

Sound Off!

By Charlotte Roth

It almost seems that the best part of the year is over, and exams confront us, multitudinous monsters with glaring eyes. But why not allow the mind to wander between task over many things? No, that wouldn't do at all. To let the mind wander is a sign of wasting time, when one could be doing something constructive, such as aiding the roommate to emerge from the bathtub, where she was stuck because she ate too much at that last bull session. Little incidents like the preceding call for a good sense of humor, particularly on the part of the roommate! That isn't a bad idea at any time, incidentally. There is no written law stipulating that one must grant equal significance to every event of life. This humble philosopher in the worse-for-wear saddle shoes and ankle socks believes that it was not meant to be so. That is the reason why we have been endowed, supposedly, with the power of discrimination. "Life is real, Life is earnest" -- yes, but not all the time. Of course, few young people have to be called on the carpet for taking life too seriously. Sometimes it is when we attempt to instruct others in our own pet mental pabulum and they do not take to it kindly that we attach too much significance to the command of a particular specialty. No one knows every thing about any one thing, although he or she may know more than the ordinary layman, or rather, imbecile. (The acid used in this department is not the type used in the standard chemical laboratory.)

A true object of pity is the old soul who is just enough above the average to be uncomfortable among the ordinary mob and not far enough above the mediocre to be rated a genius. This phenomenon is known as the garden variety of genius, and fits in no where. One side of humanity votes him as too intellectual for companionship and the other faction as too far below its level to be mentally compatible. It is to be hoped that he finds somewhere a few kindred souls with whom he may have fellowship.

The average college entrant is half-child and half-adult, truly

a difficult conglomeration to combine into a unified personality. When one becomes a Junior or a dignified Senior (hurrumph), she begins to feel more mature. Big laugh at such corn? Maybe. Growth, physical, mental, and spiritual, is amazing. One begins to think seriously about a career, what is really important in life, why humans inhabit the earth, or anything for that matter, and many deeper subjects. Everyone has heard that "life is short," but very few persons much under twenty years of age actually realize that, considering the age of our planet, our brief life span is nothing, an infinitesimal drop in the vast ocean of time. We do not have "all the time in the world," not by a long shot. At the best, we have time for the development of only a few talents. It is in the choosing of these upon which one's chances of happiness and relative greatness depend. Another sign of approaching maturity is the realization that one's youthful illusions of grandeur and romance are gradually slipping away. The world is not the bright, gay place we saw earlier in life, and there is no point in deluding oneself into such an attitude. Our problem is to find or carve, if need be, a place in a rapidly changing environment. We realize also that we cannot have everything we want, either acquirement of possessions, or the accomplishment of every aim and ambition. We know that we might have to choose between what would give us pleasure personally, and our duty. Duty - drab word, but important nevertheless.

One of the things during the holidays which impressed Rambling Rose was something seen in a bus station. Like most of its kind, it was a noisy, dirty place, teeming with people of varying

colors and accents, sitting or moving like automatons, their existence for a few hours ruled by the time of arrival and departure of a mass of mand-made and propelled machinery. In the midst of the hubbub, it was almost impossible not to notice a rather large painting hung on the dingy wall near the street entrance. It was simply done, and certainly

not a masterpiece in anybody's estimation, but it had something. Painted in murky greens and yellows, it depicted a quiet country road winding off into the distance, with trees on each side of it. Queer selection for a bus terminal. Some might even call it bad taste, if they bothered to notice at all. But one wonders . . .

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