

Ha-los from Angel Farm

Angel Farm? You mean the "Paradise" only twelve miles from Maxton? Just imagine — about two hundred and sixty girls of which less than two per cent are fatally attached. Blondes, brunettes, and a few red-heads ranging from four feet and six inches to five feet and eleven inches; ages from — to —; and all have time on their hands (time for four classes in the morning and a three hour laboratory in the afternoon).

"Flossie Mac" is located in the southeast portion of the thriving metropolis of Red Springs. You can reach the college in twenty minutes provided you have a '48 Chrysler and travel at the supersonic speed of thirty miles per hour. By telephone, 282-1 and 918-1 offer prompt service — well, service anyway. A letter will reach F. M. C. in four hours (If sent special delivery, air mail it might arrive a few minutes earlier!)

The girls may date any afternoon until five forty-five o'clock and Saturday and Monday nights until ten thirty o'clock. Most Juniors and Seniors may date any night including Sunday. Freshmen and Sophomores may date on Sunday nights provided the boys are from a distance—over twelve miles, in other words.

Somehow you can always find something to do—movies, concerts, and parties. You'll have a chance to "wreck" the "rec" hall with bowling balls, ping pong paddles and old maids—card, that is! Bridge and poker are washed out. If you should happen to be a second Pade-weski you can always entertain on the twenty-five "harp-sicords" at "Angel Farm." Then you can pretend that the tea room is a favorite "dive", you know, "dine, but don't dance." (Really, "Flossie Mac" is not too hampered by rules. Have you heard about the four formals and the many informal dances planned for this year?) Gee, there are lots of things to do, but if none of these interest you, you can always just sit and talk.

The time, the place, and the — oh, how do you meet one of these angels? They tell me that the P. J. C. boys have a lot of ingenuity. Here's a chance to prove it!

'Tis nothing uncommon for ye ole rotunda to fairly bulge and throb with the patter of little (?) feet and the soft, melodious voices of Flossie's own "model angels," but, what, oh what, happens when our nearest of kin inmates escape from the portals of P. J. C. to caper and clown and cut up (c, c, c, is right . . . pardon, ad libing) right there in the middle of the "hole" on first floor, giving those of us who were hanging over her sides (referring to the rotunda's of course) a biiiggg thrill.

Let's get to the point—'nuff of that stuff. Ready? Then I'll let you in on the dope.

How Sharpe can you be, Hal? It's a cinch you've been pu-lenty sharp to rate the date with the little woman. La de da!

Flossie's got a Hazard and, honey chile, he eyes his Dot—opps, dots his i's.

There's a "ram" on the campus so they "sey!" Get it? Ramsey!

Laugh? I thought I'd die! But I hope it doesn't cause a "Rowe" or a "Rumple."

Wait, Jim ole boy, you're doing O. K. You from Texas? Seems your brand is definitely marking the third finger, left hand of the Kilpatrick "Kid." You know how to pick 'em. Congrats!

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, has anybody seen my Cat?" Don't worry, Austin. Seems you lose no time in finding her "pronto" each Saturday and Monday night. Verdad?

There's a song in the air! Musical talent has no limit 'cause "Dewey" done played me a so-lo (solo no one cud hear it but one certain gal that matters de mostest and she CAN SING.)

I hear "Toney" had a fling over here, but did he end on highland? (pun, son).

Buddy's face was "all red" 'tother night. More "Powell" to "HER!"

I ask you—are skating rinks really green? Well, maybe 'tain't skating but I saw a rink what was "Green." Yeah did!

Gee, this could go on, but!

For P. J. C.
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"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

AS WE SEE IT

By Bobby Calhoun and James Tony

Our so called cheerleaders are the most cheerless bunch of people I've ever heard. I personally believe the word "pall-bearer" would suit them better than the name cheerleaders! If they lived up to their title they would or should do what the name indicates. It is their duty as cheerleaders to cheer and inspire others to do the same. Has that been the case? No!! Our cheerleaders are an independent crew and only attempt a few feeble yells throughout the entire game, or a "Hideo-Ho" on the kick-off. I'll admit the crowd doesn't support the team either—by cheering I mean. This fault can also be blamed on our cheerless leaders. They should be the sparkplugs for all yells and cheers but so far I haven't seen any spark in them. The only real and earnest cheering I've heard has come from the bench that holds the football players. Cheerleaders, does the football team have to play all the games and also lead the cheering???

At the first of the season our football squad consisted of approximately forty eight players. At the present time it is little more than half that size. A common excuse for dropping was "I need the afternoons in order to study." That is okay if you really were going to study but here is what most of them do instead of studying. Every afternoon they play touch football on the grass in front of the dorm. What's wrong? The varsity team too rough for you???

Call yourself a Hunter?? — Recently some brave and daring young man rose early one morning and proceeded to do some squirrel hunting. Only this guy didn't possess the sporting blood that most hunters have — no, he had to be content by shooting the few tame squirrels we have on the campus. Say fellow, if you want to be a big time hunter why don't you go to the zoo and shoot a tame bear or lion?? (Editor's note: Yeah? — Yeah!! — And a knife in your back too!!)

Flash! Austin Gore seen dining with Kitty Bullock at a local restaurant . . . Many congratulations to Jim Warren for whom wedding bells are soon to ring . . . Luckless Bill Mangrum seen hobbling up the stpes at Flora Macdonald . . . Bill Lassiter, who currently crashed the P.J.C. football world, seen dancing in a frat house at State . . . Also in Raleigh "Ghost" Newsom and several of his close friends seen parked on Star street . . . Robert Calhoun suddenly astouds the bowlers . . . What do you think of the Flora Macdonald alleys, Bob? . . . Rink and Bell seen dating two of Flora Macdonald's talented musicians. Ted Brillhart stepping out . . . That's a snazzy looking Hudson, Ted! . . . Flash! Andrew Rowe develops a breathless northern accent, gee whiz kid! . . . Buddy Powell often seen dining with a young teacher. Take it easy, Buddy! . . . Bill Marsh evidently lost at the Louis Jordan dance . . . Bob Cashion back from a much neede rest . . . (Editor's note: Mr. Toney says that he would like to express his thanks to some fellow who calls himself "Winchell" or something like that for his style . . . Why? — Don't ask me, I'm only the Editor!)

Will Flora Macdonald start a new era due to the election of a new president? Many improvements are due and frankly should be made — that is, from the dating standpoint! Briefly running over improvements due from a dating man's standpoint, I would first advocate later dating hours throughout week ends 11 o'clock as standard in all leading girl's colleges (in fact, even later). Second, places to date. It is true several couples can date together, but honestly, there's a crowd in North Carolina! Third thing in line is more freedom on

Basketball

Basketball practice was started this week with about fifteen or twenty hopefuls reporting for workouts under the direction of Coach Peanut Doak. Several others will report after the football

season closes. Garland Barker, George and Garnet Fawcett, Ankie Rowe, and Wiley Steed are returning from last years team. Some of the new boys that are looking good to date are Johnny Johnson, 6'6" center, Jerry Parrish, Pete Hasty, Dickie Hendricks, Chick Seals Sid Carraway and Gene Skinner. Johnson is especially effective on tip-ins and layup shots. Hasty and Parrish have been dumping in shots from all over the court, the latter specializing on hooks from the circle.

Coach Doak is looking forward to a good season this year. As yet the schedule has not been released.

Thermometers aren't the only things that are graduated with degrees without having brains.

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