



Linda Lovely

Greetings group! Here I am again with another exotic article to waste more space (as per usual). And to bring all of you peons more dirt about "your" school.

Yours truly learned (by very drastic means, I assure you!) that in recent times, you peasants were presented with something like "blue books." Such fun! Everyone enjoyed them tremendously, I'm sure.

Say, in my first scandal sheet, I happened to mention that there were very few handcuffs around ye ole campus this year. Right? Right? Right! Boy, have things progressed since then! Eh what, B.K. and D.S. and P.K. and R.R.? (Au the fans know anyhoo, so don't panic!)

How'bout that dance on Nov. 1? Say man, that place really swung! I found out the general idea of the situation when I slithered in that night to behold a dignified(?) dance already in progress. After watching some of the poor varmits as they "massercred" each other, I soon got the knack of the whole deal and joined in to add my scintillating personality to the confusion. Of course, I nearly tramped a certain very hep (and incidentally a bachelor, too!) prof. Hint! Hint! While in the process of charging around, but that, of course, is only a minor detail. There should be another hop in the near future.

Hummmmm, Senor Miner?

For all of you poor peons that missed the brawl--- I mean dance--- better luck next time!

Well fans, this just happens to be all of the dirt that I could gather together this week. Why don't you all do something news worthy? But, be sure to keep it high brow or else I'll never be able to have it printed. Sooooo, as one mosquito while sitting on Robinson Crusoe's nose, "I'll see you on Friday."

Love,
Lin

P.S. A certain song seems to be very popular around school lately. I think that it's called somthing like "I traded my pigtails for a Toni." Eh What, J.A.B.

Two instructors from this joint cut an impressive figure at the Community Concert in Hazleton on Monday evening when they paraded up the asile. Perhaps there could be some interesting developments here?

Ed's Note.

A secret agent has informed us that the author of the above article was seen Sunday night in the I.S.D.A. sitting in the corner soaking up suds.

