

MADAM X SNOOPS . . .

Did you know **Martha Taylor's** "Wallie" uses Old Spice products? You ought to smell the letters she gets sometimes—and me without a muffler . . . **Barbara Coordes** is supposed to have company this week-end — I wonder if **Myra Spence** and **Jane Doyle**, her roommates, will approve of **Henry**? Or maybe they'll offer her a little competition. Ah Shaw, Barbara, I'm only kiddin'! . . . Speaking of rooming situations, the female bird of "**Kat**" **Melton's** set of love birds, refers to "**Kat**" as "the other woman" . . . Have you ever seen **Edie Mac's** washing hanging in her room? Yes, those red flannels are **Edie Mac's**. This is a paid statement submitted by **Gladys Goodman**, and does not necessarily have the approval of your editor . . . **Dot Jean** has composed a piano piece dedicated to her own Navajo tribe, entitled "The Flight of the Headless Horsemen" . . . In case any of you girls ever get sick, jus' call on College Hall's special doctor, **The Dr. H. Cronin** . . . **Nell** and "**Fomby**" are really pulling for Auburn this year—Could it be that there are two **certain** brothers there???? . . . Who is the "**Ran**" that **Jane Hubbard** gets letters from every day and also calls???? . . . Everyone is really suffering these days — since "**Seely**" has begun to try to play the trumpet . . . **Bettie Jo**, why are you always singing "The Marine's Hymn"? . . . Do you like debates? Well, these Georgia gals certainly can find plenty to debate about, especially the government! . . . **Margery Ann Washburn** (from Decatur, Ill.) who wants to acquire a southern accent says she is going to start taking lessons from **Margaret Haynie** (of Mobile, Ala.) . . . Some like 'em short, and some like 'em tall, especially **Frances Tucker** . . . Wasn't it good to see **Faith May** and **Miss Farrior** roaming the Montreat Campus again — hurry back!!—**Madam X**.

An Arizona forest ranger saw an Indian riding his horse up a canyon trail, with his wife trudging behind him on foot.

"Why is it," asked the ranger, "that you always ride while your squaw walks?"

"She no gottum horse," was the reply.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,—Remember?

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
Shakespeare.

What Do You Think About?

By **Marjorie Washburn**

When the reporter quired the inmates of Montreat College as to what they thought of first mention of "Home" the general consensus of opinion seemed to be friends, family, food, and fun. Some definite answers are:

Carey Lee Pratt—"All the good hot biscuits that only my Mom can bake."

Ann McClintock—"Bob! Bosses and the life I used to live—Oh! I want to go Home!"

Mildred Jones—"If I didn't have a Shakespeare test and could go home and sleep, I would be very happy."

Rose Moore—"Mother and sister and all the good times we used to have."

Sara McGill—"Getting up in the middle of the night to help Sam and Tuxie get the possum in the old persimmon tree."

Zan Emery—"Parents and home cooking and my dog."

Jane Doyle—"That wonderful food my Mother cooks!"

"**Kathy**" **Williams** — "Men, orange trees and home cooked food."

Mary Davis—"I just think of everything that's wonderful and those lazy phone conversations!"

Julia Mae Graham—"A big fireplace with a roaring fire, by which you can curl up with a good novel and smell something cooking in the kitchen."

Hazel White—"Just everything good."

Bobbie Jennings—"Coffee."
Sara Vinson—"Home!"

Vicky Samburg — "I think of mother and friends and the good times I've had."

Ann Layne—"I think of mother, Elroy and the wonderful times I've had."

Ann Maxwell—"I think of food that mother cooks and the good times I had with Charles and, most of all, of Mother and Daddy."

Annie L. Dunn—"I think of Teddy and wonder who he's dating, and of all my friends and family."

Patsy Casteen—"I think of all my family and all my gang at home."

Florence Browning—"I think of my mother and father and all my old gang at home."

Betty Whittle—"I think of all my loved ones and friends and the wonderful times we had."

Imogene Smith—"I think of all my friends and begin to think of

SENIOR GIRL MAKES PLEA FOR INTERPRETER

It isn't enough to speak only one language nowadays. While I was waiting around for mail call the other day, I happened to notice several girls talking about Montreat. One of the girls was from Mexico, and she and her companions from Cuba were gaily chirping away in a language which I later learned was Spanish. My course was never like that. Because I didn't exactly know what she said, she consented to write it down for me. When I found out the translation was so beautiful, I wanted to share it. "Vine a Montreat con el deseo de estudiar un curso comercial. Al principio pensaba estar aqui unicamente un ano, pero fue tanta lo que me interese un aprender ingles, y tanto lo que me gusto este menos que decidirme a pasar un ano mas en estae colegio; al cual siempre estare agradecida." (If you just can't read it, see **Betty Ann Allen**, 329 Inn. She's a real Spanish student, I understand. Maybe it is because she rooms with **Josefina** . . . Si?????)

Nina Stauffer was right behind me, and even if you can't understand her, she looks delightful. I may have missed some of it because she does take a long pause between words. "Ah just loves it hyar too, honeychile, especially all of dis har frash ayr." Yes, Alabamians do speak a language of their own, and so unique too!

I might not have been so addled, but a lovely looking high school girl came up, and we decided to find out if she loved our college as much as we. I don't know where she was from, but it surely sounded like Brooklyn when she said, "I love this jern!"

My roommate and I were on the verge of deciphering the various and sundry dialects when **Pat Cox** came trucking up and in her best Southern drawl said, "Buenos Dias, Mademoiselle."

In utter disgust, I, **HURRIEDLY**, left the line, only to be seen by my teachers, as I was tearing my hair and gnashing my teeth. A thrill of joy shot through me as I saw my red-headed fellow Carolinian **Pat Patterson**, sitting under the apple tree, and enjoying all of the benefits as she studied. Knowing that she, too, possessed all of the virtues and vices of a Carolina accent, I called to her

the long weekend, and what time buses leave, etc."

Evangeline Watts—"I think of headaches cured by D. C. not B. C."

and asked her what she was studying. She replied, "Ich wolte alleir seir" which someone finally translated as meaning **Greta Garbo's** trademark, "I want to be alone."

There are so many cute girls here I want to know, but I can't speak their language. That's why I want to know, don't YOU want a job as interpreter?

—**Pat King**

EDITOR'S NOTES

In thanking the girls who helped with the first issue of the paper, **Mary Catherine Wood's** and **Dot Jean Sandefer's** names were omitted. We wish to thank them now.

—**E. N.**—

Certainly was good to see so many "old" Montreaters back for a visit. In case you didn't know or see them all, here are who they were: **Misses Ruth Farrior, Faith May, Annie Lou Torrance, Helen Kay Roberts, Bobbie Downs, Nancy Wakefield, Rose Marie LeBlanc, and Betty Johnson.**

—**E. N.**—

Many of the articles used in this issue were written by the girls who tried out for the staff, and we think their articles were very good. Don't you?

—**E. N.**—

We wish to thank the girls who belong to the Spiritual Life Group for the fine editorials we have this time. The girls who contributed were **Mabel Lee Wells, Nancy Hill, Elizabeth Miller, and Mary Catherine Hall.**

Three O'Clock Deadline

(Continued from page 2)
gers hastily pressed folds into the neat papers. Typewriters pounded off address labels. A pair of heels clicked noisily down the corridor to the principal's office to deliver the first copy—at 2:55.

Dr. Anderson: What are you doing up in that apple tree, young lady?

Joan Rodrian: One of your apples fell off, mister, and I'm trying to put it back.

"I shall illustrate what I have in mind," said **Miss Ellis**, as she completely erased the blackboard.

The night is made for love,
Why is it not longer?

It's nice to be natural if you're naturally nice.