

GARDNER-WEBB PILOT

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THE TREND OF OUR TIMES

By M. A. MOSELY

Gardner-Webb College writes her highest degree on the souls of her sons and daughters. The parchment page of scholarship—the colored ribbon of a society—the Greek symbol of a fraternity—the red OW on a black sweater—the chapel talks—all these, a year or so hence, will be at best the precious mementoes of happy hours here, like the picture of a woman presses between the pages of a book for the past she would not forget.

But:
If you live a long, long time and hold honesty of conscience above fullness of purse;
And turn aside without show or pain to aid the weak;
And put service to others above personal advancement;
And treasure ideals more than raw ambition;
And track no man to his under-served hurt;
And pursue no woman to her tears;
And love the beauty of noble music and mist-veiled mountains and blossoming valleys and the roll of mighty waters and the stinging of small birds;
If you live a long time and, keeping the faith in all these things hour by hour, still see that the sun glides your path with gold and that the moon floats in dream silver,
Then:

Remembering the purple shadows of the lawn, the majesty of God's stars over the darkened campus, and the dream of your youth, you can say in reverence and thankfulness—
I have kept faith and honor with Gardner-Webb.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

(Continued From Page 1)

welcomed into the country by five little piggies who run squealing across the road. Four of them make it, and probably go to market. The twin little piggy stays home, a fatter and much flatter little piggy.
First step is Sandra Champion's house where we get more books, more day students, and stuck in the mud. The books are of assorted shapes and sizes, as are the day students. The road is quite foggy, but vision is no problem, for in front of us is a school bus, turning children from country house, and passing opportunistically at every side road and cow path. We need not fear when we reach outer Waco, for waiting there is the Shelby bus, just as the Boiling Springs bus will be waiting to convey us to the very portals of Gardner-Webb.

The morning passes uneventfully, and you have to look twice to be sure I am not just another Decker Hall dandy. Then comes the time for all good male type day students to go to physical education. I take a deep breath and hold it before entering what is laughingly referred to as the day student's dressing room. I tippe through the dust and broken glass and hop lightly over a pile of BVD's. There are two types of lockers here. One type is locked and the other type has no door. Both types are full of sweatshirts. Still holding my breath, I lay my official physical education uniform on the room's only bench which

PILOT SALUTES



Patsy Greene



Rowland Everett

Patsy Greene is the outstanding choice chosen for this month's Pilot Salute. Patsy is the youngest second daughter of the Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Green of Route 4, Shelby. Patsy graduated from Lattimore High School with an unusually good record. She was the valedictorian of her class and was active in many extra-curricular activities. Patsy's sports ability has been seen often on the campus. She is not only a good basketball player but shows excellent sportsmanship. The country sportsmanship trophy was awarded to Patsy her two last years of high school.

Patsy is a special helper to the girls on campus, serving as House President. She was chosen as an active marshal, secretary of the Sigma Pi Alpha, and a superative. Patsy is a science major and plans to continue her education at Appalachian next fall.

Patsy has an added attraction called "Don". One ambition is to learn to cook. Wonder what this has to do with education in "science"!

This month the Pilot salutes that vivid and colorful personality, Rowland Everett, who's winning smile or somn yawn about down East have made him well known on the Gardner-Webb campus. Graduating from Granger High School, Kinston, in 1955, he had previously served as a "mean tackle" for three years on the school team, making all conference in 1954.

Now living on the notorious second west, Rowland works diligently in his studies, is very active in campus affairs, and always takes a hand in intramural events. Last year Rowland brought home the tennis championship for the freshman class, thus helping the freshmen to give the sophomore's a sound thrashing on Field Day.

From Gardner-Webb Rowland plans to go to Eastern Carolina, where he will be a business major. Also, Rowland is wearing those ivy league buckles loose, so girls set up and take notice.

sighs and sinks to the floor. I drape my clothes over the trash can. When I return from a dashing game of ping pong, I find that the same jaker who has been wearing my uniform has made use of my soap and towel.

I am again reminded of my day student status at lunch, where I invariably hand the girl a five dollar bill. While she scurries over the lunch room looking for change, I just stand there and try to look nonchalant. Four hundred stomachs growl at having to wait in line, and I find myself wishing that my parents had only two children, neither of whom was me.

The afternoon passes quickly, and thoughts of tangents and pentameter and ozone. I approach my car with caution after noticing an odd-

shaped lump in the back seat. It turns out to be Floyd Wright's laundry, and sitting on top of it, muttering darily to himself, is Mrs. Bollin's little boy Ray. And away we go.

Everyone has business in Shelby, so I spend a half hour hauling Sandra to a music shop, Judy to the library, and somebody to the war surplus store. Then I wait another half hour while Ray goes into the Star office a minute.

Waco is a welcome sight after I deliver, in order of their importance, Floyd's laundry, Sandra and company, and Ray.

If you are now convinced that the life of a day student is the life for you, I should warn you that what I have described is an average day. There are however, some days when things go wrong.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

This issue of the PILOT is edited by Associate Editor Ray Rollins.

Rollins, an active journalism student, was asked by the editor if he would like to publish this issue of the school paper. He (Rollins) consented, so the PILOT was turned over to him for this month—completely turned over to him.

Since Rollins is a journalism major, the difficult task of editing the PILOT is considered one of the best journalism lessons he could possibly get.

The editor has been available in case any problems should arise or if any happening occurred which Rollins might be unable to master.

Rollins reports that the staff has cooperated with him in turning in their assigned articles on time.

Editor Kincaid will resume his duties next issue.

—Bill Kincaid

It has been a personal challenge to accept the responsibility as editor of the PILOT this issue. This privilege and this task has been welcomed as an opportunity to gain practical experience in a chosen field—journalism.

It hasn't been easy. We're told that nothing really worthwhile does come easy. And this is considered worthwhile, both to you who read the PILOT and to those who contribute to its publication. Our mission has been to help bring all who come under the influence of this newspaper to a better working and social relationship with each other by giving a cross-section of news, views, and highlights about us.

Again, it hasn't been easy — to sacrifice study time, leisure time, and sleep so that this—your college newspaper—might be pieced together like so many pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, but there's a certain gratification in seeing the results of one's own effort. Out of the difficulty comes a satisfaction. That satisfaction is our reward.

—Ray Rollins

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