

When Classes End

G-W Students See Life From Pill Box, Behind Mike

Works in A Pill Box

By CLYDE BUCKNER

Working in the local drug store, I have the opportunity of seeing most of our students and teachers as they are outside the classroom, and I can say with confidence that there is a world of difference. One of the most amusing observations I have made is the way the masters of the classrooms handle their outside problems. Miss Miller, for example, has a unique method for parking parallel; it is similar to the position a car has when it is parked diagonally. On one occasion, Miss Miller returned to her car and found the policeman writing out a ticket. There were a few words passed between them and the officer tore up the ticket—now that's what I call real charm. One afternoon Mr. McGraw, Dr. Poston, and Dr. Keochler came in to have a drink. When served, they each began to search frantically for the total amount of the order; it was hilarious to see each trying to get his money out before one of the others did, but hoping secretly that he wouldn't. I have often wondered what our students do to one of our history professors to necessitate his buying so much Alka-Seltzer.

Teachers, however, are not the only source of laughter around the drug store; students are always doing and saying things that never cease to amaze and amuse me. One day Nancy Brown came in and turned over a box containing several hundred individually-wrapped pieces of candy. Her friends watched as she picked them up and they extended their sympathy to her in the form of roaring laughter. The incident was only the beginning of Nancy's troubles, for when she had made her purchase and started to leave, she turned the same box over again.

How college students spend money is a question asked by many parents. The greatest part of the girls' money goes for cosmetics and devices for hair glorification. Ora Jane Long has a passion for hot bubble gum, and Liz Reese is wild about Tootsie Pops. Rae Sinclair drinks enough Dietrite colas to slenderize an elephant, while Ann Taylor could eat a washtub full of crushed ice. Ralph Cox doesn't buy anything, but he certainly enjoys reading the store's movie magazines. Although I could never relate all of the amusing incidents that happen to college students, they still happen, and they make the lives of many people much happier.

BECOMES A DISC JOCKEY

By JOHNNY GREENE

Each afternoon, after leaving Gardner-Webb College, I throw down my books and pick up a microphone. I am employed by the local radio-station WCHS, in Shelby, WOHIS is the number one station in this area, but not because I work there. In fact, my employment there does not help much in making it a radio station. If we are not number one, at least we are the loudest with 1000 watts.

Many people ask, "How does one become a disc jockey?" My first suggestion is seek employment at a radio station. This is necessary because magazines, museums, handkerchief factories and the like, do not hire disc jays.

The ability to speak correctly is not necessary, although I do not know many mute announcers. Speech was the only course that I made a B on during last spring semester.

Dress, at a radio station, is not important. I usually wear my pink corduroy knickers or high-back overalls, but never a tie. If you wish to dress more formally, you may do so.

Another important asset to a commentator is knowledge. He is expected to know everything from the correct time in Moscow, to last year's winner in the sack race at the annual Davy Party. Once, a lady called and asked if her child could eat the snow. It was all right with me if he ate the ground. If you plan to go into radio as an occupation, learn everything. I do not know everything yet but my boss thinks I do.

My greatest employment received from radio is news. I get to know, before the audience finds out, how many

BEHIND A MOTEL DESK

By CHARLES REDDEN

Early one night as I sat behind the desk of the well arranged motel office, the switchboard began to buzz. I left my seat, and answered as usual, "Lingren Motel." It was the Shelby sheriff's department. "Be on the look-out for a man, age 35, 5 feet, 11 inches in height, weight 210, with scars on left arm near wrist. He is believed to be driving a yellow 1957 make car and is accompanied by his wife and two children. This man is armed and considered dangerous."

When I hung up the phone and went back to my seat I thought very little of what had just been relayed to me. About an hour later, to my surprise, I walked a man (about 5 feet, 11 inches, and around 210 pounds) and asked for a room. Suddenly I was filled with fear, and when he said he had his wife and two children, I became panicky. As the people started around the building to their room, I just happened to notice the car they were driving—a yellow 1957 model. Not knowing what to do, I looked at the register to see where the people were from—Charleston, South Carolina. The sheriff had said the man he was looking for had come down from the North. I was relieved a little, but I had knots in my stomach. As I closed up and started to my room, I debated about calling the sheriff's department, but didn't know whether I should or not. To help satisfy my curiosity, I slipped down to the room of these latest guests. I heard nothing! After a few moments, I retired to my room, but I didn't sleep.

The next morning, I quickly turned on the radio, and the first thing I heard concerned the capture of the man the law was looking for somewhere in South Carolina. Hearing this, I jumped from my bed, leaped into the shower and tried to get the restless night washed off. It was hard to get through my classes the next day without falling asleep at my desk, but I made it. As I headed home that afternoon, I laughed at myself for being so suspicious, but I told myself it was a night I would never forget.

times Khrushchev hammered his shoe on the table and how many laps Caroline has made around the White House. (I never get to know what the President says to Caroline when he catches her.) Of course, these things are not important, but they do amuse me. The five minutes of silence you get on our station every evening is the time I take off for reading the news. This is the same silence Mr. Lamb heard in Speech class, in college I received grades for silence; now I receive money.

Some evening when you are doing nothing (every evening), slide your FM radio dial over to 96.1 and listen to my show, "The Moonlight Express." We use that name because the program sounds like a train. You probably will not like the show, but neither do I. I am going to be a journalist. If Edward R. Murrow does not appreciate me, maybe Jim Bishop will. (And you? Oh, you will turn your radio back on and cancel your subscription to the paper.)

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