

Exam. Schedule Fall Semester, 1956

Monday, January 14
8:30-11:00 English 101
(All sections)
English 301 (Sections
B, C and D)
11:00-1:00 Phys. Ed. 103 (Men)
Phys. Ed. 103 (Women)
2:00-4:30 All 8:30 TTTS Classes

Tuesday, January 15
8:30-11:00 All 8:30 MWF Classes
2:00-4:30 All 9:30 TTTS Classes
Wednesday, January 16
8:30-11:00 All 2:30 MWF Classes
11:00-1:00 Dramatics
2:00-4:30 All 11:00 TTTS Classes
Thursday, January 17
8:30-11:00 All 11:00 MWF Classes
11:00-1:00 Theory 106
2:00-4:30 All 12:00 MWF Classes
Friday, January 18
8:30-11:00 All 2:00 MWF Classes
2:00-4:30 All 12:00 TTTS Classes

COLLEGE ENROLLMENT

Continued from Page 2

States in annual numbers of engineers graduated."

"Since school teachers and school administrators are in such tremendous demand because of the unparalleled classes of children, no similar restrictive measures have been taken by the undergraduate colleges of education," Dr. Walters observed. They have admitted substantially all applicants certified by the high schools."

Analysis of Dr. Walters' 1956 returns compared with 1955 full-time attendances (part-time students not included) shows that of 339 independent colleges of arts and sciences—most of them smaller colleges, 236 reported increases of from 5 to 35 per cent.



with

RAY ROLLINS



PROF. F. B. DEDMOND

Lengthened Shadows Tells Gardner-Webb College Story

By JOHN ROBERTS

Lengthened Shadows: A history of Gardner-Webb College, 1897-1956, is now in the hands of the printers and will be off the press by next Feb. 15.

The book, a history of Gardner-Webb's half century of development, is being published as part of the school's Golden Anniversary celebration. Prof. Francis B. Dedmond, head of the English department, is the author.

The history contains well over 200 pages that tell the story of the school that "refused to die" as former Governor O. Max Gardner said in 1942. It also tells the story of the school's spectacular growth since 1942. Today the college is fully accredited, has 483 students, and boasts a plant worth over \$2 million.

Much of the history recounts the founding and early years of Gardner-Webb as a Baptist supported high school. Through the book move the people whose shadows have lengthened as the school has grown. These include the late Prof. J. D. Huggins who served the school for its first 25 years, Miss Etta Curtis who had a similar tenure, former Governor O. Max Gardner for whom the present college is named, and Dr. P. L. Elliott, president since 1944.

Appendices to the book list trustees, teachers, graduates, and enrollment figures from 1897 through 1956. Also listed is the school's charter and amendments.

The book will be on sale in the book store after mid-February. Advance orders are already being taken for the 3,000 copies being printed.

THE WISE MEN RETURN

By FREIDA STANLEY

Because of the promise which God had just made to the Three Wise Men, all the inhabitants of Heaven were excited and anxious. For centuries the favorite subject of the Wise Men was the first Christmas, and because God knew the secret desire in their hearts to experience another Christmas on Earth, He had just granted their petition to spend Christmas on earth in New York.

Sure enough on Christmas Eve of 1956, by a miracle, the Three Wise Men awoke to find themselves in New York.

"My goodness, can you imagine how much more the people must celebrate Christ's birthday since they have known Him for 1,956 years and how much Christmas spirit we are going to witness this year," remarked one of the Wise Men.

"Indeed yes," answered another. "Let's mix in with the great throngs of people. In that way it won't take long to find people worshipping Christ."

A great hustle and bustle was created by people rushing hurriedly to and fro with huge packages wrapped in bright Christmas paper and ribbons. Even though soft chilling winds were forming a white blanket on the ground, the frozen people still smiled and called merry greetings to each other. Bells jingled, and voices rang on every street corner. Inside the large department store windows were bright scenes of winter wonderland including snowmen and reindeer.

The Three Wise Men paused before a window, admiring the lovely scenery when they noticed something was missing. There was no scene of the Infant Jesus in his manger! Instead, the center of attraction was a fat, jolly old man with white whiskers. Dressed in a bright red suit trimmed in white fur, he had a bag of toys thrown over his shoulder.

Wondering who this person could be, the Wise Men were wandering down the streets when caught in a throng of people, they were forced inside a department store. Here a man was exclaiming, "Make this the

MERRY CHRISTMAS from THE PILOT STAFF

happiest Christmas yet for your wife. Give her a Maytag washer and watch her face gleam with joy on Christmas Day. No money down. Buy and save now. Hurry one, hurry all."

Finding no true spirit of Christmas here, the Wise Men wandered back on the street, still hoping to find a group of people worshipping the true spirit of Christmas. With delightful squeals and cries, a group of small children crowded around a figure who was passing out free goodies. It was the same fat, jolly man dressed in the red suit. One of the children shouted, "Santa Claus, please bring me a bicycle for Christmas. I've been a good boy this year."

Any day long such scenes greeted the Wise Men as they wandered from one block of the huge city to another.

Finally toward the end of the day, the Wise Men, discouraged and tired, were about to return to Heaven, thinking all earth people were sacrilegious when they stumbled across a small brick building. A bright light shining radiantly from a tiled window revealed wooden figures on the lawn of the building. Upon observing closer, the Wise Men saw that the figures were representative of the people and worshipped Christ at the first Christmas. Inside the building which had now been established as a church, people were singing "Silent Night, Holy Night."

Here at last the true spirit of Christmas was found, preserved by true Christians.

Hence, years after their return to Heaven, the Wise Men had two favorite subjects to talk about—the first Christmas and the Christmas of 1956.

GREETINGS and salutations, and all that sort of rot. The purpose of this column is to bring you news, views, situations, and happenings around the campus which should be of interest to you. It is hereby promised that there will be a liberal sprinkling of both bouquets and brick-bats.

A good place to begin is with something all of us notice every day—the friendly attitude of those students behind the serving line of the cafeteria. I think you'll all agree they help make life more pleasant.

Upon re-checking some of the rules in the portfolio, it was found that secret organizations on the campus are prohibited. Acting in good faith, the P. E. club of Second West (which incidentally wasn't the Ronald Beane Club) immediately dissolved. But recently there came news on the campus which seems to be materializing rapidly—an Elvis fan club. An alert PILOT reporter learned that one of the faculty members recently received a gift from Tennessee which she termed "... a beautifully autographed picture of Elvis." Well, who knows what may be next!!!

Alarm clocks have become much less a necessity recently in Decker Hall since construction of the physical education plant has begun. The boys now wake up to the sound of bulldozers, which means an earlier waking hour for many of them. But what better way to begin each day than with a reminder of progress! With the completion of term papers, the dormitories no longer have the resounding noises all through the night of the clacking of typewriters. The place was beginning to sound like the telephone room of a newspaper plant. With pressing deadlines to meet, the library had to be re-opened late Saturday night on one occasion to allow at least one student to seek additional material.

One of the most looked-forward-to periods of the day is the time when Gary Cannon puts up the mail. Gary seems to have a personal interest in seeing the results of the service he performs.

Something that deserves our serious consideration is the March of Dimes campaign which comes up in January. Let's remember those who are less fortunate than we.

As a result of the last issue of the PILOT, there seems to be a few cases of dissension about who the PILOT belongs to and who should write the articles for it. In the first issue of the PILOT there was an editorial urging students to submit articles for publication. To those who are concerned about the matter, it should be pointed out that the invitation to all students to submit articles is a standing one. Rather than resent the editor's privilege, why not share in the responsibility.

With the coming of the Christmas holidays, and the hustle and bustle of packing to go home, comes the

memory of something that happened at the beginning of the Thanksgiving holidays. When practically everyone had disappeared from the campus leaving it all but deserted, one of the local students, standing on the steps of the library, remarked how sad it was to see everyone leaving the campus. This remark seemed odd until she explained that she was thinking of those few students who wouldn't have the opportunity of going home because of duties to perform. Also, having never experienced the feeling of homesickness herself, she failed to share in the general enthusiasm of going home for the holidays.

If tradition holds true, many of the girls will return after the Christmas holidays sporting new sparkling bands of joy. Girls: If you can't get him to co-operate otherwise, tell him it's for the sake of Gardner-Webb tradition.

In going home for the Christmas holidays, let's celebrate the occasion, but let's commemorate the birth of Christ.

To all, in behalf of the PILOT staff, here's wishing you a very MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!!!!

Overheard in the ladies' lounge: "The new principal is a regular bookworm."

"Why bring books into it?"

A Ladies Society in a sheltered southern town look up as one of its chores writing to convicts at the State Penitentiary to cheer them up. They didn't know the names of the prisoners, just their numbers.

One old lady, seeking to put her correspondence on a more friendly plane, wrote to her inmate: "Dear 6883294, may I call you 688?"

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