

Juniors Create Thrills

The Junior Class got off to a good start by sponsoring a wonderful Halloween party on October 30 in Anderson Auditorium at 8 o'clock.

The class members succeeded in arousing plenty of interest and mystery beforehand by tacking up signs everywhere. Those little Junior goblins must have gotten up very early in order to post the signs, because no one ever caught them at the task. Oh, well, that's the Junior class — secrets, secrets, secrets.

Anderson Chapel was a typical cornfield. Autumn leaves covered the floor; corn stalks and pumpkins were everywhere, and the guests added to the color scheme by coming disguised in costume.

Dottie Todd and Jackie Scott, "The Pirates," won the prize for the most original dress.

Square dancing seemed to appeal to everyone, even those who had never tried it before joined in the fun.

Seems as if there is great talent in the Junior Class this year. Jane Lanning presented a cute number, and the skit put on by Joyce Oliver and Ji Ji Landon was very original. Carol and Billy Weaver displayed smooth dancing in those two waltzes they did.

The House of Horrors was truly HORRORS!!! That body was enough to make one's hair curl, so white — and still.

"Madame Vaksay Ma Dookee" was a typical fortune-teller who seemed to have a gypsy's peculiar talent for predicting the future.

Congratulations to the Junior Class and their sponsors for a wonderful Hallowe'en party.

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VESPER LIGHTS

On October 24, the Student Christian Association had as their guest speaker Mr. Robert Hauth, a German-born American citizen from Black Mountain. Mr. Hauth spoke on "I Am An American." He brought to our minds a picture of what freedom in other countries means as compared in the United States. He stated that in order for us Americans to keep our freedom, we must not take freedom for granted, and we must keep God as our Leader and King in mind.

On October 31, the Home Mission Group presented a play, "The Light That Shines at Home," which told us where the different missions are and how they are helping American-born foreigners become educated in Christianity.

IF YOU ARE NOT

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in your cold, damp palm, half-expecting little green men with pink goatees to leap at you. But no, nothing so interesting — your nervous stare encounters a jumble of foreign words and expressions, none of them even vaguely resembling anything familiar. You mutter something along that general theme to your classics — doting companion who, upon a series of squeaks and groans known to the initiate as "tuning up," assumes a beatific expression and vehemently says "shh!" You reluctantly subside, and wait for the agony to begin. It does, with an interminable composition by Beethoven, who, you feel certain, wasn't feeling quite up to par when he penned those lines. In fact, one might diagnose his condition as an acute attack of appendicitis interspersed with delirium tremens.

When these uplifting thoughts have ceased to entertain, you notice something interesting about one of the performers — his toupee is slipping. You are tempted to share this amazing discovery with your companion, but after stealing a quick look at her rapt expression, you decide against it. Suddenly Mr. Beethoven stops for

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Well, since long weekend is over, I'll sit down and tell ya'll the latest developments.

They say Martha has lost interest in becoming an old maid social worker. Jane N. has finally heard from Edgar and Courreges got a letter from Mickey. Hisle, you should learn to read the bulletin board. Say, Landon, was it you or Dink who had the flu? Bodron, why didn't you go to South Carolina long weekend? Bradie, say you think Miss Grier's scales are a little off? Cindy says prices are really going up in Hendersonville — especially shoes. Mary Dudley, who are you trying to hide from these days? Seems Stevie had a RIPPING good time last weekend. Bitsy, hasn't Dick grown just a wee bit? Hope, why all the interest in Wallace, N. C.? Well, that's all for now. We'll be back next month with all the latest dirt.

breath, the musician's toupee tumbles off, and life looks rosy again. Hooray! The program's over, and you can go home! Upon the application of a vigorous yank to your coat tail by your smart roommate, who had anticipated just such a move on your part, you find yourself sitting once more, waiting for the second and third parts of the program which are torture and oblivion, respectively.

At last, it's over. You heave a gusty sigh of thankfulness, awake the various parts of your anatomy which gave up long ago and went to sleep, and attempt to stagger out into the aisle. To your horror, the applause becomes such that the performers feel called upon to give an encore. Through the storm of applause, you shout frenziedly into the unheeding ear of your roommate that you are going mad, mad, do you hear me? Mad! After an interval of several eons, during which the encore gallops to its conclusion, the source of all your discomfort arouses herself sufficiently from rosy reverie to murmur, "I'm so glad you liked the concert — I knew you would."

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Youth Fellowship Sponsors Talent Show

The Festival of the States, the high school's annual talent show, sponsored by the Youth Fellowship Council, was held in Anderson Auditorium on the evening of November 20.

The students were divided into groups and classified according to their states.

The students pooled their talents and planned some very interesting little plays and skits.

MAY DAY

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from Teachey, North Carolina.

Representatives from the School who have been selected are Barbara Crawford, Senior, from Lysterly, Georgia; Anne Combs, Junior, from Anchorage, Kentucky; and Mary Don Doty, Sophomore, from Rogersville, Tenn.

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