

THE PILOT

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Merry Christmas

"The Pilot" staff wishes everyone — faculty, students, staff — a very merry Christmas. The traditional phrase is worn and seemingly trite, but it carries from us to you with sincerity. We wish for all a safe trip home and a safe return — next year. By the way, Happy New Year.

It's The Season

There's no doubt about it, it's the Christmas season. Christmas is revealed everywhere — in the beat of "Jingle Bells" or in Handel's "Messiah." Christmas is heard in the clanging of the bells of the sidewalk-Santas or in the majestic chiming of a great cathedral. Christmas is seen in the dazzling colored lights on the Christmas tree or in the spark of a single dripping candle. Christmas can be tasted in the fruits and nuts or in the crackling hung by the fireplace with care. The smells of Christmas are the branches of fragrant pine and spruce or in the cranberries simmering on the stove. Yes, there is Christmas everywhere! Yet all the familiar signs of Christmas do not make Christmas the day that it is. What is Christmas really?

Beneath all the festivities and decorations of the Christmas season lies one mindful fact — the birth and life of Christ in all its tragic glory. And because of His birth the value of our souls has more meaning than any other event in history. Therefore, Christmas is not something you see or hear or taste or smell on the outside, it comes from within with all its ecstasy.

At Christmastime this ecstasy belongs to us when we celebrate the birth of Christ. In fact, it belongs to us at all other times of the year. The basis of this ecstasy is faith. The faith to believe in the ultimate Power. The essential message of the Christian faith is "take up your cross and follow Me" even though your steps may falter and the earth may crumble. Good will prevail.

This is the true meaning of Christmas and the joy that fills our lives.

Be-eng Collegiate

Today ees the day I am go-eng to Gardner-Webb College to see my friend who ees there. I am anxious to be there and see all this stuff he ees explain-eng about Gardner-Webb not be-eng collegiate.

When I hafe come, one of the first things I do ees go with heseem to chapel. Here ees vera nice place with good man speaker. These ees way I learn that students are vera smart. They can do two things at one time. While they are listen-eng to talker, they are also read-eng a book or efen sleep-eng. How they can do these, I do not know.

Eet ees not vera much later till I am go-eng to deener with my friend. Eeferybody ees laugh-eng for to hafe a good time. Some of them are throw-eng bread all ofer the room. Some students are turn-eng all kinds of food in one plate to make a beg mess. Others ees beating on plates and tables. I am wonder-eng eef they are still hungry and would like some more to eat. Eet ees so bad I must shut my ears.

When we hafe eat deener and my friend has feneshed go-eng to hese classes, we are go-eng to library. Eeferybody ees many books. The people are in a beg room and ees vera much talk-eng, also once in a while somebody laughs out loud. At a desk een the meedle ees an almost light. Eeferybody ees waiting till last day to do outside reading and ees want-eng the same reserve book ees what my friend tell me.

When we come back to hese room, I ask heseem eef these ees the way one ees be-eng collegiate. He ees not answer my question. Maybe eet ees that you could tell me?

Winter's Chill

Snow covers the ground. Children search for a steep hill upon which to slide. Their sleds may be brightly colored with shining runners, or they may be improvised materials such as trays, washing machine lids, and huge cardboard egg cartons. Whatever the vehicle, the fun is all the same. A creek may run at the bottom of the hill offering more thrills to the happy sledders. One must be able to steer well or be quick enough to jump off his flying sled before landing in the sluggish water.

Icicles drip from the eaves of houses and from the trees, sparkling in the sun like a thousand diamonds. One's breath freezes in the air.

A leaping fire crackles in the fireplace. Twilight comes, bringing with it more snow, softly sifting to the earth. Children press their noses to the window to view the drifting flakes.

This is January.

Stroup Party  
Lot Of Fun

Students in Stroup Dormitory entertained men residents December 8 with a Christmas party and tour of the Dorm. To start the "get-together" rolling, "Mom" Goodwin led a troop of men and women through the halls of the girls' dorm to view the door decorations. Each door was decorated by the girls occupying the room.

Following the tour, a mass Christmas tree decorating project was staged. Almost everyone had a hand in stringing lights, twining tinsel, putting on ornaments, and hanging icicles. The tree, placed in the center of the parlor, stood from floor to ceiling.

A variety of music, including seasonal songs, was furnished by hi-fi. Games were also played, including "Cow" and "Slap."

To keep the Christmas party traditional, Santa Claus dropped in to pay his respects. Students and teachers alike, following the pattern of the eager, younger set, sat on "Ole Santa's" lap and told him what they wanted for Christmas. In brief, the wishes such as "Mom" Goodwin wanted a fur coat, Miss Copeland asked for better students, and Mrs. Poon specified a new dress. Dr. and Mrs. Poston also followed another tradition, after being caught under the mistletoe.

The refreshment consisted of doughnuts and hot chocolate.

Contributions

Top \$2,000

Memorial contributions to Gardner-Webb College for the late O. Max Gardner, Jr., of Shelby, have exceeded the \$2,000 mark. Memorials to date for Gardner were established by 135 individuals and families and four businesses or groups.

Gardner, benefactor and a former treasurer of the College, died Nov. 10, 1947, after suffering from multiple sclerosis for several years.

Ironically the Book of Memory was begun by O. Max Gardner, Jr., in 1947. He bought the book and had the names entered in it. The custom of memorializing loved ones grew slowly at first, but in recent years hundreds of alumni and friends have used this method of remembering loved ones.

O. Max Gardner, Jr., conceived the idea for the Book of Memory shortly after the death of Ambassador O. Max Gardner, the great benefactor for whose family the College is named. At the time the Ambassador's death, the family requested that instead of flowers, donations in his memory be sent to Gardner-Webb College for the endowment fund.

Now in its fourteenth year, the Book of Memory contains several hundred memorials, established by hundreds of relatives and friends.

Punchburg Address

by Jerry Punch

Fourscore and seven minutes ago, our roommate, Allen Proctor, Jr., brought forth upon this person a new argument, conceived in anger and dedicated to the proposition that I, Jerry Leroy Punch, shall not play his record player at his command.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether his temper or my temper, so conceived and so dedicated, can longest endure.

We here highly resolve that these opponents shall not have faded in vain; that Punch shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the complete and sovereign rule of Punch, by Punch, for Punch shall not perish from Room 110, Decker.



... Dr. Poston

What is the first thing that comes to your mind when you hear the word "Christmas"? Santa Claus, cranberry fruit cake, bells, reindeer, mistletoe, snow, gifts, a baby, shepherds, Wise Men, God, God with us? If it is possible, each one of us should re-examine his life at this time of the year. There is something about Christmas that gives us an opportunity to look at our lives in the light of eternity.

I have been in the process of re-examining my life for the past months. At this season I plan to go a little deeper into my own personality. I must come face to face with myself that I might come face to face with God in a deeper way.

Christmas is "God with us." Is He with us?

Eugene Poston

Travelling With Tillie

By Tillie Wilson

The waves beat upon the rocky shore, sending a spray of salt mist into the tangy air. Automobiles whiz by on the highway nearby, sometimes hidden by the giant redwood trees. This is the greatest fascination of California — redwood trees and rolling ocean.

The highway leaves the sea and stretches on through dark forests. Sunlight filters through the thickness of the trees and dapples the road. A damp coolness fills the air.

The ageless Sequoias in the national parks stand in grandeur with General Grant and General Sherman lords of the forest. General Grant, in Kings Canyon Park, is the second largest tree in the world. It has a greater circumference than any other, but relative shortness makes it how to Sequoia's General Sherman, which is the largest tree in the world.

ONLY SEQUOIA TREES

This strip of land in California, where the redwood forests stand, holds the only Sequoia trees in the world. These hardy trees have a tremendous will to live. Their bark is extremely thick and they have great recuperative powers from scars of disease and fire, which cannot destroy them. The most fragile parts of these giants are the roots, which are near the surface of the earth.

One immense tree lies prostrate upon the fragrant needles as it is hollow, men walk through it with plenty of head space left over. Children climb over the giant, finding footholds in the knots and imperfections of the tree. Having attained their goal, they stand surveying the surrounding forest in a proud manner as if they had just scaled

the highest mountain peak. The sea roars as waves splash against august black rocks or bound far up on the short stretch of sandy beach. Driftwood is hurlled upon the shore with every new surge. One particularly far-reaching wave swirls foamily around the ankles of a green, young



... Tillie

beachcomber, leaving a deposit of sand in his shoes.

COMORANTS

On the coast at La Jolla, comorants tower skyward. Buildings obtain food for their young, nested in towering cliffs overlooking the sea. Black wings glisten in the sunlight. (La Jolla, California, is the only place in the United States where the comorants raise their young.)

California holds not only the majestic grandeur of nature, but also the enormous work of man. Ten-lane highways provide routes for bumper-to-bumper traffic. Cleaning bridges span miles and miles of water. Huge anchored ships—sway with the waves. Buildings tower skyward.

One such building is the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego. An interesting feature about this particular structure is that one of the elevators carries its passengers up on the outside of the building. The elevator is made of glass and the occupants have an amazing view of San Diego as they travel up and down.

A majestic tower rises glowing in the setting sun. A little farther on, a lighthouse sends its rays over a gradually changing sea, a beacon for approaching night.