

Letter To Sophomores

Dear Sophomores:

As the time is drawing near for you to hit the road, for the first time I have stopped to realize what you've meant around here and how you're going to be missed — like a mouth full of sore teeth. We would but wonder where to put you with all these freshmen coming in, but this still can be home to you, any way a place for you to hang your hats.

We have gone through a lot together this year including rat day. Do you remember how you scared us when we were like lost lambs without a shepherd? I do — in spite of this you took us in your fold and made us one of you and loved us. When the going was rough and I wanted to go back to the mountains — away from civilization and your high-cultured ways, you gave me a pat on the back and encouraged me to go on and told me it wasn't as bad as it seemed. Mr. Troutman, you said, was only half crazy, you also said that some people had passed his history course. You have been our ideals and your standards we are still striving to reach. We are walking in your footsteps and whether we are a success or failure — Well! You must have been too.

The friendship you have made here is deep and will never be forgotten ("Thank goodness the old Student Government and hall protectors are out of office so we can call them friends one time before they depart and can face them without a guilty look.)

I know how thrilled you are at obtaining your goal, but as you go out into the world it isn't going to be easy (remember it takes Biological Religion to get along in this old world.) The steps of life will be steep and far apart, and you'll become discouraged more than once — don't give up — We freshmen will be behind pushing you, and our prayers will constantly be for you.

With you I can truthfully say, "I air content," and if we never meet again may we always remain a part of each other and a part of Gardner-Webb. No matter where you go or what you become may you never sit above your Gardner-Webb raisin' and your freshmen brethren.

Yours to the end (looks like this is the end)
Velma Jo Stamey

ALWAYS A GOOD

SHOW

Co-Ed Theatre

Boiling Springs,

North Carolina

The Boiling Springs

It seems as if school is about out, but the gossip sure isn't. So join us on the grape vine, and we will swing you through the news. A certain fellow seemed to have had a good reason for going home. It couldn't be because a certain Phil had a rock to give her, would it? A certain blonde girl on west wing seems to think Bobby Pettyjohn has beautiful hair and eyes.

Why does Pat Withers always go home when the fleet's in? Frances Quinn and Mary Minges seemed to be living up to the expectations of the last issue, because they sure are keeping the Florida boys busy.

Say Barbara Huggins, what happened to Gene Lowery this past week-end, wasn't he supposed to go to the mountains with you? It couldn't have been a lost week-end, could it?

Why does Mary Frances Howard want to go to Meredith? It couldn't be because there are four coed schools near by.

Gaylord Lehman, after playing the field, has decided to start all over again.

Sara Cooke, why do you go around singing "Too Young"? It wouldn't be that senior would it? Gene Washburn, better be careful or more than one representative of the armed services is going to be after you.

Say Ramona, what is this we hear about Mollie Hawkins and Bobby Heather.

Frog Sullivan and Al Homesley, the news has gone around that the fleet was home last week. How about that boys?

Iets Atkinson, we all understand now why you don't date anybody on the campus. If I had Julian, I wouldn't look at anybody either. There seems to be an epidemic going around of exchanging pictures. How about this Shirley Dedmon, Frances Rhyme, and Nancy Abernathy.

I hear that Becky and Marion and Lillian and Frank are beginning to wonder "When am I going to kiss you good morning just like I kiss you good night."

Charles and Nancy, Bob and Rachel still have that "I wish I didn't love you so" look in their eyes. It won't be long now until Ellen will be singing "I wish I were single again."

This isn't leap year, but lots of the girls on the campus are trying to get the boys to "Be My Love." I wonder if Nancy Lincoln is still "A Prisoner of Love."

I know a certain little brownette on east wing who is singing "If I have only got eyes for you." (This is a secret admirer of Bobby Bush.) Bush, better work fast.

Bobby Nix I hear you have a crush on a certain girl in Boiling Springs who surely can throw a softball.

Sparkie and Glenn seem to be singing the song "Why don't you haul off and love me one more time" to two cute brunettes on west wing.

Someone please inform us whether Allan Gibson and Jean Allen are still "Slipping Around."

Lefoy, surely you aren't forty-three, but that is the age when the love bug bites!!!!

Jo Lena and Zeb have decided to "Say hello like we said goodbye in a friendly sort of way."

Jim Trantham has dated several

girls, but he seems to be waiting for a "Tailored made woman."

Allan Lawrence's theme song these days seems to be "Stormy Weather."

"May the Good Lord Bless and Keep Martha Coffey until Washington sends Karl home."

A certain soldier from Georgia seemed to be saying "I want some yellow roses for a blue lady." How about this Theresa.

Andy Sealey's song to all the girls is "I want to be loved."

Boy, it won't do any good to have a crush on the Phy Ed, teacher—beside she's a "Mean Mama Boogie." Whoops! The grape vine broke out we will see that it is repaired by next September.

The Green Raider

Crawley's Shopping Center

Buy it in Boiling Springs and watch Boiling Springs GROW

Hamrick & Bailey

FURNITURE

and

ELECTRICAL

APPLIANCES

A FRIEND OF

GARDNER-WEBB

Boiling Springs, N. C.

Career girls, when they're badly married, Think perhaps they should be married; Married girls, reduced to tears, Regretfully regard careers.

Mac's Grill

HOT-TOASTED SANDWICHES

THICK MILK SHAKES

On Highway 74 West of Shelby

May Day

By ALTA BUCK

Robert Frost once said, "Some say the world will end in fire." I see.

Some say in ice." But for Miss Morgan it was neither of these. No rain. Very determined she said. The May Day wild go on — whether on the lawn or in the gym? And go on it did. The sun became mischievous and appeared on the scene for about an hour and a half and the May Day began.

The twenty attendants, Nancy Lincoln, Bill Morehead, Joelle Teague, Bob Mullins, Julia Hancock, O. G. Morehead, Jr., Beth White, Charles Rabon, Shirley Dedmon, Rudy Wardell, Iets Atkinson, Jack Ho, Joan Kincaid, Glenn Pettyjohn, Rachel Smith, James Stamey, Path Johnson, Gaylord Lehman, Doris Grigg, and Jim McDaniel gave a their first look from the Hamrick Building to the pine bedecked terrace of the Gardner Memorial to the music of Pomp and Circumstance played by Margaret Ross. They came Al Homesley the king, looking like a court "Rabbit." Next in line was the queen, Sara Reece, with Susan O'Leary riding the cabbage of the train. Immediately after them, "Chunky" Washburn came straggling under the weight of the crown.

Gardner-Webb College bowed its head and blushed as the dancers came out. After the Minuet danced off the scene, the Polka made its triumphant entry. Your humble writer poked in this one. The ballet dancers appeared projecting themselves through the air in all sorts of contortions. The court dancers came forth with scarves and to the friend of your lowly servant, they were a great failure — they never did get their scarves tied on their heads. The wind delighted in playing with the streamers of the May Pole and laughed gleefully when the dancers tried to untangle the congratulations. After they went to all the trouble to wind it they turned right around and unwound it. Then, they withdrew stealthily to the building. And the piano played on.

(A. B.)

D. A. BEAM COMPANY, INC.

SUPER GROCERY

FERTILIZERS

and

FIELD SEEDS

Shelby, N. C.

A man came into a butcher shop and asked for "a pound of kid-
nies."

"Kidnies? The butcher said. "You mean kidneys, don't you?"
The man looked surprised. "I said kidneys, did I?"

Let us not be too particular. It is better to have old secondhand diamonds than all.