

BOY'S WEEKEND
or
THE VANISHING AMERICAN

Were those boys that these tired old eyes saw wandering around the campus the weekend of January 10-11, or did that good old mountain dew get the best of me for awhile?

Who said there weren't any boys? Oh-shut the mouth, Marjené, we know Alan's a man, and besides he comes too often to count.

Now for those answering in the affirmative (join the Debating Society for a translation) did you say it was some sort of weekend on the social calendar for which dates were provided from P. C. W. W., and A. B.? What's that about the A. B. boys? (Sorry, I can't print what was said,) I guess this column had better not talk about the Biltmore Blunder.

But those of you remaining sound as if you had, shall we say, an interestingly different evening. You seem to fall into three categories: the-glad-they've-gone group, the wish-they-had-stayed ones, and the que-sera-sera kids. To these I say, as a wise philosopher once said, it is better to have a hundred males around than to have one male away.

There are quite a few who belong to the first category for divers and sundry reasons. The Social Committee for one can tell you it takes work to be sociable, and work is such an unsociable affair-----when done alone. Ruth White and Carol Ruff thought if they did enough "running" for dates it might give them some points toward getting their numerals. They were a disappointed pair when they found out otherwise. J. Lou and Patty should write a book about the face lifting experience of smiling at grinning boys who arrived late while all the time they were thinking about the minutes as they ticked away the supper hour. Somehow everyone survived the initial shock, but as yet we have received no report as to the damage done by romantic fall-outs.

Kara, what did you say about a wolf? He looked sheepish to me. Liz, why have you been singing "Pretty Baby"?

He wasn't that young was he? Sally Shepherd, you haven't given an account of your activities yet. (There is no such word as privacy in my vocabulary)

Entertainment was cheap Saturday night even if some of the boys didn't go for that "country dancing". Margaret, we didn't see you at the Square Dance. Did you by any chance go over to Mars Hill, thinking they were having Girl's Weekend? It seems that a lot of girls "fell" for their dates at the dancing. Ida, what did Frank say when you lay at his feet? Marilyn Singleton topped you in being dramatic. She not only was on her knees to Sushil, but to half the other boys there. Marilyn was so shocked she lost her head--and hair. By the way, Marilyn, Sushil's a dream right here. He doesn't have to go to Pakistan. Ann "I could have danced all night" Bullard and her partner put Arthur Murray and Katherine to shame. He looked as if he knew his way around the dance floor.

Then there was the opera and culture, an evening with "Othello" the Montreat Opera Company way. Many of you remember the brilliant success of this production in Chapel; and with a few added attractions, such as a built-in water fountain supplied by Jean Falls, it was just as well received by the audience that Saturday evening. Of course Ann Cox, we know you didn't appreciate some of the new props, and those of you who were privilege to see their performance probably can understand her side of the picture more than those who didn't. As a wise philosopher once said, a thousand people who see a play are worth one who didn't.

Mary Van, did you say that you liked to roast marshmallows, or is it that Herbert Van doesn't? Freda, you should bring Flem around more often. Maybe Betty Young could give you lessons. Jan and Johnny were laughing about everything as usual. The lobby did look peaceful for a little while, but then the fun began. 'Nita you ought to tell us more about Philip. "In", what do you think of Southern boys now?