

EDITORIALS

RING OUT THE OLD - - -

Now that exams are over and a new semester has just begun here at P. J. C., let us look back for a moment and review some of the things that have taken place during the last few months. As we thumb through old issues of the "Sandspur," we find many things that are worthy of praise and a few others that may merit some constructive criticism.

Things got off to a start on September 10 with a formal opening ceremony in the chapel. The attendance total stood at 200 students. This was quite a drop from that of last year, but the drop may be attributed to the fact that the number of veterans fell off quite a bit, too.

In the faculty ranks there were new faces—those of Rev. Charlie Parrish, Professor Simonis, Professor Edmondson, Mrs. Skinner, and Dr. Wharton. Mr. Parrish took over Mr. Bowles place as college chaplain; Mr. Simonis became Professor of Russian and German; Mr. Edmondson is in the Business Administration Department; Dr. Wharton is Professor of Spanish; and Mrs. Skinner is our very capable librarian.

The student government and its constitution underwent some changes too. Beginning this year, all student discipline cases are tried by a board of student officers known as the Student Council, with the President of the student body, James Yates, as its head. At first, due to the vagueness of the student constitution on certain points, the council had a right rough time, but it is to be hoped that in the future the "going" will be much smoother.

Then came Homecoming Day on November 13 - - - This past year's celebration was one of the most successful in the history of P. J. C. It was marked by two parades, a beauty queen, a football game, dance, and best of all some good healthy school spirit! Many people contributed a great deal of time and effort toward making it the great success that it was. Richard Harrison's name is very prominent among them, but neither "Snake" nor anyone else could have done it single handed. Every student and faculty member is to be congratulated. It is to be hoped that next year's celebration and all futures ones, will be equally successful.

The first semester with its exceptionally warm weather rolled on and soon it was time for Christmas holidays - - - The students here saw a fine comedy presented by the Dramatics Club. They also made a line from the poem "The Night Before Christmas" come true for some poor kids over in Europe - - - "The stockings were hung by the chimney with CARE - - -"

Then everybody went home and had fun only to return fourteen days later to that Plague of all semesters, reviews and exams.

All of which brings us back to where we started. We have left out many things that are worthy of much praise - - - for instance, the wonderful work Mr. Crawford and Mr. Darling have done with the Radio Club and its programs on station WEWO in Laurinburg. We have also left out some things that may need a little pushing on the part of someone or some group - - - for instance, (so take heed, alumni) the Building Fund and the Scotties Club. Both of these projects are very worthwhile and worthy of much support. You are urged to give generously, it will be greatly appreciated.

THIRTY FOUR NEW STUDENTS

Continued From Page 1
 summer school. He is now attending University of South Carolina. You will be interested to know that four members of our student body this year are brothers of alumni; Charles Perkinson, Sidney Carraway, Willis Beasley, and Jerry Parrish. There are others who are here through the influence of some of you alumni. This interest on your part is gratifying, but we are hoping that even more of you will be faithful to your privilege and your obligation of recommending PJC to the high school graduates in your locality. Our preparatory department allows college students who are weak in certain subjects to repeat them before starting college work in that particular subject. Our 12-weeks summer schools are planned for high school and college students who need to make up failures or who wish to accelerate their progress, and for high school graduates who lack requirements for college entrance. If you know

of young men who are ready for college, we urge you to tell them about PJC and to write the registrar's office about them. If you do not have a recent catalog and if you do not receive the college bulletins and letters, write and request them. In order for you to help us in the selection of students, it seems essential that you keep constantly in touch with the college and aware of those changes which normally occur from year to year in the general program of the college.

Our office is always glad to have any suggestions from the alumni in regard to the work we are seeking to do. Write to us here at the college, or contact George Corcoran, alumni president, 6 Orange Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

Have you made a contribution to the Scotties Fund? If you are interested in seeing PJC push ahead in athletics, write for information on what your gift will accomplish.

The Roving Reporter

By BILL MARSH

Well kids, now that exams are over and everyone is mourning the results (almost everyone, that is) let's pause for a few minutes and think back about them. Quite a few of the fellows have been griping about this and that being wrong with them, and I'm sure the faculty is always glad to listen to their gripes, so I have chosen as the question for the month:

What is your main gripe about the exams you just finished taking?

George Fawcett—"They interfered with basketball practice and my sleep."

Garnet Fawcett—"Ditto, minus sleep."

Bob Boovy—"Phg-g-g-g-g-h!!!"

Paul Green—"Couldn't carry 'nuff jimmy sheets."

Dumpy Foxworth—"I just didn't study enough."

Doc Don Covington—"They interfered with my trips to Laurinburg."

Gene Lehman—"There shouldn't be but one a day."

James Moss—"I didn't get to go home."

Bob Page—"I don't have any."

John Myles—" " (He was too sleepy to answer)

Henry Pritchard—"Having to make them."

James Wade—"We left him "meditating."

Hager—"I'm too weak to answer."

Jack Collins—"He woke up and said, "Can't get enough sleep."

Wilbur Parker—"Having to take them in the auditorium."

Benjamin Zavaleta—"I don't think they should give them."

Louis Perez—"Too big."

Alfred Thomas—"I'm speechless."

L. Avent—"If I weren't a ministerial student I would tell you."

Hinderlite—"They're too easy." (Is he kidding?)

Justo Bethart—"I have to write too many words."

Jack Kinlaw—"They didn't affect me, I didn't study anyhow."

Lena Carter—"I couldn't date Billy as often."

Sarha Neal Hamer—"They interfered with my social activities."

Lee Talbirt—"Lengthy."

Frank Helton—"I think Mr. Ferrene's Biology was a crisp course."

Powell Jones—"Join the Army while the joining's good."

Newsome—"Nothing left to study."

Tom Faison—"Kept me from listening to my records."

Johnny Wolfe—"I couldn't see my little ole cheerleader in Red Springs."

Jim Warren—"No time between exams and the second semester."

Hump Armistead—"No gripes."

Snake H.—I quote him: "Faw, break out the mules, I'll be home to plow."

Dewey Jones—"Too nerve racking."

Never Say Can't

By Pruden Gravely

Today we are in a state of habit of giving up too easily, and we often hear people say, "I can't do this and I can't do that," because they have too little gumption to face the facts face to face, and would rather give in than thrash it out mentally or physically.

For this reason I am writing this story, to give this type of person a little hope, and the boy I am writing about is Jim Elias, from Orrum. This is a story about a boy who had the dreaded disease called polio! Jim, I imagine, was an average American boy, and lived in the average way until it happened.

Jim was down with polio and the chance of recovery was hopeful, but it was all up to him as to whether he would walk again unassisted by crutches or braces and that someday he might participate in sports. I can imagine the thoughts going through that boy's mind which made him more determined to walk again unassisted, can't you?

You ask, did he succeed? Well, you, the spectator at the basketball game between Maxton and Orrum, saw a boy come limping out on the court at half-time. He took his position and started practicing hook shots with a deadly aim. He may have a long way to go and difficulties to overcome,

Ha-los from Angel Farm

EXAMS

"Flora Macdonald is passing through a transition period," says the teacher.

"I'm glad SOMEONE is passing," says the student.

Must we go into the history of examinations? I believe it was either Socrates or Squentos who examined the first quarter, but some character who had no knowledge of the physical and mental limitations of mankind took the liberty of imposing on Homo Sapiens the atrocious, heinous, execrable, profligate, infamous, unprincipled, (in other words, awful) Southern Association requirement of semester examinations.

There is a limit on the shortness of the exam, but no limit on the length — a limit on the least amount of time, but none on the most. You probably pass two exams in one day, but fail the third — the test of endurance. You need sleep in order to think clearly on the exam — but it takes "burning the midnight - flashlight" in order to know something about which to think clearly.

"Busy Official" and "Do Not Disturb" signs, which decorate the doors show the reason why the tea room, rotunda, and drug stores are not decorated by laughing, care-free girls. Dispositions seem to be greatly affected, and the whole temperament of Angel Farm is slightly changed. Even a fifth cup of strong coffee fails as a stimulant to tired eyes, weak hands, and weary brains.

Anyway the verdict to the first trial of semester exams at F. M. C. is that "it is vain to study," but worse than vanity, not to study!

Helen Knight.

BEWARE, BROTHER, BEWARE - -

By Pruden Gravely

From The Other Side

Latest fad: The faculty playing patty cake out in the faculty lounge.

Is it true? Mr. Maury wants to sell his car.

Biggest mistake: Mr. Edmondson leaving his Money and Banking test alone for five minutes.

Same old stuff: Mr. Crawford in bed dreaming up tests.

On the side: Mr. Parrish's hair (he doesn't have any on top)!

Biggest mystery: Mr. Darling's mustache: it keeps coming and going.

Biggest rumor: Mr. Ferrene grows fangs and horns when he makes out his tests in biology.

Biggest question: What is Miss Penny? The Dr. of broken hearts.

"Nother question: Is it true that Leroy Martin lost his shirt tail because he missed a perfect shot at a deer?

Statement: Dr. Thornwell is one of the best loved men at PJC.

Biggest salesman: Coach Doak. Vot say friend? Vont to buy a Lincoln cheap?

Well folks, tune in again next time for more FROM THE OTHER SIDE if you can take it.

but you'll have to admit that this boy has the courage and gumption to succeed. What more can be said about a boy who doesn't know the meaning of the word "can't"?

From my observation it looks like that boy has changed the word "can't" into "Can Do"!

(Editors note: The writer of this article wishes to state that no personal implications are intended here and that all three types of girls discussed are purely fictional.)

There is an engineer on this campus who never takes a drink. You gotta hand it to him.

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