

WHAT BRINGS ME HERE?

What is that force behind the fact that I am now in college?

Is it an insatiable mental thirst which lures me to this reservoir of learning?

Is it the ambition of another who decried what I miss to have, has stunted self that through me those ambitions might be realized?

WHAT BRINGS ME HERE? Is it a disquieted desire for earthly things which prompts me now to fortify my mind with knowledge that I might acquire that which "mooch and rust" corrupt?

Is it a secret lust for power to control the actions of my fellowmen that I might gain through their subservience?

WHAT BRINGS ME HERE? Is there within my soul a motive, pristine pure, which draws me to these hallowed halls to learn more that I might serve best?

Is it a sense of mission which burns within and will not let me be content with limitations which are mine today?

Is it that Christ, my Saviour, is also Lord of all I am and hope to be, and he commands that I expand my mind and soul that I might enlarge my ministry to Humanity?

WHAT BRINGS ME HERE? Oh, Christ, whatever forces have converged to bring me to this place, this now is my conviction: There hast a work for me to do and in the words of one old "Here stand I" with God within to motivate my life.

GOD BROUGHT ME HERE G. Kearle Keegan

G-W. ENROLLMENT CLOSED WITH 481

Gardner-Webb closed its registration books for the semester with an enrollment of 481 students.

The enrollment figure represents an increase of 110 students in the past two years. The college had 371 students in the fall semester of 1954, and a year ago reported 438. Over a longer period the student body has increased sevenfold since 1943 when only 71 students reported.

The students represent seven states and hail from 39 countries in North Carolina. A great majority are Baptist, but around 20 religious denominations are claimed. Boys are two-to-one majority on the campus.

The college is progressing with a building program to keep pace with the increased student body. A new dormitory for girls is now in use, and a new physical education building is expected to be in service by next fall.

The fashions come, the fashions go. Now longer skirts, now shorter. But every thing the women wear. Some purple reformer laces his hair. And says they hadn't orders!



Shown below are the majorettes for the current school year. From left to right, they are: Barbara Moore of Shelby, Wilma Houser from Belmont, and Mary Ann Reece from Winston-Salem.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Welcomes Freshman, to the news of the campus brought to you by Patagonia. . . . Who's the guy in Decker Hall that all the girls are swooning over. . . . you mean Ollie? Why doesn't someone bring daddie down from cloud nine. . . . How about is Marlow? . . . Sybil, don't look so blue. He'll be home this weekend. . . . It was nice of the boys who helped the girls move to the new dorm. . . . or was it! . . . There's a certain sophomore girl who's getting the eye. . . . A Mitchell College transfer maybe. . . . Carolyn Sparks and the E. J. Huffstickler are one of the many cute freshman couples this year. Seems as though everyone has fallen in love with Mr. "Psycho". . . . Congratulations girls upon pooling your dimes and nickels; everyone likes T. V.

HAVE YOU NOTICED: The young teachers around the campus after eleven at night. . . . Cordie and John—a cute couple, huh? . . . All the cute freshmen. . . . Our new cheerleaders. . . . That the Snack Shop has done some improving. . . . Don Miller's head after the Appalachian game. . . . That the Student Center has had its



CHARLES GORDAN

PILOT SALUTES FOR OCTOBER

"Personality plus" is the phrase that would best describe Charles Gordon, a conscientious worker and a character of wit and good humor. Charlie hails from Winston-Salem, where he graduated from Gray High School in 1951. After high school he joined the Air Force, where he remained four years. He came to Gardner-Webb for the 1956 spring semester, and is an accounting major with hopes of continuing his education at Wake Forest. His hobby is golfing and he shoots in the eighties. In addition to his golf he has a varied interest in athletic events, and is an ardent admirer of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Charlie's courteous attitude and friendly ways have won him a host of friends and a salute from the PILOT as this month's outstanding personality of the Gardner-Webb campus.

Circle K Club Under Consideration

A plan has been presented to the male students of the Gardner-Webb campus. A new organization called the Circle K Club is under consideration and is now in the process of organization.

This Circle K Club is somewhat similar to the Key Club, which is in many high schools. The president of the Kwan's Club of Forest City and Mr. O. W. Morris, superintendent of the public schools of Forest City are the co-workers who are attempting to organize this club on our campus.

We, the PILOT staff, are behind this movement and urge the students concerned to respond energetically.

face lifted. . . . It gets loaded about 9:30 p.m. . . . that Ben Paston likes red heads. . . . All the white shirts and ties at Sunday dinner. . . . that everyone enjoys the privilege of the O. Max Gardner Building. . . . The resident of Decker Hall who dates 14 year-old girls from Gastonia? . . . that far-away look in Roy's and Clark's eyes? . . . Could it be Winston-Salem and Berea. . . . See you next issue, Patagonia!!!



HAROLDYN SPARKS

PILOT SALUTES FOR OCTOBER

Capturing the honor for this month's feminine "Pilot Salutes" is a brown-eyed brownie by the name of Haroldyn Sparks. Haroldyn, 19, is from Cliffside, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Sparks. Haroldyn grew up in Cliffside and graduated from Cliffside High School in 1955. While there she participated in many group activities. Besides her studies, her biggest job was vice-president to the student body.

Since coming to Gardner-Webb Haroldyn's list of accomplishments has continued to grow. She is a member of the Marshal Club and is president of Sigma Pi Alpha. She is also a member of the girls house council, P.O.S. staff, and band.

Haroldyn's future includes further schooling at Wake Forest. She is undecided as to what she will study. Whatever it may be, the personality of Haroldyn Sparks as displayed on our campus will make for success in any field.

WHAT IS A COLLEGE STUDENT?

By PATSY WRIGHT

Between the awkwardness of the high school student and the dignity of the college student comes a period of complete blankness found in what we call the college student. College students come in assorted shapes, sizes, colors and ages, but they will have the same creed: To enjoy each moment of each day in each class; to remember what they choose to remember; and to forget what they ought to remember; to make the best possible grade with the least possible effort; to look forward to each Saturday with a deep satisfaction of knowing they are a week nearer the end of the school year; and to dread each Monday's dawn.

College students are found everywhere—in the stores, the movies, the Snack Shop, hanging out windows, visiting classes, and industriously sorting materials in the college library for a term paper or theme.

Mothers love them, of course; dads beg for their services when the family car needs washing; younger brothers and sisters envy their key chains and pretty clothes; heaven protect them; and the faculty, hating to admit it, gets a kick out of some of their mischievous pranks.

College students are Truth with a catty language, Beauty with a little conceit and pride, Wisdom—so long as there are encyclopedias—and Originality with a few quotations from Shakespeare.

A college student is a composite—has the energy of the soon-to-be-invented nitrogen bomb; the self assurance of a thoroughbred race horse; the imitations of the creator of Bewulf; the loquaciousness of a college professor; the friendliness of a cute puppy; and the wit of Bob Hope.

He usually likes ball games, parties, irregular hours (for everything), gossip, the school song, fiction books, driving dad's car, going swimming, and playing hooky. They dislike, of course, school and all connections therewith—homework, conducting grades, Monday mornings, rainy days, quiet classes, and classic poetry.

Nobody else is quite so energetic after school, or quite so enthusiastic over a ball game. Nobody else enjoys a holiday as much. Nobody else gets so mixed up over a simple algebra problem, or is quite so fed that in his opinions of schools or teachers, nor quite so lenient with politics, news, and religion. Nobody else causes parents as much anxiety nor gives them as much pride.

The college student is a magical creature. He can look himself in his room, but he cannot look himself out of your heart. You might as well give up—he's your lift when you're blue, your laugh when you're ready to scream, your rock of disgust when he insists that he's right, your master when he wants the car keys, your princess in her fr-ee gown in your car; in pegged pants, and your "little girl" with a pencil mark

PROS AND CONS OF DOUBTING

By PATSY WRIGHT

How should we feel towards doubting? This question is one which, like most others, has two viewpoints. It is also one which has very forceful statements concerning it—pro and con. Robert Weston says bluntly, "I say unto you: Cherish your doubts"; Ella Wheeler Wilcox says with an equal degree of forcefulness, "I will not doubt." Shakespeare says, "Our doubts are traitors." All of these poets have beautiful lines of poetry succeeding their statements, but that is beside the point. For my personal satisfaction, which should I believe?

If I decide to believe all things, what will be the results? Not having doubts, I will be one of whom accuracy might be presented, and I will accept facts that will perhaps be harmful to my way of thinking, or harmful in some way to those I love. I will be in bondage to faith, necessarily creating a dull personality that will not think for itself, but rather will give way to statements strictly because they are statements. How foolish to believe all things! How unwise to have faith to the point I said I will never question statements; even those made by the ones in whom I have the utmost confidence may be as misleading as those made by strangers who would have me believe fantastic things. I have decided, therefore, to cherish my doubts.

On the other hand, can I remain sane while doubting all things? I could possibly question everything for approximately 24 hours without becoming a victim of my doubts to the point of insanity. If I doubt and do not have an answer to the many questions, "Whence comes this?" There are questions which have no other answer than God. I doubt, therefore, because I am certain I have no answer to the questions which a believer would answer with the word God. So, because I must have an answer, I will believe in God. Is this statement contradictory to the one in the preceding paragraph in which I said I would cherish my doubts? It is!

It is merely an admission of the fact that I must draw a line and decide at what point I will doubt and at what point I will take up arms to defend me. This is that line: Where doubts are concerned, I will doubt men's ways, their unproved statements, their ability to stand alone or to help me to stand, and their speeches which would, were they allowed, turn my thoughts from Heavenly things. Where faith is concerned, I will not doubt that there is good in all men which I can help to reveal through patience, love, and faith in mankind; I will not doubt that men are incapable of helping themselves stand, but I will ever have faith that God is the Way when men find no other way. Doubt will be my guardian against myself and men; faith will be my contact with men and God. I shall doubt always, but faith shall ever prevail.

on her face. When you walk down the street, downtown, or down the hall with the edges of your sixteen dreams and hope and raged, the college student can fit them up like new in a flash with that one magical, full-of-hope, friendly phrase—"Hi there!"

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