

Village" a few nights ago—that is, they started to go. They got as far as a seat apiece when they were informed by the manager that white folks were only allowed as nurses; therefore, they started out to borrow a nigger baby. They finally found an old colored sister nursing a baby, and tried to borrow the baby. The good old sister took one look at them, and promptly read the riot act and called out the Police Department, but when the police arrived on the scene the only thing in sight were three streaks of dust—one big, one small, and one little.

Doctor and Mrs. Horsefield and little 'uns have been to the mountains on a vacation. Dr. Horsefield says the water is fine in the mountains, eh Doctor?

Mr. R. E. Parks is in New York. In his absence, Mr. B. R. Fuller is holding down the job of Plant Superintendent.

Our sympathy to Mr. F. L. Greenlee in the illness and death of Bill. Poor Bill was a good "dorg."

A. L. Culveyhouse is off on a trip to Richmond, Va. No use, Culvey; Richmond is dry, too.

—L. W. G.

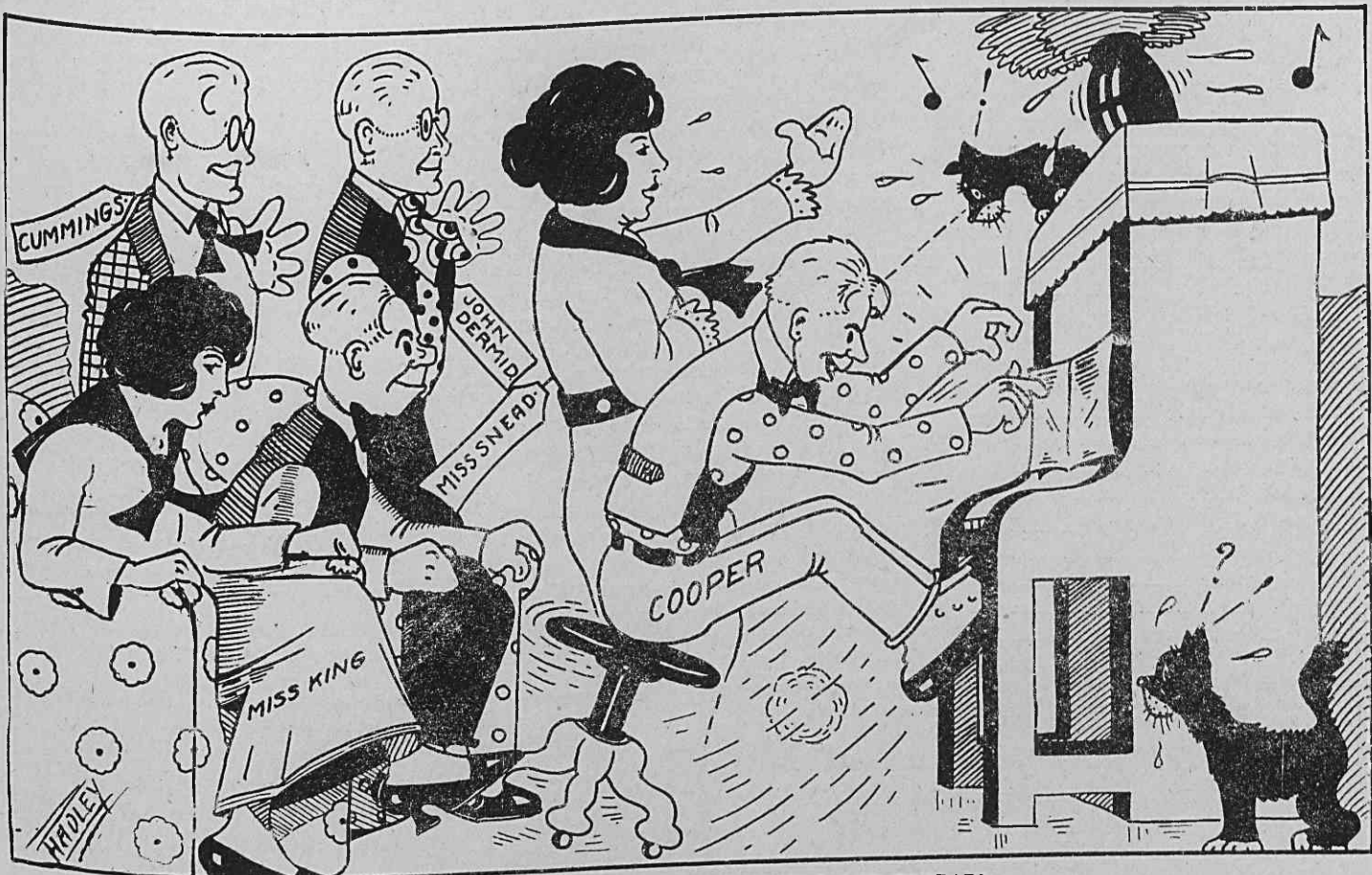
Club House Notes

Just before taking his leave of Badin, F. F. Cooper entertained a party of twenty couples at a marshmallow roast down near the Falls. It was held on one of those delightful moonlight nights and quite naturally, much romancing was in order. Speaking of romancing, is there another place in the whole wide world which can compare with the Badin Club? There must be romance germs running wild about the Club House, for a few of the girls are giving free reign to their imaginations—and what pretty stories, of the romantic type of course, originate!

Then, too, some of the fellows are manifesting an interest in long walks, and, longer talks, each one with his same companion each time. Before the teachers arrived there was considerable talk concerning a Bachelors' Club, but where are the would-be bachelors now? Firehammer and Black—yes, and even Coach Quinlan—have joined the ranks of those who appear to enjoy feminine society. But Scottie says, "You can't blame all this on the teachers." And Scottie is a good judge.

The old-timers say that there used to be a period when the Club House enjoyed peace and quiet, but that golden age passed quickly with the coming of the Victrola. Just when they became accustomed to that, the jazz music made its appearance—and made the victrola a much cussed instrument. Occasionally one of the fellows would find an opportunity to put on a few good records—but wait a moment, that is ancient history. Since early in September it has been mighty difficult to even play a jazz record. Why? Because the advent of the teachers (and altho they are wise all did not come from the East) also was the advent of some songsters, with a question mark after "songsters." And now, we enjoy (several interrogation marks after "enjoy") much noise each evening when it is possible for the highly appreciated entertainers to fight their little way to the piano. Wish we were back in the days of the old-timers!

Miss Ingle, our popular community nurse, has returned from a vacation spent with her family in Burlington, N. C.



WHY GO TO CHARLOTTE TO HEAR CARUSO AND FARRAR?