



MONTY MILLS and LIZ RABON
MEET YOUR STAFF
By Verne Turner

For this issue of the "Pilot," I was assigned to interview two freshmen writers on the staff, Liz Rabon and Monty Mills. I grabbed my little notebook and pencil and hurried off to find the subjects. At first it seemed to me that both had vanished, but I finally found Liz in her room at Stroup Dorm studying at her desk. (Actually, I think she was writing letters.) But she stopped for a moment. She told me that she was from Marion where she attended Marion Senior High. There she was in the Beta Club, Bible Club, F. T. A., French Club; she was president of the F. H. A., Liz also was on the annual staff and the paper staff. Liz was an honor student and was a homecoming sponsor. The latter honor she has duplicated at Gardner-Webb.

Liz is 19 1/2 years old, and has blue eyes and sandy blonde hair.

She is majoring in religious education, when she graduates from G-W she plans to be an airline hostess and work in the field of religious education.

Liz's hobbies are varied. She enjoys collecting rocks and earrings, drawing, and... loves to work on cars. Her favorite hobby is music. She likes semi-classical best, and her favorite current popular hit is "Love Me Forever" she likes singers, Joni James and Nat "King" Cole.

The boys who especially appeal to Liz have a good personality, manners, tact, sense of humor, and who are religious, friendly, understanding, sincere, trustworthy and a good conversationalist.

Her pet peeve is people who complain instead of being grateful for their blessings.

As I had no further time for questions since she had to leave for the clinic where she works in the business office, I left the dorm to find Montrose Mills, better known as Monty.

I looked over the campus, but Monty was not to be found. That night I called her in Shelby, where she lives. When I called her on the phone, she was laughing. There was so much noise in the background

that I could hardly hear the answers to my questions; it sounded as if there was a party going on. (There was!) Despite the noise, however, and after several repetitions, I finally heard the answers to a most of the questions; and what I didn't hear, I'm guessing, so don't blame me if any of this is wrong, Monty.

Monty is a petite 18-year-old, 4'11 1/2" brunette, with blue-green eyes. She is a very lively, talkative person who loves crowds and confusion. At Shelby Hi she was a class-room officer, secretary of F. H. S., sports editor of the annual staff and was in the Booster Club, Spanish Club, and during her senior year she was chosen for the superlatives, Writter and Most Talkative.

Undecided concerning the future, Monty is taking a liberal arts course. She would like to work with young people.

Monty's hobbies are listening to music, swimming, and going to movies and nights. This summer she plans to leave for a job in the States. Some qualities Monty looks for in a boy are neatness, sincerity, religion, understanding and consideration. She believes that he should be a good conversationalist but should give the girl a chance to talk, too—that's Monty!

A. Sapp's Fibles

Fred High: "What's the name of the book you're reading?"
Charles Holland: "What 20,000 Women Want."

Fred: "Let me see if they spelled my name right."
Officer: "Here's your ticket, Ma'am."

Miss Jones: "Why, I only parked three feet away from the curb."
Officer: "You didn't park that car. You abandoned it."

Mr. Jolley: "In which battle was Atrop IV killed?"
Don Hunter: "I believe it was his last one."

Rep: "Been sleeping well?"
Terry: "Well, I sleep good nights, and I sleep pretty good mornings. But afterwards I just seem to twist and turn."

Mr. Gordon: "Sometimes I wish I'd go to college."
Mrs. Hamrick: "What stopped you?"
Mr. Gordon: "High school."

Flood: A river too big for its bridges.
Salesman: "Is your daddy home, wunny?"
Little boy: "No, sir. He hasn't been home since Mother caught Santa Claus kissing the maid."

Dinner guest: "Will you pass the peas, Dean Terrell?"
Dean Terrell (absent-mindedly): "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should thank them."

Mrs. Flynn: "That new couple next door seem to be very devoted. He kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you do that?"
Mr. Flynn: "I don't know her well enough yet."

Conscience: an inner voice that warns us somebody is looking.

While traveling in Russia, the two hopters saw a guy being flogged in the public square.

"I don't dig the beat," said one, "but that sure is a crazy drum."

And there was the Scotchman who wouldn't rent his girl a beach umbrella, but told her shady stories instead.

When a man thinks he has a girl on the string it probably means that he is on the hook.

Adolescence is that period when children feel their parents should be told the facts of life.

Two women drivers were chatting. Miss Crowe—"I don't see why they say women are such awful drivers. I have run into lots more men than women."

Miss Baucum—"So have I. Even when they are parked."

We used to hear so much about youngsters running away from home to get married. In this day and time they get married and run back home.

Wouldn't you like to hear a girl say:
Gee, I'm cold.
Don't worry; nobody's home.
Don't you think I should buy this sweater a little smaller?
Hey, I know a wonderful place to park!

Mr. Deidmond's Motto: "It's better to have loved and lost" than do the homework for six kids.

Miss Mabus: What do you think was Gato's greatest accomplishment?
Jean Perkins: Learning to speak Latin.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

To me, Christmas is a time given to men by God in which to recreate within themselves a simple, beautiful, child-like faith toward God and toward their fellowmen. As we hear the carols, see scenes of the nativity, and have the joy of giving to those we love, we should recognize the true spirit of Christmas, the spirit of love. Christmas should be a quiet, joyful time in which to find the true beauty of life. An evening spent with those we love, the warm crackle of the fire in the fire-place, setting up Christmas decorations to see the younger children open their gifts, the family's going to church together to hear the familiar Christmas story, opening our hearts that the spirit of love might come in to reign throughout the year—to me, these things are Christmas.

—Margaret England.

Christmas is a time when a cloud of peace and joy hovers over the world. The hustle and bustle of Christmas shopping is irritating. Decorating the fir tree has always been a ritual at our home. Christmas Eve is the favorite time for the family. Although the decorations are on and on Christmas Eve we build a cheery fire. Usually "Scrooge" is on television, and all of us sit around a fire watching which is interesting. It is a time of quiet—each thinking his own thoughts of the joyous day ahead—and of that joyous night many years ago when Christ was born. Everyone goes to bed with high hopes for the morrow. On Christmas morning the scene changes. The front room is sold at six o'clock in the morning. A hurried breakfast is eaten, and it's off we go to Grandmother's house for another Christmas Day with the whole family.

—Susan Abernathy

Christmas, my wife, will take on a new meaning for me. Never before have I been away from home during the pre-Christmas season. As Christmas approaches, my greatest desire is to be at home with my family. Although the members of my family are not what some people would consider extremely "close" to each other, there is a deep love and mutual understanding which we all share. Christmas gives us an opportunity to express, in a tangible way, an intangible feeling we've experienced throughout the year. We have been so busy in the past few months of our Saviour. When we stop to consider the gift He gave us, our gifts to each other seem small and insignificant. This year as we celebrate Christmas, my family will experience an extra joy, for it will be our first Christmas in a new house. Even though I've been away from home during the appearance of Christmas may be new and different, I know I shall feel that same deep love and understanding which I've always felt at this season of the year. As the days grow near when I shall go home, sing in "The Messiah," purchase and wrap gifts, and carrying and have fellowship with the friends who are also home for the holidays, I hope I shall never get too busy to stop and to thank Him who gave us the first Christmas.

—Marilyn Roper

"The World turns aside to let a man pass who knows where he is going."—David Starr Jordan
"Habit is first cowboys, then cables."—Spanish Proverb.

Christmas is a special season to me for many reasons. The season seems to bring me closer to God. At this time of the year I think more often of the many blessings that God has given me. Christmas makes me realize that I can never give too much to the Lord because He has given so much to me. Everyone's birthday is celebrated in some way, therefore I believe that the Lord's birthday should be observed in a greater way. It's also a time to show my love and appreciation to the friends and relatives. I will fulfill gifts to these friends and many times to people who are in need. I feel happier than I do at any other time of the year. Christmas also draws my family and me closer together. A great problem in our modern day is that many people do not realize the true meaning of Christmas.

—Norine Hawkins

To many people, Christmas is the time of year in which the family gathers together, exchanges gifts, and enjoys a big dinner. But Christmas has a meaning beyond that of the gifts, food, and fellowship. It is the time of year set aside to recognize the birth of Jesus. The gifts we give and receive symbolize the greatest love ever given—God's love to men, Christ. This "only Begotten Son" came into the world as a child being born in a lowly stable many years ago. He was the fulfillment of a promise made by God many years preceding His birth. Christmas has a deeply spiritual meaning for me as I listen to the singing of Handel's "Messiah" or watch a presentation of a Christmas pageant. Christmas makes me realize the meaning of the season. It is in comparison with one so great, and gives me a new will and determination for my own life.

—Charmaine Austin

Christmas means many things to many people. To me, Christmas is a time for families to be together. It is a time to be with those we love and know. It is decorating the tree. To the little ones, Christmas means one thing—Santa Claus. Christmas is walking on the crowded curbs to catch the first glimpse of the parade. It is colored strings of street lights, beautifully decorated store windows and carols. Christmas is a boy in ragged clothes with nose pressed hard against a plate glass window gazing at the electric train which he hopes Santa will bring him for Christmas. But most of all Christmas, to me, is a sacred season. Christmas is the day our Saviour was born!

—Richard Ammons

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

(Continued From Page One)

To get the original colors of these expensive paintings to come clear. After close examination he discovered that the murals of the nativity had been overlaid with four centuries of dirt and varnish which kept the radiant beauty of the original colors from coming through. Only with polaroid light was he able to expose this beauty to come clear. What has happened to the real meaning of Christmas? Through the centuries layers of sentimental varnish and commercial drift has been applied until millions of people today see only the story of the little baby in the manger, and fail to grasp the wonderful truth that God sent His only Son to die for the full grown Christ who accomplished His purpose of redemption.

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BSU TALK

By Sue McClure

The Thanksgiving season on our campus was highlighted by a dramatic Thanksgiving program entitled, "Father, I Thank Thee." The play was composed of seven tableaux. The program was presented by the B. S. U. members and the choir ensemble under the direction of Doris Walters, devotional chairman.

Our next special event sponsored by the B. S. U. will be our Christmas Banquet held on December 12th. We are looking forward to seeing you there.

As we approach the Yuletide Season, let us remember the greatest event on earth, the birth of Christ Jesus in Bethlehem.

The B. S. U. Council wishes each to be individual on our campus a very Merry Christmas. We also hope the peace and joys of the yuletide will remain to enrich every day of your New Year. Our last words for the year are "God Bless and Keep You Through The Holidays."

MY FIRST LOVE

By Paula Winstead

Footlights, spot lights, airlights, houselights,
Scenery, costumes—oh, such strange sights—
Grease paint, palms, false eyelashes, too,
Waiting in the wings, faking for the cue.
Props and furniture and cleaning up the mess—
All this to do for a very paltry wage.
You think it's worth it? I must agree
It's really my first love, so you can see.

Opening night, what can compare
With the wonderful feeling of being there?
There's certain calls, the thrill of a hit,
Backstage excitement, music from the pit.
It's a role in life that's always new,
Given only to the chosen few.
The rewards are in both prestige
and heart;
Yes—the theatre and I shall never part!