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# Student Life

## HOLLINS

VOLUME III

HOLLINS COLLEGE, DECEMBER 17, 1930, HOLLINS, VIRGINIA

NUMBER 6

# Merry Christmas

## White Gift Service is Held by Y. W. C. A.

The White Gift Service, which is held by the Y. W. C. A. the last Sunday night before the holidays, is one of the most really beautiful traditions handed down to us at Hollins. In it, each class offers as a gift an ideal which they seek to realize in their life as a whole—a high goal toward which each member of the class may strive, experiencing the elevation brought by looking upward and gaining strength in feeling that she is one of many.

A holy and religious atmosphere is created in the Chapel by the white cross shining above the altar, the white chrysanthemums, the tapering cathedral candles burning in the windows and on the chancel, and the simplicity of the white dresses worn by the girls. The story of the first Christmas, which is ever new and inspiring in its wealth of beauty, is told again and the choir sings anthems of praise and rejoicing. The climax is reached when the entire body rises to join in the exultation of Addam's *Holy Night*.

## Va. Players Present "The Perfect Alibi"

On Saturday evening, December 6th, the Virginia Players presented "*The Perfect Alibi*," a detective comedy by A. A. Milne, in the Little Theatre.

"*The Perfect Alibi*" is based on the type of murder story wherein the murderer is known throughout by the audience, but has to be discovered by one of the members of the cast. In this case, Susan Cunningham, with the aid of Jimmy Ludgrove, solves the crime and proves that murder, not suicide, has caused the death of Arthur Ludgrove.

The "midnight" scene in which Susan and Jimmy are interrupted by the mysterious opening of the door proved to be the most thrilling of the play, although the final scene, in which Jane West and Susan trap the murderer, was second only to it. Jane West was excellently portrayed by Pat Kelly, ex '32.

The action of the entire play took place in Arthur Ludgrove's private sitting room at Heron Place, Sussex.

The Virginia Players deserve much commendation for the work they are doing. They are earnestly attempting "to make the theatre mean to this country what it means to other countries—an institution cherished and prized by the people, holding a high place in their hearts, minds and esteem."



MERRY CHRISTMAS

## Christmas Pageant Presented Sunday

MARGARET BROWN IS THE MADONNA

The annual Christmas Pageant was presented Sunday evening, after the White Gift Service in the Little Theatre. The Pageant is always given by the members of Ye Merrie Maskers Honorary Dramatic Society, and this year was written by Mary Adams Holmes.

The scene of the Pageant was laid on the road to Bethlehem, where Mary and Joseph are traveling. But the way has been hard and Mary is too tired to go much further. So Joseph leaves her while he tries to find an inn that is not crowded and while he is gone a young girl enters, discouraged and weary of life under Roman Rule. She talks to Mary and offers her father's barn as a place to stay. Just as Joseph returns a wonderful transformation seems to come over Mary, and a look of radiance on her face, she stands forth, the Madonna.

The cast was as follows:

Joseph.....DOROTHY SORG  
Mary.....MARGARET BROWN  
Young Girl.....BETTY TRENBATH

## Princess Der Ling Delivers Address at Hollins Friday

On Friday night, December 12th, Hollins had the opportunity of hearing a Princess of China speak on her experiences in the court of the late Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi. The Princess Der Ling gave her lecture, which took place in the Little Theatre, in the costume worn at the Manchu Court. Her talk was most delightful, giving accounts of life at the Manchu Court, and telling some things about the Empress Dowager's and her own life.

The Princess Der Ling was the daughter of a distinguished Chinese diplomat and progressive leader, who died in 1905, while the Princess was the Empress Dowager's first and favorite lady-in-waiting.

The Princess was educated in several countries, wherever the father's service took the family, but the principal part of her education was in Japan and France. In the latter country she also studied under Sarah Bernhardt and Isadora Duncan. For many years Princess Der Ling has written books and lectured all over the world.

## Choir to Sing Carols in Early Morning

In the early morning of the day we go home to start our merry round of holiday celebrations, we are roused from our sleep by the clear call of a bugle. And, as we lie awake in bed, we hear the choir singing carols in the quadrangle before it starts on its way through the halls. The music will become very faint or perhaps even die completely away as the singers enter one of the buildings; then later we hear them coming nearer us and they stop outside our own door—*Silent Night* is softly sung. They pass on into the distance and soon are heard no more. But as we look out at the black limbs of the trees outlined against the gray sky and see the starlight shining through, we are more nearly conscious of the true beauty and meaning of the night in Bethlehem, almost two thousand years ago.

## Hollins Student Life

Published fortnightly during the  
college year by a staff  
composed entirely  
of students

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The editorial staff of STUDENT LIFE reserves the right to withhold from publication any article which it deems necessary; also it does not assume the responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors of signed articles.

### N. S. F. A. COMMITTEE

How many people on campus realize the really valuable work that our local N. S. F. A. Committee is doing? We all know about the buses and the changed schedule there, but do we know that the Committee is sending out questionnaires to two hundred colleges to obtain information about elections and class organizations? This was done at the request of the national headquarters and a letter has been received from Edward Morrow, President, thanking Hollins for its help and cooperation. Surely this is the kind of publicity that we need, and we should be grateful to the Committee for their work.

### CHRISTMAS

"Christmas" How many, many times that magic word has been said at Hollins lately. Everything seems to hinge on next Friday. Some bewail the fact that it will never come, others, lost in the last mad rush of work, feel that it is coming altogether too soon. And the whole campus has an air of subdued excitement, hurry and bustle. Of course, everyone is elated at the thought of holidays and home. But in our mad rush do we ever pause to think, if just for a few moments, of the real meaning of Christmas? Lately it has become such a commercialized day that often in the effort to buy everyone the correct present we wear ourselves out and completely lose sight of the fact that we are celebrating the saving of the world by the birth of Christ. Christmas at Hollins, the White Gift service and the pageant, always turn our thoughts for a few moments to the first Christmas, and we see the true beauty and significance of the day. Do we forget this as soon as we leave the Little Theatre? Do any of us, during the year, recall the gift that our class has made and ever try to live up to our promises?

### CHRISTMAS

Christmas! About a week more to go now, and already everything is up in East except the mistletoe. The Freshmen have decided that there is no longer enough excitement in marking off days; they're already marking off hours. Each desk bears an elaborate calendar, and the black squares are rapidly outnumbering the white.

Every trunk is open, and about half or three-quarters packed. Already suitcases are being brought out of cold storage in the closets and receiving generous dustings. Here and there a red bell is hung on the door just to lend to the general excitement. Neither Santa Claus nor anyone else is going to catch the Freshmen napping (just at present).

Alack and alas, there is no such subdued gaiety in Main. The chief evidence of the coming attractions there is one continuous row of study signs. The Sophomores wear the haunted expression of those with some writtens just finished and some still to come. They sit at meals staring vacantly into space, or mumbling weird incantations (such as  $H_2SO_4 + 2NaOH = 2H_2O + Na_2SO_4$ ) beneath their breath.

West appears to be swamped in Term papers, the monsters that haunt the paths of Juniors and Seniors. You could build a bonfire as tall as the Library with all the filing cards. And think of the Book Store's business in theme paper.

Christmas! And as they say in the gayer places, "Everybody happy!" Well, everybody busy, anyway. In a week the strain of extra work will give place to the joyous bustle of packing and getting to the stations in tightly packed buses. Then home, and how well it does look to see that word in print. For the present:

*"A merry Christmas to all  
And to all good-night."*

## STUDENT FORUM

"Will the students who have announced writtens next Tuesday please see the Faculty Bulletin Board?" Groans and sighs arose from every table in the dining room; more gripping—"What do they think they can do? Give 'em to us on Saturday!" and so on in that strain. But when the announcement was read groans and sighs gave way to shouts of joy—for the announcement said that those having writtens on Tuesday would be excused from attending the Christmas Concert Monday night. The Student Body surely appreciates this thoughtfulness on the part of the Administration and one and all thank it heartily.

Those of us who attended "The Perfect Alibi" were most impressed by the loveliness of the Little Theatre as it stood sharply outlined against the dark sky. The huge spot lights placed along the road lighted up the white columns beautifully and lent a very festive air to the occasion. May we not enjoy the same effect every time there is an entertainment in the Little Theatre?

## Second Debate of the Year is Held

The Hollins Debating Club held its second debate Wednesday, December 3d, at 8 p. m. The subject was: "Resolved, That Modern Advertising should be Condemned." The speakers were: Affirmative, Frances Mears and Gretchen Speh; Negative, Margaret Nelms and Kent Millsaps. The decision was awarded to the negative.

After the debate the Club members and guests took an active part in constructive criticism. In this, special note was made of the clever rebuttal of Margaret Nelms, and of the budding orator of the Freshman Class, Kent Millsaps.

Come to the GREEN ELEPHANT to Swap Your  
Old Things for Somebody Else's!

## Christmas at Hollins

"But, Miss Rachel, how do you stand it here after we've all gone? I've come back early after a vacation and it's awful!" I noticed then she barely repressed a smile when she answered, "It's heavenly. So quiet!"

Naturally I let it drop at that. Being Miss Rachel I thought she'd like it quiet and so I didn't press the subject further. Imagine my surprise when the other day I was talking to old Aunt Bell and she said, "Well, Christmas time will soon be hyah fo' yo' all gals."

"Yes, Aunt Bell, and then it will be nice and quiet for you, won't it! Won't you be glad to see us go?" A broad grin spread over her face. "Lawsy, Miss, yo' all don' know about hyah when yo' all gals git gone. It's a sight. Las' Christmas perticklah. Dey was mo' excitement on dis hyah campus than's been seen for a long time. Yo' know, Ah guess, dat one o' yo' all gals give Doctah Colfelt a sun suit fo' a present an' she up an' got caught in a snow drif' an' almos' frez to death. She woah dat thing all roun' every whah all day wif de bigges' grin on huh face. She looked so happy. Den she fell down an' no buddy foun' huh fo' a long time." At this point she was convulsed. "Dey brang huh in finally. I'll nevah fo'get dat to mah dyin' day an' de fust words Ah heahed huh say were, 'Now Ah unnerstan' why all dem gals keep ayawnin' in mah classes wif all de windows up. Dey is freezin' to death.' An' wif dat she give one big yawn. Miss Rellan come in de room jus' den. She wuz all fiddle-dee-dee an' kep' a-yellin' fo' de doctah. Finally dey got Doctah Colfelt all fixed up."

She stopped. "Go on, Aunt Bell, tell me some more. What did they do Christmas night?"

"Well," she laughed aloud. "Yo' all wouldn't believe if Ah tol' yo'. It is so funny. Dat night dey all gathahed in de dining room. Dey was a big tree in de middle an' de whole Faculty that wuz lef' sat aroun'. An' such a carryin' on yo' nevah seed in yo' life. Yo' know dat nice ladylike Miss Rachel up an' brung a saxophone with huh an' didn' she git up an' fling huh feet aroun' an' sing some o' de time an' some o' de time toot dat thing. 'Hey, Hey! People, let's do de Charleston.' Den dat moosic teachah, Mistah Bulgah, got hisself up an' grabbed dat nice Miss Willie an' togethah dey did a dance dat was somepin'! Den Doctah Colfelt, who had been sittin' ovah in a cornah lookin' sort o' funny an' jes' shiverin', got up an' shouted, 'Tu'n on de heat.' Ah nevah heahed so much noise in mah life. Aftah a while dey all got quiet an' Doctah Janney said dat he wanted to heah a story. Dey drew to see who would git it. Miss Agnes she got de numbah so she climbed on to de pianner so she could see people bettah an' tol' dem de nicest story. Right at de end she say to Miss Williamson an' like to scyahed dat woman to death. 'Now, Mary, who come down de chimney?' An' she pointed huh fingah right smack in' huh face. Miss Williamson sort o' looked an' Miss Agnes say to huh an' den to the whole room. 'Santa—Santa—Santa—who?' She done got so excited but she looked jus' as pleased when Miss Bessie say, 'Claus?'"

Just then the clock struck and I could wait to hear no more. I left Aunt Bell laughing over the way the Faculty carries on when we leave. "It's heavenly, so nice and quiet?"



## The Night Before Christmas



It was the night before Christmas  
And through every room  
Not a body was stirring,  
And deep was the gloom.  
No stockings were hung,  
The chimney was bare.  
No hopes for St. Nicholas  
Was tendered there.  
Miss Tut in her kerchief,  
Miss Agnes in gown,  
For a long winter's nap  
Had just settled down;  
When all of a sudden  
There rose such a shout  
They jumped to their windows  
To see who was out.  
The sight of the moon  
Playing "hide" with the trees  
Brought to light for a moment  
Too fond memories.  
Miss Agnes so far bent  
The power of her will  
That (like one before)  
"Bayed the moon" from her sill.  
"My goodness, what's that  
I see in the quad?  
It's Santa—absurd—  
And his deer on the sod!"  
And there from the galleries  
And hallways of East  
Swarm the Blacks and the Blues  
With their numbers increased!  
As the shouts of "Hi, Santa"  
And "Hello there" mingle  
I scarcely can hear—what?  
The reindeer bells jingle.  
Now out from his pack  
The jolly old saint  
Brings presents for all  
With no room for complaint.  
I hear him exclaim:  
"Here's a 'flash' for McGinnis  
When the batt'ry's used up I'll  
Be back to replenish.  
A Chevy for Chevie  
I'm sure she will need;  
She can ride down the road—  
Follow through with some speed."  
Who's that coming up?  
It's my Mr. Dickie.  
I do hope old Santa  
Will fix him up trickie.  
There Margaret Scott stands  
Aloof from the crowd;  
Her head may be bloody  
But it's ever unbowed!  
There are Rachie and Gussie  
A-giggle with glee.  
Rache Wilson's red sox  
Astound even me!  
For Gussie old Santa  
Hands out a pony.  
At last I can hear him;  
His voice is less phoney.  
"For Miss Carter I have here  
Some rubber-soled shoes.  
For Miss Fant there's a 'mike';  
Now her words they can't loose.  
And there's Dr. Janney,  
His hand on his thigh;  
To top off his joy  
He gets a purple tie.  
Now that Dinny has got her  
A brand-new beau,  
I'll give him good luck,  
Success may he know.  
Many more audiences  
For Susie Blair.

For little Miss Maddrey—  
I'll give her a deer!"  
He fetches a fish-hook  
And lines for Grace Sproul.  
Thalia Haywood is getting  
A bucket and trowel.  
The very idea!  
More coffee for Bulger!  
And there is a beer stein  
For Vanie's indulgence.  
Now there's something needful  
To S. Warren Hall:  
A truck—how the girls do  
Flock round to his call!  
The pack is near empty  
And where is Miss Tut?  
The last is a sun-suit  
For Natalie, but  
The reindeer are leaving,  
The Faculty, too.  
Old Santa climbs in  
And with loud "Halloo"  
He's off! As the quadrangle  
Cheers. Who is that  
On the run out of West?  
It's friend Tut with a cat.  
And she's calling for something  
And frantically waving.  
She sees the sleigh gone—  
No need for her raving.  
It gets louder and louder  
And is here in my room,  
A jangling noise—  
What's that? Me asleep?  
It's daylight and morning!  
I HAVE BEEN ASLEEP!

## Yuletide Concert is Held in the Chapel

The annual Christmas concert will be held in the Chapel on Monday night, December 15th. It is being anticipated as one of the loveliest of these yearly musicals, and more especially at this time since it heralds the coming of the Little Orchestra at Hollins.

"There is a fine spirit in the Music Department this year and some particularly talented pupils," says Mr. Rath, "a number of whom will appear on this the first public musical performance of the present school year, representing all branches of applied music."

The tentative program is as follows:

CONCERTO: (for two violins and piano), Bach; *Violins*—Jean Bird and Beth White; *Piano*—Mary Belle Deaton.

PIANO: First movement of First Sonata, Haydn—Frances Bell. Etude Impromptu, Orth—Lucille Pascal.

SOPRANO: *Il Bacio*, Arditi—Nancy Poore. ORGAN: Christmas Pipes from County Clare, Gaul—Frances McAfee. Caprice, Guilmant—Charlotte Patch.

PIANO: Allegro, from Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1, Beethoven—Charlotte Thomas. Humoresque, Rachmaninoff—Harriet Carr.

LITTLE ORCHESTRA: Gavotte, from Suite in D Major, Bach—String Orchestra and Piano. Two Preludes (arranged by G. Hinrichs), Chopin.

*Violins*—J. Bird, Virginia Rath, M. Van Turner.

*Viola*—Beth White.

*Cello*—F. Adel.

*Bass*—F. McAfee.

*Flute*—F. Schmidt.

*Clarinet*—C. Haywood.

*French Horn*—I. Foster.

*Trumpets*—C. Patch, E. Bray.

*Second Clarinet*—Kate Holland.

*Organ*—M. Einstein.

*Piano*—M. B. Deaton.

Haesche Ensemble Club

Under Direction of Hazel Burnham

CANTATA: Joan of Arc.

*Sop. Solo*—Katherine Wilson.

*Accompaniment*—Virginia Egolf.

Choral Club

Under Direction of Erich Rath



## In Bethlehem

Sleep . . . sleep . . . while  
Mary is singing.  
The drowsy cattle stir.  
Faint the fragrant hay is  
bringing  
The fields of home to  
her.  
Sleep . . . sleep . . . while  
Mary is bending  
Over a pillowed head;  
The curve of her blue  
dress shelters Him  
Who knows no other bed.

"Sleep, little Jesus, lightly  
slumber  
While all the world is  
still.  
You are mine to-night,  
though the wind is  
calling  
And the frosty stars are  
chill.  
With flushing cheeks and  
small clenched hand

And soft mouth like a flower—  
Oh, miracle child, will you be mine  
Some distant lonely hour?"

Sleep . . . sleep . . . while Mary is singing.  
Ere threescore years and ten  
There must be words in the wilderness  
And deeds in the streets of men.  
For an hour in a lonely garden  
And the road to Calvary—  
Oh, Mary, Mother, sing softly now;  
Pillow him tenderly.

FRANCES STOKLEY, '30.

## HOLLINS JINGLES

Papers, presents, packing, pops,  
Classes, cramming, Christmas hops,  
All of these help make us wrecks  
Not to mention lack of checks.

Writtens have piled up this week  
And we, impatient, sadly seek  
(In all the spare time students find)  
To read the books two months behind.  
To write papers "Browning on Hale."  
To diet back to former weight.  
All this we have and more beside.  
The reason why? 'Tis Christmastide.

The Christmas spirit musn't "get" us  
Our Dean told us so.  
But it's so hard to concentrate  
When days go by so slow.  
We count the days and count the hours—  
The number's getting low—  
And now with only two days left  
We can hardly wait to go.

## To Hold the Usual Christmas Banquet

The date for the Christmas Banquet is never announced but, like Tinker Day, is the object of much speculation. The secret usually leaks out, however, in time to press the evening dress and to comb very carefully the newly waved hair. The dining room fairly tingles with Christmas spirit. On each table is a small tree which each waiter has carefully decorated with tiny white candles. The soft glow reflects the happy faces at every table. And as people always sing with joy, so we, in the dining room, join with other tables in singing the clearest, original song.

Look Over the New Magazines at the  
GREEN ELEPHANT!

## SOCIETY

Elizabeth Hutchinson and Betty Engel spent last week-end in Philadelphia.

Kay Field went to her home in Baltimore, Maryland, last week-end.

Mary Anne Griffith and Dorothy Sorg attended the Dramatic Convention held at Hood College, Frederick, Maryland, last week-end.

Charlotte Patch spent last week-end in Washington.

Helen Stevenson visited Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Woody in Danville, Virginia.

Catherine Mizell was in New York last week-end.

Frances Boykin and Louisa Candler spent last week-end in Lynchburg.

Mary Alice McConnel visited Mary Creech at her home in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, last week-end.

Jerry Garber spent last week-end at her home in Winston-Salem.

Mary Barksdale, '28, of Lynchburg, was on campus last week.

Mrs. R. C. Quinn, of Richmond, Virginia, visited her granddaughter, Evelyn Sale, last week-end.

Mrs. Ernest Strayer, of Harrisonburg, Virginia, spent last week-end with her granddaughter, Katherine Wilson.

Anne Harrison, ex '30, recently visited Eleanor Weaver.

Mrs. Milton Morgan, of Eagle Rock, has been visiting Miss Matty and Mrs. Barbee.

Miss Matty recently entertained at tea for the Senior Class at her home, Eastnor.

The Cotillion Club gave their annual Christmas dance last Saturday evening in Keller.

Miss Tutwiler and the student officers of West Building presided at a tea for the girls in West last Tuesday.

The drawing room is decorated for Christmas and there Miss Blair read a Christmas story on Sunday night.

The Junior Class had their Christmas banquet at the Patrick Henry Hotel Saturday night.

The Sophomores had a Christmas banquet at the Hotel Roanoke last week-end.

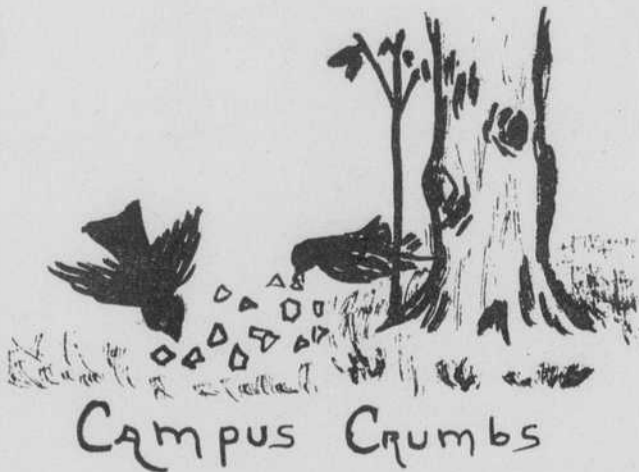
The Seniors will have their annual Christmas Party on Wednesday night.

## ATHLETICS

With the Odd and Even game over, the shin guards checked in, the tunics packed away and the sticks oiled and put in their places, hockey will not come up again until next September. But there is one more word yet to be said on the subject—the announcement of the manager and assistants for the 1931 season. Janet Stirling, '32, is Manager of Hockey, Kay Locke, '33, and Eleanor Cadbury, '34, are Assistants. Congratulations!

Now that hockey is a thing of the past our thoughts turn to basket ball. The season opened Wednesday, December 3d; however, the class teams will not begin practice until after Christmas. Before Christmas, the elementary class, for those Freshmen (and any others interested) who have never played basket ball, or have played only a little, is being held under the direction of Dorothy Sorg, Manager of Basket Ball. Much interest is being shown in the class and splendid results are expected.

Order Your New Books at the  
GREEN ELEPHANT!



One week from to-day—some of us will be on the train and some—at home! Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!

Here's to the Sophomore Banquet. May it be as successful as the one the Juniors had last year.

Is it to enhance the Christmas spirit in emulation of Santa's reindeer that bells are being rung in the Library?

What a furor was created last week by the announcement that vacation would start at ten o'clock instead of eleven on Friday!

"Lift up thine eyes . . ." and many eyes were lifted up—when the Goodyear blimp passed over Hollins.

No one that gets lost on campus has a "perfect alibi" now that the Hollins maps are on sale. And no ignorance about the date is excusable with the new calendars accessible.

Did you see Maxine (girl) and Maggie (her steed) when they stopped by Hollins on their way from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to California? Bon voyage, Maggie!

Red and green decorations in the shops, tinsel-trimmed trees, cold weather, carols, the pageant, women selling mistletoe and holly, vacation in a few days—Christmas!

The situation existing for a few moments during the presentation of "The Perfect Alibi" should have been of interest to Miss Scott and her history students as a vivid illustration of the "reign of terror."

It is hoped that the hard hearts of the Faculty are touched by the sight of students racing each other the length of the "quad" to be the first to reach the Library.

The example of those who are reducing for vacation (and the number is large) should instill habits of asceticism into the rest of the school. As a result of this, will attenuated, emaciated shadows of former daughters greet the fond families and friends who are waiting for trains?

In the dining room of the Patrick Henry last Saturday night, a crowd of Juniors sat radiating Christmas cheer—it was the occasion of their second class banquet and how they did enjoy it!

Another source of speculation and controversy denied us! We all know who the Madonna is!

Those who are fortunate enough to live in West did so enjoy the tea that Miss Tut and



### JOYLESS JINGLES

(To be sung by a hungry chorus of fainting females)

*We're tired of peaches and apples and pears,  
Of lettuce and grapefruit and chops,  
Of spinach and greens  
Prepared by cuisines  
That cater to corpulent cops!*

*We're bored with a melon,  
We feel like a felon  
When filching a small bit of butter;  
We loathe the tomato,  
We long for potato  
With yearnings too bitter to utter!*

*We're weary of cantaloupes, lemons and beets,  
Of scallions and endives and chard,  
Of sprouts, surnamed Brussels,  
Of elegant tussles  
With celery, worldly and hard!*

*We pray when we're older  
And callous and bolder,  
We'll eat what we want if we die—  
And fatter and fatter  
We'll yell for a platter  
Of pudding and doughnuts—and Pie!*

—Saturday Evening Post.

the House Committee gave in Keller last Tuesday—charming hostesses, simply delicious "tea" and exciting decorations—Christmasy, of course.

In addition to knowing that money will go to the poor as a result of our Golden Rule Dinner here on Sunday, there was the added satisfaction of passing the Sabbath without the too-familiar sight of chicken, peas and potatoes.

Anyone wishing to buy a Hollins compact or calendar before Christmas, please see Sue Rutherford in 330 West. Wednesday, December 17th, is your last chance.

SEE THE SOPHOMORES'

## Green Elephant

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NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES

AND

CAMPUS JUNK

OPEN

Week.....4-6 P. M.  
Saturday.....3-6 P. M.