

home spun

1958



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**Homespun**

**1958**

# PREFACE

Having homespun it by hand into a wonderfully simple and mayhap lasting fabric, we present to you the whimsies, opinions, and ideals of GHS as they have been expressed through the medium of pen and ink during 1957-1958.

Each fiber is hand-picked for quality rather than variety in form or source although we believe the over-all to be a quite representative swatch of GHS creativity.

Such details of design as the new system of indexing, the notation of each author's class, '58, '59, '60 and the outstanding and exemplary art work contributed by the Art Department under the direction of Mrs. Guy Rose have been added to complement the admirable tradition set and maintained by previous staffs.

You, the student body, gave the raw material and we, the staff, have, with the co-operation of many citizens, businessmen, and faculty members, woven them, we hope, deftly. Now we give them back to you in the product of our mutual efforts, the 1958 HOMESPUN.

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## *In A Library*

It was raining gently as Miss Jeffreys bolted the heavy doors. The street lights had just come on, revealing the scurrying figures of men and women eager to get home after a busy day. So it was every evening as she stood there — people going somewhere, people living one day after the next as quickly as possible.

She turned away and walked back into the world of bookshelves and unabridged dictionaries. Her life itself had been bound by the very walls, her footsteps paced by the narrow aisles, her voice modulated by the echoes of every turning of a page. Outside, she was nothing; here she was ruler supreme, and here she soared far above the commonplace in her books.

Her driving force was to read and know great literature, therefore rising above the unbearable mediocrity of her existence. She was repelled by the reading habits of her townspeople, who avidly devoured the bestseller lists, and of their children, who opened the door only to copy a report from one of the encyclopedias. "What insensitive creatures they are," she often thought.

Slowly she switched off the lights until only the small bulb in the back was burning. As she passed by the last row of shelves, she noticed a small book lying open on a bottom shelf and knelt to replace it in alphabetical order.

Instinct prompted her to glance at the selection, and, to her

surprise, it was open to Elizabeth Browning's sonnet, "How Do I Love Thee." Her eyes scanned the familiar verse: "How do I love thee. I love thee to the depth and breath and height my soul can reach . . ." further down, the page was blotted, and the blot was still damp.

As she left her little library that night, Miss Jeffreys had a new regard for her readers.

*Sue Hoffman '58*



*It is night.*

*Earth lies dreaming, wrapt*

*In a cloak of tranquil splendor.*

*The ghostly visage of her sister moon, brooding overhead,*

*Keeps virgil*

*With the myriad eyes of stars.*

—Rinda King '59



# the prodigal pup

And it came to pass that the Prodigal Pup took a journey into the far streets in search of additional subsistence. He had a spur to prick the sides of his intent—a vaulting hunger. Stealthily, he walked along the narrow way, looking like the innocent flower but, truly, the Prodigal Pup under it.

Suddenly, there appeared before him the object of his search. He said, “Hark! Is this a garbage can I see before me? . . . Mine eyes are made the fools o’ the other senses, and yet, I see thee still! . . . I am faint; my body cries for food! . . . To do or not to do’t, that is the question.” He stood in indecision for a moment. Then he murmured, “Stars hide your fires; let not man see my black and deep desires . . . I dare do all that I may become a pup . . . If I screw up my courage to the sticking-place, I’ll not fail.”

Slyly, he crept forward as he thought to himself, “From this moment the very firstlings of my stomach shall be the very firstlings of my jaws . . . I go, and it is done.” With the skill of some practice, he soon had the garbage can overturned, its contents spread in bright array. “Hark, a can of beef!” said he. He poked his nose inside, then out again in disappointment, “Nothing is but what is not.” Then, having better luck, he exclaimed, “What, an egg!” He continued his pillage until all eatable contents had been devoured. Finishing, he growled, “I have done the deed.” He stood back to look. “This is a sorry sight! . . . O, my offense is rank; it smells to heaven.”

Slowly, he walked on. He found a doorway, sheltered from wind and rain; and after life’s fitful fever, he slept well.

Never was a story of more woe than of this pup with hunger as his foe.

*Pat MacRae '58*

# Did You Say

## A Character Sketch, Darling?

"Oh! Hello, darling! Be there in a minute. You know how that infernal hair dresser just can't hurry. Why he makes me late for everything I do, but he is good."

Yea! He makes you late, but if you'd lose some of that fat, you could move a lot faster. Huh, I can see right now this is going to be another one of those typical evenings with the old battle axe.

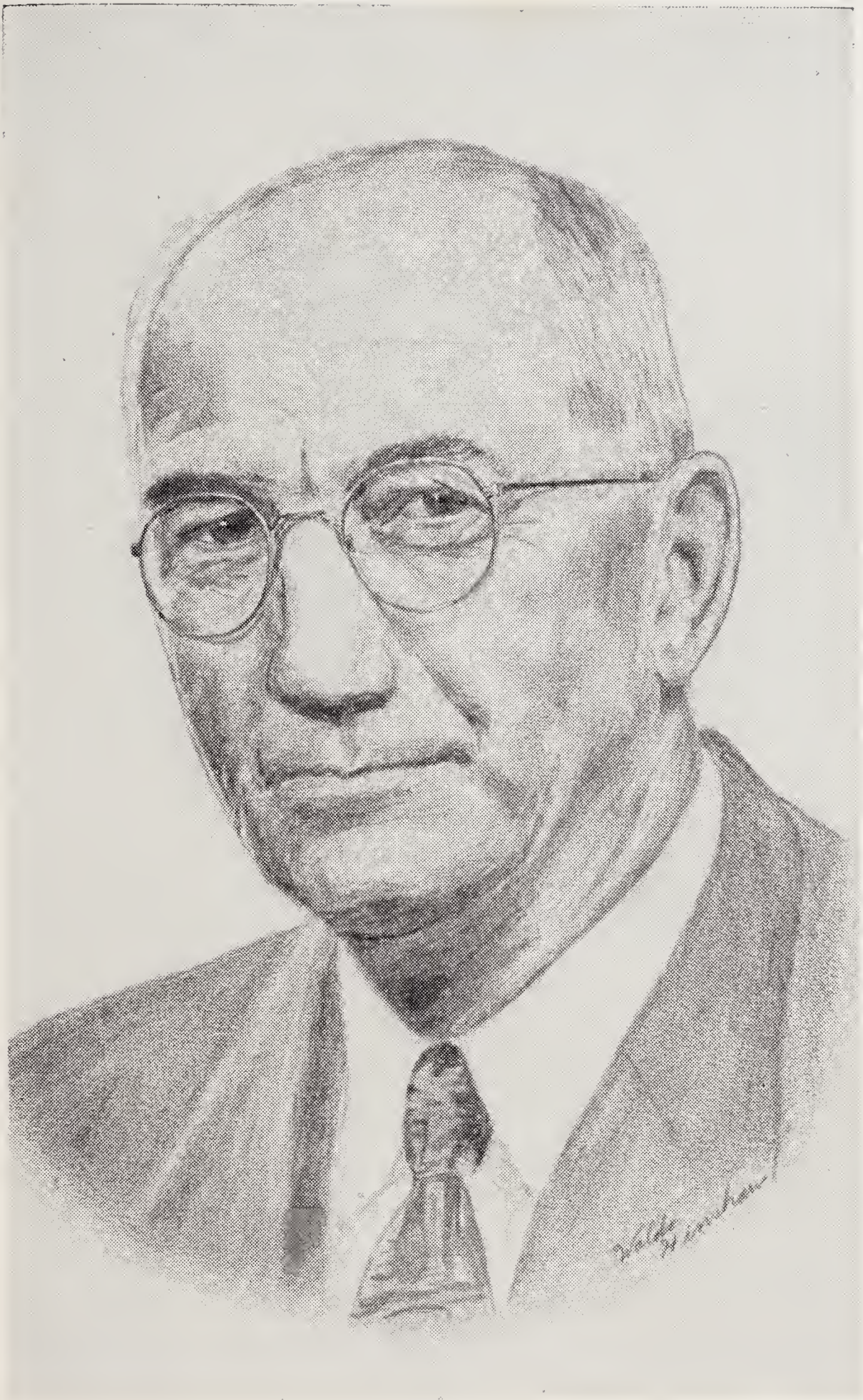
"Well, how do I look?"

"Simply charming as usual, dear."

"Please hurry, Phillip. darling. They are expecting us at ten, and I simply must go to Grace's first. I'm dying for one of her cocktails."

"I suppose you plan to get drunk as usual? When that big oil deal is over, I hope I can get rid of you and Grace.

"Oh, Grace, darling, how divine you look! Hello, Charles. Grace, dear, have you heard?"





"Well, Charles, 'ole boy' let's enjoy ourselves while they give poor Helen down-the-country."

"Say, Phillip, what you say we sneak my miniature chess set to that boring affair tonight and hide to play?"

"It does sound better than hearing the latest on Helen. We'd better get moving if we want to get to that affair, too. Dear, are you ready?"

"Yes, darling, we're coming, we're coming!"

Two hundred and fifty darlings and the life history of Helen later:

"Oh, darling, doesn't this place look wonderful?"

"I must admit it looks different." Of course, you always did think anything connected with J. J. Nickafeller and money looked wonderful.

"Grace, dear, look! There's Liz, 'the dill'. We must go to her."

"Well, Crarles, here's our chance; shall we make haste?"

"Liz, that dress! Where did you get it?" It really looks awful on her and those rhinestone earrings! "You look so charming. Where's Ann? Oh, there! Hello, Ann, Ed. Hello, darlings. Hello, Helen." Wonder if she's captured someone's husband yet? "Where is that Philip? He knows I must go home! Phillip, darling."

"Yes, dear."

"We must be going."

"Yes, I suppose you must check home."

"Oh, darling, I've had a wonderful evening. Maybe again soon? By the way, Father said you could close out that deal first thing in the morning."

"Excellent. Night, dear." Thank goodness, that's the last of you.

—Garry Roberson '60

# all over

It was mid-summer. The Georgia sun had sent its scorching rays over all the barren countryside. Remnants of once green fields now were bleak and charred. The blackened earth produced no more nourishment for its loving tenders. Only feathers were seen in the once bustling chicken lot. The landscape was unobstructed—and the heat penetrated deep.

Burned! Burned to the ground was the old mansion which had but yesterday stood so peacefully in all its southern grandeur. Sherman with all his devastation had come and gone.

The old colored woman huddled close to the crumbling chimney. She pulled her ragged skirt tighter around her—not for need of warmth, but more for comfort. She was old, had lived her life, had raised her chilluns, and had been faithful to her Masta. Now she was alone, and the thoughts of the past brought moisture to her eyes. Slowly, a tear traced a path down her dusty black cheek.

At a distance there appeared a uniformed man, young but rough-looking, dirty, and bedraggled. He limped down the graveled path towards the house. Mammy shrank back, and tension gripped her weary bones. It was one of Sherman's men, a low, ruffian deserter, the worst of the lot.

Close on his heels were several skinny, starved, half-mad mongrels. He turned, trying vainly to keep them off.

Hate showed through every inch of Mammy as she crept forward. In the shadow of a tree she paused, and bending awkwardly, picked up a small piece of molten iron. Summoning all her strength, she hurled the object in his direction, stared for a moment, and slowly made her way back to the chimney.

—Sue Snow '59

# SURPRISE

The traveler watched his car weave its way along the winding mountain road, moving toward a small mountain hamlet where he must stop to gain fuel and direction. The tiny village was just ahead, shining in the afternoon sun. The traveler pulled in to the "Lone Pump Gas Station," as he mentally labeled it, laughing at himself as he automatically debated to buy premium or regular.

Ignoring the traveler's wide grin, a seedy-looking attendant sauntered out of the station and inquired, "What'll it be, mister?"

"Fill'er up, buddy, and give me a few directions. I'm looking for highway 840A, over the mountains."

The attendant jumped, "You ain't planning to start now, are you mister? You better stay here tonight. My ma'll put you up."

"What? It's only two o'clock, buddy, and I plan to drive all night anyway."

"Listen, Mister," an oldster who had been listening to the conversation said, "you ain't going on this afternoon. Come night you'll still be in them mountains!"

The traveled stared, "You folks scared of the dark or something? I've driven on roads worst than this in blizzards!"

"It ain't the dark or the road we're leery of mister," came

the reply. "It's that thing what has red eyes and white teeth that we're afraid of. I seen it kill a man once and suck his blood, and I ain't never gonna forget. It ain't out in the daylight, mister."

"Now listen you," the traveler sputtered, "this whole damn thing is ridiculous. I come in here to buy gas, and you hicks try to make me waste a night of my money and my time in this dump because of a few wild tales about some animal. I ought to report you to the road map authorities." With this the traveler drove off, after paying his gas bill, which fully convinced him that the town existed only for the trapping of suckers. He had no trouble finding 840A; it was the only paved road leading out of the town, other than the one by which he had come.

If the traveler had been country born, he would have noticed that at a certain point along the roadside all forest noises were muted. Of course, he was not a "country farmer," as he thought of those erudite inhabitants of the rural sections, and that, coupled to the undeniable fact that noise was blaring from his radio caused him to notice no difference in his surroundings as he drove along. It was at this time, about five o'clock, that his leaky gas tank, which had cost him dearly at the station in town, dripped dry. His car sputtered unevenly to a halt, close to a tobacco-stained farmer.

The traveler greeted the farmer with a cheery, "Howdy, neighbor."

Along with a wad of tobacco came the reply, "Evenin'."

"My car here," the traveler related, "seems to have run out of gas."

"That so?"

"Yes, uh, youi wouldn't happen to have some gas you'd sell me, would you?"

"Nope."



“Well, you got a telephone or something I can use, maybe?”

“Nope.”

“You got a house around here I could stay at for the night? It’s too late now to walk anywhere. Don’t worry, I’ll pay for the room.”

The old farmer now stood up, pointing to a shack a few hundred yards away, “You don’t have to pay me no rent, mister; you can stay for the night if you’ll help me with a few chores.”

The traveler was surprised at this long sentence issuing forth from his new acquaintance, but nevertheless readily agreed to the old farmer’s offer, less that worthy change his mind and leave the traveler alone on the road for the night.

The farmer led the way to his home, and upon seeing it at close range the traveler wondered at the wisdom of his bargain. However, he had agreed, and there couldn’t be many chores to be done around here.

The traveler asked, “What you want me to do?”

He was told to “dig a hole” and was shown a just-started pit and a shovel. The pit, his suddenly informative host volunteered, was to be used for garbage, as wild animals were drawn to the cabin by unburied refuse.

While the traveler dug and sweated, the farmer sat, pausing at intervals only to relieve himself of tobacco juice. However, after a time, as the sun was setting, the traveler heard, “Deep ’nough,” and immediately quit his labor to follow the farmer into the shack. He was given a deep drink of water from an ice-cold water barrel, which drink put him into a good humor once more. The traveler then thought of the warning that he had heard in town, and told his host of it, concluding with, “. . . and isn’t that a lot of nonsense?”

The old farmer, his eyes changing to a ruddy red and his teeth to flashing white, said only, “Time for supper.”

—*Rodney Hill* ’59

## *A Prayer*

The year was 1939. Poland was shivering under the power of the Nazis. Towns were burned to the ground, and people were shot down like figures in a carnival gallery.

The town of Pleszew had been attacked the previous night, and fire still leaped from the houses and shops. People were crumpled over dead in the streets. Those who were wounded crawled about and pleaded for mercy as a beggar holds out his cup and begs for a few coins.

A small girl of about eight was slumped over in a gutter, but she was neither dead nor wounded. Exhaustion had overcome her, and she had taken refuge in the shallow trench. Her name was Natasha. Her family had been murdered by the German terrorists. She was thin from near starvation, and her clothes were torn in shreds.

The sound of a machine gun in the distance awoke her. She scrambled to her feet only to see destruction and dying people all around her. The wounded and dead were more than she could count, and the sight of those in agony made her want to run away, but she had no place to go.

She toiled down the street, but she stopped suddenly and gasped as she came upon the body of her playmate, Franz. His body had been terribly mutilated, and he was soaked in blood.

Uncertainty and fear climbed high inside her as she stumbled away from his body. She saw a gutter down the street where she might rest. As she walked to her concealment, the wind pricked her, and shivers ran up and down her spine. The stars looked down on her in compassion as she fell upon her knees in the gutter and began "Our Father who are in Heaven . . ."

—*Jane Thompson '59*

# PERILS Of Classroom Romances

Paper plain;  
Pencil keen;  
Search my brain;  
Message glean.

Write it down;  
Send it out.  
Teachers frown  
On its route.

Note received;  
All is read.  
Same retrieved;  
Light is shed.

Outlook bright;  
Smile is too;  
Friday night  
Rendezvous.

Teacher's eye  
Just like ice.  
I decry  
Her advice.

Down we go,  
Mister Routh;  
Dirty blow,  
Quite uncouth.

Not too good  
This I find.  
I conclude:  
Love unkind.

—Faye Lail '59

# **Jonathan Blutt**

Jonathas Blutt was more than mildly intoxicated. He was returning to his room in a flee-bag rooming house from an all-day-and-night bootleg saloon and abode of pleasure where he had spent the last of his week's wages on rotgut and women.

His state of mind was such that he could no longer be classified as a rational being. He could still enjoy his emotions, however, and felt mostly hatred—for the richer persons of the city, for his boss at the City Dog Pound Exterminating Works, who had fired him just one day ago for cruelty to the condemned beasts, and for everyone who was not like him in base habits and baser character.

Someday he would show them all. He, Jonathan Blutt, would make them grovel at his feet and force them to bow down to him until their so-clean noses scraped the filthy ground. He would be respected, feared, and powerful. People would cringe from his way and talk in hushed whispers as he passed down the street. He might even be mayor.

—Rodney Hill '59

# Completely Uneventful . . .

Outside, a tree limb scratched the window pane; the wind screamed around the corner of the house, then wailed down through the chimney. I clutched my book a little tighter and huddled closer against the chair. My eyes darted from corner to corner, scanning the room for some sign of movement. My heart pounded, pounded, pounded in my ears! It grew louder, louder, louder! Suddenly, I started! I gazed with horrified fascination at the drapes of the front window. Had they moved? Cold chills sent goose bumps up and down my spine; my scalp tingled with apprehension! I waited. The clock ticked off monotonous seconds; each minute held me rigid.

At last I summoned up enough courage to move. Slowly I rose to my feet and cautiously made my way to the 'hi-fi'. I turned the switch; a record fell into playing position. Never had Mozart sounded so comforting!

Breathing a sigh of relief, I sat down. Taking up my book, I resumed reading. Then it occurred to me—was the kitchen door locked? Had I been sitting here all this time with it . . .? Stealthily, I crept through the hall to the bedroom—all was safe there. After making my way to the side window, I raised the shade, just barely, and peered out. Thank heaven, no one was on the side porch! I raced back through the hall and dashed across the living room and into the kitchen. Skidding on the newly waxed floor, I came to a jerky halt with one hand fumbling for the lock. I turned it.

Trembling from head to toe, I returned to my post in the

living room. Picking up the book I had begun, I skimmed through a few more chapters. My nerves began settling back to normal. An hour passed; then two.

A car pulled into the driveway; a door slammed shut. I could hear footsteps on the gravel; then on the walk! Deliberate, unhurried, the footsteps came closer.

Was he back? I listened; every nerve strained with tension. Now, a key grated in the lock; the doornob turned; a crack of light appeared; the door was flung wide open! It was he!

“Are you ready?”

“Give me a few minutes.”

He directed me toward the doorway and asked, “Did you have any trouble?”

“No,” I replied, “everything was fine.”

He closed the door behind us and then smiled down at me. “We appreciate your coming tonight,” he said. “You know, good baby-sitters are hard to find!”

—*Mary Henderson* '58



I was hired.  
But later I got tired,  
For I was uninspired—  
So I retired,  
Fired.

—*Bill Walters* '60

# Just A Letter

It was just a letter written in pencil on plain white dime-store stationery; yet Jan bent closer, inspecting it minutely, for it was the first one Charles—or any boy, for that matter—had ever written her.

The handwriting is certainly not distinguished. Look how he makes his capital “d’s”. The one in *Dear* is about to fall on its oversized stomach. In fact, from a distance the whole page resembles a third-grade script exercise in executing loops. Moreover, the lines are too straight to have been made without a guide—he really tried to be neat there. Still, look at the way he had to fold the paper; it was too big for the envelope he used.

Jan smiled, thinking these thoughts, for she no longer saw a sheet of paper, but saw Charles writing the letter. The smile grew; it widened. A bubble of laughter hesitated on the curve of her lips and floated trembling skyward only to shatter and sprinkle its silver glitter in Jan’s eyes. Other bubbles followed. They collected on her heart, their pressure producing a little tight feeling; they rose along her spinal column tickling the nerves so that Jan hunched her shoulders in delight; they crowded her mind, loosing a memory with each bursting.

On hearing her mother’s voice, Jan looked up, suddenly feeling silly. “What’s so funny?” Mom asked.

“Oh, nothing,” Jan heard herself answer, “just a letter.”

—Betty Rose '58

# Jamestown, 1610

The February wind blew chilled as steel across a group of hovels planted tottering on a frozen Virginia shore. It tore at the houses as it sliced off the bay and tugged fiercely at my coat. It hissed through the chinking in the cabin and destroyed warmth with skilled and crafty fingers as a man picks cards from a table. I shrugged the cold off and trudged away from the village, leaving family and home and warm hearth behind to seek food. The fall had been bountiful, and we had reaped all possible, but even these stores were now running low. Powder and ball were scarce, and I felt nervous about the three musket balls and powder charges that bumped emptily in the leather case over my shoulder. Food was life. To miss was Death's triumph. Too often this winter had the men and women, good and true, of this settlement felled by the Grim Reaper's scythe. Food meant regained strength for the sick and nourishments for growing children. No ship from England had glided into the shores in months—it seemed years—and all homeland stocks were nigh to vanished.

The snow stood shin-deep; going became more rugged as I began to climb the hill back of the settlement. My mind paid less attention to the hunting duty than it should have. What lay beyond these first colonies? Was the land on which we are



are now rooted only a peninsula, or did it reach vast miles inland to deserts, fertile forests, or mountains never seen by human eye? The Indians surely knew, but little talk could be drawn from a frightened or stubborn brave.

No time for dreaming! Sick lay behind dependent on my gun and my skill with it. The leisurely jaunts back at the old estate were purely for pleasure and a friendly jest rewarded a miss. Now, if I fail, it means a life lost, a hungry child. There will be no sparrow shooting here!

Stopping to knock ice from my laden boots, I flung skyward a short word of prayer. If I ever needed Heaven's guidance, now was the time. I had hardly glanced downward when a flash of brown showed in a pine grove across the valley of snow. It had only been a ghost-glimpse, but it merited looking into.

Slowly there walked from behind an evergreen a magnificent buck deer! My entrails clawed at each other in excitement. In a flash he was gone! Instinct cried at me to get down out of sight and conceal myself. An unusual outline would spook the animal. No chances taken here! I judged the distance to the grove at about 300 yards over bare snow. To reach it or come near it seemed impossible. A plan began to form. I obviously had one chance at him and it was *now*, before he could escape. Taking off my heavy outer tunic and hat, I chose one shot and musket powder charge. The deer was upwind of me. GOOD.

The musket was heavy and cumbersome as I began to run, but it grew lighter as the distance sped beneath my flying legs. No sign of the deer. I bore down on the grove with ever increasing momentum and ended my run in a snow drift. I lay breathing hard and listening. Nothing moved. I waited: one minute, two, three. The cold crept in on me; I felt nothing. A branch stirred, and snow fell with a soft plop

not ten yards into the grove. The deer had not seen my ungainly approach! Soundlessly I peered around the pine. A stone's toss away stood the buck nibbling a pine bough! I drew back the hammer and muffled the "click" with a sleeve. Sweat poured from me despite the cold; I sighted nervously — slow as clockwork—and *fired*. With the flash and explosion the deer leaped off to the side and was gone.

I dashed up the short slope to the spot where he had stood and beheld a trail of blood leading off into the conifers. Condemning all delay or level thought, I unsheathed my knife. Carrying my heart in my teeth, I dashed up the crimson trail, floundering along, head down, intent on tracking. I nearly impaled myself on his antlers! Backing off a pace or two, I saw he stood between two pines, head lowered, glaring at me, breathing in gasps. Blood flowed gushingly from a wound behind his shoulder, and his gaze faltered. Determined not to give up was this old boy. We made a strange pair, the hunter and the prey, standing and staring severely at each other in the snow-laden pine grove. As if by signal, he gave a snort and charged out. I stood but an instant and then threw myself flat in the snow. He rushed past and over me; I rolled, stabbed, and *struck*; I was carried with him by the inertia, and we tumbled in a heap at the base of a scrub pine. A flurry of struggle followed, and then all was still.

I struggled out of the frey and gathered myself up. The battlefield was a bloody mess, and I no less a shambles. However, my attention was turned entirely to the fat buck deer that lay under the tree with my knife alongside. His charge had impaled and split him from breastbone to abdomen on my knife.

I took a deep breath of the icy air and once again flung skyward a prayer of praise: My God in Heaven be praised, that He has seen fit to feed his children!

*Fred Wedler '59*

*this little  
thing  
called me*

Please help this little thing called me  
A greater citizen to be;  
As I face this life in word and deed,  
Give me the courage that I'll need  
Please give me the strength to carry through  
The many tasks that are mine to do;  
So—that I may meet and face reality  
With my own conscience, not formality.  
Please help me not to seek position  
With selfish thoughts for recognition.  
Help me adjust to time and place,  
To any problem, creed, or race;  
And, may I grow in this my summing  
Into a person more becoming.  
As I look back on my reflections,  
Please help me master my predilections  
To make this little thing called me,  
A greater citizen to be!

—Sue Snow '59

# Haunted With History

I live in a haunted house.

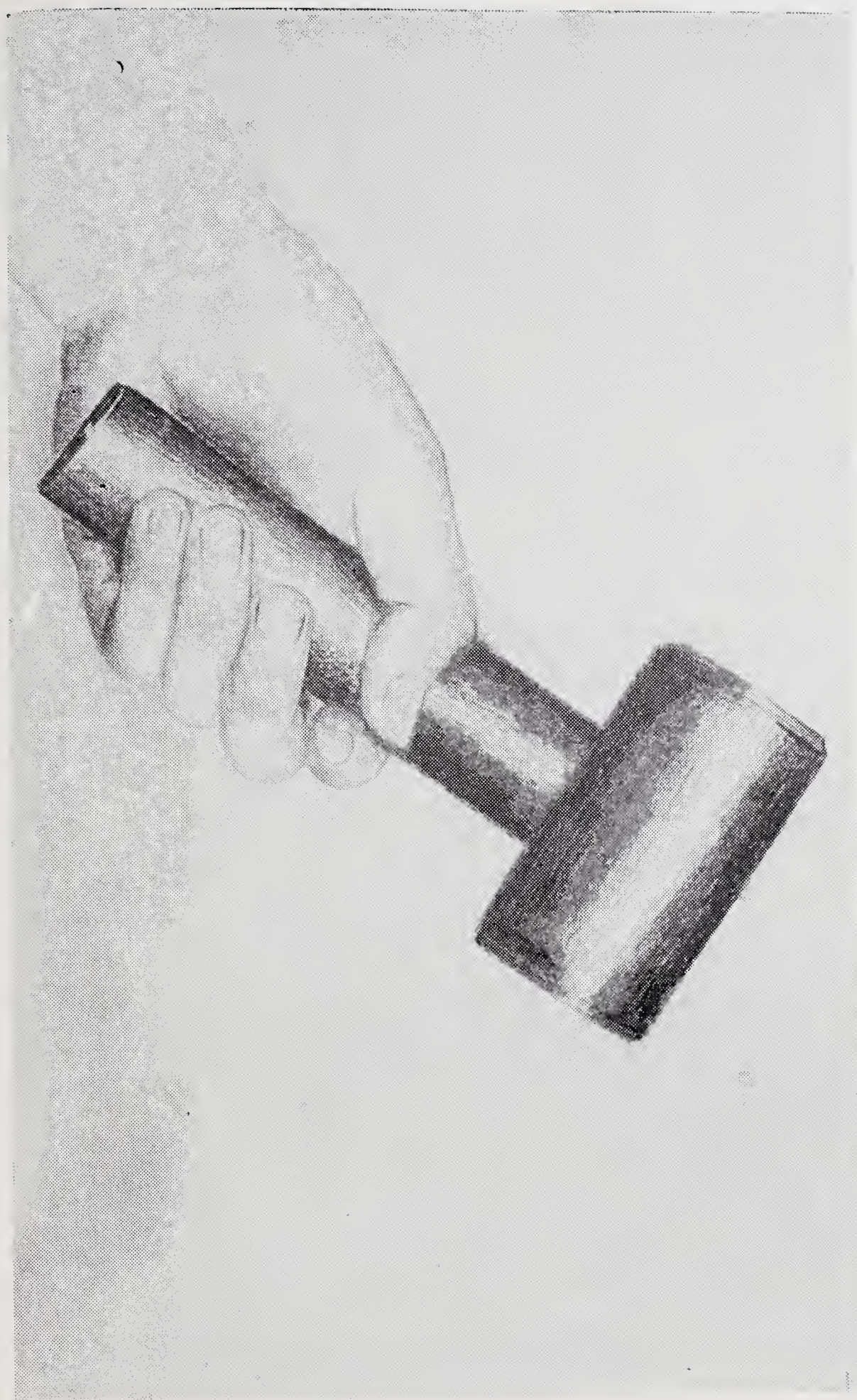
Our ghosts are not average people, with average lives and problems. In fact, they played a big part in the history of America.

It began about two hundred years ago during the American Revolution, amid the smoke, zing, and fume of musketballs at the famed Battle of Guilford Courthouse.

Lord Cornwallis and his weary, bedraggled redcoats stumbled upon a tiny log cabin half-hidden by the sprawling brush and a maze of pine trees. The heartless commander ordered out the terrified couple living there, who were blanched with fear, and used their home as British headquarters and a hospital.

I can see it clearly now. The rooms are in a mass of confusion, filled with cries, groans, and stretch from the horribly mutilated bodies carried in from the battlefield.

Some of the men, with drawn and pallid faces, lie pitifully





on the earthen floor. As the cries of "Water, water!" rasp from parched throats, a doctor moves tirelessly, making a flickering shadow on the whitewashed walls.

Silhouetted before the crackling flames of the crude stone fireplace is Lord Cornwallis, a compelling figure from his powdered pigtail to the tip of his battered boots. In his bronzed hands is a map of yellowed parchment. He studies it carefully, probably routing his next day's march toward Yorktown. His lean face is that of a tired man, worn with the strain and anxiety of a general's problems.

The vision slowly wanes and fades.

The house my family lives in today is that same log cabin crouched atop a knoll beneath old cedars. It is much altered; many rooms have been added, the log walls are covered with brick, and the floors are richly mellowed old pine instead of packed sod. However, the old beams are there, and the rippled old glass in the window panes, and the ancient stones of the chimney.

Although modernized by Elvis Presley howling from the record player, by an automatic carrot seeder, dishwasher and the like, the cabin's old atmosphere returns—especially on a winter night.

Then, in the sighing of the cedar trees one can hear the moans of the wounded, and in the roaring fire the shooting of muskets. It is a strange atmosphere; one that goes tingling down my spine as I realize how old American freedom is and how precious it has always been.

—*Angie Davis* '59

# Life Among The Vegetables

In a vegetable kingdom far away,  
Lived beets and carrots and caroway.

They lived with many, many others,  
A happy group of vegetable brothers.

Then one day a vegetable brother said,  
"That carrot's no good 'cause he's not red.

We'll run him right out of here,  
He's no good. He's not our peer."

They took the carrot to their king,  
A head of lettuce, a rotund thing.

He called the guards, two cauliflower,  
They locked up the carrot within the hour.

This carrot was a real nice fellow,  
His only sin was being yellow.

His only fault was his golden hue,  
It was his color that wouldn't do.

While the carrot, locked in jail, reclined,  
Ideas ran through King Lettuce's mind,

"The carrot is now alone in jail,



Because his color is too pale.

It's a well-known fact that lettuce ain't red,  
So if the tomatoes revolt, I might end up dead!"

He called together his fighting troops,  
Beets and celery in their separate groups.

He said, "Fight hard and give no truce.  
When the battle's over, have tomatoe juice.

Fill them all, give them no quarter,  
Go to it, men, you have my order!"

They did their work; they did it well,  
In thirty minutes the tomatoes fell.

It didn't last long, the battle was won,  
But the worst of their troubles had just begun.

The people were split, they didn't agree  
On what the color line should be.

And while they fought in their own back yard,  
Somebody came in and cuffed them hard.

They were shackled and bound by a neighboring state,  
But when they woke up it was much too late.

Their liberty tree is now just a root,  
Because of a silly color dispute.

It sounds far-fetched and hard to believe,  
But for these vegetables we all do grieve.

Put yourself in the vegetable's spot,  
If you do you may learn a lot,

For failure of others can be our gain,  
If we only will apply our brain.

If we profit from the mistakes of others,  
We won't end up like our vegetable brothers.

—*Buddy Rives '58*

# A Seasonal Storm

All morning formations of fleecy white clouds had been chasing back and forth across the horizon. The mid-morning had seen the birth of another seasonal storm.

More clouds which once dainty had developed into huge, pitch black cloud banks which completely choked out the blue infinity. The friendly sunlight which had danced among the shadows of the maple leaves on the roof top was now a dirty smear. In the back yard a slight breeze had sprung up. Some dead oak leaves from the previous autumn were caught in a miniature whirlwind and were being spun around and around across the terrace. The tall weedy grass growing along the white picket fence rustled like dried corn stalks quivering in the cold nippy air of autumn. The breeze was becoming more forceful. The stately poplar tree in the front yard was yielding greatly to the drive of the wind. Somewhere in the southeastern part of the heavens a blinding bolt of lightning pierced the darkness. An instant later a deafening clap of thunder seemed to empty the heavens. The rain came in sheets blown by the constant currents of air. After a while the downpour ceased, and a great change took place. The gray clouds rolled back to reveal the fleecy white ones again and disclosed the wild blue yonder.

—*Penn Waldron '59*

## *“For He Careth For You”*

*I Peter—5-7*

My friend has suffered a tragic loss. The situation is one in which I am helpless, for God has kept such sorrow apart from me thus far in my life. I sit alone, pondering. What can I say? What can I do to ease the iron grip that numbs her heart and chills the warm glow that should shine in her eyes?

I find myself wondering. Why, Lord? Why, when life is a cornucopia brimming over with love of living, do You choose to wither its fruit with the sharp frost of bereavement? Even after time has softened the raw edge of initial pain, the lives of those to whom the one You have called was most dear will seem hollow and meaningless. This abrupt destruction of happiness is without reason—I am almost protesting audibly now!

I go to my friend, hoping to raise her spirits with companionship, the only thing I have to offer. A crowd has gathered in the home, and she is speaking with a guest. As I enter, prepared to meet with bitterest depression, she looks up. The eyes I see are weary, but there is a new expression of peace within them. Gone is the careless gaiety that sparkled there before, but in its place is a serenity that becomes the wearer as its predecessor never could.

A wave of shame engulfs me. I return her quiet smile and turn to leave the room. Lord, forgive my despicable faithlessness!

—Denny Broadhurst '58

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