

# A Short Story

By HARRY WOOSLEY

At home there used to be a big house on top of a hill in the deserted part of town. As a kid I used to go up there and play. There had been a big oak tree in the back yard and I used to sit under it and do my day dreaming. I would picture the house as it used to be, in all of its full glory in the good old Southern days. I hadn't been there in quite a few years, so one day I thought I would wander up there and see how the old place was faring. It was a beautiful day, and I needed the exercise. I walked up the winding road, my thoughts returning to my childhood days. I crossed the front lawn, which was nothing but a weed patch, and went into the back yard.

The old oak tree was still standing, and even had life in it as it was covered with leaves. The old house was still standing, despite age and the elements. The shutters were all closed except one. I had been in the house, which was claimed to be haunted, once before, and knew there was nothing in it but dirt and cobwebs. I ventured over to the window and looked in. I was amazed; dumbfounded. Inside, the house was furnished as I had always imagined it to be. An open fireplace with big chairs in front of it. The big chandeliers, winding staircase—everything just as I had always pictured it.

Gathering my stronger self, I went in the back door. Inside was an old colonial kitchen and over the fire pit sizzled a ham like water on a hot stove. My thoughts raced to find the explanation. Had someone moved into the house? Why would the outside look so desolate with such a magnificent interior? Who in the world would live here anyway? I was smelling the delicious aroma as I wondered this.

"Hello," said a voice behind me. Wheeling around, I came face to face with the most beautiful girl I had ever laid eyes upon. In all this world, I had never seen such exquisite beauty. Her blond hair flowed about her shoulders and glistened like silk. Those beautiful blue eyes sparkled like a clear cool spring and in them seemed to be poured all of the knowledge of mankind. There are just not enough words in man's vocabulary to describe her beauty. I just stood there and drooled over her like a thirsty man on a desert.

"Come in here and sit down;

## McFee Jewelers

Diamonds - Watches

Watch Repairing

GIFTS — RECORDS

## Self Service Laundry

Wash Done In 30 Minutes

Wash and Dried in 50 Minutes

212 BROADWAY

PHONE 472

## CAMPUS ACTIVITIES

### CHRISTIAN WORKER'S CLUB

The Christian Worker's Club is meeting every Tuesday evening at 6:15; a devotional service followed by a short recreational period is held in room 222. Jim Underwood, president, expresses the hope that all students both old and new will attend these weekly meetings.

### DELPHIAN SOCIETY

Plans are now underway for the annual Valentine Dance which is to be held in the college gymnasium on the night of February 12. The Delphians are formulating big plans and it should prove to be quite an occasion.

### INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

The International Relations Club has made plans to attend the International Relations Club Con-

vention which is to be held in Nashville, Tennessee, on the weekend of February 12. New plans for outside reading: take notes on the discussion and provided the student has enough information on the subject he may hand it in for outside reading.

### BETTE LAMPE CLUB

This energetic organization, in which the girls form a large majority, put on an excellent fashion show Saturday night, January 15. The garments were created and modeled by members of the club.

### MONOGRAM CLUB

We owe a vote of thanks to the members of the Monogram Club who have provided us with cold drinks and peanuts at our recent basketball games. Fellows like Bruce Jamerson, Moe Bason, and Bob Levi, are doing a fine job.

you look as if you had seen a ghost," she said, and approaching me, touched my arm as if to help me.

I thought I had a fairly strong heart, but the shock from her touch was almost too great. I staggered like a drunken bull into the living room and sat down in one of the big chairs. She walked over to the wall table and poured something into a glass. It looked like deep Swiss wine.

"Here, drink this," she said. "It will help you."

Once more the finkles trickled from my funny bone as my hand touched hers. I drank the liquid without a word. If it had been poison, I could think of no better setting to die in than this. I thought maybe I had died anyway and this was heaven, because I had never seen such a heavenly body before. She was dressed in a dreamless evening gown, as if there had been a party or was going to be one. I was surely not going to miss it if there was to be one.

Sitting down across from me in the other big chair, she leaned back and smiled at me. Then she laughed; a soft chuckle like a rippling brook. I finally regained my voice and feebly asked her who she was and when she had moved into the house. I had a million questions to ask.

She sat upright and gently smiling said, "Don't spoil everything by asking questions. Let's just accept everything as it is and enjoy the evening."

If someone at that moment had removed my right arm, I would have never said another word. I floated in and stood in awe at the beautiful furnishings. The table was set for two, and, in the center, was the ham, or more rightly, half of a pig. She mo-

tioned me to one of the chairs with more grace in her little finger than I had ever seen at the ballet. I sat down at one end of the table and she at the other. I cursed the table as it kept us too far apart. She told me to eat but I had lost all appetite. There was more food on that table than in most grocery stores, but I just couldn't eat a thing.

We went back into the living room. Soft music was playing. The music was like thousands of angels playing on their harps. The whole room was filled with it. I was thinking of asking her to dance, and as she was standing close to me, I slipped my arm around her waist. But I had the better thought of kissing her. I was about to touch those lips of rosebuds, when I felt rather wet.

Darn! I knew it. I was leaning against the old oak tree and a rain cloud had slipped up on me. Now it was pouring. I ran for the old house and glancing into one of the windows, I saw just what I had expected.

I had been dreaming. Standing there in the rain I just looked with my mouth open. I turned and headed for home. I knew that to go through that all over again would be more than my heart could stand.

### The Winner

The teacher had been reading her class stories of the lives of famous inventors.

"Now, then, Edgar, what would you like to invent?"

Edgar rose to his feet with a puzzled frown on his face.

"Well, teacher," said the youth, "I'd like to invent a machine that by simply pressing a button, all my lessons would be done."

The teacher shook her head.

"That's very lazy of you Edgar," she reprimanded. "Now, let Willie Wilson say what he would like to invent."

"Something to press the button," the wily one replied.

## Poet's Corner

By Doreen Pearson

### AND I SAW GOD

I saw the first faint strains of daylight begin a new day;  
I saw the golden glint of early morning sunshine on the dew-kissed grass and the fresh bloom of flowers;  
I saw soft white clouds floating in a deep blue summer sky;  
I saw radiant sunbeams through clefts in dark heavy storm-clouds and make their way to earth;  
I saw the sun, a brilliant ball of fire, sink into obscurity behind a lofty, majestic mountain;  
I saw the glorious splendor of a magnificent sunset and watched it fade in the deep purple of early twilight;  
I saw the moon, vividly sailing across the sky, casting its light on the limpid waters of a placid lake;  
I saw the look of true, guileless innocence on the countenance of a child;  
I saw beauty undefiled and pure;  
And I saw God.

## SNOW

By Gene Baucom

Do you think we're going to talk about the weather? Well, you're all wrong.

We're going to talk about snow. This kind doesn't come in balls. It doesn't slap you on the back of the head. It eases up like a scarf of foam left on the beach by the cool, lapping waters of an azure sea, gently caressing the heart, entering one's very being and slugs you like a chunk of cement, leaving you cross-eyed, prostrate before that li'l joker Cupid, with your sense of perspective plum shot.

There you are, floating thirty feet above Dean Porter's cow barn flat on your back, gazing into the moonlit mountain sky, a faint tinge of a lovely scent twitching the nostrils (Ecusta), as you think of that certain party . . . Brother, you're snowed!

There are a few different ways of preserving things. Alcohol, salting 'em away, and the quick freeze. A snow job seems to fit the last mentioned. This condition is always arrived at in a hurry, but it takes some time to thaw out.

Whoever thought of that term "snow" anyhow? Icicles and eskimos don't belong in the same category as romance and woo pitching, we figure. Why not call it . . . ?????

Yeah, why not?

### Immune

The boy stood on the edge of the golf links, holding his younger brother by the hand. A thoughtful golfer, conceiving the child's peril in being thus exposed to the flying golfballs, paused in his play, and going over to the children, said reprovingly to the older boy, "Young man, don't you know better than to expose your little brother to those golf links?"

"Its all right," the boy reassured him. "He's stone-deaf."

## PLUMMER'S

## BELK'S

Sells it for Less