

GARDNER-WEBB PILOT
Member Intercollegiate Press

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So Long Sophomores

To the eighty-eight sophomores who are graduating next Thursday, the members of the PILOT staff wish to extend hearty congratulations.

Before we came to college, we thought that our high school days were unforgettable, but this past year in college we have met many people and made friends that can never be forgotten. As you leave this college and go to other colleges and to the different walks of life, we sincerely hope that you may achieve your highest goals. We also hope that you will take the spirit of Gardner-Webb with you and spread it wherever you go.

We freshmen came to college last September wild-eyed and afraid. You have been as big brothers and sisters to us this past year. We lived through "Rat Day," Saturday classes, formal dress-ups, and competed against you on "Field Day." Now, we are about to have to fill the shoes which have led us this past year. We only hope that we can help the green freshmen next year as much as you have helped us. We hope that every one of you can come back to visit us next year and not have to worry about deadlines for term papers, memorizing poetry, and Saturday classes.

As a great poet once said, "Parting is such sweet sorrow," but we want you to know that we feel that "Old Sophomores never die; they just fade away." —(G.W.)

COLLEGE STUDENTS

Meet Your Friends
at the
College
Snack Shop

Boiling Springs

Drug Store
Get All Your
Drugs
See All Your
Friends
Have A Soda
HERE

BOBBY BUSH (Continued from Page 6)

average points per game (13), and is hitting approximately 300 in baseball. There are the reasons that have brought Bobby Bush the recognition as one of the outstanding athletes of the freshman class.

Bob plans to return to Gardner-Webb next year to continue his studies and athletics. Although not many people know it, many surely have guessed that his desire is to become a coach, preferably in a high school in his home town. He has not decided which school he will attend after leaving G.W. but it is the general opinion that he will not be found in the shadows of other boys' dust.

Monogram Club Initiation

By
GLENN PETTIJOHN

In the girls' dorm, on the night of May 10, the girls were all wanting to know what was going on up in the history room. The lights were all on, lots of boys were running around in the room yelling, screaming, and some of the more fortunate ones were laughing as though they were having a big time. What in the world was it? Yowee! No! Don't make me do that. Well, if you're gonna be in the Monogram Club you have to take the initiation. Yes, but—Ouch—that's terrible. Heh, heh, That's just part of it; now take these pills. What do you say we take his blindfold off and show him his girl friend. What did you say about grapefruit???

Boys, let's go for a little ride. Now, remember Frog, you and Puckett, Pinkston, Jones and Billings, Coach said not go more than three miles. We remember—heh, heh, That gang with Banks Miller and Jack Meacham are already back. Coach must have been too easy on you. I believe Bill Morehead is back too—also Nix, Blackburn, Cole, Wardell, Newton—why I believe everyone is back, and we are just leaving. M goodness it's 9:15. You boys know we have to get some sleep tonight, 'cause I'll be hard to stay awake in Thurston's class at 8:30 tomorrow anyway. In the car, blindfolds still on, guarded by Big Ed Jones, can't even have a coke, and for goodness sake where are we going? I believe this road goes to Cliffside. A railroad—there's no railroad within three miles of G.W. You boys are kidding us. That was a hole in the road, you can't pull that over on me. We've been riding twenty minutes—Now don't burn all your gas out on us. Never mind, the tire won't hold any more. You just worry about getting back. Stop a minute, Frog, and let's get that sign for them so they won't have too much trouble. Here it is, that should help you. What does it say, "Hope Grove Church—3 miles." Yeah, well thanks? ? ?

Pull up here, Frog, I believe this is the place. O Kay boys, you can take your blind folds off. Do you know where you are?—Huh, do you know how high is the sky, you mean? Anyway we'll see you by lunch tomorrow—if we're lucky. Uh, what a desolate place!

Well, they're gone, and here we are to get back as best we can. Let's ask that lady in that house where we are and what direction we are to take. Lady! Lady, don't shoot! We're from Gardner-Webb College, being initiated into the Monogram Club. Will you tell us where we are please? Why, boys, you're in South Carolina. Those boys brought you too far. You take this road and stay on it for about three miles 'till you come to a big highway. You turn left and it's about four miles—Oh my! Oh, what to do, what to do. Well, thank Marn.

Boy, this road sure is long, and this hardly penetrates the distance we have to go. Look! There's a car coming from that house where we talked to that lady. Let's wait; maybe it's her. That lady did pick up those boys, and after getting to Cliffside, they quickly got another ride that took them all the way back to school. The joke was on the "old" boys who had taken them out, because they had barely gotten back themselves.

All this ceremony and ordeal was a matter of strengthening Gardner-Webb's new pride in heart, body, spirit, and character; and a manner of teaching them to take what is dished out. There was good sports-

manship represented in the initiation, the type that Gardner-Webb has good right to be proud of.

It has been repeatedly pointed out to us that clean sportsmanship is the only kind of athletic activities we are interested in. That is the type that allows us to grow into mature, serviceable citizens, both of our school and our society. Always remember that "When that great rover comes to write against your name, it's not whether you won or lost, but how you played the game."

Volunteer Band Has Social

On Thursday, May 10, the Christiana Volunteer Band climaxed a very successful year of work in a social down by the river side. This big event was the annual fish fry, but really, it was too busy eating and keeping Max Linvins out of my plate to see what was going on.

Many of the members were present, and the G. T.'s brought their wives and children to join in the fun. Among the other children were Sara Blanton and Jim Trantham, who got caught in the rain—or did they fall in the river?

The evening began with a climb up the mountain, which served as a means to improve our appetites, and while we were resting, the luscious odor of the hot French fries, fish, and coffee began to float about. We gathered around the table then and sang a few songs until we were served. Everything must have been wonderful for there wasn't anything left except one old burnt hush puppy.

After everyone had completely sufficed his appetite, we explored the river bank—that's when Path pushed Gaylord in. Then we gathered to sing more songs.

The entire evening was a success with fun and fellowship for all.

BELL'S

Lattimore & Hollis

NATIONALLY

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Ready-to-Wear

for

The Entire Family

Mr. Jones—"When I was a boy, I thought nothing of chopping a cord of wood."

Bill—"I don't think much of it myself."

Jim—"I had a fall last night that left me unconscious for six hours."

Jane—"Good gosh, where did you fall?"

Jim—"I fell asleep."

"My wooden leg pained me terribly last night."

"How's that?"

"A friend hit me over the head with it."