

# Pickett Bros.

## FRESH MEATS

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### Diary of Richard Phillips.

(For the Week Ending September 10, 1922)

September 4, Monday.

I got up this morning about eight o'clock, ate breakfast, and went to school. The very first thing Mr. Cowles did when he saw me was to ask me to make a talk. I wasn't expecting anything like this, so all I could do was to tell them about how inspiring it was to look into their bright and happy faces, and to assure them that we wouldn't have to use such harsh methods to enforce our rules as we did last year. I was then made room teacher of the ninth Latin class. Although I knew that this was an ignorant bunch. I felt obliged to take it. I then had Ham. Hargrave and Dick Walser to distribute the book lists. After this was finished I dismissed all the class except Van Miller whom I was compelled to detain a few minutes on account of misbehavior, but this interview lasted only a very few minutes.

September 5, Tuesday.

To-day, being Tuesday we had cur-

rent events. They were all told very nicely until I called on Hazel Taneaster. He rose, stood for a long time, and then, after referring to a small piece of paper about a dozen times, it came to him: "A Florida paper says the moonlight in that state is so bright that the owls are dying of insomnia."

September 6, Wednesday.

A very interesting little instance occurred today as I was trying to beat something into the class about sentences. I asked if anybody in the class could give a sentence with a subject and without a predicate. Roscoe Farabee said he could. "How about Thirty days?"

September 7, Thursday.

I got up this morning not feeling very well but went to school anyway. As I was going to school I met Cloyd Phiipott. I could see he was sore about something, and when I asked him what it was he said that I hadn't treated him right yesterday when I borrowed his knife to sharpen my pencil to give him a demerit.

September 8, Friday.

Nothing interesting happened in school today but as I was walking home with Mr. LeFevre, I asked him how he was getting along while his wife was away. "Fine," he said. "I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put my socks on now from either end."

September 9, Saturday.

Nothing very important happened today until tonight. I had a date with Miss Elizabeth Brown, but she broke it when she found out that a gentleman friend of hers was visiting here from Mississippi.

September 10, Sunday.

I got up this morning, went to Sunday School, and took Miss L. Walker to church. After taking her home I spent the balance of the evening out of town. By dark I was ready to retire until the beginning of the next school week.

RICHARD PHILLIPS, '25.

### Oh For a Poem.

A poem I want, but great heavens,  
How can I write one to-night.  
I haven't a thought in my system,  
Which will give you much delight.

Now first I must have a subject,  
Which will thrill you thru and thru.  
Then I must have adventure,

Or feats my hero to do

Next should be my heroine,  
With beauty and much good looks,  
Just such a great heart smasher,  
As you often find in books.

We surely want a villain,  
To cause a catastrophe,  
And then will come the hero,  
And rescue the maid, you see.

How in the world, please tell me  
Am I all this to make rhyme,  
And write a poem of greatness  
Which will stand the test of time.

So I shall be a quitter  
And leave it for you to do,  
If you write one worth reading,  
I sho' will hand it to you!

ELIZABETH DAVIS, '24.

It has been reported that Santa Claus has a large number of dolls, alphabet blocks, "too-too" trains, and other toys in store for the Freshmen this year.

WANTED—SOME ONE WHO CAN  
beat Miss Brown at talking.

L. H. S.

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