



Homespun

SPRING

1954



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FOREWORD

For the past twenty-one years Senior High has been without a record of the literary work of its students. It is the aim of Quill and Scroll to revive MOLESKIN, former literary magazine, as a lasting record of the creative work of Senior High students.

The book in its humble beginnings is only a starting place for books of the future. We hope to plant a seed which will strengthen and bloom into the talent which we believe is the most worthy of those which mankind possesses---that of self-expression through written language. The ability to write creatively is a gift which few of us possess. We must use this talent to its maximum extent or we will lose its greatness.

We offer our congratulations to those of you whose thoughts and ideas appear within these pages. Our space has been limited and our selection has been influenced by student interest. To those of you whose work we could not use, we say, "Keep alive the urge to express yourself; you will never regret your efforts."

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YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Yesterday the sun shone bright,
And gentle breezes blew.
And leaves flew down from off the trees,
And love was new.

Yesterday I sang a song,
And whistled on my way,
And thought the world was paradise,
Just yesterday.

Today the sun did not appear.
The wind was harsh and cold.
And leaves flew down from off the trees,
And love was old.

Today I shivered in the cold,
And rain began to fall,
And fell into my heart. Today-----
He didn't speak at all.

FANCY McGLAHERY

DUST UPON THE ROSES

At the end of the day
She came
And breathed the scent
Of the roses newly
Covered with dew.

She sat in the garden
Where we had sat, and
Watched the white clouds
Dance across the star---
Filled black;
And the sadness of all the years
Overcame her,
For now there is dust
Upon her roses.

JERRY LATHIERLY

STORM ON THE OUTER BANK

The white ribbon of sand curved in a gentle arc towards the misty horizon. A soft wind caressed the grassy dunes and fingered the sea oats, leaving their mubbly heads nodding in silent recognition. Overhead black thunderheads rumbled ominously, while the seaward horizon was hidden beneath a gray veil of rain, advancing slowly towards land and obscuring more and more of the dark-green waves. Occasional streaks of lightning flashed down to meet the foam-flecked swells which rose and fell in strong silent, liquid rhythm. Beneath the black shroud overhead, outlined in white symmetry, a flock of gulls wheeled and dipped, at the same time uttering their strange and wonderful "kitti-aa, kitti-aa." It is a sound familiar to beach-goers, but today I was the only audience to the forces of nature which were unleashed in this gathering storm. It was a lonely stretch of beach, but the loneliness was not to be feared. The breakers echoed and re-echoed down the beach with a great hollow crashing, and their impact on the hard sand could be felt through the soles of my feet as I strode along the coast just out of reach of the chilled fingers of ocean water. Long fingers of the sea were they which crept stealthily up the beach to capture some bit of flotsam which had found refuge and serenity between storms--an old cushion, a bit of ship's planking, or a hunk of soggy driftwood. Weary travelers all. Then came the rain in pelting,

stinging sheets and with it the fresh smell of the sea, of life, of mystery. The pellets of water drummed furiously on my forehead as I stood in the surf with head reared back to catch the cool, sweet rainwater in my mouth.

ROBERT NOSELY

HOW WE KNOW

"I've forgotten you," I said.
Then today the friendship I thought dead
Arose again within my heart.
The breath of fate had blown our ways apart.

The ocean divided us for only one short year,
And though we were apart, the bond of friendship
held us near.
During the time we were apart, you wrote to me;
I to you.
And in your letters was the message that our
friendship was as true
As before you left. Yet now you have returned
and things are not what they used to be.
I cannot talk to you as I did before, nor you to me.

I can't explain--that "something" just isn't there.
And no matter how hard I look, I can't find it anywhere.
It has been a month since we have spoken, and so
"I've forgotten you," I said.
Then today I found your letter, and the friendship
I thought dead
Arose again within my heart.
Left with only memories of the friendship that we knew,
I wonder if within your heart you keep those memories too.

MARY LOUISE SHAW

OCTOBER DAZE

Luck was with us, for the sun was shining very brightly that October morning. Excitement filled the air. Today was the day!

Cousins, aunts, and uncles were everywhere. From upstairs came sounds of hurrying feet, running water, doors banging and chatter, chatter--"Somebody, please help me with this zipper!".. "Who's got an extra crinolin?"... "Gee, you look pretty!"... "Hurry, or we'll be late!"

Anticipation and excitement grew stronger as Betsy and I put the finishing touches to our appearances. In a mad rush we were hurried to the church, only to be the first to arrive. Waiting for the others seemed an eternity, but finally everyone came and we were given our flowers.

It had been easy enough at the rehearsal the night before, but now with the sanctuary so full of people, the aisle seemed to stretch longer and longer to the altar. My knees felt weak my hands turned to ice, and the first strains of the "Wedding March" were heard. Time flew, and I was on my way down the aisle. I made it!

"Dearly Beloved, we are gathered together-----I now pronounce you man and wife."

The trip back up the aisle was much easier and faster with my arm being guided by a strong, masculine one.

Then off to the reception we went. This involved a three-hour, foot-tiring process of shaking hands with a thousand kin-folk. They exclaimed, "What a pretty dress!"...and "Hy, but you've really grown!" and "Why, I didn't know Louise had a daughter almost grown!" and "I remember the last time I saw you--"

Finally this was over. Now I have one ruined glove and one pressed bouquet as evidence of my experiences as a bridesmaid.

HOLLY DEWELL

A WARMNESS

Where once I was a child at play,
I looked up on an autumn day
And saw a red-gold maple high
Outlined against an azure sky.
In wonder my eyes opened wide,
My heart beat hard against my side!
With parted lips and breath indrawn
I gazed---and a sigh that lingered on
Left my soul and with the wind
Made that maple's branches bend.
For though I'd seen that tree before
In every season, heretofore--
It was nothing but a tree,
Its beauty lost to the child in me.

I left my playthings one by one--
Monuments, in an autumn sun,
To oblivious years, to the child before
Who did not want them any more.

When circumstance decrees that I
Must pass that lovely maple by
I always think, how playing there
I raised my face---and was aware!

SALLY DURHAM

"A HUNTING WE WILL GO"

Buzzie slumped down in his bright yellow chair, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his legs stuck straight out in front of him. Around him rustled all the excitement of Visitation Day in the first grade, but his dark curly head was bent and his blue eyes were dim. His face was settled into a bitter expression far older than his six years.

"I should have known she wouldn't come," he thought. "I shouldn't even have asked her."

He remembered how mad Mother had gotten at breakfast when he had asked her about going to school with him. She had looked up from her coffee cup, surprised.

"School? Why should I come to school with you? Then irritably, "Well, say something! Don't just sit there, for God's sake." She had blown out a plume of cigarette smoke, her eyes wrinkling as she stared at him with the cold look a cattle judge might give an inferior animal.

He had flooded out the importance of her being there, how everybody's mother was expected to come, about how they had decorated the room, and how the grade mothers were going to give them a party.

She had smashed her cigarette in the ash tray again and again, her long red nails clicking on the glass with a brittle, cold noise.

"Well, I'm sorry," she'd said without regret. "I've al-

ready promised to play golf with Mrs. Cooper."

His eyes had filled with tears, and he had burst out, without meaning to, "But, Mother, can't you...."

She had stood up abruptly, her mouth a hard red line. "For Christ's sake, if you think I'm going to spend my morning with a bunch of whimpering brats and their bragging mamas, you've got another thought coming. I'm not going and that's that." In a whirl of quilted housecoat, she had left the breakfast room.

Jessie had found him still sitting there dejectedly when she came to clear away the dishes. Slipping one arm around his thin shoulders, she had whispered, "Don't be worrying. Be my big boy and don't worry."

Even Jessie didn't understand. How could she have known how important it was for him, this once, to be like all the other boys? How could she have known how important it was for Mother to come see everything at school? He'd even gotten to put one of his pictures of Daddy on the bulletin board. Didn't she understand how important that was?

Yes, especially that picture of Daddy, big, handsome, laughing Daddy who always let people play with his guns, and never said "Run along now" or "Be a nice boy; I've got company." Daddy, who'd promised to take him hunting as soon as he was big enough to shoot a rifle. That had been a year ago, before Daddy moved away to the new house with the new mother and left Buzzie and the real mother all alone in the big white house.

Buzzie rocked back in his yellow chair and looked at the

mothers sitting in the row of extra chairs set by the radiator. They were talking self-consciously to each other and laughing over-brightly, trying not to stare at their own children.

"I hate you," Buzzie thought. "Why don't you all dry up and blow away.!"

He looked at the bulletin board, at his picture of the big man with a wide smile aiming a gun at an animal with magnificent, tree-like horns.

"No stupid old woman could shoot a deer, I bet. Why, they wouldn't even know how. But Daddy---he knows almost everything about the woods. When we go hunting....."

His eyes dimmed to the classroom around him and he saw himself walking beside Daddy in a dense forest, carrying a beautiful long shiny rifle.

Suddenly he awoke to a stir in the room. The children squirmed around to look at the door. The mothers exchanged amused glances, and hid their mouths behind their hands.

Jessie was standing in the doorway. She still wore her grey uniform and white cap, but she had added a large pair of rhinestone earrings. A tattered red geranium hung to her threadbare green coat by a diaper pin. She stood there awkwardly for a moment, and then, half-smiling, said, "I'm Miss Jessie Latham, come to visit Mister John Martin O'Connor."

A rush of warm love ran over Buzzie, and he suddenly wanted to hug her until his arms broke.

Then free time came, and all the mothers were being shown around the room. Buzzie tugged Jessie around by one hand.

"See, here's our aquarium, and here's our guppies. Did you know they eat each other sometimes? And over here's where we keep our reading books."

Around the room they went, he showing her all the infinitely important details of his little world. Finally, with a sense of saving best for last, he brought her in front of the bulletin board.

"Look, here's my picture I drew. There's my name in the corner, and do you see me and Daddy and the deer? We're shooting at him with a big rifle." His voice was intense as a priest reciting Mass. "And we'll kill him, too, and bring him home and everybody'll cheer and yell and wish they'd killed him."

He looked at her, his eyes eager. She returned his breathless smile.

"That's sure a mighty fine picture you're painting," she said. "Mighty fine," she repeated, almost whispering.

Then it was play period and time for the guests to leave. Buzzie hung back a little from the eager rush to get outdoors. Looking back at Jessie, who stood by the door, he called, "Good-by, good-by!" Then he scampered to catch up with the irregular line of children, pulling on his jacket as he ran.

During play period a crowd of third-graders walked over to the sandbox where Buzzie was playing. They stared hostilely at him for a moment; then the biggest boy stepped forward, the

others forming a ring behind him. Planting his feet far apart and crossing his arms, the leader stated matter-of-factly, "Your Mother's nothin' but a washer-woman."

Buzzie's face went white. "She's not," he said tensely.

"Oh, yes, she is," the ring of mocking faces chorused. "Just a wash-wash-washerwoman."

"She's not," Buzzie said, all agony. "You'd better not say that, or my Daddy'll shoot you with his gun."

"Oh, no, he won't," threw in a little girl who had joined the edge of the crowd. "My Mother said you don't have a Daddy any more because he's divorced."

"Got no Daddy and a washwoman Ma," someone began, and all the children picked up the refrain joyfully.

"No, no, no," Buzzie sobbed. His whole body shook with the effort to persuade the children they were wrong, but their eyes still glowed with an animal passion. Stumbling, he turned and ran to the farthest corner of the playground fence. Rubbing one fist hard against his eyes, he choked back the sobs that tore at his throat. Hooking one arm around the fence-post and leaning his head on the cold iron, he thought, "Yes, one of these days Daddy and me'll take our guns and go 'way off in the woods, all by ourselves and we'll go a-huntin'....."

AMANDA McCONNELL

He wanted to be a boxer but wound up a cocker spaniel.

JERRY FARBER

CONSTRUCTION DESTROYS

As I walked over the large track of barren land that lies behind my house, it was hard to believe that this was the same place I had walked many times before.

I remembered how it had looked last summer when I had last seen it. There had been large areas covered with stately pines interrupted at different places by a giant oak, a few poplars or other members of the ever-green family.

Smaller vegetation covered the face of the earth, hiding the soil from view. Monocysukile covered the largest area, with patches of sage, briars and Johnson grass helping out. Sprinkled over the ground, in the tree groupings, were layers of leaves, which, undisturbed for many years, had formed thick carpets of fertile soil.

I snapped back to the present at the sound of one of the devouring monsters that had cleared this once beautiful area. It was a large yellow bulldozer. I watched as its steel mouth cut greedily into the soil. Its tracks clawed into the ground and it began to move the soil, forming new contours so as to make the land almost unrecognizable.

I marveled at how men had been able to destroy in a few weeks that which nature had taken so long to create.

LARRY WELKER

A FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY

It all started with a harmless bit of fun. Two young girls strolled into a very exclusive store with the intention of purchasing a hat.

As the store was very crowded, it was quite a while before the girls were waited on. While waiting, Holly and Jean began trying on some ridiculous Lattie Carnegie specialties. The hats were arrayed with birds, feathers, plumes, and flowers. They were in the shape of everything from Napoleon's famous chapeau to Grandma's sun-bonnet. The two girls looked a sight and were absolutely doubled up with laughter.

A prissy old lady, of whom the girls were unaware, had come into the millinery department, also with the purpose of buying a hat.

Holly tried on one that was truly the funniest of all-- a huge, black velvet, droopy creation with big rhinestone buttons. The girls both agreed that this was the worst yet, and laughed even harder.

Much to their surprise, the haughty old lady snatched the hat from Holly's head, and exclaimed, "Excuse me, please, but this happens to be my hat!"

JOSEPHINE WARD

I really hit the nail squarely on the thumb.

JERRY FARBER

A COURSE IN BOTTLE DIRECTIVES

Do you understand the term "bottle directives"? It is quite possible that you don't. To clarify, those little directions on bottled foodstuffs and medicine, such as "Shake well" or "Keep lid on tight" are bottle directives. A certain brand of Worcestershire sauce has printed in bold letters half way around the bottle, "SHAKE THE BOTTLE." This is quite bothersome, but it is evident that to shake the bottle, and the bottle only, you must empty the contents. This done, you shake the bottle vigorously and return the sauce. A brand of instant coffee has printed in blue letters on the lid, "KEEP LID ON TIGHT." I can understand this, however, because I tried for ten minutes to open this jar of coffee, and if it hadn't been for that little message, I certainly would have blown my top. A bottle of hot peppers has printed under the label a helpful hint; "CHILL BEFORE SERVING." This presents a problem in the summer, because opening the doors will not do the trick. (Besides, guests do not approve). Another bottle, containing French dressing, says "SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING." You immediately conclude that not everyone has a well to shake. You therefore proceed to the nearest reducing salon, get in a vibrator, get well shaken, rush back home and use the dressing. You say the dressing is watery? Well, I'm sure it isn't your fault. A

certain blackboard directive says, "CONFINE TO THE PAGE." This I understand.

JOHN WILLIAMS

TIME

Time marches on;
It cannot wait.
No one can stop her
But God The Great.

He winds the coils
And sets the hands;
He keeps her shining
Wherever she stands.

RICHARD JENNINGS

THE GREYING HORSEMAN

He sits at the south of the barn all day.
His delight is to watch the spring colts play.
Basking in the Sun with the Dalmation at his feet,
The once-strong body is now bent and weak.
A smile in sleep tells he recalls a life gone by:
Now content to watch the colts and hear the flies buzz by.

HUGH PRICE

OUR PORTER, PETE

Pete was our porter for half the trip—a modern monarch, yet a servant. His thin brown face and slantset cap were not the ones on the poster at the car's each end, but to us he was the Pullman Company, and his word was law.

By his own words, he was "48, from Chi, and got two daughters in college."

He was no mediocre footman. While some porters must cater to a regular run, Pete was most often on a special run or private car, being selected for his ability to get along with a group of people together in a small space for a long time:

We were enroute to the Boy Scout Jamboree in California.

His humor was smoke-stained; his words after a hard night's travel were sharp; but his shoeshines were unsurpassed, and his beds never let go a sheet at the foot.

A quiet word from Pete, and homesick boy was called back from melancholy reverie.

At all our scheduled stops for sightseeing, meals, or such, his uniform of black trousers, white tunic with the shiny badge, and black visored cap was all spotless cleanliness, but with us on the train his worn trousers and a sweater kept him comfortable.

He sang with us or told stories to pass the time. At night to keep us safe, he and the next porter took two hour watches,

which left him tired through the day.

Well-traveled, quick to serve, and amiable, Pete was at once our host, royalty, and our servant.

ALAN WUTTLE

IT PAYS

Arm yourself with a smile or two,
Then face the world of men.
And in the many years that follow
You'll see that smile again.

Arm yourself with a hearty laugh;
Let it boom 'round the earth.
It'll help you when you're down 'n' out-
Then you'll welcome mirth.

Arm yourself with a comforting word,
Hide it in the heart of a lonely soul;
And when you feel that all is lost
It will spur you to reach your goal.

Arm yourself with the spirit of God.
Live a life that's pure and good.
And you will find that a laugh and smile
Are the soul's most nourishing food.

LYNN COCHRANE



BLIND DATE

All girls, regardless of popularity, will sooner or later undertake the seemingly exciting idea of a blind date. I, as a veteran of this practice, would like to warn all girls who are first beginning their love affairs to beware the blind date, for, believe me, it is appropriately named. Now I am aware that statistics say so-and-so percent of marriages begin with this experience, and I know many a mother shakes her finger and says, "Little John would never have been had I not had that first blind date with Henry," but take it from mother experience, these were the lucky ones.

The Blind date will start very innocently. The telephone rings while you are staring at the four walls wondering what "good" book to settle down to, and you answer it. It's your best friend whose ~~boy~~ friend brought home a perfectly adorable doll that she knows you will simply love if you'll only date him. This, my friend, is a temptation, I admit, and finally you yield. Excited at this prospect, you bus, yourself by painting your nails and dolling up in your favorite dress and waiting. Your anticipation mounts as the doorbell rings. Putting on your very best Ava Gardner smile, you open the door and look up-----seeing nothing, you look down, and there he stands, all his masterful manhood poured into five feet. Sighing that looks aren't everything, you

depart for your adventure. You discover he as a mania for tropical insects and in a period of three hours, you become a walling authority on the types and habits of anything that crawls from South Africa to Brazil.

Now this is just one example of the blind date. There is always the athletic kind that thoroughly enjoys a nice quiet evening of football plays and makes you the object of his latest judo stunts. If you are lucky, all you will have from this evening will be a few sore muscles; if not, a couple of broken bones.

Then I remember the conversational blind date. He is the intelligent fellow who manages to utter "Uh" in response to your many questions from the time you leave home until you arrive home exhausted and worn from painfully attempting the art of conversation all night.

These blind dates can be tolerated, but the worst and most undesirable is the smooth Romeo, who has assured himself that he was put on earth for all woman-kind's pleasure and spends the entire evening convincing you what a lucky girl you are.

Maybe you have been one of the lucky ones who have met a nice, uncomplicated, average, American boy. But for those of you who are considering accepting a blind date, and for anyone who is interested in my opinion, take good advice; put your glasses on and look around at all the Joes, Jims, and Johns you already know.

THE AWAKENING

As Ricky struggled into his leather jacket, his preoccupation was shattered by the sharp bang of a door somewhere in the house. As he could not exactly locate the sound, he hesitated for a moment; then, taking a chance, he started for the rear of the house hoping that he could escape another meeting with his mother.

When he entered the kitchen, he found that he had misjudged the sound, for there was his mother sitting forlornly on an old chair. Her once erect back was pitifully stooped by the burden she had been carrying, and the gray hairs were more noticeable than ever in the light. Tears were welling up in her eyes as she gazed disconsolately out the window. Before tragedy had struck them, their home had been one of security and happiness; but since his father's death, their courage had been slowly ebbing away. They had struggled valiantly but to no avail. As he stood there, Ricky's heart was filled with resentment and anger at the sight of his once spirited mother now disheartened and morose. It seemed to him that hope had deserted her and that she had stopped searching for escape from the tightening hand of poverty. Although not yet a grown man in stature, Ricky was nearing adulthood in character, and he felt a deep shame for his inadequacy in his family's plight. He felt that he

must take up the load and relieve his mother of her crushing burden. He must do something, anything, to aid his loved ones.

Before his mother could catch sight of him, he slipped quickly out of the house and began to walk, his thoughts churning about intammoil. His head seemed to spin, and the only thing that he could think about was money; money for Mom and little Anne; money which would mean the end of their long struggle to escape the ever-grasping hand of poverty. They had to have money, and Ricky saw only one possible way to obtain it--that was to steal, but he must do it for his family. On and on he walked, with one intent in mind--to steal.

The house was warm enough, and although no one was there, Ricky felt the icy grasp of fear clutch at his heart. What if the occupants of the house should unexpectedly return and discover him here? What would he do? There would be no other place to go! As he slipped silently from one room to another with the ray of his flashlight to guide him, he was filled with guilt and anguish. This was wrong, he told himself, but it was unavoidable! He must take some food or money to Mom and Anne. They needed it so desperately, for in their gloomy, dank, home Mom's cheerfulness had slowly turned to despair. As he went from room to room, these thoughts tormented Ricky's very soul.

He soon realized that the rooms of this house were almost as threadbare as were the rooms of his own home; but he must find something of value, he told himself; and as he was thinking about

this, he slowly entered a narrow hallway. To the extreme left of the hall was a room with its door partially open. Through this door a dim light shone. Gently Ricky opened the door and entered the room. The dimness of the room seemed to engulf him at first, but with the aid of the small sleeping lamp, he could soon distinguish a few pieces of furniture.

Against a huge bed lay a pair of crutches which looked small and forlorn, and in the center of the bed he saw a tiny child lying helplessly under a ragged but clean blanket, which had been carefully tucked about her. All Ricky could see of the child was an adorable face surrounded by a mop of amber-brown curls, but the peacefully sleeping face seemed pathetically tired and pale. The child moved a little in her sleep and spoke two or three disconnected words. Then a slow sweet smile shone on her face, and Ricky realized that inside this little crippled child was a serene and untroubled spirit.

As he stood there gazing at the child, a moment of clear understanding came to him as if from some inner source. A mighty force seemed to shove away all of the worry and turmoil which had sent him on this futile business of stealing. He saw that no misfortune, no matter how great, could lead to true destruction or sadness, if love, faith, and courage prevail within a family.

Ricky leaned over and gently kissed the child's soft hair. He thought he saw another smile spread over the child's face, and this smile seemed to redouble the fresh courage and happiness in his heart. Silently he left, but from an unseen spot he stood

silently guarding the house until the child's parents returned.

Years later, Richard Lanthrop, noted author and critic, sat in his study with his pen poised over a blank sheet of paper. Usually he wrote with great ease, but tonight his pen seemed stubborn, unwilling. Then he thought, "I have always written fiction; why not write a true story?" He sat thoughtfully for awhile and then began to write:

"As Ricky Struggled into his leather jacket, his preoccupation was shattered by the sharp bang of a door somewhere in the house....."

MIRANDA GODWIN

THE TRUTH OF IT

It is said that this is earth,
And we are yet to see
Heaven or hell, whichever it may be.
I do not doubt the truth of it,
And yet I sometimes wonder:
What could be more heavenly than
Birth of the first spring flower?
And what could possibly burn greater
Than the ache of some wrong deed?

My life, though short, has taught me
That earth is what we make it.
Heaven or hell can surely be
Now as well as after.

ANN FRY

HAPPY?

Quite frequently after leaving school in the afternoon, I go to the bank to meet my father. In doing so I have made the acquaintance of many people on the bank staff.

One day, while waiting in the lobby, I noticed that one of the porters, whom I knew, was in unusually high spirits. He was humming loudly as he glided the waxer across the floor, and his face was wreathed in an enormous smile.

Anxious to have him share with me his secret, I casually said to him, "You must be pretty happy today, Glover."

"No sir, Mr. Stone," he replied, "I ain't so happy now. I'm just trying to get happy."

TOM STOLE

ADVICE

Words are spoken, songs are sung
About this fact--we are too young!
Mere babes, they tell us, knowing none
Of how a lasting love is run!
"Wait awhile," with learned eyes
Uninvited, they advise.

So we wait. Years pass us o'er;
Age opens wide her creaking door.
Oh, we have waited patiently
And have matured so gracefully!
Yet they gaze at us, senile and cold,
And shake their heads and sigh, "Too old!"

SALLY DURHAM

"DAVY "

"Davy," said she in a timid voice.

"Hump," said he condescendingly.

"Davy, was your date fun last night? Did you pop the question? Why don't you go on and do it? I do want to be a bridesmaid. Or maybe future sisters-in-law don't always ask their younger sisters-in-law to be bridesmaids. But she will, won't she, Davy? She's different. That's what you always say. Well, go on and answer.

The young girl looked eagerly toward her idolized brother. Her hopeful look died at the withering expression given to her by the superior Joe College.

"Well, good gosh, I always tell you about all my dates. I don't see why you don't. Did you kiss her?" she asked with a giggle.

"Susie ---" was all the exasperated brother could get out.

"Are you going to date her tonight? What did you do last night? What show did you see? Did you go to the Castle? Did..."

Her questions were interrupted by what may have been the bellow of a bull, but was probably Davy's voice.

"All right! I did have fun. Forgot completely about my younger sister! I didn't ask her to marry me. If I do, I sincerely believe she will never ask you to be in the wedding.

She's too smart. Do I ever ask you about your dates? I just wonder who would date you. It's none of your darn business if I kissed her. I'll date her tonight if I want to, but I'll sneak out of the house if I do. I'll...."

His roar petered out. Exhausted by the outburst, he sank back into the chair.

There were several moments of strained silence. Susie struggled to keep back her tears.

Time ticked on and, engrossed in her movie magazine, the rebuked sister seemingly forgot the insult. She glanced up.

"Davy," said she in a timid voice.

"Hump," said he; condescendingly.

MARSHA ANN BURNET

THOUGHTS

Have you ever felt March wind in your hair,
Or really looked at a wild flower?
Have you ever been without a care,
Or strolled in an April shower?

Have you heard a robin announcing spring,
And watched him build his nest?
Or sung as hard as you could sing,
And known you've done your best?

Of all these things true life is made;
In all these things exists pure beauty.
To be a human, the plan is laid;
Live life as a pleasure, not as a duty.

FRAN AHALT

MISINFORMED POET

Wearily nestling back in my old arm chair, I pondered over Milton's "L'Allegro." Just how these city "fellars" look on farm life always has tickled me.

Pleasure in Milton's mind seems to be stray flocks nibbling on a "gran." What this "fellar" doesn't know is where they've strayed--probably into a vegetable garden. Some poor farmer will have a replanting on his hands.

"While the cock, with lively din..." Ha--wakes up every sleeping soul at dawn. If everyone gets any nirth from that--poor fellar. And who ever heard of beauty in a licy, scrawny chicken.

Guess it's easy for him to play like he's envious of the farmer plowing in the hot, torrid sun or the milkmaid singing while doing her chores; for he's only an observer. (Truth is, the only singing would come from the bellows of the cows.) Yet, he can easily afford to peek out of his little world of security and see just what he wishes.

Milton even said that the "old come forth to play"--that's another good one! Why, I haven't had a vacation for twenty years. Wouldn't I look funny running into the meadows to dance everytime the sun shines.

This Milton really must be a square to think that a goblin threshes my wheat. I'd probably starve to death if I believed

his fairy tale philosophy on life. As well, after reading city
fellars' writing, I'm always glad I live in a remote section
from towns.

MARY ELLEN ALLIN

ROMAN WALLS

Far away in distant places,
Where the heart or eye still traces,
There a city lies not taken,
Though its battlements forsaken.

Many races yet have passed here,
Numerous soldiers met their last here.
Mosses, ivy climbed its towers,
Sun and rain its sides still shower.

Still beyond the narrow, dim past,
The walls remain in fortress last,
And this they speak to human ears,
To him who ages' knowledge hears.

Man may win or lose in warring,
Make hearts sing or leave them sorrowing.
Empires fall with transient time,
Peaks yet rise for conquerors to climb.

But still above and far beyond,
The soldier's sword or cry of throng,
The walls of centuries majestic stand,
And smiling view the small, small land.

JANE TATE

NEVER BEFORE AND NEVER AGAIN

"Believe me, if I ever have a teen-ager, she's not touching my car with a ten-foot pole!" muttered an angry driver, who for some odd reason couldn't get through the main intersection of the town Sunday afternoon.

It's the truth that hurts, but I happened to be that some odd reason! It all started with:--

"Pul-leaze, Pop, can't I take th' car to High Point? Gee, it's only sixteen miles, and I've had my license for over a month now!"

"Well----if you'll be careful, I don't see what harm it can do," he hesitantly replied. He hadn't said no, so here was my chance.

Cruising down the highway was great; however, things changed when we reached the heavy Sunday traffic on Main Street.

"Have a heart," I prayed silently. It just couldn't be true, but it was! Here sat Lou, me, and that blankety-blank flash right smack in the middle of that intersection; and, for the life of me, I couldn't make that darn thing move an inch!

"Hi, kid," a friendly policeman yelled. "Having trouble?"

Of course I was having trouble--couldn't the man see?--but, in as level voice as possible, I replied, "Yes, sir, could you please help me?"

Leaving the light red to prevent a still worse jam, he

crossed the street to the near-by filling-station, seeking aid for a damsel in distress. It was almost funny to see the furious drivers backing down Main Street and to know I was being called everything unprintable--remember I said almost! Nothing seemed funny to me then, though.

"Grrrrrr--ugh--puff--puff--putt--sputter! growled the engine. But it seemed all my efforts were to no avail--that is, until the nice policeman and station-hand were within two inches of the car! Maybe it was the scowl of the policeman, but then the motor roared once more, and yes, actually started.

Leaving behind one mad station-hand, one furious policeman, and a hundred and one bewildered, angry drivers we moved on our way. The last words I caught from the policeman were, "Never before and never again!"

PADDY SUE WALL

LOVE

Love is an uncertain thing.
One can never tell
When he will fall into its spell,
How long there he will dwell.

He knows not if she loves,
Or even if he does;
But he will continue to try
To capture the sparkle in her eye.

ARTIE NOLLER

THE HUMAN SIDE

It was a time when I was most grown-up, it was a time when I was yet a child; it was a time that I had my teeth, it was a time that I was snaggle-toothed; it was a time that I could be saintly, it was a time that I was devilish; it was the age at which I was eager for knowledge; it was a good time, and it was a bad time. I was starting to school. Ah! School-----that sweet institution of learning.....

Towering like pinnacles in the reflections of my school days are those who offered me knowledge-----my teachers.

There is the one whose back was gnarled like that of the Hunchback of Notre Dame and who, I am sure, had learned much from the lessons of the Great Teacher. To my stockpile of learning she added "booming" impressions of kindness and generosity. She taught me much about how to find happiness in a world where, for many, there is only sorrow.

The "Scrooge" of my school days put me to the grind. Even though I intensely disliked her as a person, she excelled in her profession. To her I am indebted, for she taught me well the art of studying.

From one that I shall always remember, I learned very little about her subject; but it was under her that I first "saw the light" that teachers are human. We had the relationship of friends. We often dissented, but I never left her room

with the wrong attitude.

Another took great pride in her students, but there was no prejudice in her class. Granted, she had her favorites, but anyone could be a favorite with a friendly smile and a little interest in his work.

The principal, who was the exact likeness of Ichabod Crane, holds a vivid place in my memory. Seeing me rush frantically down the hall after the tardy-bell, he would look over his specs with that "for whom do you think the bell tolls?" look, and, after trifling with the pink slips he would put his "John Hancock" on a white one.

Though I now have the realization that teachers are not only mortals, but human beings too, some of them will always be saints, clowns, or monsters to me.

They have taught me much more than from Alice and Jerry to Paradise Lost and from two and two makes four to the Pythagorean theorem. They have carried me to thresholds of thought which lead on to wonderful trails of imagination and inspiration. The misconstrued idea that when one's school days are finished he has learned everything has been replaced by a feeling of humility and a hunger for more.

These teachers have taken their brilliance and let others light their candles from it. To them there is no stone monument. It would not be fitting. They are too warm, too alive. But there are many monuments to them in the minds of all peoples---the older who remember and the younger who can't forget.

BETTIE JANE UPCHURCH

ENTERTAINING SISTER'S BEAU

It was seven o'clock Friday night, and a doorbell gaily rang.

"Mother," despaired sixteen-year-old Joan, "that must be Jerry and I'm not half ready. Answer the door before Lynn gets there. Oh, Mother, my first date with this dress, and I'm late."

Mrs. Owens hastened to the door just before Lynn reached it.

"Lynn, go to the den and watch television. Superman is on now, dear."

"Come in, Jerry," invited Mrs. Owens; "Joan has been slightly delayed. Please have a seat on the sofa until she is ready. If you will excuse me, I have some work to do."

"Thank you," responded Jerry, as he sat down to wait.

From behind a near-by chair, five-year-old Lynn came crawling.

"My name's Lynn. What's yours?" she droned.

"Uh, Jerry Clarke."

"Do you like Superman?"

"Yes. I think Superman is very entertaining."

"I don't. I like Kit Carson. Why don't you?"

"Well," stammered Jerry, squirming on the sofa, "I guess I---"

"So you're Bonnie's dreamboat. What's a dreamboat? No, I don't want a date. The last boy that came here gave me a quarter. Gee, thanks! I thought you were coming to see me. But you wouldn't think Bonnie was awfully nice, would you? How she'll look after you leave. First she'll take your picture and smother it all over her

face-----"

"Lynn! Mother! shrieked Joan, losing all the dignity she had possessed.

"Well, guess this is my crit. So long, Jerry. Come again soon, and bring another quarter."

JOYCE BYARS

TWILIGHT IN THE FIELDS

A purple range of mountains
Makes way for a setting sun;
And homeward heads a weary farmer,
His day's work finally done.

The swallow chattering sleepily,
Comfortable in his nest,
Settles down once more
For his nightly rest.

A few gold-rimmed clouds,
Drifting lazily by,
Add to the natural beauty
Of this evening sky.

A crimson, gently fading
Into a delicate blue,
Helps in the creation of a
Rare and beautiful hue.

A cooling breeze is blowing;
The evening star appears,
And here we have a scene complete--
Twilight in the fields.

SUE McINTIRE

YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT

I wonder if there really is an Easter Bunny. I get a big basket full of colored eggs every Easter. All my friends do too. It just seems a little strange that one plain, ordinary white rabbit could hop from house to house delivering Easter eggs and not miss even one boy or girl. Perhaps he has helpers like Santa Claus, but most of the rabbits I know couldn't even carry one basket of eggs, much less a few thousand.

If I were the Easter Bunny, and had helpers, I sure would train them better than he does. Why, anyone would know to look behind the door or under the sofa for an Easter basket. Heck, I'd really hide them good. But it could be that rabbits aren't too smart, or either they think boys and girls are pretty dumb. It could be that we're supposed to find them because I haven't ever heard of anyone not finding his basket.

When I get rich I'm going to go on an expedition to find out where the Easter Bunny makes his eggs. None of the chickens I know can lay colored eggs, just plain old white ones and a few speckled ones. He could have a machine to make them, but I don't think so because if anybody could invent that kind of machine, he would be famous, and no one's famous for inventing a colored egg laying machine.

I sure do wish the Easter Bunny wouldn't forget all the



grown folks at Easter time. I know they like eggs because Daddy eats two or three every morning for breakfast. It may be that there aren't enough eggs to go around. I never have tried to eat an Easter egg; I'd rather throw them at people. Some sissies like to play hide and seek with them, but I bet they never hit the mayor on the head, except with a snowball or a pea shooter. The Easter Bunny must not care though, because he brings me a whole new batch of eggs every year. One year I tried saving all my eggs, but that wasn't such a good idea because they started smelling funny and Mother made me take them out of the cedar chest. Seems like they could put something in the eggs to preserve them like they do to dead people.

I hope I find out about him before I have any children because I sure would feel funny if my little boy asked me how a rabbit could lay a colored egg when a chicken can't even do it.

George Cox

THE LYNCHING

There was a lynching yesterday;
They strung me up and killed me.
They mobbed with their crowding words
And laughed at what I had to be.

They sat judicious in their circle,
Joyfully loosing vengeance pent;
And my soul ignobly died there
Wearing my Ideal's tattered vestment.

AMANDA McCONNELL

WHEN HE COMES HOME

The old man propped his feet on the decaying post of the sinking porch and spat into the muddy yard. The sudden disturbance sent the few straggling chickens cackling homeward into the fading mist. The cane-bottomed chair creaked dismally as he shifted his stocky body to reach the well-worn Barlow knife in his hip pocket. Cutting a fresh plug of tobacco, he popped it into his mouth with one calloused hand and began to rub his stubbly chin with the other; meanwhile murmuring resentfully, "It just ain't right; he ain't got no cause to do that to me."

His watery eyes blinked suddenly at the unexpected burst of thunder, and his brows drew into a bushy mass of wiry hairs. He shivered as the chilling rain began to fall again and pulled his flopping hat closer over his large ears, completely covering the white hair. The rain began to splatter upon the porch and nip at the cuffs of his faded blue overalls and scuffed brogans, and still he sat.

The sun shed its workday clothes and made its debut in gay red and gold evening dress and then bowed out to the lustrous appearance of the moon. It was about 7:00 when Mr. Reid Colby, more commonly known as Reidy, finally was aroused from his revelry of thought by an urgent call from the rear of the house.

"Reidy, supper's ready!" The voice was followed by a large,

ample woman clad in a food-sack print dress and white apron. Her hair was twisted in a knot at the nape of her neck and several of the grey strands clung to her damp forehead and cheeks, flushed with the endeavor of making biscuits over the wood-stove. "Lawd a' mercy, Reid, You're going to catch your death of cold out here. I've called you to supper three times. You ain't still worrying about Clem, are you?"

"Well, Jessie, I just can't get over it. I brung that boy up to be a good boy and now look at 'em." Reid shook his head sadly and his gnarled hands trembled as he muttered half to himself, "Says he's doing what's right! Hmp! Ain't nobody doing what's right when they stick with a bunch of yellow-bellied Communists. That boy ain't old enough to know what he's doing, going in the army at seventeen and him not even out of school. Why look at Jeff Arnold up yonder at Fox Creek. He was one of the first ones released, and he says Clem was rarin' to come home then. It just ain't Clem's fault. I know them skunks brain-washed that boy 'til he went near 'bout crazy. His letters were so full of coming home and, and ---"

"Now, Reidy, don't take on so! Why, we're not even sure that Clem is one of them boys. The paper just said Clem Colby. It didn't say where from and, come to think of it, "Pa," (here she lapsed into her affectionate nickname for her husband), it didn't even say Colby. There's other Clems in the world besides our Clem. Anyhow, it just said that a boy named Clem was a-singin' that Communist song the last day of repatriation."

"It'll be dogged if you ain't right, Jessie!" the old man said with a trace of hope in his tired voice. "Why, I just figgered it was Clem all along. It might not be our boy after all."

"Well, Pa, we'd better eat if you still want to go to Amy Lou's tonight. I've got pig's feet and kraut and some of that sourwood honey old Mrs. Lawson brought me yestiddy to eat with hot biscuits."

The old man disappeared down the long hall, while Jessie stopped to latch the screen and shut the big, wooden door in preparation for the night.

They ate their meal in silence, Jessie occasionally tossing bits of food to the small, yellow kitten meowing pitifully at her feet. The rain beat steadily on the window pane, and the night was still, except for the barking of Ole Sal, Clem's bird dog, pleading for admittance to the house. Reidy had been ignoring Sal of late, as if she were at fault for her Master's actions, but tonight with a semblance of hope for the future, he opened the door, and the dog bounded eagerly forward, fawning delightedly about him as he closed the door. She slunk on her stomach into Clem's room and curled up on the cold floor next to his bed where he used to sleep.

"Durn fool dog," the old man said, more in pity and hurt than in anger, and continued into the sitting room. The fire in the wood heater had almost gone out, and the room was chilled and barren. Thrusting several chunks of wood into its gaping mouth, Reidy drew his chair close, and propping his feet on its paunchy stomach, he gazed into the cracks of its squat little body. The fire showed

orange and red through the cracks and seemed to cajole him into a trance.

The clock on the mantel began to strike rather painfully, and Jessie rushed in exclaiming, "Pa, it's eight o'clock. If we're going to Amy Lou's, we'd better get ready. You've got some clean overalls in yonder on the bed, and there's a shirt in the closet that you hadn't worn but once.

"Jessie, I don't know whether I want to go. You know this rain'll make my arthritis worse, and anyway, Amy Lou don't want to see us. She just got married."

Jessie's face clouded with disappointment, for Amy Lou was her heart. "Well, Pa, that's all right. Maybe they'll come over here when they see we ain't coming." She settled herself in the rocker and took from her apron pocket a small tin snuff box and began to dip contentedly, rocking back and forth in the squeaky chair.

The silence was broken by the rumbling of a car on the gravel road outside. It drew to a halt, and Amy Lou and Bill emerged from its interior. Amy Lou was a slim girl with chestnut brown eyes and soot black hair. Her tinkly laugh was heard as she enjoyed some joke with her blond Viking husband. The old couple began to smile and nodded at each other as if to say, "I told you so; they won't forget us."

Amy Lou tripped in on pinpoints and kissed her mother and father affectionately. She was still just a child, only eighteen, but she had insisted Bill was the boy for her. So after much discussion, Jess and Reid said yes, when she refused to listen to just plain reasoning as Pa called it. He had even offered to give her a one

hundred dollar bill from his next tobacco crop, if she would wait about "getting hitched," but Amy Lou was a headstrong girl. Now here they were, young, happy, and in love. Love was a word that hurt sometimes. Clem's love was pretty stale now, since he had refused to come home, or at least so they figured.

"Ma, turn the radio on. There's some good programs on tonight. Arthur Godfrey comes on at 8 o'clock," Amy Lou said, running her fingers through her hair thoughtfully. Somehow Ma and Pa weren't like themselves tonight. It was Clem that had caused all of this grief and hurt, so maybe the radio would help them forget.

Arthur Godfrey was good, and the chocolate-covered cherries that Ma passed around were good, too, but not much was said, and Pa looked like he was in a fog here of late. If Clem didn't come home, it was just gonna kill Pa, and Clem would be just like a murderer. Amy Lou moved suggestively, for it was late, and she and Bill had to go, but Ma stopped them.

"Wait til the news is over," she pleaded and nodded her head towards Pa. "Maybe they'll broadcast that list of P.W.'s tonight. Fulton Lewis said he was going to."

The radio interrupted with an unexpected blast, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Fulton Lewis broadcasting from Washington, D. C. We have just received the complete list of twenty-three prisoners-of-war who have accepted communism and refused repatriation. They are as follows: Sergeant John Smithly from Tucson, Arizona; Private First-Class Dave Green from Tampa, Florida; Lieutenant Tom Howards from Brooklyn, New York; Private First-Class. . ."

"The room is filled with tension, and the air could be sliced easy with Pa's old butter knife," Amy Lou thought. "Pa's face looks like it did w en they brought Clem in that night from that auto accident-all cut up and bleeding. Ma's face looks so calm. I wish I had the faith she does. Why, even Bill looks like he cares, and he don't hardly know Clem. I wonder, I wonder if Clem'll ever come home. . . ."

"Duc Rippy from Oakland, North Dakota. . . ." the broadcaster continued in a monotonous drone.

On and on and on. . . "Pa looks like death itself, and his old hands are cle ched over the chair arm like the time he rode on the ferris wheel at the fair."

"And the leader of this group of former members of the U.S. Army is Private First-Class Clem Collins from New York, New York. That concludes this evening's broadcast. Goodnight ladies and. . . ."

Ma turned the knob and again there was silence.

Pa got up slowly from the chair and turned to his family, "Well, I reckon I'd better git to bed. Gotta go to town in the morning right early and git that bird dog Tom Holt's got for sale. Clem won't like it if I pass up a bud like that. When he comes home, he'll want another dog to go with Cle' Sal when they go huntin."

MARY JO COLLINS

I felt like an elephant dangling over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy.

JERRY FARBER



