

## THE PILOT

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## Once Again Welcome

Dear Freshmen,

Because of you the lunch line is longer, and we sophomores have to stand in line for a longer time; our classrooms are more crowded; and our ears are constantly bombarded by your noise. However, we forgive you for such insignificant matters. We welcome you, freshmen; you are a wonderful group of people. We're so glad you're here.

We hope that, if you already haven't, you will learn to love G-W as much as we do. College has much to offer you if you will only accept it. Besides the invaluable classroom training, there are many clubs for you to join. Although one cannot join all clubs or even all the ones he wishes to, there is one club, or maybe two, that he will thoroughly enjoy.

College life will mature you socially, emotionally, and mentally. Living with others give one an opportunity to learn to get along with all types of personalities.

You are now beginning one of the most important and formative experiences of your life. Much luck to you as you strive for a higher education.

## Come September, October

September — when summer ends and autumn begins, bringing those wonderful days of Indian Summer. The sweet and pure morning air has a refreshing tang to it and reminds one of all that September brings — school and study — football games, the odor of hotdogs and peanuts, the din of cheering crowds led energetically and enthusiastically by cheerleaders — a real joy of living — a hazy warmth during the day and nipping coolness in the early morning and in the evening that invigorates one — the thrill of shopping to prepare for school, the excitement of new shoes and the smart look of new clothing — the excitement of baseball's World Series — the roar of the Southern 500 at Darlington on Labor Day.

October — the splendor of autumn's gay dress — of falling leaves — of sunny days, the last till April's warmth reminds the vigor of life — the first frost — homecoming and the crowning of a new queen — already planning for mid-semester holidays.

Not only does the brisk air bring reminders, it also wakes one up so that he is ready for his 8:30 class. A deep breath of autumn fills one with gladness and pure joy of just being alive. It brings color to one's cheeks, puts a song in his heart and a spring in his step.

## Spirit Of B. S. U.

It is prayers on a date . . . a boy, a girl, and a Bible. It's fun . . . good clean fun . . . popcorn on a winter's night . . . a picnic and "The Fire Song." It's joy, enthusiasm . . . a game of tennis and a smile on the face of the loser. And "the frog in the milk-can who kicked 'til the butter came." It's a retreat by a lake . . . blue skies and pine trees . . . sheer joy drawn from the master sources . . . trust in the Father, boundless hope for the future . . . the consciousness of doing the will of God.

It is the man who found a treasure in a field and in his joy sold all that he had and bought the field. It's sorrow . . . and compassion . . . from the same capacity for feeling that makes the joy possible. The boy who sold his class ring for the starving Chinese . . . and the little mission down on the other side of town . . . and a college favorite with a ragged child in her arms.

It is a smile for friend and stranger . . . a young preacher, with the door slammed in his face . . . humming "Let the Beauty of Jesus Be Seen in Me" . . . and a prayer in Morning Watch for the boys who tower over your precious pastors . . . the girl who dated "Four Eyes" after all the others had turned him down . . . a cheery invitation "Come to my Church," for the waitress and the soda jerk in the college hangout.

It is a child sitting down to eat with sinners and Pharisees . . . it's loving because He first loved us . . . making life a worthy response to such love.

— Copied

## G-W Students

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The next thing which comes to my mind are the social hours which were sponsored by the B. S. U. and Student Government. These parties gave us an opportunity to meet new people and make many new friends. The sophomores did a wonderful job

directing these activities. I know that all of us as freshmen appreciate all the hard work that they did to make us feel welcome and at home.

Then as classes began, we a gain had a few butterflies. But after a few minutes the teachers again had us at ease. Most of us realized that they were human

## Marcia White Represents G-W

Marcia White, winner of Gardner-Webb's 1960-61 oratorical contest and the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union Contest, journeyed to San Francisco, California this summer to participate in the national contest. The title of her oration was "Lord of All."

The contest was held in the case of the Sheraton Palace Hotel. Of the ten contestants, only one other was a junior college student. The winner, David Slope, is a student at Southern California. His declaration was entitled "The Trojan Horse." Approximately 600 were present.

## SIGHTSEEING

Sightseeing occupied much of Marcia's time when she was not in convention meetings. The Mt. Woods; Cow Palace; Fisherman's Wharf, where there are world-known restaurants; and the Cliff House were special places of interest. Other spots of interest were Golden Gate Park; China Town; Twin Peaks; Inspiration Point, where Frances Willard resolved herself to the idea of W. C. T. U.; and the San Francisco Zoo, which is the second largest in the U. S. She liked the San Francisco Bay area and the ocean most of all.

Shopping and seeing the town were also on Marcia's agenda. She says of San Francisco: "It was cold when we arrived — 54 degrees. The smaze — it's not exactly smog — makes one that much colder. I don't know why one calls Chicago the Windy City, for the wind blows in San Francisco almost all the time." She stayed at the Y.M.C.A. Hotel.

The Golden Ball Room of the Sheraton Palace Hotel was the setting for a party at which representatives from different states presented skits and stunts. There was also a banquet at which England's Mrs. Cecil Heath, World W.C.T.U. secretary, gave the main address.

Marcia took the trip with Mrs. J. B. Davis, state president; Mrs. B. F. Faw, president of district 10; Mr. Clarence Esmarth, and his two daughters, Helen and Mary; Mary, a member of Youth Temperance Council, was a contestant in the Grand Diamond, a Temperance Union oratorical contest.

and that they would be willing to help us in any possible way.

These are just a few of the things that make me know that this year can prove to be one of the happiest years of my life. Through hard work, co-operation, and God's guidance all of us can achieve any goal which we set.

— Faye Causby

## The President's Page

At the beginning of a new school year every student and every teacher should be thinking about the question "How shall I be able to succeed this year?" Allow me to say there is no lasting success unless it is founded in the Christian Faith.

Paul gives a formula for success in Philippians 3:12-14: "I do not say that I have already gained this knowledge or already reached perfection. But I press on, striving to lay hold of that for which I was also laid hold of by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I do not imagine that I have laid hold of it. But this one thing I do — forgetting everything which is past and stretching forward to what lies in front of me, with my eyes fixed on the goal I push on to secure the prize of God's heavenly crown in Christ Jesus." (Weymouth's translation)

## Three Points

The missionary apostle gave a three-point program for success. First, one must be characterized by whole-heartedness. Someone has said, "Decision equals energy, energy equals power, power equals confidence, and confidence equals success."

Second, one must not waste time dreaming of the past. A student must forget his blunders, losses, injuries, successes, sorrows, and failures. Profit from past mistakes, but move forward in the present.

Third, one must have a correct forward look. The correct forward look is to dedicate all that one has to the glory of God as revealed in Jesus Christ who has no failure for the one dedicated fully to the Son of God.

## Travelling With Tillie

For the person who has a pioneering spirit, yet who does not wish to endure a pioneer's hardships all his life, a traveling campsite along the twisting Alaskan Highway is a satisfying experience. The highway, which seems to follow the aimless wanderings of an elk, is a route of dust and gravel — small boulders would better describe these enormous rock fragments — except when it rains; then it is mud and gravel.

The discomfort of eating dust and being jolted over extremely rocky areas is forgotten when one's eye is greeted by the surrounding scene of rugged mountains, rivers, and lakes. The Alaskan Highway is cut through a gigantic forest. The trees stretch on and on, farther than the eye can see. The majority of these trees are pines or some variety of the pine. In most areas the forest is thickly populated; each tree seems to be reaching out for the sky to replace the life that is there, struggling to gain a prominent place among his fellows.

Surrounding areas of low mountains, the highway offers another captivating scenery. Some of the mountains such as Steamboat Mountain and Indian Head Rock, are named for the objects they resemble. Other elevations reveal still different formations which are fascinating to see. Teetering on the edge of a peak, a huge boulder left balanced on a peak from the ice age, can be seen in the distance; erosion pillars, hard sedimentary cores left by ancient erosion, and folded rocks, misadventure and wonder, with a deep realization of the greatness of God's creation.

## WONDERLAND

Rivers and lakes outdo themselves in this nature wonderland. The Road River has an almost identical level with the road, giving the voyager an impression that, if necessary, escape would be impossible especially when a forbidding cliff hugs the opposite side of the road. The rivers are varied in size. Some, such as the Donje, have very wide beds with small streams of water coursing their way over the stones, joining with each other and then separating in a helter-skelter fashion. Others like the Yukon, the Swift, Racing River, and Trout River are roaring giants in their furious journey to the sea.

The lakes are the most inspiring bodies of water along the highway, especially Muncho Lake. The road follows the Shire of Muncho for approximately nine miles, giving one a delightful acquaintance with the cold, clear water which is hundreds of feet deep in places, and charming him with the brilliant turquoise and aqua-marine colors, sparkling in the sun. Summit Lake, the largest lake on the first sight of the lake is seen after reaching the highest elevation of the highway, also excels in beauty and color.

## EMOTIONS

The imagination of the individual playing this pioneer game is stimulated when he realizes that down these rivers he is crossing — particularly the Peace and the Mackenzie — trappers brought their bales of furs in huge canoes to the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company. He is able to feel the excitement of the fur trade when he learns that the early traders felt when they said, "Drink one of the waters of the mighty Peace and they will ever call you back." The Peace is made more alluring when the adventurer learns that it is so called because it was a boundary of truce between the Cree and Beaver Indians.

Oh, how envious he is of the members of the Army Engineer Corps, who, in 1942, cut this first road through Paradise! What a thrill he receives as he envisions the meeting at Contact Creek of the two road crews, working from the north and from the south! Viewing Liard Hot Springs, he feels nearly as refreshed as did the road crew who washed away the dust of the day's work in the 85 degree water of the pools, which are surrounded by dense vegetation, almost tropical in nature.

The history of the few towns through which one passes also excites the traveler's imagination. Teylor is a small boom-town, born in 1955 when an immense natural gas field was discovered near-by. Fort St. John was founded in 1906,

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