

Upon Waking Up In An Empty Church

Sleeping in church on Sunday morning begins with the night before the morning after, but it is my wish to keep such matters in the dark where they should be.

As a rule the balcony is a much better place to enjoy a sermon, because it is away from the public eyes and all that sort of thing. You must not lose sight of the fact that the temperature is always better suited for fellows who are not as wide awake as they might be.

The first temptation comes with the sight of our class mates. They get in various positions to enjoy the sermon. Maybe they enjoy their positions, but it might be questioned. You should sit up like a college president if possible. Don't take just anybody for an example.

As the services proceed you begin to feel the effect of lost sleep. You transform this potential energy into kinetic and proceed to jerk half a dozen knots in your neck. Meanwhile, more of your class mates seek comfortable positions.

More time passes and you grab for the last straw. It breaks. The comfortable was a failure. Easing your conscience by the thought that the sermon is almost over, you glide into the arms of Morpheus. You may have pleasant dreams, but chances are you will not, but why worry about dreaming in a church house.

You come to suddenly, gape, and wonder what has happened. You are certain that less than a minute ago the house was filled with people. You remember something and start running for the dining hall as if all the "hants" and ghosts of Mars Hill are after you. You go into the dining hall with a very red face. The red face is the result of you run, not of beer or high blood pressure.

You notice people on every side looking at you. You find a seat and sit down by it. You are greatly perturbed because every person looks at you and then goes into convulsions. Personally you can't see the joke.

"What Fools We Mortals Be!" Plato

By Billie Carter.

Why do we wretched human beings act as we do? Are we not all human, free, born of the same Creator? Yet we read so often of "class distinction." This class is lower than that class, and that class is higher than that class. Why shouldn't we all live in the same atmosphere and have the same friends and personalities. It cannot be, for we all have differences of opinion. We are fools in one sense of the word. Why not live your own life, choose your friends, your own class. No, wait. A poor man does not choose for his companion a wealthy, educated, widely-traveled man, because he has an ideal—intellectual with intellectual, and unintellectual with unintellectual. "Birds of a feather flock together."

Opinion is a big word. The following questions often run through our minds: What do people think of me? What am I? What right have they to judge? Everybody tries to please public sentiment. The styles of clothes, cars and society change; everyone must change. Women wish to appear attractive. Why? The men like them that way. Yet why camouflage and appear unconcerned to the gaze and admiration of onlookers as if to say, "It's nothing unusual that I am attractive or my new outfit is clever. I'm always chic."

Why make-believe? Be what you are. Be natural. Be yourself. Everybody will love you for it. Is it necessary to put on airs when you go back to the old home town? And show the folks how much you have improved. They will love you more, be your old self. They know you. Still we mortals are fools enough to believe that fine clothes and exaggerated manners make an unforgettable impression. Anyone who cares about you knows make an unforgettable impression. Hide old self under illusion of another world.

There is still that desire to be different. It lures us on to dream and

lower cases

(Continued from page 1) stock quotations, we haven't got ours yet lib.

wonder how eleanor martin felt when she came in the biology lab room the other day and saw padgett showing off a letter from home beginning "dearest darling!" (was her face red?)

could it be true that mattie maye has been heard to say that she'll make anthony or "bust-er"? but hodges may have something to say about that now.

frank powell has been rocking a-long all year bailing his hayes with no interruptions. we wonder who'll be the chaff in his wheat!

woodrow jones has been cracking oysters for a long time but it seems that he has a pearl now.

we don't know why marian mc-manus should be interested in graves unless it is to unearth some dirt for this column.

two odes

ode to p. d. summey:

noses are red
lips are blue
teeth are out
how can he chew?
owed to mrs. moore—
our tuition.

another ode

owed to our readers—
an apology

one word descriptions: mr. mcleod, blitherish. mr. stringfield, tiptoeish. bob anders, leggish.

and lest we forget, lest we forget elsie childs. short paws while the present writers stop to think up a good one on elsie. somebody asked him if a victoria wasn't a carriage, and he just looked real moon-eyed and said that victoria wasn't no cart at all. it was—and is—a girl's name.

and as we have reached or reached for the last case we will kwit this mess and let you us rest.

scampus stupidities; hour nominations: most sot in their way couple, (they don't drink a bit) frances and bob.

most playtonic lovers: mark t. and doris.

most fickle: harry ward and "butch" owen.

most like two girl friends: hamrick and helen.

most sedate: (c-1 date) george and katie.

pardon us if we digress "editor's note: please keep offdigress." but what we want to know is whose girl is kathryn hollowell?????

most blatant boy (like a sheep) ed bunker.

most bashful: woodrow jones.

most blushy (like a rose) eleanor martin.

"dreams that will never come true" someone paying us for writing this column. last night's—we hope.

"things we hope we can forget." our mid-term report—what she said when we busted up—

"things we'd like to know:" tomorrow's lesson—who put the harm in harmony—what its all about—

"things we'll never know:" why cats meow and dogs bark—why we started this column or why you stopped reading it—

DR. O. E. SAMS TO BE PASTOR

(Continued from page 1)

Bluefield College at Bluefield, W. Va., where he served during 1927-1930. He has held the following other posts: Pastor of the Baptist church at Harrisburg, Va., 1902-1906; pastor of Rivermont Avenue Baptist church, Lynchburg, Va., 1906-1917; pastor of Central Baptist church, Johnson City, Tenn., 1917-1920; and president of Carson - Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn., 1927-1930. In 1930 Dr. Sams was chosen vice president of Mars Hill college of which Dr. R. L. Moore is president.

causes us to act. If you are just yourself, you will be amazingly different from others. Is self-conscientiousness the stimulus for the desire to be what you are not? I think so. Trying to get away from oneself is like trying to run from your shadow.

Be yourself. Don't be foolish.

DECLAMATION

(Continued from page 1)

tween 2 P. M. and 5 P. M. when the five best declaimers and the five best readers will be selected for the final contest.

4. The final contest will be held in the College Auditorium Saturday morning at 9:30, December 9th.

5. Each high school is entitled to send one boy and one girl to compete in the preliminaries.

6. The name of each contestant, the subject of the declamation and of the reading, and a certificate from the principal of the school stating the ages and that the representatives are bona fide students, shall be filed with the committee by noon of December 6th.

7. Free entertainment will be provided for the two contestants representing each school, and for one teacher or chaperone.

8. All contestants will be expected to reach Mars Hill by 12 o'clock December 8th.

9. No student who has won in the final contest in any previous year shall be eligible to participate in this contest.

10. Awards: To the school winning each contest, a silver loving cup will be given with the name of the representative engraved thereon. This cup may be held for a period of one year, or until won by some other school. If any school should win the cup two years in succession, it shall become the permanent property of that school.

Winners in the Preliminary contests December 9, 1932, were:

Girls

Waynesville H. S.—Norine Lowe, Court Scene, Merchant of Venice.
Candler H. S.—Emily Sue Mallonee, The Gypsy Flower Girl.
Valley Springs H. S.—Mary J. Maney, Going of the White Swan.
Weaverville H. S.—Georgie Ingle, The Going of the White Swan.
Andrews H. S.—Katherine Morrow, Johnny Graham Diplomat.
Mooresboro H. S.—June Blanton, Dady Doc.

Boys

Oak Hill H. S.—Carroll Greer, A Call To Arms.
Leicester H. S.—James Coffey, Dixie's Dead.
Mars Hill H. S.—Harry Brown, The Masterful Man of the Ages.
Flat Creek H. S.—Graham Ponder, The Confederate Dead.
Mooresboro H. S.—Vaughan Whitaker, Abolition of War.

Drop In Some Day

Cecil Stout

At the college barber shop
Some folks pass but many stop
I must say it's not a flop,
Drop in some day.

I will greet you with a cheer
Every day when you appear
In my shop throughout the year,
Drop in some day.

I don't run a rough house place
I shave whiskers off your face
Cut your hair with skill and grace,
Drop in some day.

I make people beautiful
I don't let my razor pull
You get service here in full,
Drop in some day.

I am just a friend to man
Let me lend a helping hand
In making you look spic and span,
Drop in some day.—Advt.

REVELATION

(Continued from page 1)

the boys there were none delinquent on five subjects, one on four, 10 on three, 23 on two, 65 on one; among the girls none on five subjects, none on four, one on three, nine on two, and 31 on one.

TINGLE'S CAFE

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WELCOMES YOU

EUTHALIAN

(Continued from page 1)

Woodrow Jones in a... solved: That the United Adopt the British System Control. Judges who resolution were Dean I. N. McLeod, and V. E. W.

A marimbaphone solo played by John Fisher, accompanied at the piano by the Biggers.

The grand finale of the Euthalian songs by the society assembled on the diamond formation. A diamond the regular anniversary seen when from the singers emerged Miss Jones vice-president of the typifying Nonpareilism born marched to the stage where she stood light playing upon her conclusion of the songs, marched from the stage in fashion, the last two boysing Miss Wellborn out.

The following acted and escorts: Robert S. Miss Frances Burnett, Miss Mattie Maye Hodges, Miss Martha H. George Harris was stage and manipulated the evening.

Much of the success credited to Mrs. Wilkins tiring efforts and advice able continually. Mrs. Wilkins honorary member of the Saturday evening, the Nonpareil literary entertain the Euthalians thalians, former Nonpareils hold a reception year on the Saturday Euthalian Anniversary.

HONOR CL

(Continued from page 1)

Miss Sylvia Ammons to membership in the club.

The Scribblers Club held a monthly meeting Tuesday, November 14, in the bly Hall. An interesting program on the of words was presented of the club. The correct was discussed by Vance Wright. Margaret Hale use of pronouns, and ett, the use of adjectives After the program, made informal criticisms bers. A short business held, and the club adjourned.

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