

Volume XXII

GARDNER-WEBB PILOT

Number 7

Words of Wisdom ???

By PAUL WILLIAMS

Having sufficiently recovered from the wake of the bloodmobile to write some, I now hope you have recovered enough to bear to read this. When I went over, they took one look at me and got hysterical. Before I knew what had happened, they had me on a table and had given me a quart. I resented it very much, but the nurses were very kind and paid no attention to my resentments.

One would naturally think that the process of giving blood is uncomfortable—or even painful. Actually, it's that size-of-a-match-idea smell that frightened the people. I'll admit that its pretty big but that isn't so bad. They always punch a hole for it with a much smaller needle. The officials are very cooperative, too. They always stand ready to receive you with open arwhetted knives and sharp needles. Some have expressed the opinion that it's a pity I didn't give a gallon or two. Well, they're no smarter than they think they are.

How in—Do You Spell This One?

Another thing that we're really now enjoying is the spelling quizzes that they've been so kind as to let us take. On the first try I misspelled "misspell,"—er—well, anyway I spelled it wrong. I'm glad to inform you, though, that since then I've learned to spell it correctly. I got a perfect score the first time,—a perfect 76 I passed, though, on account of the fact that I spelled those seventy-six so perfectly. Also, I didn't do so badly on the twenty-four I missed. I spelled them nearly right, in most cases missing them by only a letter or so.

Many of you seem to have trouble in knowing whether to put single or double vowels or consonants in certain words. The following criterion will be of invaluable value:

"In cases of uncertainty always put two, and sometimes even three vowels or consonants or a mixture of each. Having too many isn't so bad, but it's terrible not to have enough. Remember always to put the i before the e—except, of course, in certain cases. For want of room on this page, no attempt shall be made to enumerate the cases."

Another aspect about the testing we enjoy is the pecuniary aspect. They work the charges out of geometric progression—one dollar for the first re-take, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, etc. I have figured that if a person gets to re-take the test seven or more times, it will cost him exactly \$67,108,862 (sixty-seven million, one hundred and eight thousand, eight hundred and sixty two dollars, and no hundredths.)

Don't You Believe It

Well, I see you Freshmen are still hooked into thinking you have to write in English tempaper. My last plea is: Don't let the instructors fool you. They're only testing your faith. They just want to see whether you would write one if you had to. Unfortunately, I was tricked into writing one last year. However, on the appointed day to hand them in, I just recited mine from memory because I had only written it three or five times.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

I copied you psych

And I flunked too.

—Bethany Messenger

Member Intercollegiate Press

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Our Experience

"Yet all experience is an arch where'thro' gleams the untraveled world...." The Pilot of 1949-50 thanks you for the experience of the past year. They were often experiences which at the time we would rather not have had, but on looking back we see that through them life has been made more real and plain. We now see the long and sleepless nights as stages over which we had to pass, and the laughs over a cup of coffee as full payment for the seemingly profitless hours.

There comes a day in the experience of all when the melodies of the Swan are sung. As new hands take up the task which we have about completed, we look with knowing eyes at what they now begin.

As retiring editor, I wish to thank the Pilot staff for the tireless efforts they have put forth, and the willingness to take all blows that come their way.

The experiences of the year have taught us much. Such work shall not soon be forgotten. Such attempts have stimulated our quest for maturity.—R.D.C.

New Staff — '50-'51 Policy

The Pilot staff of '50-'51 feels greatly honored by the confidence placed in us by the students of Gardner-Webb. We sincerely hope that we do more than you expect of us. The staff will do its level best to make the Pilot a newspaper that students of Gardner-Webb can be proud of. Since it is every student's responsibility to make the Pilot a finer, better publication, the staff asks you to criticize or praise thoughtfully all the articles and features printed here.

A collegiate newspaper has two main purposes: to keep the student informed about all college activities, and to give students a chance to develop their writing ability. The Pilot will try to fulfill both aims, keeping the campus informed and giving space to creative writers.

The new staff of the Pilot pledges itself to report fairly, without favorites, all important events pertaining to G. W. or any of its students. In addition, the Pilot shall interpret all issues worthy of news space.

The new staff pledges that the '50-'51 Pilot will not be devoid of humor, the backbone of a collegiate newspaper, but not at the expense of the two primary purposes stated above. In addition, every worthy cause will be supported, and every effort made to enlarge and to enliven the paper. The editors will remember their obligation to the student body which elected them and the college which sponsored them.—M.W.B.

The Boiling Springs

Wonder why Miss Hamrick got so excited on the night of the Freshman-Sophomore? Seems she took off in reverse, throwing her stockings in the bathtub and her washcloth on a chair—Funny, the way orchids effect some people.

Why did Sue Seisin and Theresa Meswain try to get to breakfast at 7 A.M.?

Some lucky girls got more than a pocketful of poses for the Freshman-Sophomore. They were very, very lovely.

Are Agnes and Irls having trouble with two boy-friends each? That's a switch.

Well, it's time for spring training, and it looks like Peeter pitching (Continued on Page 4)

New Pilot Chief
Benfield Elected
Editor

By ROBERT WRIGHT

Marion Benfield, a Casar, North Carolina freshman, won by a comfortable margin the run-off election for editor of the Pilot. His election reflects the students' confidence in his integrity, sincerity, and ability. An indefatigable worker, keenly interested in journalism, Marion is the logical man to assume the demanding task of editing the Pilot next year.

Benfield left behind a Casar High School an enviable record. All through high school he was the spark plug of his class and an active leader in almost all school activities. He was president of his senior class, president of the Beta Club, and had a vital monopoly on class conversations.

This is the one side of our versatile Mr. Benfield, however, and the sides of his personality are just as impressive and even more interesting. With a deft twist, he changes from an inquiring student into a good imitation of Eddie Arnold, guitar, yodel, and all, an amateur hubbly quickly giving way an occasion to the energetic stamp collector. His all-consuming virtue, however, is his almost perfect understanding of Troutman's history, and his ability to pound it into some rather slow brains on the side. No Decker Hall bull session is quite complete without him, and his on-the-spir-of-the-moment rimericks. He is definitely one of the boys, and is fast becoming a recognized "brain." Intelligent, energetic, competent, and a jolly-good fellow; that is your new skipper of the Pilot.