

GARDNER - WEBB PILOT

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

VOL. XII April, 1958 No. 5

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Fred's Stanley
Newsp Editor	George Warner
Business Manager	Bill Brackett
Faculty Advisor	Miss Doris Jones
Photographer	Marshall Mauney
Associate Editor	Duane MacDougland
Woman's Editor	Pat Mobbey
Sports Editor	Kenneth Beane

Staff Writers	Billy Ashley Sandra Champion Rachel Elliott Louise Allen Ken Wilson
---------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------

BUSINESS STAFF

Exchange Editor	Grace Ollis
Circulation Manager	Dianne Privette
Typists	Carolyn Cuthbertson Lib Smathers Maxine Davis Jolene Moore

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Gardner-Webb campus has really been active with exciting events for the past couple of weeks. First, the spirit of the campaigns for student body officers of the coming year really took hold of the campus. Never have I seen more able candidates and so much campaigning, but it was carried out in a nice, decent way with no mud-slinging. Congratulations are not only in store for the newly elected officers, but for all candidates for carrying on such a respectable campaign.

The beginning of spring sports also interests the sports-minded people who are pleased over the record the Bulldogs have set this far. Competition between the freshmen and sophomore class on Field Day was very keen, making it hard for the winners to say, "I told you so." Again congratulations are in store for the freshmen for the excellent Freshmen-Sophomore banquet. All the sophomores really thought it was the "greatest."

With elections, conventions, and social events, it will be difficult for the students to be contemplating studies, but only one more month remains of the school year. Therefore, let's put our best effort forward and strive to have a record in all phases that we can be proud of at the end of this semester.

THE LAZY STUDENT

On Monday, he's disposed to sleep,
The lessons wait and they will keep;
On Tuesday aspiration dies,
He feels he needs some exercise;

On Wednesday he must keep his date,
He has to go to church with Kate,
On Thursday he is rough and rude,
The work neglected mars his mood;

On Friday he is not in class,
He likes to swim and fish for bass;
On Saturday he's out all night,
He never sleeps until daylight;

On Sunday he is right to shrink:
The Lord's day was not meant for work;
When finals come he starts to wail,
He fears he is about to fail;

He darts about from place to place,
And gets the dean to plead his case;
He feels he's just the orphan boy
Whom no one loves; it is his job

To give up everything for school!
Oh! Would he had more time for pool!
His teachers are all cranky maids,
Who ought to give him better grades!

He studies two nights in a row,
Then borrows history notes from Joe!
Unchallenged to exert his best,
He turns out just a degree pest!

Plans, Hopes For The Future

By DR. F. L. ELLIOTT

Any plans for the future must be composite plans and not individual. Long range planning is essential for orderly growth, but in the development of an institution there are certain aspects of the intangible which cannot be predicted. In other words a college is perhaps more of an organism than an organization. An organism just grows and to a certain degree from within. Its chief concern is quality not quantity. Its development and growth is so intricately tied up with those who promote it and so dependent upon them that a separation of the two is impossible.

THREE AIMS

Three things have been envisioned or anticipated in the planning for the first, a two-year college. The most significant development in American education in the last 50 years has been the two-year college. It still persists as a dominating factor. The three or four-year junior college has not emerged decidedly. Some junior colleges are becoming senior colleges, but the drift is not yet significant.

Second, a small institution has the best educational value if it is large enough to be economically sound and small enough so that each one can know personally every other.

Third, a Christian college means a basic genuineness and sincerity in its philosophy and personnel that elevates human dignity and worth and whose total purpose is quality human development.

BUILDING NEEDS

The material needs for the long look for the present state student body are a Science-Classroom-Administration building sufficient for normal expansion; a dormitory adequate to hold 100 to 200 boys; the completion of the athletic field and enclosing the swimming pool; housing facilities for teachers; the addition of one or two departments; and the expansion and equipment of those we have — especially music. The Science-Classroom building and the dormitory are pressing needs. Any wise planning for the future must include endowment to care for present buildings and current support. After you get what you need the gift of a building without provision for current operation is also a necessity. This calls for endowment.

LOAN NEEDS

Another matter of vital importance is greater provision for scholarships and loans. Some of our finest potential citizens will not be able to secure education without help. We need not only to inspire our young people to go to college, but to help them find the means whereby they may go.

The administrative and instructional personnel backed by the trustees and friends are constantly planning for the best and most for what we have to invest.

Future Teachers On The Go

By BILLY ASHLEY

On March 21, the Future Teachers Club of Gardner-Webb College went to the annual Future Teachers Convention in Asheville. We left about 12 noon after we had lunch. Those attending are as follows: Louise Allen, Charlie Dubbe, Ronald Travis, Rachel Black, Beverly Guffey, Mildred Alexander, Grace Ollis, Betty Briggs, Mrs. Hamrick, Mr. Moseley, and myself.

We had a real nice time as we ascended the mountains. The hotel we stayed in for our meeting was the George Vanderbilt Hotel. Two girls got out of a car in front of us as we arrived. They were from Meredith. They said they only had two people up there, so we thought we were doing pretty well because we had nine students.

Inside the hotel, we met a boy from Eastern Carolina. He asked if

LINES WRITTEN TO A PROFESSOR

By HARRY WILSON

Thank you for introducing me to Apollo's forgetful bard;
Thank you for opening my locked mind
And teaching me to appreciate the charming rime
Altho the task, I must confess, seems hard.

Friend, these lines are written that you may know;
For many forlorn years I've missed
The muse's illuminating joy and bliss—
And that, friend, is why these tardy lines feebly flow.

Our adventurous study we did begin
Of Albion's brave and noble men—
And—many a heroic deed
Of friend coming to aid friend
When in sorest need.

Then there's Chaucer, who can forget,
The story of 'a' fox, a cock and a hen'
Or—the three roisterous, boisterous men
Who, for the love of gold, their theivish deaths met?

Shakespeare! Albion's noted Sage
Who filled many a century's page
With eloquent words true and wise
And—'tho' he be dead, his fame never dies—
Because of a mighty pen with forceful sweeps,
Tho' a dead master, still it speaks!

Two Great Puritans our minds did arrest,
Who by their labors, the world have blessed—
Because one, 'tho' he was blind, you know
Seeking aid from the Heavenly Muse Divine,
Penned immortal verse more than sublime!
And the other, who many lonely years in Bedford's prison did endure;

But possessing an immovable Faith steadfast and sure,
Did not squander those lonely dark hours—
But still trusting in Higher Powers
Wrote immortal lines of luminous joy and bliss,
And—from a dark prison cell came: THE PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS!

The Neo-Classical felt it their duties
To resurrect the Greek unities.
And—because of their interest in the ancients, whom they appreciated;

A return to them they advocated,
And—therei writings, they emulated,
Yes—because of this, their works were permeated
With the thoughts of those they imitated!

Ah—friend, as I contemplate those felicitous hours;
When we strolled with Wordsworth through Nature's delight-
ful garden,
Scrutinizing Flora's beautiful flowers—

Hunting sweet daisies and on his smiles dwelling,
There comes surging to my mind, feelings of awe, like a
mighty flood swelling—
Lifting my gloomy-soul to lofty towers,
"For oft, when on my couch I lie . . .
They flash upon that inward eye—
I see them, "glittering from afar—"
Like twinkling stars that in the heavens are—
Sending forth their dazzling rays so bright
Illuminating my moonless night.

Then there's Byron, Shelley, and Keats;
Not to mention all the rest,
Who ascended Mt. Helicon's lofty peaks;
And—descending, brought ethereal joy and bliss.

Thank you for acquainting me with poet and sage,
And helping find adventure on every new page;
When I think of these soul-animating moments—alastoo few!
Moments refreshing as the sparkling morning dew—
Or—as the melodious notes of the cuckoo,
Moments of vivid impressions, time cannot obscure,
Rebounding forth each in its elating scenes anew—
Enough reminiscence! Let me my task pursue
Of bestowing honors long past due.

Thank you for a voracious desire to secure
A greater appreciation for Apollo's voluminous literature;
And awakening in me the ambition to pursue
A greater knowledge of the muse's sating literature.
Thank you for helping me traverse
The exciting road of Apollo's informative verse.
Yes, beloved friend, I am debtor to you
For helping me enjoy the muse's vivacious literature
Ah—friend, it may be that: "Poets create, scholars annotate";
You have done more! You have helped me both to appreciate.
"And so there rise these lines of verse"
And with them I intend
As over life's road I traverse
To remember you, my friend.

These lines are written to teachers of the night literature class: Professor DeLmond, who taught the first semester; Miss Copeland, who began the second semester, and Miss Davis, who is completing the term.

Acknowledgment must be made of the interest and encouragement of Miss Davis, who read over the original and made many helpful suggestions and improvements. She resurrected the work from the "dead tombs" of discouragement, procrastination, and forgetfulness.