

Something happened last Monday night--we don't know exactly what because we were sleepy, but the train pulled in and our handkerchiefs pulled out, and since then everything has been extremely wettish. Expressions such as "you can't win," "life is so futile," and "what's the use anyhow" are circulated via our personal little "Grapevines". Moreover, exams are trucking along only too swiftly. Oh, woe is us!

The entire student body regrets to hear that Miss Weise is leaving us in February for Philadelphia, where she will continue work on her Ph. D. Miss Weise, our prayers are with you.

We wonder where Pat Crutcher's mind was wandering that day when she told Mrs. Greenwood that a precis was "something you fall off." She must have been sunk deep in thought! OR---something??

The balmy breezes of the past week make us think of "Welcome Sweet Springtime." Please, everybody wish for snow, cause just think what fun 'twould be to make a snowman of Mr. Guess.

For the world's cruellest woman, we nominate Miss Lalor. She sat steadfast at her desk and smilingly refused to let her afternoon hygiene class see the governor and all of his State College assistants parade. In answer to the protests voiced, the lady calmly replied that all threats of hatred were in vain, because she knew that she would be the most hated woman on the campus after exams, anyway. Jrrr! Grrr!

We welcome to our midst (or should it be "nist"?) Mary Barroll and the sisters who continually fool us by their twin-like appearance--Louise and Mary Powell. The Bryants have a little sisterly competition.

Was Minnie Grace Olive playing Tarzan or jumping at conclusions when she nearly fell out the window in Mr. Moore's English class?

Friday is another Civic Music Concert night and this time we are going to be entertained by two pianists. We haven't been able to figure out yet whether they're both going to play on one piano or tinkle on two separate instruments, but the lady pianist looks like Mrs. Simpson. So, we ought to be charmed.

Overheard on the Second Floor:

We love her, for she is a dear,-----But still we think her notions queer.

For instance, when we're in the tub--And we ourselves begin to scrub,

Approaching footsteps soon we hear. ?? ?? ?? ?? ??

"Young ladies, when you take a bath-----{In tones so surely, full of wrath)

From tub to tub you must not shriek. It is immodest e'en to speak,

And do not let me hear you laugh.

EXAMS, like weird Frankensteins and Draculas, loom menacingly in the not so far future. Already we see ourselves growing grey and tired after hours of frantic study. Why must we go through all this fuss and torture? We gain no knowledge by our hurried cramming; all we get is a tremendous headache! Oh, what's the use?

"POEMS ARE MADE BY FOOLS LIKE ME"

My cheeks may be rosy and my figure sleek, Roses are red and water is wet;
But why the horseshoe seven times a week? I haven't made above 70 in anything yet.

A zebra has stripes and a monkey a tail;--Why in the world don't I get more mail!

Sick in bed is Mary, my buddy.-----She had an exam and wouldn't study.

She couldn't pass up; -----She had to stay down.

Oh, what a shame on her family's renown.

Miss Tash explains the "no Badminton set" situation as being our own fault. Says we don't know how to take care of our equipment. Says, look at the abused and torn ping pong paddles. And other things too. She says she'll get a set when we prove that we can take care of what we have. We couldn't think of any comeback to this. To ourselves, we just wonder why the set was ever mentioned.

Senior essays, together with a lot of other things, are getting us down. Titles, outlines and bibliographies before exams! If we go crazy, we are going to take Mr. Moore with us. Wanna come too?