The Ursulina

Last Will and Testament

Farewell, dear little Juniors,
The time is coming fast,
When we must go and leave you,
The Graduating Class.

Come Subs, stand close around us,
The end is near at hand,
We'll breathe our last at S. U. A.
Oh! what a sad, sad band!

Our hearts are going, going home,
We've done our best these days,
And as the Angelus rings at eve,
We'll each one turn our ways.

Oh! Little Subs, this time last year
If the Grads had made a will,
The pull wouldn't have been half so hard
As we trudged our way uphill.

So to help you as you go along,
We'll each one do our share,
We'll will our precious articles
To make the year pass fair:
Now first, Miss Janey Parker
Wills her banjuk to Miss Brown;
And Franky Douds to Dot will leave
Her voice, the best in town.

"To Genie Makeney I bequeath,"
Writes Clara O., this day,
"Most any of my fellows
In case Arch goes away.
And then I'd truly love to will
To some fair Sub, my art
Of charming, roping in the boys,
I capture every heart."

"Please add," says Cecile Brannon,
"That to Marie I'd like to give
About one hundred pounds of fat,
Without it I can live.
My giggle, too, I'd like to leave,
For it liven's things up so,
And it works o'er time in classes
When your lessons you don't know."

The Nuns would die, I'm sure, without
Cord's whistle clear and shrill,
So to Ethel E. she wills it
To give them all their fill.
'Twould be a shame to have a class
Quite void and null of "pep"
Now Sue shall will her temper
To give the class a "rep."

Some lucky Sub can claim next year
Lucy's den so clean and neat,
She hates to leave the little room
She says it can't be beat.

Ethelyn Moore has been so generous
As to give her specks with hooks,
She wills them to Miss Johnson
For to improve her looks.
With her powder puff she'll have to part,
It makes Cornelia sick,
But Alberta simply must have one,
Her face is always slick.

Marguerite is very generous,
She says she'll will them
An enormous store of knowledge
That comes direct from A. & M.

"To Helen," (a very lazy Sub)
"My note book brimming full,
You may copy every word," says Mode

"It will help you in the pull."
To you, Miss Agnes, lucky Sub,
Babe wills her ready wit,
Her charming personality,
And a portion of her grit.
All these we leave to you, dear Subs,
Most of us have left a charm,
We hope this heavy burden
Gives rise to no alarm.

A codicil to the document
Miss Catherine writes, to say,
"I've nothing but my smile to leave
To cheer you on your way."

Nineteen Eighteen
**Personals**

**URSULINE IN MILITARY TERMS.**

Campus Hedge—Thorny Entanglement.
Walls—Trenches.
Grads' Class Room—Where treaties are discussed.
Music Room—Center of Bombardment.
Infirmary—Base Hospital.
Domestic Science Room—Allies' Retreat.
Nuns' Side of Building—No Man's Land.
Library—War Headquarters.
Dining Room—Mess Hall.
Study Hall—Guard House.
Room I.—Information Bureau.
Room VIII.—Signal Headquarters.
Worden’s Janvier—French Interpreter.
Mother Mary Joseph's Office—Recruiting Station.
Mother Stanislaus—Sentinel on Duty.
Mother Superior—Commander in Chief.
Sub-Graduates—The girls we leave behind us.
Grads' Desks—Old Brown Kits.
Sunday Walks—Hikes.
Freshmen—Grads' Orderlies.
Neighbors—Spies.
Diplomas—Honorable Discharges.
Month End—Three Days' Furloughs.
Dormitories—Barracks.

Babe—I've lost my laugh.
Cord—I shouldn't think so, you have been spilling it all day.

Les Ariennes were discussing just what to put on programs in order to prevent the dancers making an engagement for the Air Raid; Miriam brilliantly exclaims, "Just have printed, take not unto yourself a partner until one be thrust upon you.

Cordy (translating Virgil)—"Troy fell from her lofty depths—Why, what's the matter?"

Jan—"Oh dear, I want a new shoe and some hats."
Mother S.—In the Red Cross parade an Ursuline pennant must be on each car.
Babe—"A first Lieutenant?" Wonderful!
Merle (yawning)—"Oh dear, I slept all night this morning."
Sue (discussing a piece of pie)—"Why you haven't an eye for business."
Cornelia—"But I have a stomach for pie."
Cord—Doesn't it take a long time to get a marriage license in Dallas? It says on Cornelia's car "License Applied For"—and that sign has been on there for a month.
Small Boy (picking up an old broom from the Parochial school grounds)—I'll take this home to mamma and we will 'humanize' (hooverize).
Sister F.—Give me one of Bacon's Essays.
Cornelia—Oh—era—
Sue (prompting)—Adversities.
Cornelia—Oh, I know—Universities.
Cord (Soliloquizing)—I just love spring, everybody looks so like their environment.
Cornelia—What is Dad, if he comes from England?
Babe—Why a German, of course.
When Cord was filling out the census card she crossed out Blind-Deaf, and left Feeble-Minded very conspicuous. Cord always does things correctly.
Babe (while writing a poem about girls)—Let's end this up cute—I'll put myself last.

Josephine (looking at an incubator)—Are chickens that are hatched in percolators the same as ordinary chickens?

He—Dearest, I have read your letter a hundred times.
Franky—Why that's nothing—I have read yours to every girl in school.

Franky (frowning over her Latin)—Sue, did you find what that odere comes from?
Babe (always ready to lend a helping hand)—Did you look up stinko, stinkere?

Mother—Only those girls get to eat who have been fasting.
Cordy—Heck, fast people always get the best of things.

Clara—I don't like that.
Mother—What?
Clara That.
Mother—What that?
Clara—That that.

Cornelia to Cecil while the latter is eagerly drawing the face of a man, "Those eyes look like mine."
Cecil—Oh, I don't care, I want him to look ugly.

Jane—I'm going to take some arsenic—it says here that it makes you plump.
Babe (continuing to read)—For that reason it is fed to worn-out horses.

SLAM US—YOU CAN'T HURT OUR FEELINGS.

"Get away from my desk, Franky;
You're a perfect bore to me.
It's 'Give me this' and 'give me that'
You buzz just like a bee.
Cordy, do hush about pictures
When you get that curly head set.
You run things clear into the ground,
I'm sorry that we ever met.
Cornelia, forget about new clothes,
You've raved till my ears are numb;
Well, what if you are destitute?

If you don't hush I'm sure you'll grow dumb.
Lieutenants, there you go again.
Jane, sponsors the khaki clad,
Oh yes, I know they're adorable,
But why should you rave till we're dead.
If I were as quiet as Ethel
I'd swallow a talking machine;
She sits by the hour without speaking.
And looks unbecomingly green.
Evidently Sue's on a big tear!
We all should earnestly strive
To guard and protect ourselves and our necks,
When Susan is making a drive.
Clara, we thoroughly get you
Each Mon. a story quite new,
But self praise is often half scandal,
Oh! why don't you hush about "You."
Garthy,——irrepressible Garthy,
You've told me that story three times,
No wonder you have to repeat things,
Please talk less and use a few signs.
That giggle—I'm sure it will haunt me,
Oh, Catherine, the soft pedal please;
If we could just have you serious
At times we would be at our ease.
Cheer up, Lucy dear, won't you smile once?
Forever you're looking so bored;
Why study so hard, your poor brain is jarred,
O'er books are your eyes ever lowered.
Class '18 is very appropriate,
Even when names are concerned,
Mozelle couldn't have a better one
Than Crabb, I have recently learned.
And Cecil, I don't like your make-up;
If you'd only lose that eye-brow stick!
Your face is nice looking without it,
Why the powder is three inches thick.
Babe—there are many occasions
For which you could work out a slam.
From your voice to your size—your jabbering—
'stories'—
You disgrace yourself in a jam.
Slam us, you can't hurt our feelings,
Practice makes perfect they say,
If faults known were half way corrected
We would each be an angel today.

—C. J.