

THE PILOT

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In Memoriam

Gardner-Webb College suffered a great loss November 10 in the death of O. Max Gardner, Jr., whose family has served as a major benefactor of the College since the early 1940's.

O. Max, Jr., as he was commonly known by friends, had carried on in the spirit of his father, the late governor and ambassador to Britain, whose philanthropic efforts helped Gardner-Webb College to survive. The latest gift from the Gardner family to the College is the \$76,000 administration building. It was O. Max, Jr.'s leadership that led to that gift. He was honorary chairman of the 1959 campaign, to which the \$75,000 was one of the first contributions. The building is named for Mrs. O. Max Gardner, Sr., and her family, the Webbs.

But it was the personal life of O. Max, Jr. that was Gardner-Webb's real loss. Despite a crippling illness, multiple sclerosis, he lived fully and fought a courageous battle for his life. He overcame the tragedy of being struck down in the prime of life, at the beginning of a bright political career.

Even after losing the ability to speak, he took an active part in civic affairs and even continued to maintain a law office. In addition, with the help of secretaries, he wrote "MS, My Story."

An outstanding student at N. C. State College and the University of North Carolina, Gardner had many and varied interests. He was a member of numerous business, social, philanthropic, and educational organizations.

A pastor, having paid a visit to O. Max, Jr., later remarked, "I went to minister, and I was ministered to."

O. Max Gardner, Jr., a fine Christian gentleman, was a man who gave of himself and whose life was exemplary. We of "The Pilot" pay tribute to his memory and mourn his passing.

Thanksgiving, 1961

On Thanksgiving Day we have good things to eat. We have big juicy turkeys; that's really a treat! We have pumpkin pie and lots of candy. The big plum puddings are just dandy. We go to church to bow our heads and pray, And thank the Lord for Thanksgiving Day. But you don't have to wait until Thanksgiving to thank the Lord. Thank him all the time and you'll receive a greater reward.

This poem was written by a skinny, shiny-eyed eleven-year-old lad during the Thanksgiving season of 1954. The form and content of the poem are elementary, but there was meaning in his young mind.

The first notion about Thanksgiving was, to him, the festive, holiday dinner. He probably had thoughts of a huge table decked with cranberry sauce, sweets, and turkey with all the trimmings. He must have pictured himself sampling in large servings everything on the table, not giving a thought to the after effects.

Religion played a part in the youngster's Thanksgiving. From his grammar-school history, his thoughts could have gone back to the Pilgrims during their first Thanksgiving. They worshipped God for bringing them to a new land and for their bounty and prosperity.

Finally, after searching his mind for a climactic ending, this idea may have suddenly dawned. Why should there be only one day to thank God for all his love and graciousness? Why not thank him everyday? Following the boy's logic, a person's blessings would be multiplied.

— R. W.

December

December comes, bringing winter and the shortest days of the year in the northern hemisphere. It also brings a holiday spirit of cheer and good will.

It is a month of mistletoe and holly, a month of turquoise skis and frosty hills, producing a clear unparalleled brilliance.

December brings rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and lips, sleigh rides, Christmas carols, and hot chocolate. It brings the joy of giving, the surprise and excitement of receiving, love in its most self-forgetting aspects.

And this month brings a reminder of the greatest gift of all, a gift given with the greatest love of all. This gift, as we all know, was the birth of a child in a stable in Bethlehem, encircled with the splendor of a star.

Alumni Plan Area Chapters

At a meeting of the officers of the Gardner-Webb College Alumni Association Saturday, October 25, initial plans were made to set up 13 alumni chapters by May, 1962.

It was decided to organize four chapters in Cleveland County, three each in Rutherford and Gaston Counties, one to include parts of Lincoln and Catawba Counties, one in Thomasville, and one in the western part of North Carolina.

The Rev. Wilson Padgett of Shelby is to be the contact man in organizing the chapter in Shelby, which will include the No. 3 district.

OTHERS

The Lawndale chapter is headed by Dan Camp of Polkville; Frank Wall, assisted by Lansing Jolley, is contact man for the Boiling Springs area; Mrs. C. B. Poston of Rutherfordton heads the Rutherfordton chapter; and Forrest Hixon of Carleen heads the Chase area.

Other contact men include Max Padgett, Forest City, Forest City chapter; the Rev. Yates Campbell, Gastonia, Gastonia area; Jimmy Mize, Cherryville, Cherryville chapter; John Roberts, Thomasville, Thomasville chapter; Tom McGraw, Maiden, South Fork area; the Rev. E. W. Abrams, Sylva, Western North Carolina chapter.

Contact men have not yet been named for the Belmont and Kings Mountain chapters.

Hamrick Named To Two Posts

Two faculty members were recently elected to top posts in the Higher Education Division of the Southwest District of the NCEA at a meeting in Hickory. Professor Francis E. Bedmond was elected president, Mrs. Dorothy Hamrick, secretary.

Mrs. Hamrick was also elected secretary of the North Carolina Association of Collegiate Regis-

trars and Admission Officers at a meeting which preceded the North Carolina Conference Thursday, November 2. She will serve in this capacity for three years.

Other faculty members who attended the conference on Thursday and Friday were Dr. Eugene Poston, Dean of O. Tereell, who also attended the meeting of Academic Deans; and Professor Hubert C. Dixon, who attended the conference for College Secretors of Biology and Mathematics at North Carolina State College.

CONFERENCE

The Conference, attended by Dixon was sponsored by the National Science Foundation and conducted by N. C. State. The program for the conference was sponsored by N. S. F. in 1960 to further fellowship among the faculties of colleges in North Carolina and share their development in areas of biology, mathematics, chemistry, and physics.



... POSTON

Do We Deserve A Place In A Fall-Out Shelter?

The above question was asked by a student in one of our classes. It struck me as deserving some thought on the part of every individual.

I am aware of the fact that each one of us is created in the image of God and has worth in the sight of God and man. However, I am convinced that every person must analyze his life in the light of what he is contributing to society as a whole. Ask yourself the following question: "Am I seeking selfish ends in life, or have I found God's will for my life?" The Bible says: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life?" Jesus said, "Whoever saves his life shall lose it, but whosoever loses his life for my sake the same shall save it."

In this day of fall-out shelter emphasis what would your life and mine mean to the world should we be saved by such a shelter? This question must be answered by each one of us.

— Eugene Poston

Travelling With Tillie

By Tillie Wilson

Leaving Camp Pahaaska Sunday morning, June 18, my fellow travellers and I entered Yellowstone National Park, the oldest National Park in the United States. In leaving, we left behind us a beautiful, rushing mountain stream and two moose, whose domain we had entered the night before to set up this temporary dwelling for ourselves.

One of the first things that we saw upon entering the park was hot sulphur springs. The board walks that we traversed among the bubbling pools sometimes seemed a little unstable. No mishaps occurred, however; perhaps because everyone was extremely cautious, no one being inclined to journey to the center of the earth via boiling sulphur pools.

OLD FAITHFUL

Certainly no one goes to Yellowstone without seeing Old Faithful erupt, and our party was no exception. We learned that Old Faithful was one of the few things that was not altered in some way by the 1958 earthquake. Since the total eruption was only about two minutes, our attention was not so much attracted to Old Faithful, lasting about thirty minutes, 15 minutes erupting with water and 15 with steam.

The drive through the whole park was characterized by a few elk and deer along the way and many bears, which seem to make up about 3% of Yellowstone's population, they are so much in evidence. The bears are not far from boldness of the animals, coming right up to the highway while the other animals usually stay back from the road.

The most interest-holding feature of Yellowstone was the effects of the earthquake. Devastation seemed complete in the areas in which it occurred. The highway was cracked, crumbled, and completely destroyed in many places. It was as if a giant hand had pushed up the road from underneath as if the concrete were made of paper.

NEW LAKE

The Hergon Lake bed had dropped exaggeratedly and as a

result the shore line was extremely changed. There were cracks in the sun-dried mud that had once been covered by water.

There was a huge crack in the side of the mountain where the earth had settled in certain sections. A new lake was formed. These are the results of a disaster, a disaster that snuffed out the lives of many, people whose bodies still lie buried under the earth of a land slide at the bottom of a newly formed lake.

As we viewed the ruins, the rain began, a slight peppering at



... TILLIE

first, gradually increasing in strength. We sought the shelter offered by our Chevy station wagon.

The drops were soon huge and hailstones were mixed in the downpour. Still the sun was shining as brightly as it had a right to take part in this particular scene of nature's play.

As the car headed north and behind the beautiful symbol of God's promise, A deep-colored rainbow was gleaming in the clearing sky. But look! There were two rainbows, one directly below the other. The lower rainbow was much more subdued in its coloring, but still radiant in the new freshness of the cleansed earth.

And the ends of the rainbows were anchored in the blue waters of a lake.