

ON BEING DUMB

I was born dumb. By that I mean not that I cannot talk, but that I cannot say anything. In other words, I belong to that class of people known as thick-headed. This condition is usually accompanied by an extreme volubility which, though it makes a great noise, never gets anything said. Of course this is easily explained by the fact that the words come not from the brain which is blank, but from the back end of the tongue, which is loose.

I cannot remember when I first became aware of this condition in myself, but I do know that it grows more noticeable every day. It manifests itself in everything I attempt to do. When I have returned from a party and lie awake mentally reviewing the events of the evening, there come to my mind scintillating remarks and witty come-backs which would have made my conversation sparkle--three hours earlier! When it takes me three hours to think of a remark which should have been on the tip of my tongue, I must be in a bad fix.

My dumbness is even more apparent in the classroom than at social gatherings. Here I am supposed to appear intelligent, whether I am or not. But when a teacher begins to look at me, I feel like one must who is being charmed by a snake. My mind goes completely blank, my head starts to swing mechanically from side to side, and my lips automatically form the words, "I don't know." My throat constricts so that I find it difficult to swallow the stubborn lump which bobs up and down in my neck. Are these alarming symptoms? I fear so.

I find that I have reached the place I am not even capable of thinking of a topic for a familiar essay. For two hours I sit staring at the wall waiting for inspiration to come. Alas, at the end of that time I have not the slightest whit of an idea. I search the room for a possible subject, all in vain! Perhaps a brilliant person might find material for an essay in a very rickety table, and chair, two beds, once white but now speckled, a dresser with one of the knobs gone, a washstand, and a decidedly slabsided wardrobe, but the only thing my search did for me was to reveal the fact that all my socks were dirty and the wastebasket needed emptying. Perhaps the romance of a wastebasket--that my sound promising to you, but it merely sounds messy

to me. Further search reveals, as a possible subject, shoes. Could I write five pages on shoes? I don't think so. It seems that my subject must come from elsewhere. A glance out the window reveals the usual sight of the girls across the court, one studying, the other rolling up her hair for the night. Obviously I can expect no help from that quarter. The topic must come from my own mind, and that is a complete blank.

Here I must stop and rail against the fate which dared to go against the Declaration of Independence ("all men are created equal") and make me dumb. Why was I, of all people, chosen for such a fate? I make myself positively furious!

Suddenly the storm is broken by a great calm. A smile breaks through my frown as I dive among my cluttered books in search of a notebook and pen. My rebellion is gone. I am content with my lot. My dumbness has given me a topic for my essay.

By Janet McDonald

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CAMPUS CHATTER

I wonder what J. B. that is that is writing "Miss" Murráh.

Jo Bourne certainly got a "snappy" looking picture recently.

Elmo certainly has a deep interest here. I wonder if it could be Jacques!

Why did Frances Ferrier go home last week-end? Could it be midwinters?

Have you seen that good-looking picture of Billy Prebble on Dot Mannings's dresser? If you haven't you've really missed something!

Wonder Why Gertrude Phillips was so excited over that letter she got from S. C. the other day? Could there have been a deep, dark secret in it?

Did you see all those visitors that Frances Stanley, M. L. Laughridge, and Jo Craig had the other day? Nice work girls!

What's this I hear about Little "Abe" and last Sunday nigh a week ago? Was it such a deep secret, Abe?

"Snookey" Corpening's picture must have aroused a little attention around Georgia Tech, judging from the number of letters she has been receiving recently.