

Sues
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Sony
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*Me
and
Mine*



Cooney
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Sues
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Me, Myself, and I: The Imperfect Threesome

Me, myself, and I get along pretty well together most of the time but there are times of course when we disagree on certain matters and that inevitably causes trouble, and I do mean trouble.

For instance, just the other day I was in a rather heated argument with my mother. Sharp edged words were being tossed between us with the easy and agility acquired only through ^{past} experience. The argument had reached the point where Mother fixed a certain "look" on me and then said in her firmest manner, "One more sassy remark out of you and you'll not go out Saturday night."

At this, myself, who is a righteous little lady said that I had better obey Mother since it is very disrespectful

to talk back, and me, a very annoying person who was only interested in the results of what I was about to say, chimed in and said, "Don't say it; you know what will happen if you do!"

Then I (who always has the last word on any subject) said right out loud in a decidedly defiant tone, "He'll see about that."

Mother looked me squarely in the eye and said, "Yes, we certainly will!"

Me, myself, and I immediately retreated to ~~our~~ room to call each other names.

Note: I stayed home Saturday night.

Another time when me, myself, and I didn't agree was the night of the Christmas dance sponsored by C. Y. P. Club last month. I was dancing with a rather good-looking boy from our English class when suddenly, without warning,

my left foot started doing a waltz step and my right foot insisted on doing the fox-trot. We immediately took the part of my left foot and myself stuck up for my right foot and I was left in the middle looking bewildered.

By this time my partner was beginning to look bewildered, too. I guess he was wondering what in the world I would do next. The end of the record was like a Heavenly chord, and I don't mean the kind that got lost. I think I shall always remember that song; somehow we wound up on the right foot, though both were slightly red of face, and both pairs of feet co-operated in propelling us toward the end of the hall where refreshments were being served.

The Mysterious Cave of Ivory

In the central part of India, deep in the jungle, stands what is now called the Ivory Cave of Mystery. It is so called because of the air of mystery which has surrounded it ever since its discovery twenty-seven years ago.

In the Spring of 1920 an airplane, some high American officials crashed somewhere over central India. Searching parties were immediately out to find the plane. One of these parties headed by Robert Kells found the plane after a journey of three days but could find no trace of the pilot nor the three American officials.

The party spread out and the signal was set at three blasts on a whistle when the Americans were found.

It was only a matter of about twenty minutes

before the three blasts were sounded. Following the sound of the whistle the group gathered in a large clearing. A jagged wall of rock formed one side of the clearing and in the center of the wall of rock was a small opening guarded by four statues. As the men gathered around the opening in order to examine the statues more closely a surprised expression crossed their faces for the statues were exact replicas of the American

Silence enveloped the group for several minutes. Finally Robert Wells stepped forward. "I think it is our duty to see what's in there," he said, indicating the opening with a gesture of his hand. A murmur of assent rose from the party and they filed into the passage with Robert Wells in the lead.

The passage way, made entirely of ivory lead to

a huge cave made of the same substance. A maze of smaller passages lead from the cave itself. They, too, were lined with ivory but there were also rows of precious stones along the sides of the passage.

One by one they returned to the cave from exploring the passages, awed by the beauty of the place. Having had no success in their search for the Americans they returned to the village from which they had been sent and gave their report of the cave and the statues that guarded it.

It is said that the Americans were turned into stony statues because of intruding on the privacy of the Indian gods who made their home there.

Whether this is true or not I cannot say but that is the way I heard it and as far as I know it still remains a place of mystery and

beauty deep in the jungles of
India, the eighth wonder of the
world!

Sue Cooney

