

But I'm a forgiving sort of a someone,
and am willing to let doggoned be dog-
goned, providing that you never inflict
such a subject upon me again.

Cordially
RICHARD F. GIERSCH, JR.

Fishing

This is
Tuesday, and you're
'Sposed to have your
BULLETIN dope in today;
And the guy that runs
It told me to write
About fish
For this issue;
And when it comes to
Fish
I ain't got a word
To say.
Fish
Don't mean nuthin
To me; I don't eat
'Em—they taste
So fishy, like
Some of these
Ball player's
Battin' averages;
'N how could a
Guy that don't
Own a fishhook
Lie about
Fish
Like some of these
Birds that think
The guy they're talk-
in' to is as dumb
As the fish they ketch.
They call 'em bass
An' trout—
'S if a trout didn't
Have wits enough
To keep a big guy like
Coward from
Sneaking up on him!
Once, when I was a
Kid, an' didn't know
No better, I
Wanted father to
Buy me a stuffed
Fish I saw in a taxi-
Dermist's window;
And I asked him
When we had company
For dinner, so he
Would be sure to
Say yes; and I
Was showing how
Long the
Fish
Was, and I upset
Twenty boiled carrots
On my stummick;
And father counter-

Sunk 'em by hand on the
Far side after
The company left;
And it occurred
To me that
Fish
Were unnecessary;
And I was sure
Of it after eating
Shrimp salad be-
Cause it was pink,
And some ice cream be-
Cause it was pink,
And all night
My stummick leaped
Like a hungry
Kangaroo
On the way to
Greasy Pete's Cafe,
An' I had
About as much use
For that shrimp
As the whale had
For Jonah; and
When anyone says
Fish—
My motto is:
Let 'Em Lie!

—J. G. T.

Mr. Ben Williams came down from
Columbia University a few days ago, to
pay us a two days' visit. We were
particularly glad to have him with us,
for several good reasons: He is a South-
ern educator, and student of modern
methods in education; he is a soldier
who did his bit at Chateau-Thierry; and
mainly, he is the man chosen for super-
intendent of our schools.

We can assure Mr. Williams that
Badin will give him a sincere and cordial
welcome, and fullest co-operation in the
vital work of training the fine lot of
children that are here.

Miss Mildred Spencer has returned
from a visit to friends and relatives at
High Point and Asheville.

Mr. Kemper Martin has gone to At-
lanta, Ga., to visit relatives and friends.

The Fourth in Badin

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Bizzell came second, winning ten admis-
sions to the picture show.

The greased pole must have been well
lubricated, for it afforded much amuse-
ment to the onlookers. King, with per-
fect 'stance and approach, won. A small
boy in the gallery was heard to remark,
"That fellow's feet would fit a limb,"
but he was probably mistaken.

Leander, when he swam the Helles-
pont, had nothing on Richards, who by
virtue of crawl, trudgeon, or some other
stroke also got across, and now does not
have to confine himself to hurried chats,
as he is able to film the fair one and
use the result to make the hours alone
less lonely. (Note—as the camera was
a vest-pocket model, he does not take it
on swims.)

In the tilting contest, the combatants
were armed with padded, lance-like
"spudds," and before the object devel-
oped were seriously credited with having
designs on an apple orchard. Sancho
P. Neubling and Don Q. Daniels won,
after a valiant jousting. Ivanhoe Moor-
man was disqualified by an alert judge
for using his hands. Tough luck, Ivan;
but you shouldn't have been so grasping.

If there be a local Diogenes, he was
homeless for awhile, as all the tubs in
the village must have been in the lake.
The competitors were in and out of the
tubs—largely out; but Robert Harris,
whose hands are like paddles, success-
fully negotiated the distance and won.

The canoe tug-of-war was most stout-
ly tugged. It was won by King and
Tysinger.

The waterplane stunt, with the grace-
ful poses of the contestants, the Adonis-
like curves that the cute bathing suits
accentuated, was the close of the aquatic
events. The prize for making the dis-
tance in the shortest time was awarded
to Joe Taylor.

At the Ball Park, after lunch, the fun
again commenced, with Dick Richards in
charge of the events.

Wagner must have borrowed Mer-
cury's wings, for he won against a fast
field in the one hundred yard dash. The
"Talent" had picked Neubling or Hoff-
man to win, but as said above the Long
Shot romped home under wraps.

Some of the couples in the three-legged
race must get along like Maggie and
Jiggs—as their nether extremities seemed
to resent the "Tie that Binds." I won-
der if Rice and Neubling, who won, are
trying to wear the neckties around the
same neck.

Someone yelled "Here comes your
Ma," and young Melton won the one
hundred yard dash for boys before he
could look around and see she wasn't
coming—several of the others ran off
the course in the excitement. Bob Vann
got the second prize.

The elusive potato was finally spooned
by Earl Linster, who while he wobbled
a little bit cleared up his row quickly.
Several of the amateur gardeners were