

My Ambition (and various other things)

Would you like to know what my ambition is? You would? Well, confidentially, its none of your business. I will tell you though, for lack of anything better to write about. If I can beat around the shrubby bushes gets old doesn't it? For about two words, maybe I won't have to tell you.

Lots of boys want to be president when they grow up. I don't think they have much chance though. By the time they're grown, we'll probably already have one. I don't want to be president. I decided this before I ever heard of Truman! You know, presidents are not what they used to be. With the invention of the yacht the bedtime president went out of business. Don't get me wrong. I'm not against presidents. There was one in particular that I liked, name of Jeff Davis. You history sharks check me on this. I believe he lived between the years 1814 and 1886. After this time he was dead as a doornail.

The next thing I don't want to be is a brick layer. Now bricklaying is alright. I could cite a couple of cases in which a brick laid with a certain amount of gusto and in the right place would be a favor to society, but I won't. Bricklaying is fine as long as you have plenty of bricks, but there's nothing more useful than a bricklayer without bricks, except, maybe, two bricklayers.

Another thing I wouldn't especially care to be is a doctor. I just can't stand the sight of humans in pain, as in the case of without layers, doctors are in a very good position to benefit humanity. If there's one thing that needs benefiting it's humanity. Another thing doctors benefit is doctors. They make more money than a cat does when Sunday comes. Which brings us up to veterinarians. Not a good place to be brought up to, I'm sure. I don't believe I'd like to be a veterinarian, but the hours are too long and the pay is too short, and besides, I just don't like dogs.

Another ignoble profession is that of a butcher. The essential difference between a butcher and a doctor is that the patient of the former is dead when he starts.

A very worthy profession is that of a lawyer (at least, they claim it's worthy). If you're not a natural born liar, lawyering takes a lot of schooling. I can't afford the schooling and all the lying I've ever done was acquired. I would attempt this profession only in one condition—as a last resort to keep out of jail.

There are literally scores of professions that I would not like to go into. In fact, I can't find any that I like. If I get the chance, I might try the fine art of taxi-driving.

In my study of professions, I ran across two immensely interesting books. (Didn't hurt them, though.) You should read them before thinking up your mind about your life's work:

Your Job and You, by Elsie Singsmaster, and Why Work? by J. D. Rockefeller.

Until then I remain

Your friend and mine
Ray Carnes

The Boiling Springs

The Green Raider is on leave of absence for graduate research work at an institution as follows: Mr. Therefore, we chose this time to publish the titles granted to (un) worthy sophomores. These titles are awarded annually on the basis of prejudiced observation by a partial board of sophists.

Our first awards go to our "Intelligencia." These are as follows: Mr. "Mik in the cockpit," Eugene Biggestaff. . . Mr. Drudge-Dud, Ray Carnes. . . Miss Wise-Dome, Barbara Davenport. . . Mr. Cerebellum, Nell Grantham. . . Miss Grade Grabber, Boris Grigg. . . Mr. Knowledgetis, Jim Maze. . . Mr. Intelligenceman, Milton Noblitt. . . Miss Fast-thinker, Sue Seism. . . Miss Corbrained, Mickey Shull. . . Mr. Scramblebrains, James Sullivan. . . Miss Brain-stuff, Alice Swann. . . Mr. Dizzy-Dust, Tomi Bawls. . . Yeah (our editor) Mr. Comma-head, Marion Benfield, Jr.

Socialites who have made their names are as follows: Miss Peach, Iris Atkinson. . . Mr. Playster, Noble Ball. . . Mr. "Chatty," Elfred Billings. . . Mr. Ice in the Vein, Charles Bawls. . . Miss "Boyley," Iris Champion. . . Mr. "Antifrat," Bill Elliot. . . Miss Eye-burner, Julia Hancock. . . Miss Seism, May. . . Miss Howeled, Miss "Georgia" (Summerville, that is), Evelyn Leigh. . . Miss Lilly-gagger, Ramona McBrayer. . . Mr. Zucchini Hen-Pumper, Jim McDaniel. . . Mr. Bawls, Fred McFarland. . . Mr. Feminojoly, Julius Pinkston. . . and you guessed it, Mr. Rooke, Bob Stegal.

No college class is hopeless without their rugged individualists, for example: Mr. Niwitlicious, Bryan Gillespie. . . Mr. Hoggy, Gene Cronin. . . Mr. "Sis," followed one, Blanton. . . Mr. Smartened-up, Tommy Barrow. . . Miss Vain Alde, Cora R. Beam. . . Mr. Little-dog, E. Jones. . . Mr. Eagle-beak, Juan Lopez. . . Mr. Eagle-beak, Eugene Lowery. . . Mr. Scowfall, Oils Mitchell. . . Sir Knave of hearts, Charles Morehead. . . Miss "Ugh," Agnes Mall. . . Sir Ace of Hearts, Charles Shelton. . . Mr. Scrounge, Rudy Waddell. . . Sir Saintworthy, Paul Whitley. . . Mr. Argufication, Bob White. . . Mr. Eagle-eye, "Scoop" Kiser. . . and speaking of individuals, our own Mr. Ignority, LonRay McPherson.

The following list we classify as miscellaneous: Mr. Bridle-wise, Troy Bridges. . . "The Boy," Jim Cannon. . . Miss Mortgaged Property, Elsie Clay. . . Miss "Sis," followed one, Jean Devlin. . . Mr. Plate-ty, "Waco" Harrelson. . . Mr. Hen-headed, Max Harris. . . Mr. Chuckle-gert, Milton McSwain. . . Miss Deinty, Bob Hoffmann. . . Mr. pounce-beak, Al Homesley. . . Lady Ritzycart. . . Mrs. Reece. . . Miss Can-opener, Rachel Ann Jensen. . . and Mr. Picky-mindedness, Marjorie Berger.

We award these other various and sundry titles in the following prominent poets: Mr. Glue-foot, Herman Weisinger. . . Miss Fire-Extinguisher, Carolyn McSwain. . . Miss Franksish, Lillian Maynard. . . Mr. Wise and other wise one, Bob Mullinax. . . Miss Topnocher, Theresa McSwain. . . Mr. Chained Lightening, Charles Morrison. . . Miss Curiousities, Mary Nolan. . . Mr. Quick on the trigger, Grover Owens. . . Mr. Talkative, Curtis Sidden. . . Miss Given of the eye, Bessie Slater. . . Miss BOBBIE-soxer, Rachel Smith. . . Mr. Personality papa, James

Stamey. . . Mr. Monkeyfy, Thomas Summers. . . Mr. Big Tower, J. C. Trammell. . . Mr. Afternoon-Farmer, John Ware. . . Mr. Loosefoot, Frank Wilson. . . Miss Grammatic, Evelyn Young. . . Miss Indigo-blooded, Shirley Allen. . . Miss Rabonitic, Beth White. . . and Mr. "He ought to have one," Bill Abernathy.

Oh, so we missed you. We are so very sorry. Honest we will try to run (oops) mention you next time. If anyone is displeased because the Graham got off so easy he will have to blame seniority. Now just a word in closing. . . your time will come.

Questionably yours,
Pat and Bob

Over Thirty Make Honor Roll

Over thirty students of Gardner-Webb College have averaged Honor Roll for the first six weeks in the spring semester. Mrs. Dorothy Washburn Hamrick, registrar, announced this week.

The "A" average honor roll is composed of students carrying at least 17 hours load and making an average of 95 or over. These students are: Nell Grantham, Marita, Max Linters, Graham; Agnes Mull, Lase Lure, and Mickey Shull, Shelby.

The general honor roll is composed of students carrying at least a 15 hour load and making an average of 92 or above for the grading period. These students are: Nancy Abernathy, Mr. Holly; Doris Adair, Gastonia; Marion Benfield, Bellwood; Eugene Busergatt, Shelby; Billy Burcham, Lawndale; Sara Blanton, Shelby; Jo Lena Bridges, Shelby; Barbara Davenport, Mr. Holly; Billie Falls, Kings Mountain; Alberta Hamrick, Shelby; Julia Hancock, Franklinville; Bobby Howe, Shelby; Hoyt Howington, Boiling Springs; Faith Johnson, Magnolia; Gaylord Lehman, Innan, S. C.; James McAllister, Lowell; Faye Miller, West Jefferson; Peggy Newington, Forest City; Milton Noblitt, Shelby; Geneva Ostment, Gaffney, S. C.; Frances Quinn, Gastonia; Sara Reece, Jonesville; Dan Roberts, Lowell; Marquee Ross, Morganton; And Sealey, Shelby; Sue Seism, Kings Mountain; Jackie Stone, Shelby; Alma Thrift, Grover; Robert Wright, Shelby.

A Letter Home

Boiling Springs, N. C.

March 19, 1951

Howdy Maw (Well, I'll be corn swoggled).

This following apple I dedicate to those who plan to live till they die. Maw, they was a bunch we dab-dabbed high school youngsters down here last week. I swear and declare the way they acted you would think they was already college youngsters. They wore good shoes and clothes. The way they walk yours would think they had been taking courses under Miss Miller or Miss Morrison, I reckon some of them will be coming back next year (some of the fellers hope).

I had mumpkin else to tell you but it's so unimportant I can't even recollect it in my head.

Maw, they been a new course wamped up. A passal (translated "a (Continued on Page 6)

BIG FIGHT DAY

(Continued from Page 1)

Each class president before April 10, their class person who enters may "Must" enter if contestants; either three athletic and two literary or two athletic and three literary.

The judges for the mens athletic contests will be Mr. Richardson, and Coach Bradburn, Coach Harris and J. O. Dunn. The judges for the women's athletic contests will be Miss Morgan and Mr. Vosecky.

The judges for the literary events will be: Speech, Mr. Lamm, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Fisher; essay, Miss Mary and Mr. Hendricks; Grammar, Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Hamrick; Typing, Miss Watkins and Mr. Vosecky; art and home ec, Miss Withrow, Mrs. Huggins, Mrs. Shytles, and Miss Starnes.

"THE HILL BETWEEN"

(Continued from Page 1)

daughter.

Upon coming back he found that "what's bred in a person's marrow doesn't come out of his bones 'til they rot."

The cast, according to appearance, are as follows: Anna Sanders, a dark and colorful girl of twenty-eight—Mary Dean Minkus; Brent Sanders, a tall well-built, handsome gentleman of thirty—Glenn Pettyjohn; Larz Higgins, a tall, rawbone, awkward boy of twenty-eight—Hazel Miller; Ellen Sanders, a sweet and lovely lass of sixteen—Frances Rhynne; Paw Robbins, a stout, well-built, middle-aged man—Bill Abernathy; Hank Allen, a thin, half-starved man of forty—James Starnes; Julie Robbins, a tall, attractive girl of thirty—Velma Stamey; Elsie Carter, Richard Parham; Gil White, Bob Blackourn; Gale Stubbs, Gene Lowery; Kitty Riddle, Barbara Huggins; Quency Peale, Mary Frances Howard; Proena Sanders, Frances Grace Grandpa Sanders, Allyn Gibson; Martha Litt, Mickey Moss; Nancy Walls, Anna Stevens; and Dolph Collins, Frank Sherrill. The names of the person who will play Wash Butters will not be announced at press time.

The Kalmuxes are the last Low organized community among the remnants of the Khan's Golden Horde, according to the National Geographic Society.

The walrus uses his tusks to tow cows or tear aside fields of frozen manure, which he finds so healthful prey.

Boiling Springs
Drug Store
Get All Your
Drugs
See All Your
Friends
Have A Soda
HERE