

TOMORROW IS CREEPING

How can I describe it? I search for words, and yet strangely enough, I know that almost every student will know what I am trying to say.

During the break several of us left "beautiful downtown Winston-Salem" for a few days on the coast of North Carolina. (I recommend this trip to any one feeling the way I did when I left.) Though, for the most part, the public beaches were deserted, it was possible to find very agreeable lodging and being with good friends satisfied the need for companionship. This left only time for serious thinking--something I can only do well when I am alone.

Standing below the Cape Hatteras lighthouse Sunday morning watching a cold and forboding sea, I played with the idea of never returning. Sure, I've played with the idea before--but this time, it was a serious attempt. It all seemed so simple out there with the sand, the clear sky, and the coean. For

MARJORIE MITCHELL TO PERFORM

(con't from pg. 1)

She was awarded a Fulbright grant to Scandinavia in 1952 and gave recitals in Copenhagen, Stockholm and Oslo. She has appeared as soloist with the Berlin Philharmonic, the Vienna Symphoniker, the London Philharmonic, the Brabant Orchestra of Holland, Helsinki Symphony and others. She is well-known as a radio artist and has been a regular performer on BBC and in Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Frankfurt, Amsterdam and Zurich with radio symphony orchestras.

Under the spnsorhip of the Cultural Presentations program of the U.S. State Department, Miss Mitchell has toured in Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, Turkey, the Near East, Finland, Portugal, Spain Italy, South America and Mexico. Wherever she has played, she has received wide acclaim as an outstanding representative of American musical culture.

After her Carnegie Hall debut on November 28, 1956, the New York Times critic wrote:

"She is a gifted pianist, with a clear-cut technique, a big note that inclines toward a percussive quality (though not dangerously so) and plenty of musical spirit. Nothing seemed to bother her, and she approached each work with the utmost confidence...She brings a large degree of professionalism to her playing. This included musicianship, honesty of purpose, clarity of line and unfailingly steady rhythm.

a moment I would have been quite content to become a fisherman; to make my living on the sea, and to then, grow old, spending my last years on a front porch with my dog.

My thoughts returned to Winston Salem, and to the School. I guess

You haven't robbed me of my dream, N.C.S.A.! You never will! But in your own way you have shaken its very foundations. For waht you could have been, I weep more often now, and grow increasingly tired with your attempts at what you call life. Another year is almost over. Another year! Look around you at the people who are leaving; at those who've already gone because they couldn't take the crap anymore!

Don't anyone kid yourself--dreams have to be strong. They must endure places like Winston-Salem and people like many of the people here.

Now the question. "So why did you bother to come back?" Lack of courage, maybe. I didn't have the courage to stay there--to wash my hand of THIS tremendous mess and join the throngs already in retreat. I don't have the desire, just yet, to desert a dream that took me in, gave me a place to learn and grow, and cared whether I lived or died. I gave that dream my life, you see--and I can't go just yet.

But the anger builds daily. There will come a day when dreams just won't be enough! Eventually--after another year here anyway--I'll graduate. Then I know I will go. But now I'm wondering if I'll even turn to look back. Tomorrow is creeping too slowly! It's late, people! It's late.

by David Wood

BAPTISM

by Jim Bobbit

Shall I await your second coming,
as itslowly from the morning rises?
What moves me to stand and watch the
glories of your sunset, knowing the
darkness is close at hand.

How con I tell you that the darkness
will consume me, leaving me alone,
empty,
as you feel you must.

I cannot watch the sunset glory
in your eyes.

I will not believe it.

How can I wait, alone in darkness
the unexpected sunrise of your
mourning?

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ORGANIST DAVID CRAIGHEAD

(con't from pg. 1)

David Craighead was born in Strasburg, Pennsylvania, on January 24, 1924. He received his first music leassons from his mother who was herself an organist. At an early age he showed great interest in music and especially his favorite instrument, the organ.

At the age of 18 he became a pupil of Alexander McCurdy at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, where he received the Bachelor of Music degree in 1946. During his four undergraduate year he served as organist of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church. In his last year at the Curtis Institute Mr. Craighead was appointed to the faculty of the Westminster Choir college in Princeton, New Jersey, and was also accepted as a touring recitalist by Concert Management Bernard R. Laberge, which is now Concert Mangement Lilian Murtagh. At this time he made his first trans-continental recital tour.

From the summer of 1948 through 1955 Mr. Craighead taught in the music department of Occidental College in Los Angeles. Since 1955 he has been Professor of Organ and Chairman of the Organ Department of the Eastman School of Music, University of Rochester, in Rochester, New York, and organist of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in the same city.

The positions in Rochester have enabled Mr. Craighead to maintain a balanced career as performer and teacher. Many of his students now hold positions in colleges and churches across the country.

In June 1968, Mr. Craighead received an honorary Doctor of Music Degree from Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pennsylvania.