

## A Letter Home

Billing Springs, No. Car.  
April (your fool)  
Greetings, Salutations,  
Howsay and such stuff, (well shut your mouth).

I ain't got much to say so I will endeavor to write to you all.

Maw, theys some things goin on down here that don't call for no sanction. First, foremost, primary and Roman numeral no. 1, I want to mention in the beginning (that are before I go any further) the delectable and very questionable practice of going to classes. This thing has gone so biased baniskaling fur that now it are plun habitual. The question on the scaffold is whether it no classes air essential to fetching book larning. It pears to me that we do sufficient pondering, cogitating, thinking, and regurgitating outdoors iver classes to be weel alphabeted.

In the second place, segundo in Spanish, Roman numeral no. 2, quizes wud to dad, I want to fro about air that Maw's troubles have been a fixen up the scoble parol. They have stannet off with some color of green. Of all the crazy things, somebody invented a loving seat, Maw Starnes had to trapeze over yonder somewhere and fatch a wagon load of um. If them gals any respect, alth if they'n go around lettin a sens' love em when they won't even let us.

At this pint I wun't to expound and philisophy on these younguns here who like a whole lot of what the people in Morgantown like a little of. What they air doin that air so crazy is due to the fact they're air lettin their stutins go to their heads. Maw, the truth is that their stutins get smarter is drivin them crazy.

Maw, us all had the elections today. It was a boomins success, we got someone in every office. Well Maw, jest like I always say, toodle-oo.

Your 'll youngun

James Arther Trantham

P.S. I'll not ask yours to send me no nothin but I air sending this letter C. O. D.

## Active Marshals

### Take Trip

The active Marshals spent last weekend at Ridgecrest; they paid their expenses out of the tips that they had received at various Banquets this year.

They left Friday night after a banquet and arrived at Ridgecrest early Saturday morning. Saturday they went on a tour of the mountains near Ridgecrest. Sunday they went in to Asheville to attend Sunday School and arrived back at Gardner-Webb late Sunday night.

The active Marshals, sponsored by Miss Starnes, are Sara Blanton, Julia Hancock, Agnes Mull, Rachel Smith, Cora Ray Beam, Marion Benfield, Bryan Gillespie, Jim McDaniels, James Stamey, Bob Mullinar, and chief Marshal, Sara Reece.

### NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

(Continued from Page 1)

The elections were more enthusiastically carried out than ever, even surpassing the campaigning of last year. Perhaps the most spectacular campaign was that carried on by Thurman Aldred and his campaign manager, Max Linnens.

Well, this is the last issue for the sphumorphers, including "The Green Raider." So we'd better make it count. We've planned, and we've planned, we've stepped on toes and heads, and if there is something that we've missed, it is purely coincidental. If it isn't in this column, we've decided to throw up our hands and quit. We've jeopardized our life and limbs by writing this column, and it is our aim to do it. It seems to me our "dirt" is done. With broom in hand and dust-pan in sight, we shall now attempt to bring the dirt to life.

Molke, why have you become so interested in record - collecting? Could it be that "He" started it with a good one from Texas? It seems as if Peggy Love went to the banquet with Andy Sealey - Better wake up Jack, I still believe there is a chance for you. It doesn't look too obvious, though.

Man Jack, your fancy has turned toward something besides baseball, mainly Mary Sundreth, that cute little girl from Lenoir!

It seems that your "dirt" has been on time lately. Could it be that she's actually put her little foot down?

I wonder why Grace Neilson has changed her room so she can get a good view at the Cliffside Highway. Or is it the highway?????

Don't tell me that Hazel finally was "the one" for Andy Sealey. It's always best to be sure of those things, out it looks pretty obvious this time.

Sara, it's a good thing you are scouting for the Banks just can't seem to forget that girl back home. She must have what it takes to get them and keep them!

"Sally" on second floor can't get any more "sparklers" for Evelyn Leigh and Shirley Dedmon singing "Ole Georgia on my Mind." That brings to mind a certain blonde up there with good legs and a sweetheart to a picture every night . . . yes, it is Billie Falls.

Congratulations, Frances Quinn, you finally succeeded in getting a date. We are keeping our fingers crossed on the first one and here's hoping that it won't be the last one. Becky Browning has two "sparklers" to match the one on the third finger, left hand - those in her eyes.

We would certainly like to know the name of the girl who calls "Marjorie" at 5:30 in the morning. It must be very, very important.

Alex Bromber has succeeded in doing what he's been trying to do for a long time . . . that of getting a date with Mary Dean Minges. Playing hard to get does get one some place sometimes, but we'd like to mention that it "rarely" does, so don't make a practice of it.

Peggy, was it worth climbing over wire fences and ruining your white suit to see Gene's boy. The things that some boys expect!

Some of us are wondering just how Barbara Davenport never loses sleep and yet manages to make very good grades. Well, some of us have it and some of us don't.

Who was that cute little brunette we saw with you at the banquet, Bobby Denny? Could it have been Helen Abbott? She must make good grades in history, too.

Dot and Mulky are another couple that has "got it made." Opportunity only knocks once, Washburn. It shows that once knock hard enough!

If I recollect right, Margaret Swann had a MALE caller Sunday night . . . could this be a "Sun-

## The Boiling Springs

day Kind of Love"?????

Marianna, Joan, Alice Lee, and Rachel Lemons have me stumped but I've always heard if you want to know about a Ford-Olds Pontiac, ask the man who owns one, so I guess that goes here.

I heard, by way of rumor, that Hank Hargins doesn't like the social hour of our humble school so she goes home on week-ends so she goes with Gene until after 11:00. The austerity of some people. Say, Pat, could it be the fact that you have looked at Bob so much that you have strained your eyes. I can't see how a boy as good-looking as Bob could cause a girl to have to see the doctor about her eyes.

Alta Beck seems to have a gleam in her eyes every time she goes to "Tris." Which one of those males are you? trailing?

Are youder Flossie Slater likes to go home. She has a boy-friend waiting for the girls to come in. Flossie won't admit that she has but we know.

Jean Allen seems to be having a "good" gathering, flowers for the banquet, there couldn't be any significance to the flowers could there?

By the way, just who is that male voice that calls "Beth over the square oak lately?" It seems that songbirds of a feather flock together. For example, Ramona and Heffner, spanning together, looking together, look at that cute little Agnes Mull and Jim Trantham, and coming along behind them are a couple of "Sally" and "the one" and "the one." One will usually find that "Hawkeye" Morgan and Gillespie behind them. What a friendship!

"Sally" and "the one" look mighty pretty behind that night-ban on cast-iron. We don't mean Cora Ray either. Speaking of Cora Ray, seems that she had another caller the other day . . . none, other than Julian O'Daniels.

Velma, how in the world did you get dating Bob Pettysjohn . . . all of us would like to know the scoop on that. In fact, a few of us wouldn't mind dating him ourself. How did you do it?

Mickey why don't you forget Bob and give someone else a break??? After all, he is a fur piece away.

Frances, what is your reason for wanting to hear station WOHRS every Sunday morning? I'm sure it isn't the program . . . Jim is a good announcer though. You two seem to be really "hitting it off."

How long and tall, and that ain't all! It is that right, Mary Berens?

What has happened to Mary Frances Howard and Sam Travis. We don't see them together anymore. How about a little inside dope on this, Sam?

Ray Carnes didn't seem to have it as bad as he thought, because he and Iris Champion seem to be getting along fine.

Frances, James will be gone next year, so you had better work fast if you want to land him before school is out!!!

Phillis Nolan and Theresa McSwain who were those two soldiers that came down to see you Saturday night?

It seems as if Eleanor Cogdill just can't find a boy that can compete with Phil. Keep trying, Gaylord. It is a pity that the mail comes in so late, that Martha Coffey has to be late to classes to get her "fam-

ily" (sorry, Red.) where can we find the pattern to that green hat?

No matter how hard we try, we can not find a thing to write about Roy Carson. Oh, yes, there was a time when Richard Spear would be a right cross on him.

Wonder why Milton is so mean. Nabbits, that is. We are sure glad that he is over his Monday morning hang-over!

A miracle has happened. Hillbilly music was heard from down Mary Nolan's way the other night. What wing was almost laid out. That is until Doris Adair started singing. We want to know; does she take voice?

Why does Tony Izzi never give the girls a break? He's a whiz in his "day" classes. Wonder if he'd be interested in a few night ones????

We heard that Betty Sue met Ben at the courthouse the other day? Is this true . . . ?

How can one little letter do so much for a girl? Can you tell us, Julia?

What do you think of the Evelyn-Sparkle reform? Were't it up to Betty Jane, never hawked the mail-box before? Wonder why she does now.

Well, our time and our space have run out so we'd better stop. I take count of what we have or what we don't have. Yes, we have more gossip, but time doesn't allow.

Until next year,

"The Green Raider"

## Revival Held

Along with approximately nineteen thousand other churches all over the South, our own Boiling Springs Baptist Church opened a series of meetings on Sunday night, April 8th. Dr. Lonnie Reavis from Green Street Church in High Point presented himself as a very capable and effective evangelist. The simplicity and vividness of his messages stirred us with inspiration.

Mr. Morrisett, assisted by Miss Jones at the organ, led the congregational singing with such a spirit, that no one could resist joining in. Several of the young people from the college rededicated their lives to the Lord Jesus. Thirty-five people including two college students came as candidates for baptism. The meetings were concluded with a very impressive service Sunday morning. Dr. Reavis has given us incentive to pursue and cling to the vital Christian life for which we were created.

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