

The Dust Pan

Well, here we are again with more dust in our pans than we know what to do with, so we will try to dispose of some of it the best way we know how.

What's this we hear about Wayne S. and the B S U trip? Which flavor lipstick do you like best, Wayne?

Could it be that this is the real thing, Don S. and Rachel S? I always thought ball trips would prove interesting with the photographer.

Wayne E., it couldn't have been the influence of a girl that brought you here, could it? Anyway I guess it is nice to have Margaret C. across the table every meal.

Well, kids, we just figured out why Gin H. wishes she were a day student. (Tip: Forrest Teague is).

Tommy B. you seem to have adopted Bobby M's motto: "never too many girls." Not many girls would have the nerve to date one girl one week and then roommate the next to say nothing of those in between!

Ann Hanning, what do you mean when you say you have to write that letter? Speaking of mail — have you noticed how excited Rathobers and Doris Vance get when the mail comes in?

These boys really get red hair, especially when it's on a girl named Martha Brooks.

Betty Jean E. seems to have taken a sudden interest in Texas now. Miller, could you have had anything to do with it?

Having two girls dormitories has its bad points as well as its good points, eh girls? It's hard to keep up with who goes out with the boy you dated last night.

We know it's hard to make it to breakfast boys, but it's worth it if Phil Fitz, Bob Boring, Ken Bradley, However, Latitia, Sara, and Betty think it's very gallant of their "knights in shining armor" to be so devoted.

We're glad to see an old romance budding again. Keep up the good works Sue and Bill. The school seems to be getting regular phone calls from Decker Hall. Wonder if it gets cold in that booth, David M. What goes with the couple we always see at the Hamrick steps? How much rent do they charge, George, Floyd?

Bobby Workman, if all these girls you have on a string get together and compare notes, "You may call everybody darling," but take a tip, someday you may wonder what happened to your technique.

Miracles never cease. Hugh G's finally settling down? Don't fight it, Sally and Hugh G. It's bigger than both of you." How does Sam W. fit into the picture?

Fat S., what seems to attract you to a Mooresville alumnus, namely Gothard O.?

These short hair cuts seem to be catching, huh, Valeria and Allen — oh well, two of a kind.

Another couple has been initiated into the steady circle, congratulations, Peggy Q. and Don E.

What's this about the secret club at the boy's dorm? Think the girls will say no? Chickens!

The campus really looked good with last year's sophomores marching the grounds — such as Marquette Ross, Mary Dean Minges, Alex Bromm, Christine Hyde, Frances Rhyme, Harold Gridley, Martha Stone, Joe Cole, Glenn Pettijohn, Red Parham, Roy Carson, C. Bradburn, Bobby Benny, C. B. Hopper and you think of the rest.

Harvey has done it again — in this time Ann C. seems to be the object

of his affections. Vance P. that Thanksgiving ball game sounds mighty interesting. Bill M. makes it even more inviting. Bill M. says your intentions in the student center don't seem to be focused on checkers and ping-pong any more. How do you do it, Pat G.?

Martha G. seems to like riding in an A Model — especially when somebody just chaffeurs it.

Nancy M. just how successful was that B. S. U. trip to Raleigh? Did a certain State student help matters any?

Faiah! Bob Boring is looking for a car. Will all interested parties please register with his agent, Jimmy Moore, giving all necessary statistics.

Pete B., are you having any more success? Remember this, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Our little reminder to Charles Ledford seems to have brought results, right, Rovilla?

Here's something about a table full of girls that Frank P. just can't seem to resist — are you telling the causes, Frank?

Henry's another one of these boys with a heart that always has room for one more. Take it easy, Henry, and remember "A hint to the wise is sufficient."

What seems to be the trouble between Jimmy M. and a certain little girl from Southport — huh, P. A.?

Are the Florida girls so much different that the N. C. girls just won't do George K.? Let us in on your secret.

Now, one last piece of dust way out in a corner, and we'll have exhausted our supply for this month. Seems that it is just useless to try for a date with Paula Howard. When she says she goes steady, that's exactly what she means!

The Vacuum Cleaners

Every cloud has its silver lining, but it is sometimes a little difficult to get it to the mint.

Nowadays when your ship comes in, the Government sees that it is docked.

Voltaire: Judge a man by his successes rather than his failures.

Seneca: If you would make a man happy, do not add to his possessions but subtract from the sum of his desires.

"My wife's a wonder," bragged one cooing rooster. "One winter she knitted me socks out of an old bathing suit, and now she's knitting a bathing suit for herself out of one of my old socks."

Rat Day

Rats!! Eek!! Rats!! Ra - a - a - a! — It was 3:30 A. M. when the freshmen were waked up by screaming accusations of ratmores. It was really bloodcurdling to wake up hearing them screaming, Rats!!

We had just lamed back on the floor after a big scare when our big Sister opened the door. At once she pranced on us, dressing us up for a queen. After Big Sister had put the girl skirt on wrong side out, upside down, put hose and tennis shoes on her feet, tied socks in her hair, and put socks on her hands, she wore "Rat" all over her face and poured dime store perfume in her hair. Then she added a box of powder in the hair for good measure. The Rat was then led to the lobby where she waited for her fellow rat escort to pick her up to go for a two hour hike.

At about 4 A. M. the boys came to the girls' dorm to pick up their dates. They were less fortunate than the girls because some of them still had on their pajamas. The boys had their shirts and trousers on wrong side out and backwards. As soon as the door opened the smell of asafetida hit our nostrils. The most honorable Sophomore boys had put their hair, and started us on our two-hour hike, while they sang "I'm a Rat Just Now." Their very wailing and crying and every time we displeased them, the boys had to do any called for amount of pushups while his girl friend touched her toes.

The Rats were led in a double line to the homes of our faculty friends where we serenaded them until they woke up and answered the door. Then a Rat couple led us in fifteen rats for our faculty friend.

After we had made the rounds, it was about 6:00 A. M. when we came stumbling back to our rat couples. They were cold, and so hoarse we could not utter a squeak. The sophomores were so kind as to let us rest peacefully in our seats until they came back to take us to breakfast.

When we had carried the sophomores trays to the table, and given them anything on our own trays that they happened to want, we were allowed to nibble a square meal with our knives. Believe me, they were square, too! Between bites, we ran back and forth to the counter, getting second cups of coffee for our upholsterers.

Breakfast over, we carried their books and escorted them to their class. One asset of being a Rat was being able to disband the class under the orders of a Sophomore.

At lunch time the girls had to wear hats and carry large pocket books to the cafeteria. Again we had a square meal. Whoever heard of eating peas with a knife! Between bites we carried our trays to the cafeteria insulting our teachers, asking boys for dates, and proposing to some of them. This was one day that we didn't mean a thing we said.

At 1:30 P. M. the boys were allowed to take a few spots of paint and be human beings again, again.

but the unlucky girls had to remain rats. They were allowed to wear white pants and socks with white shoes, which was all very well and good, but the shower caps weren't too comfortable.

The grand finale of a very exciting, unforgettable day was "Rat Court," which was held in the E. B. Hamrick Building at 8:30. The judges and the Jurors really carried the guilty Rats for a fare-you-well!

Several girls were called to the stand for flirting with the boys and were pronounced guilty. For their punishment they had to play the ukulele and sing "Louie, Louie." Others had to give various recitations, and dance. etc. The highlight of the evening was the "Three Musketees" from Texas." With tears streaming down their faces, they were made to say, "Texas stinks, Texas stinks, Texas stinks!" And believe you me it really did stink, what with all that asafetida!

This evening proved to be very entertaining and was the perfect end to an altogether perfect day.

It's A Fact!

Would you like proof that this year's Gardner-Webb is bigger and better than ever? There is nothing like figures to prove facts, so here goes. This year at Gardner-Webb there are 11,900 students. Last year there are on our campus twenty-seven students and one post graduate.

Our 22 counties in North Carolina are represented in the student body. There is also a representation of eight other states and the District of Columbia. One foreign country is represented. The states and number of students include: Florida, 3; Georgia, 1; Maryland, 1; New Jersey, 2; South Carolina, 26; Tennessee, 1; Texas, 3; Virginia, 1; D. C., 1. We have one student from Naacure, Israel.

Quite a variation of religious denominations are on our campus this year: They are: Baptist, 33; Methodist, 22; Presbyterian, 7; Church of God, 2; Episcopalian, 1; Catholic, 16; Missionary, 1; Lutheran, 1; and no affiliation, 24.

Quite a variety of material to make this a successful year. Full steam ahead!

On his first day out, a rookie policeman in Chicago was having trouble with a burglar. He had got him as far as a patrol call box when the delinquent swung at him and knocked him down. Another policeman, seeing the commotion from across the street, started over to help. But as he approached, the rookie scrambled to his feet and started to run. The other officer finally caught him and demanded: "What's the matter with you anyway?"

"Holy suffering!" panted the new recruit. "I forgot I was a policeman. In the neighborhood where I was brought up we always ran from cops!"

Garage mechanic to car owner: "All the grease to keep the oil and change the car."