

would be doing on the following day.

The choir from Montgomery Baptist church sang next (the junior choir) with enthusiasm and interest considering they were all small and had to be cold. They did well and the Editor suspected the animated leadership of the directress was more to warm herself than lead the choir. And the Newman ensemble played again, just three numbers this time as the hunched back of the conductor began to look like a mountain slope in the French Alps. At this point the Editor's wife claimed frozen feet and fled to the building and a few others seemed insecure and then Mr. McCarty asked how we would like to see the tree lightened or lit up or whatever and everyone gave strong approval. The mayor of Hatfield (a position that inevitable leads to the gubernatorial post in ten or so years) gave a few words of wit and wisdom and pulled the switch..the lights came on and revealed the same monotonous colorless lights use the previous year.

A group sang a joyous benediction and a mad scramble for the building ensued. The hot chocolate was drunk, the cookies eaten, and most people thawed. The Weakly offered congratulations to those who survived and condolences to those who froze. Will we do it next year? (Since then we have cut down the tree thus ending this menace.)

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....the Weakly Remembers

LIFE IN THE BIBLICAL DORMITORY AND THE GREAT
WEIGHT LOSING CONTESTS

It is not good to talk too much about weight and as a general rule we avoid all such unnecessary discussion. But there have been some humorous times with regard to that subject and this one is worth recounting. It occurred when we still had a dorm in the building and when Dr. Newman was "dean" of the dorm. He resided in the end room and students lived in the three classrooms