

Tattle-Tale Liz

Vacation is over, and the girls are back at the old grind again, except for the buzz heard in the cozy corner about those we left behind with tearfilled eyes.

Now, I'm not one to carry tales or gossip, but did you know that M. D. Taylor has gone on a diet? Why? She'll be floating anyway when Phil comes. Oh, yes, and if Martha Brown doesn't soon decide to be a doctor's wife, I'm sure she'll be ole' maid social worker. I heard that Jean Hart made a sad mistake when she broke up with Don. B. Holt is all smiles when she receives a letter from V. T. Doppy has quite a time with Bobby's picture; it can be found almost any place. We see Bitsy spending all odd minutes knitting for Dick. Is it to cover up the lost week-end? Pictures prove Ollie had a grand summer, more baseball players. Betty Strait, who wrote last, you or Bobby? We are about to start the third year of the debate over Doug and Mack. Make up your mind, Frankie. I'm wondering if Chaufy really hurt Bob's hand—still no letter! Everyone knows Rita is going to a game with Jack, but does Virginia know it? Yes, Bradie, Dick really is Captain of the football team. Charlottesville sure is full of Bill's, isn't it? I didn't understand about Hobbs and that Marine. Explanation, please. Ann, I hope that letter helps you out that you wrote Monday. A flash! Wrinkels has forgotten her future in California.

You know, some of those old girls must be serious. Have you noticed that Anne Lathem still carries that picture; Gerry still listens to "My Happiness"; Willie is wearing a track medal with pride; and Cindy is still waiting for Johnny? I heard B. Macon was a little undecided. Is it true?

To our twins: just give us one hint—how can we tell you apart?

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For Freshmen Only . . .

"Four whole weeks! Can you believe it?" "Three whole weeks! Can you believe it?" Now, haven't you said that very thing sometime during the past few days? That's not surprising, because, you see, time has a way of flitting by at Montreat, that's wonderful at times and quite distressing at others. Yes, you've been here three whole weeks and you've learned a lot. Of course, you've been rained on (quite a few times) and you've hiked around in the red mud a bit, so you feel like "one of the gang." You've studied the "little book" some (by request), and you know that there are times you just don't visit, that there are a few instances when you sign your name on the white cards in the lobbies, and that there is a large circle known as "the campus." You've heard about "Rainbow Terrace," and "Paradise Island," and "Look-out Mt."—and maybe you've even been to one or two of these places! You know your way around Gaither and have a warm spot in your heart for that little room that holds these two "old faithfuls"—the P. O. and the coke machine. You've found out that Tuesday is Current Events day in Chapel, that Wednesday night is Prayer
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Connie Crossan, how many names does the one guy have? Dot and Diana surely have neat company! Have you heard of Jean C.'s interest in Tulane? We don't think Chris is fickle, just care-free. Anne W. has a pretty bracelet from Don. Note her left arm. Chessie can put it away now; everyone knows she has a "frat pin."

Those Gastonia boys take good pictures, don't they, Joy? Connie Brooks sure has a time with Roy. Drop in for the latest. Did anyone else see Becky turn blue when that green Hudson passed the soccer field? Jean Kirk surely is excited about Eddie's going into the service. In case you haven't heard, Toughy ran 57 yards to a touch down. Have you seen "Dink" anywhere? Please notify Ji Ji.

This could go on forever, but I couldn't bear the name of a gossip, and now my brain is a complete blank. You know, some of these girls don't tell a thing about their business. Have no fear, their name will appear, and soon. Meanwhile, study, girls, that letter's on the way.

Unawareness Comes With Age

People had almost slipped up and told her several times during the day, but she really didn't suspect a thing. No one had expected her to be so gullible, and they'd been extra careful that she didn't find out. But they needn't have feared. She wasn't even suspicious when a girl had to go to Black Mountain for a bottle of camphor, and then was in a big rush to get back. She hadn't even been suspicious when the dietician asked her if the Staff wanted weiners for Monday. She just said it must have been the Board.

Elsewhere there was frantic preparation all day long for Lib's birthday party. The hostess had to go to town to get the present, the cake had to be bought, girls notified, and food claimed from the kitchen.

About five o'clock the gang descended upon the Holt cottage to get ready. The biggest job was icing the cake, and with inexperienced cooks, expert supervision, and plenty of good luck, the cake finally just about floated in sweet, goey marshmallow icing.

When a honk of the horn indicated that the guest of honor was about to arrive, everyone scurried into the bedroom and a hush fell over the place.

A fire crackled merrily in the fireplace; the hostess was ready to greet her guest, who came in from the damp, cold outdoors eagerly. Suddenly, as if by signal, doors opened and the room was filled with girls singing 'Happy Birthday.' Lib didn't move. She didn't make a sound. She couldn't. As a matter of fact, she didn't say much all through supper, when the cake came, or when she got her gift. For one of the few times in her life Lib was silent. She had really been surprised.

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A Little Birdie Told Me . . .

The little Chatter Bird that provides the material for this column tells me that it is too soon in the year for him to settle down seriously to collect information, so he just brought a few little items this month.

He has it on good authority—that is, he heard through the Xonophone—that Becky Glenn is just the person to make Winnie Ferguson feel good. She makes her feel like a fragile flower. By the way, do you know who is the "Lady in Red?"

Real should have been at Lydian Club meeting to hear Lib's plans to be a church secretary next year. I'll bet that would be news to him. If you want to check on how Lib behaves outside of Montreat, ask Ruthie Lucus about last New Year's Eve.

The bird says that he never hoped to find anyone smaller than Ginny Wood, but Irene Turner really is. You'd better watch out for her in soccer—she'll be able to slip between everyone's legs!

The chatter bird is getting positively huge from eating birthday cake this month. It must be a popular month to be a year older. He says that he just couldn't remember all the names, he being just a freshman, but he wants to tell everyone "Happy Birthday!" And, speaking of getting fat, if you ever get to feeling blue or depressed, just watch the show in College Hall lobby some night at recreation. There's no admission charged, but it's worth twice that amount. A certain faculty member (who spends a great deal of time in the library) says that it made her tired one night just watching!

It seems that this bird even keeps his ear cocked around Gaither. He was outside room 10 when English 401 was meeting and heard an interesting piece of dialogue. Dr. Kennedy was urging Marjorie Robertson to read her lesson for the day, but Marjorie refused. "Oh, come on now, play ball," coaxed Dr. K. "I just struck out!" countered Marjorie. P. S. She read it.

Why that nasty bird! He just squawked that he was hungry and flew out the window without telling me another thing. You'll just have to wait till he comes back next month.