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## THE TRANSYLVANIA TIMES, BREVARD, NORTH CAROLINA

Student President

Shown above is Frances Hend-

ricks, who is president of the

Student Council of Brevard high

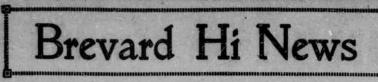
**Blue Ridge** 

BREEZES

By A MOUNTAINEER

By A MOUNTAINEER





## B. H. S. STAFF

Editor-in-Chief \_\_ Frances Walker Associate Editor \_\_ Vivian Smith Society Editor \_\_ Carolyn Kimzey \$1.00. By Frances Walker Photographer ..... Patsy Austin Business Manager, Bruce Glazener Advertising Managers: Jim Newbury and Edwin Gallo-

way.

Reporters: Josephine Curto, Dorothy Galloway, Pat Griswold, William Theodore Carland, Gene Hall, Nancy Jane Loftis, and Lucretia Campbell.

## WASTE PAPER DRIVE

A scrap paper drive was launched last Monday, November 29, at Brevard high school, cooperating with the Junior Chamber of Commerce, which is sponsoring the salvage program. This scrap drive will continue until the Christmas Student Council.

The Junior Chamber of Comsand pounds of paper collected. The money received from the pa-At this writing, Mrs. Trantham's ninth grade boys have collected the most. The homeroom which has the most by the end of this month will receive a 5-cent credit

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at the school store for each of its

-By Frances Walker.

GLAZENER ELECTED PRES. The senior class held a meeting in room 302 during the last period Thursday. The purpose was to elect officers.

The following were elected: Bruce Glazener, president, Lucretia Campbell, vice-president; Mary Ann Daniels, secretary-treasurer, Jim Newbury, class prophet; Jo Curto, class poet; Frances Walker, historian, and Anna Rathje, writer of the last will and testament.

## **OCTOBER HONOR ROLL**

Those students making all A's for the third month are: Vivian holidays. It is sponsored by the Smith, Marguerite Scruggs, Lucretia Campbell, Josephine Curto, Jeanette McCall, Marguerite Mcmerce will pay \$7.00 for each thou-sand pounds of paper collected. Rathje, Helen Rogers, Frances Walker, Bruce Glazener, Grace Alper will go in the Athletic fund. At this writing, Mrs. Trantham's zey, Josephine McGaha, Theodore Carland, Gene Hall, L. C. Poor, Juanita Albertson, Joan Austin, Carolyn Hawkins, Nancy Jane Loftis, Mildred Melton, Dorothy Osborne, Mary Ann Ramsey, Edselle

RIDGE COUNTRY-This column tion. Owen, and Herman Seiber. recently carried the account of the The students making all A's and sale of a certain coon hound for B's for the third month are: Mary one hundred dollars and love. Ann Daniels, Pat Griswold, Caro-Well, sir, she is now back home lynne Sluder, Sherrill Allison, again, happily re-united with her Katherine Auxil, Mary Norwood, former hunting mate, and from all Dorothy Galloway, Mary Lou Hamreports it would be hard to say

school.

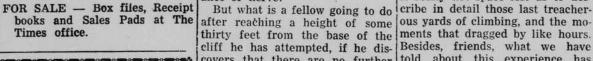
ilton, Frances Orr, Gwendolyn Reece, Lucile Siniard, Betty Norwhich is happier over the reunion, the two dogs or their master. Afton, Betty Jane Holden, Glenn ter all what is a hundred dollars Bishop, of the electric light plant, Hunter, Boyd Oliver, Johnny Sumto a coon hunter when he hankers mey, Frances Martin, Sarah Mcfor the chase or the music at the his house Wednesday morning. Mahan, Janie Mae Nicholson, roots of a big hemlock? I say give Dorothy Plaut, Martha Pressley, him the dog any old day. Guyma Stover, Ann Zachary, Dor-

is Montgomery, J. O. Brooks, Rich-Here's another tale that will surveying trip to the upper end of ard Harrison, Edgar Holden, Doro-

thy Allison, Audry Auvil, Evelyn mean something to every dog lov-Lookabill, Gladys Norris, Wlyma er who chances to read these lines: Pooser, Jean Vassey, Martha Hud- The writer knows two fellows who son, Lawrence Brown, Edwin Gal- gave vent to their love for hazard. paltry sum of one hundred dollars loway, A. V. Matheson, Alfred ous mountain climbing one day Newman, Ruth Ashworth, Mar- last week, by tackling the precipigaret Ann Boyd, Nannie Mae tous western face of Mt. Satulah. Martha Jean Clarke, near Highlands, N. Car. It was at ter felt like doing over yonder Claudia Cox, Kathleen Curto, one of those places, where, for on the face of that granite cliff!

Brona Galloway, Margaret George, the first a few yards up, the clim-Grace Gosset, Lillan Ann Gravely, ber is afforded narrow finger and Nell Hollar, Evelyn Houck, Kath- toe holds. This is scaled with comryn Huggins, Willoree Jones, Caro parative ease, and the mountaineer mit, and there paused to thank,lyn Kizer, Donald Johnson, and is beguiled into thinking that the not our lucky stars, but our heav-

ascent is not going to be difficult, enly Father, reverently, for His -By Pat Griswold. -just so he doesn't lose his balance or nerve! books and Sales Pads at The



covers that there are no further told about this experience has finger and toe holds to assist him brought back that feeling of empupward, and that the way over tiness; and here at the desk, in which he has come is so steep, the safety and seclusion of our when viewed from above, as to study, we are dreadfully frighten-make going down again out of the ed! Anyway, in this instance it was question? Those who have had not what we did and how but what some experience in this foolhardy the dog did that made the story sport will tell you that it is gen. worth telling. erally easier to climb upward than to descend. That is what the two Here's another little story to get men in our story believed and your minds off the above: now attempted, though each yard Two other fellows, also of Highof the upward way became more lands, N. C., were enroute therefrom, recently, to the fertile botand more difficult. And when tom lands along Chattooga river, some tiny niche afforded a breathin the vicinity of Russel's, on the ing spell, the footing was so precarious as to make the moment's highway leading to Walhalla, S. C. pause a torment to the tense mus. Their mission was to gather a bumper corn crop which they had cles of arms and legs. Men will live through seeming cultivated there last summer. eternities in moments like that. What motive they had in carrying Their throats will become dry and a shotgun along in their truck, their lips parched; while a distinct we do not know. And why they feeling of emptiness will assail didn't think to use it when a deer their stomachs. And in such ex- ran across the road near the top periences men will pray, unless of Pine Mountain, Georgia, is an-they are infidels indeed. Nor is it other mystery. One of these men, because they are scared out of upon being asked for an explanatheir wits. To become frightened tion, modestly stated that he comon the face of a granite wall, half pletely forgot having the gun way up, and some two hundred along. Well, well. We've often feet below, is to invite disaster, heard about men taking "buck feet below, is to invite disaster. fever" on the hunt, and forgetting But all the same that rapid beating to shoot, but this has all the earof the heart, and those short, gasping breaths are not occasionmarks of buck fever in a truck, ed altogether by the exertion! which must be simply awful! By now some gentle reader is wondering what all this description has to do with the dog story I was going to tell. Well, sir, it so happened that the above gamble, betwixt gaining the summit of the cliff or being dashed to certain death at its base, took place just a few minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon. At precisely the same time a dog at the home of one of the aforemen-AMERICA'S TALLEST HOTEL tioned men walked out into the yard, and with her sensitive nose pointed toward the summit of the The afore-mentioned Mt. Satulah, emitted several, long-drawn and dismal howls. Attracted by her commotion the other members of the family rushed outside, but were unable to quiet the distressed dog. She con-HOTEL tinued to move about, generally gazing toward the mountain, until her master's return in the early CHICAGO twilight. Whereupon, she became very much alive, and was more profuse in her gestures of welcome than any other member of LEONARD HICKS the household! Incidentally this oging Director dog is a thorough-bred white collie, named "DIXIE DOODLE," and belonging to the writer, who





and a state and state and state and Pfc. William H. Tritt, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Tritt, of Brevard, Route 2, is in the army infantry, stationed now at Fort Dix, N. J. He has been in service since last November.

Let's back the boys who

are fighting for us!

PFC. WILLIAM H. TRITT

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