

## Long Skirts

(Conceited Opinion of Doug G., Doug C. and Johnny B.)

In this troubled world of atomic power, guided missiles, and war, people should try to keep up their morale but what do they do but lower women's skirts? Now this is the worst thing they could do for the morale of masculine America.

If girls are going to lower the hemlines, then they should also go back to the sunbonnets and replace the modern car with the old covered wagon, thus keeping the skirt in its proper origin.

If you see an old lady walking down the street, or what you think is an old lady, don't try to help her, for you might get fooled; it may be a spry young lady since it is really hard to tell the difference in those "get-ups" that they wear. And if it is raining and you see a lady's skirt dragging in the mud, don't try to pick it up, for the owner may think you are trying to get fresh and leave her hand print on your face to show her gratitude. So please be careful.

Another thing is that most people can't tell the new long skirts from the old evening dress, but we have the solution: the evening dress has a low cut neck and the everyday dress is not cut so deep.

We leave you ladies with this word of advice—

"If a man you want to find,  
Then you better raise your hem-line."

## What Are Your Thoughts About?

—T. Adrian Neal, '49

What is thought of when the word "thought" is mentioned? Well, think for a while. A thought is usually an impression upon the mind.

Thoughts differ greatly, as there are many things to think about. There are three kinds of thoughts that come to my mind as being important, serious thoughts, humorous thoughts, and imaginary thoughts. These are the three main types of thoughts.

Let us consider the serious thoughts for a minute. Serious thoughts are usually directed at politics, government, religion and the family budget. Some examples of these are: a student studying for an exam, father and his income tax papers, a doctor writing a prescription, a minister preparing his sermon for next Sunday. These are but a few of the many serious thoughts in our daily lives. Almost everyone has serious thoughts at one time or another. They are always necessary.

The humorous side of life is also very much needed by all. Just think what the world would be without humor. It is a very important factor in our feelings as well as our actions. Many people have become famous just by using witty sayings frequently. People like Bob Hope, Red Skelton, and many others devote their whole life to this cause, without which we could never fully enjoy life. So when all has been considered, humorous thoughts are very important factors in our daily lives.

The last of the three is imaginative thoughts. These are the thoughts that keep us occupied when looking through travel books or the school-room window. As the others, these are varied, too. They range from wondering what is just beyond the rim of the horizon to exploring the tunnels of our own minds. When out by ourselves, we wonder what makes the world tick, or what kind of rocks compose the particular hill we are standing upon, or who will win the football game next week. When inside, we count the minutes until school is out, consider how raindrops are falling on this rainy day, or wonder if we will fail anything during the next six weeks. These are some of the things we think on the imaginary side. Imaginary thoughts are some of the most worthy thoughts we can have.

After dividing thoughts into three subdivisions, serious, humorous, and imaginative, we find that without them life would be an impossible task.

## Around the Clock

—Isabel Essick

Where does time go? Why does it go so fast? My, what stupid questions! Or are they? Well, anyway, we'll have to agree that time flies. Or does it? Someone once said that time stands still; we move on. But something tells me I'm in a jam, confused, muddled, or something like that. So I'll not say another word concerning, where, why, or whether time goes. Figure it out for yourself.

Getting back to the subject (!!) we want to discuss what you do with these precious hours. The normals (or should I say average) high school student hears his mother's voice faintly saying, "Time to get up, seven o'clock." Just seven o'clock, you think. That's just a reminder that the moon must be going down. Or the sun may be rising. If not, wouldn't it be comforting to stay in bed and listen to the patter of the raindrops on the housetop? There is no music that could more easily put one to sleep. "Seven-thirty! Why don't you wake up?" comes that voice again, interrupting your reverie. You just don't understand why she is so insistent at that time of morning. So you turn over and nestle down under the blankets. Before you know it, you hear that informant voice calling, "Eight o'clock." This time you jump out of bed, quickly dress, wash face and hands, comb your hair, and dash to the table with only time enough to eat a slice of toast and drink a cup of coffee. Then you brush your teeth, and glancing at the clock, make your departure, Dagwood-style. You arrive at school, out of breath. But—you made it. The bell rings just as you step inside the

## Still Another Bear Story

—Nancy Witherspoon '48  
(With apology to James Whitcomb Riley)

Once upon a time in a big dark forest, there lived a very fat Bear named Boris. Boris was the most melancholy animal in the forest. His wife, Tanya, had run away with a porcupine who had come to the door one day selling brushes. Now Boris was lonely, especially when he came home from the office to a cold house and had to open a can of beans for supper but he still hoped and prayed for Tanya's return.

Boris had been very popular in the forest. He was well liked by all because he was a good mixer. Hostesses could be sure of a successful party with "Good old Boris" there. He had had a cheerful disposition and a peppery smile. Now things were different. Boris no longer cared what his friends were doing. At parties he was no longer carefree and gay. His expression was so glum that no one laughed when he put a lampshade on his head. Poor Boris was carrying a torch, and it was evident that someone would be burned.

One day as Boris was walking through the forest, resembling a weeping willow except for his girth, he bumped into a Moose. Now Boris was a Mason, but the Moose looked almost as unhappy as our hero, and everybody knows that misery loves company. The Moose asked Boris to step into a nearby bar for a honey highball. After several of these and a few choruses of "Sweet Adeline," they were feeling no pain.

Boris felt good until he got home. The house was cold, dark and very depressing. He opened the bureau drawer and took out an automatic. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, the phone rang. Mrs. Melrose Mink was calling to invite Boris to dinner. Boris knew that Tanya would miss anything else to dine at the Minks', so he accepted, hoping that she would be there.

Boris arrived at the Minks' promptly at eight. He was excited and frightened. Tanya had to come—she just had to. There she was, but the Moose that Boris had met that afternoon was with her. Boris turned so red that someone started to call the House Un-American Committee, but he kept himself under control. During dinner he had a conversation with a

## Poets' Corner



### The Cross Roads of Life

—Bonnie Leonard '49

A tree or two, a little bird, a flower and a vine  
All seem to have a rendezvous with God and all mankind.  
For God must take and God must give, this lesson we know well;  
And all must die and all must live and choose the road between heaven and hell.  
Some choose right and some choose wrong, but all of us must choose;  
The road to the right is hard and long but Paradise you cannot lose,  
The road to the left is smooth and soft but when to the end you come  
The weakened sinner will many times wish he'd gone to God's heavenly home.  
So a warning take and a warning heed  
When to the cross roads you do come;  
Turn your head and turn your feet  
To the way to God's heavenly home!

room. One by one the four morning periods creep by.

Ah! It's wonderful. I mean it's 12:20. That means lunch. You suddenly remember that you had almost a breakfast. Ambling along with a friend, you discuss the new rules just made at school, and decide they are too strict. Imagine not being permitted to chew gum in school. Oh, well, this is your last year, and they you can chew gum all day if you wish.

After lunch you retract your steps to school. The temptation is too great, you make your way to the drugstore for a milkshake. The clock intervenes, and there is a race with time to get back to school before the tardy bell rings. Two more hours of study (?) follow, and then you are free for the rest of the day. A coke surely would be refreshing. There goes the crowd to the drugstore, and you just have to follow so as not to miss anytime exciting.

Arriving home a little later than necessary, you are just in time for supper with the family. What? No biscuits, no vegetables? It certainly is a good thing Americans aren't like the Chinese who ate the same food three times a day. You just don't like sandwiches!!

You know you should read that library book for a book report. And it would be wise to memorize those extra lines from "Macbeth" for extra credit to pull up that grade of 60 on the test. But that movie certainly would be thrilling. After all, this is the last day it will be shown at the theatre, and you can read and memorize "Macbeth" some other time. So you decide in favor of the movie. Returning from the movie, you find you are just too sleepy to do anything but sleep. What better decision could one make at such a time than to go to bed? And that is just what you do.

It seems no time at all until you hear that familiar "Seven o'clock, time to get up!"

very attractive red-headed fox. Tanya glanced toward him continuously. It was obvious that she was the jealous one now. After dinner Boris managed to get close to Tanya. He took her in his arms and kissed her. At that moment the clock struck twelve. The Moose, who had stayed in the bar an hour after Boris left, started blowing his antlers. For some unknown reason, someone shouted "Happy New Year!" and that was the first New Year's Eve party.

### MACBETH

—Audrey Blackburn '48

Of all the poems I have ever tried to write,  
This one is hardest, try as I might.  
Although Mr. Shakespeare oft wrote in prose,  
I must write in rhyme, so here goes.  
When Macbeth first met the witches three,  
They told him strange tales of what he was to be;  
Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor and most important, king,  
Alas! Macbeth did not realize what woe this would bring.  
The good king, Duncan, proclaimed Macbeth as his heir;  
Then Macbeth's bloody thoughts began to hover in the air.  
And vaulting ambition raised its leering, ugly head  
As Macbeth began planning how to be king, instead.  
When to Lady Macbeth the prophecies he revealed,  
She cried, "Duncan's lips must be forever sealed!"  
When Duncan visited Inverness in complete trust,  
He was murdered because of Macbeth's greedy lust.  
Cunningly with blood the grooms' faces she smeared  
To make them appear innocent, only this they feared.  
The murder was discovered by the good Macduff,  
And the ambitious Macbeths made good their bluff.  
The tyrant Macbeth, to be crowned king, went to Scone;  
Malcolm and Donalbain to foreign countries had flown.  
Suspicion followed the sons in their hasty flight;  
To revenge Duncan's death, Malcolm vowed he would fight.  
The common law of brotherhood, sinful Macbeth defied;  
"I have stepped too deeply in blood; I cannot go back," he cried.  
The noble Banquo was stabbed by the murderers three,  
And, at the banquet, Macbeth his bloody ghost did see.  
The future looking dark, Macbeth yearned to know his fate,  
The three apparitions these prophecies did relate:  
"Beware Macduff! None of woman born will harm thy fame;  
Fear not, 'til Birnam wood come to Dunsinane."  
To England to prepare to fight, Macduff had fled;  
There he learned, from Ross, that his family was dead.  
Siward, Malcolm, and Macduff to avenge these brutal deaths,  
Resolved to rid Scotland of the tyrannical Macbeths.  
When Macbeth learned the third apparition was a scheming liar,  
Lady Macbeth was traveling toward the eternal bonfire.  
Macbeth's bloody career was fast coming to a close,  
Macduff's one wish was to be rid of these foes.  
To meet Macduff face to face was the tyrant's one fear;  
They met in a duel; thus ended Macbeth's career.  
Malcolm was hailed as rightful heir to the throne:  
"I invite you all," he said, "to see me crowned at Scone."