

INSURANCE

OF ALL KINDS

FRANK H. BOSSON

40 BROAD STREET - BOSTON

TEL. CONGRESS 7486

Birthday Party at Mr. Baker's

Although Mr. Baker did not tell all of us his age, we knew that his birthday came on Sunday, January 24th. Therefore, a group of fourteen dropped in to see him, right after the evening church service. After an hour of chatting and story telling, refreshments were served. A poem was then read by Dwight McConnell, expressing our friendship towards Mr. Baker, and wishing him many happy returns of the day.

PERISCOPE STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Theodore Bruno
<i>Business Manager</i>	Dorothy Freeman
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	Kenneth Moody
<i>Personals</i>	Cramer Hudson
<i>Announcements</i>	Marjorie Higgins
<i>Social News</i>	Edna Wood

Assistants

Dwight McConnell	Mary Campbell
Willa Astill	William Hubbard
Holland Houston	

Best Missionary Speaker Yet

It is seldom, if ever, that Park St. C. E. Society has listened to a speaker as interesting as Mr. Cecil G. Fielder, who has recently returned from Assam, India, where he has spent four years in the little city of Gauhati, surrounded by the jungle. He gave us a very vivid picture of the life of the natives, and of their various religions, and showed the

great need for missionary service in India. Mr. Fielder made a great impression upon the society, and we extend to him our heartiest wishes for his work, both here and in the foreign field.

Our New Missionary Committee Chairman

Owing to lack of time caused by her intensive work at Boston University, Frances McDuffee has been forced to resign her position as chairman of the missionary committee. Blanche Patten has been elected in her place. All of us who know Blanche are convinced that she will keep her new committee right up to the excellent standard set by her predecessors. We know that she will receive the best of support from all of our members.

Financial Report for 1925

Our treasurer, Dot Freeman, gives the following financial report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1925:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1925	\$154.52
Receipts	419.44
Disbursements	498.26
Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1926	75.70
Of the disbursements of \$498.26—	
Amount spent for benevolences	\$259.29
Amount spent for running expenses (socials, advertising, printing, deficits in Periscope, dues to Tri-mount Union, etc.)	\$238.97

DAVID F. BURNS, President

WALTER G. BURNS, Treasurer

D. F. & W. G. BURNS, Inc.

Contractors and Builders

9 PARK STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

High Spots of "Uncle Bill's Party"— February 18th

Everybody had a marvelous time!! Who was responsible for it? Nobody but Mil Davis, our new chairman of the social committee. If Mil can "put over" a social like that on her first attempt, what will she do later? Congratulations, Mil!!

An expert anthropologist would have guessed the average age of the girls present, as 8, and the boys as 9. High skirts and knee pants were "all the rage" that evening.

Jack McCarthy's blue balloon pajama-overalls created quite a sensation.

Six sassy sisters present—Mil Davis, Dot Freeman, Anne McKenzie, "Babs" McKenzie, Edna Wood and Marta Gugenheim. There were many others, but these were sassiest.

"Uncle Bill" Hubbard, the dignified and kindly gentleman who made the kids behave, appeared to enjoy the evening quite as much as "the younger set."

It is rumored that Marta Gugenheim's bristling orange outfit was once little Dot Freeman's best go-to-meeting dress. Dot can give you more authentic information than can The Periscope.

The first game brought out the intellectual qualities of the crowd. The longest word that anybody could spell was Y E O M A N.

Nobody starred at that difficult Drop-the-Handkerchief game. Bill Smith deserves Honorable Mention, however.

The eloquence of our orators has not been surpassed since the days of Daniel Webster.

The room sounded like a kennel on a moonlight night, when Mrs. Archer sang for us her little piece entitled, "Oh Where, Oh Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?" We never believed there were so many canine voices in the society. Who doubts evolution now?

Jack McCarthy's oration was short and sweet. His speech matched his gown—it went like a blue streak. Nevertheless, 'twas eloquent.

Mildred Parson's little ditty—

"Where, oh where's my little kitty."

(The cat calls which accompanied this song were not in disrespect of Mildred, but just to keep the lost cat company.)

Don Grover's little spasm entitled "My Days Among the Dead are Past" resembled a Ford with three spark plugs missing—it went by fits and starts (mostly fits). The only difference between Don's speech and a Flivver was that Don gave out before arriving at the end of the journey.

Our President, Dwight McConnell, was in so many places at once that we only caught a glimpse of him now and then. We are all fortunate in having a President who can take care of so many things at once.

Edna Wood's arithmetic problem did sound difficult when put to music. The old-time method of a worn down lead pencil with a chewed-up end will evidently solve problems better. Neverthe-