



HOMESPUN

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# H O M E S P U N

March 1959

Published by the members of

Quill and Scroll

of

Greensboro Senior High



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# MORNING

Fred is aroused from a sound sleep as the sun's first rays creep over the crepe myrtle bush and hit him squarely in the face. One brown eye quivers, then reluctantly pops open. Seeing nothing of interest, it retreats to the comfort of darkness. A few seconds later, both eyes suddenly spring open. Their owner sighs, stretches, and assumes a more comfortable position, his eyes alone moving, taking in the September morning.

A haze hangs over the still water of the garden pool. Through the mist Fred can barely discern the artificial duck on its far side. Close by, a fat robin confidently approaches the pool to drink, ignoring his ceramic comrade. Now, with a quick flutter of wings, he crosses to the clothesline, looks about hesitantly, then carefully befouls a forgotten shirt. Pleased with his perfect aim, he swoops majestically

down to the grapevine to reward himself with a choice morsel. Here he meets a feminine friend; and after a warbled exchange of greetings, they depart in unison. Fred watches silently as a squirrel begins his cautious descent from a nearby pine, announced by the crackling of its dry bark.

A softly whistled tune announces the approach of the paperboy. He plods thoughtfully through the dew-laden grass, slinging papers absently. Soon his cheerful tune is no longer heard. The squirrel thinks better of his adventure and retreats to his leafy abode, ignoring his mate's inquisitive look. Fred yawns comfortably, licks his nose, settles his head between his paws and closes his eyes. It's a sleepy morning.

Richard Windham, '59

## Jungle Bells

*(To be sung to the tune of Jingle Bells)*

Dashing through the swamp  
On a dissipated gnu  
Oh, what gory fun  
Slashing up the slough!

Bells in Kenya ring  
Flames are dancing bright  
Oh, what fun to hang Queen's men  
On our uprising tonight!

Oh! Mau Mau raid  
Mau Mau raid  
Burn your village bare.  
Stab your wife and children  
And rob you of your hair!—

Jungle bells,  
Jungle bells,  
Gather British folk  
Watch your stolen highlands  
Go up in curling smoke!

Fred Wedler, '59



# A Son's Letter To His Father

Dear Dad,

Though you have been dead for almost thirty years now, I am writing this to you. There are things I must say to you that I didn't say when I was your boy because I was too stupid to say them.

I must have been a bitter hardship to you. I was such a fool. I believed in my own indiscreet mind and would not listen to the calm, loving wisdom that you tried so hard to teach me.

Most of all, I want to ask forgiveness for my greatest sin against you—thinking that you “did not understand.” Dad, you did understand me.

How long and pitifully you tried to get me to know you, to bring us close together, to be my pal. And how tragic it was that I would not let you. What was behind me? I don't even know.

I wish that you were here at the desk with me, Dad, and I were your boy again. It won't be long though, before I climb the Farthest Slope, and I think that you will be the first to come out and take me by the arm.

I have come to realize that the richest and most priceless thing on earth, and also the least understood, is that mighty tenderness and craving to help a father feels for his son, for I have a son of my own.

And it is he that makes me want to go back and bow down to you.

Up there in the silence, hear and believe me, Dad.

Your loving son.

Frank Harmon, '59

# Burgling To Offenbach

I have recently discovered that I am most definitely not equipped for the ancient art of burglary. This revelation came about while I was attempting to break into my own house, which had had the audacity to lock me out. I couldn't get in through a window because of our recent acquisition of permanent, burgle-proof storm windows. Going down the chimney was out, not because I'm too fat, (I could slip through a pipestem with ease), but because I wasn't sure the damper was open. I cast about frantically for a means of entry, growing more desperate every minute, for inside, the hi-fi set was merrily blasting away on a disgusting little composition by one Jacques Offenbach entitled "Galloping through Hell." Jacques was obviously feeling no pain when he wrote it.

I presently arrived at the conclusion that the only way to get in was to break a pane in the back door, reach in, and turn the lock. I glanced furtively about, somehow feeling extremely guilty about breaking into my own house. Satisfied that the neighbors had withdrawn their noses from my vicinity, I hit a tentative tap at the glass with my hammer. Now, at the most inopportune moments, fine mirrors and crystal goblets will obligingly shatter at my slightest touch. But this pane of glass that stood between me and that fiendish Offenbach resisted my frantic poundings as if it were fortified with vitamin B-1 and iron. Meanwhile, the hi-fi set, which will replay a record again and again if no one is there to stop the infernal machine, was beginning the fourth round of that immortal classic by our friend Jacques. By this time I was getting pretty darn sick of galloping through Hell with Offenbach.

Stopping my frenzied onslaught against the glass for a moment, I steadied my nerves. I decided on a new approach—the subversive angle. So I took up a screwdriver and craftily began chipping away at the edges of the pane. This time I was successful—soon splinters of glass began to fall. By the time I could finally reach in and unlock the door, Offenbach had galloped through Hell seven times, and Satan

himself, in desperation, had taken up *praying* to be rid of the tipsy tourist. Fortunately, I arrived in time to save the old boy from ruining his religion. I staggered into the room, bleeding profusely from my experience with the glass, and tore Offenbach from the turntable. I then collapsed, freed at last from my cruel tormentor.

Richard Windham, '59

## The Farewell

I wait as the night sleeps  
And let the psyche gently walk  
Beyond the flower, beyond the steppes,  
Toward distant plains. He shall return to talk  
Again with me, but for now he must wander  
Past the darkness as it enters to commune  
In light. I heartlessly retained those fonder  
Thoughts that once swished quietly through  
these ruins  
Before they were destroyed. Now all must  
surrender.  
The dog does not bark, the mouse  
surreptitiously creeps  
Upon the cheese, the cat cannot remember  
The master's touch, but still is quiet. The  
animal does not weep.

But again it is day and I have forgotten  
The thoughts of the night. The psyche enters  
on a knock  
Without waiting to be let in. He writes with  
inkless pen  
And speaks without a voice, while I the  
penitent  
Stand still in grief and melancholy. He waits.

As though afraid, a child enters, a girl with  
crying blue eyes.  
She asks my name and I reply and then with  
a giggle  
She says, "And when they kill you, will you  
laugh?"

Peter Weltner, '60

# MIRACLE

Shivering,  
I look around.  
I see no light between the trees,  
Borne like bones against the black sky.  
A cold wind comes mourning at my heels.

Hoping,  
I search the still fields.  
Through tears I see the snowscape,  
Empty as the sea in winter.  
A cold wind comes mourning at my heels.

Praying,  
I stumble on.  
Above, the lowering sky  
Is tinged with the world's hate and turmoil.  
A cold wind comes mourning at my heels.

Despairing,  
I fling myself upon the ground.  
Seeking in the depths of gloom  
The comfort of some black shroud.  
A cold wind comes mourning above me.

Wond'ring,  
I see a late violet.  
I marvel in its delicate beauty,  
Silhouetted 'gainst the cold gray landscape.  
The cold mourning wind begins to fade.

Smiling,  
I lift my head up high.  
I walk on, strengthened, through the valley,  
Blossoming forth in spring-like wonder,  
Robbed of its cold and mourning wind.

Angie Davis, '59



# BROWNIE

Sabre tossed and turned under the heavy spread. Cries of "go home, wet-back, we don't want you!" echoed and re-echoed through her dreams. She saw the angry, insulting faces of her fellow classmates, and the cold, fixed stares of her teachers. Over and over again, she heard the derisive laughter of the boys on the school bus, and the embarrassed, mumbled answers to all her vain attempts at friendliness. She saw her figure walking down the crowded school corridor—alone, always alone. She recognized sadly the fixed smile that she wore, and sighed in her sleep; she alone knowing the fear, loneliness, and agony the mask hid. Silent tears and perspiration soaked her pillow, and suddenly she was awake again.

Slowly she pulled back the comely red and white spread her mother had so lovingly made, and the old ache returned when she recalled the hurt look on her mother's face after the first school day. She slipped into her robe and bed-room shoes and tip-toed quietly over to her dresser.

The moonlight cast strange patterns on the bare floor and bathed the whole room in an eerie, silvery glow. The motel sign from across the street clicked methodically red, then green, enhancing the prismatic obscurity of her surroundings.

She looked into the mirror, and along with the tears, anger and resistance welled up inside. The moon-light glistened on her long, heavy, blue-black tresses and made her olive Mexican skin glow. She was really a pretty girl, with large, dark eyes fringed by thick, black, lashes; but now her usually full, sensitive mouth, was drawn into a thin line, and her olive fingers were clenched till they shone white. White—that word meant so much! She turned quickly away, choking back a sob. Then ashamed, she looked up to see if she had awakened little Gina. She smiled to herself. The little child was so young, so innocent. How lucky, she thought, to be so completely unaware that the color of your hair and skin could make so much difference. She hoped earnestly that Gina would not suffer the pain she knew. But that was impossible, of course. Little Gina had to grow up. Someday she would know, and something would be added or taken from her very life too. Maybe defiance or anger or determination would be added, and inevitably, the hurt and sorrow. Why, why must it be this way?

Sick at heart, she knelt by the window and looking up, whispered fervently, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Norma Gates, '60

## *Lumin - Essence*

Light shifting light,  
Through the reds, through the golds,  
And the falling leaves drifting,  
With the world around me misting,  
Shield the hatred from my eyes,  
And its fear, and hurt, and death,  
Until love alone is left.

Glowing changing sunshine,  
Born to autumn, born to beauty,  
Filled with life's transcendent wonder,  
And the footsteps fleeing from me,  
So are fleeing from my hunger,  
From the blood, and bone, and breath,  
Until love alone is left.

Tara Dinkel, '60

# Rake It Or Leave It

As I looked out my window the other day at the beauty of autumn, the brightly colored leaves slowly fluttering to the ground and cluttering up the yard, certain questions came into my mind. What causes leaves to turn? What makes them fall? Why do they always fall in my yard only? For the answers to these questions I decided to consult the United States Department for Promoting Deeper Understanding of Leaves and their Schizophrenic Tendencies for Use in the Coming Space Age (code name Ch'orophyll). This is one of the many useful governmental agencies trying to better our country. Most of its information is top secret; nevertheless, most of my questions were answered.

I found out from the United States Department for Promoting Deeper Understanding of Leaves and their Schizophrenic Tendencies for Use in the Coming Space Age (code name Chlorophyll) that leaves are very sensitive and have definite schizophrenic patterns. In the spring and summer, leaves are in the low period of the schizophrenic cycle and are depressed because of the beautiful colors of the flowers. In fact they turn green with envy. Then, when the flowers die in the fall, the leaves reach the peak or happy period and turn colors out of sheer delight. After this, the leaves again become depressed and begin to lose their grip on reality and the tree. As they fall, they reach the peak for the last time and do their little tricks, like clogging up the gutter and smacking you in the face when they're wet. They stay in this peak period for quite a while or until they become depressed into cans and hauled away.

I learned many other interesting facts about leaves. For instance, leaves used to fall over the entire yard, making it a lot of work to rake them. Then, when lawn sweepers came out, the leaves began falling close to and around trees, in flower beds, on roofs, and in other sneaky places where it was impossible for the sweeper to be completely effective. These actions are attributed to a leaf's superior intelligence and an inherent dislike of lawn sweepers. The leaf, however, knows nothing of his con-

dition. Indeed, if you ask a leaf what is wrong with him, he will invariably say nothing.

The Department also gave me information on how to counteract the leaf problem and thereby avoid raking the leaves; I took the advice. Tomorrow I'm moving to the Sahara.

Churck McDonald, '60.

## *Touch of Midas*

There dwelt a king so powerfully rich  
Deep in the Belgian Congo  
Who grew too excellent to brush a fly  
Or play upon the bongo.

Dissatisfied with his throne grew he  
And did to his workmen shout,  
"Build me a throne befitting my wealth  
Or your hearts I shall pluck out!"

Three days and nights they labored hard  
In dread of what might come.  
From ivory, gems, precious gold and furs  
The royal seat was done.

After great deliberation  
And scratching of his head,  
The emperor turned with regal grin  
And to the trembling workmen said,

"Well done, oh faithful workers!  
I swear you shall not die.  
Now take my old and rustic chair  
Store it in my attic high."

The sovereign governor sighed content  
Taking sup while in his regal seat,  
But through the ceiling crashed the aged chair  
Amid what he was about to eat!

"The moral of my fate."  
Said the monarch with loud groans,  
"Is that people who live in grass houses  
Shouldn't stow thrones!"

Fred Wedler, '59

# Long Hair and Shaggy Locks

For more than three years the nauseating musical mania which has been given the inadequate appellation of rock'n'roll has reigned supreme on the air waves of America. This jungle-born madness has already outlived most skeptical predictions of its life span, and it is now becoming horrifyingly evident to those looking hopefully to its downfall that the thing is no ephemeral craze.

Rock'n'roll is growing on us!

Benny Goodman recognized it when he said that "Presley and a few more of the better ones may last permanently." (Elvis Presley is the acknowledged high priest in the field of jungle music.) But that in itself is not the only sign.

One no longer hears quips in derogatory reference to Presley's hair-do (pre G.I.). Disc jockeys who refuse to jockey rock'n'roll discs have been harried into a skeleton line of heroes.

The most disturbing evidence that rock'n'roll is gaining acceptance is that many people are now able to understand the words!

The normally intelligent human being can make nothing of the words of a popular rock-in' tune, anymore than he could interpret Ubangi, Umgumwa, or Zulu. (Unless he is an Ubangi, Umgumwa or Zulu). The transfer of rock'n'roll music of undoubted African antecedents to the Western world has seen no marked improvement in the grammar of the lyrics.

That one understands the words is evidence that one is fast sinking into sub-human depths, though the putty-witted adherents of the lunacy consider themselves the height of modernism. That, I maintain, is balderdash. Rock'n'roll tunes have been beat out a round the camp-fires of Africa for centuries!

Examination of some of the so-called top artists in the field of jungle music reveals well enough the danger presented to America's morals, sanity, and intellectual achievement. Take a random sampling: Presley, Little Richard (a screaming aborigine who was "discov-

ered" in the Australian bush country and retains his original haircut), Fats Domino, Dizzy Gillespie, and Billy Birdog, none of whom can be cited as a paragon of moral or mental elevation.

Part of America's gradual acceptance of the lower order of civilization characterized by rock'n'roll is due, I believe, to the modification of the music into what has been termed "rockabilly"; this is unfortunate because it casts a reflection on Southern hill-billy, the only purely American form of music.

There is yet hope for the persecuted anti-rock'n'roller. The recent prolonged popularity of a handful of tunes of Indo-European flavor may mean that America is again on the road to a form of popular music that is situated somewhere in the happy land between the long-hair and the shaggy-locked.

Clyde Wilson, '59

## Going Home

I long to go to my home—my quiet home of rest. The journey is long, and the traveler grows weary on this the most treacherous pilgrimage of them all, but the prize at Journey's End well warrants the effort.

Blackness floods the conscious mind, washing away the trials and worries, the cares and tensions of the life. The black curtains part to reveal a panorama of fulfilled wishes and desires displayed in all the colors contained in a spectrum of esthetic happiness.

The traveler, abruptly called back from his journey, lives in constant striving to recapture a lost dream, a vision. "You can't go home again," says Mr. W.

Unfinished dreams, fading flowers, dead leaves before the autumn wind.

Tommy Clapp, '59

# ***Failing In Verse***

*(To be read aloud)*

Listen, fellow students, and you shall hear, ,  
The sad, sad story of what I fear.  
All the marks which I have made  
May not add up to a passing grade.

In History no matter how hard I strive,  
My facts and theirs don't seem to jive.  
Records of the past are my great jinx,  
And Coach Manzi says my version is bad.

Drafting I thought wou'd be just fine,  
But I can't even draw a straight line.  
If my efforts don't please Mr. Darnell,  
Before long he will surely give me a fit.

In English it's just the same old story,  
I strive in vain for honor and glory.  
Macbeth and Hamlet keep me in a jam,  
To Mrs. Newman it appears, I don't give a  
hoot.

And so dear friends, it's easy to see,  
How hopeless my future seems to be.  
When June rolls around, I'll shed a tear,  
And be back at Senior another year.

Charlie Wilson, '59.



# Weaver's Web

The smell of the dressing room hung over us like a black rain cloud. The start of Wedby's football season had finally arrived after three hard and tiring weeks of summer practice. It seemed that the heat and humidity of summer would never let up. Then when the going was roughest, fall closed in with its cool breezes and overcast skies.

Coach Wilson, dignified in his gray topcoat and hat, plodded back and forth issuing words of confidence. It was his belief that the coach's words in the pre-game discussion had a bearing on the attitude of the boys.

At 7:55 a referee rapped on the dressing room door and yelled, "We're ready for your captains!"

Instantly Sherman Weaver and I responded to the call. Weaver, my best friend, weighed only about 165 pounds, but what he lacked in stature, he made up for in guts. Whenever the going was roughest, he was there, smack-dab in the middle.

Sherman and I were lucky. We won the toss and elected to receive. Weaver's 165 pounds sprang back to the bench a full ten steps ahead of my lumbering 230 pounds.

We took the field against the Compton "Comets," defending state champions. They were big and fast. They had two backs who could do a hundred yards in ten and a half seconds or better. We were scared. Scared? We were shaking in our shoes.

The whistle blew and for the next 48 minutes we could do no wrong. The final score was Wedby 27, Compton 6.

The boys were happy and most of them picked up their dates and headed for the "Snack Shack" just west of town. The cold air bit my face as I told the waiter what Betty and I wanted.

She was beautiful. Her brown eyes and green eyes entranced me as I gazed at her. We had been going together for five months, and we were in love.

The waiter finally arrived and we ate in between the "I love you's."

It was 12:30 as I drove up to her home. I lit a cigarette as I left the car to walk her to the door. The smoke crumpled as the cold air enveloped it. We walked slowly up to the front door and said a long good night.

As I got into the car I took a drag from my cigarette. The smoke felt good as it filled my lungs. I drove straight home and, of course, I had to re-live the entire game with my sideline-coach-father.

At eleven o'clock the next morning I awoke to the sound of the telephone shrilling in my ears. I answered in a voice thick with sleep.

It was Weaver.

"Why the hell ain't you up," was his cheerful greeting. Bad language was a characteristic of Weaver's. He always used it when it wasn't necessary.

"What's it to you," I snapped with the mock anger that best friends always use.

"I just wondered," came his sheepish reply. It sent us both into hysterics. In my hysteria, I rolled too far to one side of the bed and my six foot 4 inch frame thudded to the floor.

"Dammit, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," I replied.

The conversation ended and I crawled back in the bed and lit a cigarette. Dad wouldn't like my smoking if he knew it, but I thought, "What he don't know won't hurt him." I propped up on a pillow and thought about Sherman. We'd been pals since I could remember. We double-dated a lot and if either of us were idle, we always called the other to see what he had planned. We were like brothers and our being captains of the football team topped it off.

Monday afternoon's practice was for correcting mistakes and generally it was a light workout. This was no exception. In general, the week's practice was light, for injuries had been heavy in the first game.

The next Friday we had the same pre-game butterflies. We all sat around the dressing room trying to look confident. With one win under our belts this was not hard to do.

Again Weaver and I went to midfield, ex-

cept this time we lost the toss. The Midville captains smiled as the coin fell in their favor. Weshook hands and returned to the sidelines.

Midville was a new school, located on the other side of town. Its football team had come a long way since the beginning of the school two years ago. Again, we were opposed by an exceptionally fast team, and again we came out on the long end of the score—13 to 6. Weaver scored twice and his all-round play had been tremendous. The thoughts of a possible championship entered our minds. Barring an upset, we would have it made.

Betty and I were saying good night when the clock on the courthouse struck one. I jogged back to the car with Betty and our plans for the future filling my thoughts. Our future depended on a football grant-in-aid. We were to be married after I obtained one. I felt reasonably sure that I would get one, for in my mind I knew I was good, but I would not admit it to anyone.

We went into a full scale scrimmage, after calisthenics on Monday. It was evident that Coach Wilson thought that two wins might make us let up. He made damn sure we didn't, and had a rough workout scheduled for us.

The White team was on offense and the Red team was on defense. Weaver was playing halfback for the Whites. Coach had replaced him on defense with a younger boy in order to let Sherman get some rest during the game. I was playing tackle for the Reds, the proposed starting defensive team. For almost an hour we scrimmaged, interrupted only by constructive comments from the coaching staff.

Coach Wilson finally said, "Five more plays, boys."

That was the signal for the going to get rough, for the practice was almost over.

Through the first three plays, I had made two of the tackles. On the fourth play, Bob Green, the sophomore tackle playing in front of me, slipped when he came for me and I was left standing in the gap created by his absence. The runner, gaining speed, came at me. Pads cracked and he was on my shoulder. With the viciousness of a mad dog, I pounded his body to the frozen ground and ground my 230 pounds into his stomach. I heard his helmet hit the hard ground. The runner lay there and I thought he had had the breath knocked out

of him. Instantly, the trainer was there. He removed the runner's helmet and began his work. I sauntered back to my position with the air of a tiger who has just made a kill. Remarks about the preceding play filled everyone's mouth. I felt good. Contact was what I liked and without it football just wouldn't be football.

I whee'ed around when Coach Wilson called my name. The ball carrier lay on his back with the trainer working feverishly on him.

I walked to the sidelines to see what Coach wanted. I saw the trainer stand up, hesitate and then walk away.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's Weaver, son."

My heart dropped slowly.

"He's dead, son."

I couldn't believe it. Tears stung my eyes.

I turned slowly and walked to the dressing room. My mind was confused. Thoughts of boyhood pranks, double-dates and Betty filled my twisted mind. I dressed quickly and neatly hung up my equipment. I walked to the door, stopped and looked around me. The siren of the ambulance blared in my ears as I said goodbye to the game I loved, never to play it again.

Bill Evans, '59

## Creative Gems

This is a poem,  
In some kind of verse,  
But don't groan yet  
'Cause it's bound to get worse.  
I'm not very talented —  
I don't give a lick,  
For in me, no Shakespeare  
They'll ever depict.  
I've heard about meters,  
Rhyme schemes and such,  
But these little aids  
Don't help me too much ! ! ! !

Carolyn Dahlfues, '59 (We hope)



# THE MUSIC BOX

The narrow, unkempt drive twisted and turned in vain, trying to escape the choking fingers of thick grass and moss which had crept up slowly over the years. Naked white beaches, broken now and then by unrecognizable monster shrubs and plants, leaned close on either side of the course, making a vault overhead like the archway of a church. Rows of withered, ugly flowers, knowing there was no way of escaping the tangled prison of surrounding weed and briars, swayed to and fro in the gentle twilight breeze.

The winding path ceased at the edge of the verdant Southern mansion's sloping, still-green lawns. A passer-by would have thought the secretive old house deserted; no smoke came from the chimney, and no light glimmered through the rusty, shuttered windows, but a quick ear would soon have caught the faint, strains of sweet music from within.

The frail figure of an old woman swayed back and forth in the growing darkness of the ancient library. One slender, wrinkled hand rested lightly on the little azure music box in the center of the table. It was very small and round, with intricate flowers carved on the lid, and though the blue paint was chipped and peeling in some places, the notes from it were sweet, and fresh and beautiful.

The little lady danced away to the mirror over the huge fireplace and gazed dreamily at her dim reflection.

In front of the mirror stood a beautiful young woman in a full flowing dress of red satin. Her dainty dancing slippers matched the shimmering gown and scarlet jewels shone in her long dark hair. Bright eyes flashed above the lacy black fan as the lovely lady whirled and twirled in the fervor of youth and beauty. The ballroom blazed with a hundred glittering chandeliers, and envious voices echoed with excitement. Jeweled Southern belles, handsome suitors—all heads were turned toward the fabulous red lady who spun giddily over the marble floor to the magnificent music.

The music box stopped.

The ballroom vanished and the happy voices faded into the past. The mansion died again.

Silently the old woman turned from the mirror. Her eyes closed, desperately trying to recapture the glorious moments she had lived again. A smile creased the wrinkles of the delicate mouth as she picked up the music and tucked it carefully, lovingly, under her arm. She left the library and opened the huge door of the old mansion. Drawing her shawl close against the biting wind, she found the edge of the once-beautiful path and slowly disappeared into the surrounding forest.

Norma Gates, '60

## *Ay! There's The Tub!*

*(With apologies to Shakespeare)*

Tubby or not tubby,—that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the stomach to suffer  
The pains and tantrums of outrageous diet,  
Or to take in arms a sea of goodies,  
And by eating gain. To diet,—to eat  
No more; and by a diet to say we end  
The fat and thousand natural bulges  
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis then Indigestion is  
Devoutly to be wished. To diet—to starve—  
To starve! Perchance to stuff later! Ay!  
There's the tub!

For in that slip of diet what pounds may  
return

After we have shuffl'd off this fatty coil,  
It must give us flaws—

For who would bear the pangs and aches of  
hunger . . .

When he himself might his dietus make  
With a big bodykin? Who would these  
starvations bear,

To pant and sweat under a dreary diet,  
But that dread of bulging inches

In that well-discovered country from where  
Few slim folks return; Yet food tempts the  
will!

Yes — it makes us rather bear those pounds  
we have,

Than to fly to sleekness that we know not of.  
Thus temptation doth make fatties of us all!!

Angie Davis, '59



# V. L. D.

They laughed in the oneness of the world  
But he turned away,  
Sick with the absurdity of life,  
Lost in the circles of its metamorphic food,  
And the odor of decay crept to him,  
Begging for fulfillment.  
They laughed in their security  
A desire satisfied, a hunger satiated,  
An enchanted forever, for who can call these  
    sin?  
Indulgently they smiled to offer Heaven,  
But he turned away.

The darkening of the night fell through him  
In the endlessness of serenity,  
Its blackened figures mutely rising  
Where no man breaks the silence,  
And the power of its innocence  
Strung sharply with the mounting wind  
Against his shadow, reaching to its soul  
To hold him with the beauty  
Until he was not, only the night  
For he whom the night has taken grows with  
    it  
Into the knowledge of Greatness.

But his soul was narrow, so small  
That immensity imprisoned it with dazzle;  
As he sat bemused in the shimmer,  
Day came, and they thronged about him  
But he turned them away,  
From the fear of his light being shaded,  
And they fled, each one taking some radiance  
Till his eyes became darkened,  
And the weight of their darkness  
Hung across his bowed head  
So blindly listening in the silence.

When the silence compassionately  
Stilled his mind, he wept,  
And in the void, the softness of Truth  
Came gently in again.  
Through it their figures advanced,  
Their laughter turned to smiling,  
He looked, up from his crumbled dias,  
To their arms opened against absurdity,  
And their love flowed around him  
Widening his soul to meet it.  
He whispered, "Forgive me."

Tara Dinkel, '60

# That's Life, I Guess

I toss a cigarette into the over-stuffed can as I walk the midnight beat. My stomach turns when the smell of the already decaying garbage strewn over the sidewalk reached my nostrils . . .

I turn away and keep walking.

A nasty insinuation is thrown from one of the basement windows along the street. The dirty little Martin kid . . . I didn't have to be told, I knew. The little monster was already a glutton for trouble, but somehow I could see why. That was the only way he received the attention his poor undernourished heart needed . . .

Old man Paternella lies snoring in the gutter. It's no use awakening him. Even his own kids let him lie there when he goes on one of his drunks. One morning the paper will run a two inch column about his freezing to death, but if no one else cares, why should I?

Somewhere from between the dark alley of two tenements a girl screams. I run in the direction of the scream—my gun drawn—it is only Rick, the gang leader. He scampered into the darkness—tough exterior, no guts . . . That's life, though! . . .

I walked the frightened kid home. When we got there, I could see why she had left in the first place. It was no haven of peace. An empty beer can flew out the window, and as we walked up the stairs which were loaded with their share of the block's garbage, the blast of loud music echoed throughout the walk-up. The old man and his wife were having a hell-uv-a-time out-drinking each other I hated to leave her there, but there was nowhere else.

The more I walked the sicker I got. This was the most disgusting mess I had ever seen. I felt like leaving them to enjoy their corruptness, but I realized my duty.

I shook old-man Paternella awake and lifted him out of the gutter.

"Come on, Paternella, let's go home."

"Aw'right, copper, aw'right," and he muttered under his breath, "Damn Cops!"

Carolyn Marks, '59

## The Reincarnates

Another day has gone by, and the rains fall steadily over the city of Death, softly returning to her people a new existence. The earth above them is nourished by their bodies—the laughter, the foolishness, and wisdom, and the grasses grow green again each spring unconscious of the sources of their strength. A million blades of grass, ten trees—monuments to the infinite worth of each individual, for all that service must have their sustenance, and the giving of food is the task reserved for the dead.

Tall and cold their tombstones rise above the elements—man's tribute standing with that of the earth and carved from man's fear of nothingness. All endless names, all endless spells to immortality, but the earth has passed them by to find her magic in the living.

Forever is transmitted to a year, with the same rains that wash the surfaces of stone away watering the plants growing over them.

Tara Dinkel, '60

# Quoth The Raving

I am undertaking to relieve myself of a terrible burden. For some time I have been torn between the desire to tell all and the fear of arousing public indignation by this awful revelation. The truth is, I hate birds! Now, while you are recovering from the shock, let me explain.

I have never been an enthusiastic fan of our little feathered friends, (who might be more accurately described as filthy, fiendish glut-tions), but I have tolerated them. I stood sedately by as they picked the grass seed from the lawn; I forced a resigned smile as they laid waste the strawberry patch; I pretended not to notice their contemptuous looks as they advanced upon the tomato vines, in that loathsome waddle.

It was a joyous day when at last the accursed beasts went south for the winter. My ecstasy knew no bounds. But alas, they returned the following summer to increase their heinous crimes immeasurably. They picked clean two large grape vines, to say nothing of the strawberry patch and the tomato vines, continually stained my shirts as they hung on the line, and in general made my back yard their headquarters. Yet I could bear all this if it were not for their shameful treatment of my aging cocker spaniel. Aware of his inability to catch them, they began to gorge themselves on his dog food and use his water bowl as a combination bath, drinking fountain, and latrine. Attempting to reward treachery with kindness, I purchased a large birdbath for the monsters, hoping to end these atrocities. But to no avail. The darlings were delighted with the birdbath, but rather than befoul their precious bath water, they continued to use the small bowl on the patio as a latrine, ungrateful wretches that they are.

I am advised that, for some insane reason, shooting birds is illegal in this city. I have considered some less obvious methods of extermination, such as poisoned bath water, dynamited bird houses, bird seed a la gunpowder, and electrified clotheslines. I now appeal to you, Dear Reader, hoping you are not a bird lover. Please address your suggestions to the Hysterical Society for the Prevention of Kindness to Birds.

Richard Windham, '59

## Evidently A Home of Wealth

The floor board of the porch is missing,  
And there's a wornout hole in the rug;  
But isn't it a wonderful blessing  
The house is so full of love.

The rusty old car won't start without a lurch,  
But isn't it wonderful they all go to church.  
Their clothes aren't taffeta and satin of sheen,  
But isn't it nice they're all fresh and clean.

The check isn't big on father's payday,  
But the freckled-faced children are laughing  
and gay.  
They haven't great wealth and a house long  
and wide,  
But they have each other in a bond closely tied.

It's evidently a home of wealth,  
Without selfishness and greed,  
A home with faith and love and peace and  
God—  
A home with no real need.

Martha Jordan, '59



# -:- La Education -:-

Against the mica panes of the small, deep window the Mexican daylight shone like fog, silvery and chill. Outside, the sky was becoming pale blue over the river, and pallid gold edges of light began to show around the distant mountain rims.

Julio jumped alive from his sleep and went like a pale shadow to the dead fireplace, where he blew ashes off a few remote coals and shivering in his bare skin, coaxed a fire alive. Then he found his tattered but clean clothes and dressed.

He was a boy of thirteen, slender and somewhat similar to a half-grown cat in his physical ways. He could neither read nor write, but his illiteracy was soon to end, for today he would begin, for the first time, attending Father Antonio's grammar school in the nearby monastery. Many times had he looked forward to an education, but always some formidable circumstances had prevented its acquisition. Now, at last, it would be his.

Julio thought with pleasure of the day before him. He went outside to do his chores in the marching dawn, already owner of the world.

The house was thick as a fortress with its adobe walls and massive cottonwood doors. It stood on a little green flat of land above the fields, beyond which lay the mighty Rio Grande.

Julio had come to live here with his Aunt Rosa and slowly-withering Uncle Luis after his parents had perished of cholera a short two years ago, and although they had constructed the lonely little cabin and tilled the infertile lands, they owned neither. Both belonged to a wealthy banker in San Carlos and were managed by a harsh American inebriate, Johnston Murlock.

Julio knew that he must leave early for the school this morning before Murlock made his inspection, for Uncle Luis was gently passing into the higher world with tuberculosis, and in his unbiased avarice, Murlock forced Julio to work their allotted acres instead.

After feeding and releasing the two horses and collecting the few eggs from the weath-

ered little hen house beside the barn, he returned to the house.

There his foster mother had the morning meal prepared.

In her flowing, melodious voice she spoke, "Here, my sobrino, eat your meal and scurry to leave before Sol climb too high."

"Yes, Mamma," the youth replied, and in haste bolted his breakfast, after which he slowly arose, abhorring the task of bidding his uncle, secured to his deathbed, goodbye even for a day.

Entering the tiny bedroom, he was surprised to find his guardian, more a ghost now than a man, awaiting him.

"Buenos dias to you, my son," he said in a voice intermittently punctuated by a hollow, rasping cough. "So that time has finally come when you are to begin perhaps the most important venture of your life, certainly so in the eyes of your father. Do not fear for me, for I have my Rosa to nurse me. We will expect you back tonight"

He could no longer speak, and, accompanied by his merciless cough, lay back upon the delapidated bed, seeking haven in sleep.

Leaving the room, the boy strived vainly to secure his emotions. His aunt had a rawhide pouch filled with chilli loaves and dreid meat prepared. Taking it, Julio kissed her cool forehead and stepped uncertainly through the sun-blistered cabin door into the radiant autumn sunlight.

He walked down the little zigzag path, looking back occasionally to his slowly diminishing home. Overhead, fluttering, brilliantly feathered birds nearly burst their golden throats with song. The sun shone through the luxuriant foliage covering the path, forming a long, radiant green tunnel emerging now and then into wheat fields golden with their chalky fruit. Summer was departing in all her glory.

Suddenly, from behind, a low, rumbling, clanking sound crescendoed to full volume. Julio turned in knowing terror to see his hated foreman dismount from a rusty, obsolete tractor.

"So!" the bulking man growled, grabbing

and shaking the boy with his gross, scarred hands. "Didn't I warn you not to try to sneak off to that cursed mission school? I told you that working for me came first. Reading will never be as important as work. Do you hear?"

The panic-stricken boy could not respond.

Murlock raised his voice even higher.

"Come with me, you young fool. From now on, you will work harder than you have ever worked before and under my supervision."

The terrified boy realized that once more he must forego his education.

"It is nothing new," he remorsefully thought.

It was an unusually torrid day for the departure of September. Julio sweated freely wielding the heavy wheat flail, while Murlock sat calmly under the comparatively cool shade of a spraw'ing elm, watching him labor. Intermittently he removed from under his sweaty blue coat a large bottle of firewater, raising it to his purpled lips for lengthy periods.

About midway through the sweltering afternoon, the now intoxicated man leeringly mounted his tractor, overturned its weary engine, and clattered loudly down the rough

embankment toward the boy. As he moved rapidly along the slippery limestone terrain, the rear wheels elusively lost their traction, and in a wild flip, overturned the tractor, landing with its driver pinned beneath. The antique fuel system immediately burst into flame, which crept in an erie fashion toward the fuel tank as stealthily as a fuse toward dynamite.

Julio ran to the scene of the accident, where Murlock was so paralyzed with fear he could not speak, but was hysterically motioning toward a small fire extinguisher fastened to the instrument panel. The boy grabbed it through the flame. Etched deeply on the brass label were these words: "To Operate, Turn Lever, Pull Handle." He tried to interpret these instructions, but it was impossible for him to read—he was an illiterate.

In fear, he dropped it and ran blindly toward the woods. Seconds later a thunderous explosion accented by a lethiferous scream reached his ears, and he cautiously turned to see the tractor a flaming, crumpled mass.

Frank Harmon, '60.



## The Sea

Oh, to hear the sea once more  
With pure white gulls above,  
And yellow sand along the shore;  
Yes, the sea I really love.

Where once the wind jammers flew  
With sails so white and gay.  
Where billowing trade winds blew  
On each magnificent day.

Lovely ships to watch, I say,  
With wooden hulls and such.  
The wonderous sights so very gay  
Even hardy souls are touched.

Blue over a clippers' mast  
And fluffy clouds above;  
The clouds above the rigging cast  
Shadows on the sea I love.

Paul Sikes, '61

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