

## SHADOW PLAY

Shhh! The Shadow has been playing around again and has a word to say--and a complaint to make. There just isn't any news. It takes too long for enough news to collect to make a decently juicy morsel.

She observes, however, that the Montreat girls' motto of November--"Eat, drink, and be merry for in December we diet"--has now disappeared and you weak-willed diners whose stomachs have lead you around by the nose just won't "figure" at home during the holidays. How glad I am that I am a mere Shadow!

Montreat has shattered another cherished tradition, the one which says that winter is no growing season. You've got to hear about the unseasonable love in bloom. The only Good-man around here departed for one long, long week. Unable to bear the separation, he sent a Tiny special letter to remind the girl he left behind him that though gone, he shouldn't be forgotten . . . . .

A certain teacher around here carries such weight that she literally "broke the ice" the other day. What a social asset she'd be! Let's have no more cracks from her until the skating is over.

Shame on you, third floor in the Fellowship Building! You've been feuding again. You may be on top and have it all over the other two floors, but that's just because it's customary to build the third floor on top instead of the bottom. Anyhow, come on down to earth. Imagine! A by no means light quarrel was lit by the lighting of a candle when one girl lit out and lit into the other. It seems she got hot because the other girl insisted on burning a candle in her room; the whole floor had a free-for-all and there was plenty of free speech. Tch! Tch!

Be good during Christmas, girls; the Shadow will observe before and after, but two and two together, and make a good tale, because

THE SHADOW KNOWS

## CAMPUS QUESTIONNAIRE

In preparing the Questionnaire for this issue, the DIALETTE merely asked the question foremost in the minds of all of us:

What is your idea of a happy Christmas?

The first person we asked was Montreat College's own little girl,

Anne Pickelsimer: I think a happy Christmas would be to go home and see my papa and see my friends.

Mary Johnson: Home and wild turkey.

Katherine Wagner: Eat, drink, and be merry!

Evelyn Morrison: Peace on earth.

Peggy Anne Vaughan: Lots o' candy and "nuts".

Miss Loew: Home!

brated their freedom in a wildly hilarious dance. Upon ending this, they called upon the other dolls to join them, and the regiment of tin soldiers immediately danced a military routine. All the dolls, including Raggedy Ann and Andy, the Negro Mammy, the Hawaiian and acrobatic dancers, the talking dolls, the stuffed animals, and others, danced in turn in their own special way. Out of a huge book at the back of the stage came the Dutch, Scotch, and Irish twins with their native dances, the old-fashioned dolls in a graceful minuet, the three blind mice, and little black Sambo and the age-old tiger. The toyland tumblers put on a splendid performance of strength and skill, thrilling a breathless audience with their daring feats. The grand finale was reached with the clever dance of old Santa Claus himself. As the clock struck six the lights again flashed off and on to denote the conclusion of the program. The whole carnival crowd sang together "Jingle Bells" and a school song, after which they bade a gay farewell to the height of all festivity--Carnival Night.