

PILOT SALUTES



Patsy Cook

This month the PILOT salutes Patsy Cook, that flame-haired hustler with a load of responsibility and the ability to meet the demands of it.

Her innocent blue eyes, soft-spoken voice, and warm personality are qualities that mingle charm with ability. As editor of the "Anchor," Pat has a difficult but rewarding task—a task she has experienced before as editor of the "Forester," the yearbook of the high school from which she graduated in Forest City. We, as her classmates, can be thankful for her talents.

As would be guessed, Pat's hobby is writing and speaking. She has won numerous contests, including the United Nations Award.

Included in Pat's extracurricular activities are: program chairman of the International Relations club, Marshall club membership, and her duty as nurse's aide in the clinic. She even gets in her share of socializing, as evidenced by the beautiful diamond she has received from Ben Poston.

Besides all this, Pat is maintaining an enviable academic average and a pleasant disposition, for which she is acclaimed "Personality of the month."

With the sophomores starting a new batch of term papers, the library is beginning to look alive again after a few weeks of cool chairs.



Buddy Marshall

This month the PILOT salutes Buddy Marshall, whose personality and smile have made many friends. It may also be said to his credit that he plays a "mean" hand of rook.

Buddy hails from Flat Rock, and he is practically a next door neighbor to Carl Sawduburg. He attended Dana High School, where he graduated in 1955, and came down to the flatlands to get some "learning." Buddy plans to major in math and teach. As for girls, he is still playing the field and hasn't bucked down to a steady. So girls, sit up and take notice.

Buddy, whose name is actually Richard Edward, is a hard working guy and is rough and ready too, as proven by the fact that he has survived a hectic semester as hall monitor on that notorious second west of Decker Hall.

Buddy has gained a reputation for being able to tell somewhat tall tales, or so his friends think. According to him, his family raised a sweet potato big enough to feed Gardner-Webb for a week. No one here has seen that potato yet, so some of the students have their doubts as to the validity of that tale. Miss Odum should check up on that potato.

Jim Hardin: "My town is best. I'd druther be the meanest man in my town than the best fellow in yours." William Lackey: "You've got your druther."

LOFTIN SLEPT HERE

By CHARLES LOFTIN

It's a small town, about a thousand population, unspoiled by progress, no railroad, no bar, no nothing. You know everyone and they all know your credit rating. It boasts a town sheriff, a post office, and even a movie house, but on the edge of town the fields are plowed for cotton, and in the spring the pine-covered hills reflect the glory of the dogwood and the red bud.

Boiling Springs is not like other towns. It's a college town, and its tempo changes with the college season. All summer the natives doze under the hot Southern sun, the shops are half empty, and the town takes on a lonely appearance. The good citizens all comment on the rise, quiet, uneventful days, but somehow no one has ambition.

Then in early fall, long about time the cotton begins to open, and before the air begins to quicken with frost, life suddenly surges anew with ripe new blood, and life is twenty again. A hundred young gentlemen romp across the campus and overrun town in their dirty bucks, faded levis, and T shirts. The campus echoes to the chatter of the co-eds as they window shop uptown or protest the cruel hand of fate while the house mother instructs them of the new rules governing the behavior of young ladies.

Sometimes the night echoes to Tarzan's call, or the good town father stunder when the boom of a football rally shakes the autumn twilight. Occasionally there are brushes with the authorities when youth erupts for Halloween or after exams.

I like our town in the spring when students wade through the mud, dash across campus in a mad rush to beat the last bell to class, or when Sadie Hawkins Day is just around the corner. But best of all I like October when the smell of autumn is in the air and the red and scarlet tapers of Cleveland are a delicate tapestry away in the distance. When on a fine afternoon after classes are done the guys go out for touch football or take a gun and go out in search of game that is never found, but always dreamed about.

It's a small town, but its charms are enduring, and with its unburied ways, its classical ritual of living, it has lived and will continue to liven the hearts of students for a long time to come.



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WANTED: Three gals, preferably over twelve years old. We are desperate. Please help. Contact Dillard Hast, Bobby Meeks and Carroll Kirby for liberal reward.

FOR SALE: Plenty of good, barely used Chemistry books, rarely opened. Being sold by Mr. Mosley's chemistry students who flunked. Ye Ole Books Shoppe. Phone 96235.

WANTED: Replacement for Crew. Contact Cordie Hardin. Must be tall, dark, and a sophomore—or freshman.

LEGAL NOTICE: We hereby petition that we wish to have the date nights changed to six nights each week. Signed—Miss McSwain, Miss McGee, and Miss Baucum.

WANTED: Desperately need one cure to prevent being struck by Lightning. See Shirley Bess in the new dorm. Reward offered.

NOTICE: News Editor, and all staff writers; It would be appreciated if all articles were turned in before deadline—or even turned in. The Editor.

WANTED: One motor scooter garage. They won't let me keep my scooter in the basement of Decker Hall any more. See Lawrence Matheny, Room 213, Decker Hall.



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