

## A Letter Home

Bolling Springs, N. C.  
October 27, 1950

Howdy Maw, Where's Paw?

I thought I'd drop you all a letter since I can't write one in a spell. I hope this here letter don't find you'n'siling. Seems to me as how you'n's ought to be purty pert because the corn crap was plentiful and sugar is available anywhar.

Maw, you should'n ought to worry 'bout me. I got some of the finest teachers found anywhere. Dr. Morriest is a good ole feller. Today he kept us two hours. He puts a cough-drap under his tongue, and when it melts, he always dismisses the class. He made us stay an hour overtime today before he found out he had a buton under his tongue.

Maw, Mr. Starcy sure is a humdinger. He is the best teacher. The other day he asked me which came first, the chicken or the egg. I told him I didn't egactly know, and he has been teachin' us about kangaroos. This subject really keeps us hoppin'.

Now, maw, Mr. Martin is a nice lil' man with a crew cut. The other night he and his wife were out ridin' in the country. The moon was a ghashtly galeeson sailin' across a clear blue sky sprinkled with little twinkling stars. Mr. Martin drew Mrs. Martin close by his side and said in a voice that echoed romance, "I wonder if Deacon be his dog food."

Mr. Fisher is my English teacher here, maw. He went to get a hair cut the other day and said to the barber, "are you the man who cut my hair last year?" The barber replied, "no, it couldn't have been me 'I've only been here six months."

Miss Miller is the piano teacher. She went into the Snack Shop a day or so ago and she didn't get lunch. When the waiter asked her how she wanted her rice, she very curly replied, "Thrown at me."

Miss Starnes is the Dean of Women. The other morning Bob Wright brought his girl friend in at 3 o'clock. Miss Starnes got plenty mad and asked Bob what he meant by bringing in a girl a 3 o'clock. Bob very shyly replied, "But I have a class at 8:30."

Well, I better close now. I may be home soon. My roommate said if I didn't quit talking in my sleep, he would have me sent home to mutter.

Your Lil' youngun,  
James Author Trenham

## Only Fifty Passed Porthole Test

The results of our annual Porthole test were rather disconcerting. Only fifty students out of the entire student body passed, or around fourteen percent of those who took it. To those unfamiliar with our campus terminology, the **Porthole** is our social bluebook which gives, in detail, our official do's and don'ts. What these results indicate we won't attempt to interpret, but perhaps it is significant that not a single day student passed the examination.

## The Boiling Springs

Weeeeeeeccccceeeeell, now, how are you'n's? Wonder if Bryan G. would mind if we used his hearty greeting. Well, we don't care if he does, except it may be a bit old fashioned original anyway. Since this is the first time the freshmen have witnessed this column, we'll give them an idea of what the big come-off is.

We don't want to lose any friends, purposely, that is, especially Gene Arnold, but some of the boys did, but facts are facts. Speaking of Gene, that reminds us of a little blonde from Gastonia named Peggy. Maybe you've got the connection when we say that her last name is Millen. Well, we can't sing the "on the make" song to them anymore, because they seem to have it "made." Another "made" two-some seems to be Wilma and Speedy, but what we want to know is...

...who happened to the "Institutors" of the turtle-affair in our room, were but we do know that we don't want to lose any friends, and we ever come to that conclusion? Well, right after I let out the first yell, Rachel Morgan stuck her head out of a door about a mile up the hall and said, "I didn't do it, whatever it is!" Cora Ray could have had something to do with it, and so could Eleanor, but I wouldn't have an idea that it was Rachel. Anyway, that's all paid. . . and we don't mean with money, either. Well, what would you do to see your 'Lil' book rise up in the air?

It's good to see some of last year's couples back together again this year (this seldom ever happens). Rachel and Bob, Sparkie and Beth, Betty Jane and Sigall, and so on. At least Jean and Bryan. Wonder if Agnes miss your 'Lil' book rise up on that she does. Oh yes, of course, we want to congratulate Frank and Nancy. By the way, there are two missing in the line some place. . . we don't mean females.

Who is the cute brunette from Wheaton Academy that's going steady by mail. Come on, Nancy, give the boys a break.

We noticed the other day that Jim Trantham had a new style shirt on. . . that kind with the back out.

Jeep, all of us know by now that you miss Carl Cox, but you don't have to talk about it all the time. Maybe if you would give us some of your trips to Cliff's, you could traipse down to see him.

Wonder why Joan Kincaid is always coming in last at the cafeteria. It couldn't be, though, one last look before the eight-thirty class at "Rudolph Scourage" Wardell.

Harold Rogers and Houston Whitely seemed to be having a "whuppin'" big time at the pep rally the other night. We still think they would have been cheer-leaders.

Dorothy Robertson and W. F. Latson, surely lost no time in getting a case started. We noticed a few more cases, but they didn't last long enough to make the paper.

Barbara Hughton and Mary Dean Minges were two of the cutest rats on the campus, and also two of the most cooperative. Speaking of rats, what happened to Glen Pettyjohn and John Pierce? Could it be that these two football players turned "slightly" chicken? Well, what do you think?

What happened to Barbara Crow and Jim Stacey? They were wrong between her and Puckett, or are they just staying apart to see how

things are going to work out? That reminds us. . . Evelyn Leigh seems to be having a pretty hard time trying to make up her mind what she is on the "make" for.

I guess all the English classes under the able instruction of Professor Martin know that he has a well-trained dog, by now.

O. G. Morehead and Jim Daniels seem to like that road between here and Forest City pretty well. Too bad that their friends up there are away at school. I think they just ride up there every Saturday night from force of habit, or maybe they have little sisters.

I don't know just what the big come-off is but it seems that every time anyone sits down beside their friends at the cafeteria, James Stamey and Andy Sealey want to sing to them. Of course, they do have a lot of room to sing. . . especially Sealey. We could be referring to Shelby Klyne, but we can't be sure about those things.

Did anyone see Roger Wright and Ellen Clary "intermingling phalanges" the other day? In case anyone doesn't know the definition of that, just speak to Roger. . . he's got a good one. We think we know, but we wouldn't want to make any rash statements.

I guess Iris Champion was pretty happy when Furman University stormed the campus. Wonder why Don Grigg is always talking about Wake Forest? Is someone of importance down there besides Rufus? If there is, we don't know them.

Attention girls! Those Georgia boys can be "made" but it won't be a "push-out." By the way, has anyone seen any candidates that would be interested?

Well, since the freshmen have an idea of what this column deals with, we'll bristle this to a ceasing halt, just reminding you to watch your step, because we have our eye on you.

Pat Blanton

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## Carnes' Corn

So far, everything is normal: nobody is studying, everybody is griping about their bad grades, and nothing is being done about the same. Not too much can be done about the weather, but I have some advice for the bad grades and griping. My advice to you is. . . . mail your grades up. Well, now, you may say this advice ain't so hot (watch your language), but I'll guarantee that if you follow, you'll have better grades.

Many students can't get English. Now, this shouldn't be. . . because lots of time you use it in your speech. I realize, of course, that the other foreign languages are harder. . . but remember the harder they are, the bigger they fall, (or something).

If you make a bad grade in chemistry, don't blow up the laboratory. This irritates the instructor; also it may disturb the other classes. A quiet lab is better. If you fail, say that you'll make a better grade. You'll feel much better until the next six weeks grades, come out.

By the way, don't flunk examination. This is one of the most frequent causes of bad grades. Some of you more industrious scholars may find that studying helps. Go to the library at frequent intervals. (Once or twice a semester). You'll find some interesting pictures in the books on the reserve shelf. This is one of the most frequent causes of bad grades. Some of you more industrious scholars may find that studying helps. Go to the library at frequent intervals. (Once or twice a semester). You'll find some interesting pictures in the books on the reserve shelf. This is one of the most frequent causes of bad grades. Some of you more industrious scholars may find that studying helps. Go to the library at frequent intervals. (Once or twice a semester). You'll find some interesting pictures in the books on the reserve shelf.

Be alert in class. Try to catch all the jokes. . . throw a few yourself. (Don't be one way all your life). If you've had a course in orthographic mechanical drawing, you may want to take a few notes. If you become bored in class and feel led to yawn, do not stiffle this urge. You may choose to death. Put an open note-book or a blonde before your face and yawn to your little heart's content. How do you think your poor instructor feels, looking down various throats of his pupils for a solid hour?

The professors and professorsess have to go through alot. Let's make next week "Be kind to instructors" week. Do a good deed for them. Dust their erasers, help them across the street, apologize for what you have called them.

If you should happen to be late for class, don't slam the door, you may make the students up. You've already been marked absent, so you have to be tactful.

In the immortal words of Chaucer: "Wemo u impune lacesit," which means "Plamen Qui merit ferat" or "I'll dig you later. Until then, I remain

Superfluously Yours,  
Ray Carnes

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Welcome to All Students

Bolling Springs, N. C.

## COLLEGE STUDENTS

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