

PERISCOPE

Issued Semi-Monthly By Beaver College Students

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No. 7

Sports in Full

Swing at Beaver

Beaver is holding her own, and part of the other fellow's, too, it seems, by the wonderful showing they have made in competitive athletics this year. Hockey, basketball and swimming, are the only events so far, but their record in all stands high.

The latest victory was won by defeating Darlington Seminary, in the Darlington pool, Monday, February 15. Miss Leah DeGavre, Capt., made the record number of points. Wonderful work was shown by both teams, but Beaver, the best, as shown by the score.

Events in the meet were:

20 yard free style—first, Harmon, Darlington; second DeGavre, Beaver; third, tie between Swearer, Beaver and Carter, Darlington.

Side stroke, form—first, Matthews, Beaver; second, Morris, Darlington; third, Stewart, Darlington.

20-yard Breast Stroke—first Hutchinson, Darlington; second, Jenks, Beaver; third, Mitchell, Beaver.

60-yard Free Style—first, Paul, Beaver; second, Harmon, Darlington; third, Ried, Beaver.

Form, Single-overarm—first, Morris, Darlington; second DeGarve, Beaver; third, Stewart, Darlington.

20-yard Back stroke—first, DeGavre, Beaver; second, Ried, Beaver; third, Hutchinson, Darlington.

40-yard Free Style—first, Paul; Beaver; second, tie between DeGavre, Beaver and Harmon, Darlington; third Carter, Darlington.

Form, Breast Stroke—first Matthews, Beaver; second, Kutcher, Beaver.

Diving—first Krips, Beaver; second,

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Engagement Announced

An engagement of interest is that of Mrs. Harriet Sully, social directress of Beaver College, and Mr. Jackson Armitage Drake of Tacoma, Washington.

Mrs. Sully is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Reaser and is a graduate of Beechwood School. Dr. Reaser was the founder and president of the former Beechwood School.

Following their marriage the couple will make their home on Woodlawn avenue, Glenside.

Gypsy Trails

When the moonlight streams thru each leafy bower,

To kiss goodnight each mountain flower,

When comes the night-birds moaning wail,

Dusk falls o'er the Gypsy Trail.

When the camp-fires flickering gleam, Blends with the moon-lit mountain stream,

Then come the night winds from the west,

And lull the Gypsy Band to rest.

Where craggy rocks o'er the path hang low,

Where Autumn leaves in the sunlight glow,

I long to tread where the Gypsies trod, Close to Nature—and to God.

Thelma Batson.

Two Nuse Canvasses at Academy Exhibition

One of the outstanding canvasses at the 121st annual exhibit of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia is that of a local artist and the subject is a study of children of well known Wyncote residents; "The Children of J. W. Hunsberger" by Roy Cleveland Nuse is hung "on the line," which in artistic circles signifies appreciation and is attracting much interest at the exhibition now in progress. The children are pictured on the beach at Cape May, where the family spends the summer. The work is well executed and is generally admired.

Mr. Nuse also has another canvas catalogued. It is a "Winter Window," through the small panes of which is depicted the winter scene without. The picture was painted in an old Bucks county farm house, the home of the artist.

Mr. Nuse is head of the art department at Beaver College, Jenkintown. He was a pupil of Duveneck of the Academy of Art in Cincinnati, studied elsewhere in the United States including the Pennsylvania Academy, then studied in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, and London. He returned to Cincinnati and became an instructor in art and later at Oberlin College. From the Pennsylvania Academy he was awarded the Cresson Traveling Scholarship on two occasions. He also received the Thouron Prize in 1918, the First Toppan Prize, and the Club Medal of the Philadelphia Sketch Club. He is a member of Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy, and a member of the Painters' Jury of Selection and Hanging Committee of that institution.

Wins Ledger Prize

Miss Miriam Foster of Beaver College, Jenkintown, Penna., on February 22, won a prize of five dollars for original recipe in the contest conducted by the Evening Ledger, Philadelphia.

The receipt which made this not-objectionable addition to her pocket-book was "Creamed Eggs with Pimento Cheese." Miss Foster is a second year student in Home Ecs department and lives in Danville, Pennsylvania.

The Periscopic View

March 3—Talk by Ledger reporter to Journalism class. Journalism Room 26, 3.15 to 4.15.

March 4 — Pentathlon Minstrel Show.

March 5—Basketball, Moravian Seminary, at home.

March 8—Basketball, Cedar Crest College, away.

March 11—Athletic Association Benefit.

March 12—Darlington Swimming Meet—Abington Y Pool.

March 15—Recital.

March 17—Abington branch, Republican Women of Penna., to be guests at Luncheon and Concert.

March 18—Basketball, Cedar Crest College, at home.

March 20—Basketball, Darlington, away.

March 22—Lecture, Col. Moore on "The Rockies".

March 23—Basketball, Ursinus College, at home.

March 24—Concert.

The PERISCOPE

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FAY LITTLE

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Dear teachers, we do not intend to complain, but do you realize what your frequent tardiness at table means to College students with ever-increasing appetites?

Oh, how hard it seems to sit and wait, while our stomachs growl viciously and we can see the girls nearby, devouring everything in sight of them. How torturing seems the delay before we can taste of those juicy pork chops fast becoming cold, and those Brussels sprouts now growing tepid.

Sometimes overcome with impatience we go right ahead with the serving. Then, as sure as we're born, our "reigning teacher" suddenly and unexpectedly arrives on the scene, "Peg" or "Dot" is in the act of helping herself to a nice large spoonful of mashed potatoes, but alas! at the crucial moment she must hold it aloft several seconds, her mouth watering! Meanwhile, we all arise, our knives or forks off times clattering to the floor.

Dare I mention some of the faculty brigade who at any time might be guilty of the above charges? Take the lady who handles our "daily affairs" in the correspondence "line"—She might be detained by a trouble-some package man from Wanamaker's. However, when she hurries in, a faint encouraging smile on her countenance, we willingly forget our vast emptiness.

"Better late than never" laughs Miss Abelson as she reached her place. Possibly two little "scamps at her kindergarten were having a boxing match" and it took considerable time and patience to separate them.—Here comes our former student government president. Edna has probably been making the organ thunder and wail forth "Prelude in C sharp minor," or maybe rapping some ones' knuckles in a tedious music lesson. She sits down, smiling sweetly; "Sorry girls, simply could not come any sooner." Miss Buhrmester dashes in seeming decidedly worried and perplexed. Another explosion has most likely taken place in the chemistry room, resulting in a few casualties.

Who is this person, always good natured and kind? Why it's Dr. Martin. He greets all the girls with a cheery "howdy-do" and lays his lateness to a strenuous argument with another faculty member on some puzzling theory of Darwin's.

Madamselle "breezes" in with her quaint little stride—She seems always so gay and sends sunshine everywhere. Her accented Paree is complimenting so we can't help but excuse her.

Miss Segine madly rushed in, followed by four panting damsels. This "training of Ziegfield's future favorites" does take one's time. Then our dancing teacher slides into place with her graceful way. Now comes Miss Walton, her nose a fiery red from the chilling atmosphere in the gymnasium.

But alas, alack, dear teachers, we confess, taking everything into consideration, and knowing of your numerous responsibilities, we can more easily sympathize than complain. Maybe you can give us a few "digs" now for our tardiness to classes?

Off the Palette

The Art students made another trip into Philadelphia to see the 121st annual exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts, and also went to see another exhibition held at the Art Club. They both proved very interesting and were thoroughly enjoyed by all who went to see them.

Several girls of this department have been week-ending. Katherine Downs, went home as usual! Lea DeGavre spent the week-end with Pinkie Hansell. Lillian Allis had a delightful time with friends in Philadelphia Virginia Henery was the guest of Kay Holcomb at Trenton.—And the rest of us stayed at school and had an exciting ? ? ? week-end!

Ida Litwhiler.

Playing "Lotta Pep"

Two girls with good loud voices, a "lotta pep" will be selected as cheerleaders for sports, according to an announcement made by the Athletic Association.

Miniature gold megaphones will be awarded to the two pep and cheer leaders selected.

One chapel period a week is to be turned over to a pep meeting, at which songs and cheers will be reviewed. Girls who play "ukes" are requested to bring 'em—and the more enthusiasm we can raise the more power to us!

Candidates are invited to come forward at the pep meetings and "strut their stuff!"

"Home Ec" News

Everyone is interested in raising money for the College Settlement. We are going to have some sales of those delicious sandwiches again soon—so save your pennies.

Ena Crichton, Virginia Frank, Miriam Foster and Adele Lemal spent a most enjoyable and interesting weekend at the Settlement House in Philadelphia. They gained a new and most enlightening knowledge of the work which is being carried on thru the kindness of various sub-chapters in the different colleges.

Residence work is still, as always, a vital topic of conversation. Miss Lane, we believe, learns about as many things as we do! Who would ever have thought that there are so many ways of preparing—well,—Coffee, for example? ?

Color schemes—even to the water and parsley in the finger-bowls, seem to be quite favored by some of us!

Please don't forget that every Home Ecer is supposed to pay the annual dues of seventy-five cents, as soon as possible, in Room 108.

Eunice May Miller.

Phi Ed News

The Phi Eds are out to win the inter-class Basketball games which start Wednesday, February 24. The practice has been good and prospects are fair. The games will thru three weeks—totalling six games.

The Phi Eds have been quiet as a group, but individually much food work has been done with Shafer, Krips, Cooke, and Ried, at basketball; Cooke, Ried, Paul, Krips and Swearer in swimming, and so it can readily be seen though quiet we are always busy.

"Stude."

Needless to say—but it's delightful news too—we have a new telephone! Now we need about 6 more. The supply is less than the demand. When dreams come true we'll have one in each room!

A Y. W. C. A. tea was given Wednesday, February 24 at four o'clock. Tea was served in the "Green Parlor", Miss Harris pouring. During the tea Lula Belle Paris sang in her delightful way. Then Miss Elcome gave an interesting talk on the purposes and results of Y. W. C. A. work; the whole affair was truly charming and successful.

With the Grads

Once more we have had a look thru the magic looking glass, and we have found many interesting things have occurred among our graduates.

Gertrude Wadsworth, '23 is in China now, and then goes to Manila and Singapore, the next ports in her three year trip around the world.

Evelyn McCloskey '24 was recently married in N. Y., but she will continue with her dancing.

Dottie McKee '25, who is, and has been for nearly a year Mrs. Rowe Hampton Nelson, is visiting in Oak Lane and has been out to school several times.

Dr. and Mrs. Hoff, (otherwise our "Babs" Fisher '25.) have a baby boy, who is now several weeks old.

Dotty Christy '25 has entered Scudder School in New York, and is studying Household Arts!

Mary Fisher '25, has taken Marion Alexander's place teaching in Sewickley, Pa., and Marion is now teaching in Reynoldsville, her home town.

Zita Drinkwater '25, has given up her teaching and is in Florida with her parents.

Helen Conover '25, had to give up her nursing course because of illness, and is now at home recuperating.

Annelen Thomas '24 and Dorry Leach '25 are both in France studying Art.

Helen Ware Cox '22, is teaching in California now, and is attending classes at the University of California, to get her degree.

Miriam Wadsworth '23, is a Senior at Barnard this year, and is Editor in Chief of "Mortar Board," their Annual which is one of the highest honors at Barnard.

Alida Beamon '25, has transferred from Central School in New York to Columbia University.

Ann Zerby '23, graduated from Bucknell in February, is now teaching in Camden.

THE THREE GATES

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone has told to you
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold,
Three narrow gates—first, is it true?
Then—is it needful? In your mind
Give faithful answer to the next,
Is last and narrowest—is it kind?
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.
—Arthur Unknown.

You know, Peggy, I could go on dancing like this forever!
For shame, George, don't you ever wish to improve?

Hard Luck

Girl in a car,
Going like blazes,
Tickled all over at the dust she raises.
Lets go the wheel,
To fumble in purse,
To take out her powder puff,
Good Night Nurse!

You can't tell, what is speeding now may be called blocking traffic in another hundred years.

MELANCHOLY

I know a haunted house,
Weather-worn and old;
With a cavernous interior,
Quiet and cold.
At night when pale stars gleam
Thru ink-black trees,
There come unbidden guests,
Ghosts of haunting memories—
This is my heart!

Eunice May Miller.

SPORTS IN FULL SWING

(Continued from Page 1)

Matthews, Beaver; third Kutcher, Beaver.

Relay—Won by Beaver; DeGavre, Ried, Krips and Paul. Darlington relay team consisted of Harmon, Carey, Hutchinson, and Carter.

At the swimming meet with Temple Tuesday in Conwell pool, Philadelphia, Beaver was defeated 22-40. Margaret Paul and Betty Matthews were the star swimmers for Beaver.

Summaries:

100-yard relay—Won by Beaver College, (Ellinor Kripp, Elizabeth Matthews, Dot Swearer, Margaret Paul); second, Temple (Mildred Baurers, Alice Newell, Catherine Rankin, Dorothy Hucknall). Time 1 min. 4 1-5 sec.

Fancy diving—Won by Dorothy Hucknall, Temple; second, Arlene Mack, Temple; third, Elizabeth Matthews, Beaver.

25-yard backstroke—Won by Esther Linaka, Temple; second, Margaret Paul, Beaver; third, Catherine Staley, Temple. Time 21 sec.

50-yard freestyle—Won by Dorothy Hucknall, Temple; second, Alice Newell, Temple; third, Margaret Paul, Beaver. Time, 33 sec.

25-yard breaststroke—Won by "Scotty" Watters, Temple; second, Ida Honikman, Temple. Time, 18 4-5 sec.

25-yard breaststroke for form—Won Matthews, Beaver; second Ida Honikman Temple; third, Ruth Baxter, Temple.

25-yard sidestroke for form—Won by Ida Honikman, Temple; second, Elizabeth Matthews, Beaver; third, Ruth Baxter, Temple.

Beaver won a victory in Basketball over Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pa., on February 17, the final tally rising to Beaver's glory 35-28.

"Bert" Shaffer and Hoy were the star performers for Beaver. Shaffer rolled up 25 points and Hoy 10. The line-up was as follows:

BEAVER		DICKINSON
Shafer	F	McDermat
Hoy	F	Paticher
Krips	C	Hoover
DiGarve	SC	Armand
Cross	G	Titlow
Cooke	G	Reigal
Ried	G	McCrani

A peppy game of basketball was staged Wednesday between the graduates and the Phi Eds. The Phi Eds, with better endurance and recent practice, walked off with a 23-12 score, but the grads made them work for it.

Home Ecs in Residence

You all have been hearing the Home Ecs talk about "being in residence" and I know many of you have wondered what they meant.

Since the time we knew that a date had been settled for our residence work we had been living in dread of that time, so it was with fear and trembling that we prepared to leave our happy home on rainy, cold Sunday night about 9.30 o'clock.

Perhaps it would be well for me to explain that the Home Economics girls in their second year have to do one week of practical work. Two of them stay at Mrs. Wallace's home for a week and prepare and serve ten meals in the Home Ec. kitchen and dining room which are fitted out completely. They serve twelve meals and serve five people for every meal except breakfast, when they serve four including themselves. And they do all this for \$10. All of their menus are planned and gone over carefully before, and when they finish a chart is made of the total amount of food used; the calories in each food; the calcium, phosphorous, iron, proteins, carbohydrates and fats contained in each; the cost of each food and the entire cost for the work. The girls take turns acting as hostess and maid. Everything has to be on time and right.

Now for the personal experiences:

When we left the college we looked as if we were leaving for a month. Both of us had large hat boxes, umbrellas, books and an alarm clock, and we were wearing galoshes, slickers over our heavy coats, old rain hats and carrying an extra blanket which we stuffed inside our slickers. Actually we looked something like refugees or the fat lady in the circus. It wasn't funny to us, but everyone else almost had hysterics.

We arrived at the practice house and Miss Lane showed us our room. We were so delighted to have lights as long as we wanted them that we hated to think of going to bed, but as we were getting up at 6.30 we decided that it would be advisable. This was the beginning of our week of residence work.

I wish that I could tell you of the funny things that happened. We did work very hard but both of us decided that it was the most interesting week we had ever spent. I enjoyed it all immensely. It was so interesting and we felt as if we were keeping a real house.

We had to assume all of the responsibility and everything depended on us. I shall never forget the morning we started to make an omelet and had only two eggs or the day walking home from Jenkintown when I slipped with a dozen eggs and a quart of milk; or the first time I served the after-dinner coffee and was so nervous the cups rattled.

We were busy all morning but usually had an hour free in the afternoon, then we were busy until after eight o'clock every night. We went to bed early every night, and although we were rather tired, we certainly enjoyed the week and wish we could do it over again.

Elinor Lyne.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A Trip to Japan

Let us forget for awhile that we are in the large and busy United States and go upon a fanciful trip to Japan.

After a journey of about sixteen days by train and by steamer across the continent and then over the wide expanse of water of the Pacific, which does not always live up to its name, we get within a day of Yokohama; everyone is upon the deck gazing afar to get a glimpse of our famous mountain, Mount Fuji.

Will we ever be able to dock, why do these quarantine officers always get to places so late and then take so long? We are tired of looking at Yokohama from such a distance.

There are hills on the left, in the centre rather tall buildings and on the right, level ground and more hills.

At last we reach the pier. Placing our feet upon firm ground once again we look about us. Are you disappointed, my friend, that there appears to be so little of the Orient? It is true that the pier is very large with a Rolls Royce, Buick and other large cars waiting beside the custom houses, which are not frail bamboo shacks but are very substantial structures.

Our Henry Ford is represented by a rickety but durable vehicle. Since we are here to see and learn about Japan we will take a jin-rickshaw to reach my home although it will take about an hour longer. It must be a strang and new sensation to ride upon these two wheeled carts with men drawing them along at a running pace. Oh! yes, we have trolley-cars and even traffic police in the busy sections.

We are now passing through the business section with cement and brick buildings, the only difference from the States that we see are, that they are not very high buildings, the people in Japanese clothes walking on the street are not in a very great hurry, the crowds are not so large, men are leading their horses and wagons along instead of being in the wagon and there are rickshaws parked here and there.

The Bluff is where most of the foreigners live and we now have on either side of us nothing but foreign houses. At last we have broken away from all these Occidental scenes. Here is the typical Japanese district, the houses are of wood with heavy tiled roofs, there are fisheries and groceries with the goods on display along the open front of the shops. Now we have arrived in the residential district; high wooden or stone walls are on each side of the road hiding all but the tops of the houses.

We are let off our rickshaws in front of a large gate. Then from the garden we walk into the entrance which is tiled, to enter the inner entrance we must remove our shoes as the floors are completely made up of thick mats, the openings along the halls, which are protected at night by wooden doors, have cedar frames covered with thin parchment like paper; doors

between the rooms are of gold or prettily painted heavy paper with lacquer borders.

We enter the living room, I see you are looking around for a chair, we do not use them in this country we sit upon cushions placed on the floor. In one corner of the room there is a space built into the wall oddly decorated with a vase of twisted branches of flowers, and a Japanese print hangs in the centre. About a foot and a half from the ceiling there is an altar, upon it are two oil lamps, a little carved tabernacle in which the idol is placed and an incense burner. The room is without furniture, save a square highly polished box, which is filled with ashes in the centre of which there are a few pieces of glowing charcoal, for the purpose of heating the room.

A few hours after having dined about a low table and after your having declared that chopsticks are impossible means by which to convey, an otherwise good dinner to a hungry individual; the mattresses are taken out of the closets and laid on the floor, the rest of the bedding is the same as over here except the pillow which is oblong and filled with the husks of a certain kind of seed.

The electric lights have been turned out and we are in darkness, from without we hear the flute of the poor blind man out to earn his living by massaging at this late hour and the muffled beat of a drum from the temple on the hill just above us.

Yoshi Kasai.

You Never Can Tell

Tea time in an expensive cafe found a correctly tailored Easterner occupying a corner seat. His eyes disregarded the pleasant crowd and fixed themselves raply upon a lady clad in purple. Alas! The lady was in a stall on the opposite side of the room. Since the Easterner did not know her, he could only admire her from a distance.

What a creature to ravish the imagination! Her purple gown fitted tightly yet somehow had a full skirt. Her feet were encased in the happy conceit of tan suede boots, ancient in pattern but ultra-modern in effect. Soft rolls of auburn hair were coiled over each ear, and a little purple hat dipped on her brow, slid over head and swirled into a purple feather that curled over her shoulders and caressed her throat.

Graceful and sinuous, she seemed a royal huntress out of a troubadour's ballad. With stately mien, she paid her check, tipped the waitress. With regal gesture, she drew on her gloves. Followed by the Easterner's fascinated gaze, she rose and moved, with queenly step toward the door. She paused a moment and extracted a small object from her little purse.

She opened her mouth, prodded a molar with the tooth-pick and anxiously inspected the result.

Doris Dewyree.

Book Review

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES

I have just read a book that pictured people so clearly that, after reading it, I felt as though my circle of acquaintances had been enlarged; a book that told, in the most fascinating way, the manner of living and habit of some of the most wonderful insects of God's creation; a book that had such an absorbing and baffling plot that I was not sure how it would end until I had reached the next to the last page. And, finally, a book that combined the truest love of man for woman with the love of one pal for another.

All these qualities combined with the chief message that in my opinion, was "Faith and Good Deeds," all of which forming a pretty large order to be filled between the covers of any one book. But, if you will read "The Keeper of the Bees" I am sure you will find the order adequately filled.

Besides the value of the book for its own sake we have the recommendation for it of knowing that it was Gene Stratton Porter's last published book and therefore, seems to breathe from its pages a stronger plea for higher ideals and standards of living than her other books. There seems to have been a presentiment of the future in the mind of the writer and she used the best material she could find and the best of her craftsmanship to bring an uplifting message to the heart of the America she loved. Shall we help her, help our country by reading this last, and best, of her books and using its message to help build our lives?

Ethel Harnish.

A True Story of a Brave Girl

Friendship involves sacrifice. When two people are deeply devoted and drawn together by a sincere, lasting bond of comradeship, there lingers in the hearts of both a spirit of self abandonment or unselfish instinct to protect or aid the other in time of peril.

Such was the case of Dorothy McClatchie and Mary Buhner three years ago; when the latter heroically fought with superhuman strength an appalling battle to save the life of her chum.

The story is laid in St. Petersburg, Florida, the home of the two girls. On a bright Friday afternoon in June they decided to take their daily swim in the bay.

Both were expert swimmers and many times had dived from the pier, plowed their way to the deep ship channel three miles out, encircled the buoy, then back to shore. Today the wind was blowing and the water was choppy. The fishermen warned them not to take the risk but unheeding they dived into the black depths and were off.

Both laughed and talked of a club they had recently organized, as they

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Suite Talk

My Hotsey Dearest:

How's the world treating you all? Your last letter thrilled me to death. Hotsey Dear, only 35 more days till I'll be with you—think of it! Yet in a way I'll hate to leave old Beaver—we enjoy life tremendously here, even if we do grumble a lot. And weekends!—the girls go to all portions of this round globe.

Last week Dottie Williamson went to Montclair, and from all accounts she had a precious time. Ann Welsh went to her home town, Chestertown, Maryland—and guess what she did? Cut off those dark tresses of hers—but she looks cuter than ever with the bob.

Leona Seymour went to Elkton, Maryland. She had a wonderful time. And guess who I met going down to the station with her bag packed with a wild wooly west costume? Dean West! She went to Oceanview, New Jersey, to visit friends, and a very wild west party was given.

Little old Topsy Dann has been pretty busy too. Last week-end, while in New York, she won a Charleston contest at the Manufacturer's Club, and this Saturday night her beloved Merritt is giving her a party at the Bellevue Stratford, in Philadelphia. Some people are lucky.

Evelyn Smith went to North Wales, Pa., Jerry Luchinger visited her sister in Norristown.

Elheura Forrey and Eleanor Outten spent the week end at their home in Dover, Delaware. Elheura had a delightful birthday dinner Friday night. Eleanor attended. Marguarite Soars went home, as usual. Our dear Emlie Theis visited in Philadelphia.

Alice Johnson '25 spent Sunday and Monday at school here with her sister Ruth. Ruth Decker's sister visited her this week end.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Parsons, of Rydal, gave a musical at their home in honor of Virginia Harmon, Margaret Moore, Mary Frances Hedrick and Lulu Belle Paris. The girls entertained the guests by songs and recitations. They were well received.

Margaret Zerby, who graduated from the Beechwood high school last year, is now taking Pre-Medical work at Bucknell College. She visited here over the week-end.

Sara Buchanan visited Mrs. Henry Huff, (nee Barbara Fisher '25) to view her new son, Charles Fisher. Sally pronounced it a bouncing boy. Mother and son were doing nicely.

Dotty Talman professed to have had a grand time visiting in Gloucester this past week-end, with many a dinner-dance and bridge party.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Parsons of Windy Knoll, gave a musical on Friday evening, February 19, in honor of Virginia Harmon. Mary Frances Hedrick, Margaret Moore and Lulu Belle Paris, students at Beaver College.

Lulu Belle Paris, soprano, Mary Frances Hedrick, pianist, and Betty Davenport, reader, gave a program before the Parent-Teacher association of Abington on Wednesday afternoon, February 17, at the club meeting in

the Abington Elementary school. Lulu Belle Paris also sung with Eleanor Steinbach accompanying, before the Abington branch, Republican Women of Pennsylvania, at the meeting of that club on February 23 at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club.

Mary Bock, a former Darlington student, and star swimmer, visited Peter Ried the week-end of the Darlington Beaver Swimming meet and Basket ball game. We were real polite and showed her how well we could play. We enjoyed her visit. Mary, however, hasn't told us yet who she was rooting for—as far as we can see, she rooted for everyone.

Jean Brown, who is home recuperating from an operation for appendicitis is getting along splendidly, and we expect her back in another week.

That's all—now why did I say that? This is certainly enough for now! You will wonder where I have been spending my weekends, but Honey, all I can spend is money; all I do is eat and grow thin, but some day I'll come out all right—Maybe! Write soon to your Totsey, Hotsey—

Totsey.

True Story of a Brave Girl

(Continued from Page 4)

swam with long even strokes out to the buoy. They had covered over two miles of the distance, when Dorothy suddenly sank and coming again to the top screamed that her foot had been bitten off! Immediately Mary came to her side, unaware of the lurking danger—that dreaded deep-sea monster—the Barracuda, which so viciously had slashed Dorothy's leg.

"Buck up, Dot—hang on to me—I'll tow you in," said Mary.

Dot was growing pale and her lips blue.

"Oh Mary, I'm gone—kiss me good-bye," she whispered.

Mary kissed her, then began her brave fight to get Dot to shore, for she never dreamed her little friend was quite gone into the far beyond.

Already she was swimming in a pool of blood, and, as she battled the waves, calling frantically for help, she prayed God for strength to carry her chum to shore.

A half hour passed and she had swum but half the distance, her burden getting heavier each minute. Finally some boys on the pier discovered the girls and quickly came to their rescue in a motor boat.

Upon reach land Dot was taken to the hospital, but the doctors pronounced her life extinct. The calf of her leg had been bitten out and she had bled to death.

Poor Mary, with torn muscles and strained ligaments suffered a nervous breakdown, but never once did she think of herself, grieving over the fate of her friend and blaming herself for Dot's death.

The heroism of Mary Buhner was recorded in practically every newspaper in the United States. Letters and money were sent her from people all over the country. She received a medal for bravery and a thousand dollar scholarship. It is certain, that she will always be regarded as one of the greatest heroines in America.

"Greater love hath no man, than this; that he lay down his life for his friend."

Joyce Prince.

Faculty Corner

The Faculty Bridge Club which meets semi-monthly was delightfully entertained at the Wallace home on February 19. Delicious refreshments were served. The hostesses of the evening were Mrs. Sutton and Miss Fahl.

Miss Segine entertained Miss Edith Weston of New York City over the week-end of February 20th.

Miss Soars, Miss Lane and Miss Taylor were entertained at luncheon by the Home Ecs. on Wednesday, February 24. Miss Soars was hostess of the occasion, Miss Pegg waitress, and Miss Shoud prepared the meal. Miss Scars, Miss Pegg and Miss Sarah were "in residence" this week.

Dr. Broadhead of the Jenkintown Methodist Church gave a very interesting sermon at Beaver College on February 21.

Miss Paige entertained her friend Miss Blanch Lawton of Hartford, Connecticut the week-end of February 20.

Mademoiselle Charlotte Wallon was the guest of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce at a dinner given for Foreign Students of the city given at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Thursday evening, February 18th.

Some girls there are who pine and fret
Waiting for mail they never get.
Some girls there are, who without fail
Are always waiting for the male!

Eunice May Miller.

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