



SONJA HEDRICK

DORSEY HOGGARD

DECEMBER TOP SOPHS

By Paula Winstead

Miss Top Soph this month is petite, 4'11" Sonja Hedrick, day student from Bolling Springs. Although not a native of this community, she has lived here most of her life. Sonja is the oldest of six children and is the shortest member of the family.

Going to movies, dancing, reading good books, and serious discussions with friends head Sonja's list of spare time activities.

Her future is somewhat undecided in that she has not chosen specifically what branch of the teaching profession she would like to enter. Appalachian State Teachers College will be very fortunate next year if Sonja follows through with her plans. Her ambition is to do something worth-while and good through education.

"Creative," as she was so nicknamed all during high school is quite active on campus. She is the very capable business manager of the Pilot, a vice-president of the F. T. A., was a Homecoming sponsor for the day students, and last year the day student secretary. Her histrionic talents were shown when she appeared in the play "Under Milk Wood."

Hard to believe, but true!—Sonja was a forward on the Bolling Springs High School girls' team. Sonja's "pet peeve" is a person who pretends to be something he is not.

The qualities she admires in a member of the opposite sex are sincerity, politeness, neatness, having a good personality, and being a good conversationalist.

Hamburger is Miss Top Soph's favorite food. "The Ten Commandments" gets her vote as the best movie; her most enjoyed book is "A Man Called Peter"; and her favorite song is "It's All in The Game."

Dorsey Budwood Hoggard, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., has received the top for the December Mr. Top Soph honor. Although he was born and has lived in Baltimore, Dorsey says, "I am a misplaced Rebel!" All of his relatives are The Heels, so Dorsey feels quite at home in North Carolina.

Between high school and college, Mr. Top Soph spent four years in the Air Force, being stationed in Korea and Japan. A minister friend of his in Tennessee recommended Gardner-Webb very highly, so Dorsey investigated, is on his second year, and "I like it so well I'm coming back next year!"

Dorsey's list of favorites are quite varied — song, "Jet"; movie, "No Time for Sergeants"; book, "No Time for Sergeants" (no time for variation); and food—any kind!

Although not officially a member of any organized activity, Dorsey confessed that he sticks his nose into everything.

His pet peeve is for someone to handle him bodily in the morning rather than to gently rouse him from sleep verbally.

When asked about future plans,

TRACING A COLLEGE

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two efficient young ladies who typed many, many five-by-eight note cards. I had only to point out to them what I wished copied.

The form that the book took was almost an organic one. The materials fell logically into four divisions—the movement which brought the school into existence, the period during which the school was a high school, the period during which it was Bolling Springs Junior College, and the period since 1942 that it has been Gardner-Webb College. All of the various charters of the school's existence appear in the Appendices as do lists of faculty members and trustees from the beginning of the institution, along with enrollment and graduation figures through the years. To Mrs. Dorothy Washburn Hamrick, Registrar, goes most of the credit for the lists. I am happy to say that I was spared that type of tedious work.

I selected the materials that went into the story I set out to tell. I suppose any writer of a college history is told stories, many very good ones, by those who preface their stories with the remark, "But you can't publish this."

I wanted an attractive book; and since I did not wish to trust this aspect of the publication of the book to the printer, I realized that I would have to design the book if it were to be attractive in the way I wanted it to be. The printer was very cooperative, and together we selected the type fonts and sizes. Even the thickness and quality of the paper had to be decided upon.

The type of paper to be used for the dust jacket had to be chosen; the number of colors to appear on it had to be agreed upon; and it had to be designed. It even had to be decided whether or not the illustrations would be tipped in or put in by the wrap-around method. And, of course, the title page, the dedicatory page, the table of contents, and so on had to be designed.

I received samples of cloth for the binding. Everybody should publish at least one book if for no other reason than the educational value of the experience.

SEASONAL THOUGHTS

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Isaiah 9:4.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and heav'n, and nature sing.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

O God of the poor, and friend of the friendless,
Shepherd of all earth's wandering sheep,
Look down in mercy on earth's wide distress,
Watch over thy fold, eternal vigil keep.

Fill us with love, the love of thy dear son,
Loosen our purse-strings to the pitiful poor;
Let not oppression flourish against them,
Nor famished ones go hungry from our door.

Give us compassion for the sons of men,
And tolerance for the friends of every creed.
Place on each brow faith's sparkling diadem.
Let us feed men as Thou the sparrows feed.

The poor, the weak and ever at our side,
Let us be brothers to them in their need.
Cleanse us from every taint of human pride,
No class, no hate, but all men friends indeed.

Fill us with love, O' men of Bethlehem,
Upon that radiant day when Christ was born.
Cleanse us from greed and graft and shallow sham,
That we may greet with joy this Christmas morn.

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THE GIFT OF GOD

Come, my children, all gather round,
While I tell my story of the quiet little town.

You all know about the town I speak;
Yes, the town of Bethlehem, so small and meek.

In a stable there a great Babe was born,
Who was later to wear a crown of thorns.

A star shone bright
And guided the Wise Men by its brilliant light.

On camels came they,
And brought their gifts to him asleep in the hay.

Their wonder did never cease,
After they had seen the Prince of Peace.

The shepherds were shaken with fear,
Until an angel's voice fell on their ear.

"Fear not," said he; "the Bible was sent from heaven above
As a symbol of God's great gift of love."

The shepherds then left their fields to see
Christ Jesus, the King of you and me.

Thus, many a year ago the first Christmas began,
But yet to this day we worship this great Man.

Where in life did we find men
To save them from their sin.
With songs and gifts our praises ring
For Christ the King.

"In the battle of existence, Talent is the punch; Tact is the clever footwork."—Wilson Mizner.

"Don't make excuses—make good."—Robert Hubbard.

"When you have accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace; God is awake."—Victor Hugo.



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wishes you

"A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS"

THE FABLE OF THE MULE

Once there was a very old man who owned a mule. The mule was extremely lazy and the old man was twice as lazy as the mule. One day the mule died and the old man was very sad. As sad as he was, the old man was too lazy to bury the mule, so he simply rolled the mule over on his back and placed a heavy log across him to hold him there. About two weeks after the old man began to wait up from the dead mule. Eventually the old man became so sad that the old man decided to bury his mule anyway. As he was digging the grave the delicious smell began to give him heartburn and just as he rolled the rotten mule into the grave, he fell over dead also.

Moral—If your mule dies, bury him promptly, because if you don't he may drag you in with him.

Dorsey replied, "My most immediate aim is to get out of Gardner-Webb. I'm trying for full-time Christian work in developing dramatic presentations in religious fields."

The only qualification for a girl to be his date is that she pay attention to him.

Noted for witicism and zany actions on campus, Dorsey is well-known around the Chesapeake Bay area as the guy who took a run about on the Bay in weather not fit for even 24-foot yachts! The Coast Guard was not too amused, however!

Merry Christmas to Sonja and Dorsey, Mr. and Miss December Top Sophs.

DORMS DECORATE

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capped since Mom Shylre cut out all the Christmas lights. Decor boys have discovered that the old, shabby, wind-blown, twisted, moss grown, termite bite, bird sit, and dog barked, long living, woody-perennial (Maple Tree) will be converted into a beautiful burning Yule Log. The log will be burned in the O. Max Gardner fireplace. Rumor has it that the faculty "Nature Society" headed by Mr. Stacy will call out the National Guard to preserve this tree if further action is taken by Decker.

Stroup doesn't seem to be doing much better. Several of the girls have opened a charge account at A. V. Wray's so they are buying their Christmas presents now, and still be paying for them next Christmas.

In the Stroup Dorm many Christmas carols can be heard filtering through the halls; the most popular being, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing! Two More Weeks and We'll Be Old."

Stroup Dorm has hit on a problem in decoration. They cannot decide whether to use a large autographed picture of Roy Acuff, or a life size figure of Mike Latimore and his Gold Star Ramblers.

All in all Christmas is just about the same run of the mill, but HAVE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS! DON'T CAREFULLY THIS LIFE YOU MAY BE MEIN!

The feature article by Miss Freeman appeared in last week's Cleveland Times.

The award of the clock radio was made by Mr. C. J. Harlick of C. J. Harlick and Sons of Bolling Springs, N. C.