

The Pilot



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IF WINTER COMES, CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?



G.W. sophomores put finishing touches on snowy Easter bunny before going to Hunter an Easter hat for him.

"And It's Just A Week Away"

For almost three months now, G.W. co-eds have been waiting to show the fellows the true spirit of Leap Year. Alas! the day is almost here. Twirp Day, the long awaited "reverse" day, will be celebrated Thursday, March 31. For weeks the girls have been noticing all the available guys. Their main problem seems to be how to get themselves prepared while keeping the boys from getting ready. When the time for the "Chase" arrives, Coach Blackburn is going to keep a close vigil for prospective track team members. He seems to be quite sure that he will see boys (and girls) running much faster than they ever do in Phys. Ed. Perhaps the psychologist would explain this situation by saying that the Twirp Day Chase offers certain motivation and stimulation that laps in Phys. Ed. just don't offer. Whatever the explanation, if past experience holds true, there will be quite a bit of tired worn out shoes as the eager folk chase their guys.

The Chase will be executed during a prolonged chapel period on Thursday morning. After a gal has selected her guy, chased him sufficiently, overpowered him, and pulled him down from a tree, she will march him over to a "Marryin' Sam" who will do the official honors. For the rest of the day it will be her duty to perform such courteous tasks as calling for her date, holding the door, carrying his books, and (if it snows again) blaming a trail.

To close out Twirp Day activities, there will be a social in the gym. Admission will probably be on the basis of weight, shoe size, or head size of the boy. (A word to the wise is sufficient: gals, this is one time you'd better not hunt the "biggest hunk of man" you can find.)

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"In Spring A Young Man's Fancy Lightly Turns To . . ."

Each year around the months of March and April one gets that funny sort of feeling. All books are prone to accumulate a little dust after this feeling takes hold. One could probably describe a person who is struck with this feeling as such: One leg of his blue jeans rilled up, one shoe untied, unruly hair, an unbuttoned shirt, a piece of straw in his mouth, and an occasional yawn no matter what may be going on.

Mr. Stacy told a biology class that a person has certain glands in his body which make him act in a certain way. By natural instinct, a young man turns his eyes to the opposite sex. A little glitter in his eyes, a weakened sigh when that special

someone walks by. You will probably be able to hear some comments such as "Ain't love grand?" and "She's my Everything!" Perhaps all this could be summed up in a four letter word—LOVE!

A young man's fancy also turns to the eastern part of our country. The N. C. Coast seems to have a special attraction which draws young people during the spring and summer months. It seems as though the beachnik age has taken hold of this generation which is fostered by this

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PROF. ROBERTS RESIGNS

Mr. John E. Roberts, English professor and Associate Director of Public Relations at Gardner-Webb, has resigned from his duties here to become the editor of Charity and Children and director of public relations for the Baptist Children's Homes of North Carolina. Mr. Roberts will assume his new duties around June 1. A graduate of Gardner-Webb (also an ex-editor of The Pilot), Furman University and Peabody College, Roberts is well known throughout the state for his articles dealing with Baptist's life.

In addition to his position as editor, Mr. Roberts will also be responsible for inaugurating a public relations program for the three Children's Homes—Mill's Home in Thomsville, Kennedy Home at Kingston, and Odum Home at Pembroke.

After six years of service to Gardner-Webb, Mr. Roberts' absence will certainly be felt. The Pilot staff wishes him continued success as he begins his new undertaking in the near future.

SPRING??

Spring has sprung,
The grass has riz,
I wonder where them
birdies is . . .

So this is Spring? Ten inches of snow and freezing cold . . . but it's all in the game.

Can you imagine a snow-bunny and an igloo on the Gardner-Webb campus with Spring just around the corner? But it's so . . . and the weatherman predicts "more on the way"—snow, that is . . .

Around the campus we have heard comments like this: "Snow, snow, go away. G. W. students want to play."

Now, co-eds, why all the gripes? Two months ago we heard the following: "Why doesn't it ever snow? Why, it would snow around the town limits of Boiling Springs just for spite!"

Now we've got it—let's enjoy it! In case you, at this point, can't find a thing good about this beautiful white blanket covering the earth, lend an ear to this. The old timers around here let it be known that many a time a good snow has actually stopped an epidemic of contagious disease. If you will recall, I believe you will note that there has been a sharp decrease in the number of cases of flu around the Gardner-Webb campus. Could it be that the snow storms we've been having have actually frozen the flu germs? Yes! There is at least one thing good we can say about the snow.

What's more, fellow students, the snow storm a few days ago gave us a day off - no classes - for one whole day! And the rejoicing was loud and clear. There were suddenly trays missing from the cafeteria . . . there was suddenly gay laughter on the hillside behind the gym . . . There was suddenly everybody—having the times of their lives "traying" (new word for "sledding" since we had no sleds, just trays) all over the campus. And was that a snowball that just whizzed by my head? Oh, law! Bull's eye!—and down went another co-ed—mainly me! But, as I said before, it's all in the game . . . and nothing could be more fun.

Now, if you find it hard to believe that spring is just around the corner, take a gander at the flowers poking their heads through the snow around Hapy Dorm. "Sure, it's Spring!" you say. "Somebody just got his signals crossed. When they passed out Spring over the world, we thought they said "Wings" and we told them we didn't believe we wanted any, not yet anyway!"

Another good indication that Spring is on the way is that we have (in the midst of ten inches of snow and freezing cold) already chosen a King and Queen of May.

March snow may bring April woes, but April showers bring May flowers; so, shout, students, shout - - - for Spring, Spring, Spring, the time of the year when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love . . ." Spring - - - the time when we throw off those heavy winter clothes and don the light, pastel shades becoming a beautiful spring day.



Students are given opportunity to use their creative ability as they build artistic (?) igloo from the ever abundant snowfalls of early March.