



Except...

Up to two years ago, the look-alike Solomon twins did the same things together. Even had polo at the same time.

Except...
Linda recovered completely. Sandy didn't.

Even today, after some \$1500 in March of Dimes help, she needs braces and crutches to get around.

Except...
Sandy, like thousands of other polo victims, still needs a lot more treatment. She'll get it—as much as she needs. You, who made the Salk vaccine possible, can provide that care. And, what is more, your dime and dollars will also help train the minds and hands of the professional experts so desperately needed to give it.



MY HOBBIES

By PATSY WRIGHT

I have two very interesting hobbies; one, collecting poetry, is very appropriate. The other hobby is one that is questionable, in my own mind at least, as to its appropriateness for any lady; however, it is one I enjoy. I suppose in its broadest sense, you could call it carpentry; in its narrower sense it would be called "puttering"—if there is such a term! I will choose—because of self-respect, I suppose—to call it carpentry.

This hobby came into being when I was a child. My younger brother would come to me to ask my assistance in the difficult task of whitening out his slingshots. I have long since graduated from slingshots to various and sundry things like planning off unlevel doors, making book prods for lady people who like to read in bed (myself, if you have not guessed), and have recently attempted making book ends. From carpentry work (and I use the word again in its broadest sense), I have learned much about how to get along with-

I DISCOVERED AMERICA

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Through the help of great friends, I found myself living in a beautiful home. As the year progressed, my friendship with these people grew. I graduated from Weston High School on May 28, 1956. These friends, of whom I spoke earlier, made it possible for me to enroll in college. After properly enrolling in school, I went to Virginia Beach, Virginia, to take a summer job.

This, my first working summer, I enjoyed very much. In fact, it was the most enjoyable in all my life, for I could speak the English language. While working as a waiter, I had the opportunity to meet different people from all over the country.

My plan for the future is to seek an education that will help me to become a useful citizen. I also wish to learn to show my appreciation to my friends by doing to others what they are doing for me.



out male assistance, but I have learned also that men are a little better equipped physically to handle the task of hobby I enjoy.

For instance, the last encounter with my book ends, which was about two weeks ago, left me with a few memories that will probably delay any further action until the memory, at least, becomes less vivid. I had very carefully laid my board across my chair, sat on it, and proceeded to saw it on the accurately measured line I had drawn. Being very sleepy already and I'll admit, not realizing how wide awake one must be I sawed, and sawed, and sawed. Eventually, the chair completely collapsed and there I sat—on the floor, mind you—but I sat. To some degree, I was disappointed at my miscalculation of the thickness of the board, but how proud I was to see the board sawed very close to the line I had drawn!

Surmounting this trivial incident, I proceeded to hunt for the nails with which I would put my first book end together. I set the nail in place, toyed with my hammer until I was quite sure of my aim, and proceeded to bring the hammer through the air with all the feminine strength my aching muscles would allow. (Now you're going to think I hit the wrong nail. No, No, I did not. In fact I did not hit either nail.) Square upon the forefinger of my left hand came the little hammer. My book end is at present in the closet, with one nail in its bottom. I have not had the courage to finish it. My finger is still a queer color of bluish-green, surrounded by a dark circle; there is also a vivid reminder of how sore certain regions of my body were the morning after. So much for carpentry!

Without very much coaxing, I returned to my first love, poetry. After all, poetry is much more appropriate for a young lady. Don't you agree?



Pilot Salutes

As our male salute of the month steps in the PILOT spotlight we see the shining face and bright smile of a young agriculture student from Polkville. The face is that of Bob Davis and the smile is the one he has made well known on the Gardner-Webb campus.

At an age when most boys eyes are a little heavy because of girls, Bob's eyes are also shining, but not because of girls. He is looking to the future and the plans he has after college.

Bob says that in his crystal ball he sees State College and a degree in agriculture which he hopes to some day be able to say he earned.

Bob works diligently in his studies and he has even taken a course over when he made as low as a C in it. Though the spotlight may not remain forever, the light in the eyes and the smile on the face will long be in the memory of those who know him. So it is with pleasure that the PILOT salutes Bob Davis.

Chosen to represent the feminine side of the campus this month in receiving the PILOT Salute is Shirley Joy. Shirley is the 19-year-old daughter of the Mr. and Mrs. Ray Joy of Six Points.

The green-eyed redhead graduated at Cliffside High School in 1955. She was an active member of the class, serving as vice-president of the class her senior year.

Shirley is a member of the Sigma Xi Alpha and the PILOT staff. She is also a member of the House Council and has thus far survived as one of the third floor hall proctors. Shirley's major is chemistry. She has not definitely decided where she will attend school next.

The PILOT Salute goes to a girl with one of the most winsome smiles on the campus.

"Don't say that," she cried, turning pale, "you know I'm afraid of mice."

What Gardner-Webb Has Done For Me

By NOSMO KING

Once upon a time many long months ago, I was a freshman at Gardner-Webb College. For quite a while during my freshman year, I was worried, bewildered, and confused. Well, I still am, but on a much higher plane.

The confusion began when I started on my entrance exams. The first thing I did was follow a crowd to a room where they had a bunch of weird looking equipment rigged up. A red haired lady came by and punched a needle in my arm, and it hurt awful. Pretty soon a lady called me over and had me look in a machine and tell her what I saw. Well, I did, but I didn't see anything but a bunch of figures and things, but I didn't want to tell her because I thought those things were just too weird. So I made up a good year about seeing bugs and tadpoles, like I had heard they do in biology. And she told me, "You can't see too well."

I looked over at that other machine and there stood Paul Bell with a pair of ear muffs on like it was a slinky. That woman who had put the ear muffs on him had the nerve to stand there and ask him what he could hear—like he was supposed to hear something with ear muffs on. Well, I guess Paul figured about like I did, so he told her quite a yarn. She said, "You hear badly."

Well, here we were. I had been told, "You see badly," and Paul had been told, "You hear badly," and over across the hall, the doc was telling Joe Dysart, "You smell badly."

This first day was the first time that I ever met "Country" Causby. We went to a room to take some English tests and there's sat mak-

OH! THESE GRADES!

Newark, Del.—(I.P.)—"While the importance of grades in higher education may be overemphasized, they can serve a useful purpose," declared President John A. Perkins of the University of Delaware in his annual report. "Grades should be an indication of one's ability to think logically and merely rather than an indication of merely the ability to memorize.

"They should also indicate how well a person works, provide a public accountability for the use of time and money, and give a measure of an individual's sense of responsibility and sensitivity to the first-rate or excellent. The indication of these qualities is often as important as the substance of the subjects learned.

"Whether these qualities can be accurately reported by the use of such letters as A, B, C is questionable. However, once a University commits itself to a system of grading, it is obligated to maintain the system's integrity. If the grade C purports to stand for average work and fifty per cent of the students earn a grade of B, the institution is not abiding by standards professed.

"As a result, the number honored was reduced by more than fifty per cent. The method of giving credit for graduate work also has been revised to improve grading practices. Hereafter, credit toward graduate degrees was earned only by a grade of A or B. As a consequence, only five per cent of the graduates' grades were C or lower. To offset the very human inclination of teachers to give B's to borderline students, the faculty by formal action, acknowledged the grade of C as the lowest passing one for graduate credit but specified that a B average was required to qualify for a degree. As such a student now be earned to offset each C, the quality of academic work for advanced degrees should be considerably improved."

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