

"JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN"

By Roselin Cornwell

Marian Blake looked up from her ironing and smiled at her eight-year-old son, Tommy, as he ran into the kitchen, slamming the door and turning on the light to the refrigerator. Marian wondered what new and fascinating piece of information her young son would bring from school today.

"Say, Mom," her offspring said between gulps of milk and candy. "Guess that Robby and I did it." "What?" "Without waiting for his mother to reply, the young scientist fan blurted out, "We are going to make a time machine, and I'm going to get Dad to help us. The first thing I'm going to do is get back to school and get a book before Columbus. Then I might go into the future and make a trip to the moon."

Marian smiled at the thought of her hand-wringing husband, who spent most of his time off from his research to build their young son a time machine. John Blake was a promising young nuclear physicist, who spent most of his waking hours in research.

In the meantime, a group of scientists were having a serious discussion in the office of Dr. Stone, head of the Physics Department. Tommy's boyish dreams of a time-spinner were closer to being realized than anyone, except perhaps Tommy, would have thought possible.

"Gentlemen," Dr. Stone was saying, "this may be the most important discovery in all time. It could lead to world peace. It would be like looking into the future and see what the Communist nations are planning to do, perhaps we may be able to prevent the great third world war, which will most certainly destroy the world."

"The other scientists were looking first at Dr. Stone, then at each other in disbelief and amazement. Dr. Stone continued, "The plans for such a machine are already on paper. They were prepared by a group of government scientists. We have been selected to work with the leading scientists of the nation to build this machine. Our very lives may depend upon the completion of it."

John Blake attended that meeting. He and his fellow scientists were stunned. The sound was more like a comic strip than scientific research.

"That afternoon as John was returning from work, Tommy ran to meet him. John saw that Tommy was, as usual, full of enthusiasm.

"Dad," called Tommy, "let's make a time-spinner."

John stopped and looked startled. Before he recovered himself, Marian called from the kitchen, "Tommy, hurry and wash your hands to eat. Dinner is almost ready. Let your father rest a while after splitting all those atoms before you have him working on a time-spinner. His work has been reading too many comic books," she added as her husband came into the kitchen.

"I think my son is trying to follow in his father's footsteps," smiled John, thinking how true these words were. Of course, all the work John had done was top secret, and he couldn't tell his family anything about it. Tommy didn't help matters. He talked about nothing except time-machines that evening. As John listened to his son, he thought seriously of what the future would bring to Tommy. In troubled times like these John wondered whether there would be a world when Tommy grew up. A plan, a daring plan, was forming in John's mind. He would not know whether or not he would be able to carry out this plan until he understood the time-spinner thoroughly.

During the next year John worked constantly with that group of scientists who were supervising the building of the time-spinner.

At last the great day came. The time machine was ready to be tested. Dr. Graves, a chemist, had volunteered to test the machine. The scientists decided to send Dr. Graves to New York twenty years in the future. He was to stay there two days. From the information he might obtain perhaps the United States could be saved. The machine had been given a special television screen by which the traveler in time could be observed continuously.

Dr. Graves entered the small chamber with which he was to be projected into the unknown. He could see his own reflection. If nothing was wrong, they hoped soon to see him standing on a New York street twenty years from the present. Dr. Stone pulled the lever. Dr. Graves blurted out into the future. The dials on the machine showed that Dr. Graves had reached his destination. Something, however, didn't seem to be wrong with the screen. Nothing could be seen except blackness. The scientists didn't want to try to adjust the screen, but immediately they broke Dr. Graves back to the present. He was unconscious. At first they thought he was dead. Finally he opened his eyes and said, "There was nothing there. I was just floating around in space. I suppose I lost consciousness because of a lack of oxygen."

"That's all right," Dr. Stone, "the world will be destroyed in less than twenty years."

The next day John Blake didn't come to work. Tommy Blake didn't come to school. Marian Blake wasn't at home when her neighbor came over, as usual, to have coffee in the kitchen.

"By that afternoon the whole town was searching for the Blake family. Finally Dr. Stone decided to search their home to try to find some trace of the missing family. The first thing Dr. Stone found was a note.

"My family and I have gone into space to work. Tommy Blake didn't have the money in gold with me. This money will be a very large sum in the 1890's. I will be able to buy a farm easily. Since I grew up on a farm, I will be able to manage one. I am going to give my son a chance to grow up in the nineteenth century. For a year I have been studying the customs of the time. Because the world will not be in existence long, I suggest that as many persons as possible be sent into the past."

"That very day the Russians were testing a hydrogen bomb. This is the time they were working with more power than they were able to control. So powerful was this terrible blast that all the radioactive material in the earth was affected. By one atomic explosion after another all the matter of the earth was changed into energy. Where once there was light, beauty, happiness, and love there was nothing to fill the blackness of empty space except the light of some distant stars.

"Legacy For A Dead Soldier"

By James W. Hardin

In his poem, "Legacy for a Dead Soldier," Jack Shapiro describes the awfulness of a soldier's death and the meagerness of his burial. The death is in pain and takes place in the mud of a battlefield; the burial is in a tattered box. The altar is a white sheet draped over the tailgate of a truck. He reveals the man within a soldier and begs that the man not be considered as a statistic. A statistic could not have these qualities: sometimes he had and hours and nights reserved.

For thinking, dressing, dancing to the jazz.

His laugh was real, his manner: were home made."

He shows the cause for which the soldier was fighting and the soldier's dream of the future. Finally, he tells how the death of the soldier need not be in vain.

The poet's feeling toward his subject is one of sadness that such tragedy as war happens and also pity for its victims. He is angry, too, at his own helplessness in preventing war, and he is proud of the man who fights for his country.

Shapiro wants his reader to understand the stupidity of war. He wants each person to share the death of the soldier. He believes that in this way a peace might be found instead of another war.

The author intended this poem as a tribute, not to the men who died in World War II, but to the man, as shown in "Tommy," my brother, Shapiro felt that every man making this sacrifice should be praised sincerely.

The poem has another purpose, too, which is last stated by the author. Underneath this wooden cross there lies a young man, a Christian killed in battle. You who read, Remember that this stranger died in pain.

And leaving here, if you can lift your eyes Upon a peace kept by a human creed, Know that one soldier has not died in vain.

TOP SOPHS

(Continued From Page 2)

of fun, but has her serious side; devote her attention to the boy whom she is dating; be considerate toward the boy's friends; be idealistic; have mutual interests in order to blend their personalities; and be beautiful from within—but he has no objection to outward beauty.

When asked what he felt to be the answer to the quest for world peace, Mickey gave this reply, "If everyone would put Christ first in his life, and really mean it, our world would not be in the fix it is in today."

As we leave our October "Top Sophs," it is our wish that they go forward in life with such high ideals and noble purposes as they have shown in their months here at Gardner-Webb College; the best of wishes of the staff for their coming days. And if success are extended to Sandra and Mickey, May God bless you always.

Forensic Team

The aim of the Forensic Team is to develop talent in debate and forensic by competing in Forensic tournaments.

The goal of the team is to attend at least four Forensic Tournaments in a school year. To be a member of this team one must be proficient in debating and speaking.

The Forensic Team meets as follows: Tuesday and Thursday. Current members of this team are: Bill Greene, James Anderson, Paula Winstead; and the Advisor is Mr. F. B. Deedmond.

HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN

By Edna Harris

With a fluttering heart, jittery nerves and excitement rising, jittery and higher, I sat through my last Saturday class. It is almost impossible to tell in anything that is said, for the upmost thought in my mind is that I am finally going home from college. I have been away for three whole weeks, forty-two complete days, but I am finally returning home. My clothes are packed, my family is waiting for me, and the only thing that stands between me and starting for home is that slow-poke bell there! The bell finally is ringing, and here I go, off on a wonderful week-end.

As the miles continue to roll by, the scenery becomes more familiar. I no longer need a map to tell me where and when to turn. The Smith River Bridge, leading into my home town, is as thrilling a sight to me as the Golden Gate Bridge is to the devoted tourist. I drive slowly along main street, my eyes taking in every detail — the pedestrians dashing across the street, the dozen stores lining main street, the high school building, and the corner where all five stop lights blink on and off.

Driving on through town, I reach the outskirts. Then after a turn to the left, in the right, and another to the right, I can see the thing that has occupied my thoughts during the entire six weeks—home.

I can hardly wait to step out the car. At last I'm at the door to my own home. Mom and Dad greet me with a smile that is both happy and sad. In Tommy, my six brother, I recognize my hair and calls me "Kid." I forget my vexation in the joy of seeing him again. Even Blushing, my little gray puppy, is blinking as if to say that he missed me too.

I look around and drink in the old familiar sights. The trash can still sits in the same place; the rain-barrel hasn't been moved, and mother's flowers are just as pretty as I remembered them.

Something that is changing has changed, I drop down into my favorite chair—but not for long. There are so many places to go and friends to see. First I must do some shopping. It feels odd to have more than

"Thoughts Occurring to my Feeble Brain While Perusing My English Literature Book"

When in asperity spring My precept of the lives of men, Has but an endless desire, To crack open the hearts of Literature teachers.

To see what is incorporated therein, There in their reservoirs of knowledge They prepare a quiz which only they And some pretzel of the study they have learned to teach could ever hope To answer with any degree of accuracy.

They would expect us to discuss And meditate, at all hours, the thoughts and words of men who were slightly on the irrational and illogical side of sanity.

Many words and thoughts written in Times of mental disarrangement, because of Opium, alcohol, insanity, or the loss of sleep, are supposed to be our guide to a more Wholesome life and education.

These words and thoughts are supposed to be contributing to our education and enlightenment. They can only teach us to think as Some of those men of past centuries thought.

I concede that some ancient Workmen were filled with an insight for truth, such as Locke, Scott, and Chaucer. But the likes of Byron, Keats, and Shelley Add little to my education. —Anonymous.

two stores in which to shop. Here there are five. Also I must call all the members of the old gang. Once it's good to hear their voices once more.

One of the most wonderful things about being at home is that I can forget about the dormer system. I may stay without getting a permission slip, stay out as late as I choose, forget about homework and school in general, make as much noise as I please, and leave my light on until 2:00 A.M. At home I may relax and be myself, without worrying about getting demerits.

After a good night's rest I feel refreshed with renewed energy. Just the fact that I slept until 8:30 instead of getting up at six o'clock makes it the beginning of a perfect day. The smell of country ham and eggs, freshly made coffee, and hot homemade rolls lure me into the house. When I take a shower or dress, Of course I know this isn't ethical, but after all when one tries to be ethical for six weeks, it's time to enjoy one's new freedom of being one's self.

Dressing for church at home is quite different from dressing in a church. In my room it is also something, which I haven't experienced while I was away. Dressing for church seems to cause my excitement to level off. I have to dress in my home church while I have been away and can hardly wait until it is time to go. The services are truly beautiful. I have never enjoyed so much as I take my place in the Sunday School Class that I knew so well before I went away to school. There is in my room is also something to take my place with the choir once again. As our dear, white-haired pastor rises to speak, I can feel the joy and closeness of God in the congregation.

After church I can not resist lingering outside to shake hands with everyone and to hear the news of the latest happenings of the past few weeks. The smiles and friendly remarks of encouragement that I receive make me realize afresh that there could never be any place like home.

Dinner with the family, a drive around town and to hear the news of the neighborhood club completes my week-end at home. The man who said that all good things must come to those who wait, is absolutely right. Back home. For once again with packed bags and jittery hands I climb into the car for another trip. This time away from home. My heart seems to drop lower and lower with every turn of the wheels. As the miles roll by, my mind reverts the joy, peace, satisfaction and love that I have experienced during these past few hours.

Pilot Staff

The Pilot Staff publishes the college newspaper and to hear the news of the staff for the coming year are: Editor, Kenneth Beane; Business Manager, Sonja Hedrick, and the Advisor is Mrs. M. Deedmond.

A meeting is held each Thursday at 10:30 to keep the staff informed and to assign articles to the newspaper staff.

To become a member of the newspaper staff you must have a lasting interest and some talent in newspaper work.

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