

CAMPUS CARRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 4

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1928

No. 5

A Christmas Dinner, Tree and Carols

Students Play Santa Claus
Wednesday Night

On Wednesday evening, December 19, there will be a Christmas dinner in both the Old and New Buildings.

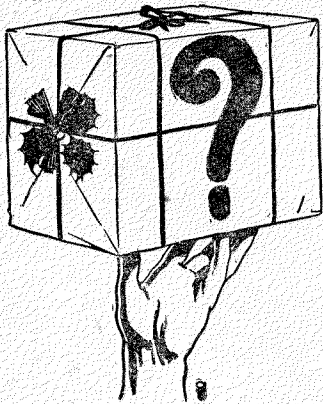
The students will be permitted to make up their own tables and each table will have a Christmas pie from which will be extracted a gift for each member at the table. During dinner there will be songs and dances and Santa Claus will no doubt be popping in and out with many words of Christmas cheer.

What you are going to have for dinner is a secret. We know but we won't tell.

After dinner and our usual hour at chapel we will go to our rooms to study. At nine o'clock we will return to the green in front of Beechwood Hall and dance and sing carols around a huge Christmas tree left there by Santa Claus for the good little Beaverites.

Each class will have its very own Christmas carol to sing for all the other classes. Maybe they will give a prize to the best singers.

Then, when we have sung sufficiently we'll come inside and get warm with cocoa and cookies in the Green Parlors. Maybe there will be entertainments there, too. Wait and see.



Good Plays in Phila. Attracting Beaver Crowds

There have been many good plays in Philadelphia these past weeks. Many students have taken advantage of the opportunity to see them, and every week the chaperoned groups have been going in to town to the theatres.

Friday evening December 7, Miss Conkling took some girls to see "Dracula." No one fainted during the performance and there were no casualties.

The opera Sampson et Delila was seen December 6. This was under the chaperonage of Miss Peck. It was voted "not so good".

Marco Millions was seen by two groups on Wednesday. Miss Light chaperoned students in the afternoon and twenty-five went in with Miss Hall in the evening. The play was well liked.

Arms and the Man was attended by a group under the chaperonage of Miss Light. It was a Theatre Guild Play.

Miss Evans chaperoned a group of a dozen to the Trial of Mary Dugan. This is a mystery drama.

Miss Light will take a group to see Volpone, a classic revival drama, on Wednesday, Dec. 19.

Dr. Faries has also planned to have his drama class see several of the latest plays.



Difficult Chorus Work in "Marrying Marion"

A Colorful Show is Peppily
Given

For the past few years the "Toy Shop" has been a feature of the pre-Christmas days at Beaver. This was given by the Athletic Association. It was usually the story of a boy and girl in Santa Claus' toy

(Continued on Page 3)

Christmas Customs Across the Seas

In Italy Santa Claus Is a
Woman

When the word "Christmas" is mentioned to any of us, we are wont to consider the wide-world celebration identical with the American fashion. However, the fact is that Christmas changes not

(Continued on Page 9)

President's Message

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Just pack into these two words every meaning you can find and you have my sincerest wish for every member of our splendid faculty and student body.

Having expressed this wish, let me tell you a little Christmas story. A young woman expected a Christmas present from a friend whose beautiful home she loved to visit. When the present came it was just an ordinary door key tied with a piece of ribbon on which was a little card. The young woman was so disappointed she did not read the message on the card. Later, in a spirit of disgust, she did read the message, which was:

"The key to the door of the house of a friend.

It is yours to use. Use it every day if you wish."

The value of the gift now dawned upon the young woman. With this key she could enter the beautiful home of her friend, with all its comforts and hospitality as often as she liked.

Beautiful symbol! Give the Christmas Christ the key of your life. Let Him in and the spirit of Christmas will linger through all the days of the year.

WALTER B. GREENWAY.

Club Plans

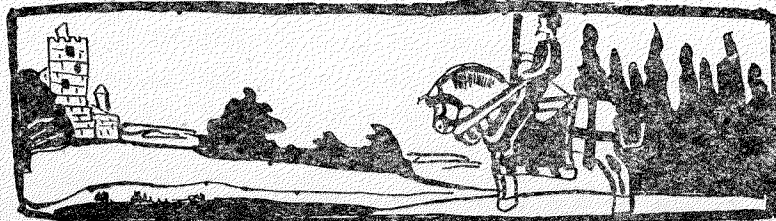
The Glee Club was organized in 1926, with Mr. Charles Martin as director, with the purpose of gaining experience in conducting choirs and in chorus singing.

This year, the Glee Club intends to give a recital at Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster; and also take a trip to Middlebury College, in Vermont, to sing for the school, and on the way back to stop off at New York and broadcast over the Radio.

Vesper Service

The seniors appeared in their caps and gowns for the first time at the Chapel service Sunday, December 9. The caps and gowns also appeared at the Vesper Service sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon, December 15. Dr. Greenway spoke. The choir sang. Dorothy Robinson, president of the Y. W. C. A. conducted the service.

The service was arranged by Miss Squire with the able assistance of the choir.



Class Elections Have Been Recently Made

Officers However Not the
Object

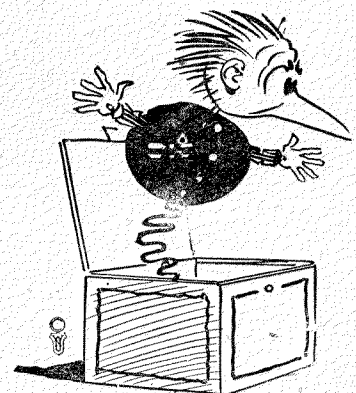
Each class recently elected the most popular, the best all-around and the most attractive girl in the class.

The Seniors voted in a new and interesting way. A closed vote was held and no nominations made. Each student wrote her choice of anyone in the class on a slip of paper and the slips were taken and counted. The results were as follows: most popular, Carolyn Mulholland; best all-around, Pete Ried; and most attractive, Helen Wenger.

The other classes elected by nominating a number of persons and voting upon those only. The results of the Junior election were most popular, Hazel Dalton; best all-around, Virginia Rose; and most attractive, Dorothy Wuchter.

The Sophomores elected Henrietta Watts as most popular, Peggy Pate as best all-around, and Philemena Console as most attractive.

The Freshmen decided on Adeline Dickey as most popular, Amelia Richards as best all-around, and Ruth Bender as most attractive.



Two Plays By Beclax Club

The members of the Be-Clex Club of Beaver presented two plays in the auditorium, Thursday evening, December 13. The plays given were "The Valiant," a tragedy by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass; and "Thank You, Doctor," a melodramatic comedy.

In "The Valiant," which is a very difficult play to produce, the acting of Helen Schwenk as the prisoner who will not disclose his identity even in the face of hanging, deserves special mention. Millicent Underhill, as Warden Holt, Alicia Hollstein, as Father Daly, the prison Chaplain, and Miss Whitehouse, as Josephine, the prisoner's sister, all contributed their quota of good acting to the play's success. Altogether, the cast seemed very well chosen and well and carefully trained.

After the tragedy of "The Valiant" the comedy of "Thank You, Doctor" came as a great relief from strain. Katherine Weaver, as Mrs. Lester, a clever thief who is foiled by a lunatic, and Dorothy Campbell as Cort, the messenger boy whom Mrs. Lester tries to rob, both lend a great deal of comedy and action to the play. Loma Mulholland brings comedy to the fore in her excellent interpretation of the lunatic, and Eleanor Reddington, the Doctor, with Gladys Waldron, his assistant, gave pleasing performances in their parts.



Campus Crier

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DECEMBER 19, 1928

Christmas Spirits

(There is not one college publication that does not resort to an article on Christmas Spirit in its "Good Cheer" issue and this is ours.)

The air is full of "Have you my satin dress," and "Can you return the ten bucks you owe me?" Three is frantic tearing of envelopes looking for that check from home, and the Freshmen are making a tour of their favorites to secure addresses. We suggest that some of the "big shots," i. e. class officers, athletes and Home Ec.'s tack their addresses on their door to avoid confusion.

The staff cannot be outdone in well-wishing and so it takes this opportunity to wish all its subscribers and contributors a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS—and due to the aforementioned spirit, we even wish those who do not subscribe—a Happy New Year!

Freshman Philosophy

All love ends in baby talk.
Death is a satire on some people's lives.
Jealousy is an admittance of inferiority.

Sympathy of the college is extended to Miss Lucy DeForrest of Warren, Pennsylvania, who recently was called home by the death of her father.

Anonymous

Two contributions were placed in the Contribution Box unsigned. One began "Who posted the moon in the dark blue sky?"—the other, "Life, why do you mock me all the time." We should like to print these two, with a few changes in them, but do not wish to make any alterations until we have conferred with the authors. Either come to the News Bureau or write your name and contributions on a sheet of paper and place it again in the Contribution Box.

We thank you.

Christmas Spirit

Great men, and women too, whose greatness is recognized, have written on this much-talked-of topic "Christmas Spirit." But I, from the obscurity of my "third floor back,—walk up," must have my little say, and give to an unappreciative world the honest opinion of a potential genius. Just think, some day you all will be able to point to this issue of the Campus Crier with pride, and say to your admiring friends, "See, the writer of this article is now the very illustrious genius who has all America talking. Oh yes, I knew her very well." The genius does not deny that she very much hopes that this will be the case, and that she will never forget anyone—but that is aside. To get back to our subject,—just what can be said about that intangible spirit which is associated with this period of the year?

Frankly, and I hope you will appreciate my frankness, I think that the whole idea of Christmas is but a mental atmosphere; it is a psychological reaction to the fact that a Great Gift was bestowed upon the world some two thousand years ago; it is a sort of hysteria, not so very religious for the most part, that affects all people in the same way. Queer, isn't it? Yet, someone, somehow, devised the figure of Santa Claus, and presented this figure, together with a few impossible tales, to the children of the land as typifying Christmas. And as time went on, as time will even in the best of countries, the merry old saint refused to die, until now "Santa Claus" means Christmas to most people and there remains none of the original religious meaning of the day.

Why baffle children with intricate explanations of how Santa comes and where he goes, and who he is? Give them the true explanation of the day, explain its true significance, and forget the long gray beard and red flannels that have so long masked the real Christmas.

"Well," you may say, "a genius is always insane, and Beaver's potential geniuses are even worse than the average."

At least, I have had the satisfaction of presenting my views, and, believe me, in this day of destructive criticisms which destroy the very best thing a woman can do, it is a relief to be able to tell anyone the secrets of your heart. However, my cynicism stops at the point of vacations, and I am willing to undergo all the little unpleasant events, such as getting gifts and giving them, (N. B. Giving comes last, you will notice) all this will I suffer in absolute silence in order to have a vacation. There now, that is fair enough, isn't it?

Roy C. Nuse, of the Beaver College Art department, was honored last week with an invitation to serve on a jury of prominent painters in making the awards of a competition in black and white held by the Baltimore Sun. Mr. Nuse is also a professor at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Art.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hart, natives of Arkansas, who are at present living in Philadelphia, were the guests of the college at dinner on last Wednesday evening. Mr. Hart is the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Mutual Life Insurance company, one of the largest in the country.

Miss Naomi Light spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Smithville, N. Y., with her sister, Mrs. W. E. Johnson, whose husband is popularly known as "Pussy-foot Johnson" director of the World League against Alcoholism. Miss Light is planning to spend part of her Christmas vacation in Texas.



The Wife of Diogenes, in search of an Honest Woman Visits Beaver But it is after 10:30 and the Social Directress blows out her lantern.

To Pick Winner of Room Naming Contest

Room names entered in this issue:

HIGHLAND HOUSE

Room 11—"Radiotherapy" (According to the dictionary, "Radioactivity" is the cure of disease. We have a radio in our room and is certainly cures our most popular malady "The Blues.")

OLD DORM

Room 348—"The Dump" (because its where you get all the dirt)

NEW DORM

Room 114—"The Doll House" (lots of dolls, (all types) therein).
Suite 102, 104—"Pegora John Kabet."

This contest will be definitely closed in the next issue of the Crier on January 15. There is still a number of rooms that have not been entered. This is caused no doubt by lack of deep thought on the subject. Ask your room-mate to put the finger-nail polish behind the clock and offer a little "team-work"—And just think of the prestige your room will have if you win that Beaver pillow. By the way, the pillow will be awarded in Chapel after the winner has been announced in the Crier.

Freshman Class Officers

President.....Hattie Briedis
Vice-Pres.....Louise Carlocci
Secretary.....Joan Boose
Treasurer...Loma Mulholland



A Practical Christmas Suggestion for HIM, A Beaver Seal Cigarette Lighter—"The Light That Never Fails."

The Story in Your Hand

(IN TWO PARTS)

Have you a life line?

If so, your future is assured. Some day you are going to die. In that respect you closely resemble all great men who were born in December and January. Also February, March and April. There are seven more, twelve in all.

Do you suffer from chicken-pox? Observe the palm of your right hand. Encircling the Mount of Venus, inside the Line of Life, rising from the Mount of Mars you will find your "Line of Mars." Under the thumb is a "Line of Par's." Mar keeps him there. This line is not found on all hands. No, some people have Mars on the neck.

If you do suffer from chicken-pox, that denotes a strong propensity and a great love for poetry. Especially fricasseed wet hens.

Now look at the thumb. This formation is very important in the judgment of character. In fact, the thumb is to the nose what the hand is to the signpost. Look at your thumb again. It is supple-jointed or is it firm-jointed? Is it tall and thin or is it short and fat? That comes from thumb tacks. Now let us look at the nail itself. First, does it have a half-moon? That, of course is better than no moon. Next, do you see lines and ridges? Those are hills and valleys. Then, at the bottom is a layer of earth. See what you have? thumb nail sketch.

A pretty landscape, a cute icicle. It was many years before cheiromancers could account for that deposit of fertile soil beneath the nail. The present day theory states that every so often the Mount of Venus, that mount just below the thumb, erupts and spits out a stream of dirty lava. Thus the narrow passageway under the nail serves as a gutter. From this word 'lava' comes the French 'laver' meaning to wash, and 'lavatory,' a place for washing. So laver off the lava in the lavatory and help fight tuberculosis in the West Indies.

There is still another mount on the palm to be considered. That is the Mount of Mercury under the base of the fourth finger. This mount shows that you will someday be writing front page stuff for the newspapers. You will forecast the daily weather and temperature. If this mount is extremely high it is a sign of very strong william power.

You are an optimist. But that is not why you approve of the hole in the doughnut. You like that because you are a fresh air fiend.

You are going to travel. You will take this trip very soon. Whether it will be a long one or a short one depends upon how far you are from home. You will leave on the twentieth of December.

P. S. You will take another trip on January third.



The talents of the students of the Conservatory of Music are no longer being hidden within the walls of Beaver College. On Tuesday evening, December 4, a concert was given at the Glenside Lutheran Church. Ruth Snyder and Helen McClellan played piano and organ selections, and Marion Alexander and Luella Judson sang. Also, Iabella Collins gave several readings.

The Civic Club of Noble was evidently unwilling to have the Glenside residents enjoy more privileges than their citizens, so they requested Beaver College to present a program at their meeting on December 14. Geraldine Ruch, who is a talented player of the marimba; Luella Judson and Marian Alexander, vocal soloists, were chosen to represent the Music Department and entertain the members of the Civic Club and others present. Do not be surprised when you read an announcement that the students of the Conservatory of Music will broadcast from Station WJZ in their next program.

Do you remember hearing the concert the Lester Piano Company of Philadelphia gave about a month and a half ago, when the good looking boy Wilbur Evans sang? An announcement of that concert appeared in the Doylestown paper and it was not long afterward that the paper printed an announcement of the same program to be given in their town.

Of course, all entertainments cannot be given away from school, so on Wednesday evening, December 12, the music students gave a recital in the college auditorium. Ensemble numbers of violin, viola and piano were interestingly arranged for this program.

You have no doubt heard students remark that a teacher's position is a snap—they have simply nothing to do. Now it isn't my idea to discourage the future teachers, particularly the music teachers, but if you want to know what is head of you in your field, talk with Miss Enola M. Lewis, pianist, and Miss Emily D. Comfort, violinist, both members of the Music faculty, who gave a joint recital in the college auditorium on Wednesday evening, December 5. Such a recital, even to teachers possessing the talents of Miss Lewis and Miss Comfort required quite a bit of painstaking effort. There is no doubt that the technique and versatility of the artists was appreciated—the applause of their audience indicated this. Miss Comfort was accompanied on the piano by her sister, Elizabeth D. Comfort, who is a piano teacher in the Germantown branch of the Zechwar-Hahn Conservatory of Music.

If you saw a train-load of plug tobacco go by, would you tell the kiddies that it was a chew-chew train?



Susie Says - -

"There is so much screeching and rustling of tissue paper and knocking over of boxes and slicing of envelopes and flurry of red and green and white and musical comedy gossip that I had quite a job getting names and addresses to match, and the girls do bewilder one so, and me with my bad leg. But from what I gather four hundred and twenty-eight of the four hundred and thirty girls are going home! HOME! Even though it doesn't happen to be where the heart is, in every case.

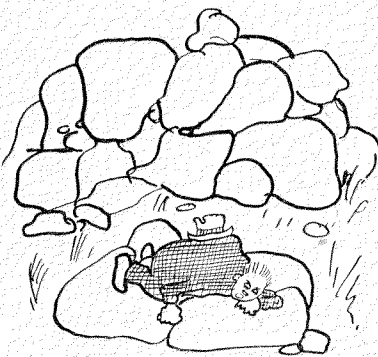
The two exceptions are Mary Ruth Seamon and Grace Jordan. Mary Ruth is to visit her grandmother in Virginia. Grace Jordan is giving the Ambassador from Mexico another treat.

I braved the cold and chill and stairs of Reaser House to find that Peg Hall, (nice girl, in spite of her being a Journalist), is stopping with Alice Wagner in Altoona on her way to Steubenville, Ohio. Mary Downer and Teddy Thorne are natives of Steubenville, also, and will be returning there.

Mildred Graham is going to Lynsville, Pa.; Dot Mundorf to York, Pa.; Betty Sherman to Bound Brook, N. J.; Peggy Lloyd to North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Amelia Richards, I hope, will be kind to the people in White Plains, New York, who have never been

(Continued on Page 7)



A student in geology finds some bed rock.

MARRYING MARION

(Continued from Page 1)

er was given by the Athletic Association.

The play took place on December 18 in the auditorium. Those of the cast were: Louise Beaman as Marian, Arline Johnson as Charles Smith, the life guard; Mildred Shafer as Ruth Ripley, Nancy Cooke as Dr. Bohunkus, Henrietta Watts as Mrs. Bohunkus, Eloise Page as Mrs. McWhiffle, Irene Ried as Cicero Smith, and Grace McConnell as Simpson.

There was a large and talented chorus that proved that all their hours of practice in leg wagging had not been in vain. In addition to dancing intricate and amusing steps, the chorus sang tunefully and with vim and vigor.

Those in the chorus are Norma Lanzara, Mildred Lanzara, Ruth Richardson, Alice Rutledge, Phyllis Losee, Catherine Hart, M. E. McCormick, Catherine Clark, Thelma Thomas, Dorothy Wuchter, Miss Rosenbauer, Marion Wasley, Gertrude Jones, Frances Layman, Catherine Fower, Helen Traubman, Dorothy Trowbridge, Miss Crosby, Margaret Diack, Cece Trippe, Miss McCloskey, Isabelle Soper, Miss Wells, Dorothy Edwards, Betty Harris, Janet Plummer, and Pauline Leopold.

PUBLIC OPINION

At last the impossible has happened. A "special" list has been posted in the new dorm. After years of waiting and hoping—after years of gnashing of hair and pulling of teeth because someone didn't think of looking at the list in the old dorm, and consequently received a "special" two days late—we have been granted that much. Although one should never look a gift-horse in the face, we are nerving ourselves to ask if we couldn't have the "specials" themselves sent over to the new dorm. Would that be asking too much, really?

And just one other suggestion—could the telegrams be delivered a little more promptly? Because—oh well, for rather obvious reasons it wouldn't be a bad idea.

Anon.

TRY FOR CLASS SWIM

Swimming practice has started, with Eleanor Kripps coaching the aspirants. There are practices twice a week, and anyone with ability is urged to try out. It is doubtful whether there will be a varsity team, but class teams with inter-class meets are her aim. More material is needed, so report to Krippsy.

An engagement of much interest was announced on Thanksgiving Day. Edna May Allen of the Beaver music department and Earl Dean Armstrong of Hamilton, N. Y., are the chief characters. Best wishes from the Crier Miss Allen!

Mother: "Dear me, the baby has swallowed a piece of worsted."

Dad: "That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow when she grows up."

It's better to look like a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.



Jake: "My wife is an angel."
Izzy: "My wife is still living."

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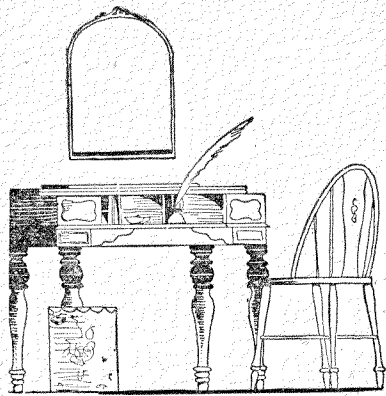
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FRANK IRWIN

THE BETTER GROCER

102-4 Greenwood Avenue, WYNCOTE, PA.



Pen and Inklings

Satin and lace evening dresses, chiffon hose, rhinestone buckles, transparent velvet afternoon frocks, bright figured sport clothes, and gay colored scarfs, lie waiting in half opened traveling bags. Girls hurry from one class to another, stopping only now and then to put in another pair of hose or to tuck in some dainty parcel. The packages, tied with red and silver ribbons, tell the tale. Someone is going to have a Merry Christmas.

Our December social calendar has been extremely busy with the musical comedy on the 18th, as well as several dining room parties, and entertaining the visiting alumnae. Catherine Merritt recently visited us.

K. Clark is planning to attend several club dances and parties in Meridan, New Britain, and Bridgeport, Conn.

Dottie Dean will visit at her home in Westfield, New Jersey, and will then go to Milford, Conn.

Rachel Espey will attend a New Year's Eve dance while at her home in Trinidad, Colorado.

Betty Rainbow is going to spend the vacation in Buffalo, New York.

Hazel Barnum will visit at her home in Sheffield, Massachusetts and also in Waterbury, Conn.

Elberta Bell will attend a Christmas tea dance at her home in Piqua, Ohio.

Eleanor Welles is going to her home in Big Flats, New York.

While visiting at her home in Red Bank, New Jersey, Ethel Manson will attend the Junior Club dance.

Bill Kane will spend the vacation at Deep River, Conn.

Elsie Felmeden will give a bridge party at her home in North East.

Harriet Williamson will visit her parents in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Alice Knauss will attend her high school class reunion and dance in Nazareth.

Elizabeth Kremer, Laura Belle Kaylor, Polly Lewis, Frances Snavelly, Barbara Beord and Emma and Doris Strole will spend the vacation at their homes in Hagerstown, Maryland.

Lib Purdy is going to her home in Rutland, Vermont.

Shorty Ellis will visit at her home in West Grove and attend a George School formal and four Penn State dances. Cee Cee Tripp will be her guest during the latter part of the vacation.

Isabelle Raysor expects to attend several of her sorority dances while visiting at her home in Youngstown, Ohio. If the weather permits she will have a sleigh-riding party.

Betty Carr will visit at her home in Elmira, New York.

Louise Woomer and Dot Knight will visit their parents at Tyrone.

While at her home in Morrisville, Mary Mytton will attend the reunion and Christmas dance of the M. H. S. class of 1926.

Helen Williams will spend the vacation in Washington.

Eleanor Annett will have Ruth Lewis as her guest in Newark, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Shoudy will visit at her home in Maplewood, New Jersey.

Edith Gleason will spend her first Christmas in her new home in Ridgewood. She will be maid of honor at her sister's wedding and will attend the Hackensack H. S. alumni ball.

Margaret Alexander will attend

a Christmas dance at her home in Bolivar.

Helen McClellan will visit her parents in Calicoon, New York.

Janet Muir will spend the vacation in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

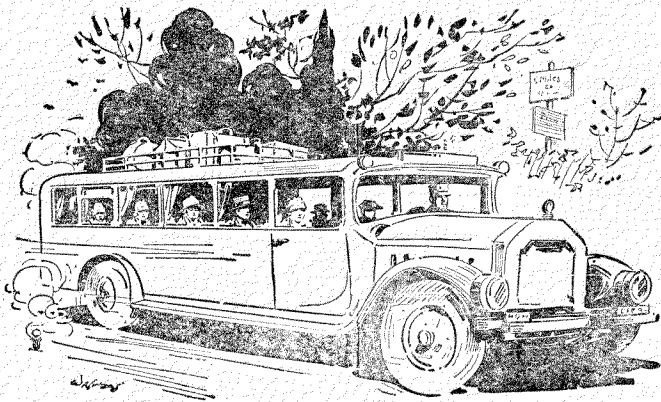
Esther Schadt will attend an A. T. O. formal and several bridge parties while at her home in Allentown.

Maree Barlow will visit her sister in Lancaster and go to her home in Mahony City where she will attend a Jack Frost dance.

Frances Brown will spend several days in Jersey City after going to her home in Canadensis, Pa.

Grace Drum will visit in Hartford and South Norwalk, Connecticut and will attend a De Molay dance in New Haven.

Nancy Lehman will visit at her home in Fayetteville.



Lois Whitehouse will attend the Goucher-Penn State dance while at her home in York.

Millie Adams will go to Columbus, Ohio, from her home in Stafford, New York.

Buddy Groff will visit at her home in Elizabethtown, New Jersey and will attend the reunion of the E. H. S. class of 1928.

Dottie Schall will visit at her home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Marjorie Maisch will attend the Westchester Biltmore Club dance while at her home in New Rochelle, New York.

Ginnie Stockwell will attend a K. E. dance while visiting her parents in Utica, New York.

Doratha Carver will spend the vacation at her home in Hanover.

Dick Steele will attend several club dances at her home in Richwood, West Virginia.

Amy Webb will visit her parents in Paterson, New Jersey, and will have New Year's dinner with them at the Hotel Commodore in New York City.

Mid Hays will give a Christmas dance at her home in Franklin.

Mary Ruth Seamon will visit her grandmother, in Moundsville, West Virginia, and will attend several dances at the new Mary Tavern.

Eleanor Cook will visit her parents in Chicago.

Alice Gilmore has planned a sleighriding party and dance while at her home in Sandy Lake. She will attend Mid Hays' dance.

Wilma Evans will go to her home in Plainfield, New Jersey.

Fayanna Cohen will attend several of her sorority parties while in Staten Island, New York.

Grace Bowker will visit in Medford, New Jersey, and spend several days with Lil Bittinger in Hanover, Pa.

Betty, Carolyn, and Janet Schmertz will visit at their home in Atlantic City.

Dickie Temple and Ruth Kellogg

will spend their vacation at their homes in Davenport, Iowa.

Dot Stone will attend a high school prom and a New Year's ball at her home in Sheffield, Massachusetts.

Mary Martin will visit at her home in Waterbury, Connecticut, as will Elsie Regan.

Paul Liner will attend a Beta Kappa dance at Middlebury, Vermont, and then go to her home in Amenia, New York.

Dorothy Dady will visit her parents in East Orange, New Jersey.

Esther Smithies will spend her vacation in Chester, Massachusetts.

Leona Garber will attend parties to be given in her honor in Connecticut and Massachusetts and also visit her home in West Hartford, Connecticut.

Marmie Henry will visit in Apollo, her home.

Phyllis Arnold, Louise Sawyer, and Christine Mather will visit at their homes in Montclair, New Jersey.

Amy Swain will spend the vacation in Sunbury.

Miss Gladys Evans, head of the Expression Department, will visit at her home in New York.

Sally Fox will attend and intercollegiate dance at Syracuse and also a Harvard dance.

Irene Baver will visit in Reading.

Rebecca Mulkie will attend a club dance in Erie and visit at her home in Union City.

Katie Knauss will drive from her home in Jersey City to Spring-

Eleanor Schroder will spend the vacation in Savannah, Georgia.

Several dances will be given for Helen Brown at her home in Boyertown.

Lenore McCloskey will visit her sister in New York and then will go to her home in Culver Lake, New Jersey.

Pat Crosby will attend a dance at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York before going to South Orange, New Jersey.

Gladys Wallgren will visit her grandmother in Pittsburg and at Moore.

Peg Mathers and Isabel Soper will visit at their homes in Jersey City.

Kay Krenentz will spend the vacation in Newark, New Jersey.

Ora Ervin, Joe Burgoyne, and Louise Perry will go to their homes in East Orange, New Jersey.

Ruth Brown will visit her parents in Norwich and spend several days with Jane Brownell, a former student.

Edna Boyd, Elsie Olsen, and Sylvia Temple will visit at their homes in Upper Montclair, New Jersey. Elsie will entertain at a bridge party while at home.

Kathleen Strassburger will visit in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and will spend several days with Elsie Olsen.

Helen Grieco will attend a club dance while at her home in Bayonne, New Jersey.

Virginia Wood will spend her vacation in Lake Placid, New York.

Eleanor French will visit at her home in Atlantic City.

Marian Wolf will visit in Mt. Carmel.

Bee Hart will give several bridge parties at her home in Albia, New York.

Pete Ried will spend her Christmas vacation at her home in Lumberton, N. J. She expects to visit Betty Matthews at her home in East Orange over New Years.

Kay Hart will visit her home in Montclair, New Jersey.

Nance Cooke will be at her home in Maplewood, New Jersey, for the Christmas vacation.

Margaret Dyack will spend the Christmas recess at her home in Lockhaven, Pa.

Alice Shepherd, Mildred Carpenter, Jane Hayes, and Louise Carlucci will visit at their homes in Scranton, Pa.

(Continued on Page 5)

WYNCOTE PHARMACY

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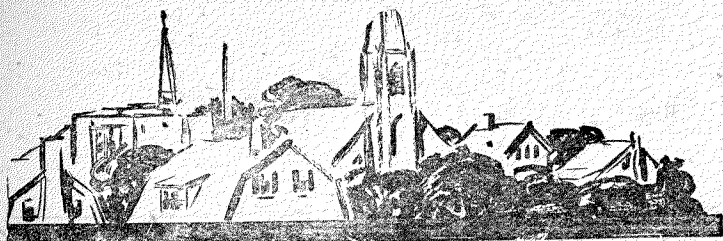
71 West Avenue

JENKINTOWN, PA.

"LOUIS MARK" SHOES

Will be Shown Every Thursday
in the College Lobby

1227 MARKET STREET
MATT. OGENS, Mgr.



Up and Down the Campus

The absent-minded professor lost a roll book. Now his students will be absent-minded and forget to come to class.

There is an outbreak of pessimism in the school. It may be the nearness to Christmas and the lowness of funds. We learned in Philosophy, though, that pessimism is simply a malady of the liver. Cheer up.

Two well-known Sophomores started to fine themselves for cutting classes. Now they are so rich they have retired.

On Monday morning when the young lady who has been asked to recite does not respond promptly one of our professors instead of asking, "Is Miss So-and-So here?" now inquires gently of the class "Is Miss So-and-So awake?" This usually has the effect of bringing the slumbering one to consciousness.

A Frenchman was complaining to an American friend about the the funny language we have.

He said: "Ze American language, she is verry funny. When ze American say, 'a fat chance,' it ees the same as when they say, 'a slim chance!'—Make 'Em Laugh.



To the Castle

PEN AND INKLINGS

(Continued From Page 4)

Lucille Harrison will spend her vacation at her home in Caldwell, New Jersey.

Sue Gallagher will be the guest of Mary Venezia at her home in Passaic, New Jersey.

Edna Manley will visit her home in Rochester, New York.

Anne Brown will spend her vacation in Hartley, New York.

Sis Beaman and Ar Johnson will visit their homes in New York City.

Tommy Thomas will visit her home in Trenton, New Jersey.

Shorty Ellis will spend the Christmas vacation at her home in West Grove, Pa.

Pauline Leopold will spend the holidays at her home in Chicara Pa.

Dotty Robinson will spend the holidays at her home in Saltsburg, Pa.

Eunice Singer will visit in Patterson and Brooklyn. She will attend a fraternity dance and a luncheon which will be given in her honor.

Blanche Silverman will attend a sorority convention while at her home in Brooklyn. She also expects to visit Eunice Singer at her home in Patterson.

B. Kuntz will attend a luncheon and several dances while at her home in Metchens, New Jersey.

A luncheon will be given in honor of Helen Traubman at her home in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

India Rubin will attend several dances in Brooklyn, N. Y., during the holidays.

Bernice Pinkus will be entertained at several parties in New Britain, Conn.

Marj. Murray has planned a trip to Lake Placid and Montreal from her home at Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.

Mary Elizabeth McCormick will visit her home in Uniontown, Pa.

Betty Evans will spend the holidays at her home in Glen Falls, New York.

Ruth Bender will visit her home in Westfield, New Jersey.

Norma and Mildred Lanzara will spend the Christmas holidays at their home in Ocean City, New Jersey.

Betty Pierpont and Dorothy Edwards will visit their homes in Greensburg, Pa.

Betty Matthews will visit her home in East Orange, New Jersey for the Christmas vacation.

Billie Scott will visit her home in Washington, Pa., for the Christmas holidays.

Elinor Good will go home for the Christmas holidays to Erie, Pa.

Cici Trippe will visit her grandmother in Wisconsin during the Christmas vacation.

Alumni Notes

Meta Jenks '27, has announced her engagement to Carl Schalk.

Pearl Pruess '28, is private secretary in a lawyer's office at Bridgeport, Conn.

Dotty Reid is attending Carnegie Tech.

Bessie Singleton is attending Pitt.

Peg McConaughy was married October 29, to Edward Hahn, Jr., and is living in Johnston, Penna.

Peg McDonald is teaching kindergarten in Greensburg, Pa.

Adelaide Arnsten '28 is designing in Sydenham Studio in Phila.

Anna Mickley '27 was married recently but is continuing her teaching in Perkasio, Pa.

Jessie Smith '27 is teaching kindergarten in her home town, Pottsville, Pa.

Ruth Kessler '27 is teaching Home Ec. and History in the Ephrata high school, Pa.

Marjory Miller '28 is teaching Home Ec. in Camden, N. J.

Ann Kutcher '27 is teaching school in Carteret, N. J.

"Babe" Hoy '27 is teaching primary grades in Perth Amboy, N. J.

Josephine Miller '26 is employed in her home town, New Britain, Conn.

Kathleen McGary is teaching Home Ec. at New Britain, Conn.

Ida Litwhiler '27 is teaching Art at Tudor Hall, Indianapolis, Ind.

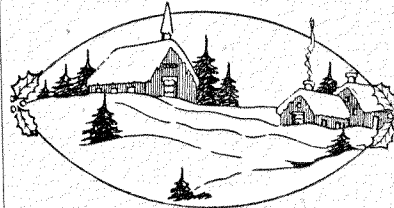
Jane Spaeter '28, is continuing her course at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

Fay Kardon '26, is married and lives in Philadelphia. Her name now is Mrs. Eugene Pavot.

Sarah Newmark '25, is married and living in Pittsburgh.

Betty Rubin '27, is spending the winter at her home in Englewood, N. J.

Peggy Roof '27, is a day student



at the U. of Buffalo, N. Y.

Eleanor Steinbach has been ill at her home in Johnstown, Pa.

Ann Welch '27, is teaching school at a town near her home in Chestertown, Md.

Jeannette Anderson '26, now Mrs. Jeffrey Carqueville, is moving to her new home in Highland Park, Chicago.

Lillian Clegg '26, is now Mrs. B. Wilkensen and lives in Richmond, Va.

Kitty Lewis is spending the winter at her home at Hagerstown, Md.

Eunice Howell '28, has accepted a position as assistant manager of a tea room in New York City.

Peggy Palmer '28, is teaching first grade at Oakmont, Pa.

Dotty Green '28, is spending the winter at her home in Kane, Pa.

Lillian Dobson '28, is conducting her own private kindergarten in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Frances Wells '28, is conducting her own private kindergarten in Atlantic City, N. J.

Bee Showell '28, plans to enter Hahneman Hospital as a student dietician. She will enter January 11.



"Shirley's a dear . . . don't you think?"

"Yes, but so dumb!"

"What do you mean? She rates higher marks than you and I."

"I know; but the other day, when I told her I had just

telephoned

Mother, without spending a cent, she just looked at me in a funny sort of way and then simply dashed out the door."

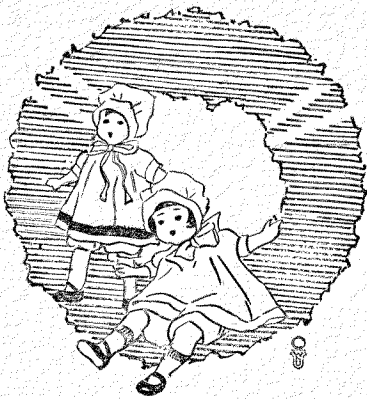
"I'll bet she was on her way to the nearest telephone . . . she's not so dumb!"

Charges on calls by number may now be reversed without additional cost. Arrange with the folks at home to telephone them this week-end





LITERARY PAGE



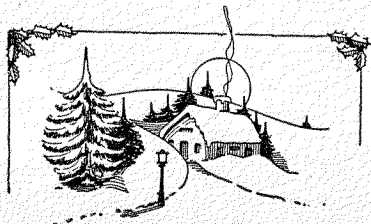
Up and Down Broadway "Just 'Fore Christmas"

Night settles down on Broadway so subtly that the change from day to darkness is hardly noticed. First warm winter sunshine—then a soft grey dusk—and suddenly, light again—long white electric light that flashes on and off at the people strolling home from the Jolson up-town theatre matinee. Perhaps they bought their tickets for half-price at Gray's Drug Store just before two-thirty and had to catch the subway jam to be able to scramble into their seats just before the curtain rose. Now they are taking their time wandering back down Broadway in the winter twilight.

There is the man who is trying to keep his trouser cuffs out of the slush because his wife insisted that he wear galoshes—and he didn't. There is the girl who looks as though she came from Boston but really grew up near the "Battery" and who dances in "George White's Scandals," while just behind her is a little mouse-faced minister from Flatbush—and you'd never think so, but he is really having a great adventure, for he has just bought two new books and plans to sit all evening at the Y. M. C. A. reading John Erskine and Freud. There is the boy who looks like John Gilbert, and the boy who doesn't—the lady who insists on carrying an umbrella because she has a new one and it is now snowing a little bit. Incidentally, she is giving nearly everyone she passes a grand punch in the eye with it. That sub-deb over there is just wondering how she can convince Dad that sequin cocktail jackets are all the rage this Christmas, and when worn need not necessarily be accompanied by cocktails.

There they are, all walking down Broadway, having the time of their lives just looking in shop windows—passing the Capitol with holly wreaths over its ticket booth—passing the Winter Garden with Al Jolson's pictures stuck all over the outside panels—crossing Times Square to hear the advertising "talkie" that is going out in the center, and then looking up at the Paramount clock with its hands pointing to exactly a quarter after six, which reminds them that it is almost supper time and not a single one of them has done a third of the Christmas shopping he intended to do.

And tomorrow the papers will say that "an unusual number of early Christmas shoppers thronged Broadway yesterday."



Excerpts From One Vacation

"Oh, I just love Christmas. I just love being home with you all. I don't want to EVER leave! Come here and kiss me, Bud. OOOOH! Don't you EVER wash your face! And Mother, How many times have I told you how I DEspised dollies on the buffet. Will you Always live in the Mauve Decade? Dad, come on, put that book down and talk to me—what ARE you reading!"

"Excuse me, my loves, the telephone. Now if you'll please just keep quiet for five seconds. Turn down the radio. PLEASE! Just a second."

"How many roses, Sis? Two dozen! Well, that's enough, isn't it? How many more do you want. What if you do need underwear! A boy can't give you underwear!"

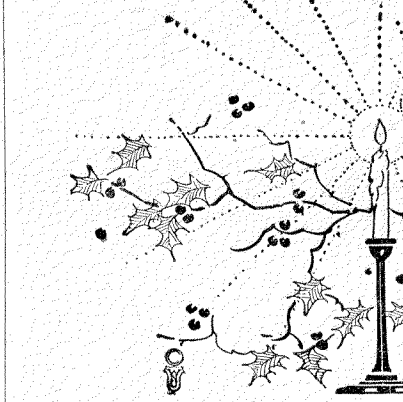
"This candy from Don? How did he know that you'd sworn off! Now, I ask you."

"Oh marvelous—How ANYONE can think of the things you do! All my life I've wanted a muslin underskirt, Aunt Nell! And HOW you knew it! Have some candy! Yes, aren't the roses lovely? School's just fine!"

"Oh, ye Gods, Pat. LOOK what's out in front of this house, by the hundreds climbing out of that car. Mom, ALL of Aunt Julia's and Uncle Fred's, INCLUSIVE! Not a darn thing for them. What'll we DO!"

"If they stay all evening, I'm just packing and LEAVING!"

"Is that card engraved or not!"



Run your finger over it. Yea? Always did like that girl."

"Oh Mother, the way I study is just nobody's business. Morning til night. Oh, but the way they GRADE. You can't tell anything by the marks. How STUPID of you. All my professors are crazy about me. No, if I were you I wouldn't come down to school right away. Just the worst time. Tests coming and everything. Answer that phone dear, will you?"

"Tell John I'm ill, Bud. Tell Jack I'll be down in exactly five minutes. Answer that phone, dear, will you? NO, Mother, it won't be late tonight. And I do want a chance to talk to you before I go back. Is ALL the hot water gone? Throw me some perfume, then. What! no SOAP. Powder, immediately in that case!"

"If you KNEW how I hated to write thank-yous for these darn towels and Grace Harlowe books and lisle stockings and colored handkerchiefs! I wish these relatives would SAVE their money! I'll write them when I get back."

"But DAD, five dollars a week doesn't keep me in STAMPS!"

"I know I haven't been around much, but I've LOVED it, darlings. Bud, STOP wiping your nose on your sleeve. Tell Aunt Mary I'm awful sorry not to have seen her. Goodbye. SEND anything I've left!"

"Merry Christmas" New York Style

Outside the sky is clear with stars ashine,
But indoors, music heavy as white wine,
Makes small jew'led slippers eager for the thrill
Of dancing—with a scorn for standing still.

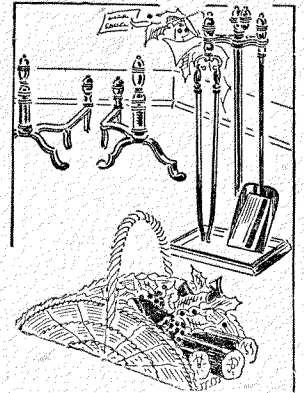
Blue smoke rings make a thick haze of the air,
While some dour matron, glancing at her hair
In a small mirror, smiles upon the art
That such a gorgeous henna can impart.

Behind the screening palms, a saxophone
Has found a brand new way to whine and moan,
And tell the guests that it is here to stay
Help welcome in the dawning Christmas day.

And tired bridge players wink at petty talk
About a couple gone outside "to walk."

While some young Lancelot, with rueful glance,
Wipes powder from his coat after the dance.

While over head one star shines tinsel bright,
New York is keeping Christmas Eve tonight.



Santa Claus Visits Beaver

Once upon a time—that's the way all fairy stories start—Santa Claus visited Beaver College. All the little girls, and the rest of them, got dressed up in pretty clothes and put on their Sunday manners—like they were learned at college.

Two very, very naughty little girls got so excited they squealed all around the place just like little mice: "Santa is here! Santa is here!"

"Shsh", said the Sensible Ones, "you'll be campussed"—which scared the little girls so, they hid in the closet for ever so long.

After a very special dinner Santa came to the chapel and spoke on "Non Compos Mentis"—but before he spake forth he warned the girls not to be frightened because after it was over he would speak to them by the very special fire in the very special green parlors.

"Now childern"—Santa beamed forth to the littler ones—"Ask me another.

"Presents"—screached the more forward ones.

"Presents?" — murmured Santa Claus vaguely—"Oh yes, a girls' school." "Well," (and being a man he seemed to sigh), "I suppose so—I'll give presents to Seniors. They are the only good childern". And becoming very familiar, Santa suddenly said, "Kay, you look longing. I'm going to give you a little silver mug. You are welcome. Nancy, you need a private secretary—no trouble at all. Winnie, you have everything you need in life, but your roommate, Carolyn—well—she needs a switch to whip all bad children. I'm going to give Peter a trap to catch mice so she can cook them. Plummer, you certainly do need a date book—but don't keep recipes in it. Dibbs, your present insists on seeing you off at the station. I can't do anything more for you. Larson—maybe I should give you a big present or I can't visit any childern in New Jersey.

"But the rest of you big Seniors please leave a long list by the fireplace and you'll get everything you want.

"Merry Christmas, Beaver College! Good-bye, good-bye!" and just as suddenly as that he ran into the Social Office and in a moment he (or was it he?) was going over the permissions in the files with a happy expression 'cause it was Christmastime.



And in the Silence

The woods
Is very still
Today
With the vast silence
Of the winter.
There
Is no sound
Save
The hoarse ca-aw
Of a lone crow,
Who flaps his way
Through the blue
Heavens.
Or the soft ploosh
Of sodden snow,
Grown heavy,
And falling
From the green branches
Of the bitter
Spruce.
There is no life.
Only a sign
That life is near.
By the sharp tracks
On the white trail.
The slight stir
Of a brier
That had seemed
Still.
No life,
No sound,
Only a poignant loveliness
That thrills.
Only the loveliness
And silence,
And in the silence—
God.

Helen Crum.

To Lorelei

(With apologies to everyone)

dress, that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves slowly to that noisy realm where each shall take his uncomfortable place in a costly box, thou go not, like the frightened pantry maid scourged to her kitchen, but sustained and soothed by a diamond bracelet, approach thy limousine, like one who knows her gold-digging, and wrapping thy mink cloak about thee, sink back on velvet cushions.

Art for Art's Sake

One day she noticed the long car on his finger. She had childishly exclaimed about it. A little patiently, a little tragically he explained about it. A little patiently, a little tragically he explained that it had happened in one of the subways of New York. She had never been to New York. His voice even then was husky and thrilling.

"When I was but a little lad, cherie, the stench and the foulness made me shudder. And I couldn't sleep at night thinking about it. There were huge, sickening rats sliding around" . . . (dramatic pause) . . . "oh, huge, horrible, sickening rats." He stopped and shuddered. She was wide-eyed.

"And one day it was just dusk and I was rushing along in the subway and a huge rat jumped up and just ripped this little finger right open."

"Oh, DARLING, didn't it hurt awfully?"

He looked at the finger patronizingly. "Why no . . . Of course it bled for days . . . but a real man doesn't mind a little thing like that."

Oh, how she had worshipped him then.

She stood over the coffin looking at him. The scar on his left hand was still very evident. She thought wistfully of that day so long ago, and yet not so long ago, when he had been real.

She thought of the many years that she and he had lived together and apart. She saw him dressing up . . . gestulating . . . posing . . . being heroic for her and for everybody. Even when his own feeling would have been quite dramatic enough he had acted. She wondered if he hadn't really believed himself sincere. Even when he was telling her that he loved no one but her. No one. EVER. He had been down on his knees at her feet. The next day she had discovered that he had been living with a very notorious and delightful woman for some months. When she had accused him of it he was so hurt . . . so cut. When he left she ached for the suffering that he had endured in being compelled to live with this woman—for art's sake.

Everything had been for art's sake. Even when he left her for good, she had wept at his pain in parting.

A very great actor he had been. How many old and young women had loved him. How many old and young men had hated him. How slim. How English, yet how wistfully boyish he now was as he lay there. How pathetic that never again would he twirl his platinum studded cane . . . Never again.

She smiled. She almost loved him herself.

His mother swept into the room, bringing much noise and reverberation. "And Elsa, that scar on his hand. Oh" (Great sobs) "how I remember how he cried when that" (sobs) "heavy iron door crushed his poor, dear little finger!"

She: Really, I'm sorry now that I went out with you to-night.

He: You ought to be, you cheated some nice girl out of a date.

YOU MAY NOT THINK SO BUT—

Nancy Lehman, who is one of the smallest girls in Beaver, can walk faster than anybody else in college, even Hazel Dalton.

Dorothy Sayles sent 10 handkerchiefs to the laundry last week and got 15 back.

The girls in the new dormitory eat 15 loaves of bread a day, in spite of the large number of liquid dieters.

Highland House is considered the model for good deportment.

Mrs. Zurbucken used to be a star hockey player on the Maroon and Grey team.

Everybody plans to get back on time after the Christmas holiday.

Young Hopeful Speaks

I wisht I waz our kitty-cat
Wif nuffin else to do
But jist sit by the fireside
An mew an mew an mew.

I wisht my ma wood let me play
And never tell me to
Do the awfool hard things
She allus makes me do.

She makes me wash in back my ears
Twice each single day.
I wisht I wuz our pussy-cat
Cause she don't wash at way.

Cause she jist takes her little paw
An washes jist her nose.
But wen I do at, oh gee whiz,
A fit my mamma frows.

Whenever kitty breaks a thing
My mamma don't git mad
She says at it's a awfool sin
To treat dumb kitties bad.

Wen kitty makes a dirty mark
Wif her dirty feet,
Mamma looks at dad an sez,
"Oh, is't dat too sweet?"

But if I make a teeny mark
Wif my han, oh gee,
My ma gits mad, I fink she likes
Our kitty better'n me.

I wisht I wuz our kitty cat
I honest wisht I were,
Cause I'd sit by the fire-side
An purr an purr an purr.

Just casual letters, I thought.
Just one now and then as
any word from any friend.
Just quite nonchalantly read.
Quite insouciantly answered,
when came the day and mood
for letters, as for golf.
And such friendly letters
they would be, full of news
of this and that, of other
people, of little commonplaces,
and my best regards to
him and her. And how is
the weather THERE!?

How many days has it been.
Oh glory, well, I know, just
six mails ago it came.
That precious half front-
half back hand, hurried writing
So hungry. So thirsty. It left me
quite

content. Six mails ago—And
I answered yesterday on
some pretext of settling
some trivial matter.

He would get it today at
noon when he came in
from classes. Would he
write, or wait? But
even if he wrote today
I wouldn't get it today.

But maybe—maybe
he didn't wait.
Two more hours before the
mail would be out,
anyway—
Two more hours.

Oh, these casual, friendly
letters.

There was, for example, the
young Irishman who was employed
by a firm of housewreckers.

"'Tis a fine job I have now," he
said to his wife. "'Tis meself is a
pullin' down a Protestant church
an' gittin' paid fer doin it."

Dictated But Not Read

"Now, Miss Blogg," boomed Jasper M. Whurtle, president of the Whurtle Whirlwind Laundry Co., to his new stenographer, "I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter I want it written as dictated, and not the way you think it should be. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Blogg meekly.

"I fired three stenogs for revising my letters, see?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right—take a letter."

The next morning, Mr. O. J. Squizz, of the Squizz Flexible Soap Company, received the following:

"Mr. O. K. or A. or J. something, look it up, Squizz.

President of the Squizz what a name Flexible Soap Co., the gyps. Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it? Dear Mr. Squizz, hmmm:

You're a h—of a business man. No, start over. He's a crook, but I can't insult him or the bum'll sue me. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand, no scratch out I want you to understand. Ah, unless you can ship, furnish, ship, no furnish us with your regular soap you needn't ship us no more period or whatever the grammar is and please pull down your skirt. This d—cigar is out again pardon me and furthermore where was I? Nice bob you have.

Paragraph. The soap you sent us wasn't fit to wash the dishes no make that dog with comma let alone the laundry comma and we're sending it back period. Yours truly. Read that over, no never mind. I won't waste any more time on that egg. I'll look at the carbon to-morrow. Sign my name. We must go out to lunch, soon, eh?

—Wright Ensign Builder.

Teacher (sternly)—This essay on "Our Dog" is word for word the same as your brother's.

Small Boy—Yes, sir, it's the same dog.

—Frisco Employe's Magazine.

The Random Shot

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell in the distance, I knew not
where.

Till a neighbor said that it killed
his calf
And I had to pay him six and a
half.

I bought some poison to slay some
rats.
And a neighbor swore it killed his
cats,

And rather than argue across the
fence,
I paid him four dollars and fifty
cents.

One night I set sailing a toy bal-
loon,
And hoped it would soar till it
reached the moon,
But the candle fell on a farmer's
straw,

And he said I must settle or go to
law.
And that is the way with the ran-
dom shot—

It never hits in the proper spot.
And the joke you sprung, that you
think so smart,
May leave a wound in some one's
heart.

Anon.

What Price Funny Paper?

"I'll see you in the funny paper"
is the farewell of the jovial Amer-
ican.

Everyone, young and old, looks in the funny papers every Sunday morning—to see himself. The funny paper has not the literary turn of wit—yet it is very humorous to us Common Folk. We see ourselves as the Drug-store Sheik or the dashing young Hair-breath Harry and it tickles us. Regular Fellows was of our youth and Somebody's Stenog is what our job is going to be when we get working.

It may be that our sense of humor is so highly developed that it must rest and trend lightly at intervals, and isn't Sunday the day of rest?

Words Are Memories

It was in a crowded, smoke-filled night club. Four couples sat around a table. It was a gay party—they smoked, laughed a great deal, and danced, when there was room enough on the crowded floor.

One of the girls seemed to laugh more than the rest, to squeeze the last drop of enjoyment out of the occasion. She was young—an indefinite age. Indefinite because her face was young while her eyes were cynical.

Suddenly the bright lights were dimmed, spot lights were turned on, and the orchestra leader took the floor. He announced that they were going to play a few dance pieces popular several years ago.

The music played, the laughter and the noise continued.

Through the confusion the strains of a familiar waltz reached the girl. Her face softened, she closed her eyes. The leader sang through his megaphone, "I'll be loving you—Always."

Memories!—She was thousands of miles away, dancing to the same haunting strains. It was beautiful—dancing with him. Life was perfect. He sang as he danced, "Not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but—Always."

Both of them believed it—then. Youth is like that. But she had gone away, thousands of miles. And six months later the cablegram came. Their song had ended.

Something that might have been tears softened the girl's eyes for a moment.

Then the laughing went on, the drinking went on, the dancing went on, and the leader sang through his megaphone, "Not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but—Always."

Something Different

"Do your Christmas shopping early," are the ads that Macy's run

In the "Tribune," and "American," and the "New York Sun."

"Avoid the rush," say Gimbel's in the signs they post about.

"Come early in the morning before the crowds get out."

I've started shopping early, but there's always such a bunch

Of other "early" shoppers, each one following his hunch

To be the first to reach the stores, and be the first to buy,

That none of them get there "early" no matter how they try.

So I think I'll not start hunting for presents for my friends

Until this very early Christmas shopping season ends.

And I'll juggle Gimbel's maxims, to make them up to date.

And change the Macy ads to read, "Avoid the rush. Shop late."

A South Texas high school boy, ambitious to be a newspaper writer, succeeded in landing a job with a prominent daily as a "cub reporter."

He had spent four years in high school and the city editor naturally presumed that he knew something about the rules of grammar, forgetting that our high schools of these latter days are mainly devoted to athletic sports

and that the pursuit of knowledge as written in the books is a side issue—almost a diversion. Imagine the pall that fell over the spirit of the city editor when the young high school "grad" turned in his first piece of "copy" as follows:

Gustav Smith and Harold Jones both aged 16 was pinched here to-day and charged with having wrote a number of bad checks totalling \$100. The boys whom the cops say is old offenders, aint been bailed out and I heard that there parents has said that they could stay in the jug and rot for all they care, the pair of them. Both boys pertended they didn't know that the checks was bad, they insisted that they wouldn'a used them if they had a knowed it. Preliminary hearings is set for December 29. Hot diggety!

—Pitchfork Scrapbook.

Two Pictures

Most of us are familiar with one type of the celebration of Christmas. We probably have never thought of people spending Christmas in a manner different from ours. Let us get in on a few side lights of the kinds of Christmas festivities in the various parts of the world. Frances Ballard, the little, blond Southern Miss gives us a very colorful description as to how the southern "darkies" celebrate Christmas.

"To the small negro boys and girls on the southern plantations, Christmas day means 'something good to eat.' On Christmas eve, the white women of the big plantation house fill many paper bags with nuts, raisins, oranges, apples and peppermint sticks; one for each negro child. Before sunrise on Christmas day, the younger darkies crowd around the back-door of the plantation house. Each one waits anxiously, with eyes popping and small black hands thrust forward to catch the highly prized bags.

"While the plantation owner and his family are breakfasting, an old negro man sticks his head in the door, crying merrily 'Christmas Gift? The white children respond 'Give it here'.

"The old negro who has spent all of his long life on the plantation is a privileged character. He always calls on Christmas morning for his cup of coffee and fried ham in the 'white folks' kitchen.' "The negro children spend the rest of the day blowing horns or watching, with the greatest interest, the white children who play with their new toys. The black race has an especial fondness for unusual color, lights, and sounds. On Christmas night they all assemble, both grown negroes and children, to watch the fire crackers, sparklers, torches, and sky-rockets."

Anita Murray, who hails from Mexico, gives us a very vivid description of Christmas in her country.

"It would seem odd to us who are accustomed to have the earth covered with a mantle of snow on Christmas to spend this day in the tropics. However, if we were in the vast plateau of Mexico we could see great banks of snow on the slopes of the surrounding mountains. Standing out above all the rest and extending way up into the azure sky are Iztaccihuatl, 'The White Woman', and Popocatepetl which are so imposing in their immaculate snowy grandeur. "Christmas is not Christmas in Mexico without snow on the mountains and a cool crisp air. The gardens are a riot of flowers and bright colors. Behind massive oak doors which are richly carved can be seen poinsettias blooming among the verdure and ivy geraniums.

"Several days before Christmas the Indians who live high up in the mountains erect very primitive booths near one of the city parks. Here they sell minute toys and curios upon which they have worked patiently all year; all types of Mexican earthen ware, pottery, candies, and foods; fire trees and Spanish moss. Here the nativity of Christ, represented by dolls, can be bought complete. On the breaking of the 'pinata', is the climax of the party. Between an open doorway is suspended a pot made of earthen ware, which has been elaborately decorated with colored paper to represent a gala ship, a flower, or a basket. It is filled with bags of candy, peanuts, and fruit. Each guest is blindfolded and turned three times around until he faces the doorway. Then, armed with a cane which is elaborately carved and made expressly for the purpose, the one blindfolded advances and hits the air wildly in his endeavor to break the 'pinata'. After many futile attempts, someone finally succeeds in breaking the pot and the goodies are scattered all about. What a scramble and what laughter follows this!

"And so ends Christmas in Mexico, the land of 'manana', the land of tomorrow!"



The Collegiate Zoo

Sheep—obligingly providing material to pull over the eyes of our professors.

Bull—to throw.

Camels—have nothing to do with them!

Dog—to put on for week-ends.

Mules—that clatter down the corridors.

Hare—letting it grow.

Duck—a Board member.

Goat—that which the room-mate gets.

Fish—in schools.

Shark—at bridge.

Deer—boy friend.

Doe—please, Father.

Ewe—owe me \$5.

Dromedary—dates.

Burro—your dress.

Gopher—a walk to Jenk.

Gull—friend.

Gnu—clothes.

Llama—beans.

Raven—about the week end.

Beaver—bored.

THE CAT

The following schoolboy composition comes from a book published by A. J. Barker, "The Comic Side of School Life":

"The house cat is a four-legged quadruped, the legs, as usual, being at the corners. It is sometimes what is called a tame animal, tho it feeds on mice and birds of prey. * * * When it is happy it does not bark, but breathes through its nose instead of its mouth; but I can't remember the name they call the noise. It is a little word, but I can't think of it, and it is wrong to copy. When you stroke this tame quadruped by drawing your hand along its back, it cocks up its tail like a ruler, so you can't get no further. Never stroke the hairs acrost, as it makes all cats scratch like mad. Its tail is about two foot long, and its legs about one each. Never stroke a cat under the belly, as it is very unhealthy. Don't teese cats; for firstly, it is wrong so to do, and second, cats have clauses which is longer than people think. Cats have nine liveses, but which is seldom required in this country coz of Christianity. Men cats are allas called Tom, and girl cats Puss or Tiss; but queer as you may think, all little cats are called kittens, which is a wrong name which oughter be changed. This tame quadruped can see in the dark, so rats stand no chants, much less mice. Girls fear rats, even mice. Last Tuesday I drewed our cat on some white tea paper, and I sold it to a boy who has a father for 20 pins and some coff drops.

—Western Fruit Jobber Magazine.

Amarillo, Tex., Oct. 5 (A. P.)—The locomotive which later was to have picked up the two special cars of Senator Joe Robinson, Democratic vice presidential nominee, to draw them from here to Clovis, N. M., was reported to have exploded this afternoon 30 miles east of Amarillo—where Mr. Robinson was at the time killing the engineer and derailing the baggage cars.

—Arizona Daily Star.

Moke: "Say, George, wot kinda cigars does you all smoke?"

Mokus: "Me? Why brother, I smokes Robinson Crusoes."

Moke: "Wot kinda cigars are Robinson Crusoes?"

Mokus: "Castaways, dumb-bell, castaways."

LETTER FROM HOME

November nine, 192eight
Center ville.

Dear Maggie

Jis a few lines to let you know at we are well an hope to hear the same frum you. Mom says at I shouldn call you Maggie anymore cause you go to Collidg now, an at you are to be a edgucated lady now, but gee, sis, aint we allus called you Maggie hoam? You never sed nuttin hoam, so i gess you aint too upedity now. I am in the 4a grade now, an gee, sis, our teacher is awful dumb. She dont know nuttin harly. Yestiday she ast us hoo discovered America, an wen Peanut an Slinky an Spike an Bag ears didn no, she ast me an I sed "Christfer Clumbis," jis like at! I was the oney one in the hole class at new it. Evin the teechur didn no it, else she wouldn be sew ankshus to fin it out frum us kids. Anyways, wen we had rithmetic, she ast me how much is for an sick's an un corse I new the anser. You kan see for yer ownself how dumb our teechur is wen she has to ax us all em questuns wen she shooda larnd em in skool wen she wear pigtales. Pop ses to me at you are livin in collidge sos you will be collidge bred. I asted him wat he means, an he says at it is a four year loaf. If you be a teechur wen you gradulate, you better be a good un else all the kids in your skool will think at you our dum like our teechur is. Our cat has got a skrach on her nose, she was fitin wit the Jones cat nex doar, an you ought to see theirin! Its all beated up, Maggie, sumpin awful. Our dog has got a new collar wat I Bought out of my very own money at I earned wen I stayed out of the parlor wen Jack came to see you wen you was hoam. Mom has bought a new hat wat looks awful sweel on er. Pop has stopt smokin em 5 cents seegars cause mom seys he cant get the ashes on the new rug no more. Pop sed at you are takin saxyfone lessins in collidge an he says at he is glad at you aint hear to pratix. Mom says at you are going to be a cultured lady wen you cum out of collidge. She says at you will be smarter an anybody in Centerville. Gee, sis, I bet you an me is the talk of the town, cause you aught to see wat I done to Spike Flanagan's eye. I give im a awfool shanty, sis, onest I did. You ought to see it, its all red an purpil an bloo an blak, an all the kids say at I am there hero cause nobody ever done at before but me. Aint you awfool prwod of me sis? Im awfool prwod of you an me both. Were nokouts, I bet. You no, little Lizzie nex doar has got the measls an anudder kid has got the mumps an cant come to skool on account of other kids mite get em, but I dont bleeve it cause I rubbed my face rite close to this kids wats got the mumps, an I didn git nuttin but a lacin from pop wen he foun out wat I done. Iwish I cood git sompin sos I cood stay away frum skool, cause I hate skool sompin terrible. Well, sis, I gess I will close this letter caus I aint got nuthin else to tell you, so I will close this letter now. I sen my kisses, x x x x x o o o x x x z

Your Lovingly little brother

Billy Gote

P. S. Gee, sis, do you think at you can spair a half a dollar? I need one awfool bad. I want to get a new baseball bat caus I am Capin of the team on account of I licked Spike. I am a hero now!

Wen you sen the for bits, Margaret, (see, I call you Margaret now!), will you mark it persnal sos nobody else can open it up fo me cause I want the money my own self. I close wit lots of kisses an hugs xxxxxxxxxxxx oooooooooooooo xxxxo ox ox oooooxxxxooxxx.

Yours truly brother,
Billy.

Review

I can laugh at myself, and that is monstrosly amusing—it is only today that I discovered that I am not the complicated and unique person that I had secretly complimented myself on being.

It is grotesque, the things that I imagined I was—all the little foibles and affectations that were mine (and probably a thousand other person's who secretly believed them to be their own original makeup too).

Ye Gods!—it is to laugh—I am not the one and only so and so (name withheld) alas! I am not the slightly superior being—head among the clouds—designated by the gods to write creative poetry.

ROT—

Some day I may make a fairly successful telephone operator or Instant Postum demonstrator.

What happened? Oh—I read Anne Parish's "All Kneeling."

Contrast

She sat, a miserable heap, on the trolley-car bench. She was old—and she had not achieved age gracefully, beautifully, as some people. Her ravaged face showed the results of a life of struggle and disappointment. In her head wheels were going round in time with the wheels of the car. Thinking, thinking, thinking until her brain became a stired as her body. Thinking, thinking, thinking—until she thought she'd go mad. For she was old—and she had never been young. She would have to die—and she had not lived long enough. The world was a wonderful place; she thirted for its beauties she had never had—its joys she had never known. And she had to die.

Her sharp eyes watched everyone who entered. People—all unconcerned, taking life so easily, so blindly. None of them realized how quickly it slips, like water, through one's fingers, and how hard it is to die. To them, so she thought, fifty years was nothing much. To her, one year was a reprieve. If she could have just one year more.

She wanted to stand up and shout at them—tell them to take all the beauty they could get and drink it down, not spilling even a tiny drop. She wanted to tell them lots of things—but she was old, and they wouldn't believe her. So she just sat there, dumb and tired.

And when she shambled out of the car, a bright young thing who prided herself on being observant, remarked to her companion, "Did you see that old lady that just go off? Gee, she was old. I'll bet she wishes she were dead; she can't have anything to live for now."

Twelve o'clock on Thursday night
December the twentieth,
Not a sound is heard throughout
The Old Dorm.

The little rats and littler mices
Roam disconsolate,
There ain't no cookie crumbs
For them to chaw.

The spiders and small crawling bugs
Hold dances in the halls
Not fearing to be stepped upon
By sleepy students.

The corridors re-echo
To the watchman's steps
And the loose boards creak mournfully
As he too leaves.

Man (helping the sweet young thing select a book in the public library): "Have you read 'Freckles.'"

S. Y. T.: "No, just the plain old brown ones."

SUSIE SAYS

(Continued from Page 3)

chosen the best "All-around" girl in college. When you get to be my age you have a lot of time to think bout things like that.

Kit McLanahan will betake her huge, good looking grey coat to Tyrone, Pa., where Janet Smith lives, also. Jan insists that she's going to give the folks a big treat.

Dorothy Adams is expected in Greensburg, Pa. Millicent Underhill in Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Boston will go Billy McKinnon, Betty Godfrey, Adelaide Taylor, Sally Wright, Sunny Trowbridge, Lucy Bloom, Alice Grey and Ruth Lewis.

Helene Heintzelman is spending Christmas, (first time I've used that word in a year. A crisp, tinsel sort of word, isn't it. But a little pathetic—it used to hold so many sparkling illusions). Anyway "Heintzie" is spending Christmas in Nazareth, Pa. Jay Showdy is going home to Maplewood, N. J. Elsie Rickenberger is packing for Johnstown, Pa. Betty Harris lives there, also it seems to me.

Helen Crum, Dorothy Sales and Eleanor French are just dashing over to New York City.

Someone has said not knowing I was around, that Kay Hinson's dream of going to California by air has been disturbed. Daybreak and she declares that she will make the journey by rail.

Mary Jarrett and Jane Black have made reservations for Harrisburg, Pa.

Dorothy Shawl is returning to Nebraska and what is just about as bad, Dorothy Hutchins expects to make Maine before the New Year. You have heard, no doubt, of Waterville in Maine, where Colby College is? Ednae Manley, Dot's roommate, who will set sail for

Rochester, N. Y., can give you any of the historical points concerning Colby. She seated me and began—but as I said before, I can't hear any too well.

Mildred and Alberta Schaeffer can hear the birdies calling in Virginia.

Emily Wackerbath, Muriel Tealing and Kay Knauss are ready for train going to Jersey City.

Nancy Lehmann told me where she was going but I didn't catch it. I am sort of under the impression that she would be glad to get there as all the other four hundred and thirty-one students in Beaver College. Sometimes I almost wish I were a college girl myself, so that I could appreciate my home!

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

(Continued from Page 1)

only its form of festivity, but also its name and date as we journey from land to land.

In Holland, for example, Christmas eve falls on December 5, and is called the Stroovland. On this night, St. Nicholas appears at every home and scatters on the floor candies and oranges, nuts and apples. After the little Dutch children have gone to bed their wooden shoes, which they left before the fire-place, are stuffed with more

sweets, and presents are hidden in every conceivable corner of the house. Christmas day in Holland, then, resembles a treasure hunt, and furnishes the incentive for much laughter and joking.

In France, on the other hand, Christmas is a serious and very religious holiday. All France attends the midnight mass on Christmas eve. After returning from the church there is a family reunion held and a huge meal served. Never can any one outside the family relations participate in the Grand Supper which is served to the gathering. The French Christmas saint is the Petit Noel, and his office is to place candies and silver coins in the expectant shoes of the little people of France. Le Jour de l'An which corresponds to our New Year's Day is the day on which the French exchange gifts, have a Christmas tree and behave in much the same way as Americans on the twenty-fifth of December.

A ceremony which differs greatly from either of these is the order of the day in Russia. A hole is bored through the thick river ice on the day of December 19, and the water is blessed by some ecclesiastic of the Church. The crowd that gathers to watch the ceremony is plentifully sprinkled with the

blessed water, and the divinity makes his way elsewhere. As soon as he leaves, the people rush to the spot and plunge into the icy water. Women dip their babies into its sacred iciness, and if the child fails to survive the shock, they comfort themselves with the assurance that the infant's soul is safe.

Spain conducts its celebration in a way that is strikingly like the country and its people; beautiful, lavish, and colorful. "Navidades" small models of the scene of Bethlehem, are sold for weeks before the Christmas day. These range in price and beauty from a few cents and a simple scene to exorbitant prices and ornate arrangements. On "The Good Night" children travel in groups from house to house to view the "navidades" and to sing carols. During the choruses of the songs two of the children dance, and at the conclusion of the dance, they fall upon their knees before the scene crying "For thee!"

Germany has the standard tree and gifts for young and old, and is original only in its conception of the giver. The German children expect to see the Christ Child, his arms laden with gifts, advancing toward them through the snow, and wishing them the merriest of Christmases.

In Italy, however, all recognized customs are shattered. Their "Santa Clause" is a woman! Befana, so the story goes, refused to go with the Three Wise Men until she should have finished with her sweeping. When she finally gathered her gifts together and set out, she was too late, and so she contented herself with giving her gifts to good children and charcoal to those who were not good. This custom she continues to this day, and many a luckless Italian child sees only black disillusioning charcoal as his gift on Christmas morning.

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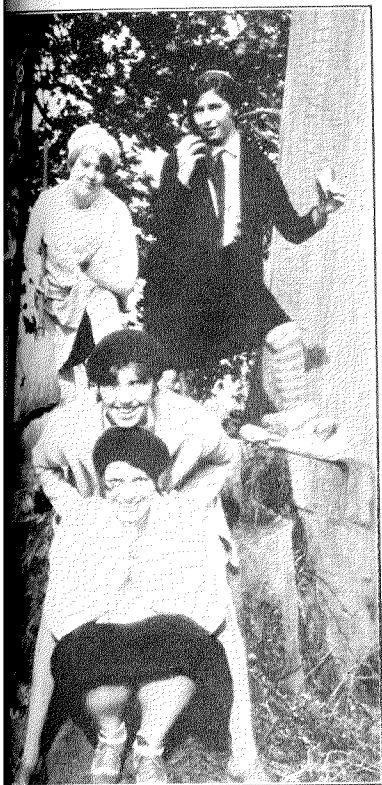
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... Alice Gray and May Groff.

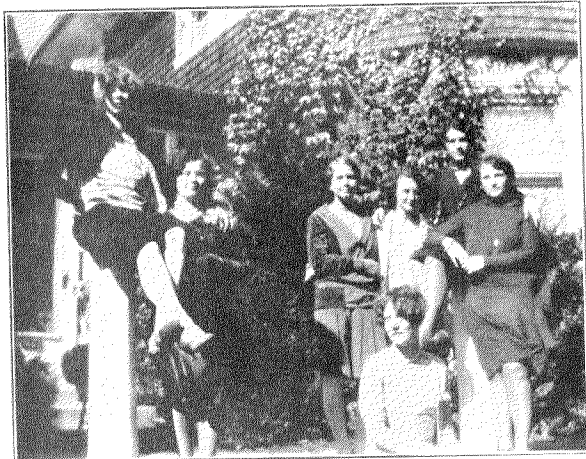


Sink or Shoot—It seems to be a pretty good game that Nancy Cooke, Jo Replogle,
and Eleanor Kripps are playing, but we wonder what they are aiming at.



Doctor Martin "look pretty"
camera man.

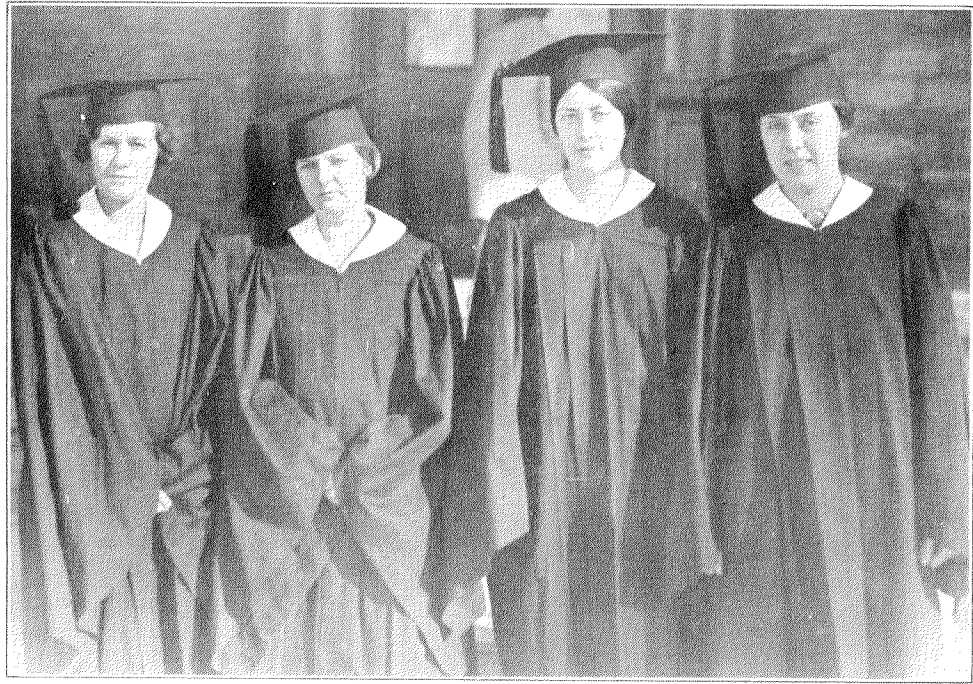
Basketball Turnout — And
this is only about one-third
of the girls trying to win
a "B".



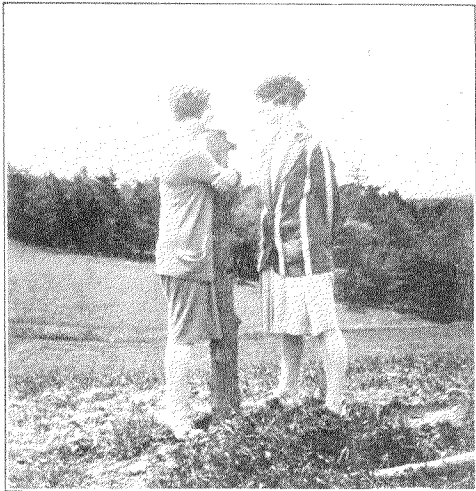
Highland Lassies—A Sunday afternoon gather-
ing in front of the West Avenue House.



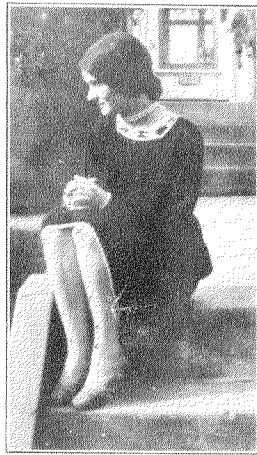
Choir—Front row, left to right: Ethel Bell, Peg Perry, Ruth
Kellogg, Janet Navel, Francis Brown.
Back row—Hattie Breidis, Betty Young, Helen Black.



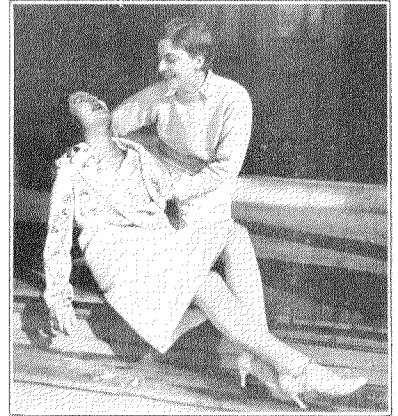
Officers of the Senior Class—Left to right: Winona Burtch, President; Betty Matthews, Vice-president; Catherine Hart, Secretary; Edith Darby, Treasurer.



The Editor-in-chief of the Campus Crier and Literary Editor of the Beechbark—Eleanor Tafel interviews her room-mate, Reggie Foster.



Miss Elsie Regan—All dressed up and no place to go.



Sis Beaman and Arline Johnson in the rescue scene from the musical comedy "Marrying Marion" given by the Athletic Association.



To the Castle