

# GARDNER - WEBB PILOT

Published monthly by  
The Students of Gardner-Webb College,  
Boiling Springs, N. C.

VOL. XI		APRIL 24, 1957	No. 7
EDITORIAL STAFF			
Editor-in-Chief	Ray Rollins	Bill Kincaid	
Faculty Advisor	Mr. John Roberts	Mr. John Roberts	
Associate Editor	George Passes	Charles Loftin	
	Dillard Hiatt	Dillard Hiatt	
	Freida Stanley	Freida Stanley	
	Duane McDougald	Duane McDougald	
	Ronald Williams	Ronald Williams	
BUSINESS STAFF			
Associate Business Manager	Clark Hoyle	Clark Hoyle	
Circulation Manager	Shirley Jolley	Shirley Jolley	
Exchange Editors	Carolyn Crocker	Carolyn Crocker	
	Ruth Linsberger	Ruth Linsberger	
SPORTS STAFF			
Sports Editor	Dillard Morrow	Dillard Morrow	

## From The Editor's Desk

My job is almost over. It's been a good year—filled with the usual trials and tribulations of any editor.

There have been the hills I've had to take a break and go traipsing about the back of "someone I can't remember who was supposed to write me a story about something I can't remember."

There have been those late night shifts; those 2:00 or 2:30 nighttime work periods.

This year has been filled with fun, though, and with many incidents which made us feel good.

We've introduced a few new characters to the co-eds and guys of G. W. We all remember Nomo. (Ah, dear sweet Nomo, bless him.) What would we have done without him. (Incidentally, he's back this issue after an extended vacation.)

We haven't campaigned for any person, place or thing this year, but we have done our best to keep our bi-date account of all the latest members of the Demerit Club.

Gossip—What is it? Try asking some of the female sex of our campus. Some people seem to have the idea that no matter is complete until they have added their own philosophical views and then told a number of other people.

Whether the matter concerns a former boy friend, a close girl friend, or any incident, these people take pride in the speed they show in a tale started.

Nor is the trait restricted to the female side of the campus. Contrary to popular belief SOME men are as bad as SOME women to spread rumors about others.

When a quarrel takes place between a boy and his girl friend these people are first in line to try to comfort and guide those poor unfortunates who are in the spot.

From the "Editor's Digest", December, '53, we read: "Some people are like blotters—they soak it all in and get it all backwads."

If the readers will bear with me I would like to take this space to thank those of the PILOT staff who have helped me so much in publishing our paper this year.

There has been no one person who has been outstanding in his work this year. The list contains many people. Among those I would like to express my thanks to are Ray Rollins, who has rendered invaluable service as associate editor.

Dillard Morrow was an able sports editor. In addition to his sports reporting he has turned in several feature articles on the "basement rats."

Exchange editors Carolyn Crocker and Ruth Linsberger have done much to keep other students informed on the happenings of our campus.

Clark Hoyle and Shirley Jolley served well as circulation managers.

Now to the real heart of the PILOT—the staff writers. Without the help of these there could have been no PILOT. Duane McDougald, Charles Loftin, Freida Stanley, George Passes, Dillard Hiatt and Ronald Williams were all able and willing to write when called upon.

Thanks go to Mr. John Roberts for his help in counseling me on various problems of the editorship. We've had our differences of opinions this year, but thanks to Mr. Roberts' wise advice we've ironed out all our problems.

Finally, thanks should go to all the people we've written about this year. Some of the remarks may have been rather derogatory, but we feel that no ill will resulted. Also, thanks to my roommate, Olin Wilson, for all the inconveniences which were forced on him.

In short, thank you all.

## My First Year At Gardner-Webb

By GEORGE PASSES

Editor's Note: The writer was born in Greece, and spent his childhood in the horror and tragedy of the Greek Civil War a decade ago. Orphaned, he was brought to America by friends, and is now working his way through Gardner-Webb.

The dark clouds of loneliness washed away my joys and dreams which I had during my boyhood. Perhaps, one of the reasons I wanted to continue my education after graduation from high school was to learn to face reality.

Seeking to find myself, I made my way to Gardner-Webb College on August 28, 1956. Shortly after my arrival, I listened to Dr. Elliott speak in Chapel. It was here that a few words instantly changed the course of my life. "We want you to feel homesick," Dr. Elliott said. "But also we want you to learn to live independently—that is what a college life. I began to wonder you are here for. . . ."

These plausible words revealed to all those who came here to meet the horizon of the adventures of all of those who store to offer to

## Harnessing Our Highest Instincts

By JOHN S. FARRAR

Man is a part of the created order which is endowed with "instincts". Students of animal nature have been able to discern more than one hundred instincts in the creatures of earth. Every human being is endowed with many inborn and unlearned promptings which drive or direct the individual.

One of the major tasks of man is the harnessing of his highest instincts for the good of the whole human family. If man should ignore his responsibility for guiding his innate drives, then his life falls at the mercy of his instincts. The growing student is ever becoming aware of the complex and interlaced promptings which bid for his consent. One of the grand adventures of life is to harness for right ends those basic drives of human nature.

Two of our highest instincts deserve our attention!

Self-assertion. This is the raw material for leadership. When man exercises leadership it may be in two general directions. He will seek to master the other or he will seek to free others. History books relay evidence of men who have had one or the other of these objectives as their goal. The self-assertion of totalitarian leadership always ends in binding men, while leadership of free and freedom-loving men seeks to liberate the well-being of their fellows. What are you doing with that innate force called "self-assertion"? With it one may allow himself to become either a demon or a deliverer.

Quest for the unknown. This is the instinct that drives men to adventure beyond the known. They maintain less unseem territory. A boy may be restless until he sees that territory.

The adventure may be the mere satisfaction of curiosity or it may be risking one's life for humankind. Dr. Jonas Salk and his associates worked months on end, seeking a way for medical science to cope with the dread of polio. Had they concluded that a lot of time was being wasted or that it couldn't be done, polio may have haunted us for years still to come.

Each individual has some of this inborn quest for the unknown. The student who seeks to know will determine whether the world will be richer or poorer.

The Creator has endowed man with these and a host of other native aptitudes. To harness these to useful and constructive ends is one way of showing our sense of responsibility to Him who gives life, and who demands a responsible spending of His gifts.

seek to find the roots of the truth and self-discipline. This, my first chapel attendance in Gardner-Webb, was an exultant experience, for I felt that here I could finally trust myself believe that my past experiences belonged to the past. I wanted to forget them, for every time I thought of them, I was terrified.

My college life began, and as my environment suffused joy in my new way of living, the days passed peacefully. During the first few work-weeks, I felt a little homesick, but gradually I realized I had found a solace in my daily living.

The atmosphere of Gardner-Webb College was a little weird in itself, and I felt I was a part of it. Most of my fellow-students treated me as if I were their brother, and my professors advised me as if I were their son. In their accessibility I found a nurture which vanished the dark shades that kept the love of life away from my heart.

Gardner-Webb College taught me to appreciate my past experiences which I wanted to forget. It also opened a pathway for me to travel through to accomplish a task while I am traveling on the highway of life

## From The Other Side Of The Editor's Desk

It seems that everyone read this article last issue except the one for whom it was intended—the editor. This proves two things, either the editor reads only his own articles or he can't take a hint.

After three weeks of rest, the room is again in an uproar. I am actually sitting in my own chair on my side of the desk, writing in a small space on about one-tenth of the desk-press which occupies the rest of the desk and nine-tenths of the room?

Things are mild now compared to what they soon will be. The PILOT is just in the first stages. The other tenth of the room and then some will be flooded when the rest of the articles are in.

As if all the mess wasn't enough, my roomy is now pounding on his old beat-up typewriter. If you want to call it that.

If you have ever wondered what Grand Central Station is like, just move in with the editor of the PILOT. The door remains open from seven o'clock until . . . Everybody and his brother come in sometime during this period. (There go my paper clips. He already has my glue, ruler, scissors, etc.) I'm sure glad I don't have to claim any of those . . . for my brother.

It may be that my eyes get weak about 1 a.m., but some of those faces I see are really home.

My roomy does let me in on some things, such as cleaning up after the PILOT is finished; distributing the PILOT; typing articles, etc. You don't know how much that thrills me to do these little things.

Well, the end is almost here. Just about a month to go to school. One thing for sure next year I'm going to be a day student so I don't have to worry about being the editor's roomy.

## MUSIC NOTES

Continued from Page 1

of her English group.

The college choir has been much in demand this spring, having been program at Zion Church, Boiling Springs Church, Cliffside Baptist Church, and the Pleasant Hill Church of Morganton. They were also presented in two radio programs and a chapel program.

In a recent recital by four of our outstanding students, Gerald Southland, Susanne Hamrick, Sandra Annmons and Shirley McDougan, Pundarika gave evidence of much hard work on the part of all participant. Two more student recitals

## Never Fear

By FREIDA STANLEY

One of man's greatest enemies for all time has been fear. Fears such as losing a contest, enying the wrong things, wearing the wrong clothes, being hurt, and dying are fears which enslave many people. A person who has a burden placed on him by worrying about some fear constantly and unnecessarily is not all that free.

Of course, it is only natural that people fear some things and worry part of the time, but one should not fear over-odd things. A person who worries all the time is not mature. Included in these immature traits is the lack of self-confidence. By this, we don't mean conceit, but trust in oneself. Nothing can be worse than a person who doesn't trust himself. If you don't trust yourself, when will you trust anyone?

My self-confidence used to be at such a low peak, I was afraid to even speak out in public. Then as I grew older, I realized how immature this fear was and became concerned about this grave problem. As I started changing my ideas about different matters, my self-confidence grew.

As a small child, my idea of God was that of a large man in Heaven who was afraid of everyone. He ruled all, loved all, and gave us the material things we always prayed for. As I grew older, more truth and light was thrown on the subject; and God, slowly but surely, was being revealed to me as a Supreme Spirit. By the time I was 16, when I was baptized, I realized God was three spirits in one—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that a person really had to strive to live righteously in order to be one of God's children. This at first was quite different from my child's viewpoint of being bad and being forgiven, rationalizing by saying that God forgave all little children of their sins, and it hurt to realize I was responsible for my sins. However, this hurt gradually healed as God grew closer to me, and turned into explicit joy when I fully realized what it meant to be saved.

Thus I realized that there are many ways to conquer fear, but the greatest is trust—trust in God and then yourself.

will be given during April.


After 3 Day festivities, in which the Music Department will again participate, we will begin rehearsals for our Golden Anniversary Pageant Music to also play an important part in this production, and with Caroline Greene as dependable organist for the event, we hope our contribution will be worthy of the extensive preparation made by the staff and cast of the pageant.

Cliffside

Super Market,

Cliffside, N. C.

Stays Fresh . . .



3 DAYS Longer