

The purpose of the Literary Section of the **PILOT** is to offer for your inspection and pleasure, works by Gardner-Webb students, the literary merits of which we feel are deserving of your reading. The presentations will not be confined to one particular type of composition, but will include poetry, essay, short story, etc. The success of our production will depend entirely on the literary productivity of the Gardner-Webb students.

Professor Francis B. Dedman, our Faculty Advisor, Professor J. Y. Hamrick, and Mrs. Harris will be the relay stations for part of the material, choosing from their assignments the pieces which they consider worthy of publication. This does not mean, however, that their assignments will be the only sources for any student at any time can submit competition for approval. We invite your interest, and your participation both as a reader, and as a writer. Let us hope that the adventure will be revealing for all.

For these journeys, I'm your guide.

Welcome to Bohemia!

The following is a letter recently received by the Gardner-Webb English Department, and the **PILOT** from Mr. D. Hartman, Secretary of the National Poetry Association. We encourage you to read it carefully.

Dear Friend:

All college students are cordially invited to submit verse to be considered for publication in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry.

The recognition afforded by publication will reflect definite credit on your college, as well as afford satisfaction to the students who may see their work in print, and compare such work with that of others of their own attainments.

The student's name, home address and college must be typed or printed on each entry submitted. Failure to follow these rules will disqualify the entrants. Inasmuch as space is limited, more favorable consideration is given to shorter poems.

We shall appreciate your bringing this to the attention of your students and the other teachers, and we invite your cooperation. You will find the project creates spontaneous interest among the students, and stimulates scholarly competition in an intellectual effort.

During the past ten years, colleges throughout the country have submitted over a hundred thousand manuscripts, of which about ten thousand have been published. We shall be very glad to see the work of your students.

Cordially yours,

D. Hartman, Secretary

Let us invite your most energetic participation. You can make your submissions personally to the Literary Department of the **PILOT**, or to Gardner-Webb English Department.

J. E.

Occasionally, we have the opportunity of making an acquaintance that is inspiring to our own endeavor, and truly rewarding in intellectual contribution through conversation's magnificent revelation. Such has been my fortune this year in sharing the friendship of Miss Mary Frances Philbeck, a member of the Gardner-Webb Freshman Class. Miss Philbeck receives a special delight from ontological and cosmological research, the results of which have been fruitfully rewarding in a personality possessive of rare, dynamic qualities, the products of purely Platonic pursuits. With pleasure, we presents poems by Miss Mary Frances Philbeck.

"I Remember"

I remember spring—

When rivers swelled and roared their pride;
When dewdrops glistened and lovers sighed;
When rosebuds blushed at the spring sun's kiss;
When you cared not for books on a night like this.

I remember summer—

When the moon was silver and rains were sweet;
When the soul of man swayed to life's pulsive beat;
When robins chirped at twilight's sign—
When you loved Paris, dancing and exotic wine.

I remember autumn—

When roses faded and leaves turned gold;

When life's taste was sweet to young and old;
When the mellow horn was filled to the brim;
When you took my hand if life grew dim.

I remember winter—

When the gentle snow in silent beauty fell;
When kind hearts knelt at the toll of the bell;
When crickets screamed by the dark roadside;
When I knew your love for me had died.

"Before"

The perfumed rose was first a thought
Before it was a dream,
That wove itself from less than nought
To a flower in a haloed beam.
The stately oak was first a myth
Before it was a tree, but an egg
The strongest wind was first a breath
Before it swept the sea.
The greatest rain was but a drop
Before it slipped its bound,
The strongest quake was but a fear
Before it burst the ground.
The highest mount was but a hill
Before its faith grew strong,
The heavenly verse was but a word
Before it was a song.
The deepest sea was but a stream
Before its heart overflowed,
The earth was gray and dark and cold
Before the heavens snowed,
The whitest bird was but an egg
Before it was a dove,
We were heartless, soulless things
Before God made us love.

"To An Echo"

Little echo, why did God make thee?
To repeat the density of Man's destiny?
To echo the words of a fool's desire?
To steal the courage from all that is dire?
To sing deceit to a world of despair?
To preach desolation in death's dark hour?
To whisper a sneer at a crumbling earth?
To laugh and rant at a nation's birth?
To crush the faith from a living soul?
To snuff the beam that lights man's goul?
Little echo, why did God make thee?
Do you think 'twas to glorify His love for me?

"To My Soul"

Ah, my soul, what art thou?
Art thou a fragment of a shattered dream?
Art thou the ray of a faded beam?
Art thou the leaf of a dying tree?
Art thou the current of a swirling sea?
Art thou the bud of a perished flower?
Art thou a moment of yesterday's dead hour?
Art thou the cloud of an overcast sky?
Art thou the breath of a faded sigh?
Art thou the ghost of a world unknown?
Art thou a hint of beauty, now here, now gone?
Art thou a finger of scorn my life to prod?
No.
Thou art the Potter's clay in the hand of God!

CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEER BAND

At 10:30 A.M. each Tuesday, it is the Christian Volunteer Band that we hear opening their service with a song in Room 33 of the Hamrick Building. This organization is for all students who want to hear of Christ and learn how to become better workers for Him. Instructional and varied topics are discussed by guest speakers or speakers from the student body. Group singing and special music is a vital part of the program each week. It is an inspirational period for those attending. Mr. Stephen Morrisette is the faculty sponsor. Officers for the year are Bob Estes, president, Bob Holder, program chairman, Claude Hamilton, publicity chairman, Faye Estes, secretary and treasurer, Ruth Spurling, pianist, and Mark Stone, song leader.