

# CAMPUS CRIER

A Paper of More or Less Importance, Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College  
Jenkintown, Pa.

VOL. 2

DECEMBER 1, 1926

No. 4

## MANUSCRIPT CLUB IS FORMED AT BEAVER

### Crier Staff Organizes—Hon- orary Society Officers Elected

The Manuscript Club has become a reality at Beaver College! For quite some time we have dreamed of this very necessary organization and at last our dreams have been realized. Wednesday afternoon, November 16, under the direction of Miss Taylor, Journalism instructor, who acted as president, pro-tem the members of that department held their organization meeting in the News Bureau room and an election was held. Charlotte Hatton was made president; Catherine Merritt, vice-president; Martha Baer, secretary-treasurer; Miss Taylor, historian.

Journalism students will be charter members and aspirants for membership must formally and personally make application. Each applicant must have material submitted, accepted and printed in the Campus Crier, before making application. Also, an average of at least eighty-five per cent. in English must be maintained and the applicant must be accepted by a three-quarters vote of the charter members.

The primary functions of the club will be to produce material for the Campus Crier, while it will secondarily submit material to the various outside literary contests, which are being conducted.

Pins have been selected and ordered. A constitution and by-laws are being drawn up and it is the object of the members to make the Manuscript Club one of the most active organizations on the campus.

## Faculty Bridge Club

### Announces Program

Following is the schedule and the hostesses for the forthcoming meetings of the faculty Bridge Club of Beaver College. Members of the Club are asked to notify hostesses on each occasion in case of prospective absence; otherwise arrangements will be made for their attendance.

Dec. 3, at the Wallace home: Miss Conkling, Mr. and Mrs. Betts; Jan. 7, at the Harris home, Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Smith; Jan. 21, at the Wallace home, Mrs. Zerby, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace; Feb. 4, at the Harris home, Miss Paige, Miss Walton, Miss Hull; Feb. 18, at the Wallace home, Miss Lane, Miss Reed, Miss Evans; Mar. 4, at the Harris home, Mrs. Jones, Miss Hill, Miss Clark; Mar. 18, at the Wallace home, Miss Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; Apr. 15 at the Harris home, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Zerby; Apr. 29, at the Wallace home, Miss Hankey, Mr. and Mrs. Kirshner; May 13, at the Harris home, Mrs. Bessie Smith, Mrs. Porter, Miss Light; May 28, Saturday Picnic.

**Manuscript  
Club**

## 5 TO 1 VICTORY FOR SWARTHMORE TEAM

A hard-fought hockey game between Beaver and Swarthmore resulted in a 5 to 1 score in favor of Swarthmore, on the Swarthmore field, Friday afternoon, November 19.

A freezing cold day, with shivering spectators; teams playing fast to keep warm, completes the picture. But it was a wonderful game, Beaver playing defensive all through, due to the superior strength and speed of the Swarthmore girls. Beaver exhibited some unusually good dribbling, and Swarthmore displayed excellent passing and team work.

Rose scored the Beaver goal; while Pratt and Cornell each scored two, and Jenkins one for Swarthmore.

The lineup was as follows:

SWARTHMORE	BEAVER
Vaughan	R. W. Willets
Jenkins	I. R. Everhart
Pratt	C. F. O. Cross
Waln	L. I. Rose
Richards	L. W. Boucher
Bates	R. H. Jenks
Thompson	C. H. Cooke
Melick	L. H. J. Cross
Cleaver	R. B. Reid
Jolls	L. B. Shafer
Percy	G. Darby
Substituted—Cornell for Waln, Swarthmore. Referee—Parry and Murray.	

## Basketball and Swimming Candidate Turning Out

Candidates for basket-ball have answered the try-outs at Beaver College. Judging from the material on the courts at the first practice, Beaver should stand well in the limelight this season. Among the regulars from last year are Bert Shafer, Gene Cross, Nancy Cooke and Virginia Hoy.

Mildred Wickersham, center of Dickinson College Varsity for three years, is out for center.

Olive Cross, of Birmingham Prep, and Virginia Rose, of Lirden Hall Prep, have four years' experience on prep school varsities. Many others are expected to be out this week.

The swimming pool is a scene of much activity these days, since the Varsity team is getting under way. Pete Reid and Betty Matthews, regulars from last year, are again doing their "stunts."

Jessica Link, a new comer, is a holder of many cups and medals.

Many other expert swimmers have been seen in the pool. The team has not been picked, so it is not too late for try-outs.

## Madame Vernet to Sing

Madame Louise Vernet, noted singer, will give a concert in the Beaver College Auditorium, Friday evening, December 3.

Madame Vernet has appeared on the concert stage throughout the East and Middle West and comes to Beaver College after having appeared in Chicago.

Madame Vernet, who studies abroad, has led chorals, choirs and glee clubs, and has for several years been a private vocal teacher.

## STUDENTS WILL USE ART STUDIES IN HOME

The value of art study, especially to girls, was stressed by Miss Gertrude Rowen in a recent interview. Miss Rowen is an instructor in fashion design in the art department at Beaver College.

"Even if she never uses her brush after her art student days," said Miss Rowen, "a woman can always be an artist in her home. Her artistic study will be a benefit to her home and in her dress, to say nothing of the wider view of life open to one who appreciates art, to one who is able to criticize intelligently, and to one who has a feeling for color and form. Thus the imprint of even a brief study of art is stamped upon one through life."

Miss Rowen is a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, and is now teaching at that institution, and at Springside, besides instructing the Beaver students in the mysteries of drawing svelt and sophisticated models after the fashions of Vogue and Harper's Bazaar.

## Pennsylvania Club Will Hold First Formal Dance

About three hundred people are expected to attend the formal dance to be given by the Pennsylvania Club, Friday evening, December 10, in the College Gymnasium, from eight-thirty to twelve o'clock.

The Pennsylvania Club has a hundred and fifty members, and is composed exclusively of girls living in that State. It is quite the largest club on the campus.

Mary Bell Mellor, president of the club, will be ably assisted by Ida Shelley, Thelma Sykes and Elizabeth Schmertz on the ticket committee, and Marion Wasley, Dorothy Wuchter and Helen Stender on the refreshment committee. The selection of the orchestra, which will be Frank Wenger's, was made by "Mac" Paul, Ruth Household and Sally Herring.

## Ripley Recital a Success

Bernice Keach Ripley, soprano, gave a song recital in the Beaver College auditorium Thursday evening, November 18. Frederick Stanley Smith played the piano accompaniments. Both are members of the music faculty of the college.

Old songs, sung by Mrs. Ripley in costume, were a feature of the program. Mrs. Ripley received several bouquets. Her program was as follows:

Wohin (Whither?)	Franz Schubert
Mondnacht (By Moonlight)	Robert Schumann
Vergebliches Standchen (The Vain Suit)	Johannes Brahms
Chanson Triste (Song of Solace)	Henri Duparc
Ma Maison (My Home)	Felix Foudrain
Tes Yeux (Your Eyes)	Rene Rabey
Old Songs (In Costume)	
Under the Greenwood Tree	Buzzi Peccia
Faith	Horatio Parker
Advice	Molly Carew
The Song of the Palanquin Bearers	Martin Shaw
Carmencita	Charles Repper

## PIERSOLS TO APPEAR IN RECITAL IN JANUARY

### Mrs. Piersol, Former Opera Star, in Main Line Concert

Mr. and Mrs. Burton K. Piersol will give a recital early in January, in the Beaver College Auditorium. Mrs. Piersol is a member of the Beaver College Music Faculty.



Marie Ladue Piersol  
in *Rigoletto*

A recent issue of a well known newspaper, says: "Marie Marie Ladue Piersol, of

Narbeth, widely known soprano, who has sung in Grand Opera in Europe as well as appearing with unusual success on the

concert stage in America, as soloist with prominent orchestras and in numerous recitals.

"Mrs. Piersol, socially prominent in Detroit and closely related to the Newberry family, surprised society by appearing as prima donna under B. C. Whitney in one of his light operas. Her success was immediate and after her first season, the Schuberts, of New York, engaged her for their forces.

"Mr. Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan Opera, heard the young soprano sing and advised her to give up the light opera stage and devote herself to Grand Opera. On this advice Mrs. Piersol cancelled her contract and sailed for Europe.

"Under the tutelage of Mme. Schoen-Rene, one of the few surviving pupils of the master, Manuel Garcia, Mrs. Piersol quickly rounded out her studies in Berlin, and an engagement at Bremen followed.

"There is an unwritten rule in German opera houses that there shall be no applause during the performance except at the end of each act, when the entire ensemble share the honors, but when the young singer finished her first aria, the audience swept all restraint aside and burst into a storm of applause. From the moment the American soprano was made and the opera director was congratulated upon his find.

"Mrs. Piersol, in America, when the world war burst across Europe, turned her talents towards the American concert stage. At the music festival at Spartansburg, so soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch and in numerous concerts."

## College Calendar

December 3—Madame Louise Vernet—Concert.

December 6—Concert—Music Department.

December 10—Pennsylvania Club Dance.

December 13—Reserved.



# THE CAMPUS CRIER

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dents of Beaver College for  
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Editor-in-Chief	- Alma Espenschade
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## THE LUXURY OF LEISURE

Of course, it depends upon the number of classes and the difficulty of the course you take. Without designating a specific course, we realize that there are those courses which leave the student almost more spare time than she can kill. But even the harried and overworked Kindergarten or Home Economics students certainly have hours in which to satisfy their individual habits.

We all know the several means of profitably using our "precious" idle hours. Placing the study of your needy subjects as the first consideration, we fain must admit the unnaturalness of such a consideration possessing weight for the average girl. Everyone knows the prevalent impulse directly a free hour or so stretches enticingly before the mind's eye, i. e.: to go somewhere and purchase food, regardless of the time of the day, thinness of purse, or lack of hunger. Indulgence of this taste leads only to a terrifying depletion of money and poor appetite

for substantial food—(which would worry our mothers, you know!)

However, if we did the sensible, the beneficial thing, the luxury of leisure would cease to be wasted. It is furthest from our thoughts to urge you to continue the delightful custom of leaving at will (in general, that is) and doing as it pleases you to do—reasonably speaking! For since it is our excuse for existence to guide you along the correct way of conduct, we offer in exchange for idleness, a proposition of study, mild recreation, and room improvement during leisure time.

## AN INVESTMENT

A course at college has been variously compared to everything from a carefree sojourn under the wing of Alma Mater to a term in prison; but have you considered it from the practical standpoint of a business transaction?

There is a certain amount of risk to it. You invest from two to four years of valuable time and a sum of money. In return you receive a diploma or a degree—very important assets it is true, but far less important than the more tangible benefits of your education. You acquire more or less knowledge according to your application, and a certain prestige in being a college graduate.

For the present we will waive the Whether you gain these assets in a greater or less degree depends as much upon you as upon your col-  
question of the amount of knowledge obtainable, and concentrate on prestige of a college graduate. You are as much a representative of Beaver College to the outside world as our ambassadors are representatives of the United States. You have doubtless heard this before. It is a platitude so hackneyed as to become a truism. Nevertheless, at home, in the homes of friends, indeed everywhere, people judge Beaver College by you—by your conduct and appearance: they feel that all Beaver students must be like this one example. If they misjudge the college on your account it is not only unfair to the college but it hurts you also. When a certain type of girl is established as representative of a college it is taken for granted that you are of that type until you prove yourself otherwise.

Let us then make the Beaver College type noteworthy.

It is to our advantage. It will raise our dividends on the investment we have made in a college education. Incidentally it will raise our own self-respect. And our returns will be higher still if we invest ideals, thoughtfulness, application and good sportsmanship as well as practicalities of time and money.

*The Periscope*

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

What's the idea of all these letters on athletics? Is it a private scrap, or can anyone get in?

I love a good battle—so here goes! I think all these cheerios for Hockey and Golf—well, my opinion can't be expressed in mere words.

Let me stick in my racket! I'll take tennis for mine. Yea, bo! Just to get into a good sweltering hot sun and run around like crazy! That is my idea of good sport—tennis. If you're older or bigger than your opponent you can take the shady side of the court, or at least you can get the good side and have the sun on your back, instead of in your eyes. It all depends on who you are playing.

Think of the lovely clothes you can wear. Lovely sweaters, brilliant head bands, luxuriously pleated skirts and white shoes. Look perfectly stunning instead of the mess one looks when playing hockey.

Hockey! Why one needs a whole regiment to play a game! Twenty-two! Awful! How easy for you and your really best friend (he or she)—just you two alone for a wonderful game. A light, dainty, easily handled ball and a good, neat looking racket, gracefully flourished. No hundred yards of mud dashing—just enough room to run about, without having to "pass-out" for time out to regain breath.

And—there is equality—each one gets a turn. No one having played a good game has the glory given to the person fortunate enough to play in the position that scores.

Again, tennis for mine—

Forty love,

A. E.

Dear Editor:

In your last edition of "Campus Crier" I noticed an editorial entitled "Make it Snappy!" Please, may I ask, what's the rush?

This hurry-scurry age where everything is to be done in a rush or not at all is quite hard on the leisurely-minded people; those who can take life easy and comfortable without rushing headlong for nowhere. It's really quite a bore, Editor, to see people dash madly here and still more madly there, hurrying as if their very lives depended on the speed accomplished. And, are they any farther in the end than those who take their time and save the nerves and tempers of people with whom they come in contact?

Haste makes waste, the wise ones say. I admit we do live in an age of fast living—we eat hurriedly, we read more quickly, everything has been condensed until there is almost nothing left to fall back on, except memories. Someone predicts that in the coming years we will merely need to take a small capsule, which will contain the calories, vitamins and complete nutrition of a whole meal. Think of the time that will save! But, what then, shall we do with the time saved?

They say that, with the rush and hurry, our lives are the best ever lived—that we will never die because of superior living, but that will remain to be seen by the coming generation—how can we tell if we, as a generation, will live longer or forever?

A Vassar girl going to school in England could not accustom herself to the easy manner of education at their Universities. She still had the "six hysterical years of American College existence" behind her. A professor, interested in her, took her into his sanctum and gave her a bit of advice. "What you need to do," said the Professor, "is to learn to take it easy, and get a rest from the barbarous ten hours a day activities and lectures." Time to think is stressed in the English Universities; conversation, and tea! Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? Must be a sort of student's paradise—far removed from the hectic years of the usual American college student, where the more one gets done the greater the glory, regardless of the true value derived.

We seem to be all too busy to stop to think about the other fellow! Each man for himself, and may the best man win, is the slogan of American youth. But, Editor, we, who abhor this rush, who have a more calm and quiet temperament, wish to say that although living now in this going-to-a-fire stride, we hope to be able to retain a semblance of calmness—it may sometime help someone who has gotten his feet hopelessly tangled in the rope of speed. Like a calm, smooth day after a stormy one.

*Take-it-Easy*

Dear Editor:

And they talk about hockey and golf! Have they forgotten that ever exciting game of Soccer?

This is not a game of the incients, or a game for the shin-hitters. It is not necessary to tag about the ground with a stick. Use your feet and exercise these noble navigators which were given to you.

They say golf is the bunk. Hit and hike! Lose and look is the correct definition. Is it necessary to chase all over the field looking for a soccer ball? No siree!

Get into the spirit of Soccer, support your teams and if you MUST kick something, KICK that ball—for a GOAL! And thank you again.

C. C. Merritt

## Alumnae Notes

1921

Mildred Slocum, who married Lieutenant C. M. Adams, Jr., is living at Fort Davis, Gatum, Canal Zone. She has a daughter of five months.

1924

Marion Rhodes is teaching in her home town, Marion, Virginia.

Betty Shick, of Wheeling, West Virginia, is traveling abroad with her mother this winter.

Elsie Deihl is teaching kindergarten in Bridgeport, Ohio.

Mrs. William Barnett, formerly Carolyn Beckman, has a son. She is now residing in Atlanta, Georgia.

Marion Barnes, of Johnstown, Pa., is spending the winter at home.

1925

Zeta Drinkwater is teaching in Florida.

Cornelia Dawes is teaching in Scranton, Pa.

Miss Lamade, formerly a teacher of Physical Education at Beechwood, who left to be married, has an addition to her family.

1926

Elizabeth Shoemaker is taking a business course in Newark, N. J.

Buddy Lotte has taken up nursing in the Allentown hospital.

Elizabeth Barnes is at home this winter. She lives in Philipsburg, Pa. Alicia Holstein goes to college in New Rochelle, New York.

Tommy Raub is at Skidmore College.

Louise Fitzgerald is married and lives in Seattle, Washington.

Mary Hettinger has recently married.

## DISCOVERIES

Mrs. Weston claims there are two or three young women students in Beaver, who close outside doors after them. She refuses to give names, fearing that such unusual action on the part of the thoughtless girls might bring down upon their heads the disfavor of the student body as a whole!

Mrs. Marshall has made a remarkable discovery—she finds quite a number of the dormitory students turn out their lights when they leave their rooms. She wonders how and where they acquired such a thoughtless and improvident habit!

*Contributed*



## Hello—Hello!!!

Hello! Hello, who is this? Guess! Why I'm no good at guessing—Who? Oh, Rog, you would make me guess! I thought you were never going to call up; it's been over two days, and you never keep me waiting—you say you did try to call and couldn't get me? When did you call? Wednesday? Why, that's yesterday, and you couldn't get me. Why I was in my room all the time I wasn't in class. Well, now you might have known that I would be having class at 10.45—such a stupid time to call. Oh, I guess in a longish time you'll learn to call when I'm waiting for you to call.

Now, tell me, Rog, how have you been. What, you've been working hard? That's applesauce! I haven't known you four months for nothing—you working hard. Well, what if the professor is stiff, that never made you work before! You'll flunk? Well, that's another matter, but for goodness sake, Rog, don't work too hard.

What's new? Oh, say, I saw Jimmy and his girl last week. Yes, in the Ritz lobby. That case is getting pretty bad—you what—what? Oh, yeah, that's a good number, you wouldn't dare say that if I were really by you. You men get such a lot of courage when your talking over a phone! But—Hello, Rog? Yes, Rog? It's me. No, come on, lay off that—I want to ask you about Lib? None of my affair? Well! that's what I call a nerve! Well, I'll not say anything, but I know more about Lib than you think—you say Nick has a crush on her? Is he rushing her? Really,—and you haven't seen her for a long time? Is that straight? Oh, I sound as if I were jealous that you'd been fussing around her, do I? Well, you're all wrong, only some one was asking about her and I wanted to know. Forget that, Rog, try another tack. Gee, you know I'm anxious to see you. Of course,—yeh, I'm anxious to see you, of course, but I do want the dirt from the house!

Date? Now this is a fine time to ask for a date for this week-end—why this is Thursday, and the week-end starts tomorrow, and ye gods, there's a dance here Friday, and Saturday I'm going to the game, and—well, that's the week-end! Next week? That's sort of far ahead, but I think I've got a da—Oh, Rog, can't you be yourself? That's right—get sore. You men that call up and expect a date at the last minute give me a pain! Do you want to call up EARLY next week, and I'll make sure about next week-end, and if I have a date I'll know by then—what, you have two dates for next week-end? Well, what under the sun are you yelling about? Say, Rog, there are about a dozen girls waiting to use this phone, and we've only talked about a half hour; I'm expecting to see you—yeh,—just a minute, operator! Say, Rog, come out to dinner Sunday—yeh, one o'clock—see you then, good-bye!

(And ten girls make a dive for the next round with the phone, while nine girls wait another half hour!)

## Shavings From the Board

(Paste Them on Your Mirror)

Miss Walton reminded the students of the regular routine of a fire drill at a recent Student Government meeting. Several of the points she stressed were the following:

Students are expected to hurry from their rooms immediately after the sounding of the siren, not losing any time in getting to the first floor. First floor girls should form a line near the wall, second and third floor girls near the railing. If this order is followed with earnest effort, record time can be made in an orderly fashion. Several physical education girls will be on hand to arouse the few who happen to miss the siren. Students coming down the stairs first should take particular caution not to crowd around the stairs. They should move to the opposite side of the lobby to insure space for those coming down after them.

Chapel doors will be closed at 6.50 sharp hereafter. Anyone not in her seat at that time will be marked absent.

## TOLLED BY THE BELL

Dearest Suey:

Everyone did the most exciting things over the holidays—the Thanksgiving day and the week-end following were just a constant run of good times for various people.

Emelie and Mary Theis and Ida Hughes spent Thanksgiving at their home in Kingston, Pa.

But, Suey, Eddie Caballero had the most glorious time. You know she lives in Porto Rico, so far away from college. But she attended the Penn-Cornell game and the dance afterwards.

Almeda Fleming had as her house guests over the holidays, Kay Hart, Sally Herring and Dottie Wuchter. These lucky girls attended the Lehigh-Lafayette game.

"Mac" Paul is thrilled at having her mother with her again. She is also quite excited at having gone to Binghamton, N. Y., to attend a wedding—it was a Thanksgiving wedding; and of course "Mac" reports the best time.

Elheurah Forrey has as her house guest over Thanksgiving, Betsy Roth.

Three busses full of girls went to Swarthmore to attend the hockey game. School spirit is running high, Suey—and you know how much real, genuine school spirit means to a fine fighting team.

Dr. Thomas, Dr. Harris, Dean Ryder and Mr. Wallace are back from a trustees' meeting which was held at Beaver, Pa.

"Jackie" Rathborne and Ruth Lake are back with us again.

Nancy Cooke spent the recent week-end at her home in Maplewood, N. J. Good time for Nancy—at home. But then, she is always happy.

We noticed "Millie" Storek entertaining her mother—Suey, have you ever had that experience? Well, if not, let me tell you it's the most divine feeling in all the world.

"Mac" Lomerson celebrated her birthday on Thursday, November 18. Her table in the dining room looked perfectly lovely. Those who attended this party were Marion Carson, Charlotte Wiggin, Lee Downs, Betty Fish, Nat Johnson, Betty Cole, Betty Foster, Louise Morvay and of course "Mac," herself.

Dorothy Reheard and Ruth Household spent Thanksgiving week-end at Dot's home in Harrisburg, Pa.

Thelma Ryder entertained her brother and sister at college during the Thanksgiving week-end.

Oradel Geibel was the guest of Elinor Krips. "Kripsy" is a day student and lives at Noble. Can't you imagine those two getting into a laughing spell!

Mary Bell Mellor and Lillian Allis spent Thanksgiving trapping the "great white way." Heaps of fun in New York for them.

Grace Hemstreet and Muriel Johnstone spent Thanksgiving week-end in Jersey City. Grace attended a big dance in Newark.

Anita Harris attended the Penn-Cornell game, and afterwards motored to her home in Rahway, N. J.

"Ginnie" Schaefer visited in Germantown on Thanksgiving day. She spent the week-end with her uncle and aunt in East Orange, N. J.

"Katey" Sheets visited in Germantown—I wonder what she did! You know her, Suey. Funny as a crutch, and when she gets started—we are just dying to hear her tell some of her experiences.

We noticed Susan Gallagher entertaining her brother on Thanksgiving day. Oh, for a brother!

Isabelle Minter spent some time with her aunt in Philadelphia. She certainly had a happy time. Dot Merwin was able to go to her home in Millburn, N. J., for the holiday. These fortunate people, who live so close.

"Pat" Allsopp spent the week-end at her home in East Orange, N. J. Pat weeps bitter tears as she relates the doings of these few days—namely the witnessing of her sister's wedding.

Blanche Lehnhardt visited school the week-end before Thanksgiving. She is still the same stunning Blanche, and we all were sure-nuf glad to see her.

Mary Frances Hedrick's table gave a Thanksgiving party on Tuesday evening, November 23. They all had such delicious cakes—and such luscious fruit. Member how we used to eat between meals? Yet?

Alma Espenshade is all enthusiasm. Wound up the best football season ever, as she says, by having seen the Penn-Cornell game on Thanksgiving. And then to the Junior Prom at Penn, plus a visit to her aunt.

Louise Morvay spent a recent week-end at home visiting her parents. And "Bea" Tethers went home for Thanksgiving, too.

The dinner dance held Thanksgiving evening, was a huge success. Everyone had a delightful time. I missed you, Suey—but perhaps you will be able to attend our next social function, which will be the Pennsylvania Club Dance.

Oh yes, honey, I've been so wrapped up in these Thanksgiving goings on that I have forgotten to tell you some other happenings of our college life.

The Manuscript Club has been formed with Miss Taylor as Historian, Miss Light and Dr. Harris as advisors. Charlotte Hatton was elected president; "Caddie" Merritt, vice president; and Martha Baer, secretary-treasurer. They are all set now to do some MORE work, as they say.

Charlotte Hatton and Lois Van Deever entertained at the darlingest Bridge Party Saturday, November 20, in Rooms 129 and 131! Lovely eats, prizes, n'everything. And a sweet little bouquet for each guest. There were eighteen present. (The Social Editor didn't add this. I did.)

I have tried to account for all the comings and goings of all the people you know, but possibly I have forgotten some—at any rate the holiday season 's near and you will have a hard time keeping up with me in our correspondence.

Write soon, heaps of love—

Chop

## INDIGESTION WAS HAD BY ALL

A dinner-dance was held on Wednesday, November 10, in Room 102, of the New Building. Among those present were the house president, Ruth Hine, her roommate, Grace Bowker, their suitemates, "Betty" Weideman and "Dutch" Browne, to say nothing of Virginia Winkler, and Seven Hot-Dogs! Music was furnished by George Olsen and his music makers, Ted Lewis, Cliff Edwards, the Ukelele Ike, and Jack Smith, the Whispering baritone. Indigestion was had by all.

"Guess my girl in college has changed her mind about basketball. She is evidently going in for something more useful."

"How so?"

"Now she writes that she has made the scrub team."

## ODE TO SPUDS

The Staff of Life down at the Dorm Is potatoes served in every form. We get 'em raw, we get 'em baked. We sometimes get potatoes caked. Mixed with onions, mixed with meat. Some are Irish, some are sweet. Potatoes' scalloped, cooked in cream. Potato chips; Oh! we could scream! But I never dreamed of writing this

ballad,

'Til I saw them last night in Potato Salad!

Anna ("Pat") Daibler

Young Master—What is tact?

Prof.—My boy, if you tell a girl that time stands still when you look in her eyes, that's tact. But if you tell her face would stop a clock, look out.

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### The Inquiring Reporter

Answers to Questions Asked at Random  
on the Campus

The simple question:

*What is the value of a college education?*

Elvira Anderson says:

"You learn to take all you can get and look for more."

Grace Muse says:

"It broadens one."

Dr. Thomas says:

"You get a di-ploma and die with it."

"Pat" Diabler says:

"You can appreciate a good joke when you hear one."

Emelie Theis says:

"You can always establish a perfect alibi."

Charlotte Millard says:

"Alumnae notes can be furnished for High School year books."

Jo Sigler says:

"You afford a topic of conversation for the home town folks."

This is like:

"What would you rather do than go fishing?"

The answer is, "Yes!"

*The Inquiring Reporter*

Box 59, New Building

### Studio Fashions

Fashions, in the Art department, do not mean black velvet tams worn dashing over one ear, nor even artistic ways of draping smocks. But one may note that one year a certain cast will be drawn repeatedly; a second year, it may languish in a locker and gather dust; while a third year a new coat of paint may restore Dante or the Discus Thrower to his former popularity.

At times, it is "the thing" to go sketching, and the walls of the studio blossom forth with color notes of vivid orange trees. Again, some courageous soul does a portrait in pastel, and everyone promptly starts in that medium, though the year before has seen only portraits in charcoal and water-color.

The Latest? Costumed figures in color! The student owning an unusual costume or a colorful Spanish shawl is enticed into the studio to pose while the budding artists struggle with pastels or oil. Such are the vagaries of studio fashions!

### Faculty News

Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Lloyd have been elected honorary members of the Southern Club.

Miss Walton and Miss Hall, with the members of the physical education department, attended a swimming institute on Thursday, November 18, at the Central Y. M. C. A., in Philadelphia.

Dr. Thomas, Dean Ryder, and Mr. Wallace spent Tuesday, November 16, in Beaver, Pennsylvania, at a meeting of the trustees of the college.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Harter entertained the faculty bridge club on Friday, November 19, at the Harris home.

Miss Mary Clark on several occasions has been hostess at the George Washington House on High Street, at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. Miss Clark is an active member of the D. A. R.

Ducks? Sure—one hundred and eighty of them! Mr. Wallace and Dr. Reaser, with Mr. George L. Wells, of Philadelphia; Mr. H. Moyer and Mr. H. C. LaRue, of Abington, Mr. J. W. Hunsburger of Jenkintown and Mr. C. E. Rose of Germantown, enjoyed a two-days shooting trip at their hunting lodge at Deal's Island Maryland.

Mrs. Lynn H. Harris entertained at bridge in honor of Mrs. Paul on Wednesday evening, November 17. Mrs. Paul, of Pittsburgh, has been visiting her daughter, Miss Margaret Paul, at the College.

### WE HAVE ONE TWIN!

Jenkintown may well be proud of her twins in the sports and scholastic world.

Andrew and Charlotte Boucher, 19 years of age, of Jenkintown, are not only making their way through school with enviable study marks, but are aiding their respective alma maters in the field of sports.

Both are graduates from Jenkintown High, where Andrew was a star on the relay team. He also scintillated as a basketball player.

And his sister Charlotte, always kept pace with "Andy." Always as close as "two peas in a pod," the two were constantly vieing with each other for honorary mention. Charlotte, who was chosen on the all star suburban hockey team in 1925, also wields a mean straight arm in basketball.

Charlotte came near humbling the Ursinus College co-eds when her Beaver College lost the hockey match, 4 to 3.

Andrew has matriculated at Muhlenberg, where he is slated on the "frosh" football and basket ball teams.

(Reprint from Times-Chronicle)

Teacher: "Use the right verb in this sentence: 'The toast was drank in silence.'"

Student: "The toast was ate in silence."—Pathfinder.

"Will you have these books bound in Russia or Morocco, sir?"

"Oh, don't bother with that. Have 'em bound right here in town."

Innocent one—"I always wondered what 'Shake That Thing' meant."

Wise one—"Why pedometers, while hiking for mileage, of course."

A Beaverite

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## EMBASSY THEATRE

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 29th

MONDAY-TUESDAY

CONWAY TEARLE and ANNA Q. NILSSON in

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Such a Picture as the World Has Hoped For

EMBASSY NEWS

AESOPS FABLE

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

DOROTHY MACKAILL and CHARLIE MURRAY in

"SUBWAY SADIE"

The Year's Big Joy Ride

PICTURES OF ABINGTON-CHELTENHAM GAME

EMBASSY NEWS

HAL ROACH COMEDY

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

A Riotous Comedy-Drama Punctuated With Thrills

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EMBASSY NEWS

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### An Autobiography

I shall proceed dutifully to record the bare facts of my existence on this mundane sphere. In this beautiful ink copy, specially prepared for the teacher whose poor eyes are overworked, I will try to add embellishments, trimmings and like chocolate coatings, so the pill will go down with the greatest possible ease.

I was born in Jenkintown, went to kindergarten in Jenkintown, went to primary and grammar schools in Jenkintown. (Item: I could not find any synonym for Jenkintown. Nevertheless, you must agree with me that in this case the monotonous repetition adds emphasis, effectiveness and the proper shade of dullness—if dullness can be said to possess such relief as shades).

There were neither earthquakes, forest fires, bankruptcies, nor broken arms to disturb the "even tenor of my way." (Item: I have heard it is always well to have a quotation or two scattered here and there. This excerpt is attached in my mind through an enforced perusal of a certain manuscript from which I would have remained coldly aloof if I had been left to my own devices).

My summers, however, were far from commonplace—which happy fact was "a rope to a drowning man." The scene of activity was changed often. I met new people, developed new interests, and returned in the fall resigned to the involuntary confinement necessary for a few weary months.

Have I painted the picture in the old style so that you can appreciate it? I hope I have not adopted the modern, futuristic "dash-here, dash-there" method or you might have the picture of my life upside down.

I cannot see that you would know any more about me if you were acquainted with an itinerary of my peregrinations on country roads, shore boardwalks, or mountain trails with jolly camping friends.

I cannot pin my discussion of hob-biness down definitely. I have tried everything from tree climbing to interior decorating. In the intervening time, I essayed farming—on a patch of ground two by four—constructed radios, collected insects, and a host of other hobbies with which I could bore you and take up your valuable time. Suffice it to say, the salient feature of my indulgence in these was always a lack of application, patience and perseverance, which was sad, disastrous and very unfortunate, for it prevented the accomplishment of any particularly startling results.

The hobby of my future life, I plan, shall be writing. With years, I expect to acquire patience and a rich ever-increasing knowledge of human nature. Stevenson says he never had a word of his published which he had not re-written at least twelve times. Before that he had played the "sedulous ape" with a

### A Flint Arrow Head

(With Due Apologies to Longfellow)

I was walking alone across a field of newly-turned sod, busy with my thoughts. Marveling at Nature in all her glory, at the rich brown earth, at the new green leaves, the worms, the frogs, toads and jack-rabbits, I wondered that the world was made up of such trivial inhabitants—and I "one of the least of these!"

As I walked, picking my way from furrow to furrow, I found there an arrow-head chiselled from stone, a bright new shiny object which looked as though it had just been made, yet better judgment told me that it had not—and fancy wandered. Back to primeval things it went, seeking what warrior bold had drawn the bow that sent this arrow on its course; what warrior bid it to do its deadly duty.

How often that flinten head had sped on a deadly errand I could not say or ever hope to know. I wondered, had it pierced the toughened hide of some lion, lynx or leopard? Had it sunk into a human breast, or had it been saved from these more cruel trials and duties to become a means of victory in a contest or tournament? All this I may not know, not how or when or who, for a flint arrowhead cannot reveal its story and such small, unnecessary things are not recorded in the histories of man. Too trivial, they are called.

If its grim story were told, then I would know what were its purposes, tales that would chill me or the narrator; for beyond all doubt, it was made to kill. This much of its purpose do I know.

Ages have gone by, many ages, and perhaps many battles have been fought upon this ground. Warriors have come to this place to battle and some of them undoubtedly have fallen to mingle their dust with the dust of the earth—yet as our proof of craftsman's skill and warrior's bravery and the passing of time, I now have the flint arrow-head.

A. M. Knoderer

vengeance. When I think of these facts, my ardor, inspired by the creative urge, soon cools and my scribbled, puny, half-ideas are put safely away to be laughingly re-read from the heights of future success.

That is my dream.

At the tender age of sixteen years, having completed my High School course, I was prepared by my nature, education and "previous condition of servitude" for college. Then there entered the fairy godmother who thrust upon me a scholarship to Beaver. It does not function unless I maintain an average of ninety per cent. in all subjects! I live in fear and trepidation until my first report is issued. Thereupon, I expect I shall resign myself to Fate and go out and dig ditches.

Anonymous

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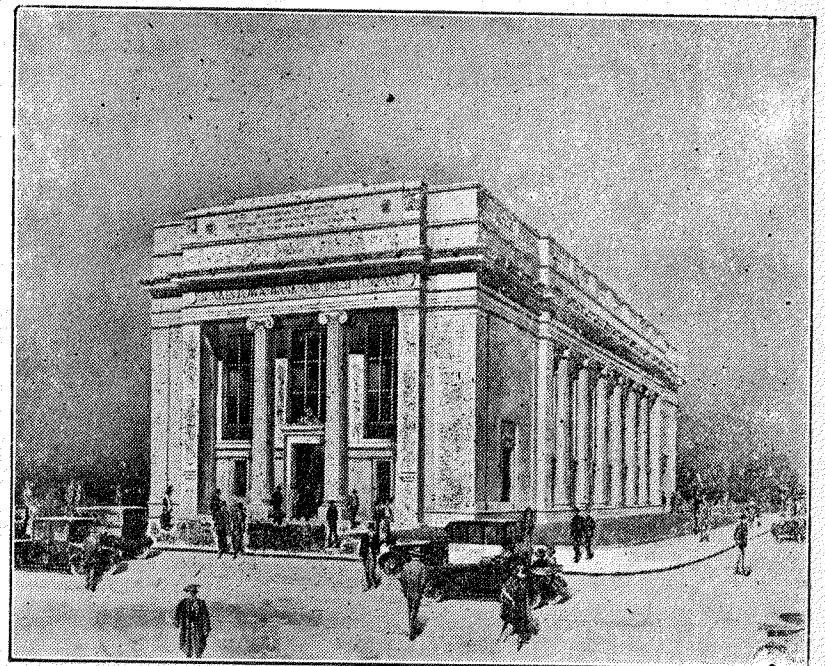
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# Campus Crier

By C. M.

The eleventh hour! In my dingy room, I lay starving for sheer lack of inspiration. I had written nary a column in over a week. I was doomed! Suddenly my roommate burst in, ecstatically waving a newspaper. "EXTRA!" I raised myself on elbow and gave a glance at the headlines. "Saved!" I gasped weakly, "The Prince of Wales had fallen from his horse again!"—(Sargenta).

Miss Buhrmester evidently believes in locked doors. Why? Well, facts of the past do make us wonder at the future!

Heard this? S'true. "An inch added to a woman's nose is of less importance than one added to her skirt."

A wanderer has returned to our fold. She brought with her—two teeth! Pat says Jackie wears them when she eats. Jackie says, otherwise she uses 'em for earrings!

Betty, our struggling reporter, gives the definition of a morgue as the place where you interview dead bodies.

More corridor remarks. "Are you from the South?"  
"No."  
"Do you belong to the Southern Club?"  
"No."

A. K. (Journalism)—"Oh, look at the man on the roof. If he falls off—goody, goody—that will be a sto-ry!"

Too true, too true. "Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, oh Sea!" But tho' you break forever, you'll never be broke as me!

Hi, Mary!  
Hi, Nance!  
An' how was Anatomy this morning?  
Jus' fine. All about bones an' everything.  
And was I there?  
All the time.  
Thanks, Mary.  
S'alright, Nance.

## MUSIC NOTES

Plans are under way now for the second of a series of Students' Evening Recitals to be given early in December in the Beaver College auditorium.

Twenty-eight Beaver College students, under the chaperonage of

Miss Ethel Harnish, attended the performance of Rigoletto at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, November 16th.

The second of a series of Student Practice Recitals was given in the College auditorium on Monday afternoon, November 22. Piano, violin and vocal numbers were given. Among those taking part were: Doris Lockwood, Ethelyn Owens,

Charlotte Hatton, Margaret Parry, Eleanor Good, Dorothy Huthsteiner, Ruth Hall, Louise Bayle, Helen McClellan, Elizabeth Allvin, Helen Rutter, Ethel Harnish.

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