

ALL GIRLS WISHING A CONCISE ESTIMATION OF THEMSELVES, SEE LEFTY. He says that he can get any one and believes that actions speak louder than words....Flash!! To rent--one dark coat for picture making purposes...Iris Massey received a letter from "Chicken" yesterday. How unusual... and Miss Clara Howard's theme song, "Living in Doubt" could certainly be applied to her and another comely lass a few days ago...Scott Reeds clothing firm which specializes in extra pairs of pants, might contact all Freshman having birthdays...when the rumor got around that our little donis was wedded we noted silent tears in the eyes of all our fair co-eds. Miss Peypatt had a double apoplectic fit on the spot...where do girls go after the last breakfast bell?.. To breakfast or under the bed? Miller asserts that "Boo-hoo" Wilcox played a fine game against Chowan, 's funny, we saw nary a weep...What peculiar ideas some girls have concerning love--- and respect!! To girls who stay out late..there's a hole in the platform at the back door.Watch your step....Notice the long faces of woe and the supercilious expressions of those who turn to their less fortunate neighbor and remark " Why, I made an A on that course. It's a crisp course."..By the way that's one of the Public Enemies No 1... Squire Hawkins, wish you would rake up a tremendous pile of leaves and let us build a big bonfire..The boys don't seem any to eager to have their beauty struck by having their pictures taken...Upchurch seems to know when he is beaten in love so he is now grazing in another pasture...Why doesn't the Methodist Church install some more comfortable pews, its hard enough to listen to the talks...Seems like we will be sitting on the floor in the social hall pretty soon, all the furniture is being taken out apparently..maybe they're going to have a dance hall...wonder what the daily consumption of cigarettes in the bright building is?... Current theme song there is " Brother, can you spare a match?" They ought to build separate apartments on the stairways. Waverly, have you heard that Duke beat Carolina?...Rachel, whom has Willis Britt been giving those two ice creams to?... the Senior superlatives seem to have been very childish in nature....

An ancient Confusionist proverb states " One may sit on a needle in a haystack and never see the point, but he will get it in the end"

One fellow accused of being drunk protested that he was very sober. His comrade retorted that if he were sober he would have enough

Joe E. Brown and the maid from Swansquarter
Visit the fountain at nights for water.
Thock and his beloved spouse so true,
He regretfully found, remain,
still two.

Some of the boys it seems have turned sot
And consumed tonsil liniment all got;
They tank'd up on spirits of corn with gust,
Remarking, at the quality, "Such crust!"

F.Ramsey admits she's a fast blond;
Will some one to the call of help respond
And donate to Glissom a steam shovel
His vociferous appetite to quell.

Charity Holland confesses, in tears,
Algebra is the language of Algiers.
Sibyl Neal, the electrician superb;
Wood thumbing to town from the corner curb.

When the Social Hall lights blink--untold bliss
In the form of a long delicious kiss.
Campus'd girls, for the Council, three cheers then--
Hearty (?) and loud--"Hoch sol-len Sie lieben."

Little Miss Muffet, sat on a Tuffet
Eating her bread and whey.
Along came a spider--
And said--" Good morning, Miss Muffet."

The letter given below was received by a certain young lady the other day. We're not calling any names, but her initials are Marie Kuykendall.

Miss Kuykendall:

I think it would be very nice if you do not see Mr. Kornegay any more. He is not such nice company for little girls.

a friend or

as you may like
for it to be

It has not been decided by our handwriting experts who is the author of this epistle. It seems to us that either " Red" Shaw or Julia Holt or some unknown admirer of " our Casanova" is trying to scare off Marie. Both Kornegay and Marie declare it imponderable.
