

I SPY

(Continued from page 3)
 can learn the Conga. Six lessons from Madame La Reinhardt! . . . If we were inclined to be suspicious, we'd look askance at Caviness's injured wing and Margie McMillan's absence-due-to-illness, if we were inclined to be suspicious. . . . After the thirteenth we lost count of Jack Lucke's bag-toting trips to the upper floors of Moore. . . . We want the truth, now: Did Margaret Riddle carry those bags up to second floor Melrose, or was she carried up by mistake? . . . For pure faithfulness, we nominate Mack Byers. He was practically glued to Moore till Lela arrived at seven. But, then, Merle Bowen was still waiting January 3rd! . . . Mary Kincaid hit Mars Hill late with the most celestial tan and two views of Sammy! . . . We're disgusted. Since the holidays we can't walk anywhere in the dormitory without bumping into a grinning photo.—Okay, then; we're jealous!

Seen from the Science Bldg.: Prof. Kendall hanging out odd muslin squares; those muddy tennis courts; a sunset to end all sunsets.

Free Advt.: Kenneth (Cherokee County) Davis and his guitar and harmonica (fashioned on a clothes hanger) are available cheap to make any party or social different.

Our S. P.: Same as last time's. His Auburn hair matches our favorite jerkin—no, not Bill Pearce! He sits in North Main, I-7. Won't somebody tell us his name?

Quote Dept.: Chquncey Cunningham — "I'm just good friends, thank you, with that Asheville park bench since New Year's Eve." Ben Johnson: "War Shorts' are the kind they wear in England." Roanoke girl: "Life's not always a Garland of posies; there is always a Thorne." Barbara Ricks: "I'm working my way through college by writing—writing home for money." "Turn about is fair play," says Mr. Latin Huff as he yawns on class.

Random Shorts: Our favorite new word (thanks to Miss Hardin), "nettete," just exactly fits Christine Jennette. . . . Lounell Mullis, dear, it really wasn't necessary to muss up your knees. We can wear anklets now. . . . That was J. Jennings in the corner perusing that unaBridg(e)s(d) joke book. . . . It amazes us how Walter Harelson can sprawl all over class and still always give the right answer. He certainly doesn't cram between suppers. . . . Congratulations to Clement Yancy on winning that Pot-of-Gold! . . . Wonder when C. C. will grow up and stop bringing his houn'dog to Chapel? . . . Was it or was it not pure coincidence that Mr. Sebren strolled in to band practice singing, "We Could Make Such Beautiful Music Together"? . . . Have you noticed that new lip-stick-red shirt of John Foster West's? It saves his laundry bill and embarrassing question! . . . Now that the DeShazos have moved into the boys' dorm, can we say he's a "family" man? . . . It's wedding bells next June for Mildred "Sparkler" Johnson—or weren't we supposed to tell?—What? But everybody knows about Jewell n' Roy! . . . Sheiwa and

A la Winchell

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 punches of Daddy Blackwell's chapel pleas . . . Scenes of scattered books lining the boys' dining hall entrance (on fair days), hinting of honesty and of hungry abandon — Colorless bulletin boards with their weeks-old announcements, uninvigorating advertisements, and pathetic, beseeching, all but futile "LOST" notices.

Small town bargain day vignette, overhead in a local store "Everything - must-go sale" (socks, 5c; ties, 19c; undies, 10c; —all these articles, and dozens of others, suspended in bunches from the ceiling):

"Here's a good cushion, Jud, for only 19 cents."

"What would I want with a cushion?"

"Well, if you can't think of at least one use, I'll send my roommate up to get it; he practiced tumbling today."

Why—do they call them "Dirt" columns? Did the orchestra learn a new march? Doesn't everyone buy a Laurel? Don't they sing the Alma Mater enough so that everyone can learn all the words? Didn't a certain couple go to the show Saturday night? Must there be examinations? Can't we have breakfast in bed?—as if we didn't know.

Everyone else picks superlatives at the close of the year, so this column will follow the custom and stick its new-for-Christmas - muffler - wrapped neck out and do likewise. For man of the year: Daddy Blackwell, unceasing, tireless, ever-cheerful, ever-helpful, ever loyal to the Cause; runners-up (reasons on request): John L. Johnson; Grady Dover; Cecil Hill; and 799 other Marsillians. Biggest find: Men's Student Council for fine morale, standards, conduct; Miss Dons; nearly 400 freshmen. Consoling thought for exams: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer." God Bless America!

Gwady were wrong the other night when they said there wasn't any moon. We found it! . . . It's weather like this that makes us long for Roger Wright's arms—to pull down the window without gettin' out of bed!

(Hold the presses!) **Dan'l Cupid Dept.:** Rufus Hambone-Mary Louise Austell; Jim Vis-sage-Jucanita Phillips; Wallace Moore-Marion Bradsher; D. C. Martin-Daisy Barnett.

Mr. Wood is still wondering about Santa. It's time to stop now, so's you can study for those nasty old exams!

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Former Mars Hillian Honored

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 panying her words by appropriate gestures and expressions. The audience was silent, listening, listening to every word uttered, every tone of the dramatic voice as attentive as though every gesture the young speaker made could be seen in the Stygian dark between the lightning flashes.

During her second year at Mars Hill Miss Britt wrote a play, "The Sign of the Zodiac," with the assistance of Mr. McLeod and Miss Wengert. This play won the Paul Green award the first year it was given (1934) and was ranked as the best play in the entire tournament. For this achievement she was awarded a complete set of Paul Green's books, autographed and presented by the author.

Miss Britt played the leading role in the play winning out in presentation over all junior colleges represented.

"The Sign of the Zodiac" was broadcasted twice from Raleigh by the Playmakers at Chapel Hill, and once from Asheville by Mars Hill College.

While a student at Mars Hill Janie Britt also received awards in oratory and dramatic reading in her society as well as in the state forensic meet as a college representative.

Her last year at Carolina, where she went from here, Miss Britt wrote her more famous play, "Nancy Hanks, Bondwoman."

This play was originally produced by the Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill and was included in the repertory of The Playmakers' Northern Tour, November 22 to December 4, 1937. Special performances were given in the Playmakers Theatre, Chapel Hill, for the Southern Arts Association on April 8th, for the American Chemical Society on April 12th, and at the University of North Carolina commencement on June 7, 1937. Miss Britt also played the leading role in this play and toured with the Playmakers.

This play was first published in "Carolina Play-Book," March

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Bits by a Book Worm

(Continued from page 2)
 O'Conner in **Harpers Bazaar**. "Vilet," by Howard Spring in **Red Book Magazine**. Of the other twenty-three stories included in this volume "The Black House" by Margaid Evans, "The Fir" by Edgar Howard, "The Saint" by V. S. Pritchett, and "Iron on Iron" by Woodrow Wyatt are all worthy of special mention.

This book may be likened to a meal. There are special dishes that we are fond of and others that we do not touch, but they all go to make up a balanced table. This volume is especially suited for your bedside reading—nice to forget the cares of the day with. "Best British Short Stories" should not be skipped as it is good, yet light reading.

1937. Later it was published in "American Folk Play", edited by Frederick H. Koch, and has the prominence of being the first play in the book. There are several copies of "American Folk Plays" available at Montague Library.

"Nancy Hanks, Bondwoman" is a legend of the Great Smoky Mountains concerning the real birth of Abraham Lincoln. It is very expressive in local color and language, and in interesting also because of its information. The locale is near the Ocona Lufta River now a part of the Cherokee Indian Reservation beyond Murphy, N. C.

Janie Britt is originally of Marion, N. C. Since her graduation from the University of North Carolina she has become Mrs. Samuel Silvers, wife of a Raleigh lawyer.

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JOKES

Saleswoman: "These are especially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry."

Student: "I know that kind; I had some which came back with their sides split."

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