

# WONDERSON





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# *Homespun*

May, 1962

Published by the Quill and Scroll  
of  
Greensboro Senior High

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# Money Isn't Everything

or

## I CRIED ALL THE WAY TO THE CARE PACKAGE

I wish I was a poet  
Then all the world would know it.  
Though being inconsequential  
(Without being penitential),  
I hope to leave posterity  
At least one famous rarity  
Such as blank verse  
Or even worse,  
A rhyme is nice  
And would suffice.  
But my mind won't give in  
So I'm doomed to oblivion.  
If my ideas would hatch,  
To fame I would latch.

Janey Walters—'62

# Granny's Bikini

I protest! They're going to change my brother's name. His name has always been Nathaniel Jones, Junior. I usually call him Nat but sometimes "Junior" like the folks around home have since Dad's name is also Nat.

Nat is a football player. He always gets carried off the field, but not like the fellows he tackles, he rides on some boys' shoulders. He has more trophies for football, basketball, golf, and all than I have freckles. And I have more freckles than Kennedy has relatives.

Chung Lei, my adopted brother, and Nat don't go around together at all, but they get along pretty well. Chung has lived with us a long time—since way back before I was born! He's usually out with his Chinese friends and about the only time I see him is when he works in the yard for Dad.

Of course when we have company Chung sticks around. Dad brags and brags about his boys. He puts his hand on Nat's shoulder and says, "This is my boy, Nathaniel, Junior. He's everything I always wished I could be when I was a youngster. Smart? Why he can outwit his father before I've realized he's done it . . ."

Then Mr. What's ma-gigger grins at Chung Lei. "And this," continues Dad, "is my other son, Chung Lei. He's still got a lot of the Chinaman's philosophy he won't let go of, but we're mighty proud of him!"

Then Mr. What's ma-gigger looks my way, "This," Dad clears his throat, "This is Isabel Beatrice. She used to be lazy with her studies, but lately we have seen that she gets more personal instruction, and I think she's going to do just fine."

Walter, my baby brother, then makes himself known to Mr. What's ma-gigger with a terrify-

ing sound he produces out of his toy horn. Snatching the horn from him, Dad introduces Walter Hines whom we have nicknamed "Ketchup" (not only because of his middle name but also because he's always trying to catch up with Nat). Dad omits this little piece of information and goes on to tell Mr. What's ma-gigger of what a fine young man he knows Walter will be. "Why just today he took his first step!" Nat stumbled over Walter's wooden blocks, and Walter stood up to see what had happened.

Dad's bragging doesn't end with four of us anymore. He has been stocking up on cigars since the first of the year. This is why he, Ma, Granny, and all the other big folks in the family insist that Nat's name must be changed.

"It's going to be a boy!" proclaimed Dad.

"Well, it just isn't fair to Walter and the baby that Nathaniel have his father's name and they don't," announced Granny.

. . . And so, the big group decided that when the new baby comes they will have Nat, Junior's name changed to Ichabod. Can't you just imagine everyone cheering at the games, "One-two-three-four who do we appreciate? Ichabod!"? Won't the colleges jump at the chance to have Ichabod Jones (better known as "Ickey") enrolled in their school?

Why Ichabod? "That was my great grandfather's name," offers Granny. "Walter was named after my grandfather and the baby will be named after your Grandfather Ben."

Well, Nat and I protest anyway. Ichabod may have suited out great great great grandfather like a bathing suit fits a pretty girl, but Ichabod suits Nat as peculiarly as a bikini on Granny.

Ann Barham—'62

# How To Learn French

To listen to me is imperative  
For sage advice to you I'll give.  
And if you hark, and if you heed,  
You'll all learn to speak French with speed.

There are tools which are needed in any course  
For studying, learning, and such . . .  
Like a book, and a notebook, and other such  
things—

But these You're Forbidden To Touch!

For never a written French word must you see  
While working or while playing!  
It's very important, for if you do  
YOU MIGHT LEARN WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING!

And once a week, for an hour or so,  
You'll go down to the lab  
To help your accent improve itself  
By hearing a Frenchman gab.

But, if you're really in good luck,  
The teacher'll do the talking,  
And change those horrid Parisian sounds  
To lovely croaking and squawking.

And when studying's done, you can mumble  
some words  
Like a voodoo spell or a trance . . .  
But you'll really be speaking quite excellent  
French,  
Understandable except in France!

Rhea Jacobs—'62

# PERFECT HATRED

How do I loath thee? Let me count the ways.  
I despise thee to the tenths and ninths and  
octaves

My hands cannot reach, when feeling and  
groping

For the chords of correctness and ideal sound.  
I abhor thee for the hour of every day's  
Required practice, before or after school.

I dislike thy cadences, never exactly tuneful:  
I hate thy inversions, always so difficult:

I detest thee with the passion that *should*  
be put to use

In practicing thy Brahms or Chopin or Schubert  
or Verdi.

I abominate thee with a dislike I shall  
never seem to lose.

I loathe thee with the recital pieces, the scales,  
the triplets of my ten weary fingers.

And, since my parents are firm,

I shall but always dislike thee, nasty music  
lessons.

Barbara Barney—'62

# The Death Of A Believer

I think back on the life I've lived,  
Of things accomplished, times of fun.  
Strange, of all times, the bad is vague;  
the good prevails.

The pain I feared does not abide  
Within this shell I soon shall leave,  
But more excitement wells within,  
And courses through my life-worn veins.

It comes now like the rushing water  
Surrounding and engulfing me.  
But ah, so clear it all becomes  
And I hear the bell peel out for me.

It is finished,  
It is begun.

Ray Kutos—'62

# Japanese Haiku

The Japanese *haiku* is a tiny verse form with which Japanese poets have been working for hundreds of years. The extreme expressiveness and brevity are its most striking features. Instead of meter and rhyme, *haiku* consists of three lines of seventeen syllables. The first and third lines contain five syllables each, and the second contains seven. Because it is uncomplicated by unessential elements, the *haiku* forces concentration on one moment of experience, insight, or appreciation.

I can move mountains  
I sometime amaze myself  
I'm pretty big ant.

Richard Best—'62

Alone is the man  
Who walks through life without ever  
Talking to himself.

Terry Jones—'62

You really fine girl  
You go far in this big world  
Don't fall off broomstick.

Richard Best—'62

When men try and fail  
We stand back and criticize.  
Step into their shoes.

Joyce Bellamy—'62

Please don't raise your voice  
I am not hard of hearing;  
I'm ignoring you.

Richard Best—'62

Lipstick red on lips  
All day stays in same place  
Smears at night only.

Anne Baker—'63

Cave, tree, man on move  
House, progress atom power  
Cave, tree, man on move.

David McKinney—'63

Required writings due,  
Turn in haste to cartridge pen;  
No ammunition.

Roger Lewis—'62

Lonely autumn sky  
Trees with leaves of yellow gold  
Deadly drifting dust.

Pat Hartsook—'62

Modern real estate  
Most exclusive yet, sign say:  
Ranch-style bomb shelter.

Roger Lewis—'62

Men lead healthy lives  
'Til *Reader's Digest* tells them  
Of their deadly ills.

Terry Jones—'62

New-type floating soap,  
Just ninety-nine per cent pure;  
Unfit for bathing.

Roger Lewis—'62



Dial zero for help.  
Dial the heart for happiness,  
But for dirt, Dial Soap.

Terry Jones—'62

What pretty picture!  
Author's name on corner  
Reads: Mother Nature.

Patsy Allison—'62

"Be fair in dealings,"  
Preach the big wheels of the town  
Who leave crooked treads.

Terry Jones—'62

## SLEEPING IN CLASS ON A WINTER MORNING

Whose class this is I think I know;  
Her lectures are in Endsville though.  
She will not see me snoozing here  
To help the boring minutes go.

My little desk must think it queer  
For me to sleep with Prof so near,  
Our thirst for knowledge trying to slake  
The longest period of the year.

On uneven legs it gives a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the drone  
Of the teacher's voice with crack and quake.

My dreams are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have homework and notes to keep  
And two classes to go before I sleep,  
And two classes to go before I sleep.

Beverly Wilkinson—'62

## MOUNTAINTOP HAIKU

### SPRING

Cool, clear mountain stream  
Froths over pebbles like child's  
Pure bubbling laughter.

Zephyr breezes waft  
Sweet smell of wet pine needles  
Through dark forest halls.

### SUMMER

Blue and green shadows  
Of swaying pines on hillside  
Shimmer through the mist.  
Playful, dimpled clours  
Laugh and dance 'round haughty hills,  
Tickle mountain's nose.

### AUTUMN

Glowing saffron flames  
Drift from oak and maple twigs,  
Crackle underfoot.

Keen winds ruffle a  
Mountain lake's austerity  
To its blue, child depths.

### WINTER

Icy wind arrows  
From naked tree limb bows pierce  
Snow-choked atmosphere.

Blue cold reigns on the  
Mountain Tops; a lark's sweet trill  
Melts serene silence.

Beverly Wilkinson—'62

# ALLEREDNIC

Once upon a time, way back in the middle of a mad century, lived a slick little chick by the name of Allerednic. Allerednic lived with her old lady and a couple of mean ol' stepsisters in a little surburban type pad, just a little east of Orobsneerg, C. N. The mean ol' stepsisters never did anything around the pad but give Allerednic the dickens, as she was doing all the squarest housework.

One day an invite to a local obmoc came in the mail and the mean ol' stepsisters got all hip on the idea and began to put on a new face (and boy did they need it). Poor Allerednic was told bluntly, "You ain't goin', kiddo, so like help us get ready." Allerednic was all sad of course, for she had been longing to hear that sharp band that was to play, The Scaidoz.

Soon the mean ol' stepsisters and their old lady, was to be a chaperone, had split for the ball and Allerednic was left alone (in case you're wondering why the old lady went to the obmoc too; a few months back, a local slrig bulc had thrown an obmoc and bad things resulted. So, from then on all obmocs were to be chaperoned by a stnerap committee).

As Allerednic sat in the surburban type pad, in her raggy type clothes, the swingingest fairy god mother type person came on the scene. Allerednic got all shook over this and the cool fairy god mother type person gave Allerednic a little

tap on the bean with her magic little wand and she like went from rags to riches. There stood Allerednic in a batik kilt, a Villager, and tassel wee-juns. Wow! She was like Miss Teenage American or somebody. Then the fairy god mother type person took Allerednic out to the garage and turned her Hupmobile into a new three liter Ferrari and zoom, Allerednic was at the obmic before she got out of second gear.

Allerednic, after parking the beast, made the inside scene and many eyes turned to dig the way-out chick, especially the old lady and the mean ol' stepsisters for they dripped with green-eyed envy. The prince of the ball crabbed Allerednic by the hand, and they began twisting the night away. Ah, there's the rub. Allerednic had forgotten the fairy god mother type person's warning to be home by twelve and before she knew what hit her, the wicked ol' clock made like a villain and like a P-38 taking the sound barrier the midnight hour came on like a champ. Allerednic cut out real fast but alas, too late. Her ivy set of threads were rags again and her Ferrari was again a hand-cranked Hupmobile.

Now if you're wondering why this cat that she was makin' it with at the obmoc didn't chase after her, it's simple. He was a teenage fortune hunter and didn't want to get stuck with some chick from the other side of the tracks. DETGHEN (which means: THE END).

# LOST

Sofly,  
Silently stealing  
Through the house,  
The lonely, deserted mansion  
Whose empty rooms echoed yesterday's grandeur,  
A searching specter, bejeweled  
And reminiscent of  
Grand balls  
Past.

Lovely,  
Chiffon colors,  
Rich but faded,  
Adorned the lithe phantom  
Who glided down the once magnificent halls  
Whose dark marble walls  
Mirrored forgotten splendor  
Of still  
Beauty.

Lonely,  
Melancholy music  
Whispered special secrets  
Of lovers and garden rendezvous  
Where hidden kisses and many happy hours  
Turned winter to spring,  
Summer to fall,  
And murmured  
Peace.

She  
Wandered past  
The sheeted parlor  
That had once been illuminated  
By an ornate, tinkling, crystal chandelier  
Into the spacious ballroom  
That almost reverberated  
With lilting  
Laughter.

Chilling,  
Eroding time  
Had settled quietly  
Over the silent chambers  
Of long-forgotten faces and dreams;  
The apparition shivered  
Into the night  
And was  
Gone.

Janey Walters—'62

## SO STRONG A SUSPENDER

"There's no love lost," says everyone gaily  
When told of a friend betraying his trust.  
But deep inside the hurt remains contained  
Until the proper place for tears is reached.  
What if there is no proper place retained  
For whaling deep sorrows, screaming mean  
threats?  
Hate that is in us forms a small giant  
That grows and governs and makes us his slave.  
False Pride holds us back from the place we  
seek  
To pray, reflect, and mostly reminisce.

Ann Baker—'63

## LOVE'S SILHOUETTE

I begged forgiveness of my wrong.  
But they chose to nourish their wrath.  
"He's a sinner!" "He will shame us!"  
"He treads the devil's path!"

With my confession smeared across my face.  
I walked alone amongst the crowd.  
Guilt grew within my soul  
And mustered in my throat a cloud.

I approached the home of my best friend  
And asked solace from within.  
He looked upon my immoral being  
And shut me out with my great sin.

I wandered through the snarling streets  
Of the town that had once carressed me.  
I met the scornful eyes of those  
Who had befriended me, when I was free.

Free of my fault, my evil doing.  
Free from the walls that were between  
Me and the world about.  
Free, because my slate was clean.

I knew the harshness of the world,  
The coldness of the unforgiving.  
I sought that I might somewhere find  
A purpose for my living.

A cry! I heard another crying.  
I heeded the child's despair.  
And as she held my arm so tightly  
I knew God gave me this to share.

Now my sin is long forgotten,  
But I shall ne'er forget  
That precious child of God,  
Who was for my love's silhouette.

Ann Barham—'62

# SOCIETY THE UGLY

School  
society's demand  
parents  
society's rule enforced  
want of wealth  
society's drawing card  
fear of reality  
hard as a donut  
donuts  
God of society  
jello  
hard as the principles society stands on  
jail  
home of the lost  
the truth  
leader from the lost  
faith in everything  
society's killer  
peace  
impossible without the truth  
society kicks  
society needs  
Thy shall not steal hub caps  
to jail with hubcap stealers  
behind bars  
the striped sun-tan  
freedom  
parole  
a chance to steal again  
murder  
death  
destruction  
poverty  
society's waste matter  
youth  
younger than legal age  
parents  
the mess of the legal age  
age  
a countdown of life

death the blastoff of a soul  
death  
society's creator  
wisdom  
gained by the youth  
peace with the deed

Clark Brown—'62

## Rocking Chair Biography

Once I yearned for tomorrow's dawn;  
Lived only for tomorrow's night.

Today was a mere stepping stone  
To the riches of the morrow.

Now was only a time to yawn,  
Sit back and wait for daylight.

One day I awoke and was grown;  
Too late to reap, too late to sow.  
. . . . yesterday I could have.

Terry Jones—'62

## SENSITIVE

See a cloudless sky;  
Hear the soft falling of rain;  
Smell the first spring flower;  
Taste a home-cooked meal;  
Touch the hand of love—  
God.

Janey Walters—'62

# IN THE SPRING

In the spring there was a bud upon a thorny blackberry bush; there was a newly built nest in a white lilac; there was a midnight black kitten born, with closed eyes and soft fur; there was a small yellow puppy, bouncing and frolicking over the lush green lawn; and there was a freckled face boy of twelve years or so, with a fun loving shine in his eyes.

As the cool, beautiful spring changed to the early, warm summer, the bud also changed to a sweet smelling blossom; the nest contained an egg, a tan egg with brown spots; the kitten grew to be a young, skinny cat; the puppy became less clumsy on his feet; the boy was still twelve years or so with a fun-loving shine in his eyes.

As the warm, early summer days turned into the long, hot summer, the blossom changed to a hard green berry; the egg hatched and an ugly, scrawny baby bird took its place; the young cat became wiser; the puppy became a handsome dog; the boy with the fun-loving shine in his eyes became quite a hunter, for he now owned a rifle.

As the summer days grew cooler and fall was in the air, the berry hung heavily on the blackberry bush; the baby bird had become a pretty, delicate adult bird; the cat had become a slinky, hunting "tom"; the dog had become wild for a chase; and the boy with the fun-loving shine in his eyes had become an expert shot with his rifle.

The bird, in search of food, found the ripe, juicy berry and greedily devoured it. The stalking "tom" crouched, sprang, and so easily crushed the little bird's wing. He let it go, then he caught it again. At long length he killed the bird and savagely tore it to pieces. The dog, seeing the cat basking in the sun with bulging sides, attacked and brutally broke the fleeing

"tom's" back. The boy, who had seen the dog's assault, took careful aim with his rifle. (He meant to kill the brute). The fun-loving shine grew dim, weak, and disappeared. The boy lowered the rifle to his side, he felt overcome with shame and grief but could only ask, "Why?"

Pam Ransley—'62

## HINDSIGHT

I crossed the portals of Paradise Alley  
And saw,  
Half-starved urchins clothed in  
Naked innocence,  
Oh poverty, or squalor,  
Who but you can turn the soul  
And make mankind forget his bad?

I crossed the golden path of wealth  
And saw,  
Them run with eyes aglow in  
False security,  
Oh capital, oh wealth,  
Who but you can build for man a god  
And make him lay aside the truth?

Nick O'Steen—'63

## CAN A BERRY TELL?

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote  
Chaucer token pen in han an he wrote  
Of all the naughty folks he knowte  
That laven many hundred year agote.  
Maybe they were missing their corages  
These folks who took these annual pilgrimages  
But, then, it cou hav bin Geoffrey Chaucie  
That shou be credited with his vulgaurie.

Ann Barham—'62

# THE HUMAN BARRIER

Creeping vastness of night is dissolved  
Away by the restless dawn.

. . . and God said let man have dominion  
Over the living of the earth.

Stretching from golden fields of grain  
To oozing marsh and sea of birth.

Man began to spin his thin web  
As he explored an unknown world.

Threads break, goods marooned, and thoughts  
ebb,  
And man into a knot is hurled.

His web dangles from a high branch  
Up where he thinks he's the king

Over the groundlings of his ranch  
Yet never weaves a downward string.

To join in with the melody  
God made in his first creation.

Treading upward—up to be free  
To play God in a world of none.

He scorned the weak and needy  
Of a waiting world which asks help.

Still this world nourishes the tree  
Which supports his web and his yelp.

Faithful, true for millions of years  
Asking why for a kind word.

To soothe the many, many fears  
Which man himself on them incurred.

Nature struggles and earns her name.  
Man collects fame and takes the bow,

And upon nature throws all blame,  
She as his mother wipes her brow.

And the vastness of day is faded away  
By the setting sun.

Terry Jones—'62

# Coming Of The Storm

The pounding surf raced upon the beach  
with fingers white which seemed to reach  
for the shores of cold golden sand  
and gathered it with its outstretched hand.

The clouds grew dark with swollen weight  
the land trembled, fearing its fate.  
The hidden sun revealed an eerie light  
that caused mankind to flee in fright.

The sighing wind with a low groan  
reached dows and kissed the bubbling foam  
Then soared upward to caress  
each cloud with infinite tenderness.

Patsy Allison—'62

# Wind Chimes

Glass crystals enameled with oriental symbols  
of love,

joy,

and peace

Reflect the sun shining down on the earth  
from its lofty perch  
in the sky.

Glass crystals blown by the wind chime a tune  
of love,

joy,

and peace

For the world to hear, for a world  
threatening

self-destruction

to heed.

Karen Schwebenton—'63

# *A Second Ending*

I twisted around in the metal chair, my knees painfully grating against the concrete wall, and reached down into the wooden box at my feet. My hands shuffled through the contents of the box as though I could recognize what I wanted by touch. Unable to find what I sought, I dumped the twenty-three paperbacked books on the floor and went through them again. Not all of them were great classics of literature, but they were the reading I enjoyed, and besides, they were inexpensive and had been easy to obtain. I considered it a great bit of foresight in purchasing these books while I had been stocking my shelter. I wonder if anyone else had had the intuition I had shown. Why, everyone had known that when the inevitable attack came he would have to spend at least two or three weeks underground in a fallout shelter waiting for the radiation count to diminish. And what better way is there to pass the time away than by reading a good book?

I have read all twenty-three books twice in these two and a half weeks. But one cannot occupy his mind by reading books alone. I gave that up six days ago, and many times in these last six days I have seriously contemplated killing myself for want of something better to do. The boredom is unbearable. I have even kept a diary to help keep my mind occupied, but what can one write about at the end of the day when nothing at all has happened? And glancing over the pages of that diary, I see the greatest of all ironies. The entry is dated April 16, 1962.

“My first day in the fallout shelter is an exciting one. I can tell that I may enjoy this three week visit with solitude. Although I was very frightened when the warning first came, I am quite calm now. Only one curious incident has happened. Two hours after I locked myself in I heard someone knock-

ing at the steel door. Fearing that the intruder would force me into the holocaust outside, I yelled at him to go away. The knocking continued for about fifteen minutes and then stopped. Oh, yes, one other incident has happened. In my rush to lock myself in, I knocked over the portable radio and broke it beyond repair. I consider this as an unfortunate happening, but it does not worry me too much. I probably would not have listened to it anyway.”

I am crying now as I read this. Oh, what I would give if that poor unfortunate man were now talking to me. I would even welcome the sound of my radio. All I listen to is my own sobs and cries filling the short span of eight feet between the concrete walls.

I can't stand this much longer. It has been two and a half weeks . . . two and a half weeks, and the last several days have seemed like centuries.

It is unbearable!

I can't wait four more days . . . I must leave now.

As I pass in front of the wall that separates the door from that one room, my anxiety is suddenly surpassed by an uncontrollable fear of what I will find outside. I can easily imagine the complete ruin and desolation of the beautiful world I once knew. I can only close my eyes and fumble with the door handle. As the door scrapes open, I feel a sudden warmth, and old sounds reach my ears again.

I can't believe what I see. I blink my eyes and then open them again. It is impossible! The sun is shining down at me from a clear blue sky . . . birds are singing from green and flowering trees . . . the world is just as it was when I went into my exile

What has happened? Wasn't there an atomic blast at all? It couldn't have been a false alarm



. . . it just couldn't have been! I couldn't have spent those seventeen days of misery for nothing.

Glancing around, I can see children running about playing, and housewives busily going about their everyday chores. Old Man Jason next door clumsily runs inside yelling to his feeble wife, and politely tries to keep from laughing.

I am stunned. You might say it is the quiet before the storm. I am very humiliated. It had probably been old Jason who had knocked on the door of my shelter and tried to tell me it had been only a false alarm.

Suddenly an uncontrollable rage engulfs me, and I forget about everything except that one object that had caused me so much misery and suffering for two and a half weeks, and that horrible humiliation. I run to the tool shed and grab an axe. Brandishing the axe like a wild man, I storm over to the shelter and begin its destruction. I smash the door completely off its hinges and barge into the living quarters, ruining everything in sight. I destroy the water rations, the ventilation system, and with the last of my strength I chop open the box containing my precious books and scatter them in the water from the ration tins. Dropping the axe, I stumble outside and fall panting to the ground. Never have I been so enraged before. I am so tired I am almost unable to move. I just lie here without trying to think.

I have lain here for an hour now. Thirty minutes ago there was that long, piercing wail from the air raid siren. I just laughed at it. Nothing could make me go back into that shelter again. Not even the roaring winds, searing heat, the blinding flash of light. I just laughed at that, too. But somehow I can't make myself laugh now, as I watch that great white and red mass of flame and smoke billow into the sky in the shape of a huge mushroom.

Jack Harville—'63

## BEAUTY

There is beauty in a sparkling mountain stream,  
Shadowed by the silvery forms of fleeting trout.

There is beauty in the sea's racing waves,  
Pounding a rocky shore scattering the wild-  
screaming gulls.

There is beauty in the multi-colored leaves of  
autumn  
And hiding mountains peeking through mist.

There is beauty in a blanket of freshly fallen  
winter's snow  
And in a Christmas-time frost.

There is beauty in the morning's dew-drenched  
flower  
And in a summer storm's farewell—the rainbow.

There is beauty in the communion of lovers  
Silhouetted before a blazing sunset.

There is beauty in the tenderness of loved one's  
eyes  
And in a ballerina's simple grace.

There is beauty on a mother's love for her  
new-born  
And in the new day and in the black night.

The world's beauty, found in so many things,  
Is but a reflection of one's own heart, mind,  
and soul.

Richard Best—'62

# Chorus I

I live my own.

Girls are not for me.

I'm not ready to settle down

In a

Split level ouse

PTA

bridge club

(three nights a week)

trouble with the lawn sprinkler

I'm like a protest cat.

When I'm ready to settle down

O.K.

(Maybe)

Now

I like want to sit on the floor

(listening to jazz)

write

commune

look cool, and

grow a beard.

I'm not ready to settle down

and

make with a bald chin

I live my own.

# Chorus II

Men in wash and ware suits

button-down collars

brief case under arm

Women in short skirts

hair in French twist

going to get coffee for boss

Bum wants dime for cuppa coffee

(he should have boss)

"take pamphlet on fallout shelter,"

I have one, cries man

Everyone snickers.

Shakes head

goes on.

WOOOONK!

AIR RAID!!

Everyone wants in man's shelter

sorry

Only room for me.

Johnny Meeks—'62



