

Homespun

1957

Preface

In November 1925 the first copy of HOMESPUN was issued from the press and circulated among the students and patrons of GHS, marking a new era in the literary development of our high school.

Since that time each successive staff has endeavored to maintain the purpose of this publication which is to inspire the youthful writers of our school and to establish a high standard toward which they may strive in future works. Each staff has also set as its goal an addition to the improvements of the magazine. The contributions of our staff of 1957 are expressed in the first photo-engraved cover and the zinc line illustrations.

Submission of material for HOMESPUN is open to any and every student, but in the selection we have chosen only that which we feel best represents the various types of writing of our school. We are grateful to all those students who have shown their interest by contributing material, and we only regret we did not have the space to publish it all. We also wish to thank our teachers and sponsors who have offered their cooperation, inspiration, and advice to make this publication a reality.

The members of Senior's chapter of Quill and Scroll National Honor Society, who compose our staff, are proud of the opportunity to serve GHS with this type of student publication, for HOMESPUN is what its name indicates — raw literary fibers, freshly picked and sorted, and brought together to make a fine product.

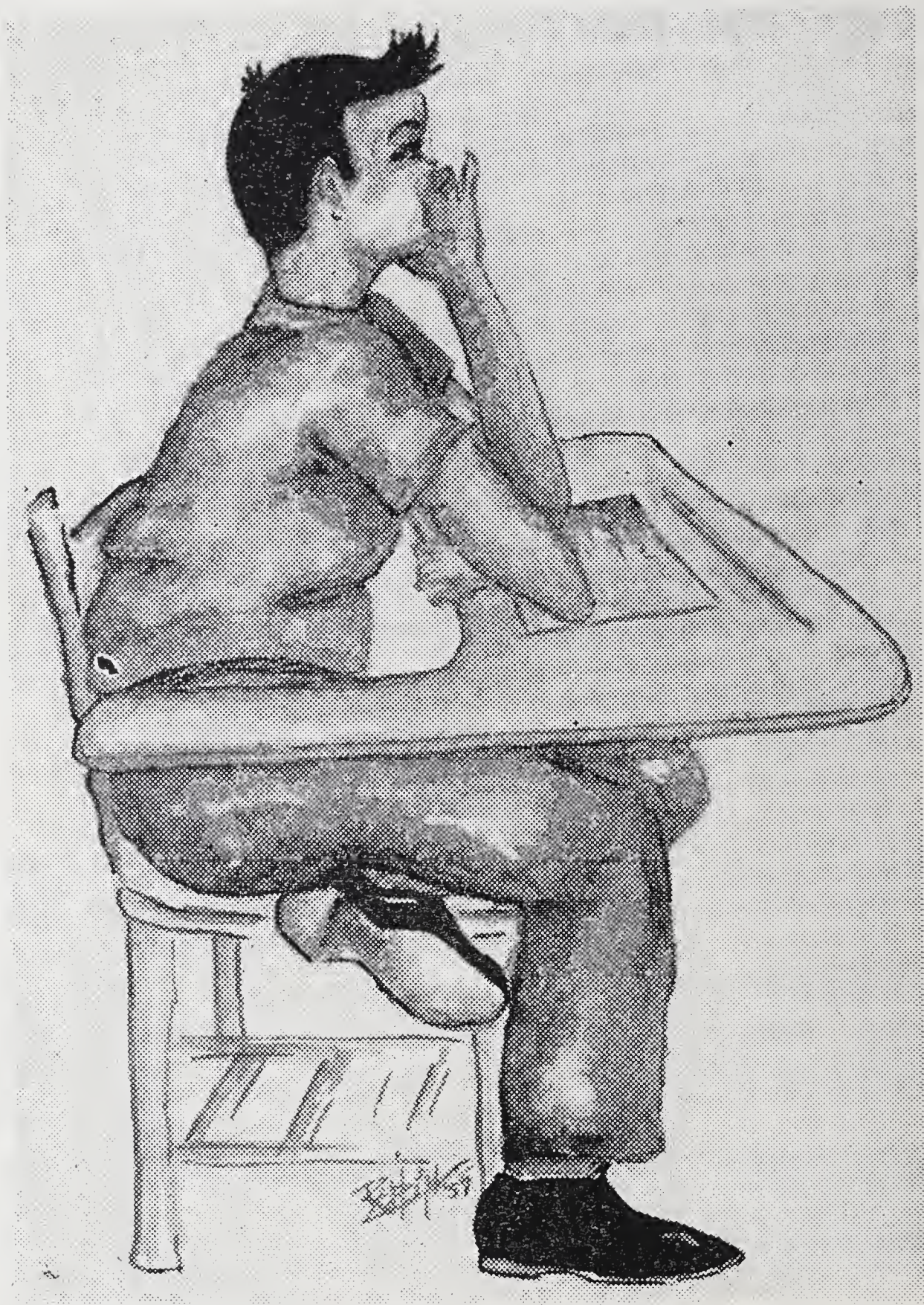
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Nine-Year-Old Dreamer

One half of me is in the room,
 With feet curled 'round the chair,
But as for mind and memory,
 They simply are not there.
Indeed, my mind is miles away
 A-soaring into space,
Farther and farther from the earth,
 For earth is commonplace;
And on my mystic journey I
 Can feel a queer delight
At seeing, as I travel on,
 Sight after wondrous sight.
I'm winging upward in the sky,
 Heading I know not where;
Caring not, for I know that I
 Will find adventure there.
The planets all surround me here,
 And night is bright as day.
I'm sailing now, with all the stars,
 Across the Milky Way.
Then rudely I'm brought back to earth,
 And injured is my pride
As teacher scolds me bitterly
 And makes me stay inside.
 —Bonnie Adelstein

Love

Motherly, fatherly, sisterly, brotherly,
Each a different kind;
Puppy love, lost love, true and eternal love,
Love for each man to find.

Hungerly, hurriedly, secretly, surely,
So many ways to receive it;
Sincerely, happily, tenderly, freely,
As many ways to return it.

—Kitty White



The Poet

The other day an acquaintance of mine came to me for advice about some of his literary works. I didn't know until after his arrival that it was poetry he meant, and I must admit I was quite pleased for I pride myself somewhat on my knowledge of verse. He was extremely nervous as he handed me his manuscript and seemed very anxious for my approval. I was a little amused at what I saw, but I was aware that firmness may very well have been the best teacher.

"What is this?" I asked

"What do you mean?"

"Do you realize this thing rhymes?" I inquired looking at him directly in the eye. I decided to go a bit easier with him, but as I observed other inexcusable blunders, my patience wore thin.

"This line structure," I cried, "and these simple little everyday

words. Are you conscious of the fact that anyone could read and enjoy this?"

At this he couldn't find my eyes. He stared directly at the floor; it was quite touching, but I went on.

"Look at me!" I demanded, "'and what kind of subject do you pick to write about? Did you ever hear of Milton writing on a simple little subject like this? Does Sandburg ever write a poem that rhymes or any other great poet living or dead for that matter?"

I felt then that what he most needed was an example for he seemed quite in the dark and at random, I picked a poem from my desk drawer by Scolius Nerds and handed it to him. It goes thus:

"ODE TO A DIRT CLOD"

Oh, clod of dirt,
Why art thou so beautiful to me!
Whether thy art caused by
A rainstorm or a golfer's bad
Putt
Thou art wonderful to me.
Oh, clod clod clod of dirt
Close thy soilly little ears to
Those who choose to call you a blob of
M
U
D.

I was not oblivious to his apprehension then of what I meant, for his eyes lightened up with understanding. He held his chin up like a hero and shook my hand. As he closed the door behind him, a tear rolled down my cheek, for I knew a great deal of good had been done to that young author and it was I that had done it.

—Billy Crawford

PAIN WASN'T THE QUESTION

The small boy whimpered as his mother eyed him with anger. As she questioned him, anxiety played about her words.

"Greg, why in this world did you take the knife when I put it away on purpose? If I hadn't bound your finger when I did, it — well, I still don't know what the doctor will say."

"But, Mommy it didn't hurt much."

Realizing his argument was weak, the child shrank into a silence walled by deep thought; his mother pressed the subject no longer.

Mrs. Thomas, recalling this incident as she sat alone in her living room, remembered also the day Greg had been dismissed from high school as very ill. To her he later confided that quick, successive gasps of air had caused his fainting. None of the other boys had been able to pass out.

In college the explanation for Greg's absence from classes had been an overdose of sea-sick pills. It had been recorded as accidental. No one ever knew how long he had gone without food during the weeks following his honor-packed graduation. He gradually appeared weaker, then in the same slow, mysterious way gained back his strength.

Gazing at the words which had been left for her eyes alone, Mrs. Thomas let fall to her lap the letter, the answer to it all.

"It isn't going to hurt; besides, the greatest of my many curiosities will be satisfied."

Numbly she stared at the door which, only a few moments before, had framed the policeman who brought the news—Robert Gregory Thomas had died of exhaust fumes in his car.

—Jean Ogburn

HEAD SHRINKING

The savage Jivaros fight constant revenge wars. They believe that nothing is an accident; especially death. A Jivaro who dies must be avenged by the taking of a head. It is believed that after a death has been avenged, the avenged tribe member, even after death, keeps on fighting his enemies.

When a tribe member dies or some misfortune befalls a tribe, the medicine man uses a narcotic, nateema, to drive himself into a trance. In this trance he believes the spirits tell him who is responsible. After he is out of the trance, he tells the tribe, and war is declared.

On the night before the war begins, there is a wild dance in the camp. The warriors paint themselves vividly and dress up quite elaborately. They believe that if they should die in the attack, they should look their best. A huge fire is built; and at a signal from the chief every warrior jumps up, grabs his lance, and starts to dance. The dancing for a while is somewhat disorganized and consists mainly of yelling and shouting curses upon the enemy. There is much drinking of nyimanche; and as the warriors become influenced by the drink, the dance becomes wilder. The rhythm of the drums is captivating and soon the warriors form two lines. One line faces the other, and they point their lances at each other. The warriors yell and scream at each other; then they make practice lunges at each other with their lances. This, along with the heavy drinking, goes on all night. As the morning comes, the warriors have generally all passed out at one place or another. They are awakened, however, and the

attack begins. They are in a state of insane-madness and are ready to fight. The journey is long to the enemy camp.

The attack must be made while the warriors are still "whooped-up." The attacking group journeys to the camp and they hide until nightfall. They wait for someone to open the door to his hut as it is absolutely the only way to gain entrance. When some unsuspecting victim opens the door, the warriors swarm in, killing everyone who gets in the way. The men are the target; but the women, children, and old people are lanced if they get in the way. After the battle is over, the slain enemy men are carried outside and their heads severed from their bodies. Sometimes, the warriors do not even wait for the victim to die. The remaining women and children are taken prisoners. To take a head, the skin on the chest is cut and rolled back, the muscles are cut through, the vertebrae separated by lance point, and the head is taken.

The shrinking is done before the warriors return home. After the head is taken, the hair is parted and a cut is made along the part. The skull bones are then removed. The lips are then sewn together by means of long wood shafts. The shafts are about three inches long and about three of them are used. A type of thread, being quite heavy, is also used. After the eyes are gouged out, the eyelids are also sewn tightly. The medicine man prepared the pots, and the heads are boiled. A juice from a special vine keeps the hair from coming out. The head is boiled for about two hours; then it is removed from the boiling mixture. Stones which have been heated red hot in the fire are placed inside the boiled head. They are shaken around to sear away loose flesh and dry out the skin. As these stones are used, the warrior shapes the face carefully. The stones are poured out and sand placed inside instead. It is whirled around, and it acts as a kind of final cleanser. The sand is poured out, and the opening in the neck sewn

closed. The facial features are remarkably preserved. The attack is now complete. The prisoners, women and children only, are taken back to camp to become members of the capturing tribe. It is common for these prisoners to take part in a raid on their own kinfolk.

The endless cycle of revenge war continues in the Amazon Valley. No one knows how many die daily. Only by the practice of polygamy are these savages, these head-hunters, these primitive beings, still in existence.

Basically the Jivaro head-hunter gains a self-satisfaction in taking a head. He is a success only when he avenges a death of one of his own. He believes in this as much as you and I believe in our God. He must avenge. He must kill. Thus the law of the jungles prevails. Kill or be killed. The savages take an eye for an eye and a head for a death. So it goes there in the green belt—the Amazon Valley.

—Douglas Albright



Beware The Pale Grapefruit

Grapefruit is the most degenerate force in the history of man. It has driven more adults to violent insanity and more children to delinquency than any other element in society. Why, I have known grown men to be brought to gibbering incoherence when confronted with a half grapefruit on a plate. You may laugh; I did too—at first. Then one bright shining morning I happily approached the breakfast table (unarmed). When (oh joy complete and rapture unbounded) what to my wondering eyes should appear but a tiny grapefruit. Unsuspectingly I sat and stuck a spoon into this delicious-appearing treat. Then out of a clear blue sky, unprovoked, that great malevolent monstrosity with all the hate and dislike of an annoyed wasp squirted me—right in the eye. Now I ask you, is there any cause for such behavior?

I screamed, "This is war, you villain!" and stuck again. Still I could not win, for that grapefruit even more aggravated by my superior intelligence in hiding behind a newspaper, jumped up off the table and skidded across the floor. Pursuing my advantage, I picked up my napkin and proceeded to chase the delinquent food all over the house. It got away.

All during citrus fruit season (in other words, every day) this performance was repeated—the grapefruit always winning, until in disgrace and shame I was forced to hide in a dark cellar all morning long, knowing that my friends were laughing at me because I couldn't outsmart a squirt.

—Diana Evans

young age
that stage
casual brush
secret crush

older age
that stage
first date
it's great

bit older age
now that stage
first kiss
real bliss

now no tyke
the boys I like
are farther apart
when take my heart
they keep it longer

right in here
I fear
in a pickle
not so fickle
anymore

increased my age
still no sage
for sure bet
the older I get
the harder I fall

—Betty Rose

TRAGEDY

The ominous sky was deep purple and filled with the rolling black clouds of the swiftly approaching storm. The atmosphere was oppressive, heavy, and dark, making everything sticky to touch. It smelled of dead things.

The color of the heaving ocean fluctuated from greenish to deep blue to gray. As far the eye could see, there were white caps on the undulating water, sending up a mist as they lapped back and forth. Closer up the surf rhythmically pounded the shore with such force that great sprays of foam were thrown into the air. I licked the salt from my lips, and the sand that had blown into my mouth grated between my teeth as I clenched them together. I was thirteen the summer I stood there at the edge of a crowd of curious and horrified people. We were watching the tiny white boat laboriously make its way toward an object which was washing farther and farther from shore.

Time seemed to be an eternity. Then, at last, the boat started back. It made a crunching sound as it grated on shore. The heads of the people seemed bowed in prayerful hopefulness. A giant of a man, bronze from the sun, quickly stepped from the boat, picked up a bulky, white, and motionless form, and carried it to a colorful pallet on the sand which was made from gaudy beach towels.

Another eternity of time. Then he arose, placed a drab green army blanket over the form, and shook his head as if he were about to offer some explanation and changed his mind.

Suddenly the wind, calm until now, rose to almost gale force. Foam was sprayed higher and farther, and the sand stung as it whipped against bare skin. The crowd seemed to melt silently into the swirling sand and approaching dusk. They scurried to the shelter of their cozy

cottages—shelter from the wind, from the burn of the sand ,and shelter from the reality of death.

The wind screamed around the corner and slammed the screen door behind me with a resounding bang that seemed to add a note of finality.

Martha Jordan



AIR CASTLE

The strong foundation had been laid—
 A stone upon a stone.
Then slow the sides began to form,
 As brick on brick was thrown.
The solid walls still higher rose.
 The spire pierced a cloud.
The inside was completed, and
 It stood there, lone but proud.
Then Time on silver wings flew by
 And covered it with dust,
Then watched it slow disintegrate,
 As all unused things must.
'Tis good to build a castle high
 Into the open air,
If one will nourish it with bricks
 Of constant work and care;
But once erected, if it stands
 Unused from day to day,
The wind will come along to blow
 Its crumbling walls away.

Bonnie Adelstein

ONE ALTERNATIVE

"Look, Daddy! See how white it is? What's that?" said Johnny, pointing to the lights of a city and screaming in order to be heard above the roar of the engine of the plane that his father had bought only a day ago.

"Hummm? Oh That's Detroit. We just left there," his father said, obviously preoccupied and worried. Mr. Faulkner was attracted by a low-lying fog bank into which he knew he would have to descend. Weather reports indicated that the bank covered almost all of the middle northern states, and his destination lay right in the middle of it. It suddenly occurred to him that he had had his flying license only a week and knew nothing of blind landing operations.

"Gee, Daddy, look at all the presents! Do you think Mommy will like hers? They all cost a lot of money, didn't they?" exclaimed Johnny as he glowed like the brightest Christmas tree in Peoria. He was looking at the wrapped packages behind the two seats, knowing that somewhere in the pile of gifts were his own.

"Yes," said his father with a sudden tension in his voice. He was pale with the realization that the weight of the packages had caused the small craft to use a lot more fuel than he had counted on. A cold sweat began to break out on his forehead, and he knew all his money could not get him out of this one.

An hour passed, and Mr. Faulkner wondered if he would ever see Keena, his young and beautiful wife, again. She always looked her best around Christmas. He had not responded to any of Johnny's

questions in this past hour. The shrill voice had begun to get on his nerves, but for the last five minutes Johnny had been silent. He realized something was amiss. Mr. Faulkner calculated that he was close enough to Peoria to call for landing instructions, "N. C. — 46105 calling Peoria Tower. Request landing instructions."

"Light craft?" barked the stern voice from the tower.

"Yes."

"Do you have facilities for blind landing?"

"No."

"Then I suggest you stay aloft until this mess begins to break up—how much fuel do you have?"

"I'm almost empty."

"You fool, didn't you read the weather report from the last check station?"

"I forgot to."

Silence——

"There is nothing to do but bring you in on radar beam. What's your present position?"

"Five miles out—northeast."

"I've picked you up on the 'feeler'. Continue your present course for three minutes. Lose altitude at 1,000 feet per minute. That will put you right on top of the fog bank. When I tell you to drop into the bank, take your hands off the controls. Use your rudder to keep from stalling, and let her follow her nose. There is no need for course variation since we have a northeast runway. When you get close enough, I'll pick you up by ear and talk you in. Remember, above ALL things, keep your hands off that stick until I tell you otherwise. Do you read me?"

"I-I-I think so." Johnny, seeing how nervous his father was, began to cry. Mr. Faulkner had a sudden feeling that he was not capable of meeting the task before him, but he had to try for the sake of his son.

He was on top of the fog bank now. The gruff, but somehow concerned voice from the tower crackled over the phones, "Now,

drop your stick, and let her fall. Not too fast now. I can hear you. Remember to keep your hands off the stick."

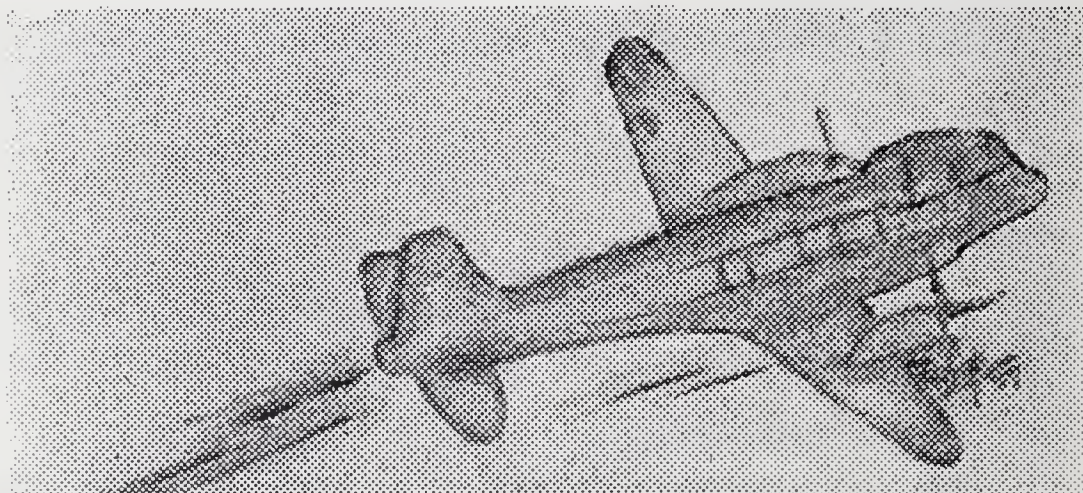
The only lights Mr. Faulkner could see were the lights from his instrument panel. The fog obscured even his wing tips. It was like flying in thick, black soup. He couldn't take it any longer and grabbed the stick, pulling the plane up out of the fog.

"What's the matter?" yelled the voice on the phone. "I had you right on course."

"I just can't do it. I'm sorry for all the trouble, but I just can't do it." The engine sputtered and then died.

The man in the control tower crushed his cigarette into the desk and covered his eyes with his hands. The last words he had heard were, "Merry Christmas!"

Camille Merriman



Old Man

What does he dream of—the old man who sits in a patch of sunlight, peacefully smoking his pipe? Does he remember the days of youth and what a glorious specimen of manhood he was?

The strong sun is not kind to him. It lights the wrinkled skin, plays on swollen fingers which feebly clutch his pipe. But it is warm here. He does not wish to stir, since it only makes him more aware of the joints that creak, the limbs that don't respond as they used to do.

What is left for him in life but to dream of the days gone by, remembering, always remembering?

So he sits, suspended in time, basking in a golden past.

—Rinda King

The Unyielding Door

"Light honey?" Allen's voice had a gentle touch that Karen hadn't heard since the first years of their marriage.

"Thanks, y - - you know me. I never have a match." The words sounded strange to Karen's ears. Was that *her* voice?

Allen and Karen both glanced toward the door, their eyes trying to pry behind it. Everything was quiet and still. The silence taunted them.

Allen's next words made them both jump. "I believe it's going to clear up outside; rain's slackened a little."

Karen tore her eyes from the mocking door and turned them toward the window. Without really seeing whether it was clear or rainy she automatically agreed with Allen. "Yes, it does look better."

"Honey," Allen reached across the sofa on which they were sitting and rather clumsily took her hand. "You look awfully tired. Don't you want to lie down?"

Karen's attempt at a casual laugh stuck in her throat. "Really, Allen, I'm okay."

Silence again. A dreadful silence. Karen's cigarette smoke choked her. Funny. Usually it was someone else's smoke that bothered her. Well, since it was her own, she could duck the cigarette if she wanted to.

She glanced at Allen. His gaze was where she knew it would be, on the door—the unyielding door. Feeling her eyes upon him, Allen turned toward her, and with that strange and gentle kindness still in his voice, said, "It's been two hours."

Two hours! If he had said two days, Karen wouldn't have been surprised. Why, surely she had been sitting here for more than two hours. How long had it been since—but no, she musn't think about that. Yet her thoughts would not obey her. They insisted upon going back to only a few hours earlier.

She and Chester, her bright five year old, were outside. He was playing about the yard having a marvelous time, while she was reading the paper, the women's section.

How pretty the young brides were! How happy the expressions on their faces! One couple looked very much as she and Allen had looked when they were first married. She was so wistfully engrossed in the picture that she temporarily forgot about Chester, but the sickening screech of brakes snapped her out of it. She could still see Chester's little body, thrown yards from the car and yet, miraculously, not lifeless.

The only thing that she remembered about the trip to the hospital was that she kept screaming, "Hurry, please hurry," until her throat ached. Once at the hospital someone led her into a room, this room. Then Allen came. His face was white; she remembered that. Chester was his whole life, too. At least they had one thing in common; they both loved Chester.

And now here they both were, waiting for the door to open and Dr. Perrins to come out and—

Karen's thoughts were interrupted. Could it be possible? Yes, the knob had turned. The door was opening. Oh, how long it seemed to take, as though it wanted to torture her by not letting her know if—

Dr. Perrins, looking tired, came into the room and quietly closed the door behind him. Karen and Allen's faces asked the same question. Dr. Perrins smiled.

"I think he'll be all right now, folks. He's a brave fellow."

All was silent for a moment. Karen closed her eyes and thanked God. Allen, staring gratefully at the doctor, was the first to speak.

"Would you let us see him now, Doc?"

"Certainly. Come this way."

The couple anxiously followed Dr. Perrins. Chester was in a room with many others of the doctor's patients. They all three walked to his side. His eyes were closed, but he seemed to be resting peacefully.

"You see, his hind legs were broken and one of his front ones," the doctor explained. "He won't be able to walk for quite awhile, but

he was lucky. I had a collie in here the other day—looked a lot like Chester in fact—and the poor fellow's whole body was crushed."

"Like Chester might have been." The thought made Karen shudder.

"When can we take him home, Doc?" Allen inquired.

"Well, leave him here a couple of days. I'll give you a ring, okay?"

"Sure, Doc, and thanks." With a final pat for Chester, Karen and Allen left the sick-animal ward.

In the sunshine once again Allen took Karen's hand. "C'mon, honey. I'm—I'm glad everything's okay now."

"Yes, so am I."

—Judy Kellett



Quiet

The night was dark and still, a picture of peace and tranquillity. Across the river a dozen pinpoints of light were bobbing up and down with the restless waves. Along the shore majestic pines rose straight up to the sky. Their gently waving boughs seemed to sweep the stars of their dust and sprinkle it on the shimmering water. A solitary man stood on the weather-beaten boards of the old pier, staring silently into the darkness. Slowly he turned from the quietude of the scene and walked toward his home. The night closed around his fading image and returned to its serenity.

—Kay Wood

The Missing Finger

You have heard thousands of legends; yet I want to tell you a true story that has become a legend. You may not believe this, but had you been with me, you would.

I was visiting a friend, David MacDonald, in Scotland at the turn of the century. I had met him at Princeton and was visiting him during the summer of his eighteenth year. He lived on a wind-swept moor in what had once been a great castle.

After supper one evening we retired to the den. The subject of his mother's missing ring finger came up. I had noticed it during supper, so he began his unbelievable story.

"About three years ago we returned home to find my mother dead. We made funeral preparations, and she was buried two days later on the moor to the north which has been the family cemetery for decades.

"I don't know why men want to bury their wives with their rings. In Mother's case it might have been that her rings would not come off without a great deal of pressure. Anyway it seems to be the custom, and Father decided to bury Mother with hers. Mother had some of the finest stones in her rings that I have ever seen. This fact was widely publicized.

"After we returned from the funeral, we were all sitting here in the den. For the first time I fully realized my mother was gone. I had lost my grandparents at a previous time, but now I sensed a premonition that all was not right which had not been present in my previous experiences of death. Drifting into a daze, I wondered how it felt to be at rest in the grave.

"How it feels I don't know, but one thing is certain. My mother was not at rest! A young man who needed money had heard about the rings. He had come to the church and had seen the rings while

the casket was open. His desire for the rings was now uncontrollable. At the very moment we were in this den, he had already dug up the casket and was opening it.

"Not being a scoundrel by nature, but driven to this by the need of money, he grew extremely frightened. In his hurry he could not get the rings off. This fact terrified him even more. He took out his knife and cut off the finger and rings. By this time he was so terror-stricken that he ran, taking the rings and leaving everything else as it was—even his name on a piece of paper which had fallen from his pocket.

"We knew none of this. The light in the lamp was burning low. The fire was also low; and as I came out of my daze, everyone seemed to be dozing, for it was nearly twelve. It had been a gray, rainy day with the wind whistling weirdly through the cracks. Suddenly our watch dog howled long and clear. The wind then came in a violent gust, and the shutters banged. The lamp flickered and went out, leaving only the embers of the fireplace giving light.

"By this time everyone was wide awake. The door downstairs opened creaking weirdly. The door shut, and someone started up the stairs. Father finally said, 'If I did not know Mother to be dead, I would swear it was her.' A cold clammy feeling came over me. I could see that everyone was petrified. Every eye in the room was focused on the door. The climber reached the top of the stairs. The door opened; and there was Mother looking as she always had except she was pale, and her hand was bleeding profusely.

"She was there because her finger had been cut, and increase in blood flow had brought her out of the coma. We all rejoiced to have her back! I don't know how to explain it to you, but I think I know somewhat how Lazarus's family must have felt when Christ raised him from the dead. It is a strange feeling—one of joy, yet mysterious and eerie."

You probably think this is where the story ends. The legend does end here! I also thought this was the end, but he continued. He carefully described his emotions to me. After his mother returned, David decided to find the man who had stolen the rings. Since they lived in one of the most isolated spots of Scotland, and the police force was inadequate, David took the matter of finding the thief into his

own hands. He didn't know why he wanted to find him ;he just did.

It took David's brilliant mind and a lot of hard work to find this man. How he did it is irrelevant.. The fact is that he did.

David said he cornered him in a place that was away from the public. This man did not know David, but David had proof that this was his man. He walked up to the man and stopped right in front of him. David's right hand was in his pocket on an open knife. Then a thought came into his mind. It was not really a thought but a question. I leave you with the question David left with me, and I ask you to put yourself in his place.

"Would you take your hand out of your pocket and shake hands thanking him for saving your mother's life, or would you kill him for disturbing her in peace?"

By David Craig



On Weighing In Public

I guess those big shoes of hers did weigh quite a bit, and her pocketbook was rather large, but then she was no small person either. If she didn't want people to know how much she weighed, why, of all the places available, did she choose to weigh in public? She stood on tiptoe and covered the number with her big fat hand. Of course, no one could tell in what general area her weight lay, could he? Naturally, she had to subtract five pounds for the banquet she had just devoured, and ten more for her pocketbook and shoes. Didn't she hear someone say that clothes usually weighed about two pounds, and she just knew the scales were off several pounds. Of course those scales weren't off! Scales don't lie. Why can't some women just admit they're overweight? I would. I'll just step up on the scales and —oops, maybe they do need readjusting.

—Maranell Pearsali

Poetry With An Elizabethan Trim

'Twas the night before Hal'ween and all 'round our place
Simply no one was sleeping, not even the brace
Of daughters, who always were in bed by eight,
For they had a reason to be up so late.

To Grandmother's house down the road they both ran,
Saying, "Mom has a problem that seems close at hand.
Our dad's not at home, could you take our mother
To see the good doctor and get us a brother?"

They sped to the doctor as fast as could be,
With one disappointment, their he was a she.
The baby was red from her feet to her head,
But the red on her head she never would shed.

For assortment of colors this family was set.
There now was a redhead, a blond, and brunette.
The three were as different as night time from day,
But played well together Mom still has to say.

The oldest, thirteen, the next was just ten,
While baby still played in her little play pen.
They lived in the country where each day they grew;
The names of the trees and the flowers they knew.

But speaking of names, I'd better say here
That "Boots" was the name of the last little dear.
Liz'beth Celeste was her name, I'll confess,
But she loved the horses, and "Boots" fit her best.

Their daddy thought Boots was a boy for him sent,
She tagged at his heels and went where he went.
They fished and went hunting and shot guns for fun;
Awards for their shooting they both now have won.

But soon Boots was six and to school she was sent;
The school was in Sedgefield, near-by where she went.
She loved her nice teacher, Miss Davis by name;
She fought all the boys—they got the blame.

The kids called her "Red" and "Freckles" and "Slim,"
And each of these suited her, all three of them.
To horses and cowboys she now gave her time,
(It's really a chore to make this thing rhyme).

The days made up weeks, the weeks made up years;
In the third grade it happened and all were in tears.
Then Boots started coughing by day and by night.
The doctor told Mom that T. B. she must fight.

The child soon recovered and went back to school;
She was now a real lady, obeyed every rule.
She'd given up fishing and put up her gun,
But horses she never gave up, they were fun!

The summer of nineteen and fifty-four
Found Boots in New York, quite a place to explore.
She went to the plays, Grand Opera, and such;
The subways and baseball she liked, oh, so much.

But the day came too soon to pack and return;
That time was approaching, more school, more to learn.
The thought of meeting and learning new things
At high school gave pleasure that still with her clings.

The first day at Senior was spooky and weird;
She stared at the people, they back at her peered.
The ceilings were high, the walls all so wide,
She had many butterflies deep down inside.

This day was but one little thorn on the rose,
She was happy with friends and the subjects she chose,
The Latin was rigid, Mrs. Madlin was tough,
But math was the subject she found really rough.

With lessons all learned, and grades pretty sound,
Her name on the roll of honor was found.
This gave an incentive to learn, yes, and firm,
In hopes to exempt an exam at mid-term.

Parties and dances and dates all combined
Made up a school year that seldom you find.
But when summer came she was glad it was done,
And went off to camp for three months of fun.

Here swimming and riding and boating with friends
Took place of the school work, for it made amends.
Then quick as a flash the whole summer had gone,
The trees were all barren, and brown was the lawn.

Boots now was a Junior, just two years to spend
Before her dear parents to college would send.
This year was great fun from the first to the last;
It left dreams and mem'ries, but fled by too fast .

She's now a big Senior, a happy one too,
The N. H. S. tapping is soon to be due.
A member in this she is sure she won't be;
Her tapping was quite a surprise so you see.

Torchlight is the name of the club you recall;
The group of its members is really quite small.
I insert this bit of conceit for you see,
It gave me a reason to think, "What to be."

Next year she will leave and go all to college.
Duke is her choice for more growth and knowledge.
There she will learn a profession and plan
That every girl learns—how to land her a man.

Elizabeth Antrim

I SPEAK FOR DEMOCRACY

It was a beautiful day when we left our village. The soft breeze was swinging the corn back and forth in the fields, and the happy songs of the birds were echoing through the valley. Yet, ladies and gentlemen, there was a feeling of tension in the air, a feeling of doom.

Into the mountains, we went, seeking refuge from those who wanted to govern us and take away our freedom. When we reached a cliff, all of us turned and looked at our valley for the last time. It was very picturesque with its high mountains and hilly meadows. Even though I was a very small child, I knew that I would never again see our valley. I knew that I would never again experience the happy times I had; I knew that I would never again skip along the road without a care in the world.

For days we heard nothing; it was as though everything had come to a stand still and waited for destruction to come. On the fourth day we saw a cloud of smoke coming from below and we knew that they were burning our village. Do you know how it feels to see all your dreams, all your lifetime hardships to go up into smoke in a matter of minutes? I'll tell you how it feels. It feels like the world is coming to an end for you. In that moment, you die a little inside though you

utter no word of pain; it hurts deep, deep inside of you. Your facial expressions are of torment, of fear, and of defeat.

After a week we returned to our destroyed village. As far as the eye could see there was nothing left except ashes. Here was nothing for us, but since we were people who had a desire to live and to work for a better life, we turned to face the fate of tomorrow. "Where?" To America, the land that had given shelter to those who were in need of it. For hundreds of years this country had opened its doors to the homeless. My mother, my brother, and I were among the thousands that entered the doors of this country.

We were welcomed. We were given a chance to build a happier and more secure life for ourselves. Though we were foreigners, we were given the same rights as those whose ancestors came to America. We are happy that we live in a democratic country. I have seen the happiness in their faces. I have seen it in the face of a cafe owner who a short number of years ago was an immigrant himself and without hope. I have seen it in the faces of a family going to church on Sunday. Freedom to worship as they please; in their country it was forbidden. Here we have freedom of religion. We are proud that we live in a country which has more jobs, more food, more factories, more schools than any other country in the world. Today we are proud, proud to say "I am an American."

My story to you is not fiction. It is true. I have lived in Greece during the war, and I have seen men die for freedom. I have heard the anguished cries of a mother who had lost her only son in the war, but deep in her heart she knew he had not died in vain. I have seen young boys lined up against the wall and shot. People have lost their homes rather than admit defeat. Freedom is priceless. Freedom is life itself. Democracy to me means freedom. I know.

Frances Demetriou

Graduation

June second. Graduation was over. I walked down the empty halls, my footsteps echoing sharp staccato taps against the familiar gray cement. The building, devoid of the perpetual crowds of laughing teenagers, looked drab, deserted in the afternoon sun. The murmuring of the hall clock was a new sound in the absence of banging locker doors. Classrooms were cold and unreal. It was hard to realize we had spent so many fruitful months here, absorbing a part of the world's knowledge. We had felt so safe then, swarms of confident seniors preparing to face the world together, but now, alone, I felt the powerful impact of what lay before me. We were together no longer. My senior class was absorbed in a multitude of senior classes, all searching for the key to their futures.

College loomed unsure and frightening around the next bend. What did life hold in store for each of us? The uncertainty of my answer brought an empty feeling to the pit of my stomach as I looked out over the deserted football stadium. Such a mixture of things raced through my mind. I was still a child, needing parental guidance, but yet, I was fast becoming an adult, one of many young adults groping for a firm foothold in life.

My classmates must have felt the same conflicting emotions. They were facing this new threshold with me. Throughout high school we all strived earnestly toward perfection. Many were the nights we sat around the dining room table coaching one another on tricky assignments. The stability evoked by that circle of familiar faces linked in study was no longer before us. Yet—somehow this new challenge would be met and conquered. We would take it in our stride. Bit by bit we would take our respective positions in the ranks of a democracy's well-informed citizens. Now we are unsure, not knowing what to expect, but we are also brave, young Americans, brave!

As I thought of these things, I squared my shoulders and walked away from the solitude of the old brick building, never once looking back. For now I knew I had gathered courage for the struggle ahead.

—Sue Levine

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