

CAMPUS ERIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 4

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1929

No. 7



LOIS WHITEHOUSE

Expression Stars Shine in Recital

A recital which convinced Beaver students that there are at least several worthy understudies to Ethel Barrymore in the Expression Department, was given by that same department on Wednesday evening, January 23, in the college auditorium.

Lois Whitehouse walked away with the highest honors of the entire program with her dramatic rendering of Longfellow's famous "Famine" from "Hiawatha". She held her audience of usually giggly and restless Beaverites so spell-bound that they forgot to applaud for a moment, and a little second of profound silence was suddenly broken by the clapping of many approving hands—the greatest tribute any performer can be accorded.

Grayce McConnell made a most excellent "Minnie at the Skating Rink" and chewed gum so well, with all the grace and charm of the "New Yoik woikin' goil", that even the fact that she wore a quite conventional evening dress could not spoil the illusion.

Katherine Weaver, although she

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Calendar

- February 13—Students public recital.
- February 18 — Hahnemann Glee Club.
- February 20—Harp Ensemble, Penn Hall.
- Feb. 22—Junior Promenade.
- February 25—Miss Rondinella, lecturer and musician.
- March 13—Plays, Expression Dept.
- March 14—Middlebury Glee Club.
- March 19—Student concert.

Basketball Team Meets First Defeat

"You're the cleanest player I've ever played against!" said Miss Barr, star forward on the Newark Normal basketball team, as she shook hands with Pete Reid after the game last Saturday night. Although Newark Normal won by a score of 36-16, Beaver's defeat was not without glories. It was the first game this season in which Newark has not made a score of 40 or over. Beaver was also the first opponent to make a score over 13 against them. Miss Barr, Newark's forward, played forward on the Asbury High team which held the State Championship two years, her team being undefeated for four years.

Although the game was slowed up by the large number of fouls called, it was the most interesting Beaver game played this year. Beaver made a gallant attempt, but could not combat the perfect pass-work of her opponents.

In the two other recent games Beaver was the victor, defeating the Philadelphia School of Osteopathy on January 15, and Schuylkill on January 18. Schuylkill made a good showing in snappy white uniforms, but could not hold out against the sure fire shots of the Beaver forwards. Helen and Florence Hall are to be complimented on their perfect teamwork.

The line ups for the three games were as follows—

BEAVER	OSTEOPATHY
H. Hall	R. F. Norment
F. Hall	L. F. Nichol
Cooke	C. L. Ortleib
Reid	R. G. Nash
Hays	L. G. Evans

Referee—Miss Raab.

Subs. Beaver—Barr, Thomas, Trippe, Rose. Osteopathy—Nash, Spence, Nichol.

Field goals—Beaver 17, Osteopathy 6. Fouls—Beaver 5, Osteopathy 1.

(Continued on Page 6)

Team to Leave Friday For Southern Trip

The basketball team will leave early Friday morning for Richmond, Virginia, where they will play against Westhampton, the co-ed college of the University of Virginia, on Friday evening.

On Saturday they will travel to Williamsburg, Virginia, playing William and Mary's College on Saturday night. On Sunday they will take sight-seeing bus trips to points nearby, returning to Beaver late Sunday night.

They will be accompanied by the coach, Miss Roberta Shaffer; the manager, Eloise Page; two substitutes, and several others including Mrs. Ried, mother of the captain, "Pete" Ried, and who is a staunch supporter of the college team.

The team includes Nance Cooke and Mildred Shafer, playing center; Florence Hall and Helen Hall, forwards; and Dorothy Wuchter and Irene Ried, guards. Beaver has won four games and lost one to date.

May Beaver continue her splendid showing on this, her first long trip from home!

Prominent Men on Advisory Board

The following prominent men have been added to the Advisory Board at Beaver College. This Board is to co-operate with and bring suggestions to the Board of Trustees, meeting once a year:

Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, D. D., LL. D., Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. David James Burrell, First Presbyterian Church, Williamsport, Pa.

Rev. T. S. Dickson, First Presbyterian Church, Warren, Pa.

Mr. R. H. Gillespie, Editor of the Stanford Advocate, Stanford, Conn.

Rev. Thomas Grier Koontz, D. D., First Presbyterian Church, Oil City, Pa.

Rev. Roy Euing Vale, D. D., LL. D., First Presbyterian Church, Oak Park, Illinois.

Hon. David Austin Bronkinton, Attorney at Law, Charleston, S. C.

Dr. Francis H. Green, Head Master Pennington Seminary, New Jersey.

Dr. John Inglis, noted surgeon, Denver, Colorado.

Mr. Oliver T. Wallace, Attorney at Law, Wilmington, N. C.

Dr. A. Z. Conrad, D. D., LL. D., Park Congregational Church, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Robert Hugh Morris, D. D., Haddonfield, New Jersey.

Rev. Francis M. Fox, German-town, Pa.

Mr. H. H. Bird, Editor of the Times-Chronicle newspaper, Jenkintown, Pa.

Mr. Ludwig Henning, Chamber of Commerce, Johnstown, Pa.



Prom Plans

Two hundred and sixty-one persons signed up for the Prom, which means that two hundred and sixty-one boy friends will be leaving home and fireside and setting sail for the Penn A. C. on February 22.

The Prom, as you doubtless know by now, it to be at the Penn A. C., in Philadelphia from 9 to 1 with Harvey Meyers Orchestra playing.

The patrons and patronesses of the Prom are: Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Ryder, Ex-Governor Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Matthew H. Reaser, Mr. William C. Bowne, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. O. Oakley.

The Chaperones are: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zerbucken, Miss Isabel Hall, Miss Alice Hay Palmer, Miss Ruth M. Peck, Miss Marguerite Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Reaser, Mrs. Rowena Harder, Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Kaufman.



SUSIE SNIPKINS

Susie Says --

It was really quite fascinating to one from the outside to see the Rendezvous gathered on the second floor of the old building at ten o'clock one Friday nite. It was a maze of pajamas, furs, cloth, coats, overshoes, galoshes, stripes, dots. There was Lanzara in stripes and Pete Reid hanging inside a huge raccoon coat with a hat trying to hold on to the back of her head, and Sis Beamon just saying hello and being cool and gracious and Helen Traubman very charming, a la negligee, and Console, feminine in pink and pink, and Henry Watts tired as, what was the word? In purple; Summerill and Carpenter hugged away in the telephone booths. And Alice Shepard chewing gum with gusto. She said, and it did seem to surprise the ensemble, that she had remained at school for one week-end and only one since her arrival. Loma Mulholland had just brushed her teeth and had no ideas on any subject.

And then I hobbled into a room where there was much chewing of pretzels and dipping for ice cream and Ginny Rose said all she knew was that the prom was going to be a big success. And she seemed to mean it. How you youngsters can get excited over a dance is more than I know, but anyway over half the school has signed up for it, and Tommy Thomas said she wish-

(Continued on Page 3)

Permissions are not limited for those not attending the Prom. If you attend the Prom you must either stay at College or go home.

(Social Office Note)



Campus Crier

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Women, Jenkintown, Pa.

Subscription	-	-	-	\$2.50
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BUSINESS MANAGER	-	-	-	-	MARION MATHERS

FEBRUARY 8, 1929

"United we stand, divided we fall." Also—"A chain is as strong as it's weakest link." When we know these facts are true, why do we not practice them, instead of merely thinking them.

No group of persons gathered together in a common interest can succeed if all concerned are not in harmony and sympathy. Indeed, why form such a group in the first place if these principles of sincerity and stability are not to be maintained? One member of the association becomes jealous of her fellow members and begins to play favorites. Naturally this causes bad feeling in the group, as well as unfavorable comments outside. Dissatisfaction grows as the unfair tactics continue and the members begin to openly show their dislike for these methods. A crisis is reached when the leader of the game of "playing favorites," finally makes an injudicious move, bringing the walls crumbling about her ears. At last the other members have a legitimate chance to assert themselves, which they immediately and decidedly do.

The only course left to the opposing party is to retract. At this, the others resume their former membership and the rupture is to all appearance "smoothed over." It is sincerely hoped that this very unpleasant incident will have been a much needed lesson in the art of being fair and square with those with whom one is associated. It is for the crowd, as well as the individual that there must be fair play.

Even though it is obsolete slang, "Be yourself" is still good advice. Just because somebody looked well in a beret, everyone simply HAD to have one. And as a result, almost everyone looked like a "misplaced waffle-flipper from Childs." The same thing is true of "permanent" waves. A few of them will pass muster, but most of them look like dribbled-out wood shavings. Everything is like that—of an awful "sameness." Everyone looks alike, acts alike, thinks alike. If you are not told, in the course of one conversation, that "You would, you're just the type," something is radically wrong. People all do the same things, go to the same places. You would think they would get tired of it, but if they do they conceal it well. Whoever said that variety is the spice of life was evidently very much in the minority.

It is not necessary to go crazy trying to be different, either. That is not the idea. But if everything was not so standardized, so much like a chorus, the world would not be half-bad place. everything was not so standardized, so much like a chorus, the world would not be half-bad place.

There are a brave few pioneers who are daring to think for themselves. Many more say they are, but the trouble with most people is that they think they are thinking when they are merely killing time.

It is not the hardest thing to interest in the furthering of education those with money beyond their own needs. Eleven million dollars was recently placed at the disposal of Yale University, for improvements in what is now one of America's great prides. Less conspicuous institutions are constantly receiving smaller sums.

At Beaver we have a college founding new standards, extending its policy, augmenting its board; an interesting growing institution to catch the imagination of men and women who have these sums in readiness. There are those among the students, and among the faculty, who come in contact with these. The money, though much less than eleven million dollars, thus placed would act as a stimulus to the spirit of the college as well as to its material gain. So much from the standpoint of the college. From the standpoint of yourself, think of this missionary work as the answer to the problem of "What I did for Beaver College!"

This and That

Atmosphere

Atmosphere is that which keeps us alive. Atmosphere of one kind or another is necessary to everyone. It depends, of course, on the type you like. And when you find it, life seems good and there comes a clarity of vision; dreams are realities and the future is a long, clear, silver road.

In the desired atmosphere fragmentary pécadilloes are forgotten. There are no blue shadows nor any mockery. Atmosphere wipes away the dust.

There are so many atmospheres. Now, what can I give you, Madame? An immense hotel at Atlantic City where you choose from the Venetian room, dinner served a la carte, or the Louis XVI with dinner European plan? Will you have low lights, and a cossack violinist, or may I serve you in the grill. Orchestra and dancing until eight o'clock.

Or after you've hiked ten miles to a small town maybe you would like a grocery store with the smell of coffee and baloney and two freshly painted tables in a back room with salt and pepper and a bottle of catsup standing up and looking important. "Any kind of sandwiches. Ma'am—ham or a cheese. No, sorry we don't have ice cream. Oh, you would like beer and pretzels. Why yes. But of course it isn't real beer. It's this near beer. Oh you wanted coffee and a doughnut." You might enjoy that some afternoon. Huge bent men with great plodding feet would come in and buy apple jack and a small hungry eyed child would come in and get a loaf of bread, and none of the women would be young and the small boys would be defiant and the phone would ring in the rear of the store. Yes, you might like that.

Or I can give you the main dining room of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel here in Philadelphia. At lunch time, perhaps, where the women are slim and smart and their finger nails are poems of glory and their hats are a line and a flair; where the men smoke nonchalantly and lean back in their chairs and their eyes are smothered keenness and hold no wonder; where the children are dressed in Betty Lee frocks, and their fathers invariably wear smug tailor-made clothes. And there is much silver, much linen, water in vased bottles and very little swishing of the waiter's napkin.

Or you might like a fraternity house for a week-end. A fraternity house with a rush of boys and the new laughter of girls. A fraternity house which has been decorated by a famous architect, such studies as no decorator ever saw. And then you go out on the roof porch which overlooks a little world of other fraternity houses and color and the sky is a novelty in stripes and you sink into huge chairs and play bridge until dusk and dinner. Yes, I think you'd like that. If you weren't just a little jealous of the small blonde person from Alabama.

Or you might like exam week in a purely cultural college. Where laughter is put away. When the whole campus is hushed. The student body comes up to eat. Recedes. Silence. You might like it, but I doubt it.

Well, I'm a little weary of suggesting. There are so many things I could show you.

A studio—high up—from out whose windows I could throw more golden beads upon the city and touch the stars; where I could watch the birth of the moon, watch it grow on my window sill, and watch it die.

A studio where I could smile a little bit at the futility of the people below and smile that I knew them better than they knew themselves and laugh out loud that they were fools enough to buy my books.

Ah yes—that's it. And if it comes to duelling, take my daily bread but oh please let me keep my atmosphere.

We Nominate For OUR HALL OF FAME

Miss Carolyn Coupe Mulholland—
Because she is Student Government President

Because she is elected the most popular girl of the Senior class.

Because she received the Ivy trowel at class day last year for the highest scholastic standing of her class.

Because she has held numerous offices throughout the four years of college.

Because she is receiving an A. B. in the Educational course.

And lastly, because she has done so much for and means so much to Beaver College.

Room-Naming Contest

This is the last issue of room names—the judges are to be picked immediately—

New Bldg.

"The Bastile", (storming within—depression without)—Suite 101-103.

"The Squirrels Abode", (Always a few nuts within) Mart and Jo—Room 114.

"Win-a-Heart", (Winifred and Hart) 216.

Greenway House.

"The three Must-Get-Theres"—(Sally Wright, Ruth Connolly, Sophie Caprio).

Old Bldg.

"Y'Eatalotte", (Sandwiches, candy, crackers, apples, and dill pickles—What Ho! Rippe and Fowler, room 222).

Zoo, (Animals, more animals—"Pinky" Pinkus—room 345).

We thank you for your very hearty enthusiasm in this contest—and although all are not yet named we must consider the contest at an end and will shortly announce in the Crier the judges who will award the Beaver pillow. Have you an idea who has the cleverest room name? If you think you know, without prejudice, the most original, most witty, room name, put your vote in the Contribution Box in the Post Office Lobby, Main Building.

Dr. Morris Gives Rules For Happiness

Rev. Robert Hugh Morris, D. D., of the First Presbyterian church, Haddonfield, New Jersey, spoke to the student body at the chapel service on January 27. Dr. Morris is formerly of St. Mary's, London.

His text was "Six Steps to a Throne of Gold". In making this analagous to our every day activities he likened the throne to a life of happiness and service. The six steps that we must cover in order to mount the throne are found in Paul's Epistles which bid us "think on these things".

Rev. Morris made his talk interesting by speaking of personal experiences and bringing in apt allusions to prove his points.

President Walter Greenway addressed the Rotary Club at Ambler Pa., Wednesday evening, and changed pulpits with Rev. Hugh Morris of the First Presbyterian Church in Haddonfield, New Jersey, on Sunday evening, January 27.

A new member has been added to the faculty list: Mrs. Hattie E. Boyle, A. B., Washington State College, and a graduate of the University of Washington. She is to teach in the Educational Department.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Greenway entertained the faculty at an informal party on Friday evening, January 25, in the Green Parlors of the Old Building.

There were about seventy guests. Tables containing games were set around the room in an attractive manner. Prizes were awarded.

Refreshments were served about ten-thirty. As Mrs. Greenway said, "It was a regular old-fashioned party, and everyone had a good time."



Examinations are over, and we now have some spare moments to do what we want. This will give us all a chance to attend the students recital which will be given Wednesday evening, February 13, in the auditorium. The program will be quite varied, containing vocal, violin, and piano solos; vocal duets and quartettes; an organ and piano duo, and, for a novelty number, an organ four hand piece. Many of us have never heard an organ duet, in fact most persons do not know that organ duets can be played. There is such a thing—come and have it proven to you.

An observation might be made that at the student's recital given Tuesday, January 25, in the auditorium, the "Light that Failed" was no doubt a feature number. We are rather used to having lights go out on us around 10:30 o'clock, but it is startling when this occurs during a musical recital in the middle of the afternoon. The program was continued by the aid of flashlights. There was a good opportunity lost to take a flashlight picture of the music students in action!

While this is not exactly the "Coming-out" season, Helen Williams, pianist, and Luella Judson, soprano, both students of the Music Department of Beaver College, broke the rule by making their debut in Abington on Tuesday afternoon, January 29, when they entertained with a musical program at the Republican Women's Club.

Mabel Anderson, contralto, and Edna Mae Allen, organist, members of the Beaver faculty, gave a short recital on Wednesday evening, February 5, after chapel.

I was talking to a CONTEST EDITOR of the CAMPUS CRIER the other day and she confided to ME that BEAVER COLLEGE STUDENTS dislike to RUN AGAINST each other in contests and NO MATTER what the PRIZE turned out to be, THEY would not seek it for themselves. Now I pride myself on KNOWING girls. But I CAN'T figure out why these PARTICULAR girls don't like to RECEIVE any award for their MENTAL GYMNASTICS. The CONTEST EDITOR confided also in ME that she wanted to start a NICKEL CONTEST, THAT IS, give a nickel for each bright UP AND DOWN THE CAMPUS published. BUT why WASTE the nickels on girls who WON'T COMPETE AMONG THEMSELVES?

I thank you
Peter Knox.

Last call for Room Naming Contest.

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Book Reviews

"Scarlet Sister Mary" is a very worth while book written by Julia Peterkin (author of Black April). This book portrays the true life of the Gullah negroes on the Great Blue Brook Plantation.

It is the life story of Mary, a "slender, darting, high-spirited, girl" married to July, the wildest young buck in the quarters, and who twenty years later, with that old tumultuous love for him shaking her heart, laughs in his face and says: "If you was to come home cold and stiff in a box, I could look at you same as a stranger and not a water wouldn't drench out my eye."

A story of red hot sun—and rich black earth—Try it.

"Elizabeth and Essex" is a very poignant love story of that famous historical affair between England's virgin queen Elizabeth and The Earl of Essex. It is Mr. Strachey who first gave life to this image of regality, to have found a woman under the pier eyes, the red dyed hair, the huge hoop and ruff, the powdered pearls, the spreading gilded gauzes. A love affair—then the guillotine.

"Orlando" by Virginia Woolf, is a book written in biography form of a character beginning with an Elizabethan nobleman and ending with a twentieth-century lady. The celebrities of the times fly past as the ages are cleverly traced by Mrs. Wolf. Pure fiction but it is well praised by all who read it.

"Point and Counter Point" by Aldous Huxley. Rather hard reading—but it's good.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN —LOST

1. A crystal ear-ring was lost by Cathleen Fowler, Room 222, old Building. It was lost on the night of the Christmas dinner.
2. A very valuable diamond bar pin (three diamonds set in white gold)—lost by Frances Brown, (New Building).
3. Lost one divan from living-room D in new building—Try and get it—there ain't no justice.
4. Found — Glasses case with a Washington D. C. oculist inscription inside—(It may be recovered at Post-Office).

**What the Jenkintown
worthy public needs—
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PUBLIC OPINION

Unless I am greatly mistaken the law in these United States holds that a man is presumed innocent until proven guilty. The purpose of a trial is to establish his guilt, and unless this is accomplished no penalty can be inflicted.

Is our student board run on this basis?

A student was suspected of some misdemeanor and asked to appear before board. Nothing could be proved against her but because of suspicions or because of some surreptitious information that is not made public, the girl was given a sentence.

Four girls were seen out walking late Sunday afternoon. It was taken for granted that they would not return by four-thirty and they were called before board, although that body had the word of two people in authority that the girls did return on time.

Let's have less false accusations, less insinuations, and more real justice.

A Student.

A stranger, venturing into the "gym" would think with reason that Beaver was either a school for the tubercular or that it was going in strenuously for this open air business. All the windows are wide open and a merry breeze is usually whistling about. What causes this? Since conservation of natural resources is quite the thing today, we suggest that a little conserving be applied on the steam heat of the gymnasium, because where there's an open window there's almost always a draft. And after exercising, if you're in a draft, you get all the making of a nice little chill. But out of little chills, big colds have been known to grow, so we advocate either woolen "gym" suits or closed windows, at least until spring.

Sport.

On Books

Doctor Francis H. Greene, headmaster of the Pennington School for Boys, at Pennington, N. J., and former president of the State Teacher's College at Westchester, Pa., spoke to the student body in the chapel on Tuesday evening. His subject was "Our Book Shelves."

Doctor Greene probably has more autographed volumes of the great writers of the last twenty-five to fifty years than any other collector. His talk was given in connection with the English department.

Name your room and win the Contest Pillow.

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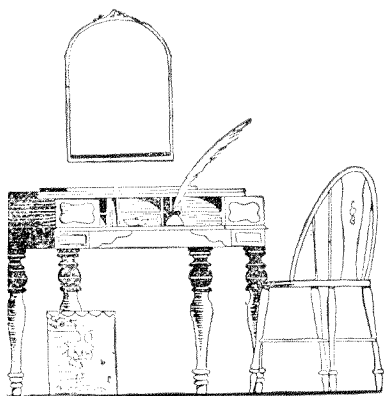
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FRANK IRWIN

THE BETTER GROCER

102-4 Greenwood Avenue, WYNCOTE, PA.



Pen and Inklings

Elsie Rickenburger visited Helen Shwenk, a former student, at her home at Southampton, Long Island.

Helene Heintzleman and Kay de Noyles are visiting Helene's aunt at Camden, New Jersey over the week end. They are planning to go to the Annapolis hop while there.

Marjorie Murray spent the week end at Baltimore.

Esther Baker and Adelaide Taylor were the guests of Eleanor French at her home in Atlantic City.

Betty Godfrey spent the week end at New York.

Teddy Thorne is visiting friends in New York over the week end. She's doing the dances at West Point while there.

Mary Downer is spending the week end at her home in Steubenville, Ohio.

Joe Replogle visited her cousin in Plainfield, New Jersey.

Among those who have recently visited in Philadelphia are: Marjorie Benjamin, Elsie Felmeden, Helen Grieco, Helen Linz and Maybelle Scott.

Dorothy McCormick visited in Drexel Hill.

Harriett Thompson was the guest of friends in Glenside.

Among those who recently entertained guests at the college are: Geraldine Rouch, Orpha Ellis, and Alice Roof.

Jeanette Plummer recently visited in Collingswood, N. J.

Susan and Jeannine Gallagher visited in Jenkintown.

Mary Frances Hedrick, an alumni of Beaver, recently visited her old friends at the College.

Milly Shafer, Betty Harris, and Margaret Bitterman spent the week end between semesters in Collingswood, N. J.

Olga and Grace Henning recently visited a friend at Miss Illman's School in Philadelphia.

Dorothy Knight visited in Tyrona, Pa.



Louise Leidy was the guest of Miss Betty Smith in Glenside. While there she saw Miss Smith in the high school play.

Mary Mitton went to her home in Morrisville, Pa., this week end.

"Trudie" Schwenker spent an interesting week end at her home in Upper Darby, Penna.

Eloise Page, Peg Parry and Betty Berry were the guests of Ethel Neiderer at her home in Jenkintown.

Beatrice Porch, Mary Jarrett and Evelyn Johnson visited Miss Frances Jarrett in Philadelphia.

Dorothy Pedrick was the guest of her parents at Pedrickstown, N. J.

Phyllis Losee visited Charlotte Boucher recently.

Ruth Richardson and "Dick" Steele visited Elkins Park.

"Pete" Rutledge visited in Jenkintown, Penna.

Helen Smith visited in Wyncote. Anne Brown was the guest of

her parents in Hartsdale, N. Y.

Cathleen Fowler visited in Trenton, N. J.

Dot Stover attended a dance at the Walton Hotel and the performance at the new Boyd Theatre while visiting in Landsdowne, Pa.

Marion Anderson visited in Oak Lane.

Elinor Good and Isabelle Winter were the guests of Isabelle's aunt in Philadelphia for the week end.

Dotty Reheard spent the week end with friends in New York.

Edith Darby visited her home in Bound Brook, N. J. for the week end.

Fay Littlely visited her home in Jersey Shore, Pa., for the week end.

Betty Pierpont was the guest of Virginia Blachly at her home in East Orange, N. J., for the week end.

Kay Clark and Kay Spratt visited friends in Philadelphia for the week end.

Barbara McGann and Margaret Diack spent the week end in New York with friends.

Ruth Morton spent the week end at her home in Salem, N. J. Her guest for the week end was Muriel Tealing.

Polly Lewis visited some friends in Philadelphia for the week end.

Amy Webb visited her parents in Paterson, New Jersey, for the week end.

Dorothy Schall spent the week end with her parents in Barton, Pa.

Isabelle Gallagher spent the week end at her home in Moore, Pa.

Pat Crosby and Ora Erwin spent the week end in Philadelphia.

Betty Smith was the guest of Ann Bonham, a former Beaver student, in Lancaster. They attended the premiere showing of "Common Clay" in that city.

Marion Grace of Philadelphia was the recent guest of Dot Stone.

Ednae Manley and Sonny Trowbridge were the guests of Myra Reed Skibinsky in Philadelphia.

Helene Marie Grieco attended the showing of "The Jealous Moon" in Philadelphia.

Helen Brown visited her parents in Boyerstown.

Hattie Briedis, Betty Godfrey, Edna Manson, and Florence Nygren visited in Philadelphia recently.

Janet Ellor gave a sleighing party at her home in Bloomfield.

Corrine McCarthy visited friends in Glenside over the week end.

Mary Jarrett visited at her home in Harrisburg.

Dot Mundorf, Alice Wagner, and Betty Sherman spent the weekend in Philadelphia where they saw "The High Road."

Winifred Tracy visited her parents in Bristol.

Martha Moyer and Joe Rightmire visited friends in Perkasio, recently.

Doris Wooldridge was the guest of Marion Wells at her home in Pottstown.

Billie MacKinnon and Lucy Bloom spent the week end in Philadelphia.

Gladis Wallgren and Isabel Gallagher visited at their homes in Moore.

Helen Williams was the guest of Phyllis Arnold at Monclair. Christine Mather entertained Alice Gray in Montclair also. The four girls visited the National Broadcasting Company while there.

Club Notes

Receptions, formal dinners and parties have been forming the greater part of the activities of the geographical clubs in the last few weeks.

The Pennsylvania club entertained at a formal dinner given on January 29. The parties, somewhat of an innovation, were the idea of the New England club and proved quite a diversion from the usual cut-and-dried business meeting.

Meanwhile, under cover of much excitement concerning the coming prom there are hints of plans being made for a dance to be given by the combined clubs. No details have as yet been formulated but such rumors are, to say the least, interesting.

Dr. Faries, head of the recently-formed Debating Society, called a meeting of the members on Monday, January 21, in the auditorium. At the meeting he announced that two challenges from other colleges have been accepted by Beaver, and the debates will take place as soon as the teams are fully prepared.

The weekly Y. W. C. A. tea was given Thursday afternoon, January 24, at the home of Mrs. Walter Greenway. Mrs. Martin and Miss Light poured.

The entertainment was varied; Miss Zeeb, instructor of French, gave a talk on her travels in Europe. Helen Williams played a piano solo; Marian Codner sang Love's Garden of Roses, and Gertrude Schwenker sang Kreislers' Old Refrain. The tea was unusually well-attended and Mrs. Greenway's hospitality greatly enjoyed.

The Chemistry Club held its monthly meeting on Wednesday, January 16, in the lecture room. The program was as follows:

"Now We Can Eat Sunshine"—Mildred Adams.

"Seek 459 degrees below zero"—Edith Gleason.

"An Exceptional Alloy in the New Process of Covering With Metal Articles Not Electrically Charged".

"Mining of Radium", Miss Buhrmeister.

"Few of Recent Discoveries in

Realm of Chemistry"—Margaret Scott.

Refreshments were served after the program.

A Fellowship meeting was held on Monday, January 28, in the studio. Janet Ellor was elected Alumni Correspondent. A tea was held on Tuesday, January 29, in Dick Steele's room at which the Freshman candidates for the Club were present.

"Futility" Is Topic of Guest Speaker

Dr. William M. Curry, of the Ninth Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, had charge of the Sunday evening chapel services last week. Dr. Curry came from the Synod of Pennsylvania, of which Beaver is a member, to visit and report on the college.

The love of Paul and his relation with God were used by Dr. Curry as examples in offsetting futility.

CURRY-SNOWDEN RECEPTION

The Pennsylvania and Western Clubs combined to hold a reception for Dr. Curry and Dr. Snowden in the Green Parlors immediately after chapel, Thursday, January 17.

A formal dinner preceded the reception, and Dr. Snowden gave a brief address in chapel on "Taking Advantage of your College Education." In concluding his speech, Dr. Snowden remarked that while we should not lose sight of the fact that we were preparing for life in the broader sense, yet we should enjoy life at college to the fullest, and get as much real fun from our days here as possible.

Dr. Curry did not speak as the time was too limited, but many of the student body had the pleasure of meeting both him and Dr. Snowden at the reception, where they spent an enjoyable half hour.

Men are always complaining that they don't understand women, but the women seem to have no trouble in understanding the men.

Some people find pleasure in their work without thought of the material reward.

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LITERARY PAGE

Can you imagine this—after 3 years, one of our Seniors has broken down and confessed that she can write. Personally we think she has a marvelous vocabulary and foresight which we can attribute to only a Senior. More power to her. Please, the rest of you, don't be bashful. This week's contributions are not so bad. A great deal of poetry. We heard an objection to so much in the last issue, but unfortunately we got nothing but the complaint. What do you all think, shall it be poetry or prose and what are you going to do about it?

Page Editor.

Love

It was the middle of December, and all the world bore upon its bosom, the white burden of snow; at least, that part of the world around New York, and after all, most of the world is there. All day the poor had been freezing and the rich complaining, and now it was night. In a brightly lighted ballroom of a big hotel the Two People in the World were dancing. The strains of the music were softly, endearingly, caressingly low. As her soft hair brushed his cheek, he whispered, "Dearest, I love you!"

In a small flat in the walk-up district of Harlem, a man and a woman sat in the shadow cast by the neighboring building. The single bulb in the electric lamp sent a sickly pink glow over their faces. The radio sputtered, and then from out that lifeless horn came the soft, sweet strains of an orchestra. The beat and rhythm of the song filled the room with sudden splendor. As the girl's slim, work-worn hand sought his, he murmured, "Dearest, I love you!"

Two shivering figures stood hugging the wall of a great hotel, seeking some relief from the bitter wind. The girl's coat was thin, and her shoes worn and ugly. The boy's overcoat was threadbare, and his hands rough and red. As they stood there close together, the soft refrain of a song drifted to them from the upper windows of the hotel. The very wind seemed hushed by the sweetness of the melody. As the girl swayed involuntarily in time to the music, the man's arms encircled her, and he said, "Dearest, I love you!"

Geneva, on Seneca Lake

Little lake sitting
like a pan
of apples in a negro mammy's
squishy lap.
Round sand basin filled
with lake.
Days when it spilled
lapis lazuli and sapphires.
Days the basin crammed
with chiffon pastelled scarfs.
Nights when the moon dripped
tears of gold into its India ink.
Little town patronizing
above it. Stealing its moods
for color.
Little town—where it's
always spring and the
trees are never too weary
to chat.
Little town where there
is laughter and breathlessness
out on the bluff. Where
beauty is youth.

Here—now—sickening
in high defiant cities.
Sometimes I think my heart
must break.

Futility

Hurry, children, waste your childhood.
Hurry on to life!
Hurry, youths, to reach your manhood.
There where pleasure's rife!
Hurry, men, to older manhood.
Graying hair desire!
Hurry on! Attain ambition;
Lose your youthful fire!
Hurry, gray-beards, Death is coming!
Don't sit there and sigh.
Hurry! Now you want your childhood.
Hurry on to die!

Gallant Lady

She stood on the open wind-swept upper deck of an old Hoboken ferry, a straight little figure with an odd heart-shaped face and a scarlet tilted mouth. Just one more girl watching the long lights of the New York skyline scintillate and fade out in the distance. She was a little sad to see their white brilliance go perhaps, but never tragic. Never tragic until you looked at her eyes. Then you knew. For they were masking eyes—eyes that had learned. Not from school books, not that simple kind of knowledge that is paid for in money and late hours under a study lamp. But the kind of knowledge that costs tears, and pent-up emotions, and wild tortured hours of longing and heartache. The learning Life offers. That was the thing they were trying so gallantly to masquerade.

But if those eyes had not been so gallant, they would have told you that Life had played cheap tricks on the girl with the heart-shaped face. They would have told that Life had given her a man and had let her love him. It had let him tell her that he loved her, and then had snatched him away with a quick hard jerk that left no time for any lingering moments of goodbye. Nothing left but the haunting memory of two piercing eyes, a clean cut profile, and a sensitive boyish mouth—the feel of hot lips pressed close and the quick ecstasy of a boy's hard breathing—the soft clug of a ferry boat, New York lights on black water, a strong arm holding her close there in the magic night—a warm voice whispering, "I'm afraid I love you. Afraid—I love you—" That was all that was left. Only the dead grey ashes of the leaping fire—nothing more.

And that was what Life charged, just to learn.

Contrast

Bright lights are very gay tonight,
I see them flashing gold then white
Or blue—splashed almost everywhere,
There
In the frost sharp winter air.
And yet two hours ago, a sky
Blue grey, flung golden banners high
In sunshot clouds, while wild geese
flew
Through,
Black silhouettes on grey blue.
The city claims her own now it is
dark.
Today—wild geese flew over Central Park.

Literary Vacation

A merry, sunny summer morning called to us from the glistening hilltops; a white ribbon of road winding through green fields and past beautiful homes besought us with its promise of joys to come; the rushing of automobiles sang sweet songs of wonders to be seen over the next hill, beyond the next turn. We responded to the pleading of life, joy and went "hitch-hiking."

We travelled wide, and far, and fast. We travelled in varied style, and with a motley crowd of human beings. We travelled with artists, dancers, school boys, and bootleggers, and bumbled our meals from anyone and everyone in the most approved manner. Finally about nightfall, we reached a tiny village in the foot hills of the Allegheny mountains. There we became prosaic, being tired and world-weary and spent sixty of our last seventy-five cents to go to a movie. We dozed and waked by turns in the murky darkness of the Park Movie Palace. And then we decided to find a bed for the night.

From one of our "rides" we had learned that the police force consisted of a tall thin policeman and a short fat one. (Our informant failed to mention the third and most important factor of whom you shall learn in due time.) The aforementioned person had advised us to address ourselves to the tall thin officer in time of need, for he was renowned far and wide for his good humor.

Well, having emerged from the dense blackness of the theatre to the scarcely less dense blackness of the night we walked the narrow main street until we could walk no more. Seeing three young men on the corner, we went over to them, looked up with wide open eyes, and in a naive voice said, "Can you tell us where we can get a free bed for the night?" Three mouths dropped open, three pairs of eyes stared wildly, and three hands stopped with jerks on the way to three hats. In a stricken voice the tallest one began, "Nnnnoo, I rreally can't—"

The tall thin policeman hove in sight, and with a shriek of, "There's the tall thin one!" we dove across the street and came to an abrupt halt in front of his brass buttoned chest. Here we repeated our startling request and waited with breath bated to hear him say that we would have to stay in the police station, this being the height of our bumbling ideals. Imagine our confusion and embarrassment when after a calm survey, this limb of the law announced solemnly, "The Salvation Army is the place for you girls." Gasping, we repeated in choked voices "Salvation Army!" and then burst into laughter. At length though, we accepted the idea, and started off, thinking of all the interesting people we would meet—but the Salvation Army had gone away for the week-end. However, the obliging policeman said that we should have a bed if he must make it, so back we went to the center of town where Officer — went into the hotel, and arranged for a bed for us to sleep in. He came out at last and showed his authority by saying preemptorily, "Come on!" We came! We signed our names and went to bed.

Next morning we arose, dressed, and went down stairs to hand in our key. There we received our introduction to the third angle of chief wished to see us! We stayed at breakfast, we saw him, and told him with our eyes wide and artless that we were telling him the truth—oh absolutely! At last he believed that the police department was not going to have to pay the hotel bills for two reprobates, because these were what he had

expected to find. How do I know? Simply because when he first saw us at the breakfast table, a look of complete surprise spread over his fat Irish countenance, and he said, "Why, you girls look respectable!" Finally he told us we could go, so we got up. So did he, and one on either side, he took us into the arms of the law, ushered us past the hotel desk, and wished us God speed!

Inadequacy

No admixture do I want in the new
Colors I am seeking, nor old flavors
Betraying, though disguised in form
and hue,
Rejected taste. Nor my old neighbors;
Trees,—ringed barked,—records of
monotony;
Flowers,—relentless series of
whorled faces,
Petalled combinations; even the
sea
Is patterned, varied most in rocky
places
To ensnare the ships, sky, the
sea's rilled brother,
Kaleidoscopic chart of shades and
tints;
Expressing one in terms of other,
Binding cycle.

Yes, I am young. Unknown to me
are all
Emotions,—love, intensity of pain,
Mature despair, exquisite passion,
gall
Of adult disappointment. Yet their
stain
Has smirched my mind. For I have
read in books
And in men's faces formulae of
these,—
All are typed; grief's tears, and
fawning lovers' looks,
And Agony. I should live in
parodies,
I cannot hope in age.

Only some note, some unknown
pluck of string,—
Unprecedented minute—beyond
air,
Beyond the outworn, peopled sphere
of wing,—
Unpatterned, unexpressed.
Yet can I bear
To be alone?

In Defense of Illusions

Pretend you are a savant, learned
guise
Assume, or arching melancholy
eyes,
Romantic pose affect—where you
can find,
Beyond the faithful portraits of
the mind,
Your figure better robed, your soul
sublime,
Where wander without thought of
time,
Or find a better mode of transportation,
Than in the reaches of imagination?
So I who love the lore of minstrels
old,
Revel in the grime and gore of
bold,
Bad pirates, who feel delicious
shudders
On phantom guillotines, or sturdy
rudders
Churn beneath my feet imaginary
seas,
Who screw my face into deep
perplexities,
And struggle in an effort to be
wise,—
I ape fair wisdom,—in a poor
disguise!



Up and Down the Campus

Well, well, well, in case you didn't know, winter is here with howling wind and chilly breezes. Also bringing the usual number of chills and blowing a few doors off hinges. All of which reminds us—

Have you heard the little story about a new term and a chance to begin all over again now that examinations, term themes, and notebooks are cut of the way? If you have of course we won't repeat it here.

Two seniors in a moment of senility left Beaver for a day to visit the Zoo. They didn't say they did it for the change. They brought back with them monkey faces and gazelle hops.

A promising young journalist shows early genius by being absent minded and losing her roster. If she comes to class some time we may discover other signs of genius.

I was suffering from liver trouble and the doctor told me that if I laughed fifteen minutes before each meal, my condition would improve. One day in a restaurant, while having my little laugh, a man at the opposite table walked over to me and said in an angry manner:

"What the devil are you laughing at?"

"Why, I am laughing for my liver," I said.

"Well, then I guess I had better start laughing too. I ordered mine half an hour ago."

Servant: The doctor is here, sir.
Absent Minded: I can't see him, tell him I'm sick.—Ex.

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Congratulations, Social Editor!

How do you get the news? We just read in the paper that our room mate is going home this week end. It's the first we knew of it.

As we write these words we are using a pencil that some kind soul placed in the Crier Contribution Box. There were also a piece of poetry, a button, a penny and half a tooth brush. Thanks for the poem and the pencil!

Dot Barager went to typing class. Teacher said "What are you going to work on?" Dot said, "A typewriter."

We mentioned cold rooms up above there. Pardon us. We just discovered that we'd turned the heat off the radiator. It is banging along merrily now.

Now tell me why we put a hyphen in bird-cage.

It's for the bird to sit on.

He: "Are you making any progress in your new job?"

She: "Heavens no! The instructor hasn't complimented me on anything but my work."

Art Notes

The one hundred and twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, opened January 27, and will remain open until March 17.

This exhibition represents a cross-section of American painting and sculpture. It contains examples of all schools, from the academic Bostonians to the extreme modernists. Most of the pictures are by established artists, such as Daniel Garber and Henry Poore, but many are by younger painters, who give a new viewpoint and a fresh vision. Roy Cleveland Nuse, head of the Art department of Beaver College, has three pictures hung.

Sculpture is as well represented as painting, and altogether, this exhibition has a cultural value for every college student, not only those taking art courses. Mrs. Andrade and Mr. Nuse, respectively, will conduct groups of students through the Academy galleries on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, February 6 and 7.

PENNSYLVANIA CLUB DINNER

The Pennsylvania Club entertained at the formal dinner on Tuesday evening. The tables were decorated with red candles and large red hearts. Dorothy Reheard, president of the club, acted as chairman. Gertrude Schwenker, accompanied by Margaret Parry, and Helen Traubman, accompanied by Dorothy Reheard, entertained during the dinner with vocal selections. Grace McConnell sang, accompanying herself on the ukelele.

Did some one say we might get a radio for the gym?

And how about a Spring dance at Grey Towers.

Basketball Team

Meets First Defeat

(Continued from Page 1)

BEAVER SCHUYLKILL
H. Hall R. F. Bennett
F. Hall L. F. Heffley
Cooke C. Heere
Reid R. G. Knott
Wuchter L. G. Wanner
Referee—Mrs. Smith.

Subs. Beaver—Thomas, Barr, Hays, Rose. Schuylkill—Heere, Fridinger, Frederick, Eisenbisi.

Field goals—Beaver 19, Schuylkill 2. Fouls—Beaver 5, Schuylkill 8.

BEAVER NEWARK NORMAL
H. Hall R. F. Barr
F. Hall L. F. Levy
Cooke C. Jorden
Reid R. G. Jones
Wuchter L. G. Rapaport
Referee—Mrs. Smith.

Subs. Beaver—Thomas, Shafer, Barr, Trippe, Newark—Cohn, Manus.

VARSITY-PENTATHLON

The Varsity team won a 21 to 11 victory over Pentathlon on January 22 in the school gym. Both teams were in good trim. Bert Shaefer performed from all angles of the floor and Tommy Thomas lost no time in making baskets when she substituted for Betty Wells. As for Helen and Florence Hall they kept the onlookers gasping as they shot one basket after another. Kripsy was right there with the goods, and Dotty Wuchter made a very graceful showing when she wasn't reclining on the floor. Pete and Milly Hayes, a freshman, incidentally, showed excellent teamwork.

The lineup was as follows:

Varsity	Pentathlon
Nancy Cook	c. E. Krips
J. Barr	s. c. V. Rose
Helen Hall	r. f. R. Shaefer
Florence Hall	l. f. Betty Wells
I. Ried	l. g. D. Wuchter
M. Hayes	r. g. Mathews
Subs. Thomas, Watts, Dean.	



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Expression Stars Shine in Recital

(Continued from Page 1)

did not respond to the encore her delighted audience called for, amused them particularly with Thomas Daly's "Da Mericana Girl". And Gladis Wallgren brought the recital to a stirring and completely satisfactory close with Alfred Noyes' well known "The Highwayman."

The program was as follows:

- (a) "Seein' Things at Night" Eugene Field
(b) "Lilac Time" Anonymous
Ireta Watson
"An Old Sweetheart of Mine" James W. Riley
Bessie Teplitz
(a) "Wadin' In De Crick" Anonymous
(b) "The Proposal" Anonymous
Lorena Rodgers
"Minnie at the Skating Rink" George T. Bates
Grayce McConnell
"The Famine" Henry W. Longfellow
Lois Whitehouse
(a) "Da Mericana Girl" Thomas Daly
(b) "Carlotta's Indecision" Thomas Daly
Katherine Weaver
"The Bride at the Butcher Shop" Anonymous
Betty Davenport
"The Highwayman" Alfred Noyes
Gladis Wallgren

"False doctrine" is when a doctor gives wrong stuff to a man.

"An appendix" is a portion of a book which nobody yet has discovered of any use.

"A grass widow" is the wife of a vegetarian.

Her Husband: What do you want with a horse? We have two cars and you don't ride horseback. Mrs. Goodsole: I know that, but horses are becoming so scarce each members of our Good Deeds Club has pledged herself to keep at least one horse to feed the starving horseflies.

Prof: We will now name all the orders of the lower animals beginning with this young lady in the first seat.

MYSTERIES

The question of the day is whether it should be a "round package of crackers" or "a package of round crackers." This is analogous to the puzzle of the hole in the doughnut.

—M. U. D.

"I never stole anything in my life."

"You didn't? But I thought you wrote jokes for a college publication."—Texas Ranger.

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Susie Says, --

(Continued from Page 3)

home last week-end in Jersey City, N. J.

Jo Rightmire and roommate Mart Meyer spent last week end with Mildred Rodel at Perkasio.

Barbara Samuelson is visiting her sister Dot Samuelson at Beaver for the week end of Feb. 1. "Pinky" Pinkus is planning for a week end in Wilmington, Del.

Adelaide Levit is being entertained at a luncheon on Saturday, February 2 to be given by her sister, Mrs. M. Durst at the Shelten Apartments, Oak Lane.

Peg Dietrich waved me off and said she wished people would get her week-ends straight. Now what could I do? A person with no friends, no money, no influence.

Helen Heckerman is going to Hagertown, Maryland to a reunion of girls from Hood College.

Sunny Trowbridge spent a week-end with her Uncle, Dr. B. Cruckshawk, a trustee of Beaver. Myrtle Anderson spent two week-ends at her home in Milford. She was quite fascinated it seems by an elongated accordion, played at a party there.

Say, I'm about worn out. Actually I haven't had my hat off today.

and my glasses hang heavily upon my nose, but I must tell you that I broke in on a party given by Sophia Caprio in Greenway House. If you know what I mean, I hunted it up. Peg Downes was there and E. Anderson, Sally Wright, Ruth Connolly and Mildred Adams. Said Sophia sweetly, "Were you invited? Somehow I don't just seem to—er—a Well!

Well, I returned to the old dorm where I was bounded on all sides by the faculty party. Said Doctor Greenway, "We're just in the midst of an informal, old fashioned party for the faculty and their wives and children." He looked at his watch. I looked at mine. "Um," said I. "You have nothing on me. I'm ready for bed, too."

NEW GIRLS FROM TEN STATES

And still they come! Fourteen new girls have enrolled at Beaver for next semester: Georgia and Marcia McKinney, sisters from Binghamton, N. Y.; Elizabeth Roediger of Danville, Va.; Virginia Stamm of Avis, Penna.; Rose Weisberger of Perth Amboy, N. J. Marjorie Phillips of Frankford, Del.; Gertrude Moskowitz of Passaic, N. J.; Joanna Bender of Scranton, Pa.; Marjorie Benjamin, of Philadelphia; Dorothy Cox of Lawrence, Mass.; Vera Dlugash of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Evelyn Katz of Gloucester, Mass.; Virginia Burke and Jean Louise Richardson.

Another thing that doesn't turn out as it should is the automobile just ahead of you.—Exchange.

Collegiate: Someone has stolen my car.

Campus Cop: These antique collectors will stop at nothing.

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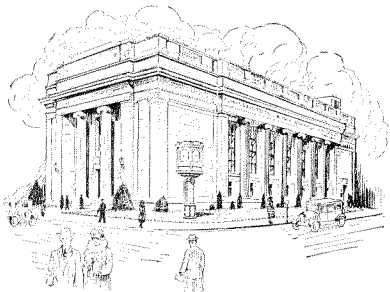
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