

SAWDUST AND SHAVINGS

By
Horse Coller Hardy

Howdy children, wal hyar it is another month rolled by, of course it war a short month, but jest the same we are a month older. Some of us are proud of it. We're just a racin to get to that stage in life when we can say we are a man. Then there are others who have kinda passed the prime of life and every year leaves a few more lines that they try to hide behind a coat of powder, and a few more gray streaks in their heads. They will kinda hesitate to admit that twenty-nine days makes them a whole month older, but they can't change the facts, February has come and gone and we are looking March right in the face. I ain't no weather man but I am perdicting that we'll have a few rainy days, a few windy days and a few cold ones, then spring. And what a magic word that is. I'vd done looked it up in the book and ol Dan'l Webster lowed that it meant to rise up suddenly and ifin used as a noun it means a fountain of water bubbling up. Which ever way you use it I hope when it comes that the warmer climates below here will git to bubbling over and flood old Highlands with a bumper crop of tourists. Yes, spring is coming and bring flowers and green grass and new hope for us all. And while this old world is struggling through one of the worst wars of all times the flowers will bloom about as usual. Just like old mother Nature didn't even know there was a war on. 1811 bot she does but she has seen men fight before and she just sits back and hopes that some day her children will learn to live in peace and in the meantime she just has to carry on and keep the flowers blooming and the grass growing for her boys when they come back. Folks we should take a tip from her and be as cheerful as we can. There is work to be done. We have a world to build for tomorrow.

(continued on next column)

KAMPUS KOSTUMES

by
"Kookie"

Mrs. Durham's new yellow jersey blouse plus plaid skirt and wooden beads add up to something swell.

Peggy Potts was quite a wow in her red jersey dress with the new low neckline and red shoes. Overheard by your reporter, "Where'd you get the ration stamp, Peg?" If the Junior girls need footwear that badly, they should take a hint from Maxie Wright who is sporting ration-free green play-shoes.

A brown sweater and skirt may sound drab, but with Christine Jenkins's honey-colored hari, that outfit makes us wonder why we can't look like her.

Nautical, but nice are the sailor caps which the Freshman and Sophomore girls are wearing.

Jean Keener spends her free moments getting autographs on her white cardigan. She traces them in indelible ink--cute idea, Jean!

Nancy Potts is the proud owner of a pair of silver car bobs given her by the Senior Class. They go nicely with her winter white dress.

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SAWDUST AND SHAVINGS (Continued)

A world in which man will live with man and will live in a lasting period of peace. A World in which fellows like Hitler and Tojo will exist only on the pages of History, and may their records be written in ink on black no one else will ever want to try what they tried, tried and failed for fail they surely will.