

## EDITORIAL

## THANKSGIVING

The season of Thanksgiving means many things to many people. To most of us here at Gardner-Webb, it will mean a period, short though it may be, of rest and relaxation after the rigors of nine weeks' examination. Some of us, perhaps, think it most unfair that our grades are sent home at just about this same time, which sometimes makes matters a bit complicated and uncomfortable. Even this, however, does not dampen our enthusiasm for the traditional Thanksgiving turkey or ham; and the pleasure of seeing Uncle Jack and Aunt Bertha, as well as the other assorted friends and relations who come from far and near to share the day with us. For those of us who are far from our homes, Thanksgiving is perhaps a time of homecoming and reunion.

Certainly it is fine for Thanksgiving to mean these things to us; these are a very real part of the holiday, but are these traditions all that Thanksgiving means to us? We challenge you to seriously consider this question before you explode with a horrified "NO!"

Over three centuries ago, at Plymouth Rock, our Pilgrim forefathers set aside a day in which to give thanks to the God who had led them across the sea to a new land where they could worship Him as they pleased and given them a good harvest. This was a day of fellowship, just as it is today; as we all know, they even invited the Indians to share in the festivities; but we can be assured that a good part of the day was spent in giving thanks to the Lord for his blessings and mercies.

We are told this story almost from the cradle. Then why has it failed to "sink in"? How much more do we, as young Americans of the twentieth century have to be thankful for than our forefathers did? Yet how much less are we truly thankful? How many of these blessings do we accept without even bothering to look up to the One who has bestowed them on us?

Thanksgiving was established as a day which would live up to its name, but instead it is fast becoming a day of feasting and fellowship, with God getting lost in the shuffle. It is our opinion that it is up to us, the generation about to take over the reins of the world, to put the "thanks" back into Thanksgiving. What do you say?

### STAFF of the PILOT

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FEATURE WRITERS .....	Brenda Causby Ronnie Nanney Georgia Peele Darlene Sheffield Diane Sumerall Pezzy Welborn Allen Carpenter
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PHOTOGRAPHER .....	Jerry Punch
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AD SOLICITORS .....	Sandra Powell

## RULES ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN

"The Porthole, regulations, laws—ugh!" That's all we hear—don't do this—"no! you can't do that!" There are a lot of rules, but do many of us ever pause to ask sincerely, Why do we have rules?

In the girls dorm we fuss—No running in the halls! You may say, Well, I just forgot! What if everyone forgot—Man! What a noise! And slamming doors—the truth is—closet doors are almost impossible to close quietly. So, just go ahead and slam it as hard as possible. Loud laughing and talking? We all need to let our hair down once in a while but the old saying goes—"There's a time and place for everything." Some of us just want to keep our hair down it seems.

Now, the boys dorm! Why in the world can't we shoot shaving cream at the other boys and, why all the fuss about a couple of gallons of water on the floor. It does look as if college boys are old enough to leave childish games like that at home. Good clean fun is not prohibited but damaging college property is.

It's getting dark earlier every day! A big stress is put on the fact that boys and girls must not linger outside after dark together. This rule has really brought the hot flashes. What harm is there in being outside with your favorite date? We don't see the danger, but it's there. Respect or loss of respect is involved. A girl has to really keep her morals high and she must make the boys respect her. This rule can do the trick. Oh! he may not like it at first, but eventually he'll come around and realize it's for the better.

Let's twist! How many times have we wanted to dance? The number is to many to count. It's prohibited—why? The reason, we can be sure of. This rule—No dancing—really mashed the toes of many of us who do dance and can see no harm in it. We must realize that we do have a Christian college and in order to keep it such we must leave out some pleasures that would normally be acceptable forms of behavior.

All the rules can't be put down one by one. What would it prove? The fact is clear, though, we have the rules. We may resent all of them, that's our privilege, but we're going to be here, we hope, for nine months. Working together makes all of life and living much more livable.

Look at it this way—You have the responsibility of over six-hundred students. Would you let them roam around with no regulations or would you set up a group of governing laws and put them in effect? Think about it and be honest. What would you do? We came to Gardner-Webb because we thought it to be just a little bit better. It is and we must do our part to hold up our standards. Above all we accepted the benefits and the trials which we will face. Let's live up to them.

## FROM OUR PRESIDENT . . .

My recent trip to the United Nations revealed to me that our world is very small indeed. As we met with the representatives from 110 nations, I became aware of the fact that world understanding is the way to world peace.

Those of us who make up our Christian colleges have an unparalleled opportunity to get ready to make an impact upon the world that could save our civilization and pass it on to our posterity.

Gardner-Webb College has her finest student body and faculty. My prayer is that we shall give our best for Christ and His message for the world.

E. Eugene Poston  
President

WIVES ARE YOUNG MEN'S MISTRESSES; COMPANIONS FOR MIDDLE AGE; AND OLD MEN'S NURSES.

—Sir Francis Bacon