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A WORD TO THE WISE.

Oh, no! We aren't going to offer a discreet hint for self-betterment, or any veiled urge to higher realms. We call you wise because we want to put you in a happy frame of mind for our—what shall we call it? Not apology, but explanation. We, the Colbiana Board, having lost our Editor-in-Chief, are floundering a bit as we send this copy to press. We have tried to accumulate

the materials, put them in form, and have a Colbiana printed before you got too impatient. We are asking you to keep in mind the limited working time we have had, and the recency of some of our staff elections, and to bear with the somewhat amateurish quality of this copy and the scantness of some of the department material.

INTELLECTUAL HOUSECLEANING.

With spring "just around the corner" the idea of intellectual housecleaning presents itself. The urge comes to brush the dust from half-worn truths, cast away useless ideas together with ill-kept New Year's resolutions, and renovate old ambitions to bet-
ter accommodate our maturer minds. New enthusiasm, a broader outlook, and better preparedness than we commanded last year are our tools which should not remain idle.

Spring (the very word suggests life and vivacity!) awakens the dormant life content with imbibing what others have stored. It is at this awakening moment that we pause to take an inventory of our abilities and possibilities. These possibilities must begin their development and adaptation for the impending time when we stand alone before the world, to survive or perish. Under the gay spontaneity and romanticism that becomes our youth there must come from worthy fragments culled in our intellectual housecleaning, a more profound philosophy, a deeper sense of beauty, and a wider conception of our own value.

**IN DEFENSE OF JAZZ.**

If you've been waked in the early morning hours by what you at first thought was a rooster in a near-by yard, but which you finally realized was a neighbor's melodious saxophone; you will probably never agree with me that jazz is a benefit. If you are descended from Puritan stock, and still retain the Puritan's scorn and abhorrence of modern music; then you, too, will disagree and say that of all modern inventions that insult lofty American ideals, jazz is the worst.

And yet I maintain that if it weren't for jazz, there would be more people in insane asylums than there are now. "Preposterous!" you Puritans say. And ye saxophone-conditioned sleepers arouse to add: "Why, we're so near crazy now from listening to and swearing at those horrible sounds next door, we don't see how we'd go insane if they stopped."

Well, perhaps you have had an overdose of lullabies. But jazz, in its place, has a purpose. To look at the matter first in an every day manner, we see that jazz is a phase of amusement, of entertainment. And human beings must be entertained; they must have their play as well as their work. So jazz enters here as a means of satisfying their play impulses and balancing their lives.

Then there is another purpose for jazz, correlated, perhaps, in a psychological way, to the first purpose. Picture with me the man who knows he has just a few months to live. Does he want sweet melodies to accompany his last days? No. For under the influence of the nearer perfect music, he becomes morose and thoughtful, wondering, despondent, confused. In the atmosphere of a Beethoven sonata he asks himself over and over: What, and where and why. No. Better for him to live out life in happiness with bright lights and the catchy rhythms of jazz.

Consider the boy of eighteen who has just lost his mother, whom he has loved greatly, and whose death comes as a harsh shock to him. Does he need gentle graceful symphonies, soft and stirring? No. They would lead him to a nervous breakdown. He needs the syncopated, cheerful, non-inspirational jazz. And so do we all. It is not mentally hygienic to listen all the time to classical music, much of which puts us in a mood to "let our fancies rove," wherever they will, whether in melancholy realms of things that have been or in the heights of "never-never land." Better, far better, to turn the dial of our radio to a place where we can pick up the strains of "Potatoes are Cheaper"—crude, ungrammatical, non-illusioning. Better to live each day, happy in the cheerful rhythm of modern music, than to pine away in the dreamy spell of unreality cast by soft and beautiful harmonies.
Nine o'clock class was a bore, usually, but today Sydney didn't care what sort of nonsense the professor talked. For the rain was over; the sun and wind were March sun and wind; incongruously, here in mid-winter was a spring day. And inside her notebook lay an unopened letter from Pat. The subtle unseasonable warmth and the consciousness of that long envelope with its Florida postmark and its carefully written address filled Syndey with a blind happiness. It was good to be alive on such a day—to be alive, and to have a letter from Pat.

Thinking of Pat, she slipped into her place in class with an involuntary smile at the professor, who beamed back with unexpected cordiality. It was strange that she should have Pat's letter today, strange, but right somehow. This was Pat's kind of a day. She could almost see him for a moment—with his green eyes narrowed against the sun, his dark hair ruffled by the wind, his wide grin flashing. It seemed hard to realize that he and his little plane were a thousand miles away, and that she had no logical reason to suppose that she would ever see him again.

Well, at least she had his letter! In the bustle before class she slid her pencil under the flap of the envelope and ripped it open. Just as the bell rang she unfolded the letter and began happily:

"Dear Sydney,"

Five minutes later she was back in the class-room, conscious of the drone of the professor's voice, the ripple of sun on the wall, the familiar tilt of the Stratford-on-Avon picture, and the breath of the spring breeze through the open window. Only it wasn't really spring, she thought crossly; spring didn't come in January. This weather was foolish, as foolish as it was for her to be thinking about a skinny, freckled Irishman who had dared, in that ridiculous letter, to call her a little Puritan.

Puritan, indeed! The fool. She wouldn't be reading his letter if she were a Puritan. She scarcely would have known that such a person as Pat O'Donnell existed. And certainly she would never have gone up in his
little red Waco, or danced with him at Mac's, or picnicked with him, or laughed with him, or kissed him. How could he call her a Puritan if he remembered that? And he did remember—something, enough to keep him writing those casual letters, in which she could glimpse, now and then, how surely, how easily she might have had more than the passing interest of that big lanky flyer—and how certainly that one was all she had.

Impatiently she forced her mind to attention on the lecture, now in full progress. For the rest of the period her pen flew busily; outwardly, at least, her only interest was in English history. But on the way to chapel, her uneasiness returned. Simply because the sun was warm, and someone across the campus was piping a shrill perfect whistle, need she feel this aching, unreasonable loneliness for Pat? The chapel seemed dark after the blaze of sunlight outside; she sat quietly waiting for the exercises to begin. Hymn 64. She liked that hymn; it was so peaceful, somehow.

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind—"

She stopped singing suddenly in a flash of realization. That hymn meant something today. It meant that she was asking to forget Pat, to go back to the careful, logical scheme of things that had satisfied her before she had met him. Pat was right; she was a Puritan. That "rightful mind" was a Puritan mind: the cool, critical thing that had pointed out their differences in breeding and religion and education; the logic that had kept her from caring too much, from letting Pat care too much; the intelligence that had almost succeeded in making her stop writing to Pat.

She had a sudden vision of the sort of life into which that terrible common sense would lead her. She would accept that fellowship, get her Master's, and drift naturally into a genteel old maidenhood of teaching. She wouldn't fool herself with talk of a career! She was too Yankee to be anything but a plain old maid. On the other hand, of course, she could marry Henry. His traditions were hers; he could give her the peace and devotion and security that an intelligent woman demands of marriage. And life and love and adventure could go whistling by, down roads she was afraid to follow.

Her mood was strong upon her when she left the chapel and went up to the library. She couldn't settle down to the deadly monotony of the educational treatise she should have been reading. She kept seeing Pat's smile—admir ing, affectionate, questioning. Some sense of that difference in her had puzzled him always, put him strangely on his guard. He had laughed at what he called her "highbrow notions," but it had never even occurred to him to offer her a cigarette. She was suddenly weak at the remembered smell of his Luckies. This was nonsense, she thought fiercely. She got up and browsed restlessly among the book-stacks. A volume of French verse attracted her; she slipped it from its place on the shelf. It fell open and she read at random:

"Elle est morte et n'a point vecu;
Elle faisait semblant de vivre.
De ses mains est tombé le livre
Dans lequel elle n'a rien lu."

She snapped the book shut. Couldn't she ever get away from herself—and Pat?

In a warm rosy sunset Sydney came back to the Hall. A little new moon was bright over trees that had the soft, hazy look of spring. She had walked all afternoon, remembering, feeling, trying not to think too much. Now she was tired, but beautifully happy. Everything seemed simple again. She hadn't lost Pat; she wouldn't lose him. He was her chance for life and adventure. She would write to him tonight, and some way, any way, she'd see him again.

She went slowly up the stairs, humming under her breath—

"I don't know why I love you like I do,
I don't know why, I just do."

Just as she reached her room, she heard someone calling her.

"Sydney! Sydney Barnes! Telephone."

Damn! That was probably Herbie. Well, why not go to the movies? Pat's letter could wait.

Before the show was over Sydney heartily regretted her decision. Herbie seemed
kiddish and dull, and the movie was a bore, except that the star had occasional flashes of resemblance to Pat. She was so tired, and the thing dragged on interminably. Finally the show was ended, and they went blinking out into the night. Something had happened while they’d been inside. The air was crisp and frosty now; the stars were white with winter brightness. Spring was over.

Back in her room Sydney sat down at her desk and reached wearily for her pen. What could she say to Pat? What was there to say? Nothing, now. She was too tired and silly to write to him tonight. She’d wait. But she must write in her diary.

January 15.

A lovely spring day. A letter from Pat. He called me a Puritan. That’s what I am —and shall be. I can say this, with him a thousand miles away.

A NEW ENGLAND INCIDENT.

The spring had been a long time coming that year. It had almost seemed as if the snow had planned to stay forever; as if the wind had forgotten how to blow from the south, and so could only come howling down from the north. But finally it had come with its gentle breeze and warm sun, so that the snow melted down the slopes in little riverlets, and the ice crunched away into slush under the wagon wheels. There were only gray patches of snow left in shady corners now, which in a few days would fade away into nothingness leaving only a soggy wet place behind.

The song-sparrows had been caroling at the sun for several hours, and the old woodpecker had already hammered his way into the homes of many a juicy worm when Jerry Hanson started for school. He stepped out of the kitchen door into the farmyard with his strapped books over one shoulder, and his dinner pail clasped tightly in his hand, while from his pockets came the rattling sound of marbles. His mother came to the door behind him, wiping her hands on her apron and scanning the sky for weather indications.

"It looks as if it might cloud over before night, Jerry," she called, "So you be sure to come right home from school, won’t you? It gets dark early if it’s cloudy."

"Yes ma’am," came the reluctantly obedient reply, and his mother, apparently satisfied, turned back into the house.

The farm was built on a jog in the slope of a steep hill. As if looking for something greater, the front door of the house faced toward the summit of the hill, but the kitchen door seemed to be lingering wistfully behind, in order to gaze at the wide expanse of wood and lake with the hills and mountains beyond. The ice had been out of the lake for only two days, but now the breeze was whipping up the water into tiny whitecaps, as if copying the great white sheet which had held the lake silent for so many months. On the mountains across the lake vestiges of snow still remained in gleaming white caps above the blue uncovered slopes. Just above the mountains, and almost blending with them, were visible puffy grayish clouds edged with a ruddy gold. They seemed to be gathering with every gust of the wind.

The back of the house looked out toward the barn, with its great open doors disclosing its once filled haylofts now appearing rather empty and exhausted. On the other side, which view was commanded by the window over the kitchen sink was the orchard and the pasture looking wet and disconsolate, but which in a few weeks would be covered by sprouting green leaves and grass.

In the kitchen Martha Hanson was looking out over this same bit of landscape, while she washed out the milk pails and set them outside on the back platform to dry in the sun. When she had finished this she got out the churn and started her butter making. It was a busy morning, for she had pies to bake off and cookies to make, since she had put the last ones in Jerry’s lunch. It was noon before she knew it, and she had just got hash made when John came in, tired and hungry, after a busy morning.
spent in getting the plow and the harness ready for the spring plowing which would have to be done as soon as the frost should be all out of the ground.

While they were eating John announced that he planned to go to town the next day to buy some seed and also to get some news of how the War was coming along. He said he guessed it was about time the Yankees began to show some fighting spirit.

"If they don't start pretty soon I'll have to go and help them, Marthy, in spite of you and Jerry," he said, half joking and half serious.

Martha was silent, for she feared that this might be only too true. The army had already taken several of their neighbors into its ranks, and John was young and strong.

It was nearly two o'clock when she had the dishes done and the kitchen picked up and was able to sit down by the window with her mending. It was then she noticed that the sun was no longer shining and the house seemed unusually dark. She put her work on the table, stepped to the side door and looked out across the lake. It looked angry and menacing. The water was gray, while the wind tossed up great white waves over its surface. The mountains loomed stark against a black sky, the white snow no longer gleamed on their tops, but was a sort of ashen gray color. A fitful wind was rattling through the woods, twisting the twigs and branches into queer shapes. A few stray drops of rain spattered dismally in the mud of the yard.

Martha turned back to her work, thinking of Jerry and his long walk home. If this turned into rain he would stay at the Hanley's farm as he always did in stormy weather, but if it just stayed the way it was she knew that he would try to get home. It would be dark for the last mile, for he couldn't possibly reach the cross-roads much before five o'clock. She was really worried. There was something in the air, a sort of depressing gloom which made her feel that this was no ordinary storm. And then thoughts of the far-off war came into her mind, so that she was reminded again of the chance that John might have to go. She found herself breathing in short panicky gasps, while her hands holding the sewing were trembling. She looked at the clock—only half past three. Well, she would work until four and then it would be time to start supper. By forcing her attention on the mending she lived through a slow half hour, and at exactly four, putting up the sewing she went out into the shed to get the potatoes.

As she passed it to go into the shed she opened the side door and looked out again. It had gotten even darker, and heavy clouds obscured the mountains. A low roar of thunder could be heard in the distance, while the trees swayed in intermittent gusts of wind. Then a terrible silence descended over everything. She felt her heart pounding fast, and she almost started to run down to the barn to get John, but she checked herself knowing that he was busy, and what good could he do anyway? She wasn't going to let herself be a coward.

So she resolutely closed the door and went into the shed, getting some carrots as well as the potatoes. It was quarter of five by the time she had the fire going well and the vegetables on cooking, and she knew that by this time Jerry would be well on his way home. If he had run he could have passed the cross-roads by now.

Suddenly a deafening clap of thunder roared overhead, and darkness seemed to descend like a wall. She hurried to light a lamp, when a low menacing rumble, not like the thunder came to her ears. She went to the door, and upon opening it was almost swept off her feet by the rush of wind which beat against her. She saw John coming up the path, struggling against the force of the gale. The rumbling sound was getting louder and louder, and seemed to be coming from the direction of the cross-roads and up by the old wood lot. This was the same way that Jerry would be coming, too. She peered into the darkness, while John also turned to gaze down the road, but there was no one in sight. All at once there was a terrific crash and a prolonged ripping sound, as if the very earth were being split asunder. An unusually strong blast of wind shook the house, and the rumbling noise passed off up over the hill.

John came into the house, closing the
door with difficulty behind him. He had scarcely had time to sink into a chair when the door burst open and in dashed Jerry, looking as white as a ghost, his hair and clothes all blown about, but otherwise unharmed.

“Oh, Pa,” he panted. “The wind just blew down all the trees in the old wood lot. I saw it happen. It made an awful noise. I was right beside it. I didn’t cry, though,” he ended proudly.

Martha rushed to him and clasped him to her; there were tears in her eyes, but she was smiling.

“Well, son,” said his father with a relieved note in his voice. “I guess if you’re as brave as that you can go to town with me tomorrow to get the seed if you would like to.”

Jerry gasped with delight. “Gee, Pa, I’d love to, and then you can see what the wind did. But, gosh. I’m hungry—what you got for supper, Ma?”

R. M. C., ’33.

# LETTERS FROM A MODERN FATHER TO HIS COLLEGIATE DAUGHTER.

Editor’s Note:—These three letters printed below were not intended for publication, but they so amused us that we were unable to resist stealing them so that you could share our pleasure. This first letter is written shortly after daughter had two charming co-eds at home during a vacation—aforesaid guests having caused many a flutter in various masculine breasts.

February 7, 1932.

My Dear Frances:

We are gradually recuperating from the effects of your visit. Whereas both Helen and Betty are charming girls, I really wish they would select some other jungle in which to stalk their prey. Please assure Betty that I’m not objecting to her use of our own particular jungle on your account, but on my own. Being naturally kind-hearted, I sure detest stumbling over mangled carcasses and crippled Lochinvars every time I step out on the porch for a little air. It’s too much to expect of a man of my advanced years.

Congratulate Helen for me upon her technique. Of course I’m in some doubt as to whether her so swift subjugation of Tommy was due to the potency of her charm or the susceptibility of the victim.

“Tempus fugit,” but do you really suppose that I was ever as young and immature as those boys seem to be? I may have been but “I ha’ ma doots lassie, I ha’ ma doots.”

By the way, if you happen to run short of bright remarks (may that time never come), here is a rather good story illustrating the benefits of the present depression, if you’re clever enough to apply it.

A doughboy was in the front wave at St. Mihiel. The Allied artillery were laying down an intensive barrage for their protection. The Germans were responding with everything they had. The din was terrific—Hell had broken loose for fair. As this doughboy and his companion dropped into a shell hole for a rest until the barrage lifted, he said to his friend, “I’ve been thinking how this war changes our viewpoint. Just think, a guy ran me out of town once with nothing but a double-barreled shot-gun.”

In closing, I’ll merely quote that good old Christian Endeavor benediction, “May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent, one from the other.”

Love from

Dad.

In answer to this letter daughter responded with a pictorial representation of her activities—accompanied of course by a necessary note of explanation, which elicited the following reply.

February 14, 1932.

Daughter of Mine,

We all enjoyed the pictorial tabloids which you sent and I for one have the firm conviction that you are destined to make a name for yourself in the field of art—what
sort of a name I refuse to divulge. Your artistic endeavors plus Mr. Plotkin’s literary masterpieces would make a well-nigh invincible combination—somewhat on the garter-brassiere diaphragm-control line that Sears-Roebuck are selling for sixty-nine cents.

Your best work was in Miss Eastern’s portrait, but even there I would venture to offer a slight criticism. The picture was excellent, but your title of The Sympathetic Friend was so sloppily printed that I missed the “r” in the final word—which making me do a mental injustice to your very charming friend. Sad wasn’t it?

And now for a little anecdote from the radio. Here is Vim in his character of Axel Olson, the Swedish store-keeper. Enter a lady customer who asks, “Have you any sugar?” “Sure,” says Axel, “Plenty of lump sugar. How many pounds do you want?” “But I would prefer granulated to lump,” says the customer. “Sorry,” says Axel, “the cat just had kittens in the sugar barrel and I don’t want to move them for two or three days.” Can you see any joke?

Of course this blame painting job has been hanging over me like the sword of Damocles. Mother suggested that I hire Ed Whitney to do it, seeing that his only employment was on this two dollar per day charity work provided by the town. Although rather dubious, I called around and sounded him out, resolved to offer him a lump sum, say, around five dollars for the job. The hard-working Ed, however, spurned my offer and countered with the proposition that I give him three dollars a day provided he could find time to spare from his multitudinous enterprises (such as wood sawing). Being somewhat raw at his attitude toward work, I blithely informed him that I’d sooner see him in Hell, and drove off. And the moral is, “Most of these fellows who are out of work are getting more chances to work than they desire.”

And that thought paves the way for a short homily upon the dignity of labor—sort of a Thomas Carlyle line like “Two men I honor.” Never be ashamed of your job; if you do you’re sure to be unworthy of it. No matter how hard or how distasteful it may be, keep pegging along and try not to grouch; keep the old grin working and you’ll forget you’ve an aching back. That goes for psychology bigwigs as well as pick-pockets—it also includes college co-eds with a desire for honor marks.

And now a word in closing. Keep the rest of the family supplied with letters but don’t waste any time upon me that you can ill afford. I’ll take the intention for the deed and accord you forgiveness in advance.

Love and the best of good wishes,

Dad.

To conclude our selection of literary gems from Frances’ mail is the following letter written after a slight indiscretion on the part of the young lady.

February 21, 1932.

My Dear D. D. (Daughter in Disgrace):

Not that I really feel as though you were, but merely for a euphonious beginning. Thanks for “them kind words” about Timotheus and his “blooming lyre.” I’m not too sure about Tim but the blooming liar is more or less apt. Still, you probably meant it kindly, so I’m not taking offense. If you think I can write touching letters now, you should see the ones I used to write to grandma and grandpa when I was in college. Grandma was soft-hearted but W. L. was a seven-minute egg, if you get me.

Your temporary pickle has had at least one effect; Betty has started to cut her wisdom teeth, the which showing that she at least is approaching the age of discretion. Yours should be coming along soon. . . . Now for a conclusion to the lecture on “Conduct, Past, Present, and Future.” Don’t forget the Nipponese proverb, “You are a fool if you do not climb Fugiyama, but you are a worse fool if you climb it twice.”

If anyone asks why you did such a thing, just tell her it was in the pure spirit of scientific research—you were trying to absorb material for your Ph. D. thesis; to discover whether or no as wise men claim, “Love is nothing but a biological urge with a smear of sentimentality.”

What will Betty’s boy friend say when he learns the frightful news? I’m afraid the poor girl will have to hoe a long, hard row, full of weeds and witch grass, before
she regains her place in the sun. He strikes me as one of these “I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honor more” gazabos.

I think your disgrace lies not in the crime, but in getting caught. How could you be so dumb? Wickedness can be condoned, but lack of intelligence—never.

Give my regards and regretful sympathy for her incarceration to Betty.

With true parental devotion,

Dad.

CAMPER’S PRIVILEGES.

The camper is the privileged beholder of many beautiful sights. I have walked down a dust-brown road which seemed to lead into the very heart of a glorious sunset. I have counted the stars reflected in black waters beyond the silvery path of the moon. I have witnessed magnificent oaks bend low before the blast of a raging storm. I have seen and gloried in it all with an aching sense of the mightiness of God.

Perhaps the most wondrous sight was a sunrise scene seen with a group of campers. We stood on a rustic outlook high up on the side of Mount Mansfield. Below us, rhythmically rising and falling, were the lazy clouds of early morning through which Old Sol was just beginning to glide. His golden glory turned the white mists to shades of amethyst and rose. A cool brisk wind came sweeping down the clear green mountainside from out the bluest of skies, quickening the colorful drifts below us to a swift kaleidoscopic movement.

The wind and sun made short work of this veiling beauty and soon we were looking down into the depths of the valley far below. We turned away, feeling like mere pygmies whom God had favored by the majestic sight we had just beheld.

Virginia Swallow.

CARL SANDBURG THE POET.

It is an undeniable fact that environment has a very definite influence upon the character of an individual. This is especially evident in the case of Carl Sandburg, the poet. Sandburg was born in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878 of Swedish immigrant stock. At the age of thirteen he left school to run a milk cart which was the first of a long series of odd jobs. In turn he was a barber, scene shifter, worked in a brick kiln and pottery. For a time he was a member of a railroad construction crew in the West. During this period he was fast learning modern life in its constructive stages. He was coming in contact with many kinds of men, but most intimately did he know the laborer.

For a while Sandburg was a dish washer in a Colorado hotel, then he turned to the out-of-doors and the more muscular task of pitching wheat in the fields of Kansas. At the beginning of the Spanish War he was learning the painter’s trade, but he immediately enlisted in the first company to reach Porto Rico. At the end of the War, with the enormous sum of one hundred dollars he returned to Galesburg, where thirsting for knowledge, he entered Lombard college. By tutoring and janitor work he earned his way through college. In the meantime he found expression for his literary talents as editor for two of the college magazines and as correspondent to the local journal, The Daily Mail.

He finished college an ambitious young man teeming with ideas and emotions. There was in him the physical vigor of the construction worker, the restlessness of the volunteer fighter, plus a natural sensitiveness and unusual literary talent which had been nurtured by a college education. It was inevitable that in the due course of time, Sandburg should create something, and that something should be of no ordinary sort.

After graduation he devoted himself to journalistic work and was interested in certain radical movements of social and political nature. This was a period of “trying
his wings"—writing pamphlets, keeping note books, shaping his thoughts into words, analyzing subjects old as the hills but never before phrased by a pen like Sandburg's. His paragraph Consolation expresses a common yearning in a rare way.

"I want to do the right thing, but I often don't know just what the right thing is . . . Sunsets and evening shadows find me regretful at tasks undone, but sleep and the air of the morning touch me with refreshing hopes." The easy, soothing flow of these words which clothe the common sentiment come from a poetic heart.

Sandburg's keen imagination, his alertness to beauty, his awareness of life demanded expression. In 1914 his poem Chicago was printed and was awarded the Helen Haire Levenson prize of $200 "for the best poem written by a citizen of the United States during the year." From that time on, Sandburg has written continually. His collected poems were published in 1916 under the title of Chicago Poems.

Sandburg sees tall, grey skyscrapers and with his pen he paints a word picture of them as clear and true as an artist could draw with his brush. He ponders on elusive ideas, and he paints for us a vivid picture of his meditation. He writes of rain and fog, and we can see the grey mist and feel its wet softness. There is a tremendous sweep—a grandeur to his poems. Their musical cadence is lovely, and their concrete vividness often startling.

The verse of Sandburg has occasioned much comment, much criticism "pro and con." Many have declared his work not true poetry in form. So we come to the question of what is poetry? It has been called "realization enhanced by imagination." Surely Sandburg fulfills this requisite. And as to his style, true verse is ancient, the Bible is free verse. The crimes of free verse are many but the same can be said of sonnets, ballads, and other forms of verse. As in other things, so in the liking of a poem, the reader's personal tastes enter in.

There are many objections to the slang used by Sandburg. He is accused of brutality, of coarseness of language, and of writing of subjects far-removed from beauty. The poet himself has rather aptly defined beauty as appropriateness. The tall hat of the cowboy is beautiful when worn on the Western plains, but the same hat worn down Park Avenue would be ridiculous. A hay stack in the new-mown fields is beautiful, but not on a city lawn. There is beauty in coal sheds, in rows of grimy houses, in milkmen because they all have their place in life. One of the most outstanding qualities of Sandburg's work is its unmistakable resemblance to life, and one of his means of accomplishing this is by his use of words typical of the subject of which he is writing. Those who protest are the people who take pride in a sense of false modesty and who are afraid to face reality.

Read Monotone, there is music in the lines, the steady beat of the dropping rain. There is beauty—the color of the blazing sunset. There is feeling—the warm love of a friendly face. Consider Limited, a poem which is very typical of Sandburg. It is so accurate a sketch of a commonplace event it almost takes one's breath away. You can see the man flicking the ashes from his cigar, and you can hear him answer "Omaha" to his fellow passenger's query.

Sandburg's work is not without faults, No man reaches perfection in any field of endeavor, but that he is keenly observant of beauty, sensitive to all around him cannot be denied. Under his imaginative touch everything takes on a rare charm of its own. There is something in the poet's work which comes from within the man himself and is peculiarly his own. This originality, above all else, is what gives distinction to his work.

THE BUSINESS OF BELL DUTY.

On door-bell duty from 4.30 to 5.30; a whole hour to be spent in Foss Hall reading room! Throw on my coat, stick in a hair-pin or two, and make a dash for Foss
Hall—for it is better not to keep the other bell-girl waiting too long. Not such a swift dash after all for there are puddles to be forded, mud-pits to be jumped, and patches of future grassy lawn to be carefully skirted before the steps are safely gained. Tug off my overshoes which stick persistently to the shoes inside, and leave them and my coat in the uncompromising frigidity of the outside hall. Boo! Who's raised the reading-room window? Well, I am not going to study first—here's a cross-word puzzle that hasn't been done. Head-covering—hat, probably. River in France—might be 'most anything. To understand—Doorbell! Jump—run for the door. "Miss X., please." Room W. She would live on the third floor. Climb one flight of stairs—doorbell again! To go back and answer it, or to go on up, then answer afterward? Such a situation allows little time for weighing the two alternatives carefully; up the second flight it is. She is not in her room—perhaps I'd better shout her name. "Be down in a minute; tell him to wait in the parlor." Doorbell again—guess he's getting impatient. Down to the ground floor: answer that persistent doorbell. Only the postman with a special delivery letter. "Sign here, please." Sign a meaningless scrawl—it's pretty cold to stay out here very long. Well, what was I doing? The cross-word puzzle, of course—But I've rather lost interest in that. How about the rest of the paper—wonder if there's any "News From the Girls at Colby?" Anyway there's always the sports. Baseball practice—doorbell! "Miss Y., please." Heavens, does she go out with him? Up three flights—down again. Getting a little dark—ought to put on the parlor lights, but hate to walk in on that couple—guess I'll wait a little longer. Might as well study—I have my Latin book here. But just a minute—my dictionary is in my room and I don't dare to go home and get it for fear the bell will ring. Well, I'll try it without. Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa—gracilis must go with puer—wonder what it means—it looks like—doorbell! "Er-Er-Miss Z., please." He can't be used to calling here—He's never come to the door before. Found her at last. It's almost 5.30—thank goodness I can go home and rest pretty soon. There, those people in the parlor are moving out—now I'll dare to go in and put on the lights.

MY PURPOSE IN STUDYING COLLEGE FRENCH.

I had acquired the reputation of being the worst prepared pupil in high school French One. When the teacher called on me, her tone of voice implied that she fully expected the answer to be wrong; and the other members of the class eyed me with superior smiles of knowledge. But one day, to the astonishment of teacher and pupils, I recited correctly and wrote the sentences without reference to vocabulary or text. My delight in the effect I had produced by knowing the material over-ruled my repugnance for studying, and from then on I prided myself in mastering all the small details of each day's work. At first this new-found pleasure in the study of French took the form of a somewhat superior pride in my thorough acquaintance with the mechanical aspects of the subject; but almost before I could fit words together to form a sensible phrase, the beauty and clarity of the language began to appeal to me. Since that time my interest in French and its fascination for me have not once failed, and I soon saw that it was the subject in which I wished to specialize.

But what was I to do with this favorite subject? The present fields for the use of French are somewhat limited; teaching
seemed to me the most logical answer. From the time that I taught my protesting little sister her A B C's, I had always enjoyed teaching; so the two interests, French and teaching, combined to give me an absorbing ambition to become the best French teacher possible.

Through the rest of my high school days I divided by time between reading and studying every French text that I could lay my hands upon, and observing in a very amateur way the methods used by the teachers, rashly deciding that I could improve upon the methods of this one or that one. I bewildered my instructors by attempting to interest them in fantastic schemes for time-saving in the class-room, and acquiring a French vocabulary by an elaborate system of weekly tests.

However, these activities were of some practical use to me in serving to hold my attention on the problems of teaching, and as an incentive for the study of my high school French.

Naturally, since I have come to college, I feel the highest interest in my course in French. I try to approach the preparation of the day's assignment with these four points in mind.

First, my ranks must be as high as I can possibly make them, because the good teaching positions are open to only those with high marks.

Second, I try to learn all of the structures and technicalities of the language, because a teacher with a thorough command of these excites the respect of her class; whereas one who always has to "look that up in the text books" loses the attention of her class.

Then I like to become familiar with French literature and its authors, and French history and geography, as a background for class-room work.

Last, I strive the hardest for pronouncing and speaking French correctly, because a little conversation will enliven the sleepiest class. The most inattentive boy will rouse himself at the prospect of learning to "say something" in French.

And I wish most of all to get from my college course the impression and understanding of France as it is today, and of how the people live and think; for those are the things I should best like to give to the French class that I shall teach in 1936.

DOORS.

Doors! Long doors! short doors! wide doors, narrow doors! painted doors! paintless doors! New doors; old doors! plain doors! panelled doors! How many times a day, thoughtlessly, we open doors and close them again.

If one should pause before a closed door, his thoughts might be recorded as taking somewhat the following course:

"I wonder what's behind this door? Are my friends in there or will I be greeted by an empty room? Will they welcome me as warmly as usual or will they be cold and disagreeable? I wonder if the door has any answer for me? The panels tell me nothing. There is no noise from the cracks. The paint is silent. The brass knob does not even whisper to me. The very finger marks on the edge of the yellow paint give no indication of what lies in back of it. Do I dare open it? Of course! I have allowed by imagination to wander."

When one closes the door of one's room behind him, he hears the latch click. Wood meets wood and there is a barrier between him and what is outside the door. One might converse with one's self again:

"Have I real security? The door is closed and I am alone in my room. If that door were open, something undesirable might enter; or I may be keeping it closed against something very pleasant. If I want to feel more secure, I have only to turn the key in the lock and the door will be my protection.

"Closed against what? What is on the other side? Did someone else want the same security I am experiencing? Should I be sharing? Did someone crave the same quiet and content I now have when my door is closed? Am I selfish in my comfort? Should I open the door? Should I look to see if someone is outside waiting to come
in? No, I believe I won't, because some undesirable might take advantage and rush in and then I would no longer have the peace I now enjoy. On the other hand, perhaps it is a friend or someone whose company I would like to have. Perhaps I am depriving myself of a good time. I wonder if I really ought to open the door? No, I guess I won't.

“What's that? Someone knocking? Who can it be? There are some people whose company I can't endure, but what if it were—! Can't anyone see the "Busy" sign on the door? I guess I'll open it. I don't have to let anyone in if I don't want to. I'll just smile sweetly and tell them I'm busy, seeing they can't read the sign for themselves. No, I won't open the door. I can't take any chances. I have a lot to do and if someone comes in, I'll just talk and not get a thing done. I've got to be firm and refuse anyone admittance. If I keep still, no one will know I'm here, anyway. I wish whoever it is would stop knocking. I won't get anything done if this continues. The knocking has stopped! It's awfully quiet in here. I guess I'll open the door and see if anyone is out there now.

"Who wants me?" "What?" "Yes. I've been right in my room." "Who was here?" "Knocking on my door?" "Really?" "Just passing through town?" "Oh dear! Think what I missed! They say 'Opportunity knocks but once.' I guess I've missed my opportunity. Who knows?"

34.

RUNAWAY.

Grandmother Wellsly—Very old, very wise, and Irish.

Camilla—Grandmother Wellsly's daughter.

Colenzo—Camilla's daughter.

The scene is Grandmother Wellsly's sitting room. It is furnished with fine old furniture, such as she might have selected. She is seated in a large armchair. She is dressed in the conventional black for the very old, and she wears a white cap. Her daughter, Camilla, a middle-aged woman, is standing near her.

Grandmother Wellsly: I should not worry, Camilla. Colenzo will not bring sorrow to you.

Camilla: Oh, mother! you'd excuse her, no matter what foolish notion she took into her head.

G. W.: Tell me, Camilla, just what she wants.

Cam.: She wants to marry the young Sargent fellow, and her father and I—. John says—.

G. W.: Oh, yes, John. He does not like the Sargent boy?

Cam.: Not as Colenzo's husband. The boy is entirely undependable. He believes there is a future in aviation, and he persists in flying. Colenzo needs someone—

G. W.: Colenzo has the Irish heart of you and me, Camilla. Do not try to drive her. She will hardly be guided. You remember when you were her age—

Cam.: But that was different! John—well, you can see what he has done! I've never regretted marrying him. But this young scapegrace that Colenzo—

G. W.: I think Colenzo would not care for a scapegrace, Camilla.

Cam.: He is very charming, mother, and very devoted to her. But charm and devotion will not keep the wolf from the door. I confess that I do not know what to do.

G. W.: Leave her to herself, Camilla. She is a wise child, and she loves you too well to disappoint you.

Cam.: I wish while I am gone tonight that you would talk to her, Mother. Her father has just forbidden her to go to a dance with young Sargent; and Colenzo is too wild not to be planning something. Will you, Mother?

G. W.: After you've gone I will talk to her. And now will you open the window a mite so that the breeze from the garden may come in?

Cam. (opening the window): Sleep if you can, Mother. Colenzo will come in later. (Camilla puts a white shawl over her Mother's knees, and goes out softly.)

G. W.: Ah! And she thinks I'm wanting
to sleep? With the problem of the young Colenzo on my mind! Has she made up her mind yet, as she must soon, being Colenzo, of Irish blood? (Sounds of Camilla and her husband departing. Colenzo is heard bidding them good bye). I suppose she expects me to discourage her, too, but who can discourage an Irish lassie when she has found her love? (Colenzo is heard outside telephoning.)

Col.: Dicky? Listen, Father kicked up a row about the dance; so I said I wouldn’t go, but do you want to come out? All right. Bye.

G. W.: Oh, Colenzo! No sliding out of windows for you. No, you’re brave, and you’re fair. You will fight for what you want, and I should—(Colenzo enters. She is a lovely girl, still wearing her dainty dancing frock.) Good evening, Colenzo. You’re as sweet as the flowers yonder, my dear. There was a dance?

Cal.: There was a dance, gran, but I’m not going. Dicky is coming here instead. (Defiantly.) I asked him to.

G. W.: And when he comes, would you bring him in to see your old grandmother?

Col.: Really may I, gran? You mean it? You’re a darling! Everyone acts as if they were poison, you know. But I should have known that you would understand.

G. W.: I have lived a long while, my dear. Col.: You’re a peach. I wish Dicky would hurry and get here.

G. W.: You love him, Colenzo?

Col.: Oh, gran! You know I do! There’s nobody but Dicky, as far as I’m concerned. (She walks to the window and looks out.)

G. W.: It’s a shame! To think that your heart has gone to a lad whom you cannot have. For your parents—

Col.: Oh, yes! Mother and Dad! They ought to see, gran, that nothing can keep us apart. I’m going to marry Dicky, whether or no!

G. W.: Come here and sit down, Colenzo. (Colenzo crosses to Grandmother Wellsly and sits on a low stool by her feet.)

G. W. (softly): A good many years ago, Colenzo, I was in love, too. I was sent to the Convent of Our Holy Mother in England. My mother did not know why I was so eager to go there. She did not suspect that I knew a certain young Richard Wellsly, a young English man; and that every night he would come riding to my window, and I would lean out and talk to him. But my pretty secret was discovered, and one day the Sisters told me I was to have my room changed from my outside one, overlooking the highway, to an inside one. And all because Richard was English and Protestant.

Col.: Really, gran? What happened?

G. W.: That night my Richard came in the dark and took me away.

Col.: How did he do it? I thought in those old convents—

G. W.: I climbed out of the window, my dear, and we took a stage coach, to cross the border into Scotland. To be sure, his father and the Mother Superior were following, but we were not caught.

Col.: What happened at home, gran?

G. W.: At home? My mother and father would not forgive me for marrying a Protestant, but they found out that I would not have been happy any other way, so they consented that it was best.

Col.: Then, gran, you think if I should go away with Dicky, that Mother and Dad—

G. W.: I do not! Because, my dear, when I was a mother, and Camilla—

Col.: My mother, gran?

G. W.: Your mother, Colenzo. When she ran away from her English home to follow John Mansville to America—a wild country, we thought, I could not understand.

Col.: But you do now, gran?

G. W.: Yes, but it took me a long time, and it was very hard. She defied all that I had taught her. She deserted me when I was needing her—all for an adventure.

Col. (softly): An adventure of love!

G. W. (watching Camilla steadily): Yes, an adventure of love. They thought they were following a beautiful dream—that happiness would come if they should fight for it.

Col.: And it did, gran! You can see that!

G. W.: Yes, but it only happened that way. Love may turn out as badly as any other adventure, Colenzo.

Col.: Yes, I suppose so. But I’m willing to take the risk!

G. W.: But Colenzo—
Col.: It's no use, gran. If you and mother—

G. W.: It's a terrible thing to have three generations of runaways. Colenzo—a terrible thing. Think twice!

Col.: There, gran! Now that you've said that, your conscience is free! You've warned me, but I know that (a low hum is heard outside, steadily growing louder.)

G. W.: What's that?

Col. (excitedly going to the window): It's Dicky, gran! In his plane. He's landing in the meadow. Oh, gran! I'm going with him! Now!

G. W.: Remember your mother and father, Colenzo.

Col.: (She is standing by the door, and speaking fast): Yes, gran, yes! That's what gives me courage to do it. They weren't afraid to give up everything for love. Why should I be? (Goes out, then comes back.) Gran, will you wait up till Mother and Dad come home, and tell them? Tell them that I've gone with Dicky for my big adventure! (She throws a kiss to her grandmother and runs out.)

A LETTER TO MOM.

Colby, Sept. 23, 19—.

Dear Mom,

College is a funny place. I don't know as I'm going to like it or not.

In the first place, you go so fast you don't have time to do anything. You get rushed around from one thing to another so fast that you are dizzy and can't remember where you have been and where you haven't. The Orientation Program is nice but quite apt to get you confused and I had a good time at the Freshman Dinner. I found the nicest boy. He was different than the rest. He had on quite a short coat which was sort of green and shiny and wore a stiff collar which made him look very distinguished. You know I have always admired men who wear stiff collars. Well, the reason that I like him was that he was so different from the rest. I noticed that the others were talking about him and how he looked, why you could see that they thought he was different, just like I did. But I found him first, and findings are keepings aren't they?

I tell you though, I am getting tired of all this business of shaking hands and getting talked to! You'd think that we were only about six years old, the way they talk to us. Good Land, don't they think that we know anything?

There's a girl in the next room that is sick. She says that it's nerves and a head-ache that's the trouble with her, but I think that the trouble really is that she ate too much at the banquet. That's only a very good way to show what Miss Foster calls "rationalization." Which is a way to make yourself believe something that isn't. So you see, I have learned something, after all. (I hope that there aren't too many underlinings in this letter, because Mr. Colton says that they are one of the weaknesses of women writers and I want to show him that there is one woman that doesn't underline too much.)

How is Aunt Letitia? I saw a woman in church today who looked just like her, and it made me feel like crying, I guess that I was a little homesick.

You never saw a place where it rains as much as it does here. It has rained every single day this week. Waterville is a good name for it. We even had to have our picnic inside because it was raining.

I'll have to teach you all how to eat properly when I get home, I can see very plainly. I know how to break up my bread and how to eat my soup away from me and the Dean said that it was going from the sublime to the ridiculous to fold your napkin over the table—maybe that is a little mixed up, but, anyway, when I get home I'll tell you all about it.

Will you send me something to eat? They get the things they cook here awfully
salty, and you know that the doctor said I shouldn't eat salt because I have a high blood pressure. And I hate to say anything about it, because I wouldn't like to be mean or anything. I think that I'll have to tell the President that I want my dinner at noon, too. You know that I am used to having it then, and also, I get awfully hungry when I have morning classes.

You know I can't go to the dance tonight, because I haven't got a dress that is long enough. You know they are wearing them below the knees now. I read an article in the Echo, too, that said that the girls are all a disgrace to Colby because they wear such short dresses, so I am going to send mine home in order that you can let them down. Please make them at least two inches longer and send them right back, will you?

Well, I'll close now. Write and tell me how everyone is and if the Parson still thinks that I am headed straight for Purgatory because I am going to college. Tell him not to worry and that I think that I am going to learn a lot of things before I get done.

Love,
Your daughter,
Emmeline.

P. S.—Will you send me some money. I think maybe I'll need some more soon. Thanks.

Em.

CONFIDANTE.

The next stair would creak, Ann knew, and Sally would pause in the dark and whisper, "Sh-h." And in a minute they would tiptoe into Sally's room and slide the door shut and snap on the light and eye each other in breathless, glacial self-congratulation, as if, in escaping a sleepy, inquiring grunt from Sally's mild, round-faced father, they had escaped some actual danger. She had spent too many of these crazy, delightful nights with Sally not to know the exact moment, in the whispers and giggles, when Sally would go suddenly solemn and say in awed tones, "Ann, he's wonderful!" The only thing that had changed in all the years of Sally's confidences had been the "he" in question.

Ann didn't need the pictured face that smiled across the familiar little room as the light flashed on to tell her that tonight's hero would be Dick Kent. Sally had made it increasingly obvious in her letters since Christmas that the new young junior partner of Jones & Jones, Attorneys at Law, was the man on her mind just now. And of course she had seen them together tonight. A new type for Sally, she thought, remembering Kent's lean, quizzical face, the mingled amusement and adoration of his glances for Sally, and his deep, slow voice. She had loved his voice because it was like Ted's. She was hungry for reminders of Ted in this empty week of not seeing him. For the first time since she had been in college vacation was a bore. It was queer; last year she would have been thrilled by a party like tonight's, with Ronnie so sweet and attentive. Now she was merely amused that without caring how Ronnie felt about her she had interested him a lot. It was good to be told she was beautiful, especially by a boy who had known her all her life and must realize that she wasn't really beautiful at all. Slipping her coat off, she glanced curiously at her reflection in Sally's mirror. Not beautiful, certainly: pale, pointed face; green eyes; smooth, dark hair; a careless freckle or two. Maybe it had been the earrings that had created the illusion, or the green dress that contrived to make her skinniness something smarter than that. It didn't matter anyhow. She didn't care about being beautiful for Ronnie—only for Ted.

In a maze of inconsequential chatter about the evening's music, and the way Helen West was wearing her hair, and Joe Clinton's new car, and the becomingness of Sally's pink pajamas, she thought about Ted. Brushing her hair and thinking about him she became so dreamily engrossed that it wasn't till Sally, pausing with a dab of cold cream on her round pink chin, turned questioning eyes upon her that she came
back to earth with the expected yes or no. As the conversation swung back to a discussion of Mrs. Adams' perfect sandwiches, Ann realized how dangerously near she had been to talking about Ted. If, in that single tranced moment, Sally had offered her a penny for her thoughts, she would have just succumbed weakly and talked. Thank heaven she hadn't, to Sally, of all people. Sally had never expected her to have any feelings, anyhow. She remembered with a wry little grin the one occasion when she had tried to confide in Sally.

It had been the night of their Senior Hop, that spring four years ago when they graduated from Hilton. They had both worn organdy dresses; Sally, a pink one, of course; she a white. The contrast must have been pitiful, she thought, remembering the appalling length and thinness of her arms and legs in that short, beruffled, utterly unbecoming little dress; that, and the pink and white perfection of Sally. Anyhow, they had both loved the dance. Ronnie and Bert had brought them home, and Ronnie had kissed her, pretty awkwardly, as she remembered it now, but it had seemed heavenly then. Later in the dark of Sally's room she had ventured to whisper, "Sally, don't you think Ronnie is sort of sweet?"

And Sally, who had been interrupted in a detailed account of Bert's wonderfulness, merely paused to sniff scornfully, "Ronnie Evans? Gosh, no. The way he's always trying to kiss everybody makes me sick." And she had gone on talking about Bert, unconscious of the hurt, angry tears Ann had smothered in her pillow, and the intense sixteen-year-old vow that Ann had made never, never, as long as she lived, to care about a boy again, and never, if she did care, talk about him.

Well, she had cared, certainly, but she hadn't talked. By the time Ted came along it had been sort of a habit not to talk. And if that habit of four years' reticence on the subject of men had kept her from talking about Ted to a perfect roommate like Jane, why should she be tempted to pour forth her emotions to a darling, irresponsible child like Sally, who couldn't possibly understand what it was like to be really in love. She lay curled up in grateful comfort under the rosy blankets, watching Sally write in her diary, with the light warm on her fluffy bright hair, her face serious. Ann felt a sudden superior, big-sisterly fondness for this charming infant, who in spite of the dozens of boys whose names filled her diary, whose trophies decked this little room, seemed somehow inexperienced. Sally had never been in love with a man like Ted. Funny, that being in love with Ted made other people dearer, more understandable. She wanted to touch Sally, to express somehow this wave of affection; but instead she merely curled up in a more comfortable listening position when Sally crawled into bed beside her, and waited for the inevitable formula, "Ann, he's wonderful!"

In a minute it came. "He's wonderful, Ann. Dick, I mean. He's different. You needn't laugh! he really is. The others were just kids, but Dick's a man."

Queer, that was what she felt about Ted, that he was different. He made Ronnie look somehow hopelessly callow and impossible. And yet, in some ways he was such a child. That was one thing that attracted her especially, that funny, appealing quality of helplessness that existed in spite of his being so very much of a man.

"Of course," Sally was saying, "he isn't so exciting looking. I thought he was terrible at first, myself. But, Ann, he has the dearest smile; just like a little boy's. The first time I ever saw him—"

The first time . . Ann was trying to remember the first time she'd ever seen Ted. She couldn't remember, really; it had been ages ago, she supposed, when they'd been freshmen together. He had been in her math. class, and she had liked him then because he had so obviously shared her hatred for the course. Even liking him she had thought him a bit unusual. She had seen him more or less all along—danced with him sometimes, talked to him at the "libe," walked from one class to another with him, been fond of him in an amused, slightly tolerant way. But she'd never really seen him till this fall. Coming out of the book store the first week she was back, she had met Ted at the door. He had shaken hands with her, and seemed somehow terribly glad
to see her. And she had been strangely glad to see him, too, aware for the first time how blue his eyes were, and how deep his voice, and how nicely he said Ann. The leaves had been rattling out of the campus elms and the sky had been almost too blue. She supposed that was really the first time she'd seen Ted.

"And he hasn't any line," Sally was saying. "I guess I was tired of men who talk a lot, anyhow. Dick is awfully quiet, but so sweet. We don't have to talk. He just calls me honey in that slow, special sort of a way, and it thrills me more than anything any other boy ever said to me."

Like Ted again, Ann thought. No line. Ted didn't need to talk. Their silence together wasn't self-conscious silence; it was just understanding without words. Ted was inarticulate, anyhow, but less so with her than with most people. And a look, a smile from him was as expressive as a dozen words from anyone else. He rarely called her anything but Ann, but there had been the time when they had stood laughing together at the head of the stairs after their nine o'clock class, and Ted had suddenly stopped laughing and said quietly, "My dear," and run down the stairs without another word. Once or twice since he had called her "my dear," usually at rather special times, like the night he had kissed her first.

They had been at the library together that evening, and had started back to the Hall in a soft, blurry fall of snow. The flakes had been thick in Ted's hair; he never wore a hat. It had been one of their quiet nights. Ann remembered trying to recall a poem of Eleanor Wylie, a poem that began, "Let us walk in the white snow." She had wanted to share it with Ted, but it had eluded her, somehow. Only stray lines of it would come to her mind,

"Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow."

So they hadn't been talking at all. Just to be with Ted, to know that he loved this night as much as she did, had been enough. She hadn't known he was going to kiss her. She had been standing on the first step, so that the light from the porch was plain on her red beret, when Ted had just suddenly said, "Ann—" and kissed her, and then said breathlessly, "My dear."

"And, Ann," Sally was saying, "the first time he ever kissed me—"

Great heavens, thought Ann, with a sudden flash of insight, Sally was in love. What a blind fool she'd been not to realize it before. The child had grown up.

"I feel like a different girl, Ann. I feel so alive and happy and proud, and yet at the same time so humble. I can't believe that this has happened to me. Things are sort of an adventure now, because of Dick. Everything seems so real and exciting. And I'm actually learning to cook. I guess I must be really in love, if I feel ready to be domestic. It gives me the biggest thrill to wake up in the morning and think that today I'll see Dick; that any minute I may look out and see him swinging up the street in that terrible old overcoat he wears... Oh, Ann, he's so beautifully tall. I hope if you ever fall in love it will be with a tall man."

It wasn't any use, Ann saw. She couldn't help talking any more than she could keep back the sudden happy tears that came to her eyes. She found herself laughing and crying with her cheek against Sally's shoulder. "Oh, I have, I have... And Sally, he's wonderful!"

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SUBSTITUTE TEACHING.

I had promised to substitute for the Latin teacher fifth period, but the nearer the time approached the less I wanted to do it. Although I had no idea what the lesson was about, I entered the classroom with little trepidation. Some of the members of the class eyed me with suspicion; others with broad grins of delight at having a new teacher to try.

After the bell had rung, an awkward pause ensued which I hastily cut short by inquiring what the day's assignment was.
In the shouted maze of answers, I had several choices as to what to believe. Some of the boys assured me solemnly that it was to the bottom of page ninety-eight. Since that contained only seven lines, my suspicions were aroused; and I turned to a studious little girl in the front row who told me that the lesson was to line fifteen, page ninety-nine. This seemed reasonable, so I declared it the current assignment, and informed them that they were going to write the translation in class.

Evidently this announcement was not to the taste of the entire body, for it elicited a chorus of protests and groans. But I firmly passed out paper, (of which enormous quantities mysteriously disappeared) and began to write a few syntactical questions on the board. I selected words which looked easy, including plenty of ablative absolutes.

After finishing these I sat down and tried to look teacher-like. The attitude of the classroom was not all that might be desired: one boy in the back of the room was reading “College Humor;” an amorous couple just in front of the desk were effecting a gallant exchange of wrist watches; and one entire row of boys had their feet perched high on the chairs in front. Since my chief concern was to keep quiet enough so that no neighboring teacher would see fit to come to my aid, I disregarded these minor disturbances, and turned my attention to those who were writing. Noticing that most of the leaves of the books were fluttering carelessly back toward the vocabularies, I advised them that it was not good form to use vocabularies in class tests. When an earnest young man assured me that “Mrs. Kendall always let them,” I was sceptical, but made no attempt at reform.

When the period was about three-fourths over, everyone declared that he was finished. That was unexpected. Heavens! What did one do with a Latin class if they finished the translation before the end of the period? I hurriedly delegated one boy to collect the papers, hoping that he would take as much time as possible. Just as I was about to attack the translation orally, the bell rang for the end of the period. As he plunged for the door, one boy shouted, “short periods today;” then I remembered gratefully that the periods were ten minutes shorter than usual.

As I was gathering up the heap of papers pitched helter-skelter on the desk, the last boy out told me roguishly, “I hope Mrs. Kendall won’t be sick long!” And after my experience of the last period, I could only re-echo his sentiments.

ON READING “THUNDER ON THE LEFT.”

When I am grown up, or when, by the grey plush “feel” of a bob-tailed mechanical mouse I retreat to childhood, perhaps I shall thoroughly appreciate “Thunder on the Left,” by Christopher Morley. Just now I am fresh from the first puzzled reading and the inevitable reviewing, first to satisfy the disturbing what? Then to seek out the fascinating how? It has taken shape, not always clear as to detail, but it has assumed an outline: First chapter—Introduction, which consists of Clues and the Opening of the Gate; Inside Chapters, which consist of What is Beyond the Gate; Last Chapter, the Closing of the Gate. All of which happens in less than two hours, the Inside Chapters consuming perhaps one minute. Call it what you will that made Christopher Morley introduce such subtleties into his frankness, such reality into his vagueness, I lean towards the opinion that spells Genius. Here are Martin and Bunny with their friends, eating cake and ice cream because it is Martin’s birthday, and he is ten years old. They all want to know what the world of Grown Ups is like. Do Daddy, who is “prime of life” and Mother, in her muslin dress, and their friends, really have a good time? Then Martin, as he blows out the birthday candles makes a wish, and the Gate opens. For just an illuminating, sure second he is inside the Gate, he is prime of life, and the Grown Up ladies of the muslin dresses are his childhood playmates. He knows what Grown Ups do, say, and think; it is understanding,
in a brief flash, before the Gate closes and he is outside again, ten years old. Could less than genius produce this—a world so true in the pettiness of domestic and social life that the reader is surprised to learn that it is altogether false; yet so unreal in the characters of Martin and Bunny that he is on his guard for some clue as to their significance. And here I have to warn you that if you are inclined to “skip” description and non-conversational matter in books, put “Thunder on the Left” aside until you are ready to read every word. But there is little point in telling you—no description can do it justice. Reading and re-reading is the only way to discover the enigmatic beauty and perfection of Morley’s book.

A MORNING AT TOWN MEETING.

Town meeting, an ancient and honored custom in New England, is held yearly on the first Monday in March. Altogether, it is a gala day. Men set their jaws and prepare to argue for their rights until the last gun is fired. Women go and sit there trying to look wise but succeeding in looking only like so many bewildered birds, suddenly set free after spending their whole lives shut up in cages, and the care-free high school students (who, as surely as New England soils are rocky, will have to write a report of the meeting), eat peanuts, draw pictures of the selectmen and in general, make public nuisances of themselves.

The town hall, filled with tobacco smoke and noise, is quieted sharply at nine o’clock, by the town clerk who presides over the meeting only until the moderator is chosen. The moderator, having been duly sworn into office, reads the entire town warrant and awaits nominations for town officers. All goes smoothly until the office of tax collector is reached. Then one man outbids another recklessly and the whole place is in an uproar. Finally, he who agrees to collect the taxes with the least percentage on a dollar is chosen.

Gradually, various articles are passed over. Old A. B. Sargent, the town tyrant (and incidentally the richest man in town) sits with his glasses perched on the tip of his nose peering down over them, the smoke rising from his ever-present cigar. Now and then he agrees or disagrees, but usually he wins his point.

Finally the moderator reads: “Article 32: To see what sum of money the town will appropriate and raise to spend on high schools for the year ensuing.” This is the cue for the superintendent of schools. He rises, gives his report and moves that a certain sum of money be raised. One or two old “bach’es” quibble, but the people who have children in school prevail and the desired sum of money is raised.

By this time, the hall, in spite of the glaring “No Smoking” signs, is blue with smoke. The women get up and go home to start dinner while the students laugh and creak their chairs until the faculty glower at them. Suddenly, all is quiet. The issues upon which all interest is centered is read: “Article 33: To see if the town will vote ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ to keep all town roads open during the winter of the year ensuing.” A. B. rises and says laconically, “Mr. Moderator, I move that the town keeps open the same roads as it has this winter.”

Mr. Moderator: “Do I hear this move seconded?” Then Clint Henderson, a stocky, sturdy man who lives way up in the country, plants his feet, in their lumberman’s rubbers, far apart and says with a glint of determination in his eyes, “Mr. Moderator, I should like to know what this ‘all town roads’ means!” A. B. replies sarcastically, “Mr. Moderator, I should naturally think it means all roads in town!”

Upon this an appreciative titter sounds throughout the room and A. B. sits down fairly radiating with satisfaction. But Clint is not daunted. He says doggedly, “Mr. Moderator, does this include my farm? All winter the snow plow has come to my road and turned around. I reckon, as a tax-payer, that I have a right
to have my yard plowed as well as A. B. Sargent does!"

"Mr. Moderator," replies A. B., now angry, "how does Clint expect the plow to get through that mean little gate of his anyhow?"

By this time the moderator says: "Gentlemen, the floor is open to you." Which indeed it is!

"I'll have my gate moved," Clint snaps. "What I want to know is, does this article mean to plow all the roads in town, or does it mean to plow all the highways?"

There is a dead silence and A. B., chewing his cigar furiously, sits down considering himself beaten. It is decided that the article means all roads in town. Just then the noon whistle blows and everyone goes home to dinner to argue over the dinner table on the same question, well satisfied that Clint has gained his point.

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**HOW TO KEEP YOUNG AT 63.**

This advice is compiled after much thought and careful consideration for the benefit of those of sixty-three years or over who wish to keep up with 1932.

First, let us deal with the complexion. A member of Lillian Russell's company one day told me that instead of putting cold cream on the outside and letting it soak in, how much better it was to put it on the interior and let it soak out! It is said a change is due within a week, and no one will be able to recognize you.

But perhaps you would like to become more active and agile. That is indeed a very simple matter. It is all in being careful of your diet. To do this, it would be better to prepare your own breakfast. Each morning take a dried herring and put through a coffee grinder until reduced to a powder. Then take a piece of Swiss cheese. Cut out the holes and dry them. When dry, mix the powdered herring with them and add half a pint of butter-milk. Beat for half an hour, or until exhausted, and then boil for three hours. You are liable to get quite hungry while waiting for this breakfast to cook, so you may therefore have lunch, and thereby eliminate breakfast. It is said that breakfast has a tendency to weaken the ankles anyway.

There are some people who may be bothered with fluttering lungs. That may be overcome by changing the mode of bathing. The rules are very simple. It is best not to bathe the body all at once sitting. Consequently, dividing this painful operation into seven sections, chances of catching cold may be reduced to a fraction. On Monday, bathe the neck with lemon juice and pure water. Do not touch the face at all that day. You will find that keeping water from the face will enable you to sleep better. Tuesday put your two heels in a cup of luke-warm water. This you will find is very stimulating to the vocal cords and prevents ringing in the ears. Wednesday, squirt rainwater over your knees. This will increase the heart action. Thursday, just wash your hands and sprinkle powdered borax on the spine. This is very beneficial, as borax has a tendency to make the spine slippery and thus facilitate quick changes of dress. On Friday, don't allow a drop of water to touch you, inside or out. As this is fish day you probably would not care to have them swimming about, and flapping their tails against your ribs. Saturday, wash your face with pure spring water, and polish with hearts of lettuce. On Sunday morning, cover yourself with a wet sheet and lie in the sun. If it is a cloudy day just wait until the sun comes out before drying yourself.

It is not a hard task to keep up with 1932 if you but follow these simple directions. Don't eat breakfast. Avoid lunches. Keep away from dinners. Whatever you do, don't eat between meals. Sleep with your windows closed. Breathe through your mouth. Never cut your hair on Friday. Whenever you are down-hearted and blue, eat lobster and milk. This will take you out of yourself. And now I wish you a Happy New Year.

O. Riginal, '35.
TID-BIT.

Why read through books when you can find drama and real thrillers in the crowds around you? And nowhere can you find more field for study than in a Lido-Venice steamer on any day in July. Across from me sat a bulbous gentleman, soaking in enjoyment. Without going two inches from his chin, I could determine that he had plenty of room, that the sun was not in his eyes, and that whenever a breeze arose, it found its way directly to him. Some six or eight inches to his left was another equally contented countenance. Bulwarked between the two was an American face almost green with disgust. At first I imagined its owner to be suffering from sea-sickness, but on closer examination I found her malady to be too-much-Italian-big-fat-man-sickness. It was not the task of an Einstein to figure out that proximity to the above-mentioned gentlemen did not enter into her scheme of the fitness of things; that two elbows wedged uncompromisingly into her neat New England sides were not her idea of the aesthetic.

Of course there had to be a sprinkling of faces with about as much expression as dough—that is a necessary evil in all groups. But I forgot all these, I even forgot my “filling-in-the-sandwich” lady when I saw that other one three seats down. That face showed more than body comfort or outraged dignity—a perfect oval framed in a wing of straight dark hair—deeply shadowed eyes—and a look that spoke of depths plumbed and conquered. There was a softness and a mysticism—the Urbanite would have loved it, Andrea left the mighty Francis again for it. And all this on one Lido-Venice boat!

THROUGH THE DOOR.

"Maryeeeeeeeee! It's half past seven and you've got to hurry if you want to go to breakfast with us."

"Uh-huh" (sounds of squeaking springs, then a deep silence).

A beautiful peace settles over the suite broken only by the "vic" down the hall playing "When your hair has turned to silver," the "vic" up stairs playing "Them there eyes," the "vic" down stairs playing "I'm alone because I love you," all three mingling delightfully with sounds of slamming doors, dropped soap-boxes, and intermittent alarm clocks.

"I should think you'd come in and put my window down."

"Well, I shouldn't, and for heaven's sake, will you hurry?"

"All right, I will. Don't get excited. How near dressed are you anyhow?" (Violently creaking springs make themselves heard from the other side)—"I say, 'Are you up?'"

"Well, no, but I'm getting up."

"Barbara Wheeler, you've a nerve to yell at me when you're not even up yourself."

"You're so darn slow you would never get anywhere if I didn't yell. Have you finished your genetics yet?"

"No, and for heaven's sake why bring that up? And as for me being slow, I learned it all from rooming with you."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, if I started to tell you all the bad habits I've learned from rooming with you, I'd be talking 'till doomsday."

"You'll probably talk 'till then anyway without any help from my habits, good or bad, unless you change a lot!"

"Are you saying something, or are you just talking?"

A loud knock is heard at the door followed by a muffled voice calling, "Are you girls ready to go to breakfast yet?"

"Come in, Louise, and see if you can make Mary hurry; and if you can, I'll give you a rubber medal."

"Well, I like your nerve, I must say. Anyway I don't see the need for breaking your neck when it's only ten after eight."

"Ten past eight! You'd better invest in a new Ingersoll if that's what your watch says. It's twenty past right this minute and none of us will get any breakfast if you
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don't get a move on."
"Keep cool, keep cool. I am all ready
and waiting for you two."
"Let's go then."
"Oh dear, I've forgotten my notebook.
You go along and I'll catch up with you."
"That's just like you—you'd forget your
head if it weren't hitched on—Oh I say,
girls, wait a minute, I've left my fountain
pen—."

APPRECIATION.

Thy winds are kind.
They've time
To stay cool hands to ease
The torment of an aching mind.

Tall trees who know
Heaven's blue
Bend down to lay soft shade
Upon my troubled heart. So low

O, God, they bend!
Grant me
Enough love and time to be
Like these thy winds and trees that send

Thine all
To one
Soul-racked and sick at heart.—
Let me be friend like these Thy friends
above!

TWO VALENTINES.

To Last Year's Valentine.
I couldn't send a valentine
To you last year; I cared too much.
Because you were not surely mine
I couldn't send a valentine.
It's over now, and I resign
To memory your smile, your touch.
I couldn't send a valentine
To you last year; I cared too much.

To This Year's Valentine.
My valentine to you, my dear
Is silence, and a quiet smile—
And all my heart. Don't think it queer,
My valentine to you, my dear.
Since dreams and laughter are more clear
Because of you this little while,
My valentine to you, my dear,
Is silence, and a quiet smile.

THE TURK TO THE MONOGAMIST.
Without much ado
You can love twenty-two
As well as only one.
Then why make such a stew
About one, when you
Can give twenty-two a run?

PARADOX
Why is it that the glowing thrill
That surges in your absence will
In your presence strangely chill
My wildly-beating heart until
Its throbbing strings are cold and still?

A little road that leads to God knows where,
A twisted, haunting thought that still
exists
Although it knows in voiceless, calm despair
Its futility and still persists.

SAND.
A wealth of sand is at my feet
A golden strand it seems to be,
My feet are satisfied;
Thus with my eyes
Until they meet
In breathless ecstasy
The far-flung riches of a paradise
That lavish gods flung wide.
And it is hard to be content
To merely gaze at firmament.

Why do I raise my futile hands
To stars? They may be only sands.

PETITE DANSEUSE.
I think again the things you said,
And fling my crimson scarf
About my throbbing head
And laugh.

My cheek feels ashen neath the red,
My lips feel stiff and queer
To mock and scorn things long since dead—
Once so dear.

Memory, strive to enhance
The cruel philter, if you must;
As I'm silhouetted in this dance,
So lies my heart upon the dust.

K. King.

A DAY.
The sun played behind the clouds all day,
Heaping them up so thick and dark;
And then with his wind-shovel dug them
away,
Until his bright garments in patches shone
through.

The snow—ice-covered—was a blanket
gray,
While the river ran back past its frozen
banks;
But the sun soon tiring of its play
Blew a hole, gaping wide, in the clouds to
peer through.

The grayness was turned to a chromium
plate,
And all seemed quite bright—in a dull sort
of way.
The river was rippled and almost showed
blue,
But the sun soon was bored and returned
to his play.

R. C.
Y. W. C. A. may be to some just a name, but to those who have worked for and with Y. W. C. A., those four letters mean much more than "just another organization." Y. W. C. A. has much to offer to each girl if she only wishes to invest just a little of her time and energy in the organization. It is indeed true that one gets nothing out of Y. W. unless one puts something in. This "something" may be time, energy, pep, cooperation, and even money—but whatever it is, Y. W. will yield large returns.

Here at Colby we often lose sight of the fact that Y. W. is a national organization and think of it only provincially. If only we can think, as we participate in Y. W. activities, that we are taking part in something which extends all over the world, it will mean much more to us.

What does the Y. W. do? In the first place, the Y. W. has charge of Freshman Week. Surely the freshmen, if they can remember those far distant days when they were homesick, will tell you how the Y. W. girls cheered them up, showed them the new aspects of college life, and helped them to get acquainted with their professors and classmates of the other division.

Then, too, Y. W. helps to carry on a foreign project—for two Colby graduates in Japan. Surely the freshmen, if they can remember those far distant days when they were homesick, will tell you how the Y. W. girls cheered them up, showed them the new aspects of college life, and helped them to get acquainted with their professors and classmates of the other division.

The Y. W. conducts several social events during the year, has charge of the vesper services in the Chapel, and conducts four weeks of interest groups in the spring. All this is in conjunction with the varied weekly programs, in which the Y. W. tries, sometime during the year at least, to interest every Colby girl.

Now, most interesting of all, enters the subject of Maqua. Again, "What's in a name?" Only what one puts in. To those who have been to Maqua the name brings back a flood of happy memories—of meeting and knowing delightful girls from everywhere in the country, of exciting discussions on all types of subjects, of sports; namely, tennis, canoeing, swimming, tap-dancing, and hiking, of intimate discussions with girls and with leaders, of firelight and bonfires—just every enjoyment that can be crowded into one short week. But in looking back on that short period, we who have been to Maqua confess that it is one of the happiest in our lives.

Who goes to Maqua? Just everyone who can, in any way possible, scrape together the money necessary. The more who can find it possible to go to Maqua, the more fun and benefit Maqua will be. This year the Y. W. cannot send those they would like to send to Maqua, and it will be necessary for each girl to pay her own expenses to Maqua. But, even at that, Maqua will mean so much to the fortunate girls who can go that almost any sacrifice is worth while. Do not be diffident about inquiring from any of the Y. W. Cabinet members or the Y. W. President concerning Maqua this year. If you are at all interested, start planning for and getting information about Maqua at once. Remember, there are all kinds of wonderful experiences, both serious and happy, in store for you at Maqua.

"White birches wet with dew—
Warm sunlight shining through
Fair fields and lake so blue
Maqua—we sing to you."
A teacher wrote on the blackboard these words: "The toast was drank in silence." "Can anyone tell me what the mistake in this sentence is?" she asked. A little girl help up her hand, and at a nod from the teacher went to the board and wrote the following correction: "The toast was ate in silence."

Hostess: What part of the chicken do you like best, Jimmy?"  
Jimmy: "I like the meat."

Edith: Say "Studying is fun" in German.  
Charlotte: I don't know the word for "fun" but I'll say "funny," that's just the same.

Myrtle Paine is teaching Latin. One day she assigned: "Tomorrow you will write the next exercise to pass in."

A hand waved frantically. "Question?"

"On paper, Miss Paine?"

Mr. Manning: Were you favorably impressed with the story?  
Student (mumbling): Well, I was—  
Mr. Manning: You wasn't?  
Student: Yes, I was.  
Mr. Manning: O, you was!

Boners from American Literature mid-years:  
The "Old Manse is a cheap boarding house in "Moby Dick."  

Knickerbocker School is where Washington Irving received his elementary education.

A student in Professor Wilkinson's class explained the difference between a Democrat and a Republican in the following way: "Democrats appeal to the mob and the riff-raff."

Prof. Wilkinson, a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat: "I guess that puts me in my place."

Freshman sitting at Miss Van Norman's table for the first time: May I take these cookies out, Miss Van Norman?

Professor Strong lecturing to the women in French 19 made the following comment on Roustand: "It doesn't take any intellect to read his poetry. He is essentially a woman's poet."

Prof. Marriner gave himself away the other day, as he muttered under his breath: "Look at the happy moron He doesn't give a dam. I wish I were a moron— Good Lord, perhaps I am!"

Professor Griffiths showed his history class the film "George Washington." In the next meeting of the class the members were asked to criticize the picture. He received the following:  
The cows galloped too fast.  
There was too much ice in the Delaware
river.
Washington's three-cornered hat had four corners.
His mother had on an Empress Eugenie.

The members of Prof. Rollins' Dramatic Technique Class were told to give themselves straight juvenile make-up. A voice from the back of the room asked, "Did you say straight make-up, or street make-up?"

Professor White: And here we see a Greek athlete wiping the sweat from his body with a stencil, after his exertion.
Bright Senior: Why didn't he take a bath?

Prof. Weber told the following to his Synthesis Class to wake them up one sleepy Monday morning:
A mother looked out the window at her small daughter who was playing in the yard. The child had been to a baptism the day before and apparently had been greatly impressed, for she was enacting it. She had the family kitten by the neck and with these words she plunged its head into a mud puddle: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and in the hole he goes!"

Among the Graduates

Many of the graduates in the class of 1931 are teaching this year. Ada Bates is teaching in Winthrop, Maine. Winona Berrie is teaching English at Lawrence High School, Fairfield, Maine. Evelyn Haycock is teaching in Lisbon Falls, Maine. Evelyn Bell is teaching English at Waterville High School. Agnes Ginn is teaching History, English, and Geometry in Strong High School. Ethel MacDougall is teaching in the Junior High School in Berlin, New Hampshire. Barbara Heath is teaching Biology in Waterville High School. Eleanor Hilton and Margaret McGann are teaching at Good Will. Ada Cram is teaching Latin in Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg Maine.
Ina Hussey, '31, is taking special courses at Colby.
Doris Spencer and Thelma Chase, '31, are attending the Yale School of Nursing.
Dorothy Blanchard, '31, is assisting Professor Perkins, Colby College, in the Geology laboratory.
The following from the class of '31, are also teaching: Maxine Foster in Monticello, Maine; Janet Locke in Falmouth Foreside, Maine; Vivian Russell in Vanceboro, Maine; Gertrude Sykes in Buxton, Maine; Hope Pullen in Rangeley, Maine; Frances Page in Albion, Maine; Gertrude Snowden in Kingfield, Maine; Althea Wheeler in Millinocket, Maine; Thelma Bamford in Steuben, Maine.
Barbara Hamlin, Louise Mulligan, Louise Murray, and Methyl Page, all of '31, are at home.
Helen Leighton, '29, was married in June, 1931, to Kenneth Austin. They are living in Waterville.
Sophie Reynolds, '29, sailed December first for Europe. She is visiting her sister in London.
Alberta Brown, '30, is continuing her studies this year at Boston University. She is taking private piano and voice lessons in preparation for teaching.
Mrs. Margaret Hale Shaw, '29, is residing in Portland, Maine.
Eunice M. Foye, '31, was married to Linwood N. Hutchins, September nineteenth. They are at home now in Ossining, New York.
Isabel Clark, '31, is teaching Geometry at Waterville High School. Myrtle Paine,
'31, is teaching French and Latin in Colchester, Connecticut; Ruth Pinoe, '31, is teaching English in Lisbon Center, Maine; Marion White, '31, is teaching French in Cony High School, Augusta, Maine.

A wedding of much interest took place in the Waterville Methodist Church, August 8, 1931, when Ruth Park, '30, became the bride of Roy Emerson Smith. They are now living in Waterbury, Connecticut.

Evelyn Grindall, '30, is teaching English at Winslow High School.

Anne Macomber, '31, is secretary at the Thayer Hospital in Waterville.

Muriel MacDougall, '31, is secretary to Dean Runnals, Colby College, filling the position made vacant by Elsie Lewis, '29. Elsie is assistant dean at Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Maine.

Jennie Dunn, Arlene Woodman, and Florence Ventres, '31, are teaching.

Florence Connors, '31, is working in Abraham & Strauss Department Store in Brooklyn, New York. She is studying buying.

Elizabeth Beckett, '30, is studying at Newton Theological Seminary. She is preparing to go to China as a missionary.

Our sympathy is extended to Melva Mann Farnum, '23, and her husband on account of the loss of their little boy. The little fellow, about three years old, died because of the use of poisonous serum.

Virginia Dudley, '29, is at the Pennsylvania Children's Aid in Norristown, Pennsylvania. Her work is in the Foster Home Department. It is Virginia's duty to visit the different foster homes, to look out for the children, to study and watch them to see how they develop in that environment, to see their needs, to supply them with clothing, and to do anything that is necessary for them.

Violet Boulter, '29, was married December 9, 1931, to Charles Abbott. They are living in Baltimore, Maryland.

Mary Vose, '29, and Eleanor Lunn, '29, enjoyed a very pleasant trip to Europe last summer. Eleanor is teaching this year in Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. Marion Ginn Laffaty, '29, has a son, Paul LaVern, born in May, 1931.

Lillian E. Morse, '30, married G. Gilbert Henry, Jr., on June 27, 1931. They are residing in Northampton, Mass.

Several of the class of 1930 are teaching. Helen Chase is teaching at Washburn, Maine; Helen Paul, at Milo, Maine; Verna Green, at Sangerville, Maine; Elizabeth Bottomley, at Brownville, Maine; Rena Mills, at Caribou, Maine.

Edith Woodward, '30, who graduated last year from Brooklyn Library School, is working in the Brooklyn Library. In addition, she is taking a library course at Columbia University.

Nellie Simonds, '31, is a field worker in the State Welfare Department at Bangor, Maine.

Carolyn Herrick, '29, has returned to the Yale School of Nursing after an absence due to sickness.

Barbara Taylor, '30, is working at Macy's in New York.

Harrriet Johnson, '30, was married in April, 1931, to Gilbert Titcomb.

Sylvia Crane, '29, is going to the Brooklyn Library School, Brooklyn, New York.

Mary Allen, ex-'31, is in occupational therapy work in the State Hospital in King's Park, New York.

Mary Louise Grearson, '31, married George Murchie Haley, September 23, 1931. They are living in Milltown, Maine.

Stephanie Bean, '31, had a very enjoyable trip to Europe last summer. She traveled extensively in Scotland, England, and France. This year "Steve" is teaching English and Dramatics in Wilmington, Mass.

Mrs. Helen Brigham Trefethen, '30, is living in Champaign, Illinois. She is attending the University of Illinois where she is taking special courses in Geology in order to obtain her master's degree.
This fall gave us such fine invigorating weather that great interest was shown in the two major sports—field hockey and tennis. Hockey, perhaps was the more popular as the oncoming championship games urged each girl to try out for her class team. Only slightly less interest was shown in tennis, however, and despite the fact that there was no tennis tournament, the courts were very rarely empty.

Each class had one hockey team with the exception of the freshmen and sophomores who, in addition, had a second team. The first two games played were the Freshmen vs. the Juniors and the Sophomores vs. the Seniors. The Juniors and Sophomores won the preliminaries. Then in the finals, the Sophomores won the championship. In the game between the two second teams, the Sophomores were again victorious.

As winter approached with its cold winter weather, the hockey field was converted into a skating rink which, thanks to flood lights, was used in the evening as well as during the day. In spite of frequent snow falls, it was kept clear for a long period of fine skating.

This year, for the first time, it was our honor to have the annual Play Day of the women students of Colby, Bates, University of Maine, and University of New Hampshire, here at Colby. A program of winter sports consisting of snow sports in the morning and an ice carnival in the afternoon was carefully planned.

However, when the six delegates and five instructors from the other colleges arrived for January 16, the weather played us false. There was no ice and practically no snow; so the Alumnae Building was put into use. In the morning volleyball and tennis-quoit tournaments were played off in teams having been formed and designated by colors. Next luncheon was served at Foss Hall.
Then the entire afternoon was devoted to an exciting basketball tournament. Following this was a reception and banquet, also in the Alumnae Building. Toasts were given by a delegate from each college and President Johnson, the guest of honor, made a short speech. A one-act play given for the guests was the last event of the evening.

Thus the Play Day was very successful and greatly enjoyed by both the guests and hostesses. We hope that we may have more favorable weather when Play Day is held here next time.
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