

### MADAM X SNOOPS

Things to observe while in the library when you look up to rest your eyes from your term paper

Helen Ann Reid's pretty little ears. The mischievous look in Jane Bachman's eyes. The snazy way Mary Jo twists her hair. How long it takes Helen Loyd to realize she's sitting on a tack.

Things to notice while waiting in the mail line:

The happy expressions on certain freshmen's faces when they get certain letters. The sweet, quiet way Betty Attwood asks for her mail. The patience of the girls giving out the mail and the remarkable way in which they remember so many persons' names.

Things to observe while sliding your tray around the food line:

The way the girls can serve you greens with a smile as if they were steak. How clean and nice Jane Van de Weghe always looks. How nicely Martha Andrews' eyes and hair blend. The way the girls serving coffee say, "Sugar," as if they really mean it. The graceful way the cream rises to the top of the coffee when you stir it.

Things to observe when sitting in the chapel during a spare moment:

The new piece Grace Poyser is learning—so light and pretty. The way Anita Asher plays hymns that makes you want to listen. The way Gladys Goodman jumps so easily from one piece to another with the same enthusiasm. Dot Jean's light, easy touch with so much feeling.

Madam X hopes everyone will be observant of the little things as well as the big things people do that make every day just like Christmas. We have so many Santa Clauses in Montreat really, and in some little way, you, too, are a Santa Claus.

Miss Harrison: Mary Catherine, go to the map on the wall and show us where North America is.

Mary Catherine: Here it is!  
Miss Harrison: Correct, Mary Catherine. Now, class I want you to tell me who discovered North America.

Class: Mary Catherine.

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### Corridor Catchings

Jane Bachman's favorite joke: Have you heard about the little moron who ate uranium? He died with the atomic-ache! . . . Someone who is eagerly awaiting the convention in Nashville during the Christmas holidays is Dot Hodnett. Whom did you say he is, Dot? I didn't quite catch the name . . . Millie Bailey and Azielee Kepley have something jolly cooked up for the Christmas vacation . . . Barbara Coordes' biggest problem these days—What shall I get Bill for Christmas? A maroon present would go nicely with his blonde hair . . . Latest fads and fashions at Montreat—Mildred Gilreath's green fingernail polish; Emma Pujals' bright red jacket; Diddie Sams' "stop-and-go" mittens . . . Wonder why Sarah Vinson always listens to the radio, especially the Asheville station, between five and six in the afternoon? It couldn't be because of a certain announcer . . . Florence Buckner doesn't object to the rain. She likes "Poole's" . . . Santa Claus is coming soon. Don't forget to hang up your stocking.

Well, Auburn finally came to Montreat . . . Just ask Nell Fomby and Helen Sugg why they weren't in all the annual pictures one afternoon?????

And V. P. I. came to see Jean Morris, lucky girl!!!! "Macbeth doth murder sleep," Let's just ask the seniors this::: "Waiting For The Train To Come In," that's Cootie's theme song, and everyone else's too, eh???? Cute "dates" Lou Anne and Jane!!!! That's A BEAUTIFUL ORCHID, Jet\*\*\*\*\* Really Frances, "What does Paul write in those letters?????" There's one sure sign of Xmas and—THAT'S UNIFORMS—eh, kids??

Gladys: How in the world do you make up your jokes?

Edie: I just sit down and laugh, then think backwards.

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### ALUMNAE NEWS

#### JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS Eugene Field

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,

Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!

Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,

Without them sashes, curls, and things that's worn by Fauntleroy!

Love to chawnk green apples an go swimmin' in the lake—

Hate to take the castor-ile they give for bellyache!

'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,

But jest fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,

Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;

So wash your face an' brush your hair, an' mind your p's and q's,

An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes:

Say "Yessum" to the ladies, and "Yessur" to the men,

An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;

But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,

Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

#### "Dear Santa Claus,"

(Continued from Page 1)

I will leave the door open, Santa, because it is so dirty and black in the chimney and it's so hard to get your clothes cleaned now.

Hoping to see you soon,

Snow White.

P.S. "Caldonia" would like a special table in the cafeteria . . .

A zoo is a place where animals can be kept safe behind bars to study the people.

Audrey Cope '46, is teaching school in Sally, S. C.

Dorothy Juett Ray, graduate of the class of '46, is now attending the University of Kentucky, where she is majoring in home economics.

Helen Hillman, freshman college class of '45, is a junior at V. P. I. in Blacksburg, Virginia. Helen is planning to attend the Youth Convention on World Missions in Nashville during the Christmas holidays.

Christine Wilson '45, is a senior at Maryville this year, and her major is in the field of home economics.

Mildred Floyd '45, is now teaching the sixth grade at Walterboro, S. C.

Martha McDaniel '46 is a junior at Austin Peay State College at Clarksville, Tenn.

Mary Meadows '46 is now attending Georgia State College for Women, where she is majoring in elementary education.

Evelyn Ray Kelly '46 is working in Knoxville, Tenn.

Jean Layton '46 is taking a nurse's training course at Spartanburg, S. C.

Virginia Allison Ray '46 was graduated from the University of Kentucky last spring. At present she is attending the Training School in Richmond.

Martha Hedden H. S. '46 is a student at Winthrop College this year.

Laurie Reynolds '36 (Mrs. J. H. Rachal), husband Herman, and daughter Nannette Marie are at home to folks in New Orleans these days.

Sweet: Our teacher talks to herself; does yours?

Tuck: Yes, but she doesn't realize it. She thinks we're listening.

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