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TUESDAY, MAR. 10, 1931.

SYRACUSE DAILY ORANGE

NOTICES

(Continued from page 1.)

for the T. and B. revue will take place at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon in room 305-A Slocum Hall. Attendance im imperative. The following will report: Helen Short, Helen Betchly, Jane Madden, Helen Green, Corrine Gross, Frances Kahn, Helen Weir, Jean Ollphant, Helen Reid, Viola Johnson, Ruth Walker, Jane Cady, Betty Atwater and Frieda Mirsky.

University Chorus rehearsal will take place at 7:45 P. M. tonight in the first floor assembly room of Lyman Hall. Additional tenor voices are welcome.

(Signed)
HOWARD LYMAN.

convenience's sake, the first most noticeable accent is on the flaw—no pun intended—and the others you may place at your own discretion, only mark you be discreet.

I have found that this expression of mine is very adequate in any type of appreciation. When asked how you liked a certain movie, or what you think of so-and-so, or what your opinion is of Santa Claus, you can merely answer, "Supercaliflawjalisticexpialadoshus!", and you will have condensed many thoughts into one. Perhaps the people to whom you answer in this manner will wonder what you mean; perhaps they will question your sobriety, or even your intelligence. But then, if you have the time to spare, you can enumerate the many things for which the rather odd expression stands.

When I am asked how I like to work in The Daily Orange with none of the superior males here to hinder my reflections, or when people query as to the abilities of the feminine part of the staff and the type of edition they can bring forth, I will reply with one word. With a tilt of my nose, a flash of my eyes, a swirl of my skirts, and a toss of my head, I will make reply, "It's just supercaliflawjalisticexpialadoshus!"

sent to us by
Harley Fortner
Walt Disney Prod
Berkeley Calif.

"A-muse-ings"

By HELEN HERMAN.

It certainly is a grand and glorious feeling to know that at last the feminine touch pervades the portals of Ye Daily Orange. It's a pleasure not to have the men around, littering up the office with their nondescript selves, and trying to tell the women which and what to do. In fact, it's a great relief to have only the calm solitude of feminine shrills, only the peacefulness of high-pitched commands, and only the inconsistency of female gossip, to detract one's train of thought.

The general atmosphere puts me in mind of one of my pet phrases. Several years ago, I concocted an expression which, to me, includes all words in the category of something wonderful. I am sufficiently conceited—or is it merely self-confidence?—to warrant that not many people on this campus, unless they happen to be in some way associated with me, have ever heard my all-encompassing word. I believe I am the sole originator of it, or at least, I have my own interpretation of its pronunciation.

"Supercaliflawjalisticexpialadoshus" is the word to which I refer. I'll admit it's rather long and tiring before one reaches its conclusion, but once you arrive at the end, you have a feeling that you have said in one word what it would ordinarily take four paragraphs to explain. It's very simple to say, and if you move along slowly until you are better acquainted with it, you're sure to appreciate its value as I do. It implies all that is grand, great, glorious, splendid, superb, wonderful,—well, all that is just "supercaliflawjalisticexpialadoshus."

This 34 letter word is not to be found in the dictionary. Perhaps that is because Noah couldn't take time off from Byronic English themes to think up such a conglomeration. For your advantage, the word is pronounced as it is spelled; there might be several penulted syllables in it, but I advise you to use your judgment when applying them. However, for