

MEET YOUR STAFF

Ramblin' Around

"In The Good Old Summertime"

Enter — Freshman; Exit — Sophomore



This year's editor of The Pilot is Kenneth Beane, Sophomore from Charlotte, North Carolina. He is well-qualified for the job, since, while at Harding High, he was sports writer for their school paper; and last year, he was Sports Editor of The Pilot. At Harding, he was also the Assistant Business Manager of the annual; he was a class officer, a Junior Marshall, and a Junior Rotarian. He was on the Honor Roll for three years, and was chosen Wittiest in his graduating class. Kenneth was a member of the First Baptist Church of Charlotte, where he sang in the choir. After graduating from Gardner-Webb, he plans to study TV and a Radio Announcing at the University of North Carolina.

Kenneth's hobby is sports in general. He played basketball in high school for four years and won the Industrial League Sportsmanship Award.

For the boy's benefit, Kenneth is twenty years old, 5'9" tall, and weighs 160 pounds. He has brown hair and brown eyes. His pet beanie is thirty girls. He prefers brunettes, but if you aren't one, don't worry about it. Kenneth likes an average girl with a nice personality; one who loves children and family life; who is trustworthy and able to take the bad with the good.

Girls, if you want to impress Kenneth, invite him to dinner at high school for four years and won the Industrial League Sportsmanship Award.

For dinner, be sure to serve gold-brown fried chicken. During the meal, play his favorite song, "When I Fall in Love" on the hi-fi. Kenneth will, without a doubt, be overwhelmed at all this, so don't be surprised if he exclaims, "Mmm, mmm."

Aiding Kenneth this year as Assistant Editor is Paula Winstead, Sophomore Liberal Arts student who hails from Lexington, North Carolina. Paula is 19 years old, has dark blonde hair, green eyes, stands 5'4", and weighs 125 pounds — except when she's at Gardner-Webb. Her pet peave, while very on the subject of Gardner-Webb, are some of the rules. In high school, Paula was Feature Editor of the school paper, active in Dramatics, and was member of various social and scholastic organizations. Here at Gardner-Webb, she is on the Forensic Society, an active Marshall, an avid actress, and-of course—a contributor to the paper.

In what small amount of leisure time she has, Paula can be found indulging in her hobbies of reading, collecting and playing records, dancing (off campus), attending movies or plays, and enjoying the sports activities. She likes mood music, and her favorite song is "Moonology." Paula prefers steak above all other foods; green is her favorite color; and to own a green Ford Thunderbird is a pet desire.

As to an ideal date, Paula prefers a person who is neat, a gentleman, sincere in his emotions and actions, one who has a mature outlook, and

who is fairly intelligent. Physical aspects of his personality are relatively unimportant although it helps if he is fairly attractive. He must be a good conversationalist, have a sense of humor, and be older than herself.

To be a good wife and mother is her long-range ambition, while her immediate wish is to finish college —at Duke, perhaps, and then work at some lucrative occupation in which she can travel, and then settle down.

We are sure that The Pilot, under the capable leadership of Kenneth and Paula will be a big success as a paper worthy of Gardner-Webb.

G-W WELCOMES NEW

(From Page One)

Teachers College, and the University of North Carolina, where she is doing further graduate work.

Before coming to Gardner-Webb, Mrs. Dedmond taught in Marion, Boone, and Sunshine. Mrs. Dedmond thinks that Gardner-Webb is one of the finest schools anywhere. Her hobbies include: reading, listening to music, and playing the piano; she also enjoys doing choir work.

The new music maker around school is Mr. James Chamblie our new choir director. Mr. Chamblie is from Fayetteville, North Carolina. He attended the University of North Carolina and Columbia University in New York City where he majored in music. Besides teaching choir, he also teaches choral conducting, and Mr. Chamblie gives private lessons to aspiring voice students. This is the first year in the field of teaching at Gardner-Webb, and we hope that he finds the year at Gardner-Webb most successful. Mr. Chamblie's wife is the Supervisor of Music for the Sixty School System in Mooresville, N.C.

Miss Chamblie's favorite hobbies are sports. His favorite music is classical, with popular music running a close second.

Miss Ruth Elizabeth Mabus, the new French and Latin teacher, is from Ackerman, Miss. She attended Mississippi State College for Women, and is currently at Mississippi State University. Miss Mabus majored in classical and modern languages. She previously taught in Sunflower Junior College in Mooresville, Mississippi.

Miss Mabus enjoys growing flowers as a hobby. Her favorite food is peaches, and her favorite type of music is classical and semi-classical; she also enjoys ballads.

The Pilot staff takes this opportunity to thank the many new faculty members to Gardner-Webb College. We sincerely hope that you have received a warm welcome from the staff and students here at Gardner-Webb, and we hope that your years at Gardner-Webb will be memorable ones.

We understand your northern accent, Irene, but where did you get your beanie???

Attention, All American History Students! When you start studying the Spanish-American War, you will be able to get a full account of the happenings from the old "War Veterans" hobnobbing on campus; namely, Captain Hughes, Colonel Freeman, and Major Warner.

To all girls in Stroup Dormitory... Worrying can now become a thing of the past. All the boys have welcomed our own "Mom" Goodwin with open arms. Their welcome was made official with a party when the officers of HAPY dormitory, along with the other boys, got together and gave "Mom" a "Surprise." The refreshments consisted of punch and cookies. The party came to a close with the presentation of a blouse to "Mom" from the boys in HAPY.

Things have started off to a fast pace this year with new ideas springing up everywhere. Seems as if the boys decided to rename their dorm. Borrowing the "P" out of the HAPY dorm, they changed it to the "Pecker Hall" instead of the normal Decker Hall. On well, boys will be well.

After renaming their dorm, the boys found that the girls were planning to rename theirs, but the girls thought that the old name of "Cell Block Number 13" still fitted it better than any other they could think of.

Seems as if the Charlotte girls are doing real well this year. Two of them are still looking over the boys, one is cheering for them, and still another has been practicing a "fear show" for them. You've got to watch those Charlotte girls!

Using Moose's microphone, the boys have put out their own radio show in the HAPY dorm. The station is backed with one kilowatt of bicycle, and one baby carriage. The station operates from six in the morning until seven at night, and later if you can get by with it. Plans are being made to get Dean "Terrible" to be their top announcer. One of their DJ's, Steve Belk, has left for home because Moose would not let him broadcast the chapel programs in the Hankrik building. By the way, their theme song is "Tov Bell" because Rip Ripley liked it so well.

It has been said that Gardner-Webb is a friendly college. One boy summed this up by saying, "No warring and no fighting between classes and during classes; in other words, we can't say a word to them."

Seems as if the boys have a rough time at Decker. It seems it was not too bad until they started having class "U" inspections every morning. Some of the boys didn't get to go to class this week because they failed inspection and their passes were taken away. One boy said that he didn't mind staying in the room the week he was in because he didn't put him on KP in Miss Odum's mess hall.

Seems as if the reason for a lot of boys coming here to play football has been that they heard we had a "Coley Bowl." However, it seems they didn't know was that is what we call our mess hall. However, there is a rumor that it soon will be called "Janie's Steak House." All for now, until next time don't take any "wooden ones."

One of the boys of '57 says he's been all night long and looking around in Bermuda shorts until that all important date at 7:30. The long telephone conversations with girl friends and the all important snacks that seem to last from one meal to another—all have ceased.

It was among the many students who took it easy this summer, and those were the good old days. I wasn't the only lay one; some of the others were Betty Jean Wall, Sue Trauman, Polly Wilson, and Judy Deane. We threw away the alarm clock and slept as late as we pleased, as consistently, and had a great time all the time.

Not everyone was lazy like me. Many of you, Paula Winstead, Soadie Proffitt, Wayne Fronberger and Mary Jo Crawford went to summer school and worked off several hours. Some of the smart ones even worked, can you imagine? After our studies, we received a spiritual blessing by working at our Biblical Assemblies and camps, like Linda Cole and Janette Quisen. Others who were in the dorms were Joan Cline and Doris Howard, and Bill others worked in offices and department stores, like Lib Smathers, Harriet Evans and Charmaine Austin.

Of course, no summer is complete without at least one trip to the beach, resulting in a few sunburns and then a lively tan, and finally a sickening yellow color when you peel off. Also, the delightful salt water makes your hair look like a bird's nest, and a bad case of sunburn makes you miserable for three days. Oh, but what a good time we had.

The freshmen, like Ruth Mills, Barbara King, and Carolyn Culp, were busy this summer getting ready to come to our fair institution. They were packing clothes, telling their parents and all the relatives good bye; and feeling homesick even before they got here. At Gardner-Webb things are different. You start at seven on the dot with that horrible alarm clock buzzing in your ears and the sound of running water and some green freshman playing her radio as loud as possible. What a lovely way to start the day! In fact it's so lovely you had the urge to crawl back in bed, and cut a class; but you think of all Dean Terrie's warnings and so you straighten out and start to breakfast. As you bravely do, you think you think back to the good old days when you remained in bed. It seems like a long time ago.

TOP PROF

By Ken Beane

Our Top Prof of the month goes to our chemistry professor, Mr. M. A. Moseley, Jr. Mr. Moseley was born on September 17, 1912 in Cowpens, South Carolina. He graduated from Furman High School in 1932. The next year found our top prof at Wofford College, where in four short years he had his major in chemistry. His thoughts turned to instructing as the year 1937 found him at Clemson, and the following two years at North Carolina State. The year 1939 saw Mr. Moseley obtain his graduate degree in chemistry from North Carolina State. Mr. Moseley was a pharmacist and chemist at Furman University and Greenville General Hospital. He has been at Gardner-Webb College since 1950.

This feature article, by Bob Boyle, first appeared in the March issue of The Pilot. As we thought it to be worthy of reprinting, we have done so.

The curtain opens. The stage is dark. Slowly the house lights dim, and the floor comes on, the audience sees: Stage left, a room filled with the brim with tests, forms, frowning professors, registrars, presidents and local members of the faculty. Stage center, a classroom, desk, blackboard, typewriter, and Doctor Bob (in tweeds, and holding his pipe). Stage right, a robbing, chairs, and a pile of diplomas. The people at stage left mill around, handing one another forms and graphs.

Enter, stage left; a young man who is evidently Freddy Freshman himself. He has a crew-cut, wears a sweater, and carries a tennis racket and three large, heavy suitcases. He backs in the door and bumps into Mr. Dedmond. Mr. Dedmond frowns and Freddy drops everything, comes to attention, and salutes Mr. Dedmond. He bows to the classroom, desk, blackboard, typewriter, and Doctor Bob. He stands at ease, off stage there is a loud explosion. Smoke pours forth and Mr. Moseley flies through the air, lands on the desk, and says, "Freddy, this is a blackened test tube. His door enters from stage left, looks at Mr. Moseley, sadly shakes his head, and says, "Freddy, this is a blackened test tube. He bows to the audience, and exits. Mr. Moseley, Freddy has been sealed at a desk where he is filling out certain tests, and a confused look on his face. As Freddy is crushed in forms, tests, nurses, doctors, and registrars, the curtain falls.

Mr. Moseley, Freddy enters stage left and pushes his way through the mass of paper left over from the last scene until he reaches stage center. He takes a seat. Doctor Bob begins to lecture on what Louis IX had for breakfast on Sundays. After awhile he stops, announces a test, and picks up a huge pile of papers to be checked. He checks his teeth, throat, eyes, ears, nose, feet, and are giving him shots. Freddy for a moment is so shocked that he turns his face. As Freddy is crushed in forms, tests, nurses, doctors, and registrars, the curtain falls.

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The curtain rises, on stage right a solemn ceremony is taking place. An aged prelate is standing in a flowery habit, and on stage left several sizes too large. President Ellect is speaking about "Going out and facing the world." Freddy looks at them he is just wanting a place to throw his. President Elliott finishes and Freddy is given his diploma amid cheers and applause which almost awaken the old grand. The curtain descends as Freddy walks forth —oh, his eyes sparkle, and Freddy is to conquer the world. Curtain rises. We see Freddy at stage center designing a ditch. Curtain descends.

Ten Commandments For Teen-Agers

- The "commandments" are: 1. Don't let your parents down. They brought you up. 2. Stop and think before you act. 3. Be smart, obey. You'll give orders yourself some day. 4. Ditch wrong thoughts fast or they'll ditch you.

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