

GARDNER - WEBB PILOT

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THE AVERAGE COLLEGE STUDENT

By Walter Pope

I try to be an average college student. I flunk at least one course per semester; I laugh at Dean Terrell's jokes; I challenge Milster Jones to an occasional drag around the campus; I gripe about the food, while waiting for second servings; and I even stay up late and slide bottles down the halls of Decker which if you don't do you're a nobody.

In view of my man-about-the-campus attitude, several members of the faculty and student body expressed dismay at my total ignorance of football. As one of the coaches, whose name escapes me, phrased it, "In other words, you're coming to G. W. to study, more or less." I must confess that on one occasion I had observed a procession of muscular fellows who emerged from Decker Hall's basement, blinked at the sun light, danced about as if recently unchained, and faded into the setting sun. Then would follow a period of loud music, accentuated by much shouting and growling and an insane yelp screaming, "That girl in the red skirt is out of step!" I drew the most obvious conclusion: Gardner-Webb students were dancing! It was enough to make strong men weep and old ladies faint!

Being the average student, I couldn't squeal on my classmates, my buddies, my comrades. That wouldn't be showing the old school spirit. Investigation was in order. I put in my teeth and followed a trail of blood, sweat and tears to a large field. It was a field full of folk that would have made Piers Plowman run up against the nearest stump.

A tiny lad, noting my amazement at the scene before me, led me aside and explained that this was football practice, and that the gentleman jumping up and down on the head of that other gentleman was his father. In some detail the lad explained that the people making music were not directly involved in the practice, except when an occasional stray ball dropped from sight into a tub, or rammied a chart-net down a throat. Football seemed to be sort of an unhappy marriage between a rooster right and the bawle of Bearbreak Ridge. I decided to see the next game.

I got to the stadium early, just as the alumni began to file in. Then came the students, shouting and shouting as if they were in a lunch line. People ran up and down the aisles yelling for hot dogs and popcorn, but nobody would give them any. When all the people were gathered together, the players trotted onto the field. The crowd shouted at them, but they came out anyway. Three or four fellows in striped shirts ran around blowing whistles and waving their arms.

One of them loosed a coin, and while they were looking for it, one of the players kicked the ball down the field. A fellow down there started to bring it back and ran smack into a striped shirt. The crowd seemed very happy about the whole thing. There was a round of applause for the ambulance driver who waved his cap to the crowd and returned to his task of collecting unchained arms and legs.

The players lined up facing each other each side during the other to just by his cotton-picking hands on that ball. One fellow did grab it and toss it to his buddy who headed for the door. One of the striped shirts dropped his Kleenex and missed the play, so they had to come back and do it all over. Everybody booed the striped shirt. You would think that would have solved the problem of who got to take the ball home, but the players kept fighting up and down the field. Somebody three out

another ball, but the teams were so mad by then that they had to have the one they started with. After this went on for a while, somebody yelled, "Half!" and everybody got up. I thought they were going home, but they were looking for the restroom. The band marched around and played, some pretty girls jumped around yelling something about the dogs, and the ambulance driver served drinks on the hearse.

Then the hostilities started again. All the players were the same shade of mud by then, and the idea was to knock somebody down and hope he was on the other side. Players dropped out one by one. Finally the field was bare except for the striped shirts who were still blowing whistles and waving their arms, not having realized the game was over. The departing crowd gave a cheer as the visiting players lifted the striped shirts to their shoulders and paraded across the field.

I had been introduced to football. It was a step closer to a liberal education.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

- Miss Davis and Dean Terrell dragging on highway 150.
- Miss Jones as a majorette.
- Pork Williams on a diet.
- John Jordan with a southern accent.
- Paul Mustian getting to chapel on time.
- Miss Batcom weighing 300 pounds.

Mr. Morrisset playing rock 'n' roll records in his spare time.
Paul Cline going steady.
Al North awake at breakfast.
Bill Williams with the "badly" hair-cut.
Dillard Morrow being heavy-weight wrestler of the world.
Richard Workman not eating.
Miss Miller driving a new Edsel.
Marion Walters' door without a no-80 sign.

Mr. Lamb in overalls.
Diane Privette being quiet.
Beth Proctor and Judy Hughey without a "Please excuse us room" sign.
Max Crowley staying awake in lit class.

Grace Ollis not saying "If the truth were known."
Duane McDougland taking piano.
Steve Carver being a ballet dancer.

Bev Gufee and Charlie Dobbs going steady.
Mike Roper being an auctioneer.
Miss Jones being pulled for driving too slow.

Dotty Dellinger being 6 feet 2.
Jeff Simmons teaching Spanish.
Joan Wright not flashing the parlor lights before 5 to 7.
Miss Copeland being a model.
Jimmy Bridges being still.
Roger Moore being a secret police agent.
People minding their own business and no one else's business.
The Pilot not cutting someone.
Jimmy Wright without a camera.

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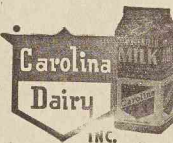
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