



THE PILOT



Gardner-Webb College

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1978

BOILING SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

Papers Due, Exams Approach, Tensions Build

Tommy's Story

by Kay Ford

In a world of conformists, it is refreshing to find a true individual, one who has his own way of expressing himself and does not get caught up in fads. This is the new Tommy Holland as we know him today: conscientious, motivated, serious. "I've realized the direction I want to go and I'm unyielding," he states.

Tommy originally came to Gardner-Webb, as a transfer student from Wingate College in 1973 planning to major in drama, as many unsuspecting souls do. Finding this impossible, he became a music major who couldn't read music. Changing majors to English, which he could read, he discontinued his education in 1975 to take a "psychosocial moratorium," a time of getting his bearings, and self discovery. Tommy described himself during those first years of college as a social creature, never opening a book, and a late maturer. He returned to G-W in the spring of 1978 as a psychology major.

So what makes Tommy Holland so different from other students? Well for one thing he's a bit of a celebrity! At the age of fifteen, he became an announcer for WAIR AM-93 FM in Winston Salem, a major top 40 rocker. In those days, he worked prime-time on weekends. At the present, he works part-time, and folks from the Winston-Salem area say he's "hot news." This radio career has its roots in very early childhood. His mother used to sit him in front of the radio to shut him up. At age four, he began announcing the temperature with uncanny accuracy. "It's forty-five degrees," he would say with a knowing grin. He knew then he could go higher. "I actually went up to 85 or 90 degrees in one day."

Another item that makes Tommy a little different is that he is into astrology on a professional level. He sums it up this way: "Astrology is basically the study of the relationship between the planets placement in our solar system and their relationship to man on earth. As it is above, so it is below. It is not star-worshipping any



TOMMY HOLLAND

more than bacteriology is germ-worshipping. It is not prophetic. It gives indications of types of feelings you will go through. Legitimate astrology determines every planet's location by degree in the solar system when you were born and not just the Sun sign seen in newspapers and magazines. Another problem is that we don't know exactly how it works. We only know that it does. This is not a tangible science, but rather a metaphysical discipline."

"Planting by signs is done by farmers all the time, but ask them if they believe in astrology and they'll plant you six feet under—but only if the moon is in a fruitful sign!"

Needless to say, astrology is one of Tommy's favorite subjects. But, that's not where all his interests lie. As was mentioned earlier, he originally tried to enroll in G-W in drama. The lack of a drama department could not hold back a talent which was unleashed during the kindergarten years. In that first exposure to performing before an audience, Tommy portrayed Perry the flying squirrel, sang and swung from a tree at the same time. Since those first exciting moments on stage, he has gone on to win distinguished honors: Best Actor of the Year, 1971, Wingate College; and Best Actor of the

Year, 1974, GWC.

Putting aside all accomplishments, we see a person, a real person who is a cocaine, and a regular partaker of Stress Th vitamins. Looking deeper, we see a guy carrying around an intense fear of inflated balloons, for which he has no explanation.

In my last interview with Mr. Holland, he confessed to one aspect of conformity in his life. He goes to chapel every Tuesday.

I could not resist asking for words of wisdom and he graciously supplied these:

Holland: "First of all, get to know yourself. Know that deep down in your soul, hidden away from that shallow exterior with its many facades is a warm truly caring person—a person with so much to give, so much to offer a world that needs so much. Work to bring this person to the surface. Learn to recognize your positive capabilities; set out to develop them, and then express them creatively, as only you yourself can. Everyone of us is special; each one of us is unique. We all have divine, God-given gifts and it is our duty, our obligation to mankind to utilize these talents. We are not put on earth just to take, take, take, you know; we are here to GIVE!"

Finally, be of strong faith, whatever it may be—but do not be rigid. Never believe you have all the answers, for new questions are asked every day, and with them come new answers. New answers can shatter those who are so rigid, those who refuse to bend, whereas those more flexible may find themselves on the threshold of a thousand new discoveries! Those professing to have all the answers are blind to true wisdom. True wisdom is revealed to those who have all the questions!"

"Return To Sender"

by Phil Potter

There seems to be a new interest going around the campus among some of the students. It has been called everything from ridiculous to neat. What it really is, despite the insults and superlatives, is a boomerang.

Boomerangs in their original role were used by the Australian aborigines as weapons for hunting but more recently have become a sort of sophisticated frisbee. Briefly, a boomerang might be described as a flat piece of wood cut into a pair of wings which are shaped at ninety degree angles to each other with airfoil sections carved into the inside advancing edges from the elbow out, tapering to the trailing edges (whew). In other words, it is a real human powered miniature helicopter. I don't know many people who still hunt with boomerangs but they are used for exercise, recreation, friendly competition, or scaring people to death. I've heard it said that it is good for people who like to throw things to get rid of their frustrations. However, this



may not be your kind of therapy if you happen to be the type of person who feels compelled to permanently do away with whatever you are throwing (you can't get rid of it; it keeps coming back).

For whichever reason a person feels drawn to this flying piece of wood, it is a lot of fun and, as several students are acutely aware, it does take a bit of practice and technique to make it fly back to you with any kind of predictability. The girls who have tried their hand at it can master the technique fairly easily but just don't seem to have the oomph to get the little bird back home. One girl in particular, Sonya Grey, has done reasonably well from both standpoints and several times got the 'rang within a very respectable distance from where it started; most of her comrades did not fare so well. I can remember the last young lass who, after an impressive wind up, a blood curdling scream, and a swing that would have scared Ali's tongue right out of his mouth, became discouraged and a little worried when she repeatedly dug boomerang shaped holes in the ground only inches away from her big toe.

The guys paint an entirely different story. Most of them seem to feel that the more macho zip that they put into the thing the better it will fly.

Heh, heh!

With all that power it is anybody's guess where those swirling blades of death will go for their first few tries. Several professors have become agitated at hearing occasional "thuds" against their buildings and have carefully come out to watch their scholarly students. Many passersby have questioned the credibility of the school's insurance company, and more than once, we have held our breath waiting for a mortally wounded person to bring our toy back after watching it sail clean over the top of the Craig Building (it was thrown in the direction of Hamrick). The most dangerous predicament to date has been when the boomerang executed what we in aviation circles refer to as a hammerhead turn. This happens as a result of improper technique and too much bicep. The 'rang curves straight up, hesitates (still madly spinning), then comes right back at the poor doomed soul who only moments before released it. It's useless to hit

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EXAM SCHEDULE, DEC. 9-15

	8:00	9:00	10:30	2:00
SAT		8 MWF		3:20TT
MON		9 MWF		1:55 TT
TUES		10 MWF		12:30 TT
WED	11 MWF		12 MWF	1 MWF
THURS		10:25 TT		2 MWF
FRI	8 TT		3:30 MW	