

CAMPUS LIPPINGS

Have you heard about the internees at the Inn?? Of course you have. But have you heard about all the things that have happened according to the current idle conversation? Tut! Tut! even if you have, it's not polite to say so, you know.-----

We'll begin with the outside--Miss Cooper was asked about the guards at the Inn. "What are they like?" asked some of the girls. Miss Cooper proceeded to describe their uniforms. "Are they very old?" questioned the girls. "Not so very," she replied. "How old?" urged the interested girls. With a sympathetic smile, Miss Coop replied, "Too old for you, but old enough for me!"

If you are wondering how they look, then take your cue from Miss Webb's boner, (an inside happening) and pretend you know anyway. Picking out a nice plain-clothed F. B. I. man, she said, "Could you please tell me where I could get a pass to get out of here?" "I'm sorry," replied the man, "I'm one of the internees."

Some amusing observations were--a little Jap boy sporting a polo shirt on the front of which was the picture of an Eagle and a tank with the letters "Let's Go America--Keep 'em Flying" spread across the front in brazen letters.

A little Jap girl at the piano letting out with The Marine Hymn about four to a bar. A German man came up and told her to stop, only to have one of those great, big U.S. "G" men step in and say, "You, go right ahead little girl. In this country we play anything."

Then, of course, if you care to listen to the results of the various vivid imaginations that have been expressing themselves about the campus of late you're really liable to hear almost any

thing--a daring escape the night the lights went out, a mother teaching her little boy the goose step, secret codes being signaled up the mountain, etc, etc. It does make good conversation and is lots of fun to listen to, but remember the old saying, "Believe nothing you hear and only half you see," and don't be gullible enough to write home about it.

And now for a bit of idle chatter--If you seniors didn't think the study of the Renaissance exactly along your line you may find a consolation in knowing that it was not all in vain. Have you heard about Adelaide Collins--it was worth cold cash to her (\$5 worth of it) Here's how it happened--Adelaide went home for the week-end. There was a radio program. The program was a quiz with questions about the Renaissance. Adelaide participated in the program, and proved to be the lucky genius. Her account of it to the English class was a riot. Adelaide: Then the announcer asked me the cause of the Trojan Wars, and before I stopped to think, I said, "A woman". (at this point Adelaide turned as red as the 25 red hats you see in the Chapel every Sunday.)

Becky McCall claims she never heard "I love you" shouted--so her English class reports. Did you always hear it whispered, Becky?

If the saying about cutting your hair and having it come back curly is true, then Joan Benjamin is quite liable to become another Shirley Temple----she shaved hers!

If you're counting the days until Christmas (and the time passes much faster or if you don't) then here's a little ditty for you---

Thirty days hath September
April, June, and My uncle--
for speeding.

---S. Johnson
B. Powell