

"WRITE THAT I MAY KNOW THEE, AND BE THY KIN"

When these pages were, at the beginning of the 1953-54 school year, designated for the Literary Section of *The Pilot*, the editors were overly enthusiastic in the products which were certain to manifest during the year, the student's interest in this medium for literary talents, and in having facility to give to the many readers, the fruits of his intellect, and his own personal convictions in poetry and prose. With the publication of the first issue of *The Pilot*, an appeal was made to each for contributions for publication. There was no limit to material, no rule nor regulation in regard to subject or expression made. Realizing that a slave of the pen by restriction makes the same of yourself, no mention of restraint for the writings was given. The response to the appeal was from a very few and contributions during the year have continued from the same persons, or perhaps you choose to call them "orientations scribblers." Certainly silent introspection has its merits, but without expression, how can there be a manifestation of such merits. Whether this reticence is the result of a Poppinjay modesty, or a new vogue discussed at the latest tea party, an endeavor to keep peace with one who demands your entire attention, or an effort to avoid banishment from your internationally significant society circle, it is overly indicative of a deliberate restraint. Perhaps this is too severe a presumption, perhaps people just don't have anything to say, and if they do, they are sure it's the wrong thing. As one can shed tears from either extreme sorrow, or extreme joy, the manifestation is the same whether there is nothing to be said or wearing a new bonnet is more important than saying it. This deficiency doesn't really become so flagrant an annoyance until one approaches, with a glaring discourse prepared for the visit, the Mountain of the Fates at Gardner-Webb. This reminds one of the college student who claims supreme mathematical ability by virtue of having solved his sister's Waterloo problem in her third grade arithmetic book, or the history student who depairs after fifteen minutes of daydreaming with the text in his hand, and states with the voice of an aspiring politician, "I can't understand this pedantic historian." There, of course, is the indestructible argument that the requirements of our scholastic schedule allow no time for anything else, the blame being given to various sources of which the most frequent is the professor, who can't see the mountain for looking at the trees.

Mr. Banus, our Editor-in-chief, has made arrangements for the presentation of two medals at the end of the year. One is to be awarded for the best work in poetry and the other for the best prose work, as published in the 1953-54 editions of *The Pilot*. Details have already been given in a previous issue about the awards, which were thought to be a sure impetus to contributors. Judging from the results, however, this opinion, too, was ironical. Still, we welcome your composition.

Tomorrow Is Forever

The Past fades behind us, with only dusky streamers of velvet left of its rich, plush robe. Perhaps it is ineradicable, but memory softens with the years. The Present lies full around us, the lustrous verminous of its glory unheeded in the pulsing activity of life. The Future swells before us, luminous and impregnable, beckoning us into its meadowland of opportunity and enchantment. The Past has ended; the Present is waning; but, the Future is eternal.

Seneca has said, "In the great inconstancy and crowd of events, nothing is certain except the past." But, too often, man has said, "The past is certain," and if it had been good, man in his illappreciated optimism, walked on—into an abyss of irrevocable destruction. On the expansive scroll of the Past, man has written his story and although, "... the moving finger writes; and having writ, moves on," nor all thy Piety nor all thy truth shall bury it back to cancel half a Line. All man's ink was not permanent, nor all his scrolls preservable.

Memories, the guideposts of the Past, are merely marble monuments to the inhabitants of that vast Necropolis. Memory is a last clinging rose petal, with a tenacity that outlives the full flower of the Past. It is the lingering link in a broken chain, it is a lone traveler on a long, deserted road, as Shelley has said "... sad because it has been sweet." But memory belongs to the Past and the blood of the Past is cold.

Longfellow exhorts us to turn our hearts toward tomorrow, for "... nothing is certain but death and day." Today is ultimately transient, fleeing with fairy lightness.

The Present is a great amphitheater where unfolds a panorama of the souls of mortals. The players parade before

the Omnipotent Viewer, the Silent Critic, in their variegated discernments and perceptions of life, and the Eternal Observer alone permeates the painted surface and unveils the sheltered soul. The players deliver their lines, some by chance, some by practice and the performance is ended, as a player says, "Get drunk and be merry, for tomorrow we may die." But the wine is undisturbed, for he died today.

But tomorrow does not end with death. Tomorrow laughs at death's eerie, moaning cry and dwells incorrigible on its everlasting throne. Tomorrow is as far as man can see—and farther farther than man and farther than life and farther than death. Tomorrow is what the sailor sees in the sea; what the cyote hears in the wind; what the moth sees in a star; what the harpist feels in his lyre, what the composer hears in a song; what the blind man sees in a dream.

The Future is a vast, entrancing land of aurette, unexplored paths, winding through clusterous, amethystine violets. It is a glorious land of iridescent, amaranthine blossoms of unimaginable artistry. The adventurous and courageous heart grows ecstatic at the overwhelming glory of the unknown tomorrow. Only the brave can face the ambient challenge of the Future. Only the dauntless, and altruistic fight today for a better tomorrow. Only the self-sacrificial and benevolent personify an impeccable and magnanimous love for the Future of humankind. Only the veracious and idealistic realize that the body is for today, but tomorrow holds the soul. Because yesterday was and today is being, there is hope for tomorrow.

Tomorrow that indefinable, mysterious prober of the restless heart; that ineffable, impervious inciter of aspiration; that vast, imperceptible region of the unknown. Tomorrow—the eternal forever.

Mary F. Philbeck

Past Six

Upon our arrival at the Ski Lodge, we learned that the snow had been falling lazily for several hours, seemingly to decorate the landscape for our benefit. As the day progressed, the snow gradually quickened its pace. No longer was it floating gently by the window, but instead had turned into a swirling mass of white, lashing out in all its fury, accompanied by the resolute howling of the wind.

The intense cold had sent the others to bed even though it was just mid-afternoon. I pondered the fact that we had chosen this desolate spot for a vacation. True, it was a most excellent resort for skiing; but so far we had not had a chance to don our ski suits and engage in even one contest.

I was putting another log on the fire in hopes of reviving the struggling flame when I heard a shuffling sound behind me. Quickly I turned, but saw no one.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"There was no reply.

I prepared to speak again, but at this instant I perceived in the shadow of the door, a man.

Even in the darkness of the room, as he weakly walked in, I saw that he was elite in dress and manner. An otherwise ordinary looking man, he was handsome because of the clothes he wore. He seated himself without speaking and sank his head in his hands.

For a long time, he remained in this position. Then he lifted his head and glanced at me with eyes completely devoid of emotion or interest. I took this as a cue to begin conversation, for I was somewhat enchanted by the air of mystery that was his.

The conversation consisted mostly of his answering my many questions until I, supposing that he was a cosmopolitan and was finding my conversation somewhat insipid, decided to capture his attention with the mention of some far-off place to which he might have traveled in his journeys.

What caused me to mention Africa, I do not know, but by some strange quirk of fate, I did so. Immediately a transient interest flashed into his eyes. For a second, he again gazed lifelessly at me; then with an outburst of passion cried, "I must tell you! I must tell you!"

Having had some training, being a doctor, in psychiatry for preparation for just such emergencies, I wasn't completely lost as I proceeded to encourage him to tell me of this obsession that was troubling him.

In a clear monotone, he unfolded a story that will haunt me all of my days.

He began: "How I came to be on board the ship destined