



Janet Walker and Charles Starnes are shown trying out the Mason-Hamlin grand piano purchased recently as a memorial to the late Marvin Miller of Owensboro, Ky. He was the father of Miss Abbie Miller. A majority of the purchase price of the piano was donated by friends of Miss Miller and the Miller family.

## SOMETHING NEW....

The Pilot has decided to give our readers the privilege of reading two selections by John Charles McNeill. The selections, in McNeill's clippings book, preserved in the Gardner-Webb Dover Memorial Library, were copied from the originals, written in McNeill's own hand, and so far as we know, they have never before been published. We have copied directly from Mr. McNeill's first draft including all errors and corrections as he made them. The Pilot presents to you, two articles never before published, by John Charles McNeill.

### THE OLD WOMAN

"There are more things in heaven and earth," Horatio, "Than is dreamt of in our philosophy." (Shakespeare)

A dying wish is something that is generally regarded as sacred. It is a desire which the dying person has no power to fulfill, and as a token of the love they have cherished for the deceased, the relations seldom neglect to carry it out. This custom, however, is sometimes violated, giving rise to occurrences most strange.

Tradition has preserved the principle events in the history of Mrs. Staghorn, an old lady who has been dead many long years. She was very unhappily married. Her husband was a man whose natural disposition was unpleasant, and adding to this, an inordinate use of intoxicants, he approached very near to being a demon. Oftentimes, coming home drunk, he would beat his wife unmercifully and, which wounded her more than anything else, inflict all kinds of torture on their boy. Mrs. Staghorn bore this brutal treatment bravely for some years; but at last she reached the limit of endurance and went crazy. Her husband, instead of commiserating her misfortune, believed that she

was only trying to deceive him and treated her with still less mercy than ever.

### A BIT OF DESCRIPTION

You are my guest on this day of June, and it is my duty and pleasure to entertain you as best I can. But what in this lonely region can interest a stranger. "The meanest neighbor is a mile away, and should we find him, his selfish, miserly ways bring far less pleasure than solitude; the best game has been exterminated and we cannot find joy in killing snowbirds; no fair net gathering of any kind is to take place within twenty miles of us. So we'll have to turn elsewhere for amusement.

We stroll down to Fairley's Ford, the place where Roary Fairly is said to have crossed the river in olden times, and where he at last filled a "watery grave". Some say that those dismal groans, which we know are made by the rubbing together of the cypresses, are the complaints of old Roary's lingering spirit. What a picturesque bend the stream makes here! Well might the spirits of the unburied dead choose to wander here in preference to losing themselves in the windings of the Styx.

The channel here is nearly the shape of a horseshoe. The whirling current dashes up snow white pebbles on this side, while on the other it washes out a deep bed for itself. The whiteness of the pebbles at our feet gradually becomes darker and darker as the water grows deeper and deeper towards the other side, which is bordered by a thick growth of feathery green grass with a background of stately swamp trees. Thus we have before us many beautifully blended shades, white, yellow, brown, black, light green—the reflection of the grass in the water—dark green, and the lead-colored trunks of the trees.

We lie on our backs in the soft grass and watch the thin white flakes of cloud floating far above us and the noble hawk in company with a troop of disreputable buzzards slowly circling higher and higher. All the while the cool gurgle of water,—which on a summer day is even refreshing to hear,—hurrying through the branches of the old juniper bent years ago by the snow, adds its voice—"and audible stillness"—to the tranquillity of the morning.

But "Mystic Change," as Beasley says, must do its work. Noises as harsh as those a moment ago were sweet arise some distance up the river. They become louder and louder until a mixed drove of ducks, herons, and kingfishers fly past us screaming, and chattering for dear life.

"What can be the matter?" you cry. "All the eagles from the Rocky Mountains must be in pursuit of these birds."

"Ah, no," say I. "Some one must be coming downstream. The waterfowl have been hunted so much that they go crazy at sight of a man."

No sooner have I said this than we hear the splash of paddles and a boatful of boys are landed at our feet. They throw their oars on land, pull one end of the boat out of the water, and shake themselves like wet dogs.

"Hello boys!" they cry to us. "Let's find the rocks."

The rocks referred to were thrown into the deepest part of the stream and it was considered a great feat of watercraft to find them. So we are soon burying ourselves under the waves which excite, although as merry as any other, is too commonplace for an interesting description.

JO McNEIL

## G-W College Given Pipe Organ

Shortly before Christmas the First Baptist Church of Statesville gave the college a 14-rank Moller pipe organ. Rev. James S. Potter, a former trustee of Gardner-Webb, and now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Statesville, and J. O. Stroud, minister of music of that church, were leading figures in securing the gift for Gardner-Webb. The organ, which is in good condition, was given to the college after the Statesville church had erected a new building and purchased a new organ. The organ is temporarily stored in the Huggins-Curtis building where it will probably be installed later to be used for practice.

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