

ONEEDA
MANN'S
LONELY HEARTS
LETTER BOX



Dear Oneeda,

A certain couple here at school sit under my window each day to do their sponning. They talk part of the time so that I can hear, but most of the time it is too low, and I wish that they would either talk loud enough for me to hear them or go away. Please advise me what to do.

L. C.

Dear L. C.,

You know that lovers will talk and there is no getting around that. It seems that I get all of the hard problems and this is one of them. If you want to hear what they are saying, get a rope, tie it to your feet and then lower yourself head-first out of the window. Now if you still can't hear, purchase some mice and throw on them. If this doesn't get rid of them, call out the fire department.

By the way, if you hear any good news, advise me. Keep the bad news.
Oneeda

Dear Oneeda,

I am in love with a blonde. She seems to be in love with me, but won't let me know it. She ignores me and it breaks my heart. She knows that I love her. What can I do?

D. B. R.

Dear D.B.R.,

I know how it feels to be in love as you are. It is like eating a chicken leg without the meat on it. There are many people in your fix. Some die of old age and others kill themselves, but don't you try this. Start being mean to her. Don't give in and when she wants you to do something, do the

opposite. When you have gained her attention, start talking with her and I am sure you will win out. Anyway, here's to you.

Oneeda.

P. S. Always wear a steele helmet to protect your head in case of falling stones.

SNIP, THE SNOOPER, REPORTS

Wonder how things are since Genevieve found a long feminine hair on Cliff's coat lapel the other night. (Problem: Guess whose!)

Solution to above problem:

Henry S. had borrowed said coat when he date Jane M. in town the night before.

It seems that Bull Durham is keeping company lately with another Louise. This time, the little lady hails from Oxford.

Can there be anything in the fact that O'Keefe has been browsing about the buildings with Brower lately? We anxiously await further details.

Clara Potter was heard to remark Tuesday night that she was going to catch herself a man in the form of a CCC boy. Well, they do get paychecks.

Lil was sitting by Butch at this certain event, but we would venture to say that she couldn't tell what the score was or who was playing.

One couldn't help noticing that Kat Cunter was foerlernly gnawing her fingernails on the opposite side of the room from where Joe sat with Louise, at the game the other night.

What's Scotty got that gets lem? Several of the girls are getting hot under the collar for fear their men will be next.

Since when did boxing and table games become popular at birthday parties? Ask Bobby about Wed. p.m.