

HUMOR

What you don't know may not hurt you but it certainly does amuse a lot of people.

A small boy announced to his parents that his class has been divided into two groups.

"I'm in the top one and the other group is for backward readers. We don't know who is going to be in the other one because there's not a kid in the room who can read backwards.

"My boy friend has been telling everyone that he is going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world."

"What a pity," exclaimed her companion, "and after all the years you've been going with him."

"So your husband is one of the big shots of industry."

"Yes, he's been fired several times."

Teacher: Wille, can you tell me where Cleveland is?

Wille: Yes'm, Cleveland is in New York today and Bob Limon is pitching.

The small boy handed his parents a bad report card and remarked, "Here it is and I'm tired of watching Television any way."

"Miss Wruten, you are the best looking girl we ever had working in this office. You dress well, you have a nice voice, you make a good impression on the public, and your deportment is fine."

"Oh, thank you, your compliments are very pleasing."

"Enjoy them to the fullest because we are now going to discuss your spelling, punctuation and typing."

Girls Sports News

Our season officially opened on Dec. 13, when we meet Glenville at Glenville. We won by the score of 29-22. Next we played Cullowhee on our home court and were defeated 50-55.

Our third game with Webster was a success. We won 49-38

We have another practice game scheduled for Jan. 6, with Nantahala, then we start with the conference games again. Swain is our next conference game followed by Cherokee.

NIGHT SKATING

As I skate away from the lights and laughter I become aware of a silent enchantment in the clear air. The twinkling stars are intermingled with clouds spread out across the sky like angel hair. I see at a backward glance the moon rising above the still pine tops, while across the lake her silver light streams. I feel as if I could skate on and on and on.

By Dee Ormend

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an idea worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor the rope of a ship

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect; in the right state he is Man thinking. In the the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

From Emersons "The American Scholar"