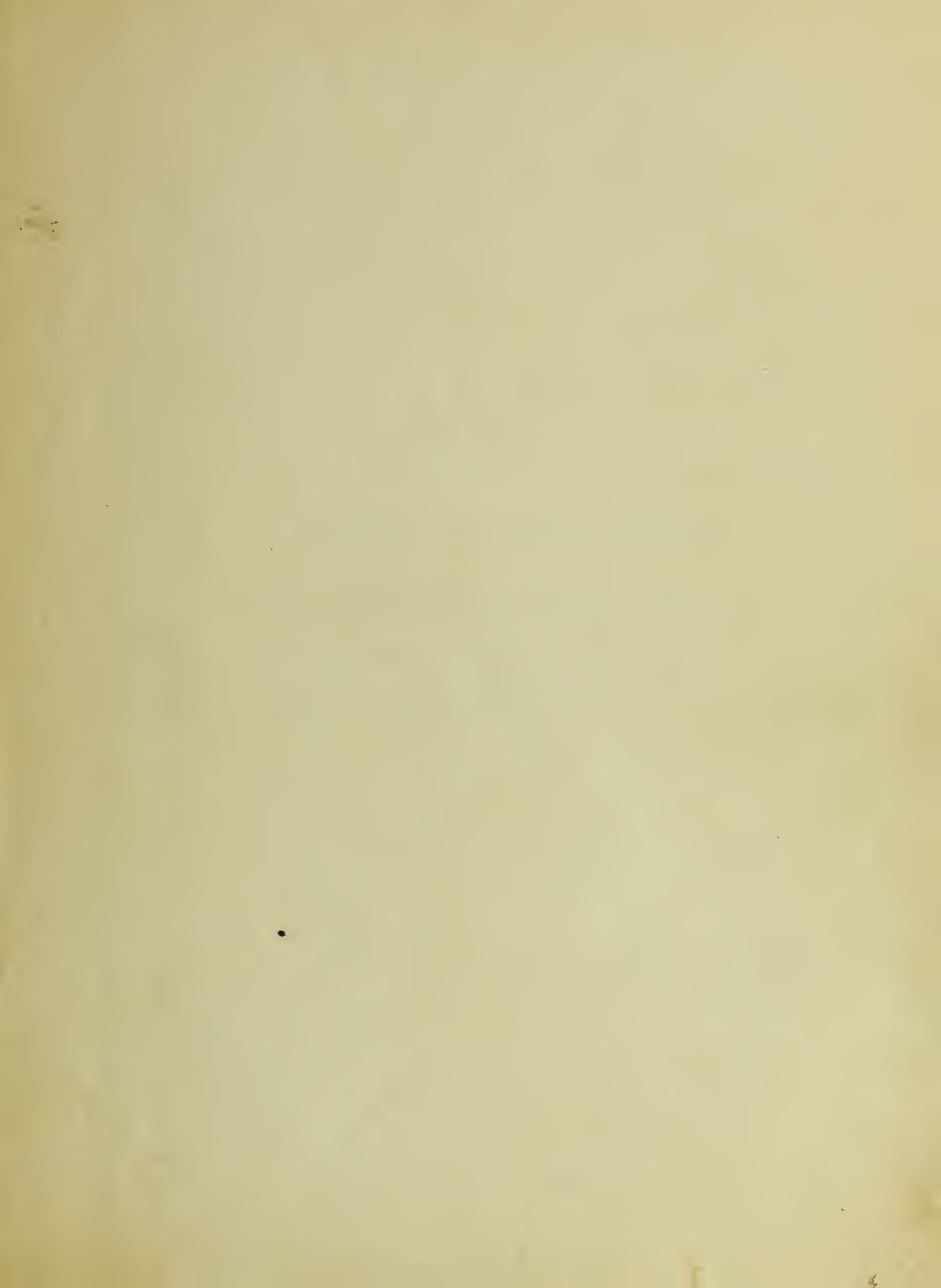


GREEN BOOK





FOREWORD

Desiring to uphold the standards already set by former classes, we, the College Rhetoric class of 1930-31, submit for your criticism and enjoyment the results of our first literary efforts.

THE STAFF
1930-31

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Business Manager	A. Duncan Rogers
Assistant Business Manager	Verner Babcock
Literary	Katherine Brown
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Art	John Warren
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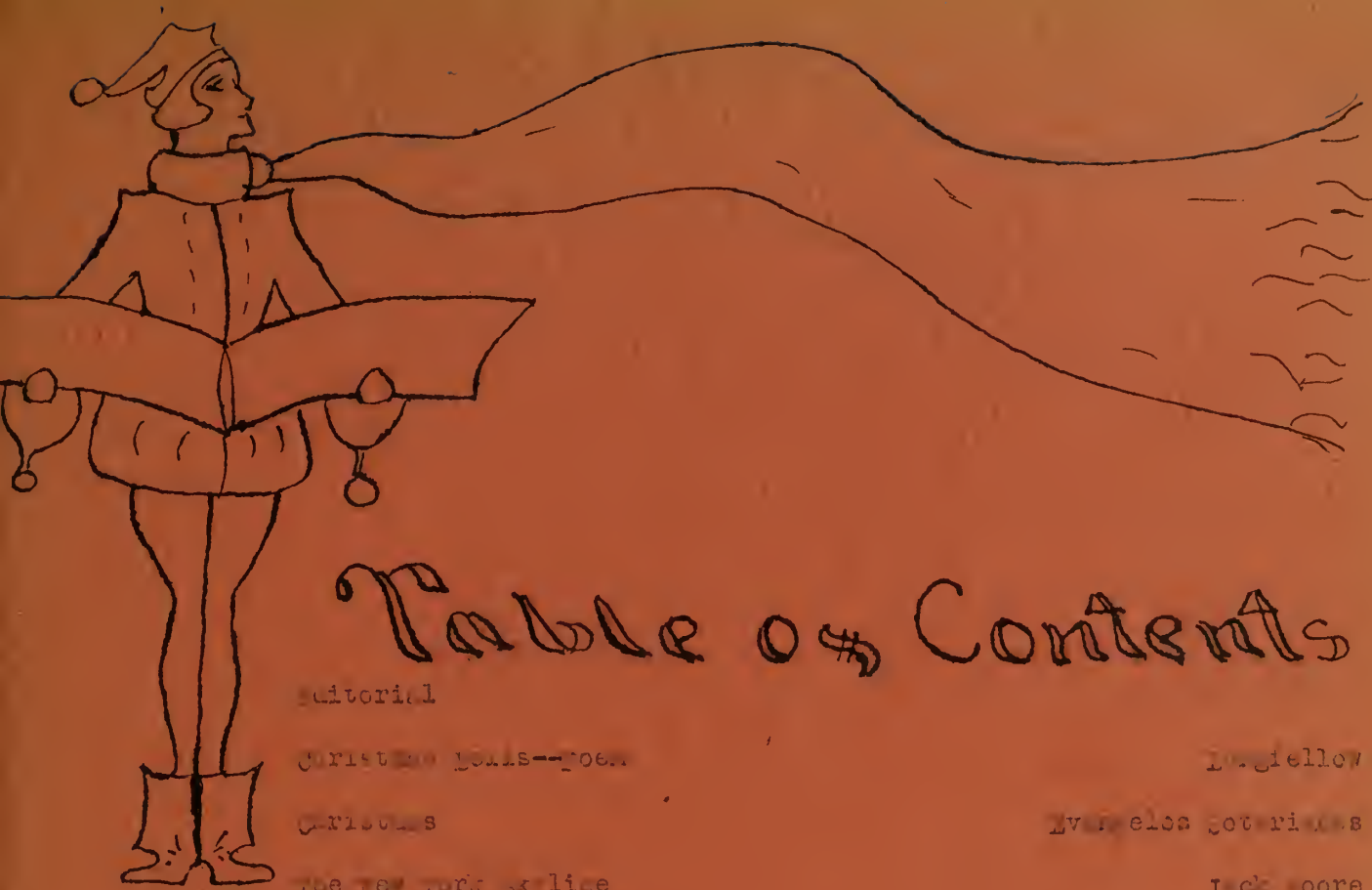


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EDITORIAL

The mercury in the thermometer is sinking, sinking. Little squeals or low rumbles issue from the dormitory inmates as they scoot across to Fowler Memorial. Once inside, the relief is only momentary. In the class rooms may be seen huddled figures clothed in mittens, overshoes, and furs. The radiators sputter-- and that is all. Down in the library, warmth-seekers hunt stray sunbeams which might provide some small comfort. Icy blasts sweep in with every opening of the main door. pr-r-r!

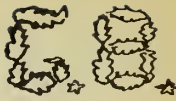
Here in these unpleasant circumstances there is an excellent opportunity to demonstrate one's good-nature. A person who can talk and laugh naturally, though chilled to the marrow, is my idea of a good-natured individual. Now is a fine chance to show how much warmth one's heart contains, regardless of a frigid environment.

And have you never seen the humorous side of it? Aren't the first words said by each one you meet "Why isn't it cold; I'm just frozen!" or something to the same effect? Or have you never seen anyone wearing heavy gloves trying vainly to separate two sheets of paper? Oh yes, I'm sure our days would be dull without some variety of this sort. But--well, heat does feel pretty good!



literary





CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
 "For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead nor doth he sleep!
 The wrong shall fail
 The Right prevail
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

--Longfellow.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas.....The word is fraught with meaning for us all. It conjures up a wealth of pictures in our minds. Sparkling trees and lighted candles; sleigh-bells and Santa Claus; presents and merriment and feasting; songs and lights and holly and all the rest. But Christmas is more than all that.

Nineteen hundred years ago, in the stillness of a Judaeen hillside, a sweet angelic song. On the dark wintry sky, the light of a guiding star. Within a humble stable in Bethlehem, a young mother bending over her first-born son. Wise men worshipping the promised Counsellor, shepherds adoring Him who was to be the Good Shepherd. Today, in thousands of churches, men and women extolling the world's Redeemer. In myriads of homes a love that is stronger than ever before, because the babe of Bethlehem has been let in. In millions of hearts a new ideal of good-will, of thought of others before self. And throughout the whole wide world, a new spirit among all men of hope and joy and peace. That is the real Christmas.

First of all, Christmas is a birthday. The birthday of the obedient and well-loved Son of God. The birthday of an era that has completely changed the world, that has divided all of time in two. The birthday of man's highest aspirations, of his only



lasting hopes. The birthday of a Savior and a King.

Then Christmas grips our hearts because it is a story. A story that is unlike any which we have ever heard. A story that has for its hero mankind's dearest possession; a new born babe. A story that can never grow old as long as human need exists and heaven's love is eager to come down to meet it. The story of one who was rich, yet became poor that we through His poverty might become rich. The story of God come into the world to woo it to Himself.

Finally, Christmas is a spirit. A spirit that once each year is born anew into the hearts of men. A spirit of unselfish love that came into the world when He who is love took on the form of flesh. A spirit that makes of all mankind a brotherhood because it makes of God a Father.

E. S.

"Work is no reproach; the reproach is idleness."

--Hesiod.

THE NEW YORK SKYLINE

The boat pulled out of New York harbor just as the evening sun was beginning to throw forth her brilliant rays. Out into the East River we threaded our way through a heavy line of ferries and freighters that congested the channel, and headed around Manhattan Island's rock-covered point up into the Hudson.

As I walked to the opposite side of the ship, I beheld a magnificent view of the famous New York skyline. By this time the sun had dropped considerably and was shooting flames of golden fire through the white blankets of clouds. Against this background of nature, there stood a mighty heap of man's work in the form of skyscrapers. There they were, steelish grey in color, many feet in height, defying the laws of gravity and nature. And as I looked to the right, up the East River, massive arches of steel girders, interwoven as a giant spider's web, spanned the great river. As we passed under these great monuments of man's skill, we could see looming in the distance a great tower. As it grew nearer, we recognised it to be the great Chrysler building. It pointed its tower high above the surrounding buildings to be crowned emperor of skyscrapers. To its left rose the skeleton of a structure that is to supercede this tower.

As I turned and reviewed the whole skyline, I had a feeling of minuteness. The whole scene filled me with awe as I gazed

Greetings

S. Claus

and saw the marvels of man's accomplishments against the beauty of nature's sunset. The scene passed. The boat plowed on up the river.

J. M.

FAILURE

I am the Spirit of Failure. Always I am at work in the world. Some give me free access but others hardly let me knock at their door. Still, I am a great power. I can discourage weak souls. I can make men and women unhappy. I have caused thousands to give up, and have wrecked many lives. I force myself into a life, if I am given room, until I become a habit. I recruit the ranks of the bankrupts and fill the divorce courts. I pull the trigger, or mix the poison that sends the suicide to his death. Big men hate me and fight me off, but small men only fear me and usually give in. Youth sometimes feels my blows with impunity, but sometimes falls one of my victims. Laziness, thoughtlessness, discouragement and disease are my allies, but I have enemies also. Seldom can I overcome ambition, persistence, faith, hope, or a good sense of humor--never, if all these work together. I am the Spirit of Failure, and I am always looking for victims.

E. S.

ON BEING SMALL

people always admire a tall, willowy figure. Women, large or small, strive earnestly to procure and maintain a fashionable slinness. To be sure slinness and height are assets, but what is one to do if she has neither? There would be no embarrassment if all women were short and chubby, but the very fact that shortness is not the standard for physical perfection makes a small woman more conspicuous.

Lack of height cannot be concealed. If I had grey hair I could dye it and thus keep my youth. If the pink in my cheeks should disappear I could purchase without trouble, a peaches and cream complexion at the nearest drug store. The matron can dress like a school girl, and go to a beauty parlor to regain her lost youth. A tall, plump woman can wear long dresses made on straight lines, and thus appear slim. Indeed, almost every defect but shortness can be remedied. I am very sure that neither a man nor a woman can add a cubit to his stature by taking thought, for if it were possible, I would take thought long enough to add five inches to my height.

Kind-hearted people advise me to wear long dresses. They say that long skirts will make me seem taller, that short dresses will give the desired effect, or that spike heels will increase my height.

The proverb exhorts, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again," but, in this case, trying avails nothing.

The world was not made for short people. Since it will not fit itself to suit their needs; the small woman must do her best to adapt herself to the world as it is. Being short has many disadvantages. If one tries to buy a dress, the sleeves and skirt are too long; or the dress is not large enough if the skirt is of the desired length. Some kind friends try to cheer their little companions by saying that great things are done up in small packages.

We short people, however, would be quite cheerful, and forget our troubles if some of our acquaintances did not remind us of our deficiencies. Whenever people see me they exclaim, "Isn't she short for her age!" Almost every day I listen to such questions as, "Why don't you grow?" and "Aren't you a little girl?" They, of course, are well intentioned, and I try to remember this.

A short person, such as I, should never attend any celebration where there is going to be a large crowd, for she will not be able to see anything. Some people find entertainment in offering to lift me up so that I can see what is happening in the center of attraction. I suppose that it is something, if I can amuse anyone, even if it is at the expense of my pride.



The next
morning!

If I cannot be tall and graceful, I can, at least, be good-natured and laugh with them, for I cannot see myself as others see me, nor know how comical I look.

C. P.

BIRCHES

As I walked slowly along the narrow country lane, I came to a place where tall slender birch trees stood like solemn choristers on either side of me. Their white jackets were plentifully adorned with dark splotches like ebony buttons. They stood about in little groups as if they were commenting on those who passed beneath their leafy arms. Then, as the sun, appearing at the edge of a great cloud, shone softly through the fluttering leaves, I heard a slight rustling. It was the song of the birches.

A. A. D.



THE TASTE OF LIFE

AS I remember my childhood days I think they tasted pretty much like strawberries and cream. Of course, it is said that memory retouches past events and makes them lovelier than reality; but I am sure that in my case there was very little junket. Junket, you know, is not exceedingly disagreeable, but it is unpleasant. It is taken only when necessity demands it or when better things are lacking.

However, I have had rootabaga tastes in my life, also. I say rootabaga because to my idea there is no other food quite so hard to eat. Just as there are times when mother says, "That is very good for little girls. You must finish it all before you can have any dessert," so there have been times when I have had to swallow a piece of life that tasted quite strongly of rootabaga.

Then there are my chocolate ice cream tastes of life, very excellent while they last but disappearing all too soon and often leaving a bad effect. The temptation is to get as much as I can for it won't last long. And in getting I take more than is good for me. This kind of life is beguilingly sweet,--so beware! It looks good but melts fast, leaving little benefit behind.

Once in a great while I have tasted of a strange foreign dish. Spicy it is, with a tang which I am not quite sure is wholly agreeable.



still it is exciting and out of the ordinary, making its appearance infrequently. When it is gone I wonder if I ought not to have appreciated it more. But at the time I was not certain that I liked it. So, having tasted, I feel as though I had done something quite adventurous, yet unsatisfying.

I consider it fortunate that I have been, to a great extent, spared the castor oil taste of life. Very seldom have I had a spoonful forced down my throat. I sometimes wonder if I truly know what a castor oil taste of life is. The bottle has sat menacingly on the shelf at times, but usually it is under lock and key in the medicine chest.

Surely we have all tasted bread and butter life. When I have plenty, I do not appreciate it and think it too common place. It is only when bread and butter is lacking that I long for it again and decide that, after all it is very satisfying. But bread alone cannot suffice forever. In all well-balanced meals I have found that there are a variety of tastes, and whether I like them or not, I accept them.

J. B.





CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH A WOMAN

Have you ever gone shopping at Christmas time with a woman? If you have, you probably have learned your lesson; and if you haven't, don't. Experience is the best teacher, but it is also the dearest one.

First, she keeps you waiting while she powders her nose, adjusts her hat, and does other useless things. Then she rushes you toward the station. You are lucky if you don't have to run back and get her pocketbook or something else. Never mind about this delay, for she will get you to the station in time to see the last car go out of sight. I think women do this on purpose so that they can tell you what they are going to buy, make you look at what some woman is wearing, and have you keep the station agent busy, telling you when the next train is due.

The train, which you have waited for and have called all kinds of names, finally comes in. Take the woman to a seat but don't take a seat yourself, for the train is always crowded at this time of year, and if some young flapper comes and stands beside you the woman will poke you until you have to stand up and offer your seat. The best thing to do is to go out on the platform and air yourself until you reach town.

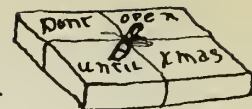
Then go in and hunt for your lady, but don't expect to



find her, for she will be lost in the rush. Now this is your chance for escape if there is a train going back home; but if you think you can stand more punishment, go to the train gate and there you find her waiting for you with a crowd of other lost women. She proceeds to shower you with questions: "Where did you go?", "I went over---;" "Why didn't you---;" and so forth. But don't listen to her, and consider yourself "bawled out."

Next muster up your courage and prepare to enter the angry mob. Don't you try to lead, for all you will do is lose her and have a difficult time finding her. However, if you do lose her run to the nearest dress shop and there you will find her with other women, admiring some dress or coat. Let her lead, and you follow close behind. She seems to forget that Christmas is a time for buying things for other people, and goes around looking for things she would like. If she asks you, "Don't you think that dress is darling?" just say a weak "yes" for if you agree with her too strongly she will go in and buy it and thus spend some of the money she was going to spend on you for Christmas. But if you say, "No," she will get "mad" and buy you only a ten cent pair of socks. Whatever you do, use tact.

The main trouble with shopping with a woman is that she doesn't know what she wants. She stops at every counter, and



persists in going into mobs of women. Now and then the lady will see something she likes, and tells you to remember the store and counter, for if she doesn't see something better she will want to come back and get it. And so on you travel in a crowd of women, only now and then seeing some poor man in the same difficulty as you are.

Finally the woman gets tired and decides to go home, but don't think for a minute that she means going straight to the station. She takes you back through all the stores that you have been through, and buys those things she has seen before.

piled high with bundles you finally reach home, where you can get an aspirin and confine yourself in your room to recover from your near nervous collapse. If you should ever go shopping with a woman, never say you haven't been warned.

E. A.

"Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is seen to be done for love."

--Emerson.



ON CARRYING AN UMBRELLA

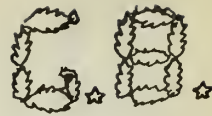
The person who stands in your shoes,--have you ever ridiculed him, cursed him, or called him every sort of name imaginable? If not, then you have never carried an umbrella on an unsettled day when fair weather has been given the benefit of the doubt in the end, and the sun has subdued the clouds.

How foolish you feel on a bright April morning when you start out, carrying in your hand an umbrella which your thoughtful parent has carefully laid beside your coat. This is to prevent the possibility of someone's having to call for you in the car at the close of school, should you be caught by a sudden April shower as on the previous day. But why be prepared? If you are, it surely will not rain; if not, well--the earth won't stand still.

You start out on a cloudy, foggy morning. Today, most assuredly you think you will want an umbrella, as well as slicker and rubbers. By noon it will probably be pouring. Perhaps this is pessimism, but we shall call it "safety first." But long before noon, the clouds and fog disappear, and the sun shines brightly in the blue sky. Here you curse yourself. You should have known that an early morning fog usually burns off before noon.

Again,--why carry an umbrella when it is not raining, for no





matter where you go, assure yourself upon starting out that you will return without your umbrella. There is no immediate need for this article; therefore you do not remember your having it with you. How many times you have enriched buses, trains, or other people's homes with your good umbrella.

Has carrying an umbrella ever embarrassed you? If not, you must have always carried yours in fair weather, not in the rain. A wet umbrella is most annoying when you go to a stranger's home, for it is bound to leave drops of water over the floor, and even a small puddle of water wherever you may stand it. Your friend will always associate your call with stains made on the floor by your umbrella.

On a windy and rainy day never think of carrying an umbrella. It does not take a cyclone to blow your umbrella to pieces; a gentle breeze will do the same trick. Furthermore, if it is windy, only your head and shoulders will be protected.

To avoid all such difficulties, forget that you have an umbrella; put it away in the closet. Wear a slicker and an old hat. What does it matter if your face gets wet? It has to be washed sometime.

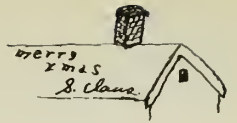
K. M. P.



AMERICAN LEGION PARADE

Tuesday morning found Boston in its gayest array. The buildings were draped with flags and banners of a thousand sources. Great crowds lined the walks until there was scarcely a passage-way; the streets were cleared of all vehicles, ready for the coming event. From the windows and roofs of the tall buildings could be seen the heads and faces of the office help peering down on the milling mass below. Everyone breathed the lively atmosphere which was created by the day, for it was the time of the annual American Legion parade!

All heads turned and everyone raised on tip-toe, as if by one common consent, when from far down the street there came the rhythmic sound of the band. As the line of march progressed, the spectators became more excited. Each person tried harder to get a better position, only to make matters worse. Now the parade had come within two blocks. The shouts and cheers of the people came floating down the street with the strains of martial music. All, again, strained to see the cause of the continuous cheers. It was almost opposite us now. There at the head of the grand martial procession rode general pershing on a large bay horse. He returned the crowds cheers with a wave, but retained a deep look of sadness blended with dignity. Shout after shout went up as the enthusiastic crowd cheered the numerous notables. Among



these were president and Mrs. Hoover, Ex-president and Mrs. Coolidge, Madame Currie, Governor Allen, and Ex-Governor Smith. From the windows above, there poured a regular avalanche of torn paper, confetti, and ticker tape. The streets soon became a bed of paper, while from the wires overhead, there were strung brightly colored ribbons and tapes. This deluge of paper seemed to frighten the horses. Some of the inexperienced riders, who were probably clumsy enough on foot, came dangerously near falling off their unsteady mounts.

This was the beginning of one of the greatest parades that the American Legion had ever held. It took ten hours for this twenty-eight mile procession to pass. At intervals, there were two hundred and fifty bands and many drum corps to provide music for that marching group of seventy-five thousand people, a large city in itself. From north, east, south and west, Legionnaires had assembled. Not only was every state of our great nation represented, but also all our outlying possessions and many foreign countries. France sent her generals, England, her noblemen, and even Germany sent her delegates to pay respect to our men who had risked their lives for their country. Florida brought her palm trees; California, her five fruits; Minnesota, her wheat; District of Columbia, her law books; and each and every state and section, the tokens and symbols of its locality, to join the rest in one great body, the American Legion.



OF A WINTER'S EVENING

The valley below me lay cold and lonely and still. In the west the winter sun was disappearing behind the bank of leaden clouds that obscured the horizon. I paced briskly along the road that wound down the pine-covered hill toward the village three miles away. The lively crunch of my feet in the snow was the only sound that relieved the silence that was fast growing oppressive. It seemed as if I were in a deserted country. Not a thing was in sight but fields and woods and the road that was dimly traced between two half-obscured stone walls. As far ahead as the gathering dusk would permit me to see, a house appeared with a thin wreath of smoke ascending from a chimney. I quickened my steps. It seemed as if that house symbolized warmth and companionship and all that goes to make a home. In an instant I had forgotten the dull skies, the keen, biting cold, and the dreariness in my anxiety to get home.

Minutes passed. I had gone by the first house I had seen, and now there were others in sight. Their kitchen windows glowed with a cheerful radiance, and a faint aroma of cooking food came to my nostrils. I hurried on, breaking into a run as I entered the lane that led to my house. A moment later and I



had thrown open the kitchen door. The room was light and cosy,
and filled with the odors of supper. What mattered the cold and
the dark now? I was home.

A. D. R.

HOUSES

Some houses frown and darkly gaze
Upon the passer-by,
While others, tall, do proudly say,
"None nobler are than I."

Some houses have a stately grace,
Some awkward seem, or shy;
Some stare, some shrink, or languidly
On shrubbery do lie.

But my own house of future years
Shall say with warming smile,
"Come in, come in, there's love and cheer,
Now rest with us a while."

J. B.



MOTHER

Each member of our family is especially loved by all of us at certain times. Father has his turn of popularity on pay-day; brother is in the "lime light" whenever we wish for fun, or perhaps an automobile ride; and sister comes in handy when any scholastic help is needed.

But mother possesses a popularity which never ceases. Although we may neglect her for the moment in order to win the favor of another, still we never fail to return to her. It is never too early in the morning nor too late at night for her to wash, iron, or mend for us. She is never tired, at least, she never complains of her weariness. There were times when brother would come home from school for a Sunday. Perhaps he had been working on Saturday night, and on the impulse of the moment would decide to start for home after his work was finished, regardless of the lateness of the hour. As he never failed to bring a companion or two with him, this meant that mother had two or three lunches, or rather full-course dinners, to prepare at the midnight hours. But this was no task for her; at least, she never said it was.

Such a nature as hers is particularly necessary for a successful minister's wife. A preacher's companion is called




upon for every sort of duty, and how much easier it is for one to do things willingly, rather than reluctantly. It is true, indeed, that she does not always enjoy being called upon at almost any time to care for a sick parishoner, make something for a missionary box, or entertain a houseful of strangers on the occasion of a convention or all-day meeting; nevertheless she undertakes her task with a smile and comes up with the same smile. She never complains; at least, not outwardly, and I cannot believe that she does inwardly.

Saturday night at eleven o'clock, father, with the pitiable plea that it would be a disgrace to appear in the pulpit with clothing so wrinkled, very often brings his Sunday suit for mother to press. This request is surely enough to try her patience. She must be too tired, certainly, to do another thing after such a hard day of cooking, cleaning, and preparing for Sunday; but the iron being quickly heated and her task ended, she finishes her day's work with apparently almost the same amount of vigor as that with which she had begun.

Mother is not demonstrative in her religion, but her actions speak louder than her words. She is my ideal of one possessing the experience of entire sanctification.

K. M. B.





EVENING SONGS

Until one has heard for himself, he cannot hope to imagine the beauty of the evening songs of some American birds. The flight song of the woodcock and the evening song of the wood thrush are among the most overwhelming of them all.

The woodcock "performs" only during the spring season, while his mate is on the nest. The male bird starts walking through the grass near the nest, meanwhile uttering a peculiar "peenk." This continues for about two minutes and then, suddenly, up from almost under one's feet he rises with a rush, circling up and up, his wings producing a whistling sound as they beat the air. He continues to mount until he is almost out of sight against the grey sky of an April dusk. His wings stop their whistling and all is momentarily quiet. Then comes such a song as was never heard elsewhere by man, a bubbling, warbling trill that reminds one of a rapid mountain brook trickling musically down over a rocky bed. The bird then settles to the ground, literally tumbling from the sky onto practically the same spot from which he arose. This flight song will be given five or six times an evening, and at each renewal a strange power stirs one's heart and thrills one's whole being.

During this recital the surrounding woods have perhaps

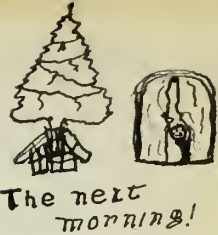
merry
Ymas

been ringing with the loud tones of the robin and the veery at their vespers. Without warning, all these notes suddenly are overshadowed by the clear mellow note of the wood thrush bidding goodbye to another day. The song continues for several minutes with these bell-like tones ringing and echoing through the darkening woods. Everything is peaceful, cares are forgotten, as the monarch of the vesper choir sounds forth his silvery decree. Then as suddenly as it starts, the song ends; one is conscious that the other birds have ceased too, and the peace of a spring night is settling over the woods and fields of the countryside.

R. P.

"Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous."

--confucius.



CHRISTMAS EVE ON BEACON HILL

Several years ago it was my lot to spend the Christmas vacation in Boston. As a result, I decided to see for myself what Beacon Hill looked like on Christmas Eve. Some people of my acquaintance made an annual pilgrimage there at that time; and I wanted to know the reason.

Thus it was that, at about half-past nine on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December, I was briskly pacing across the snowy expanse of the Common toward the State House. There had been a light fall of snow that afternoon, and as yet everything was white and clean. At my left the municipal Christmas tree raised its regal head, gorgeous in jewel-like festoons of colored lights. Before me the State House stood out against the black sky. Every window was ablaze with electric candles, and all of the neighboring buildings were similarly decorated. Somehow, the glow of the candles made the Hill seem much less aristocratic and formal than usual. The very spirit of Christmas could be felt in the air.

A block or two in from Beacon Street, on Mount Vernon and Chestnut streets, the crowd was the thickest. Here every window glowed with candles, every door stood hospitably ajar; and through the uncurtained front windows we could see tables covered with trays ofainties waiting for any neighbor or friend who might want to come in. The jam in the streets was terrific. Autos of every type from



HELP
YOURSELF

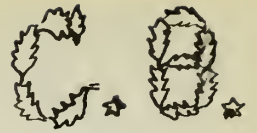
Santa

the unpretentious Ford to the aristocratic Rolls-Royce slipped and skidded as they crawled up the steep icy road. On the sidewalks a gay, merry crowd pushed along slowly toward Louisberg Square. Despite the holiday spirit of everyone, there was, however, an undercurrent of reverence.

The strains of a Christmas carol came with increasing intensity to our ears. Soon everyone was singing as a group of young people, dressed in costume and carrying an antiquated lanthorn, passed by. Their voices floated back to us as they climbed the hill, and all became quiet again except for the confused chatter of the crowd.

Now we passed a low bay-window in which was the beautifully modeled representation of the Nativity. Gradually the spirit of the evening settled down on the people. The idle talk dwindled away to a whisper, and we passed on, hardly saying a word.

As we circled into Louisberg Square, a small group of people on one of the doorsteps attracted our attention. Each person had two brazen hand-bells, and all were evidently waiting for a signal to begin. All at once a silvery note pealed out in the crisp air, then another, and another. Each player rang the right bell at exactly the right time and together they succeeded in ringing out a carol. The crowd applauded vigorously. Then the campanologists played another piece as we stood silent in the square. At last they disappeared in the house, and the crowd was set in motion again.



After walking around for some time, meeting band after band of carolers, we descended the hill. The evening was over, but the memory lingered; for who can forget a Christmas Eve's visit to Beacon Hill?

A. D. R.

HIDDEN BEAUTY

A few days ago, while polishing silver, I began to think of my attitude toward people.

I then realized that it would be as worth-while in my education to rub up against people, to find the true good in them, as it would be to bring out the hidden beauty of silver at thirty-five cents an hour.

R. F.



FIVE HUNDRED WORDS

These words never hold any attraction for me: "your five hundred word theme is due on Friday." Although the announcement is made on Monday, before we realize it Thursday is upon us, our last day to prepare our compositions.

I go to the library and make myself a victim of deep thought. Thoughts are as hard to find as diamonds, and as heavy as lead, but presently an idea flashes across my mind, and I grab my pen. I begin:

A SNOWSTORM

The most extreme thing I would expect on a cool winter's night in January was an elephant snowstorm, but lo and behold, in the morning when I had awoke, I saw a white, wooly, fairylike blanket on the ground, about three foot in longitude. I hurriedly slipped down the stairs and was soon out-doors shoveling snow with a shovel through the deep wooly substance by means of working. I had shoveled, worked, dug, sweated, and wallowed around until my enormous appetite was big enough to eat a raw oyster, but I went into the house and sat down at the table and ate and ate until I was eating too much. Then I put on my coat, and went out into the white world again; by this time the wind was howling like a thousand

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tomcats and my efforts which preceded breakfast caused me to stand in anything but golden silence. My efforts had gone with the wind and it wouldn't be right to discuss my lecture to the wind.

Also by now at this time of day, men, big tractors, black gray and brown horses, and snowplows were removing the white obstacles, but the wind would mess it all up again, thus causing resultless work. But lest we tarry too long at this point in the composition I will proceed. In the course of about ten days or a week and a half the snow had subsided under the pounding rays of the ball of fire over 90,000,000,000 miles away, and the dollars that had been spent seemed now as if they might just as well have been dropped into a bottomless bucket with no bottom in it and held over a crater.

We take our compositions to class, and turn them in to professor Spungenberg. After looking over several of them she picks up the "Snowstorm," reads it, and with a hopeless smile drops it to the desk and asks for criticisms, to which many respond. Mr. Sloan says that the writer uses too many adjectives and the description is very poor. The professor agrees, then asks, "Mr. Phillips, what are your criticisms?"



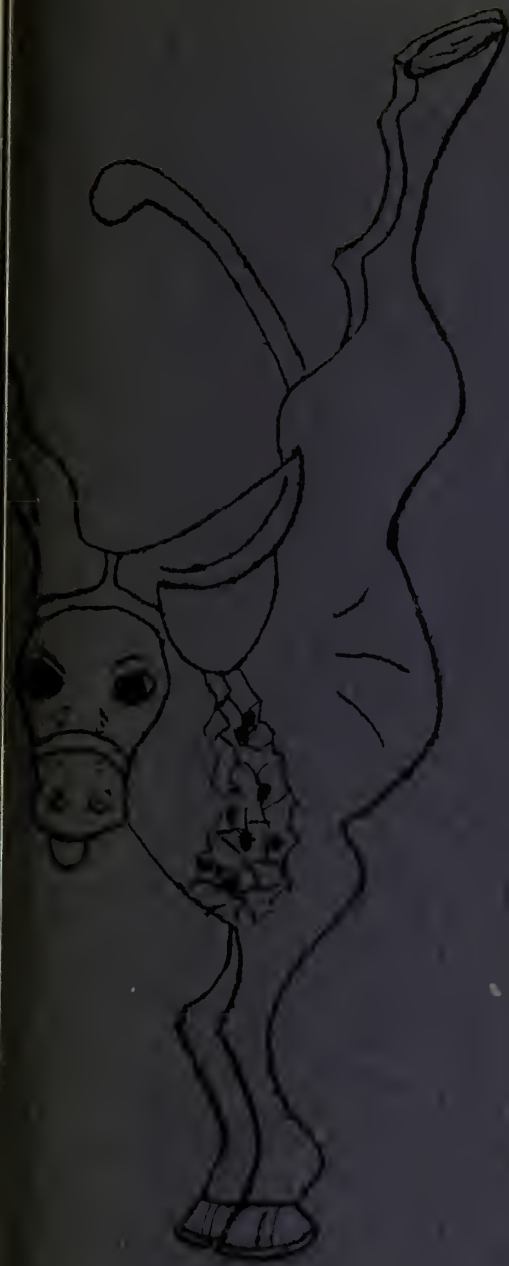
He answers by saying that it is too short and it sounds like the first draft. The professor nods her head, and adds several of her own comments. Then she asks Mr. Mann if he noticed other flaws. He replies, "Oh--yes. It sounds as if the writer had not sufficient time to learn the English language before coming to this country." The snow storm continues to melt fast under the hot criticism. Now the professor turns to a girl for criticisms, and Miss Chapman responds by saying that it sounds too choppy; also it is too short for such a big topic. The students and professor have already ploughed through "The Snowstorm" until there is nothing left but slush. For a last word the good professor turns to Mr. Rogers who has not yet expressed his opinion. He quickly responds that the writer has an extremely hackneyed, threadbare topic and that the puerility and naïveté of the treatment make this incommensurate with the standards of the college rhetoric class.

There is no more "Snow Storm." Under the scorching rays of criticism, it has all melted away.

J. W.

"How seldom we weigh our neighbors in the same balance with ourselves."

--Thomas à Kempis.



Humor



JOKES

Diamond: There are a lot of girls around here who don't want to step out.

T. Alexander: How do you know?

Diamond: Because I asked them.

- - - - -

Prospective Groom: What color is best for a bride?

Married Friend: Personally, I prefer a white one.

- - - - -

Mr. Prior: (After getting a late study permit) I guess I shall set the alarm for 12 o'clock.

Room-mate: Why?

Mr. Prior: I want to go to bed at 12 o'clock.

- - - - -

H. Reeves: Well, I guess I won't shave anymore.

J. Clark: Well, what about your girl?

H. Reeves: Oh! I won't tell her.

- - - - -

R. Haines: What do you mean by calling me foolish?

Teko: I just can't keep secrets.

- - - - -

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are, "Exams again."

Mr. Durkee



D. Rogers: Say chef, what does "Boots" do? Melt that butter and paint it on the pads with a brush?

- - - - -

D. Sloan: (ending a prayer in Rhetoric Class on Dec. 2, 1930)
Amen!

Prof. Spangenburg: I wish you would have prayed for heat.

- - - - -

TONGUES' MOVEMENT

John Warren's translation of a passage in Livy:

Fearful appearances was seen in these new parts which being armed as was the custom of the nation they came into the council.

- - - - -

Miss Peavey: (searching her desk for something in French Class)

Où est la gomme? (Looks at class intently)

Ray Lockwood and Mayo get up and deposit chewing gum in waste paper basket.

- - - - -

Jimmy Jones in his Greek declension reaches the form "pantes."

Prof. Goodlander: That reminds me; there's the derivation of overalls in Greek "epi-pantes!"

Santa
Claus
?

IDEALS

Form. W. Hills
Smile M. Pavlowa
Voice E. Deuell
Carriage R. Hawley
Enthusiasm R. Loomis
Optimism I. Gonzalez
Originality F. Watts
Ambition G. Davidson
Good Nature H. Olson
Gracefulness R. Mann
Quietness M. Davis

- - - - -

The following letter was received by a company
which manufactures corn syrup:

Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your
syrup my feet are no better now than when I started.

- - - - -

K. Robertson: I think I shall have to get a new car.
I. Temple: What's wrong with the one you have?
K. Robertson: I can't pay for it.



Some of Duncan Roger's "Jawbreakers,"

"Pickension emotionalism."

"A fatal, laudary style."

"Epitomistic proclivities."

"Almost reconcite humor."

"A euphuistic euphemism would be to call him a dziggetai."

- - - - -

ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted: Three more hours a day in which to study--A. Orth.

Wanted: A tennis partner--R. Clouner.

Wanted: A few more inches--P. Roney.

Wanted: Something to reduce--E. Dewell.

Wanted: Something to make me fat--T. Phillips.

Wanted: Some musical ability--C. Schlosser.

Wanted: A real desire for a girl--S. Burnham.

Wanted: About seventy more hours of spare time so that I may stand in the halls and talk to Mary; also ten minutes between classes for the same purpose--A. Rankin.

Found: A way to bluff lessons--W. Lanpher.

For Rent: One foot of height--P. Tracy and J. Parle.



JUST IMAGINE:

Bernice Cooper not going to French class early.

Edna Dick not studying in the library.

Robert Earle having the heat on at 6 A. M.

Mary Flack being noisy.

Olive Hazen not singing in the "dorm."

Someone pronouncing F. Papaconstantinou's name correctly.

Carrie Perry six feet long.

Ethel Rood frowning.

Ferne Watts staying in her own room all evening.

Elvin Angell having his College Rhetoric done.

Reginald Berry going to bed at 9:30.

Jack Moore in a hurry.

Ruth Brown not registering at E. N. C.

Gertrude Chapman not saying "You all."

Robin Clougher having a date at E. N. C.

Roger Mann thinking without whistling.

"Ebbie" Phillips not blaming Reeves for forgetting to bring the
Rhetoric Book to class.

Duncan Rogers using anything less than hectosyllables.

Myrtle Hemenway having a man.

John Warren majoring in Latin.

Clarice Berry not fixing her gold fish right after breakfast.

Santa
Claus
?

Jane Barbour not falling when she plays basket-ball.

Alton Dodge staying at E. N. C. for a week-end.

Beatrice Estabrook not studying or eating.

Irma Gonzalez without Rosamond Loomis.

Ray Lockwood without an announcement.

Marion Neilson not doing her Trig at the last minute.

Willard Parker not in the candy business.

Russell Prior not working on the campus.

Charles Smith taking a back seat in Rhetoric Class.

Elizabeth Willard working on the Green Book Staff.

Verner Babcock deserting the Boy Scouts.

Katherine Brown using B. & M. Linament.

Stanley Burnham leading a jazz orchestra.

John Clarke coming to class on time.

Ralph Haines with a head of curly black hair.

Naomi Winsch volunteering a recitation in Rhetoric Class..

Roswell Peavey not lending Marion some money.

Henry Reeves without anything to say.

Soteriades without his lessons prepared.

Estelle Gardner attending every Rhetoric Class and on time.

Dick Sloan not spilling something in the dining room.

Philip Tracy missing breakfast.

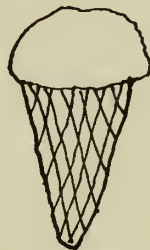


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"The last shall be first"

PROPRIETOR

WARD ALBRIGHT



E N C



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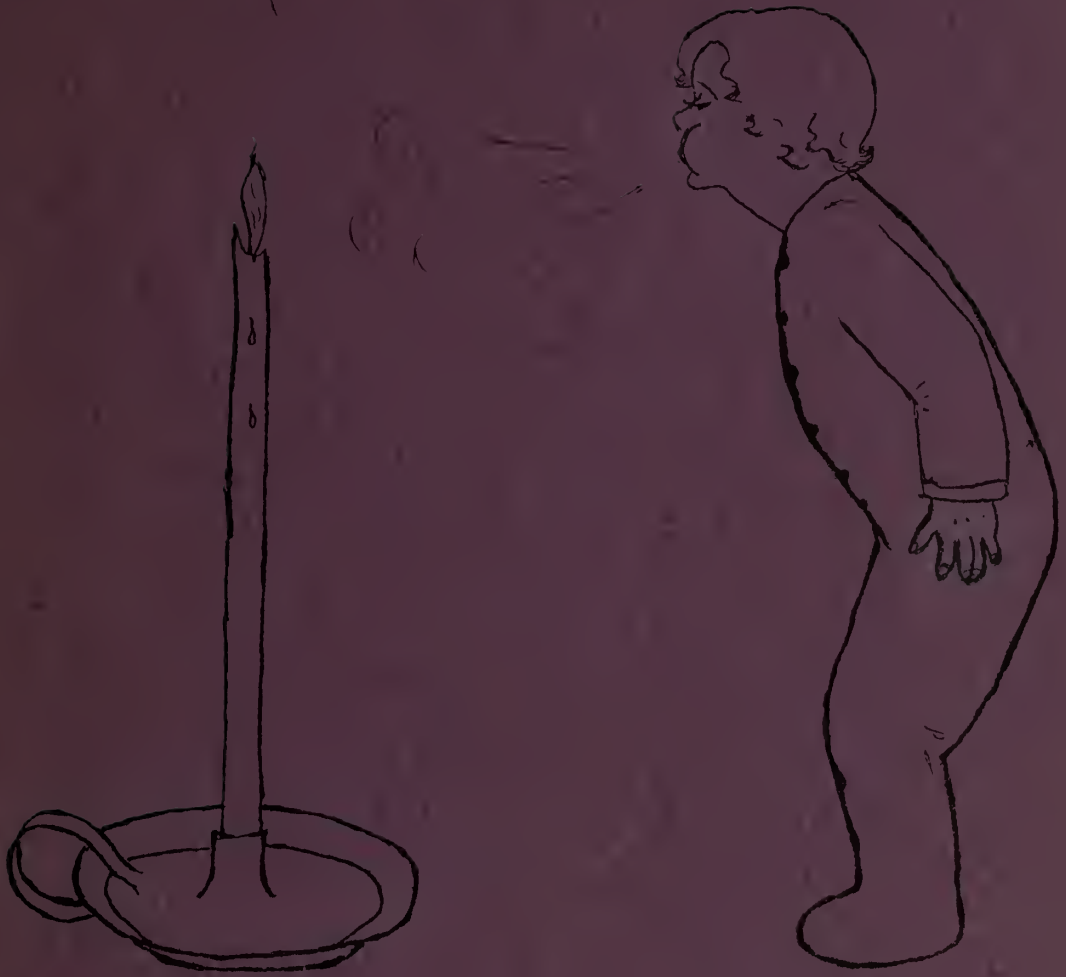
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CLAS S

FIRST







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