

## Just Imagine

By Irene Parsons

1. Nobody wanting to go home.
2. Pencil sharpeners in every room in the Administration Building.
3. Satenik not acting like an ostrich--since Frye left.
4. Odell Salmon not spending the holidays in Charlotte.
5. Gussie Rose Pless and Leighton not together.
6. Sinclair Deal not being liked by everybody.
7. Edgar Moore as big as James Crouse.
8. Mr. Andrew wearing overalls.
9. Doris Thorne not looking forward to that trip to Charlotte.
10. Mary Anne Turner giving a boy a date.
11. Mary Griffith accepting James Palmer.
12. Sara Barkley weighing 150 pounds.
14. Doris Mayhew and Evelyn Cross not together.
15. Ruth Brewer losing her dignity.
16. Mr. Bennett not giving a Bible test.
17. West Hall without a rat.
18. A *Clarion* without "Corky's" name in it.
19. Eva Noland without thinking of Earl.
20. Marjorie Parnell with a curl out of place.
21. Eunice Arnold's being a blonde.
22. Jean Reighard without that cute smile.
23. "Lib" Yelton not being a good sport.
24. Katherine Brown without those smiling eyes.
25. Russell Andrews not flattering someone.
26. Helen McConnell without those beautiful brown eyes.
27. Mary E. Turner without being stubborn.
28. Annie Ruth Call not being nice to everybody.
29. A column that would please everybody.

Lest your imaginative minds become too perplexed, I shall stop. (Imagine that!)

You may delay; Time will not.

Visit the MARYEMMA  
GIFT SHOP  
For Christmas Gifts  
Mrs. C. B. McFee, Prop.  
Opposite Courthouse

C. B. McFEE  
Watches and watch bracelets  
for Christmas.  
Opposite Courthouse

## Poulina Auer

By Geraldine DeVier

"There's a little Dutch girl on a big Brevard hill." Of course she doesn't wear wooden shoes or the typical white cap, but she's a Hollander through and through. Poulina Johanna Auer was born December 14, 1917, in the beach town of Vlissinge, Holland. Here, she tells me, one may see the dikes, wind mills, and tulips. (That was enough to convince me that it was Holland.)

Poulina, or Polly, didn't live there very long before the family moved to Rotterdam, where Polly started to school. The schools in Holland are private, and one pays for his children to go to school in direct proportion to his income and inversely to the number of children. Here Polly's father was engineer on a boat; and she visited Germany, England, Belgium, France, and Norway. Of all the sights that she has seen, the view of the Midnight Sun in Norway is most vivid in her mind.

After Poulina's father had been connected with the Enka Company for two years in Arnhem, he was transferred to America, to Enka, North Carolina.

It took her about three months to understand English, but now she likes America so well that she hopes to become a nurse here. One may easily say, that Poulina has adapted herself remarkably well to her new surroundings and this indicates her ability to do other things just as well.

## James Crouse

One of our most active student members in the religious work here on the campus, James W. Crouse, was born in Salisbury on January 23, 1915; but now his home is in Lexington.

When Jim entered high school he was very eager to earn some money of his own, so he was given a job as custodian of the Methodist Church there. He did this so well that he was given a similar job in the school. In high school James was band leader for two years, played the drum, played spring football, and was student council representative. After graduation he did not come to college immediately, but kept his two jobs as custodian.

The happiest moment of his life came when James was elected president of the Young People's Organization in the Methodist Church. While holding this office James was awarded the L. E. Brown Medal for the most outstanding year's work in the Western North Carolina Conference.

September 1935 found James enrolling in Brevard College to prepare himself for the teaching of the Gospel. Now he is head of the religious program in Taylor Hall and is holding an office in the local Methodist Church. He held this same office last year. We see in James one of the finest Christian spirits found anywhere, and we all know that we shall be proud to say that once we knew him.

Pay what you owe, and you'll know what is your own.

Visit  
**BELK'S**  
For Your  
Christmas  
Shopping

### The Dutch Oven

Drinks, sandwiches, candies  
Good 5-cent hamburgers

Wishing You A Merry  
Christmas and A Very  
Happy New Year  
**Long's Drug  
Store**

## Tell - Tales

By the Tale-Tellers

Dear Santa Claus,

I've been thinking that there are a lot of people in my "Tell-Tales" column that are so unselfish that they won't ask for things for themselves, so I decided to take matters in my own hands and write you a letter for them.

First, dear Santa, I want you to bring Turner Feezor a perfect girl to date, and bring Margaret Miller a date without a chaperon. Margaret makes me think of Lexington, and I want you to be sure to see that everybody (who wants to) will be at that big party they're throwing there Christmas.

Santa, I want you to bring Bet back to Horace and bring to Marge the Only One from Morven. Satty and Midge ask for a little white church all their own, so don't forget them.

I want you to give Odell lots and lots of dates with Edith during the holidays, and please give some little girl the opportunity to kiss that pretty little mouth of Pierce Cole's.

Don't forget the little red wagon for Conrad and a bigger and better audience for his stump speeches.

Pet's rocking chair is an all-important thing, Santa, so be sure she gets it. You can bring Bill Hackney *More* popular girls to date so he'll always be able to save twenty cents.

Of course we all want bigger and better letters for every day of the new year, Santa, and less and less soup.

Be sure to let Gene see Ann during Christmas, and don't forget Bernice's Peruna.

That's all I can think of right now, dear Santa, except don't forget to give Irene Parsons a chance in the movies.

Thank you, Santa Claus.

Sincerely yours,

The Tale-Teller

P. S. I forgot to tell you to bring Miss Hayes some new rubber-soled shoes and Miss Smith a clock that never gets to ten o'clock.

T. T.

Shakespeare, says, *Love's Labor Lost*. I (Wallis Orr) say, *Love is Money Wasted*.

FRESH  
Cookies, Cakes, and Pies  
at the  
NEW SYSTEM BAKERY