffin!
View the topknot on the muffin!"

Thus it is that Colby co-ords
Now have topknots on their muffins.

B. W., '29.

ON HAPPINESS.

I've looked, and found, and lost again;
You come and go, but never stay,
Man's ultimate aim you remain.
Where and whatever are you, pray?

How like the sea you are!
High tides you often mete—
You hurt us most by far

The times you do retreat.

F. Weiss.

AUNT CLARA'S COLUMN FOR CO-ORDS.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I think frat pins are the most adorable things. He's offered me his, and he wears glasses. But frat pins tear holes in silk dresses, and of course I'll want to wear my pin with silk dresses, so what shall I do? I'm all of a doo-dad,

An A. T. O.'s dream.

An A. T. O.'s dream:

Are you sure his intentions are honorable? For a more detailed answer please send self-addressed stamped envelope.

Aunt Clara.

Dear Aunt Clara:

Every time I go to the library to study I have to go home because the boys stare at me so. What shall I do? Must I go sit behind the book stalls?

Attractive.

Dear Attractive:

Stay out in the open. Book stalls are intriguing.

Aunt Clara.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I'm so upset. The other night I went out with a boy and I guess he must have been

English, because he drank just loads of tea out of his funny little thermos. He was awfully good fun but he ate the bouquet on the table and chewed my gloves. Later he was ill and they took him home in the ambulance. I was sorry because I had to pay the bill. If it should happen again, Aunt Clara, should I ignore it or call the waiter?

Anxious.

Dear Anxious:

You must be careful about blind dates. Of course I realize you didn't know he was a vegetarian. If you go out with him again, take the same gloves. I think it would be better if you should just ignore it.

Aunt Clara.

Dear Auntie Clara:

Such fun! Papa thought he stepped on the cat, but it was the baby. There's a laugh.

Bubbles.

Dear Bubbles:

What a girlish little goop you are. It is pleasant to find this sort of a letter for a change. Bless your little oesophagus.

Aunt Clara.

PERVERSIETY.

You say there's beauty found in everything?

I tell you it's not so!

After listening to an oriole

What beauty in a crow?

E. M., '31.

We live to learn; and learning,

Wonder why the thoughts of yesterday were so far wrong.

They seemed so right . . .

They seemed so true!

And now the light is given to see things new

We agonize that what we said was listened to.

DESPAIR.

My thoughts are dead like autumn leaves;

In sodden heaps they lie,

Drenched with the pain of care and woe,

Scuffed by the passers-by.

E. L., '29.

1820

1928

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