

Motive In The Winds

By Pete, the man at the Peep-Hole

In the last issue of "The Pilot" the staff offered a column entitled "Motives in the Wind." After receiving absolutely no encouragement from the student body as to its continuance, we have decided to change its name and writer (change as noticed at top of column.). This column will still handle the answering of questions beneficial to raising of the student body's standing.

This week's question is "The editor suggests the reading of this question be accompanied by: fog-horns, symbols, and stomping feet." "Fog" may "Date" be further stimulated among the students of Gardner-Webb? (Any similarity between names appearing below and actual G.W. students is purely . . . intended.)

Hoy Wheatgrinder: (Coach) I think the administration should announce a dance. When all the students get to the dance, the administration calls the whole thing off. Then someone, in a fit of anger, would suggest, "Let's burn down the school." Everyone would think this just "george" and say, "Capitol! Capitol! What a keen idea." Then the school would be burned and everyone would have to go home; thus no need for stimulation. Reporter's note: a violin major—he just worships Nero.

Glen Roosterson (His Lordship of G. W. Campus the Duke of Decker Manor, the Highness Higher than High of the Church Steeple and Captain of his Own Miss Starnes) should call off all datins, or so as this happens, everyone will want to date. Then unexpected, Miss Starnes will say, "Dating is permitted." Joy sweeps the campus—everyone dates everybody. One thousand and one cheers, twenty and one-half gun salutes, fifteen and three choruses of "For She's a Jolly Good Gum-Drop," for Miss Starnes. (Reporter's note: Sounds exciting.)

Miss Floy Poppun (Rubenstein): Well, this is the way I get my dates. I ask the boy this riddle: "What is the name of a dried prune which is bigger than a raisin, smaller than a watermelon and has a 'D', an 'A', a 'T', and an 'E' in it? Just as soon as he says, . . . 'Date.' I say that I would be delighted. (Reporter's Note: Pleasant little bit of treachery, isn't it?)

Professor Littlebabby-sheep (Winston-Spencer): I don't know how to answer your question, but I do have one thing to say. A thousand onionskins cursed onto the Rat who will trample on an onion patch. (Reporter's note: AMEN.)

HOME ECONOMICS

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roast turkey, recipes for turkey dressing, and cranberry punch.

The Home Economics Department of Gardner-Webb will be host to two hundred Home Demonstration Club women of Cleveland County on Thursday, November 6. Miss LaUna Brashears is the Cleveland County Home Demonstration Club Agent. The ladies will meet in the auditorium and eat lunch in the cafeteria. Students in the Home Ec Department will assist in putting out the picnic lunch that the ladies will bring and will be host to the ladies. They will be invited to visit our department.

Cheering Section

RACHEL SCROGGS

Probably the most important ball game of the year for us, took place on November 15, at Collier Field here on our own campus. This all-important game with North Greenville marked the Homecoming of the mighty Bulldogs of Gardner-Webb. A more perfect day for a game has never been seen. The weather man seemed to know just what we wanted, (remember that icy day last year for homecoming), and made it special for us. One of the things that contributed to the football spirit was all the chrysanthemums that the girls wore.

Our team did not wait long to show their reasons for a "bowl bid." It was in the first quarter that Garrison first plunged across that all important stripe. With a 7-lead and the power our boys were exhibiting, we in the stands knew that we were not to be disappointed.

During the half time, Miss Billie Walker was crowned football queen. Her attendants were Betty Wise and Paul Howard. In addition to these, each club on the campus was represented with a sponsor and her escort. These boys who are sophomores and who are enjoying their football days at Gardner-Webb had a special girl in the stands representing him. Those boys sponsoring girls on the campus were as follows: Ernie Diaz, Jean McRae; Darrell Willson, Sue Vance; James Garrison, Joyce Malone; Doug Fikz, Betty Jean Emmett; Bill Bates, Mrs. Shylie; Bill Wallace, Joy Rhinehard; Julie Tuttorow, Joyce Hamrick; Snak Nanney, Sally Thompson; Don Moore, Billie Walker (Queen); Tip Carpenter, Ann Laughter; Blair Little, Susie Owens; and Bill Carter, Juanell Randolph. Henry Smith and Bob Workman were sponsored by girls from off-campus.

The final whistle discovered a more than slightly one sided score—32-6. The Bulldogs of Gardner-Webb had come through once again. Scoring three times for G. W. was Captain James Garrison, and twice, Henry Smith.

The national sales manager for an inflatable bra—the latest thing for the girls nature short-changed — was flying from Los Angeles to San Francisco with his No. 1 model. She was, of course, loyally wearing one of the best's products. It turned out that the plane had a non-pressurized cabin, and the higher they flew the more outstanding the model became. It was so nerve-racking for the other passengers that she finally had to retreat to the pilot's compartment. She finished the flight there, gradually deflating.

Like most beginners, he managed to hit one magnificent, long drive during the 18 holes. When the round was over, he couldn't stop boasting about that particular shot. "Wasn't that drive marvelous?" asked a friend for the tenth time.

"Yes," was the bitter reply. "It's a shame you can't have it stuffed!"

The day after McCardward's wife presented him with offspring, the proud father was seen buying a baby bottle.

"Hoot, mon, that's scandalous extravagance," said a friend.

"No," sighed McCardward, "this time 'tis not — the woman's gone and had triplets."

When new port facilities were inaugurated at Aarhus, Denmark, King Christian X honored the occasion with his presence. All along the route of the royal car school children waved banners and shouted. The sidewalks were swarming with them.

"My goodness," the King cried in wonder, "where do all these children come from?"

"Your Majesty," said the mayor, "we have been preparing for this great day for years."

A Chicago mother has raised her six sons to be slouch "straight ticket" Democrats. So when one lad, back home from Army duty overseas, announced that he might vote for Eisenhower if the General won the election, his mother was most upset. "Mom," the soldier counterattacked, "if the Good Lord Himself were running on the Republican ticket, I don't think you'd vote for Him!"

"Of course I wouldn't," she replied quickly. "He'd have no business to change now."

At a dinner party, a shy young man had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he saw his chance when she turned to him and remarked, "What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones."

"To sit next to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."

"What a beautiful suit you're wearing," cooed one woman at a cocktail party. "I like it better every time I see it."

The other woman thanked her sweetly. Then, fingering the material of her friend's dress, she remarked: "That's such lovely cloth, my dear. You really should have it made into a dress!"

Attending a ball in London, a Chicagoan had a dance with his hostess. When they finished, the somewhat rotund lady was panting. "Shall we try another whirl?" asked the visitor.

"Not now," she said in her pronounced English accent. "I'm dahned-out."

"Oh, no," he countered reassuringly. "Not darn stout—plump."

In Brighton, Colo., a drunk, obviously in no condition to take the wheel, was getting into his automobile when a sheriff's deputy halted him and asked: "You're not going to drive that car, are you?" "I'm going to drive," the man replied. "I'm in no condition to walk."

How To Stay In College

I. Bring the professor newspaper clippings dealing with his subject. Demonstrate fiery interest and give him timely items to mention in class: if you can't find clippings dealing with his subject, bring in any clippings at random. He thinks everything deals with his subject.

II. Look alert. Take notes eagerly. If you look at your watch don't stare at it unbelievably and shake it.

III. Nod frequently and murmur, "How true!" To you this seems exaggerated. To him it is quite objective!

IV. Sit in front, near him. (Applies only if you intend to stay awake.) If you're going to all the trouble of making a good impression, you might as well let him know who you are, especially in a large class.

V. Laugh at his jokes. You can tell. If he looks up from his notes and smiles expectantly, he has told a joke.

VI. Ask for outstanding reading. You don't have to read it, just ask.

VII. If you must sleep, arrange to be called at the end of the hour. It creates an unfavorable impression if the rest of the class has left and you sit there alone, dozing.

VIII. Be sure the book you read during the lecture looks like the book from the course. If you do math in psychology class and psychology in math class, match the books in size and color.

IX. Ask any questions you think he can answer. Conversely avoid announcing that you have found the answer to a question he couldn't answer and in your younger brother's second grade reader at that.

X. Call attention to his writing. This produces an exquisitely pleasant experience connected with you. If you know he's written a book or an article, ask in class if he wrote it.

As to whether or not you want to do some work in addition to this, well, it's controversial and up to the individual.

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