

Beaver College News

Vol. 5

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1929

No. 1

BEAVER DELEGATES AT STUDENT MEET

Virginia Rose Represents This College at the Buck- nell Convention

TOOK PART IN DISCUSSION

Virginia Rose, president of the Student Government, represented Beaver College at the annual convention of the Womens' Inter-collegiate Association for Student Government held at Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa., from November 14-16. There were delegates from fifty colleges all located east of the Mississippi.

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for mayor of New York City, spoke on the two topics, "Race, Religion and Fraternity" and "What May America Expect of Her Graduates?" Mr. Thomas emphasized the necessity for technical experts and specialization towards which all modern life is so strongly tending.

He also mentioned the importance of an understanding knowledge of history as a pre-requisite for all other knowledge. "Experience in student government leads to more intelligent work in general government." "Be willing to learn and learn to be useful," are a few more quotations from Mr. Thomas' excellent lecture.

"If college graduates represent the cream of American society, God help the skimmed milk!" This was very emphatically brought forward in a speech by Dr. Leo Rockwell, Professor of German at Bucknell. He presented provincialism as the outstanding crime at college.

Miss Rose participated in many group discussions on various topics concerned with the regulation of college life such as, signing rules, proctors honor systems and smoking rules. She suggested many methods now in successful operation at Beaver and in turn has received many new ideas which she will present to us here.

Song Recital By Emily Stokes Hagar

On Tuesday evening, October 20, Emily Stokes Hagar, soprano, gave a most delightful song recital at Beaver College. Mrs. Hagar's program consisted of four carefully chosen groups of Italian, French, German and English songs. The high and long sustained notes of certain of Mrs. Hagar's songs were beautifully done and the ease with which she sang admirably illustrated her teaching principles. Her splendid voice and fine interpretation plus her charming and gracious manner brought forth hearty applause.

Mrs. Hagar is very well known in musical circles of Philadelphia and she has sung many times with the Philadelphia Civic Opera. The Beaver Conservatory of Music is indeed fortunate to number her among its instructors.

Greetings From Mrs. Zurbuchen

Mrs. Zurbuchen sends a greeting to you, For a Happy Thanksgiving with pleasures anew, And adds that she wishes to remind everyone, To bring back permissions for their Xmas "Home-Run."

Greetings from the President

As our new student publication "Beaver College News" makes its first appearance before the student body of Beaver College, I want to congratulate our Journalism students and their teacher, Mr. Whitcraft, in the selection of the name for the paper and the splendid style in which the title is arranged. The name carries what the paper ought to be, and no doubt will be, the news of Beaver College and her student activities.

I am deeply interested in making this one of the best College papers among all our Colleges for Women. I pledge my heartiest cooperation.

Since "Beaver College News" will be read by every student in the College it will thereby become the largest, most widely read College paper of any Woman's College in the State of Pennsylvania.

I suggest that every one of our six hundred ten students, not only read, but lend their best assistance to those responsible for giving us this paper.

The teachers will give their heartiest cooperation. Let us work together to make this one of the most dignified and representative of all papers in the Colleges for Women.

WALTER B. GREENWAY

HOCKEY

Although the hockey team did not have a victorious season there isn't any reason for discouragement. We have some excellent material and a good deal of which is new. Every team has its unlucky year and it seems to be this one for Beaver. However, here are a few words from some of the people prominently associated with the sport.

Miss Hedrick says, "The season has been very poor, due to the lack of co-operation among the players. The pass work has been the outstanding feature of all the games. Williams and Parry and Mick have been the best players on the team."

We are looking forward to a good team next year because of the fine prospect this year."

Henrietta Watts, captain of the team says, "Every member of the team is a good sport at all times and always offers her splendid co-operation. Though we have suffered many losses we are proud of our hard fight and are not the least discouraged. We have been rather fortunate to be able to play with Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr who have country-famed teams."

Marcia Williams says, "The team as a whole has been cooperating which is evident by the fast team work shown at Ursinus."

Ann Parry says, "Our hockey team is really a good team, although it seems to have a weakness for not making goals. However, we are fortunate in having only two members of the team graduate this year, so that we can easily look forward to a record-breaking team next year."

CALENDAR OF ATHLETIC EVENTS TO DATE

Swarthmore vs Beaver—
October 1016-3
N. Y. U. vs Beaver October 172-0
Ursinus vs Beaver November 52-2
Bryn Mawr vs Beaver—
November 118-3
Drexel vs Beaver November 133-1

We Nominate For Our Hall of Fame

Miss Virginia Rose, president of the Student Government Board.
Miss Dorothy Robinson, Editor-in-Chief of the "Beechbark."
Miss Agusta Robinson, President of Senior Class.
Miss Mildred Shafer, President of Pentathlon Society.

"Scrapbook" Revue To Be Xmas Feature

Pentathlon Society and Phy Eds. Promise Some Astonishing Numbers

This year, members of the Pentathlon Society and various students of the Physical Education Department are working under the expert direction of Miss Roberta Schafer to do something entirely different.

The annual entertainment which is given every year by this group of girls on the night before we go home for Christmas vacation, which is December 17, is going to be called the "Scrapbook."

We can predict some fine tap dancing and excellent chorus work. You will know more about it in the next issue. Be assured, however, that the cast will be well-chosen and the performances of the members extremely good.

Armistice Night Dance

On Monday evening, November 11, the Board of Trustees of Beaver College received the Faculty and student body at Grey Towers and entertained them at a dance in the gymnasium.

The dance was very well attended and reminded us of the good time enjoyed by the students on a former occasion.

The floral decorations lent a tone of tasteful distinction to the whole affair.

The presence of the members of the Board and Faculty helped to make the entertainment the success that it was.

May we take this opportunity to thank the Trustees for their kindness and generosity.

IMPORTANT BASKETBALL GAMES

N. Y. U.—Jan. 9.—At N. Y.
Savage—Jan. 10.—At N. Y.
Newark Normal—Jan. 11.—At N. Y.
Sargent—Feb. 20.—At Cambridge
Boston U.—Feb. 22.—At Boston
Posse Nissen—Feb. 21.—At Boston
Swarthmore—Feb. 14.—At Swarthmore
William & Mary—Mar. 1.—At Home

SUSIE SAYS— HERE I AM AGAIN

Gee, But It's Great to Be Under Campus Rules Once More



Heigh ho evrybody! (There, you'd never think it, but I got that from Rudy Vallee the night of Mr. Simper, my husband's sad death when we were down at the Villa Vallee and they didn't ask us for any cover charge. That was because they recognized me as the famous Susie Snipkins of Beaver. But poor Mr. Simper. He just naturally died of shock when he saw the bill for our club sandwich even without the cover charge. So that's why I'm back with you girls again this year. You know, after all, married life does grow a bit boring even with as fine a man as Mr. Simper was. I used to sit in our nice easy rocker there in our little apartment in the Bronx and just think of the dear old Beaver days. All the excitement of getting called up before Board and getting into the dining room at breakfast just nineteen and one half minutes after eight. And I'd wonder what the Freshmen were like this year until I just couldn't wait to cash the insurance check and head back for dear old Beaver.)

Naturally I dashed right into the Old Building (Pardon me—Reaser Hall) to see all my old friends and the first person I ran into was CeCe Tripp trotting along the upper hall in the snakiest pair of pajamas you ever saw. She was selling ham and toasted cheese sandwiches but being CeCe she stopped long enough to say "Hello" and tell me that she was going to be at West Point over the holidays and take in the Notre Dame-Army game.

About this time Virginia Homer strolled along and said she was going home to Austin Pa. for Thanksgiving. She's going home especially to see the boy friend. And while we were having a good old chat here came Ollie Prentiss and Eppie Lee who said they were going to a Thanksgiving dance but didn't know where. "We always have a good time where ever we go," Ollie confided.

(Continued On Page Four)

Beaver College News

Published bi-weekly by the Students of Beaver College for Women
Jenkintown, Pa.

Subscription, Per Year\$2.50

EDITOR FLORENCE ENGELMAN
NEWS MARY HARRISON
SPORTS MILDRED SCHWARTZ
LITERARY PEGGY CRUMP
FEATURES HELEN CRUM
MUSIC VIRGINIA CATLINE
REPORTERS D. PRICE
E. SMITH
B. WELLBAUM
M. APGAR
R. FANTON
B. BINNEY

THANKSGIVING ISSUE, NOVEMBER 25, 1929

ANNOUNCEMENT

We wish to announce that the name of this paper has been changed from "Campus Crier" to "Beaver College News." The new name, we feel sure, is much more dignified and more appropriate for the type of paper that is being printed. We hope you like it.

WINTER

The most glorious season of the year is on its way to Beaver. Weather reports prophecy a long, hard winter with many blizzards and much snow. We hope so. Think of tramping through snow drifts a mile deep! Listen to the crunching of the hard snow underneath one's feet and the sharp, biting winds. The air, the sky, all the world makes you glad you are alive.

And if you'll spare us one moment in which to be practical we are wondering about the busses with all the icy, cold Beavers inside them. Do you think they'll get the girls to classes on time? We are so worried.

THANKSGIVING

One again we are approaching a much anticipated holiday. Thanksgiving with its turkey, its cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, draws near. Very soon most of us will eagerly depart for some home where we can enjoy holiday hospitality. Thanksgiving, however, means more than a good dinner and a vacation. It is essentially a time to stop a moment and give thanks.

I can hear the hearty laughter of many of the girls already ringing in my ears as they ask just what they have to be thankful for, most of them far from home, greatly restricted, are having more work than pleasure. If you stop and take inventory even once a year, you will find that you really have a great deal to be thankful for.

Some, of course, more than others. All of us, however, can give thanks that we have been enabled to have the experience of going away to school and obtaining an education. Don't forget, too, that thousands of girls of our age are out working hard to supply themselves with the luxuries which we obtain so easily if we take the effort to write home for money.

We can really discover something to be thankful for in even the most commonplace events of school life if we look for it. I do not wish to be classed with "Pollyanna, the Glad Girl," but I'm sure you will agree that happiness goes hand in hand with content and appreciation, so if you wish to have a particularly enjoyable holiday, give thanks.

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING (A state of mind)

Could life seem more worth living? As I sit here in my armchair, looking through a yellow-curtained window, I see a world covered with glorious sunshine. In a tree, that is striving to keep its age covered by its yet green leaves, a little squirrel is jumping and crouching. He is looking for food that he may store colder and less beautiful days. Now he is basking in the warm sunshine, I'm sure he is doing this that he will be able to keep these glorious moments in his memory, when dreary days spend their sluggishness. Out further the gleaming white houses stand forth as little drops of happiness.

The world is happy; I'm happy; even every inanimate object is reflecting the joy of sunshine. What a blessing that our thoughts are wholly consumed by this pleasant state of bliss! We forget the days of discomfort and darkness that have swept before us. We forget that tomorrow may lose to us all this beauty and bring blackness. Thank the Lord for making us so. Can tomorrow with its disappointments and griefs still hold some of today's sunshine? What a happy and optimistic people we would be, if we could hold in our hearts the warmth of golden days.

Am I an unusual person to place this picture in my heart? In spite of all I shall try for ever to do so! Tomorrow, if the world be wretched my heart would not be sad. This

chair will be turned from the world of bitterness. My eyes will no longer follow gleaming house tops. Dreary days of tomorrow will be placed in work, the light of knowledge and the joy of life. The sunshine in my heart, the gift of God, will help me carry on.

Anita Jacobs

The Dream Ahead

Long, Thin, Vibrant, wire-like
Cicada singing in the tree;
Parched dry the slimy stream bed
sprawls
A yellow ribbon thru the lea.
Hot, sultry, pungent with smoke
The still air of the valley
Touched by hell's hot hand
Summer tries to rally.

With lowered heads the cattle stand
Caked with dust their wrinkled
hide
Frightened, wondering, woodfolk
seeking
Water where a spring has dried.
Once verdant green the brown
stalks lift
Pleading hands unto the sky
Their answer but a feverish breeze
Bending heads as dust rolls by.

Warning comes when wildfolk leave
Old homes and seek out new.
When Nature has withheld from
them
Even her morning's dew
It comes! Its harbinger a yellow
cloud
To dim the dawn,
As deep in the forest pines
The destructive thing is born.

We Offer Thanks

There are innumerable things for which one can be duly thankful;

There are our beloved parents who so generously send us to college.

There is that considerate professor who so kindly forgets to call roll the day you cut class.

There is the room-mate who decides to "throw a big feast" the night you sign a pledge to adhere to a strict diet.

There is that sweet girl who talks about "that wonderful and exciting week-end" the time you stayed at school on campus.

There is that accomodating person who takes a phone call for you and makes a date with your boy friend.

There is that dear class-mate who borrows a whole semester's notes and then calmly lets them blow out of the window.

Then there is the suite-mate who wakes you at 8.45 for an 8.30 class.

There is the girl who wears your new winter coat to a foot-ball game and then sits with it in the rain the entire afternoon.

And then there is the boy friend who invites you to a big house-party and then breaks his leg the night before.

SOUTHERN CLUB WEDDING

Amusing Entertainment in Jenkintown Gym

On Friday evening, November 1, the Southern Club under the direction of its president, Augusta Robinson, presented an amusing entertainment in the gymnasium on the Beechwood Hills Campus.

A bride (Mary Patterson) waited for her unhappy groom (Emma Strole) to be led to the altar by her father (I Soper) who wielded a handy gun. The bride's mother (Mildred Schwartz) leaned heavily on the arm of her husband for the sad occasion was a bitter trial to her. The groom's parents (Ruth Helm and E. Creamer) sobbed throughout the ceremony. The parson (E Good), who read the ceremony from the Smart Set magazine, did so in a sing-song voice which was greatly aided by a tuneful rhythm in accompaniment.

Other members of the wedding party were Carter Colver, Jean Richardson, Frances Snaveley, Louise Trip, Mabel Stanton, Louise Sutton, Mary Bates, Betty Young, Anna Bryant, Antionette Console, Virginia Rose, Mildred and Norma Lanzara, Margaret Churn, Peg Parry, Virginia Koble.

The success of the entertainment was proved by the enjoyment and satisfaction of those who attended. Much credit is to be given to the deserving committee and performers.

This Tomorrow

Do not dream, Lover,
For dead ecstasies
The past now holds—
There will be other
Pulsing purple nights
As time unfolds.

You, who are very
Young and beautiful
And vivid gay—
Do not let passion's
Crimson fire in fire
Be dream'd away.

There are such white stars
Still, such opal dawns
And sunset glow
Waiting you—Lover,
Do not dream—for fear
You never know.

VOX POP

DEAR POP

I'm a complaining freshman but am going to control myself and merely complain—or ask about one thing. Why oh why can't they have the water poured when the students reach the dining room tables? There is nothing that bothers and annoys me more than the frantic passing of empty—then full glasses back and forth. It just spoils my whole meal. And when you accidentally sit in the chair with the water pitcher in front of you (which means you pour) Well—you just kind a wish you hadn't come to college! Thank you.

A freshman.

DEAR VOX POP

I'm a senior and think that when a complaint is entered by a senior it should be given special attention. Thank you.

Now—for three years I've suffered almost every time I go to leave the table. Who does not? And I think it high time that the faculty—or Vivien— get some sandpaper and rub smooth the surface of the legs of the dining room tables—as well as the legs of the chairs, and save the wear and tear on the stockings. It is most embarrassing—annoying—and expensive to say the least. How many of you all have sprung lightly from the lunch—or dinner table—and suddenly felt a scrape and hear a rip and looked down to see a lovely tear! And, Vox Pop—you know yourself how boiling it makes you—and yet I ask you "May one swear in the dining room?" No! An emphatic "no" (and that's the part that hurts so.) So the only thing to do—is to laugh lightly—push your chair in place and try to make a nonchalant exit with runs streaming all down your legs.

For three years I've suffered in silence—and now I take courage—and boldly enter my complaint. I thank you.

Just a Senior

FROSH HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Annual Masquerade a Decided Success

Due to the efforts of Gladys Rothafel, chairman, and her able assistants, Dorothy Robson, Madelyn Williams and Mary Wooster, the Freshman Hallowe'en Party held October 25th was a decided success.

The gym was artistically decorated with yellow and brown autumn leaves, straw and Indian blankets, which hung over the windows. A deep orange hue was cast over the gym from the lighting effects, which were decorated with orange streamers.

The costumes this year were unusually original. Felix the Cat, a Devil, a girl in a shower, assisted by her maid, two bridal parties, several cadets, Spaniards, Chinese; in fact the costumes ranged from that of a social debutante down to a Sing Sing convict.

Due to these variations, the judges were unable to determine and because of this, no prizes were awarded.

The program comprised 10 numbers, which consisted of dances, songs and character sketches very cleverly given. When the program was completed, dancing still continued until 10.30, when everyone went away feeling that the Hallowe'en Party was bigger and better than ever.

M. Harrison

LITERARY PAGE

White Morning

They were all gone to the dance—gone out to one night of laughter and lights and maybe love—the girls in Mrs. McCleary's "up town" boarding house. All but one, the prettiest girl among them, and she was here alone. She had such a strange feeling tonight—hot and cold at the same time, and terribly lonely. Perhaps if she made some coffee on the gas plate and wrote a letter to Jerry she'd feel better. He at least was hers—and even though she was a misfit here in the New York crowds, she would never be a misfit with Jerry. He would always understand her.

She got up slowly and turned on the gas. It sputtered defiantly and went out several times before she got it lighted. All the gas plates at Mrs. McCleary's had a habit of going out. You had to watch them closely or they went out even after they'd been burning a while and you found your coffee as cold and raw as when you put it on. She didn't care particularly whether the coffee was done or not this time. After all, she guessed it was not a stimulant she needed but just to write to Jerry. She pulled a table and chair nearer the gas plate, for somehow she felt cold all over now and the heat from it was comforting. Her fountain pen—Jerry's gift—ran across the paper smoothly. "Jerry dear, I'm all alone here tonight but I keep remembering you—" She stopped and looked out the window remembering Jerry. Jerry as he had been when he was eighteen and she sixteen and they had taken the white and gold collie and gone for long tramps with the tall pines—the friendly pines—above and around them. She could see the old road winding in and out through the "young orchard" by the grey tobacco barn. Wandering on down through the deep green woods—the feel of warm wind on her face and never a single care.

There was Gold Mine Creek where they used to fish, and dream, and sit on a flat rock to rest. Then the road went on—past the corn field and the huckleberry patch up to the log house. Here the trees were gnarled and old with summer apples on them, and all the ground round about that some slave mother had planted before the hard days when soldiers' feet had come marching down that same road to a civil war. Across the road was a long broad dell where black-eyed peas grew and wild turkeys ran—and beside the cabin was a red cherry tree that fascinated them both—but not half as much as the black-heart cherry tree that stood in front.

The grass was long and cool there and they could lie for hours, stretched in the shade just listening to the blackbirds and flickers and watching the crows flap past. And they could even fall asleep a little while, knowing the gold and white collie would wake them in time to wander back down the dusty road to home where her mother would be waiting. They would have hot biscuits and fresh blackberries for supper—hot biscuits, and she had had nothing but coffee all day. But she didn't feel hungry, just tired and sleepy—wanting that dreamy silence she and Jerry used to know. The silence of a country night when a frog would croak or a cricket chirp, a whip-poor-will would whistle far away—and the music in the pines outside—

She felt so sleepy now. Funny how heavy her eyelids seemed—so sleepy—and there was Jerry and music in the pines outside—

The newspapers carried a big story next morning, and a picture

of a pretty girl. "Jilted Sweetheart Commits Suicide By Gas." That's what they said, but they hadn't really known about Jerry, nor the music in the pines.

Coquette Cynical

One time I thought that you were true as death,
That you belonged to me—
And that your love
With its white music and sharp wine
Was mine—
And then you made me know that I was wrong,
That you were only playing with a toy
That was so pretty and so breakable
You could not keep your straying fingers
Of the shining curved softness of its light,
Then, when it fell, and slipping from your hands,
Lay on the floor
Fragile and sweet and yours,
You took your heel and stood upon it there
And crushed its silver brightness in the dust
And walked away.

Now you have taken all I ever loved
I am afraid to trust in anything
Because of you
Who go your careless way and say to ease your mind,
"It is alright. Tomorrow someone else will come
And love the shining fragments I have left
And put them back again."

You fool! You fool!
(God, let him turn and see
(That sometimes even toys cannot be mended—)

Helen Crum

Manuscript Club Recruits

The Manuscript Club of Beaver College, which is an organization for those students who are interested in writing, have pledged the following girls to become contributors to the literati: Rosepha Trippe, Gladys Cain, Peggy Crump, Hattie Breidis, Dorothy Robinson. The officers of the Club are: President, Helen Crum; Vice-President, Mildred Schwartz; Secretary, Florence Engelman; Treasurer, Virginia Elachly.

Compensation

Elsie Janis

When my luck seems all out
and I'm down at the mouth,
When I'm stuck in the North,
And I want to go South;
When the world seems a blank
And there's no one I love,
And it seems even God's
Not in heaven above,
I've a cure for my grouch
And it works like a shot—
I just think of the things that I'm glad I am not:
A bird in a cage,
A fish in a bowl,
A pig in a pen,
A fox in a hole,
A bear in a pit,
A wolf in a trap,
A fowl on a spit,
A rug on a lap,
A horse in a stable,
A cow in a shed,
A plate on a table,
A sheet on a bed,
The case on a pillow,
A bell on a door,
A branch on a willow,
A mat on the floor
When I think of the hundreds of things I might be,
I get down on my knees and thank God that I'm me.
Then my blues disappear, when I think what I've got,
And quite soon I've forgotten the things I have not.

As Woman to Woman

The Careless Letter-Writer Caught Herself Just in Time to Prevent Sending More than She Wanted To

The letter-writer who has been clacking merrily away on her typewriter for half an hour or so covered a whole page.

Then, since this was an informal personal letter, she turned the page over and started down the back.

Half way down she wrote a sentence she didn't like.

She paused, wondered whether to say just that or not, thought it over, jiggled everything that would jiggle on the typewriter—and then turned to answer a call on the telephone.

The offending sentence glared at her from the paper when she came back to the machine.

It just wouldn't do. There was nothing objectionable about it, but somehow it told a little more than she wanted to tell, even to this very good friend to whom she was writing.

And so, with only a minute's more hesitation, she ripped the paper off the machine and tore it into little pieces.

It was much better to have the failing to write on her conscience than to have a letter that said too

When a letter runs away with you like that, the safest course is to tear up the whole thing and postpone the writing for a while.

You have relieved a tension by writing something which evidently was crying to be written, but you haven't committed yourself.

Just as walls have ears, so have mails inventive minds. They can change your very own innocent sentence into malicious pointed daggers that may wound the reader of the letter or point poisoningly at some one you haven't thought of for a year, or turn around with a boomerang motion and stab right back at you yourself.

It's much better to be called names good-naturedly for not having written for so long than to start all kinds of trouble, unconsciously, by having written a little tiny bit too much or too freely or too carelessly.

Letters are tricky things.

They run away with you as this one did and make you forget that you are not face to face talking with the person you are addressing.

And then they put an entirely different tone into a sentence that would sound genial if you were saying it

The tones of the voice make such a difference.

Also that expression around the eyes which smiles away the offense of a mocking word.

You can get away with all kinds of remarks when you have your were and the expression of your eyes to give the meaning you want people to get from them.

But if you try to put those things into a letter where nothing but the flat paper and some staring black or purple or blue—unless you happen to use red ink—words greet the reader you may get into trouble. Reprint—Public Ledger.

LETTER TO A LOVER

There is such blueness in the sky
All the day long—
It is too blue for beauty
Since you are gone.
The stars shine silver—crystal clear,
With you away
They are too gayly sparkling
In the night's gray—
And the swift wonder that we lov'd
In a spring dawn,
Holds too much of wonder now,
Since you are gone.

BOOK REVUE

"Against the Wall"

By KATHLEEN MILLAY

This book is written by the sister of Edna S. Vincent Millay and should, because of its worthy connection, come up to our highest expectations. It does not and we are left with that hopeless feeling and are still wondering what happened.

It is an expose of Vassar College and suggests the one particular phase of college life that is farthest from the minds of the students. In fact, it deals with petting parties, crushes, and all things that are supposedly dominant in any college. We've been to school for four years now and have still heard of no such scandalous doings. Miss Millay should have been more accurate in her revelation of these collegiates.

Aside from the fact that Miss Millay gave us a most amazing portrayal of deceptions, her literary form, if we can call it such, is beyond our comprehension. Her rambling, incoherent style, becomes boring and difficult to follow after the first five pages.

Rebecca Brewster, student at Matthew College, enters as a Freshman who possesses the poise and suavity of a popular Senior of much experience. She came to college with all the knowledge necessary and consequently in the years that followed she acquired little that added to her fund of knowledge.

For all girls who wish to discover what college is not we recommend this book.

We may sit in our easy chair and think,

We may read as much as we can,
We may gather the knowledge of all ages,

We may think and study and plan,
But work is the thing that counts in life,

For work is the tonic of man.
It's not what you know that counts;

It's the use you make of your plan.

—Exchange.

The Drought

What would we do in this world of ours,

Were it not for the dream ahead?
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to the wpr, wppd's ci½
And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate,
To some it's a dream of wealth,
To some it's a dream of a truce with fate.
In constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife,
To some it's a crown above,
The dreams ahead are what make each life,
The dreams—and faith—and love.

Edwin Carlisle Litsey

Susie Says Some More

(Continued From Page One)

Remembering the good times we used to have in Kay Krouse's room. I hurried right up there and sure enough the gang was just as nice and gossipy as ever. (They say gossip is awfully small town but I don't care. I adore that kind of gossip. It's so informing) Why Kay told me so much news about the old graduates. Harriet Williamson, who roomed with Janet Muir last year is married to Charles Caston and is living in Allentown. And Mildred Andrew who went here two years ago was married to William Hart on the twelfth of September.

Helen Smith is still abroad but planning to come home before long. While Regina Larson, who was so prominent on Student Board last year is busy teaching the Brunswick, N. J. children how to be backward about being forward. She'll be a success, alright.

There is a rumor that Gert Myers is married but nobody seemed to be sure. (Is anybody ever sure about marriage anyway? Just look at my sad experience?)

Kay also remembered that Flo Lockrie is teaching and that she herself is going to Pittsburgh with Grace Hook to see the Pitt-Penn State game.

Pitt-Penn State game seems to be getting a pretty big Beaver delegation over this Thanksgiving week-end. Ruth Household is heading up in that direction and Kay Rise is going to be there too.

(Sh! Doris Prescott just whispered to me that she's taking in the same affair.)

Down in the Anderson sisters room I found the two of them having a confab with Edith Jenkins and Brineta Wiley over a wedding in Stewartstown, Pa., where they are all going for the week-end. Ethelynd Anderson is one of the bridesmaids and Mabel is going along too, "because she just loves weddings."

Fern Carter was so unusually studious I couldn't resist interrupting her and she stopped just long enough to prop her feet up on a big cocktail cushion and tell me she is going to Newark, N. J. She has been invited to go hunting while she is there but thinks she'll "probably be an awful flop at it." While we were talking Jean Brown wandered in wearing a brown Japanese Weasel coat over orange and black pajamas. VERY fetching too. You really have no idea. She blushed and decided that she was going to Penns Grove, Pa.

Grace McConnell greeted me in a pair of green p. j.'s and lovely green feathery looking mules. She's going to the Cornell game and a Beta tea dance. "By the way," she said casually. "I may get married while I'm up there. You never can tell." Mildren Davis, who was there in Grace's room is going to Kingston, Pa. "Just doin' nothing' much."

Down the hall I ran into Marj Hansen who was getting ready to brush her teeth and was very much embarrassed at being asked questions. She confided that she was trying all sorts of toothpastes in order to get a personality smile before she went to Elizabeth, N. J., this week-end. Right now Pebecco holds the winning number. She had used Listerine but found it was just a fake. She never did save enough to buy that "extra something you want" they always advertise about.

Penn-Cornell game is getting several other recruits too. Pat Crosby is going there and taking in a Pi K. A. dance afterward and so is Margaret Chubback.

Mildred Adams and somebody she called Rippe are going to New Haven, Conn. and just to be different they are attending a high school dance. How's that for loyalty?

While Pat Crosby was telling me about her own week-end she rem-

embered that Ora Erwin and Jeannette Stuart were going to East Orange, New Jersey for "big doings."

Luella Judson let herself be way-laid in the hall and said she was going to the Army-Notre Dame game. Doris Stone, who came along two minutes later prefers Great Neck, L. I., as a good place to spend Thanksgiving. She'd love to go to a wedding but just isn't quite sure about it yet.

And here's some big news girls. Get out your cheers and toss up your new Beaver skull caps. Our own Ginny Rose attended the Inter-collegiate Student Conference at Bucknell. This is the first time Beaver had been represented.

Elsie Rikenberger passed me on the steps and said "Hi, Susie I'm going to the N. Y. U.-Tech game."

Jane Barr is going to York, Penna., and Ruth Hallam is "just going to Philly." At that I'll bet she has a corking good time.

Eleanor Wells is going home to Big Flats, N. Y. She looked mighty happy about it. And why shouldn't she?

Muriel Armstrong, bless her heart, invited me to come in and "have a morsel of something." She sat on the bed and kicked her mules off her heels but hadn't the faintest idea where she was going. Dorothy De Witt helped me out though by deciding she was going to Newton Mass. She's one of those lucky ones who can take a late sleeper back.

In a room farther down the hall Jo Bender informed me she was going to Scranton, Pa. And Muriel Burger said she was going to Irvington, N. J., to a Country Club dance. Adele Roeber, who sat beside her on the one window seat said she was going to Lehigh. And Ruth Bender couldn't decide where to go but remembered that Dottie Dean was working in New York now.

Christine Geddie wearing red pajamas and a southern drawl said she was going home to North Carolina.

Dot Outters is going to a DeMolay dance at Dover, Delaware. (Be careful Dot. Mr. Simper was a DeMolay.)

Coming down the steps I picked up some more alumnae news about Phil Losie who is hostess in Gimbel's tearoom now and Marie Campbell who is married to Dr. Sharp and living in Downingtown, Pa.

The Nielsen twins, Vivian and Virginia took two bites of apple apiece and said in one breath "The Temple-Villanova game."

K. Shaffer is going to the Gettysburg-F. and M. game.

Virginia Dolen is going to the Temple-Villanova game too.

I simply had to stop in the gym and see Miss Shafer's special rehearsing for her annual dancing exhibition. It's called "The Scrapbook" and is to be given the seventeenth of December. Promises to show some mighty neat stepping or your Susie is another. Mildred Shafer stopped dancing long enough to say she was driving home and taking Margaret Bitterman and Ruth Helm with her. They're going to the V. M. I.-V. P. I. game. "The football classic of the South" according to Milly.

Over in Ryder Hall Mrs. Haines invited me in to sit down on the Social Office sofa. She and John are going to spend some their Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Malvern, Pa. And I could tell by the twinkle in her eye that she expected to have a good time. Janet Neaffie was in the office too and informed me not to tell anybody but that she had heard Kay Hart had gotten her famous black hair bobbed.

Upstairs Joe Rightmire was sitting on her bed struggling with Y. W. C. A. accounts. She said her room mate Mary Moyer was going to Gettysburg but she hadn't the faintest idea as to her own destination.

I finally ended up at dear old Highland where I always get a good welcome. Bobs came out and barked at me and Dorothy Sayles invited me into her room. She has the cutest Felix cat on the door. He sat on a white rail fence and everybody writes their names on the palings. I remarked that the De Molays seemed to be pretty popular on it and she said "Yet. My roommate's going home to Mt. Vernon, N. Y., especially to see a De Molay." Dot is going home to Elmira, N. Y. Anne Collins, who lives clear up in Canada is going to Jersey City with Jean Dixon. They're going to see the N. Y. U.-Tech game.

Dot Reheard saw Jack this week and she didn't have to wear her glasses to see him.

Sis Beaman is going the way of all flesh. Incidentally, she spends a few week-ends in Wyncote.

And guess what? Pudds Wells has been having a grand time at Lehigh and well, you know, Pudds always enjoys herself.

Sara Nagle and Dot Cox attended the Penn State game two Saturdays ago. Whew! They had a lovely time.

Mildred and Norma Lanzara drove home with the Hall Sisters.

Babs McGann went to Gettysburg and intends to return again sometime.

Marcia Williams is going to Yale and Princeton where she has been taking some courses in higher education.

Louise Martin spent the week-end at Haverford.

Franzeka Walker had a lovely time at the Beta house at Cornell.

Cheap

Two cents a copy
For the tabloid,
With nice pink paper
On the back
And front,
And pictures
Sprinkled through
The whole affair,
As thick as sugar
On a birthday cake.
Besides the column
Beatrice Fairfax runs
To help the "Love Lorn"
From their deep despair,
Or keep them off
The luring primrose path.
They always have
Confession stories
Too,
And all the latest news
In suicides.

It also
Helps you find a subway seat
At six,
When New York rushes home,
Because some man,
Who's quite respectable,
And has a Times
Or Herald Tribune
There
Beneath his arm,
Will make a place
For you
Beside him,
So that he may sit
And read your tabloid
Over your shoulder.

Just think!
All this for just
Two cents—
A subway seat,
Pink paper and bright print,
The biggest suicides,
The best divorce,
So cheap—
For just two cents,
So cheap.

Was your husband in comfortable circumstances when he died?
No, he was half way under the train.

Do boats like this sink often?
No, only once.

Up and Down The Campus

Down in the grill the other noon Elsie Ryan uncovered to us her life ambition. She's going to be a draftman in a bank. Open and shut the doors and windows. We always knew Beaver would have at least one famous member someday.

By the way, Highland House had a new system of keeping study hour. They've invested in a police whistle and blow it every evening at eight-fifteen. It makes a dickens of a noise and we decided it was a pretty good idea because it wakes up all those individuals who have just about decided to sleep through study hour. They told us "noisy-hour" began at ten o'clock but they needn't have. We could see for ourselves.

We've just discovered the secret of one of our social directoresses' son's success with the girls in Ryder Hall. He's adept at sliding cookies into his pocket during Sunday evening tea.

Just consider the intelligence of two people who answered "Here!" and "Present!" at the same time the other day for one of the absent members of a certain professor's Friday afternoon class. (No, we knew you'd never guess whose class it was.)

With all these new Beaver skull caps floating around the campus we wonder what's going to become of the turban business at the Lil Lee Shop.

Jo Rightmire just limped in and told us she had hurt her ankle going down stairs to breakfast the morning after the night before. She spent the night before at a Beaver dance too, and of course we aren't suspicious or anything, but we wonder if she could possibly have done it "strolling" on the Grey Towers bridge.

Leona Garber walked up to a man in the lobby the other day and asked him if she could help him find the person he seemed to be looking for or in any way assist him. He turned around and said: "My dear girl, thank you very kindly, but I've only been teaching here nine years." It was Mr. Volkman sans his mustache.

Alumni Notes

Priscilla Mellen was back to visit last week.

Nancy Cooke and Kay Hart were back to visit with Betty Matthews who is now Mrs. Smith.

Ginny Huges was "spotted" at the Penn-Penn State game a week or so ago.

Bessie Singleton is a senior at Pitt.

Jimmie Bernard is married and so is Billie Scott. And shhh, Dottie Wuchter has been married for some time now.

Helen Wenger is teaching at Millville.

Miss Mildred Andrews, '28, was married to Mr. William Hart on September 25. Mr. and Mrs. Hart are living in Norwood, New York.

Miss Florence Lockerie, '28, is teaching in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Dorothy Pedrick, '29, announced her engagement on September 6 to Mr. B. Hampton Peace, of Greenville, S. C. Miss Pedrick is now teaching in Plainfield, N. J.

Miss Polly Lewis, '28, is teaching in Beverly, N. J.

Mrs. Harlan Sharp, of Downingtown, Pa. recently entertained the Misses Ruth Household and Katherine Crouse. Mrs. Sharp was formerly Emma Marie Campbell, '29.

Miss Regina Larson, '29, is teaching in a kindergarten in New Brunswick, N. J.