

CAMPUS NOTATIONS

Mr. C. W., an A. and T. freshman, firmly believes in the "TRY, try again" theory. At least it seemed when he called to see Miss L. H., Bennett freshman, Friday night and again on Sunday and was denied the privilege each time. Oh, well, Mr. W.—Keep a-trying.

Freshmen know that A. and T. is not the only school in Greensboro—a fact verified by the frequent visits the young Lutheranite pay at Jones hall. For example, there's the billing and cooling of Miss H. T. and Mr. C. A.; of Miss E. P. and Mr. M. H.

Miss E. W. carries on the tradition of freshman taking out upperclassmen. We're speaking of Miss C. R.'s former boy-friend, Mr. P. L., of Lutheran.

Miss J. R. P. likes the caveman type, at least one would think so when she holds hands with D. M. S., of Livingstone.

Is Miss C. K. offering Miss J. C. competition for the attention of Mr. B. M.

And believe me, there's a real romance budding between Miss C. L. S. and Mr. G. B.

Can it be true that Miss I. P. is taking up with Mr. P. H. right where her room-mate left off? And won't Miss C. R. have something to say about that?

And did you know that we have a freshman (Charlotte) Mae West who asks of a handsome A. and T. fellow—"Why, dontcha come up'n see me sometime?"

Can you imagine Miss B. C. stretching two minutes into two hours on Sunday afternoons when Mr. S. M. is calling?

Just who is Miss E. K. W.'s real secret passion—H. G. H., the senior or H. W., the sophomore.

Who'll be the winner in the rivalry for the affections of Mr. M. P.—Miss B. B. or Miss E. A.?

Have you noticed the twins have a boy friend between them—Mr. H. C.

This casual observer has noticed that Mr. T. R. S. (Teddy to you) has shifted his attentions from Miss E. P. L. to Miss I. P.

We are pleased to note that in spite of constant interference on the part of "friends," Miss R. A. continues to hold her own in the affections of Mr. J. H. G.

Dr. Dett Presides at Vesper Service

At 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, October 24, 1937, in the Carrie Barge Chapel, Bennett College, Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, supervisor of the Music department, presented a musical vespers. The guests artists appearing on this very interesting program were Mr. Paul Oncey, baritone, professor of music at Woman's College, University of North Carolina, Greensboro, N. C., and Mrs. Paul Oncey, accompanist to Mr. Oncey; Mr. Bernard Mason, violinist, professor of music at A. and T. College, Greensboro, N. C.; and Mr. Warner Lawson, accompanist to Mr. Mason, also of A. and T. College. Others appearing on the program were Mrs. Helen Elise Dett, pianist, Bennett College Choir, and the Bennett College Quartette, composed of the Misses Minnie Reeves, Frances Randall, Phyllis Shelton, and Frances Lucas.

Appreciation and Thanks

A group of war veterans were discussing Thanksgiving. One of the guests was a veteran who had lost both legs.

"And what have you to be thankful for?" they asked.

"Lots," he replied, "I've got cork legs and I can put on my socks with thumb-tacks."

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JOKES

A student failed in examination. He telegraphed his brother, "Failed in all five. Prepare papa." The brother telegraphed back, "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

On coming home from dinner one day a freshman was causing much excitement because her trunk hadn't come. An upperclassman very sympathetically asked, "Do you have your check?" The freshman answered very seriously, "No, she always sends me money orders."

"Daddy, I don't think mother knows much about raising children," said four-year-old Mary Jane.

"What makes you think so?" asked the father.

"Well," said the little girl, "She makes me go to bed when I'm wide awake and makes me get up when I'm awfully sleepy."

Patron: "Look here, waiter, I ordered chicken pie and there isn't a single piece of chicken in it."

Waiter: "That's being consistent, sir. We also have cottage cheese but so far as I know there's not a cottage in it."

Englishman: "My great grandfather was made an earl by the King whose likeness you see on this coin."

American: "That's nothing. The Indian whose head you see on this one made an angel out of my great grandfather."

For reaching across the table to help himself to the butter Johnny was sharply reproved.

"What did you do that for?" demanded his father. "Haven't you got a tongue?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but my tongue isn't as long as my arms."

Wee Maggie, radiant over the recent addition to the family rushed out of the house to tell the news.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs," she cried.

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother."

"You don't say. Is he going to stay?"

"I think so" (very thoughtfully)—

"He's got his things off."

A small girl asked her mother: "If I grow up and get married, will I have a husband like Papa?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the mother.

"And if I do not get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The little girl thought for a minute.

"Well, I am in a fix."

"Darling," she cooed, "I've just read that a man out west traded his wife for a horse. You wouldn't exchange me for a horse, would you?"

"Never," he replied dutifully, "but I'd hate to have anyone tempt me with a good car."

Herewith are the five essentials of an ideal date:

1. She doesn't eat much.
2. She's good looking.
3. She doesn't eat much.
4. She's a good dancer.
5. She doesn't eat much.

—The DePaulia.

"Who's afraid they failed on yesterday's exam?" smiled the teacher.

"I'm not," said Cookie Postelle, as she hopefully deposited on the desk a vase of roses, a big red apple, and a box of candy.—New Mexico Lobo.

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JUNIOR CLASS WILL GIVE NOVEL PROGRAM

One of the best chapel programs presented this year was the one sponsored by the junior class on Wednesday, October 20. The first part of the program was devoted to a skit entitled, "Raw Deal Versus Ideal," written by the Misses Bertha Joyner and Maxine Davis. Those participating in the skit were the Misses Frances Lucas, Frances Jones, Georgia Hilary, Sankie Everette, Evelyn Stewart, Alice Patterson, Lisbeth Edwards, Bennie Mae Young, Bettye Crump, Bertha Joyner, and Maxine Davis.

After the skit the class presented for the first time their class song, "39." This song, said to be beautiful by everyone who heard it, was composed by the Misses Alice Patterson and Phyllis Shelton. First, the song was sung by a quintette composed of Misses Katherine Maxwell, Sidney Maxwell, Julia Wilson, Ruth Jackson, and Florence Ligon. Then the entire junior class stood up and sang it in unison.

That I. C. has lost some of her ego. Three cheers for I. C.

That J. L. is suffering heart attacks because her love believes that "variety is the spice of life."

That the freshman class is all right and that any gossip may be the results of jealousy.

That Miss H. A. has the "ideal man." Here's hoping you won't be disillusioned H. A.

That Miss F. L. H. (a freshman) prefers home products even if A. and T. is next door.

That it takes more than castor oil to give a certain class the work out.

That many freshmen are majoring in *Advanced Harmony*.

That the sophomores have very unique ideas this year.

That Miss D. W. is planning to be an evangelist.

That Miss J. M. is following in the footsteps of her boss.

That Miss J. R. is getting up in the world—going to the show with A. L. Is it because of someone's absence?

That the love bug has bitten C. G.—to be or not to be in love . . . and get away with it . . . that is the question.

That L. W., of the Queen City, and Miss A. E. L., of a nearby city are secret rivals for the love of Mr. W. W., of A. and T. Come on, show us some real competition.

That there are more Duchesses than the Duchess of Windsor. N'est pas R. S.?

That a certain Von and not Von Hindenburg has Miss G. J. on the spot. Is it "No Man's Land" or is he the hero of the hour?

That Miss D. O. D. is rivaling Robe and plans to publish a personal vogue for 1937-'38.

That Miss G. E. has a lot of gold in her mouth. I've always heard that the best way to a woman's heart was through her mouth, meaning giving her plenty of eats. This young lady has given me a new version.

That Miss F. S. will give anyone advice on how to practice teach.

That Miss V. McD. had to go home for eye strain. Is it because "she only had eyes for Mr. Allen Williams?"

That Miss T. is "breezing along" mighty fast in that new V-S. Thanks, I prefer to walk.

That Chef makes "A" when it comes to cooking rice.

That we're beginning to cut whiskers on white potatoes and salmon.

That if my identity is discovered I'll have much explaining to do—so goodbye until you look up and see a cute little bird?

Did You Know That—

1. Most distinguished editorial writer is James Whitefield Owens, of the *Baltimore Sun*?
2. To know one's amazement, Atlanta's tiny Margaret Mitchell got \$1,000 for "Gone With the Wind," fabulously successful first novel about the Civil war?
3. James Roosevelt, 21, the President's youngest son, spent \$1,072 between July 3 and September 8 on pleasure?
4. The United States has enough automobiles so that everyone can ride comfortably at one time?
5. The cost of living in August rose 10 per cent over July, according to the National Industrial Conference Board, reaching a level higher than August a year ago and 24 per cent above the 1933 low?
6. X-ray movies now show internal organs at work?
7. Helen Keller, 57, deaf and blind author, underwent an operation for gall bladder at the Mayo clinic, Rochester, Mass. Her condition is satisfactory?
8. Science service has uncovered one of the most incredible parental assortments ever found—a 15-year-old boy named Kuploo whose father is an Eskimo and his mother a Yulu from far off Africa?
9. The constitution of the United States is 150 years old?
10. Congress passed the Neutrality Act last spring?
11. Russia wants abandonment of Non-Intervention plan?

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try, but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; but if he doesn't try, and wouldn't have gotten away with it, if he had tried, he's wise.—*The Pointer*.

The squirrel looked at a freshman, Then his mother's gaze did meet: "Yes, darling," said his mother, "But that's not the kind we eat." —*Salemite*.

Personally, we represent The minority five per cent. —*Guilfordian*.

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A Little Bird Told Me—

That there is an old adage which says, "Beauty and brains don't go together."—All right freshmen, let's see what you have?

That Evelyn Porter has given up bridge for the fascinating game called "Sticks."

That Miss Marguerite Nelson doesn't want people to know that Marcellus' first name is Catilinus.

That I. C. has lost some of her ego. Three cheers for I. C.

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Famous Sayings of Faculty Members

Miss Jones: "Are you trying to be funny?"

Mr. Dickens: "I hope, I hope, I hope."

Mr. Farrison: "I love you all, every last one of you."

Mrs. McLaurin: "Now, young ladies, you're too noisy, modulate your voices."

Miss Kittrell: "Everybody is stupid but me."

Miss Tate: "This is a scientific course." "Who has been messing with this radiator?"

Miss Gould: "My pots and pans."

Miss Player: "Vous frabrique, Mlle."

Miss Johnstone: "It really do not matter nohow."

Mrs. Simmons: "Has the last bell rung?"

Miss Foster: "This class is just as important as your history class."

Miss Hamlin: "Excuse me for being late."

Mrs. Taylor: "You got any money for me, dear?"

Dr. Dett: "Good morning, girls."

Mrs. Dett: "I wish you would find the hymns before you come here."

Miss Darden: "Well, I'll just give you a dose of oil."

Mr. Well: "Now, can you not see, my dear students?"

Mr. Morton: "Now, ladies, I can't take but one of you at the time."

Mr. Wormley: "Now, now when I was at the hotel in New York."

Miss Jetton: "He just sent me some beautiful flowers."

Things We Can Do Without

The administration's definition of "convenient" when applied to radios.

Seniors' "balls."

"Dean F. S.'s" deaning.

G. H.'s sarcasm.

E. P. L.'s Mt. Olivian accents.

H. D.'s New York brogue.

Ma Mac's telegrams.

Faculty's dancing class.

Kent-Pfiffer Feud.

Freshmen initiation as imposed by class of '40.

Intrusions upon "penthouse" (3rd floor privacy).

F. R.'s "oriental hat."

My best thoughts come after 10:00 o'clock—practically my only thoughts—at 1:00 I get sleepy. What can one do in three hours? I give up.—*Guilfordian*.

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