behind the palette

CHRISTMAS

VANCOUVER SCHOOL OF ART
EDITORIAL

Christmastime! Christmas Greetings, Bells Ringing, Carol Singing, Happiness Gifts and Gaiety! Christmas holidays and all the preparations, the bustle and excitement, shopping, posting and delivering. What do we not think of at Christmastime? Customs, we have read of, many have gone out of fashion, but there are many interesting ones we still have. Christmas Day is The Day of the Year which people all over the world celebrate -- each in their own way. We think of others and how people in far away countries will spend Christmas -- And this leads up to one Christmas Custom which perhaps would interest you!

This is a Mexican Christmas festival, called a Posada (Posada means Inn) It is partly religious and partly amusement and is a sort of Drama. For 9 nights before Christmas, the ninth being Christmas Eve, a group of families take turns in holding the Posada at their homes so that a sort of chainwork of parties are given to which all their children and friends are invited. The Drama is based on the story of the wanderings in Bethlehem of Mary and Joseph, looking for an Inn in which to rest. I think this Mexican Drama is very pretty and teaches the children what Christmas means. Here is the setting of the Posada to which I went. We arrived about 8 o'clock, the road outside was a dried mud one and the pavement was made with large flagged stones. Along the pavement a high wall in which was the front door - like a garage door. To the left were three windows (the drawing room windows) with the usual iron bars - Spanish fashion. The door opened onto the Patio or yard, and just on your left were steps leading up to the verandah which ran down the side of the house. At the other end was the kitchen and dining room. The bedrooms look out onto the verandah. There are no windows on the other side of the house, and all round the Patio is a high wall, so that we are all tucked in very happily.

By about 8:30 all the guests had arrived. The children form a procession two and two, a girl and a boy, the girl carrying a candle. They walk round the house and patio singing litanies. They are joined by a group of children dressed in white, representing angels - one carries a wax baby doll. They all stop at a closed door (the drawing room door) and someone lets off a shower of fireworks over their heads. Another group of children join the procession (shepherds). Then a voice (Mary) from the procession sings asking for shelter, for the night is cold and windy and they have come a long journey and are seeking repose. But from behind the door a voice shouts No!
The procession goes round the house and patio again and this time after the
same voice has sung, asking for repose, and it has been refused again, one
person calls out it is the "Queen of Heaven" who is seeking shelter. The
door is flung wide open and all go in. Someone dressed as Priest, takes
the wax baby doll and lays it in the manger, for inside is arranged a "naci-
miento" the setting at Bethlehem. The "nacimiento" I do not remember very
well, except that the family who were holding the Posada had taken a great
deal of pride in arranging it. It was set up on a table in the corner of
the room, with moss and lichen and evergreens; there was the stable, with
the manger, little figures representing Mary and Joseph, the shepherds,
the wise men and the three kings and angels. There were all the little farm
yard animals and birds, sheep and goats, pigs and chickens, cows and oxen
and the ass, and the Star overhead - a little stream running by amongst the
moss and pebbles. When the Priest puts the baby doll into the manger, this
really ends the Posada and from then on there is dancing, games and party.

There is another custom which is observed on the same night. That of break-
ing the Pinata. The Pinata is really an earthen jar, but covered all over
with paper, designed very artistically in the form of sailing ships, figures
or flowers. This is tied up to a string stretched across the Patio. The
children are blindfolded in turn and given a large stick with which to try
and break this Pinata. When someone hits it - and it needs a good hard hit
- it all falls down, apples, oranges, toys, nuts and vegetables and all sorts
of native fruits. We pick these up and have them for part of the refresh-
ments for the rest of the evening ... (how would you like a potato?). Later
on all sorts of refreshments and wines are passed round and the Party ends
up at midnight. This is Christmas Eve!

YE DEAR OLD PALETTE:

We wish ye editor and ye adherents
of this paper a very Merrie Christmas.
We have been here now over three
months and feel ourselves a part of
the Student Body of the School. We es-
specially enjoyed ourselves at the Barn
Dance. The Seniors certainly put a lot
of work into it to make it such a suc-
cess.

In September we thought we knew
something about Art - Now we are just
beginning to know something. After the
hard work of the past term, the Christ-
mas holidays come as a welcome break
- We hope the rest of you enjoy them
as we are going to do.
Margaret Avmaack.

SECOND YEAR RAMBLINGS

Station V.S.A. broadcasting, Many Happy
returns of the holidays and all that
sort of thing by Jove, I say, dash it
all! Does that sound convincing enough
to pass for an English accent for Dec.
20th?

There don't seem to be any outstand-
ing works of art so far in this, our
Second Year. Usually they start to
blossom around Christmas-time, but we
are all so good, you see.

It looks as if our Christmas party
is going to be a success. Everyone had
such a good time at the last get-to-
tgether evening in the attic - It's just
the grandest place for fun.

I say, can you lend me a topper?
Let's all go to the Dickens!
Merry Christmas!

Ceely Horane.
Oyez! Oyez!
Merry Folks.

Christmas Greetings
of Good Cheer
The Editor wishes you
on behalf
Of the Student's Coun
cil Editorial Staff
And Teachers of the
School of Art
Greetings Joy we do
impart
And Happiness for
the Coming Year
THIRD YEAR DIARY

Dear Palette:

Here's to a fifth try at this write up. Oh, why! Oh why! Must this paper be fed such trash - nothing is more pleasing than a clean sheet of paper, so they tell me.

The graduates' Barn Dance left nothing to be desired in hilarity and barnyard spirit (no, not spirits) The attic overflowed with farmers, their wives, children, animals, etc; each uttering their own peculiar cries and squeaks as they pranced to the accompaniment of a riotous accordion. With Mrs. Mahon acting as master of ceremonies, two plays were acted (?), of which we will say no more, for the good of ourselves and our readers - as we don't wish to boast.

This month seems to have had no other highlights, work seeming to be the main aim in our dark existence. We do have such a hard time.

Well, my dear friends, if you have bothered to read this far I guess you have just about had enough, so I shall leave off before you throw the paper across the room in disgust.

You will be bored again next issue probably, so resign yourselves and try to bear up, by fortifying yourselves with lots of Christmas cheer and a good holiday.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Jean Breun.

CATTY COMMON-ROOM CRITICISMS

Maybe we agree with Bob Hanlon when he says his work was better in first year than it is now!

There's been something missing at the school lately - something red-headed and talkative!

What petite Miss is again keeping company with what tall baby-faced blonde? We are greatly indebted to Rubinoff and her two-stringed violin for the excellent rendering of .........? (fire engine sirens and hill-billy bens).

Which very dark girl seems to have taken an over-dose of gigglesoup and is passing it around to several others?

We can hardly believe that Miss Hal comes to school Sat. A.M. just to work!

We feel that we will have to present the young lady, who insists on crawling around the floor, with a fancy pair of knee pads.

This is Station V.S.A., broadcasting from their studios (?) at 590 Hamilton St. We bring you this evening a nonsensical programme through the courtesy of those "smart, young, would-be artists", the fourth-year students (At least, if you can make any sense out of it, you're better than we are).

With us to-night we have our famous "Jays" (apologies to June Bumpkin, Joyce Benzine and Lean Jindermere; because of course we refer to their first initials and not to the use of their vocal cords) To-night they will attempt to harmonize (we give them the benefit of the doubt) that now unpopular song "I'm in the mood for Love" - Maybe ------ will practise something else after this is over - we hope.

On this same programme you will now go into ecstasy with our talented players presenting "For Art's Sake", starring Robert Hanlon in the roll of the forsaken Art, and the vivacious Miss Dorothy Serman and the distinguished Miss Annie Mall as "the woman in the case".

The debate between Miss Alice Brownant and Miss Irma Mattress, "To go into drawing or not to go" comes on the air at 1:15 p.m. but unless the debaters are more punctual they are apt to get the gong!

This is Station V.S.A. signing off - Good-night my little Cutter-bups.
We are grateful to Miss Edith Tweedie, a former student and graduate of this School, for the drawing and article on Fashion Design. Edith is fully qualified to advise, being a practical and practicing designer for the magazine "Fashion Age" in London, Eng. Her work has also appeared in the "Ladies Home Journal" and the Canadian "Fashion". A talented and popular student, Edith has many well-wishers among her former fellows and we feel that the success we wish her is assured.

FASHION-WORLD

Simplicity has become so fundamental, and such a permanent part of clothes that it is more or less the slogan of every new Season. The decline of over-elaboration and the return of greater simplicity was a logical development. The great ingenuity of line which is seen throughout all the fashion showings point out to us conclusively that always a good design is the manipulation of the interior lines of a model without confusing the simple grace of the silhouette.

In sports dresses suppleness and Geometrical designing is very popular. The idea in the Suppleness motif is to design a model whether two piece or one piece which is trig in idea and has no movement outside the dress - it is to feature the built in design whether self-trimmed or insets of other material. This sort of dress designing is very often spoken of as feminity in action. Also such interior designs which are already formed as tops, yokes and vestees can be put in plain or with new cuts or ideas. Chokers, collars and scarves can be built in to carry out the idea of suppleness designing.

The Geometric system treats designing in a characteristic manner by straight lines, circles, curvatures or diagonals designed into angles and units which forms a design singly or in a group.

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FASHION NOTES (Continued)

Never interlace your lines in geometrical designing. Traceries used in the geometrical design figures such as cord ing, pleating, tucks, lines of stitching in silk to match. Fabrics must follow the rules of geometrical designing.

Another popular designing motif is Trend of Line. An established fact is the knowledge of form which is derived from something already suggested. An old saying "There is nothing new under the sun" - in this case of Trend it is the revival of former vogue of reusable attraction.

Your basic influence of idea is taken from some historical or poetic composition or any generation and by new variation bring it back into usage again. It is the evolution of bringing an idea back for a modern trend. This feeling has practically dominated the fashion styles for this season. If your inspiration comes from some periodic costume or country let the idea be provoked into adaption to the last stroke of present day influences. Struggle until you strike the note - which tunes it up-to-date, but always reproduce your trend with all the relative values you can form into it. It is permissible in the fashion business to have a skirt the reflection of a revised trend and a modern blouse or bodice just the reverse. You will have to use your own discretion in designing as some ideas are reduced while others are exaggerated.

Many a trend of style comes from the simplest and commonest adaptations and many from the ultra inspirations as the Classic, Gothic, Oriental, etc., not for getting those not long ago styles which are a veritable treasure trove of trends just waiting to be re-created.

In the field of fashion illustration every successful artist has a good knowledge of drawing but the main idea is to combine with good illustrating technique an air of chic and elegance which is the mode. You must eliminate, draw with simplicity - not forgetting to emphasize the dress and place it on a figure who depicts poise and smartness.

That is the surest of good fashion drawing, and as Hamlet put it "Aye - there's the rub!"

Edith Tweedie.

TULIP LAND

When the London and North Eastern Express started on her nightly journey to Harwich for the Hook of Holland, it was as though a magic carpet were spread beneath her great wheels and she was carrying me off to an unknown land and unknown adventures. What could be more exciting?

Leaving London one Saturday night last December, I arrived at the coast and boarded the Channel steamer which arrived at the Hook about 6 o'clock the next morning. I looked out of my window and beyond lay Holland harbouring in those dimmed distances unimagined experiences and delights.

The impression I had gleaned from various descriptions of the train journey from the Hook to the Hague was something to be got through before entering into the real joys of Holland. They seemed to suggest an apology for the flatness of the land and left one disarmed for the beauties of it. But there is something infinitely peaceful in these lands which stretch so smoothly into the distance and merge into the skies. Always these skies are beautiful, sometimes a soft grey, sometimes they have the russet glow which Rembrandt loved to paint. Dotting the landscape are the windmills and scattered homesteads with the cows and sheep pigs and horses grazing in their dyke protected meadows. The first journey in a new country must always be exciting - to catch for the first time a glimpse of those thing of which one has been told but whose existence one has more or less doubted: the first white head-dress (worn by an old lady on a station platform), the first gleam of a brightly-painted house front, the first canal, and the endless succession of bicycles in the streets.

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ART IN THE DANCE
TONIA DE ARAGON & JOSE CASINO
SPANISH DANCERS

The Spanish Dancers have come and gone, and while we are all looking forward to their return on Dec. 2nd, I should like to take this opportunity of airing some opinions, especially my own. Of course I do not for a moment expect to be agreed with by everybody, but there are times, I believe, in everyone's life when one achieves an almost diabolical pleasure from bucking public opinion.

Tonia de Aragon, especially in her peasant numbers, afforded me the greatest pleasure, her technique perhaps was not of such a high standard as Cansino's, but that is something that can always be gained by time and perseverance. Her dancing gave one the feeling that her greatest pleasure in life was to dance, and that her second greatest was to convey that pleasure to her audience. While Jose Cansino gave one the impression that all was carefully thought out and regulated. He possessed a wonderful sense of rhythm, but it left me rather cold and with a feeling that it must all be a tremendous task. Perhaps he lacked the spontaneity which carried Tonia through, in spite of her deficiencies.

The dances themselves were chiefly traditional. One of them, "Cordoba," danced by Tonia de Aragon, to quote from the program, "reveals the deeply religious mood of many of the Spanish traditional dances." In this she wore a pure white costume. It was danced in a more sombre mood than any of the others, tho' I did not feel that the dancer showed to the same advantage as in such numbers as "Rapsodia Calenciana," "the dance of the flower vendor," or the duet with Cansino "Nortenas" the dance of a young shepherd from the mountains and a village girl.

Before I go any further I must remark on the extraordinary way in which they both handled the castanets. One can realize that it must take years of study to produce such perfect technique. They practically provided another musical instrument, reflecting the varying moods and tempos. For example, this was apparent in "Jota Aragonesa," a typical peasant dance from the Province of Aragon, the carefree entrance of the girl, then the flight at the approach of the boy, his searching and the shrug of the shoulders when she does not appear, and finally the apologetically shy note when she comes running from the wings. All these changes of ideas are conveyed not only through the interpretation of the body, but also the castanets, until one can almost imagine that the dancers are actually making their characters talk through this medium.

All the costumes were excellently designed and the coloring artistic. In such cases as "La Corrida," a fantasy depicting an amateur bullfighter, the orange lining of the cloak used to enrage the bull gave the needed dramatic touch. This characteristic was apparent in each number.

In conclusion I might say that the audience, strangely enough for Vancouver, appeared to be completely unanimous in its genuine pleasure in these two delightful artists, although it was noticed (much to my annoyance) that a group of people in the row immediately in front made no attempt to applaud all through the program, which meant that others including myself were forced to work overtime to make up for this lack of appreciation. But give Vancouver time to accustom herself to this class of entertainment and the Art of the Dance will be more fully appreciated.
The train struggled out of Calgary; shook itself from her suburbs and scampered out over the prairie with a merry "click clack" resounding from its iron heels. Mrs. Jones leaned over and told Mrs. Smith that the crops looked good and Mrs. S. told Mrs. J. that the children had the measles and then they both leaned over and said together, like a well-trained chorus, "my dear, did you hear-" They then composed themselves in a more definite unity and the artist was vaguely and perturbedly conscious of continuity of line. Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by ears he pressed his nose flat against the window to look upon the new land.

Here was the country that he had come to see, that aching void, that oppressive space, that endless stretch that is the prairie. At first the spectator had the thought that here was Lulu Island with the mountains pushed back, but no, it is something far more reaching, vaster, infinite. There is the strange feeling that one could travel, now that the foothills are passed, into this land of receding horizons past small towns, lonely farms and isolated ranch houses; past great stretches of grain fields and vast sweeps of range land; forever and forever ...

The sun was dropping to earth, like a play director slipping down the aisle the better to direct the last great pageant of the day. Rain had fallen and millions upon millions of raindrops softened the severity of the grand design. Prairie towns with their elevators and clusters of buildings sped by; evening came with all the glory of a prairie sunset, intense and full of color; the eternal fires of the Turner Valley Oil Fields glowed in the gathering dusk; the foothills faded in the dying light; darkness lay a blanket over the prairie, smoothed from it the last wrinkles of sunlit clouds and - it was night. A shower of rain was falling as the train clattered over the long bridge into Lethbridge.

"It's scandalous!" said Mrs. S., with a last pearl 2, knit 1. "Well, my husband will be waiting - he had better be - goodbye, my dear. Remember me to Aunt Susan. There's Will now. O Wi-li!"

Another train, to which the term "mixed" has been applied with the same veracity as the baker's classic "lark" and "pork" pie - one lark-one pig - was boarded the next morning. Sixteen cars of freight and one passenger rattled out of Lethbridge in a disinterested way and attacked the surrounding country with a snort and a puff for imaginary hills. Every little hamlet fastened to it doggedly, wrenched cars from its chain or added to its number, until the iron invalid of the morning developed an asthmatic wheezing cough and schedule was forgotten in a welter of waits.

Perhaps way back when men were men old Jock McWhortlesnake's covered wagon broke down and Mrs. McWhortlesnake, being fed up with the jolting and fearing an Indian raid, had said firmly, clamping her jaw tight, "Here's our farm Jock

(ALL ABOARD for Page Ten)
Truth about the Ypres Salient. Ten Nights in a Bathroom is out too. Unconsciously I was slipping into my favorite Cagney pose as I paced up and down peering into each almost serious face. I was beginning to hit my stride as I went on with colossal patience.

"This is to be a story or some form of article with Christmas as its background - You know, people send presents. They celebrate with a turkey dinner or two. Holly, decorations, good cigars and wine and all that guff. Most people enjoy it. That's Christmas, see."

A few of them began to look almost intelligent - almost. Years of frustrated hope that one day my crew would improve caused the flutter of optimism to vanish. They started to cough and snuffle around. I had to work harder yet I could see. "This story is for the Palette. The gals and guys that read it are artists, see."

I drew an imaginary picture of a cow in the air for them - "They draw and paint pictures - like this."

Of course one can't expect the football crew to know what goes on in their own campus, but whoever picked them to help me on the magazine is my unknown foe to the day I pay my library fines. "Now I want IDEAS - you can--" Someone waving a paw in my direction. It was Chuck. "Say-- I got it -- it was the new play you was drawing with your finger -- you know -- 45, 20 shift, 80 - 35 hep - shift --."

There was only one thing to do and I did it. The baseball bat is only taken out from under the desk for such occasions.

With Chuck lying quiet and still in the corner, I started bravely once more. This time I worked some pathos into my voice -- this was usually my last stand -- it had stood the test of time. Placing my arms around two of the boys' shoulders, I stood there - a dramatic figure.

"Boys - I'm asking for your help. If you fail me in my hour of need, your coach goes down in school history a disgrace - the one who failed Alpha Gamma Deltoid - the one who failed to get a story out for the magazine -- think of it." My voice sank to a whisper. "Boys - it's up to the Grid Crew - what shall it be?"

(Hike to Page 10)
It was a stroke of genius, I had surprised even myself. An electric silence quivered in the air broken only by the clock. One—two—three—four. Would it never come? Then as from one man the mighty cheer blasted forth, deafening—a royal tribute to the powers of eloquence. I had triumphed!

I was taking out my handkerchief to mop my streaming brow when the door opened and a feminine voice piped, "What's going on here—for Pete's sake, what is all the noise about?" The Prize Snooper, Cora Coid, busting in again!

"No women allowed at these meetings, Cora, close the door behind you please!" I grunted. "But you might at least tell me why you boys are kicking up this din?" she parried. I frowned and marvelled at my own powers of endurance. "Briefly this is a pep talk, I was telling the boys what kind of article to write for the Christmas Palette, something——" "Yes, I know, something helpful and newsworthy. Christmas gift suggestions, for instance." She interrupted.

It was the debacle. I bowed my head in resignation—what more could man do? She chirruped herself gaily out of the room while there was a hurried scramble for pens and paper. Gift suggestions it would be! There was something mocking and sinister in the scratching of those pens.

Hours later, amid the welter of ink paper and overturned desks I wandered—The War of 1812.....Waterloo....."quid custodiet ipsos custodes"......"et tu Brute!"

NOTE: The Editor regrets to announce that owing to a page of gift suggestions being submitted a day after the publication of the Palette we are unable to include it in this issue.

FINIS
And so I come to the Hague - a large city of international character. It is the capital of Holland in everything but name - that it cedes perforce to Amsterdam. The Court is at the Hague, the foreign embassies are there and international conferences are held in the imposing Peace Palace. You can spend a very gay evening in the Hague amid entertaining surroundings, with the creak of glasses in one's ear as a background to the music. At one café I visited, the dance band "crooner" was a bit of a linguist and sang his songs in several languages for the benefit of the mixed clientele!

Of course I visited the Mauritshuis, the great picture gallery of The Hague. Here is reality -- the thing as the Masters did it. Holland, with her great painters of the past is a valuable treasure trove for the art student and art lover.

The present-day Ministers of Holland now conduct their affairs behind the red bricks of the Binnenhof. This was a most interesting building to visit, and I remember I sat in the place of the Dutch "Butter King", as our guide explained the various points of interest of the Council Chamber. I stood also in the Courtyard of the Binnenhof and gazed at that beautiful little building, the Ridderzaal (Knights Hall) which has been there since the year 1250, or before, and in which Parliament is now opened. Near these buildings stands a grim old Spanish Prison. The old implements of torture were extremely gruesome to behold. Of course one cannot leave The Hague without mentioning Scheveningen -- a rather frightening name. It is a lovely seaside place and I should like to join the bathers there in the summertime.

Next I visited Rotterdam. It is a city mostly for shipping. The chimneys get mixed up with the funnels and masts and a liner towers over the roof tops.

And now Amsterdam. This city considers itself, and rightly so, the most important place in Holland. I spent a whole morning in the famous Rijksmuseum and so obtained a fleeting glance of the wonders which it contains. It was here that I saw Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" -- a huge canvas whose richness and beauty dominated the whole room. I wish I could pass on all I saw here but I have not the power.

The canals of Amsterdam are surely the most beautiful in Holland. They are tree-bordered and the houses which look down on them are restful and sedate. Their reflection on the still water is so amazingly clear one might easily step into the canal in search of a front door! The bridges which cross the canals are vaulted and the flower-sellers who ply their trade upon them introduce an attractiveness of color with their baskets full of blooms. Although I was there in the winter, baskets full of white lilies were being offered for sale at many street-corners, by the flower-vendors.

There is a Jewish quarter in Amsterdam, a quarter of old houses in narrow streets, where the diamond merchants live. Rembrandt lived among these people for years. His house is now a museum. It is curious to find many gay little flower shops in the midst of such dreariness. The Jew's Market is brighter and one can buy there a great variety of things.

One delightful memory I have of Amsterdam were the bells in the spire of the old Church across the way from where I stayed. In London at night I can hear the clock from the neighboring tower boom the hour, slowly and firmly -- but in Holland there was nothing sedate about those bells. They would ring out in full song as though many bluebells had been given the power of sound in ecstasies of ringing tinkling melody at every hour. At each quarter hour they would chime such gay, tinkly little airs -- I can never forget their music and charm.

(ED. NOTE: This delightful travelogue by Miss E. Tweedie will be continued in our next issue).
ART SHOW OK.

An exhibition which should be of interest to all students is that which is now being held at the Vancouver Art Gallery. We introduced the three exhibitors to our readers in our last issue with their very excellent First Church Murals and we understand the present show fulfills expectations and is of the same high calibre.

It is an exhibition composed chiefly of etchings and dry-points and is of particular value to those studying this medium. A trip, however, would be of service to all students and we heartily recommend the exhibition by Messrs. Ed Hughes, Orville Fisher and Paul Gorenson to our readers.

PICKWICK PARTY PATTER

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Oh yes, we're going to have the "Dickens of a time". Movie ad, writers please remember that our adjectives describing this stupendous gargantuan super-super show of shows are strictly copyright. Draw you chairs closer kiddies, and listen carefully while we go into the details of this entertainment-saturated programme.

First, there are splendid opportunities for those who don't give a hoot about diet. We are assured that the crispy crunchy golden goodness of the culinary delights being prepared will prove an excellent work out for the annual gastronomical folly.

Then, no doubt, you will be positively entr - a - nced with the carol singing. When these singers do their stuff you will be glued to their seat. (Particularly if some careless pastry eater has occupied it a moment before).

(Continued Page 14)
CUT-OUTS OF CUT-UPS

Seize your scissors, Students,
Paint, and bend, and fold.

"At work and play" the Art Students
make fun for young and old.
(Design students may work out the
design in cross-stitch if they desire)

Our Artist, yes, you're right, the
genial Bob, has requested us to state
that although he has drawn his inspira-
tion from the general student body
the personages are entirely fictitious.
(We should hope so!)
PICKWICK PARTY PATTERN (Continued)

And sa-a-a-y! Ho! We have a space prepared in a quiet corner with a nurse and doctor in attendance for those hysterically overcome by the mirth quaking situations of our little play. When Harry Hotspur knocks Sir Gasper Scrueloose for a goal with a tuck hammer, you will stand and cheer - Oh! Sorry, that's another play I'm thinking of. We go positively hoarse with emotion when we start talking about the decorations. There will be a riot - a riot of color that will have you groggy the minute you step in the door (see that you do!) Anyone seen wandering around with a kind of daffy look on their faces is not lost - only lost in the beauties of the color schemes or what have you?

The graduates have promised to do "Something". We are not allowed to name the dark horse, because we don't know ourselves. Rhyme or mime or perhaps a kit of ballet, eh what? Who knows?

And just as if we didn't believe we had done enough, we have the peppiest dance orchestra in several counties - Aw, shucks! Did I say seven? Even if you don't feel equal to raising an eyebrow without having a chiropractic treatment first - you'll just HAVE to shake a hoof when that hot rhythm trickles down your spine. And as you whirl around you can take a tug at Santa's chin drapery he'll be there you know - Why not?

So there you are, all youse guys and youse gals. That's the lowdown. All you have to do is step around to Corinth Eckman and get your tickets. Special reduction in car load lots (I mean freight car, of course). And for the love of Mike BE there - everyone else will! See you later.

"What are all these?"
"Those are my Mae West problems, Sir."
"What do you mean, Mae West problems?"
"I done 'em wrong!"

WHY JOAN SHOULD WEEP

Joan, truly a remarkable young lady with her numerous gentlemen friends, should weep far more. Nothing touches the male heart strings so quickly as to see such a cheery little lass in tears. Try this, Joan, it might work on me!

Joan, my dear, you should 'weep for beauty' and those little things that catch a man's eye. Nothing personal you understand, but just think you are a very fine lady with those jade earrings, Whisper stockings and the other little odds and ends that make up fine ladies? Try this, Joan, it might work on me.

And last, but not least, dear Joan weep for some one to love and care for, not for me, Oh! My no! I'm a bachelor, you know. Still it might work!

-- Giles Kitchen.

Mrs. Henpecked (sarcastically):
"I suppose you've been to see a sick friend, holding his hand all evening?"
Mr. H. (sadly) "If I'd been holding his hand, I'd have made some money."

You are charged with throwing your mother-in-law out of the window."
"I did it without thinking, Sir."
"Yes, but don't you see how dangerous it might have been for anyone passing by at the time."

"When did you first notice your wife had fallen out of the car?"
"Everything was so quiet."