

Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* is Christian poetry.

Seneca is a French play.

Seneca is the place where the prayer book was thrown together.

King Alfred was famous for his Round Table and stories of chivalry which he inspired.

Sans loy, Sans foy, and Sans joy are the three platitudes.

Sans loy, Sans foy, and Sans joy is a line from the ballad *Chevy Chase*.

#### TINKLES

Would that I had the nerve to tell you what I learned about some of our reserved girls from the ouija board. I've got it! I'll use the dirt for blackmail. Sally Wright, Teeny Montgomery, Hallie Townes, etc., better be nice to me, goody, goody! . . . Now for the find of the week. Emmy Lou Scales has stumbled on her life's work—mopping floors. Ask her about it. She really does demonstrate beautifully. . . . She's a slick one, look-ahead Lossie is. She was in the very center of the Granddaughter's club picture. "Well," says she, "since I was in the middle, I should be president." And so she is. She got herself elected last Saturday morning. Smooth going, Lossie. You put one over on us, but we don't even mind—in fact, we're just as tickled as you are. . . . Flash! No, not Flash Gordon! It's Boykin and Lockwood this time. They have revolutionized stocking wear for the winter months. They believe in the old saying, "Brighten the corner where you are." And they chose a cheerful yellow to do it with. . . . Oh, Miss Goss, you should have seen Caroline Ward collapse on the little store counter last Friday night after she came out of the phone booth. It wasn't a complete collapse, but she really did happily drape herself around the counter and murmur—well, maybe she wouldn't want me to tell you. I'll give you a hint, though. She had been talking to Chapel Hill. . . . I sure have seen some ducky snapshots floating around lately. Girls, you really have the right idea. You're going to be glad you snapped those cute friends, Chaps, your room, etc. I know, Oh, yes—the oracle speaks! . . . Isn't that a good looking little object "Stuff" picked up recently? You know, it rhymes with ring—I mean thing. Whew! I most said something. . . . Madam Chairman, for one of our coming auditorium programs I move we ask Miss McDuffie speak to us on the subject, "The War in China." It really is amazing what a store of information she has acquired on the subject. . . . They tell me February's the longest month at Saint Mary's, but I can think of quite a few people who won't mind it so much. Mary Frances and Margaret Terrell are going to V. P. I. this week-end, and a lot of Saint Mary's will be at Davidson in a few hours. Harriet 'n Martha are having a hard time waiting til the eighteenth to go to Annapolis. Then the freshmen and sophomores have been planning their dance on that week-end. And March 6 and 11 have wonderful surprises for us. . . . Then spring holidays! It won't be so bad after all. . . . Hak had a little embarrassing experience the other day, I hear—something about skirts. Guess that'll learn you not to climb any bob-wire fences. . . . Miss Lalor was mighty surprised to read on some of her papers: "I have neither given or

received help—as you can see!" . . . or McDuffie's version: ". . . but Heaven knows I need it!" . . . little brainstorms during exams. . . . I'm transferring this next item from the State College Walter Winchell column—just to let you know what they think: "Who is the good-looking blonde that Dick Henning is spending sleepless nights over? Are ya listen', Betty?"

#### RIDICULOUS DOG

He's in between  
A puppy and a dog—  
His tongue is just as wet  
As an early morning fog.  
His ears just as floppy  
As the clothes upon our line.  
He's a silly dog, a senseless dog—  
But he's mine.

He doesn't run,  
But has a sort of jog.  
He talks first in a bass,  
Then soprano monologue.  
His eyes are of coffee  
With a mischief-making shine.  
He's a funny dog, a foolish dog—  
But he's mine.

—MARY WILLIS DOUTHAT.

#### MAGIC PLUS

As girls stood on the front campus after lunch one day, their mouths dropped as a tall, heavy-set man with a green and gold turban adorning his head walked with Mattie from West Rock to Smedes. His skin was copper-toned; his eyes gleamed like those of an Oriental; and his smile revealed a mouth filled with gold teeth. Who he was and what his object was, no one seemed to know. But those of us who did not shrink from curiosity fear quickly followed him into the parlor.

Principe Notaes Majhara informed those about him that he was an illusion artist, or a magician. Were we interested? Well, we decided to see how good he really was. It is said that while he spoke a few magical words, he took a knife belonging to Annie Hyman Bunn and really cut a *hunk* of material from Miss Dodd's dress. Begging for more magic, the girls hesitated to doubt what they had seen. Again Majhara demonstrated his ability. This time Toddy Boykin placed a piece of kleenex in her mouth, and the magician drew yards and yards of colored-paper serpentine from her mouth. That left us all speechless. The Circle tried to arrange for Majhara to present several tricks for our "girl-break" dance, but he was scheduled that night to give a performance at Peace College. The girls did get a chance to see him, however, on Wednesday night, February 1, at State College. They returned, awed.