

OUR GANG

With Judy McManus

Believe it or not, those 500 hours mentioned in my last column are slowly, but surely dwindling away; and it won't be long now until we say our "au revoirs" and bid farewell to Brevard until January 6. Yes, the cities of this country — and Cuba — will be on the alert December 20th, for the students of Brevard Junior College are coming "Home for Christmas."

Well, even if I don't get exactly what I want for Christmas, I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that we had a wonderful pre-holiday season here at Brevard. The sight and sound of Christmas have been with us since Thanksgiving, but the feeling has grown even more since the caroling party, the "Home for Christmas" evening, and vespers on Wednesday night. It makes us a little sad to be leaving, yet happy to be going home to see our families and friends.

More excitement! I can hardly wait until the big "Blue Christmas" dance tonight. What a gorgeous theme for our last night at Brevard! The Clio and Euterps have really been working hard; and at 8:30, the results of their efforts will be shown. I think this will be one of the prettiest Christmas greetings we will get this year. And if you are a girl and have a blue or white dress for the dance, you've got it made!

One of the highlights of the dance will be the crowning of the Christmas queen. Anita Smith. Our warmest congratulations and best wishes go to her royal highness, Queen Anita I. May her reign be as gay and brilliant as the holiday season itself! Anita's escort for the dance will be Jim "Pot" Huffman, captain of the basketball team.

How did you like all that snow? Wasn't it just beautiful? I am wondering, though, which of the

big teams won the snowball fight. I guess I'll never know, but I'll wager that Carl Matthews was on the winning team. Believe me, he throws the hardest snowballs I've ever seen — or felt. This trait should be an asset to the baseball team next spring.

In the midst of all the holiday festivity, U. B. Deyton and Harold Wilson have been observing "Beat Your Buddy Week." Since I couldn't begin to explain the purpose of it, I suggest that you question these two boys.

Oh yes, more congratulations! This time to you, the student body, for the tremendous spirit you've displayed at all the basketball games. Brevard's Big Basketball Boys will keep winning 'em as long as they have the support of the students. So — keep up the good work, and KEEP YELLING!!

Hats off to Mr. and Miss Freshman, Jeanie Armstrong and Joe Young, and to Mr. and Miss Sophomore, Shirley Moses and Wally Fortenbury; You really deserve this high honor granted to you by your classmates. Congratulations!!

Well, don't you think that it's about time for me to make a few New Year's predictions? You don't? Anyway, I predict that:

Sammie Vermillion will still be smiling all the time in '59.

U. B. Deyton won't shrink an inch.

Roland Peacock will still be hanging on to that camera.

The Chanticleers will be here on January 9.

Loretta Helms will be the May Queen, and Tommye Bradley, her Maid of Honor.

There will be 365 days in next year.

How can I possibly miss with all my connections at Delphi!!

At last, here's my parting note, as well as my Christmas card. Joyeux noel, Froliche Weihnachten, Ios Saturnalia, Feliz Navidad, Merry Christmas — and have a cool Yule and a frantic first!!!! See ya next year!

Fa La La La La, Etc.

"Grab your robes, music, and the risers; we sing in fifteen minutes!" rang the long-suffering voice of one Mr. Nelson Adams, Glee club director, as forty-seven eager Brevard college musicians scrambled across the bus seats and each other in search of hopelessly lost music folders and misplaced high-heeled shoes.

Yes, "Join the Glee club and see North Carolina" could well have been the slogan of Brevard's Glee club, as its members virtually sang their way through Asheboro, Thomasville, Liberty, Salisbury, Albemarle, Concord, and Mecklenburg county on their annual Christmas tour, which was December 6-10.

The group was given a rousing send-off by President Emmett K. McLarty and Dean John Bennett, who boarded the bus to harmonize on a fare-well song and to distribute 10,000 life-savers to the students and to present a rear-view mirror and a stop sign pillow to Mrs. Nelson-Adams, who served as chaperon on the bus.

"Where's my other shoe?" "Has anybody seen robe thirty-nine?" "All right, who's got my music?" "When do we eat?" "Which way is it?" "Right down the hall and turn left." "Hey, driver, do we go through 'Mern'?" "Do you have a Kleenex?" "Guess what? We're on the radio in Albemarle!" "What do you mean 'bad'? We only went flat on four pieces!" These and many others were familiar phrases which rang repeatedly in the ears of all the Glee club members as they sang in the high schools and churches of North Carolina.

The group stayed in the homes of various church members, where they usually ate breakfast. The noon and evening meals were eaten in the high schools and churches where programs were given.

"Wow! You should have seen the palace we stayed in!" "We got to go to the Country Club to eat!" "Ooh, our family had the cutest son!" "I'm ashamed to go back for more; I've had three servings already."

While in Thomasville, the group was royally entertained at the beautifully decorated home of Charlie Walker and his family. On the final lap of the journey home, the Glee club sang at the Methodist church in Davidson, where, prior to the concert, they were given a supper by a group of Methodist boys from the college. In addition to these pleasantries, everyone received a morale boost from seeing several former Brevard students, including Ole Borgen, and his wife, Marta; Suzanne Boling, Bibba Whisnant, Bobby Little, Rayford Ledford, Benny Martin, Frances Watson, and Fred Sigmon. In addition, our own Mr. Ralph Reed put in an appearance at the Salisbury concert.

The tired, but happy, group arrived back in Brevard shortly after one o'clock Thursday morning and was greeted by an assortment of lonesome boy friends and day students' parents. "Oh, we had a marvelous time!" "We stayed with the sweetest people!" "I think I'll cut my eight o'clock class."

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home — or Brevard College! "Hey, Mr. Adams, when do we leave on the spring tour?"

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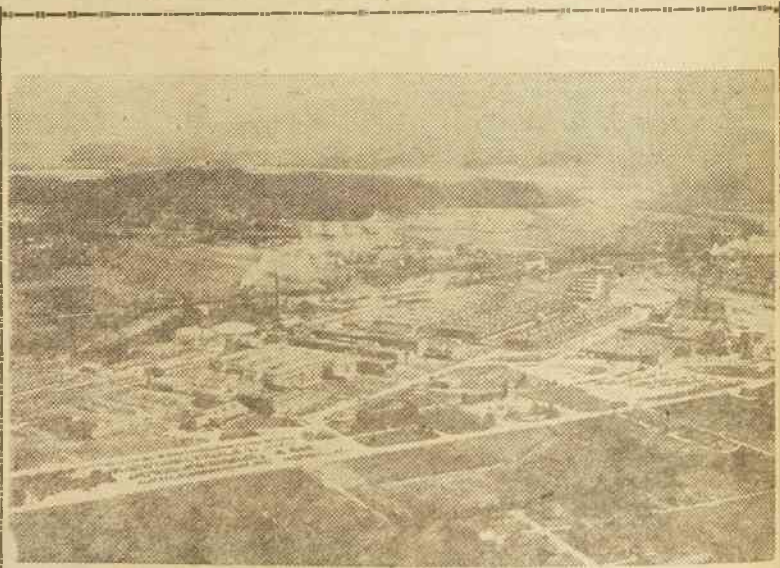
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