

THE SANDSPUR

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THE SPOTLIGHT SHINES



BRANTLEY S. VANN

This month the Sandspur proudly features Brantley S. Vann in it's Spotlight beams. Brantley hails from Fayetteville, North Carolina, where he attended school and graduated in 1948. In January 1946 Brantley decided that army life was too romantic to pass up. So on January 28, 1946 he bade farewell to Fayetteville High and all his schoolmates. He traded his books for an M-1 and sought adventure via of the Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army. Deciding that he had seen enough of the United States through Olive Drab glasses, Brantley resigned his position and returned to civilian life on September 7, 1947. He resumed his studies at Fayetteville High shortly thereafter.

Brantley came to Presbyterian Junior College in September of 1950. Brantley has worked hard since taking up his studies here. He is near the top of his class and his name is frequently seen on the Dean's List. Although Brantley spends many long hours with his nose in his books, he still finds time to give the girls a break. He's been seen escorting a cute little blonde to many of the social functions of the area.

Around the campus Brantley is known for his friendly manner. He is always ready to cooperate in any undertaking of the various groups here at PJC. He is on the Sandspur Staff, a member of the Radio Club, Block P and the Veterans Club.

He never refuses to help out on trips with the athletic teams when he can. Brantley was a member of the 1950 football team and received the most serious injury sustained by any one on the squad. At Gardner-Webb Brantley's arm was broken. We all remember him as he walked over to Coach Doak holding his arm and said, "Coach, I think it's broken."

We want to wish Brantley all the luck in the world when he leaves PJC. We know he will have no trouble if he works like he has here. The best of everything to you Brantley.

As a successful businessman, a kind benefactor, and a devoted Christian, he set an example for all. The administration, faculty, and students join his family in mourning his death.

From The English Department THE SERMON MAKER

He was a man, a little above the average in height, his thinking, pale-silver hair, brushed straight back from his brow, heightened the effect of an intellectual appearance. His blue eyes were intelligent enough but they had a soft, indecisive quality, timorous and acquiescent. Although he must have been crowding three score years, his face was smooth and pink, unlined, devoid of any strong graving of character. Clean shaven, apparently beardless, his pale pink cheeks puffed full as an infant's; the small, well-formed nose and curving lips, set above the gentle round of his chin, added to the sense of prettiness—an unmasculine but good looking physiognomy.

He stood behind a pulpit—not above it, not over it—but behind, and a small, meticulously manicured hand lay nervously, index finger extended, upon his notes. Well groomed he was, the blue serge suit of his profession snug except when revelation vied with

concealment over some twenty pounds excess avoirdupois. Pardonable was the gay flair manifested in the precise tying of the silk cravat, the ordered points of the snowy handkerchief crowning the curve of his left breast.

When the pew sitter stirred himself to listen, rather than idly watch in reverie, he heard good thoughts, logical and orthodox. The voice in which they were mouthed was pleasant, cultivated—a bit light, perhaps. The click and shunt of thought progression was ordered with geometrical accuracy. One, A, one, two, three; two, A, A, one two, a, b, c, march—the little grey ideas in cadence.

It was a few minutes later—at the right time—that the discourse made the summit; the speaker essayed a gesture, delicately and beautifully done; he teetered on his toe tips and momentarily quivered with almost-felt emotion. Then he subsided to his soles; the congregation automatically stirred themselves, reaching for the hymnals. The recessional hymn was next.

The pew sitter, dully, inarticulately, thought, "No, I can't tell him," as he opened his book and stood.

An Answer Please?

On February 6, 1952, a petition was presented by the President of the Student Body and the President of the Sophomore Class to the faculty of the college. The petition was signed by 96 students. It requested that the Saturday Chapel period be abolished and that Saturday classes be moved forward, adding one-half hour to the students' week end. As far as we know, no official action has been taken on this petition, that is, no official answer has been granted to the Student Body. If granted, the petition was meant to benefit the students in the school now. Unless action is taken soon, we will have gained nothing. The petition was presented with respect to those concerned, and we respectively urge, on behalf of the Student Body, that an answer either affirmative or negative be given to us soon.

A Challenge

As spring makes its appearance to the Scottie campus, it is noteworthy that the entire college grounds will begin to take form to welcome the fair months and the trips to the beaches.

We will all realize the progress that nature will be doing for the beautification of our campus, but is there something that we can do to help her? Yes, there certainly is!! For several months now there have been widespread grievences on the part of the college administration concerning the wanton destruction of school property and carelessness in general on the part of the student body as a whole.

The business office of the college has realized that, if this carelessness on the part of the entire college keeps up, a serious and deplorable situation might arise. If such a situation should come up, there might be great cause by the college to resort to drastic measures to stop these unwarranted tactics of so-called enjoyment.

Soon there will be a migration of next year's prospective students to our campus, and the outward appearance of our school will play a large part in the decision that they will have to make, so lets all do our part and keep the college grounds in the best shape that we possibly can, and not rely upon the out-dated and senseless recreation which leads destruction.

RLL

Congratulations

The faculty and student body of Presbyterian Junior College wish to extend our most hearty congratulations to Coach Charles Kinlaw on his recent marriage to Miss Billie Olive, formerly of Kentucky. We hope both of you will be very happy, and are looking forward to having you with us for many years.

In Memoriam

The editors and staff of the SANDSPUR, on behalf of the entire student body wish to express their sympathy to the family of Mr. William Henry Belk. Mr. Belk

was one of North Carolina's most beloved philanthropists and Presbyterian Junior College was often the recipient of his generosity.

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