

## RAMBLING THOUGHTS

Marion Turner grew another inch this week; for which, in the true spirit of the season, the Freshmen are very thankful. The Sophomores aren't so cheerful about it. Ruth Carter looks as if she still had her baby teeth. She says "she's just chewing nails!" We suppose she hasn't had her iron in a month or so. However, we don't blame her for worrying about these up-and-coming Freshies, they've certainly shed all their green. They are going to have some most loyal support from the side-lines. If Dr. Rondthaler continues to wear those colors which adorned his vest on Friday morning, he can sing bass in Mary Brewer's "Peppy Peppers" choir, that will certainly be on hand looking after their little sisters. Talking about sisters, look at Estie Lee. See what the Freshmen have?

If, by chance, the Sophomores should begin to get more attention, Mary Brewer will begin to scintillate from the side and then what a shade they'll be in. A cloud, rather.

We wonder if Miss Brewer intends to photograph this game. She has had plenty of practice this week. We wouldn't be wondering at all, except that she has overlooked to announce it in Chapel and to "urge all the players to be present, please."

"Them red-headed gals" on the Sophomore team ought to get up plenty of steam, if not a little smoke. We would advise Ruth and Eva and Edith not to put on any juxtaposition stuff.

Sprained ankles are quite stylish in Basketball circles. Since attending Y. P. M. on Wednesday, we suggest that the Athletic Association supply all the players with spats. Too bad, Lucy Currie didn't know about this some time ago. Still, who wouldn't be proud of sporting a pair of crutches, shellaced and padded as beautifully as hers are?

After it's all over we wish that everyone would donate his class colors to the *Salemite*. We are going to sew them together and make a quilt. We need one to cover up our gas heater down in the office to

keep it from freezing this winter. We hope the Sophomores won't chew their's all up because we do think there ought to be some gold in our quilt.

Well, we're wishing everybody luck. Impartial, that's us.

Won't it be fine when all the tumult and the shouting is o'er, (still poetic, see?) We see the prospect of one, short, blessed day, when we can stop and think, coming on Thanksgiving. We don't even intend to work on our Shakespearian term paper.

## SOPHOMORE TEAM

Dorothy Thompson  
Sue Jane Mauney  
Edith Kirkland  
Eva Hackney  
Ruth Carter  
Sara Efrid  
Janet Lowe  
Frances Fletcher

## FRESHMAN TEAM

Martha DeLaney  
Marion Turner  
Opal Swaim  
Lillian Tucker  
Anna Preston  
Mildred Biles

COME IN  
AND SEE  
OUR  
STORE  
IT HAS  
JUST  
BEEN  
PAINTED

O'Hanlon's

Drug  
Store

The Store  
You Know

## Powder Puff Beauty Salon

The Last Word In

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