[illegible] Mary E. Davis collect. We would like to learn it. What did Ann Marie, Teddy and Beverly find to talk about in last period study hall last Wednesday?

We are just wondering when John Connor is going to grow up.

We had better chain Mary Helen's pencil to her hand as the boys are always taking it.

With whom was John Baker seen at the show last Wednesday night? How about it, Ann Marie?

Why did "Eve" Glover get excused from school Friday? Is it that long awaited trip to Buffalo with Dewey?

Well Louise, why didn't you stay at your own table in third period study hall? Did Pudge McCormick come up to sit by you?

We all hope Pudge McCormick enjoyed writing that 1,000 word composition. A.C.S.

Sophomore Symphonies

Where did Lila's bracelets go? Has she decided to settle down to one guy?

Say, Dick Wheaton, why all these sudden notes to a girl in world history class?

Now, don't tell us you got that black eye from running into a door, Jim Burgett.

What's the matter, girls, don't you have a long enough noon hour? We see you have to eat in fifth period study hall.

We noticed that Earl Richardson's dream girl sent him a picture of herself. My dreams are getting better all the time. Is that right, Earl?

Is Jo Ann Theetge in love with Helen Yannie? We've seen her kissing Helen several times. — Flash! She's delivering them for someone else.

With whom was Lois Ordway seen the other night. Francis Arkport, wasn't it?

Francis Greene is still a nominee for the most popular sophomore.

Art News

The eighth grade art class has started a graph club in which they are allowed to knit, crochet or embroider anything they wish. They are also drawing scenes from Dicken's "Christmas Carol."

The representation class, which includes Ella Mae Clair, Joan Theetge, Bob Gorsuch, and Ruth Shutt are making posters advertising color. DAD

DAFFYNITIONS

Quintuplets — Two pairs of twins and a spare.

Staircase — A patient whose eyes won't close.

Comments

[illegible] in his right [illegible] all a book, with his [illegible] every and page after page of [illegible] black print, a magic carpet?" I do, and indeed so would you, if you were to get acquainted. For no matter what its nature—no matter what the theme, no matter when the time, no matter where the place—a book holds undeniable magic powers. You deny my assertion that a dry book is possessed with magic powers? Powers which may take this imagination back over the years of struggle, failure, success and progress or which may endow the imagination with sight into the years still yet unlived. Are not the poor and lowly lifted by them, if only momentarily, from their sorrow, toil and affliction? Through books the sordid things about us are forgotten; we learn of beauty. Life loses its monotony; we think magnanimous thoughts as great men have thought them. Hopes are exalted. We build a faith and cling with heart and soul. But there are those who take their wealth and high position for granted. What of them? Are they not dropped unsympathetically among that which is low and undesirable and scorned. Through books we see life, not as the gay, fluttering butterfly, things we may have made it, but a reality of toil, sweat and tears. We are awakened and inspired to correct the wrongs and to right the injuries.

Both the rich and poor know the magic power of books, as they laugh with the good and cry with the bad and marvel at the imaginative ability of the writer.

The magic of book love is our pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support us when all other recreations are gone. It will make our hours pleasant as long as we live.

[illegible] Johnny [illegible] up upstairs and pray to God to forgive you for telling that lie?" So Johnny went upstairs and came down about a half hour later.

"Did God forgive you for telling that lie?" asked his mother.

"No, Mom!" said Johnny. "He said He thought it was a bear too, when He first saw it."

Where the Coal Went

The rapid disappearance of coal from his bin alarmed Major Higgins, and he decided to trace [illegible] the man who [illegible] the fuel.

"Rastus," he asked, "where do you reckon my coal has disappeared to?"

Rastus scratched his head very thoughtfully. "Wall, suh," he replied. "Ah—Ah—reckon dem squirrels took it. Yassah, squirrels, Major Higgins. Dat was nut coal, suh."

Safety First!

"Mandy, what fo' yo' gib dat baby a big piece ob po'k to chew on? Don' you-all know de po' chile'll choke?"

"Dinah, don' yo' see de string tied to dat piece ob po'k? De oder end's tied to de chile's toe. [illegible] kitchen [illegible] reckon you-all don' know nothin' 'bout bringin' up children."

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[illegible]

Pitman Archives

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