

## Club Of The Month



### Sigma Pi Alpha

This month the Pilot Staff salutes the Sigma Pi Alpha, a national honorary language fraternity, as its club of the month.

This club is under the sponsorship of its most honorable member, Mrs. Elma Harper Pollock. Mrs. Pollock has been with the fraternity since the organization of the Gamma Omega Chapter here at Gardner-Webb in the spring of 1956. Bob Morrow was the first charter member of the chapter, having been a student at Gardner-Webb in that year and is back again as an active member. The chapter is made of students maintaining an average of B in their language course. These students must have an interest in foreign languages and be of good character. These qualifications make this club one of the most difficult clubs to attain membership. The presidents of this chapter is Adrian Littlejohn and other old members are Mildred Laney, Catherine Prince, Betty Ledford, S'e Vance, Eloise Bumgardner, and Bob Morrow.

On Thursday, April 9, the chapter held a beautiful formal initiation of the new members who were eligible and had accepted their invitation to join. Those initiated were Deloris Harrick, Helen Stinson, Jean McSwain, Bobbie Jean Trivett, Doris Vance, Revilla Myers, Mason Hudspeth, and Richard Yearwood. These members, with the exception of Jean McSwain, will constitute the Gamma Omega Chapter of Sigma Pi Alpha for the coming year.

Pictured above are the old and new members of the chapter, with the exception of Bob Morrow.

## Home Economics Club

Following a brief business session at the Gardner-Webb Home Economics Club meeting April 2 at 7:30 P.M., the members were delightfully entertained by Fasad Sakhinni who told us of a few Arabic customs. He played several hymns in his native language such as "I'll Meet You in the Morning." Toward the close of the meeting was a very enjoyable "question and answer session" where Fasad displayed his great sense of humor.

## Radio Club News

One of the most active clubs on the campus is the Radio Club. Each Thursday night a radio program is sponsored by the club, and when possible members of the club participate. One of the highlights looked to be by the members is a tour of Radio Station W O H S in Shelby sometime this month. For their meeting, an outing or a party is being planned.

Sign on a newly seeded lawn at Wellesley College: "Don't Ruin the Young Blades!"

—Bruce S. Colpas

## F. T. A.

The Gardner-Webb Future Teachers of America Chapter has had a most successful year. The Chapter had a membership of approximately thirty members which was most active.

It has been the aim of the organization to introduce to its members information of all phases of teachings. Very capable and experienced people have been secured as guest speakers to enlighten the members on the things which would benefit them most.

To give a short summary of the year highlights, we would mention our speakers, Mr. Leonard Allen, Dr. J. H. Ostwald, Roland Leahy, J. O. Trepper, William Troutman and Mable Starnes.

As Christmas, a well planned party was given for its members which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

For the climax activity of the year was the N.C.E.A. Convention which was held in Asheville, N. C. Those attending the Convention were Mrs. Helen Barnett, Mr. P. B. Dedmon, Paul Thomas, Mildred Laney, Jerry Johnson, Billie Sue Richardson, Adrian Littlejohn, Katherine Hazeltine and Revilla Myers.

The Chapter wishes to thank Mr. P. B. Dedmon, for the interest and time he has taken with the Chapter for the past year.

## Fads n' Fashions

By GWEN WRIGHT

Big girls, little girls; dashing types, moosy types; rich girls, poor girls — we all seek one thing, perhaps the only thing that we have in common. That one thing is clothes. Some are addicted to "fuss and feathers," while the pendulum of others swings to the opposite extreme where "simpler" is lacking. Still there are others whose impeccable taste enables them to choose a well-planned ensemble. It all rests in that variable quality, taste.

It's hard to keep up with all of the so-called latest fashions. Most fashions are nothing more than fads of the moment anyway.

But now that Spring is here we find ourselves putting our heavy woollens away in moth balls and donning new spring styles.

In one of the current popular fads we find history repeating itself. Yes, the stole is playing a major part in many wardrobes this spring.

Not only have we stored our woollens away, but our dark colored shoes have been discarded for soft kid and mesh slippers. The stylish ankle strap makes any outfit dresy.

Flowers of various hues are still a favorite accessory. Many times we are led to believe that Jane or Mary has been visiting someone's flower garden. But on closer observation we discover that they are only artificial.

A few small changes can add to any garment. Don't let fashions put a hurried look on your face. To have "style" you need not be in fashion. But to have fashion does not always imply that you have "style." Style is what you bring to clothes.

You do not have to follow the dictates of fashion to develop your own style. Use individualism and always strive for inward satisfaction. A quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson seems to clinch the point: "The sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow."

## Poems

### "Fantasia"

JOHNNY ELLIOTT

Oh, Spring, Thou mother of beauty new born,

I commune with each babe from thy timeless womb,

And hear with ecstasy on this perishing morn,

Their cries of joy that shun the tomb.

Oh, I grew pale in dreams of death, Cold as stone in Winter's rain, Ah! Spirit chill, of foggy breath,

From my heart, numbed my brain:

I quaked with fear, trembled my hand,

In view of the certain fate, But you have come, Oh! Lady bland, Gone is my fright, and rabid hate.

Palsy, so sure, and skilled indeed, Palked with conceit at the destined prey,

My sword though sure, failed the deed, And fell, so sure, defeat death? Nay!

I loathed the escape from blooms and love, Thought the reward was beauty of earth.

But the smile I see from domes above,

Balms my sense, gives hope rebirth.

I welcome the blade with practiced aim,

And laugh will I at its passing sting, It wins such a futile and petty game.

A song of the eternal my voice shall sing.

I swear though Queen of birth to shine,

Ill from this sphere my soul ascends.

A light of allegiance to principles

To return home, and to expressed bring mends.

## "To My Love"

Once did I see the bloom, Know its beauty and perfume.

You as the winged bee,

Drank the nectar, and kissed me.

Your lips were sweet,

I drained their wine;

All life was sweet with my love,

And thine.

But, Alas, the Winter chilled my soul, as the bloom she killed.

Blas was the world, dark as night, When behind the clouds,

Hides the Moon her light.

Life seems as a year with seasons Three for each soul,

Birth in Spring, life in Summer,

Death in Winter's cold.

But the hand that feeds has promised Spring

Even after Winter's chill,

So you again have come,

My soul from death to life to thrill.

(Dedication to Patsy Lee)

A midwestern university held entrance exams for a group of ex-GIs. One of the questions was, "Name two ancient sports."

An ex-sergeant racked his brain, finally came up with an answer that passed him. He wrote, "Anthony and Cleopatra."

—Stanley J. Meyer in

The American Legion Magazine

A recent newspaper ad of the Oklahoma School of accounting was headed: "Short Course in Accounting for Women."

Not long after the ad appeared, a note reached the school's president. It said, "There is no accounting for women."

—Tulsa Tribune

A man who took great pride in his lawn had a heavy crop of dandelions. After trying every known device to get rid of them, he wrote the Department of Agriculture enumerating all the things he had tried, and ending, "What shall I do now?"

In due course came a reply, "We suggest you learn to love them."

—Family Herald and Weekly Star

Letter to the editor of a correspondence column: "I am only 19 and I stayed out till two the other night. My Mother objects. Did I do wrong?"

The answer: "Try to remember."

—Cecll Hunt,

Laughing Gas (Methueen)