

THE NEIGHBORS SAY—

Violets are red
Roses are blue
Think of the postage
I spent on you.
—*The Alchemist*, Brenau.

* * *

My nose doesn't breathe,
It doesn't smell,
It doesn't feel
Very well.
I am discouraged
With my nose—
The only thing it
Does is blows!
—*The Rotunda*, Farmville
State Teachers College.

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Honest Resolutions

I'll study each night the whole year thru—
Unless there's something else to do!
School nights I'll never stay out late—
Except, of course, special date.

All sweets this year I'll never see—
Unless somehow they're offered me!
I'll do a good deed every day—
If only one will come my way!

Not anyone will I make sad—
Unless he wrongly makes me mad!
'Most everything that's good I'll do—
That is, if I remember to!
—*The Alchemist*, Brenau College.

TINKLES

A unique incident occurred to one of our Saint Mary's girls the other day on her way to the mail box. As she was leaving Smedes, some man, who had just driven up, stopped and asked her to take two copies of "Les Miserables" to the library for him. He said he had been cleaning out his library and had found these two Saint Mary's books which had been stored away there for at least ten years! . . . When we changed tables after the first month, Palmer landed at the right of Miss Morrison. Said the teacher, "Palmer, whose hall are you living on this year?" Palmer gasped and grinned. "Yours, Miss Morrison!" . . . Miss Horn was cutting across the lawn in a hurry to catch a bus. "Is it all right to walk on the grass?" Erwin said, "Sure. But if you come to a tree step aside." . . . Miss Goss' first table tried to make a good impression. "I'm crazy about *Largo*, aren't you?" "Don't you just love the *Pilgrim's Chorus*?" "Well, to tell you the truth," said Miss Goss, "I prefer *Flat Foot Floogie*." . . . Have you heard that in Chapel Hill they're cultivating the Waltz? That's right. The Little Apple will soon have ban a thing of the past. . . . When you see a girl who talks baby-talk, don't think she's crazy. She's just from first floor Holt. And if she does it to a saleslady down town, don't worry. It will become a habit, you know. Don't frown at the girls who talk like gun-molls, or try to pin something on their past. Third floor girls talk like that. Maybe they're getting a running start in the future. Who knows? The second floor has a foreign accent. What country? Call it what you like.

PEALS AND REPEALS

Speaking of embarrassing experiences, ask Mary Connally about the detective set, complete with handcuffs and toy guns, that she got as an appreciation gift. Second floor West Wing tells me she didn't really need it; she musta been a pretty good hall president! . . . Mary Parsley Williams has been having quite a bit of trouble lately about sleeping in classes. Mrs. Cruikshank said that it just wasn't the thing to do! Sweet dreams, Parsley! . . . And then there was the girl who couldn't decide between the Yale-Harvard game or V. E. S. homecomings, both the same week-end. Ho Hum! . . . The Saint Mary's theme song is getting mighty popular all of a sudden. To the tune of the Washington-Lee alma mater, you can hear almost any Belle humming, "We are the—" Oh, well, y'all know it. . . . Some girl had us all seared to death in Science Lab the other day. . . . The school's gonna be pretty empty this week-end, what with Fall Germans at Carolina comin' off. From what I've heard, Saint Mary's will be well represented at Chapel Hill. . . . The problem of "what to give him for Christmas" has been solved in a simple way by Mallie and Midge. Honest, they've got the whole school started on a knitting spree! . . . Ask Duff about the mouse in her room the other night. Emmy Lou says that not even cheese would lure him out of his hole. So, tired of his constant gnawing, they had a free-for-all Thursday night and finally cornered him! That was really somepin'. Peggy was up on top of the table, and the rest of second floor West Wing was too scared to help Duff out; so she turned out to be THE heroine of the scene. . . . Margaret Terrell's been doin' OK with one of 'em from V. P. I. 'Course y'all know that's where she went this past week-end. . . . Becky's got "Carolina's gift to the girls" wrapped around all *ten* lil' fingers! Uh-huh, he's the one hangin' around on Sunday afternoons. P.S.—He's from Winston-Salem and goes by the last name of Haines. . . . Mary Robertson's older brother from Carolina made quite a hit with that Brooks gal. They tell me she "confessed" within *two* minutes after she'd met him! And when she found out he wrestled, it was love at first sight! Maybe he'll show you some of his "holds" one of these days!

It seems that when Margaret sends a telegram the receiver isn't the only one that knows the content. The S. P. E.'s got in on the last one by a cross in the wires. To say nothing of the girls hanging around. . . . They say it causes great mental stress for a girl to lose a fraternity pin. Ask Sheppy. . . . Lossie really strained a point to get to Charlotte this week-end. She returns at 4:30 a.m. Monday. . . . Why didn't Put accept her invitation to V. M. I.? Most girls would jump at the opportunity. . . . After the V. M. I. Cadets were on the radio Thursday, there was a strong vote for the V. M. I. commanders to play for the senior dance. . . . By the way, Peggy is sojourning there this week-end. . . . Harriett, Becky, Martha, and Put are living for December 17. That that is the beginning of the holidays is only a sideline, as they are all going to Annapolis that week-end. . . . Martha is now corresponding with four boys at the U. S. N. A. Pretty good work for one week-end! . . . Just what are Erwin's views on love? I can't make her tell! . . . Helen Holt is all aflutter about her week-end at home. She doesn't have much to say about it, but she has that far-away look in her eyes. . . . A senior is to be married next summer. Who could it be?