

FROM THE NEWS ROOM Don't Read This — Until You Get Home!

by John Roberts

The holiday season immediately is upon us in an excellent time to for-
get most college. This is a normal
and wholesome thing to do, and
most students would look askance at
the person who packed all his books
home and spent his Christmas vaca-
tion time in study. Granted a certain
amount of study during the holidays
may be a good idea, but not to
most average students will do it—
and perhaps that is why they are
average—but this is not the point.

So forget about college for the
holidays!
But at some period during the
next two weeks, perhaps in your
own room at home, spend a few mo-
ments in thought about college.
You may want your college and what
it has meant to you so far this year.

You might begin by attempting to
define college. Quickly your keen
college-trained brain will cut
through the shallow thought that
college is a cluster of buildings sur-
rounded by ball sessions and ball
teams. You may even eliminate
term papers, chapel attendance, and
classroom lectures by saying these
are not really college. Certainly all
these things contribute to a nebulous
thing called "college life," but
they are not the college.

What then is the college?
The college consists of an associa-
tion of you share and explored by
students and professors as they seek
to know more about themselves,
about each other and about God.
Working, thinking, studying, and
discussing these things together is
the college. It exists only as an
idea, made up of many ideas, the-
ories, explorations, and discover-
ies. Now back to you, as you ponder
thoughts of college from your own
room at home during Christmas
holidays, far from the noise and
activity of the dorm. Have you really
been in college this fall, engaged in
this business of thinking, sharing
ideas, and learning? Have you been
in a second classification as one who
does no thinking, no sharing, but
readily accepts and absorbs the
ideas given you? Or are you an "out-
sider" living in the dorm, attending
class, engaging in all extracurricular
activities, but contributing nothing
and learning nothing?

Are you in college, or merely go-
ing to college?
Are you learning things, making
friends, and establishing a record
you can be proud of all your life, or
will you later think of this as a
wasted year?

GARDNER - WEBB PILOT

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SPOT NEWS

The football players recently re-
ceived their jackets and certainly
look fine in them. These jackets
were purchased by the Monogram
Club through funds received from
various projects—selling programs at
football games, operating the conces-
sion stand at basketball games,
and selling G-W plate tags for cars.

The college yearbook staff has
really been working hard these past
few months. So far the Anchor has
Club is completed and sent to the
publisher. These papers are pictures
of campus scenes and of the faculty
and sophomores. The annuals will be
distributed May 8, and—so—a vol-
ume of reminiscences—are already paid
for in school fees. One of the pictures
will be in color. It is a full shot of
the library building.

For the Little Moon Christmas
Offering, the Y. W. A.'s have col-
lected nearly \$50 and planned a
work day to help raise more for this
worthy cause. One of their projects
for the near future is to make tray
favors for the patients in the Clinic.

Perfect Faculty

President: Granish Moore
Dean of Boys: Gary Moore
Dean of Girls: Lucille Ball
Accounting: Jack Benny
Band: Spike Jones
Dramatics: Alfred Hitchcock
English: "Tennessie" Ernie Ford
French: Corinne Calvet
Government: Jack Webb
Health and Safety: Lou Costello
History: Marion Brande
Mathematics: Hal March
Phys. Ed. Boys: Marilyn Monroe
Phys. Ed. Girls: Elvis Presley
Piano: Liberace
Psychology: Jerry Lewis
Spanish: Don Armas
Trainer: Ann Southern

"Messiah" Presented

Handel's "Messiah" was presented
Tuesday night, December 9, at 8 o'-
clock in the Boiling Springs Baptist
Church by a choir composed of
members of the faculty community,
and other students in addition to the
regular college choir. The choir was
directed by Mr. James Chismore.
Soloists were Joe Blanton, tenor;
Mrs. Robert Gidney, soprano; Sybil
Queen, soprano; Dr. H. S. Piaster of
Shelby, bass soloist; and Mrs. Wilep
of Shelby, contralto soloist. Mr. S.
Morristat was organ accompanist.
The numbers presented were "And
the Glory of the Lord," "O Thou
That Pallest Good Tidings Bring,"
"For Unto us a Child is Born,"
"Glory to God," and "The Hallelu-
jah Chorus."

Mic's Message

by Mickey Morrow
That the communication of thy
faith may become effectual by the
acknowledging of ever—your King
which is in you in Christ Jesus,
Philom 1:6.
Loving is giving. Pure love is not
for gaining but for supplying. God
loves us. He gave His Son. Every-
day He gives us blessings because He
loves us. If we love those about us
let us be sure that they draw from
us instead of us drawing from them.
Having Christ in our hearts is not
enough in the Christian life. We
have to give Him to all with whom
we come into contact.
Faith is a commitment, an atti-
tude, a life. We are tested to express
our faith!

Fable Of The Lazy Student

The same was a college student
who never did any work. During
study hours he jumped up and down
on the bed, played cards, and read
hot-out books. He was so busy in
fact, that he slept in his clothes in
order to preserve the energy he ex-
pended in changing them. Finally,
when he received his grades and
saw that he had all D's, the dean

INVASION

by H. Ray Kichen
What is that sound out in the hall?
It shore isn't no bouncing ball!
I think it is the hoofs of the devil
Who's finally come down to our
level.
Let me look at that bed, man;
That is something I just can't stand!
Walt! Walt's see in just what you're
out there; But first, let me grease down my
hair.
Okay now, let's open the door
And see what's out there pacing the
floor.
Help! I see something that is round;
It's big all over and mighty brown!
Walt! It looks, I think it is—but
how?
But it is; it has to be; it's a cow!

presented him with the things that
he was almost on his way home.
Then the boy began doing a little
studying and not so much jumping
around and other childish things,
until he came to enjoy studying and
he developed the zeal of trying to
pull up his grades. By the end of the
following semester, the once lazy
student was making B's.
Moral—Work hard, you lazy peo-
ple—you can make B's if you try.



SANTA?

A JOLLY MAN FOR A JOLLY SEASON

By Beverly Turner

This fraud under the whiskers is not Santa; but he is a
jolly fellow, though. In fact, he's known around campus as
Mr. Jolley. Confidentially, he couldn't possibly be Santa for
several good reasons: first, Santa is known to be a very old
man; Mr. Jolley wasn't born until May 16, 1927. Second, Santa
lives at the North Pole; while Mr. Jolley has spent most of his
life in Boiling Springs. Third—but enough comparing. Every-
one knows about Santa, so let's find out about the other jolly
fellow.

After graduating from Boiling Springs High, Mr. Jolley
attended Gardner-Webb and then Wake Forest, where he re-
ceived his B. A. degree. At George Peabody he attained an
M. A. degree, and then began to teach at Ellenboro High.

He married Cothemia Jones from Carolen on June 4, 1950.
It was not until last year that Mr. Jolley honored us with his
presence at G-W.

Despite his happy disposition,
there is a serious side to our Top
Prof. Mr. Jolley says, "I believe that
man finds contentment and satis-
faction only when he is rendering a
vital and necessary service. We
should try to rectify our mistakes
and plan for the future. Yet, we
must learn to live the most useful
life in the 'eternal present' without
brooding over past mistakes or wor-
rying excessively about the future.
Each person must recognize his po-

tententials and his limitations. We
must learn that all of us do not have
equal abilities, but that God expects
us to use and develop those which
we have been given."

According to Mr. Jolley, "the ideal
student is the student who has
found meaning and purpose in life.
He is seeking to develop his talents
so that he can render more effective
service. He has a searching mind, a
spirit of humility, a sense of humor,

TO HELP YOU

By Joseph Gdwin

It is the purpose of this feature each month to emphasize
some phase of guidance as it relates to the personal or voca-
tional needs of our students. A little was said last time about
the teaching profession because more people here in school
plan to be teachers than anything else. The second greatest
number of students, who have expressed a definite profes-
sional leaning, plan to be ministers. This column is written
primarily for them.

The spiritual qualities of a minister have been better said
by Paul to Timothy than this writer can say them. It is as-
sumed here, therefore, that the minister or ministerial student
will have these qualities. Yet it is believed here that the
greatest single cause of ministerial failure lies not within the
academic shortcomings of the minister but in the shortcomings of his
personal integrity, unwholesome at-
titudes, and unchristian motives.
There should be no person in the
community better educated than the
minister. To the extent this is vio-
lated, his leadership is impeded even
while his personal integrity remains

"Twac The Night Before Christmas"

By Lis Rabon and
Dorsey Hoggar

"Twac a rocking night before Christ-
mas, when we were
Born in a manger."

Was "heping" was stirring, not
even a mouse
The bobby socks were slung on the
tree without care.

It was evident the rock'n rollers had
already been there.
The boppers were bushed across
the floor while visions of Kriva
wigged through their heads.

While Mom in her cool chemise
and Daddy in his ivy league pants
had just rested their heads from
the rock'n roller dance.

When out in the yard there arose
such a riot, I arose to see what was
disturbing the quiet.

I shot across the moon quick as a
stink, but I was tumbling down the
stairs before I could think.

Then what should appear in my
poor hair, but the tinkling bells
and the sound of a sled.

I lay there dazed and still; Was this
a result of my sleeping? I was!

Into the house rushed a cool old cat
Purrr over him, including his hat.
Over his shoulder was slung a guitar.

He was rocking and rolling so fast
and quick I thought for a moment
it was Little Richard.

He was quick and keen, a right hep
old elf. I wished I were that good
myself.

He placed all the packages under
the tree then handed a battle rib-
bon band-aid to me.

He began to shag across the floor
Popping and popping on the door.
He got into his sled, playing the
reindeer a jiving tune.

Off they popped like a teenager in
June.

But I heard him exclaim as they
rooked out of sight, Happy Christ-
mas to all! And all a goodnight!

and a dedication to his task. The
ideal student is developing his total
personality and is learning to ap-
preciate his fellow student. He has
some practical common sense as well
as some "book learning."

Mr. Jolley likes the color blue,
enjoys eating homemade ice cream,
and is a Milwaukee Braves fan.
During his leisure hours, he usually
goes out on his sled, playing the
reindeer a jiving tune.
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