

## Sweetness and Light

Gems Cleaned  
From Classroms

By Their Worlds You Shall Know Them

Mrs. Pollock—I've told you a million times about those verbs.

Mr. Tom Harris—That's GREAT! That's just GREAT!

Mr. Mosley—It surely is a beautiful day; isn't it? As Arthur would say, "It's a brand new day that hasn't lived yet," and don't ask who Arthur is or I'll fall you."

Mr. Stacy—Let's call the little old roll now.

Mr. Dixon—Isn't this a pretty formula? Isn't this a beautiful problem?

Mr. Deidmond—I'd like to say this about that. It's my opinion that that is left to a man's judgment that he chooses that he will be a bachelor.

Miss Jones—Well now, this Biblical character is just about the greatest person who ever lived!

Miss Copeland (expressing disappointment that only one Lit student had ever read *Tom Brown's Schooldays* or *Tom Brown at Rugby*)—Well, what did you read when you were growing up? The *Bobbsey Twins*?

Mr. Robert Lamb (serving as supply pastor at the Bolling Springs Baptist Church)—Egypt's Pharaohs had their serving men bury their possessions with them so that they could have them when they got to heaven. The possessions must not have gone to heaven as we find them today in our museums.

FACULTY KIDS MAKE  
COLLEGE HOMELIE

By NANCY SELF

I was sitting on the bleachers watching the Bulldogs play an excited game. All of a sudden, a bright eyed little boy ran up to me, sat down, and started talking. Things were going fine until he snilt his coke on me. I stood up to do a cheer, slipped on the floor, and fell backwards in the bleachers; the small boy, Arthur Moseley, left, and there I was, folded up between first and second row. This was the first time I remember meeting the son of the chemistry professor and Mrs. Moseley.

I will never forget the day I met another faculty kid. It was Homecoming Day and we cheerleaders had gone to the stadium to decorate the goalpost. I was weary when I finally got to my room—on the famous third floor. Cindy McGraw was in the room with Judy, my roommate. They were sitting in the window watching the visitors on campus. Cindy laughed and frolicked with us all afternoon. Since that day we have been good friends.

I was at church one Sunday when eight-year old Arthur gave his life to Christ and was accepted as a church member. Cindy sang in the children's choir one Sunday morning and she looked like an angel.

All the students know these two children since they and their parents frequently join us for dinner in the cafeteria. These two faculty kids remind us of the young fry back home and make college a bit more homelike.

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