

An eerie quiet prevails in the room! Interested eyes stare hypnotically at the triangular piece of wood, as it moves under our light fingers to the various letters and numbers. Will the question be answered favorably, or will disaster be decreed for some unfortunate individual? Yes, the ouija board craze has suddenly become master of our destinies, and a greater part of the school gathers around the dogmatic board in order to delve into the past and gaze interestedly into the future. Agnes Sanford and Margaret Burgwyn introduced the fad at St. Mary's, and slowly but surely the insidious board is driving us all either completely crazy or insanely happy, according to the fate it foretells for the different students. In several cases that we know of the ouija has been unerringly right, giving some of us the creeps by its oh, so correct, guessing. When we aren't "working" the ouija board, there are similar stunts that are almost as interesting--games of concentration which we believe will soon be more prevalent than the ouija, for as far as we know, there's only one ouija board in school, but we trust that ALL of us can concentrate.

#### THE AFFECTIONATE FISH

The affectionate fish was not frivolous;

He frolicked the whole day long.

He played with a minnow--

Then ate him for dinner--

And sang with the frogs their deep song.

His scales were his coat and were slinky;

His tail was quite oozy and slick;

His flippers and fins

Were pointed like pins,

While his movements were graceful and quick.

He once fell in love with a shrimp

Which a fisherman used for bait.

Thru the water he hailed her--

At length he assailed her,

And tragic indeed was his fate.

He was crusty and brown and was steaming

As he lay on the big silver dish,

But his choice of his wife

Bro't an end to his life

Alas, poor affectionate fish!

H. Norton

On Friday morning at ten o'clock, Lib Young, president of our Dramatic Club, gave a dramatic monologue over WPTF. Mrs. Cruikshank announced in assembly Friday that Lib was going to Broadcast and that if we had a free period at ten, we could all go to the parlor and listen to the program. It so happened that Mr. Moore's Senior English class and Mrs. Cruikshank's History class (who had inveigled her to allow them to cross the hall and hear the only radio in the building) listened to Lib over Mr. Moore's radio--Lib acquitted herself splendidly, although she confessed upon returning quietly to her English class that she was a trifle scared. Of course we couldn't miss an opportunity like that to sing--consequently at lunch Friday we sung Lib's praises, causing her to become shyly embarrassed. Here's to Lib, our "power-house" in dramatics.

Next Thursday--it has seemed far away in the dim future, but now it is almost here, and is everybody excited! There is real joy and happiness prevailing all over the campus; and when the bell rings at twelve-thirty on March the eleventh, you will really see "these lazy things," as our girls are sometimes called, move in every direction--and move fast! The girls are sometimes called, The path will lead from the front of Snedes to the bus stop and to the train station; and all for five short days---well, it will be lots of fun while it lasts. Here too we add that those who stay here during the recess will be granted liberal privileges and the entire time will be most enjoyable. After the holidays are over and we have merely pleasant memories to look back upon, we will start the last lap of school. Two months and two weeks and then--June 1. Sounds good to us!