

**BIG TIME**

Outside it was getting dark. The lights from passing cars flashed through the windows. The Spruce Pines Milk-Bar was rather crowded; in fact, the only two vacant seats were back at the end of the counter. The door opened and two young women walked in. They sat at the counter in the two vacant seats.

"I'll have a malted-milk with a double shot of malt," the first girl said. She was rather plump, and appeared to be about seventeen years old. Immediately after giving Gus her order she lit a cigarette which she held as though it were a Roman candle.

"I'd like a banana-split with lots of goo and nuts," the other shouted to Gus over the roar of the water faucets as he washed the milk-shake mixer.

"Don't you want a malted?" asked Murgatroyd.

"No! I had a few too many last night, and as a result I nursed a hangover all morning," answered Irmgard. She was a short girl, and wore blue-jeans with a plaid shirt hanging down over them almost to her knees. She did her best to be seen by everyone, and to leave them with the impression that she was wise to the world; however, the innocent, green look on her face spoiled the whole act.

"Have you decided what gown you are going to wear to the high school formal?" asked Irmgard.

"Why, I haven't even decided which invitation I'm going to accept yet. You know, so many nice fellows have asked me to go," replied Murgatroyd.

"I think I'll go with Rocco Squashem if he asks me. He's not good looking, and hasn't got any personality, but he's got a big Buick and plays football. After all! It isn't what a person is, but who," said Irmgard.

"Marty Belinsky asked me to go, but his father is only a butcher. Besides, he lives out in Midtown, and you know how I feel about those small-town kids," said Murgatroyd. "Yes! I loathe, detest, and abominate small towns too. I'm so glad I come from the big city," said Irmgard.

After looking around, Irmgard asked, "Aren't you going to drink your milk-shake? You've been sitting over it for an hour."

"You know I only come in here to be seen. Besides, if I drink too many milk-shakes how will I look in an evening gown? And I'm fat enough already," replied Murgatroyd.

"That's because you don't smoke enough. Here, have a few more cigarettes," replied Irmgard.

"Please! One at a time. Do you want people to stare at me?" said Murgatroyd.

"No, I'd rather have them stare at me," said Irmgard.

"Ooooh! Do you hear the juke-box? That recording of 'People Will Say We're In Love' by Frankie Sinatra really sends me," said Irmgard.

The two girls began to retouch their make-up, which was already overdone, when Gus approached and said: "Ladies, since this is a most respectable joint, where youse diet on the quiet, the management would appreciate it, indeed, if youse would use the very spacious ladies' room fer applyin' yer war paint, and not the dining room."

"Well! I never!" said Murgatroyd.

"Come! Let's get out of this horrid place," said Irmgard.

The two girls hurried out the side door. Everyone turned around and laughed as they left. They did attract a lot of attention; so, one way or another, they attained their goal.

Some girls who go fishing for husbands do not know the difference between a nibble and a bite.

**What I Want From Santa**

LEON BADEN—  
"I just don't want to be adjusted!"

THE COLLEGIAN—  
A new typewriter, desks, office, time on our hands, and credits in English.

MR. GOSS—  
A new sink for my home.

MR. BROADLEY—  
Some new words.

MISS COLLIER—  
Webster's Dictionaries for everybody.

SYD RUDMAN—  
New uniforms for the basketball team and a better gym.

MISS CAMPBELL—  
An exclusive gown.

NANCY NORTH—  
JOE WERSINGER—  
Bigger and better ads.

WILL JAMES—  
A Nesquehoning Basketball Championship.

DONALD BARNES—  
Well, something, anyway! !

FRANK SHERNO—  
Spike Jones' autograph.

STUDENT COUNCIL—  
About a \$5,000 contribution.

JOYCE McLAUGHLIN—  
A new car! ?

ANN McHUGH—  
A Stradivarius.

MISS GARBRICK—  
More tenors for her glee club.

FRED ADAMS—  
Somebody to write his themes.

ALICE LANYON—  
Peace in French Class.

DR. RAMSEY—  
MORE TIME.

MR. STEELE—  
A trip to Miami Beach, Florida, to see new and more specimens.

LORRAINE DeJOSEPH—  
A "super" pair of bobby-sox.

MR. ZERBE—  
Less bookkeeping.

THE BASKETBALL TEAM—  
A bigger and better cheering section.

DAN WARGO— "Censored"

FRANCIS FATSIE— "

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AARON MARSH— "

JACK SPECHT—  
A Lost Weekend.

CHARLEY QUAY—  
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EDWARD WIZDA—  
A secretary for "proofing the paper."

**BLUE BOOK BLUES**

DEAR MERRY:

Today all students at HUC settled down to another half semester of work. The blue book purge came to an end early last week, just in time for everyone to be able to enjoy themselves at the Turkey Trot. The dance was solid; the music, divine; and the crowd, gay and carefree. Sounds swell, doesn't it? The dance was really a big success, and the highlight of the evening came when Paul Osadchy was presented with a real live turkey. When they gave him the bird he said, and I quote: "What'll I do with this?" He was kidding, of course!

In my last letter I mentioned something about the boys at HUC being gentlemen, and in this letter I have come to take it all back. The past week the pledges for the sorority had to carry their books in buckets, and not one of the male species even offered to help the fair damsels carry them! What do you think of that? Not only did they refuse to carry the buckets but they made fun of our original hat creations, and told us how perfectly morbid we looked without make-up. However, we did manage to get a few compliments on our upsweeps. One nice boy was heard to tell a poor bucket-toting pledge that she was in the wrong building, and that the scrub woman's society was located two blocks down. Ah, yes, I'm afraid, the age of chivalry died a slow death that week. All I have to say is that they will be sorry when we get offers from New York designers who want us to reproduce our botanical chapeaus for them and set up a new trend in hair style.

Speaking of botanical things, I heard about an amusing incident that came to pass in Mr. Steele's botany

class the other day. It seems that Mr. Steele was trying to lecture the students on the wonders of the potato plant, and some developments brought about by modern science, when all of a sudden Jimmy Fisher indicates he has a contribution to make to the information already given. Mr. Steele gladly gives him the floor and our eager young student begins in all seriousness to tell everyone that they are now growing potato plants on top of the A & P. He said it with such a serious face that he actually convinced Mr. Steele of the fact. It's moments such as those that make school worth going to.

Ah, this social life here at HUC is really wearing me to a fizzle. Thus far we have played five basketball games with more in sight.

The really big issue at this moment is the Christmas Semi-Formal. All students await the day with eagerness. The Student Council has made reservations at the Hotel Altamont, and it will be the scene of swishing gowns and swash buckling Romeos. College life . . . I love it.

Have to dash now before I get caught short on a History outline.  
'Bye now,  
Lo L.

Government has been a fossil; it should be a plant. —Emerson  
An inferiority complex is like wealth. It should be a blessing if the right people had it.

Genius is gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out. —Lady Blessington

By the time you swear you're his, shivering and sighing, and he vows his passion is infinite, undying — lady, make a note of this: one of you is lying. —Dorothy Parker  
Republics end through luxury; monarchies through poverty. —Montesquieu

"Race horses feel the cold more acutely than other horses," says a writer. Still there are always generous members of the public eager to put their shirts on the animals.

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