

WOMESUN



1966

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The Twelve and One

THE one nearest me on my left was a man whose features made him seem cold and aloof. During the last days of this spectacle he had hung on every spoken word, nodding his graying head at every dramatic oration against me. Now he sat in his cool implacability, an aura of dignity surrounding him. His sharp eyes were staring at me, trying to pierce my soul, which I knew I had hardened against the animosity of all of them.

Next to him sat another man, younger, whose expressionless eyes seemed to grasp nothing more than the gray domed ceiling. He had remained unmoving, unseeing, and unhearing, and suddenly I hated him intensely for not feeling. Then there was the hulky Negro, inappropriately wearing a loosely-knotted tie and a starched, ill-fitting white shirt. Was that pity I saw in his eyes? No! Who is he to pity me; he doesn't know the circumstances, the headlong rush of despair, agony, finally, hate.

The fourth man drew my attention most, a fair-haired youth, scarcely out of adolescence.

He looked at me with a gaze that I could almost accept. The woman was different. I can well imagine her having lived her fifty years with the same attitude that showed plainly on her homely face now; that of self-righteous indignation. Doubtless, she had cast the first stone. The last man sat stiffly, his thin, gnarled hands grasping the burnished wooden rail before him. Under the bushy, white hair his eyes glowed brightly, sunk in his tanned face, and, just then, I knew my last hope had vanished.

The six behind them I did not see. They were to me only a part of the wall. I would not let them hear the cry that was welling up within me, choking me, nor would I acknowledge the cold, clammy fear creeping up my body, seeking to numb my brain. I have committed myself, I will not deter . . .

The judge's gavel rapped for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

Chip Jackson—'61

THE HEALING

I walk along the lane at break of day,
My mind depressed. The gloomy solitude
Of fallen leaves of burnt-umber portray
In part my pensive, melancholy mood.
Like flowers gone with autumn's early frost,
My hopes and dreams have vanished overnight.
My world has crumbled; everything is lost.
Oh, could my mind again be set aright!
Perchance I heavenward do raise my eyes.
The vivid leaves of green and red and gold
Accentuate the golden sun which lies
Above the floating clouds so manifold.
This time of year nature appears her best;
Obtaining peace of mind, I feel at rest.

Lois Moser—'61

EARLY MORNING ASCENT OF A SMALL MOUNTAIN

Begin ascent:

I cross the shaded brook and stand
Upon the smooth-worn rocks that mark
This morning's starting place.

Now, forward bent,
The soft, lush-green moss cushion and
Grass melting beneath my feet (dark
Moist earth—the summer's race

Not yet begun),
I upward push myself, a tiny mote
Of life among the sun-scattering sycamores.
The morning slips along.

An hour done,
I pause to breathe more easily, and note
The sacred stillness of the hillside—calm remorse
That I cannot stay long.

I rise and view
The grandeur left behind, and that ahead.
My legs are tired, but my heart says "Come."
I follow quietly.

A chipmunk, new
To human presence, returns my stare 'stead
Of fleeing—childlike innocence some
Ancient faiths decree.

He seeks acorns;
I wander on, ever upward. I come upon
A rough-hewn road, a lonely symbol of how man
tames:
Civilized destruction!

But no loud horns,
Rumbling motors, travel this dwindling trail.
Soon gone
Will be the rutted road—the woods, first to
come, reclaim:
Slow, sure reconstruction.

Halfway, I rest
Again, beside a rill in the deep cool shade.
The water whispers as it plays around a stone,
Murmurs me to dreams.

With renewed zest
I wake and mount once more, from the quiet
glade.
The sun peeks through the canopy—straight up:
it's noon.
Time my strength redeems.

I see the peak!
The tremendous sky looms at its crown,
Blue, unmarred, embracing the flint-grey cliff
face:
Old as time, yet novel to me.

On soil antique
I set my weary feet. I have found
Utopia in a vibrant, wind-blown place—
I breathe deeply; here I am free!

Mike Williams—'61

OLD CHARLIE

Now listen, you people, and you shall hear
Of the horse that carried Paul Revere.
'Twas the eighteenth of April in seventy-five
No horse in Boston was more alive.
Old Charlie and I were saddled that night
Ready to ride at the first sign of light.
Now after the signal had made with its flicker
Old Charlie and me was off with a nicker.
Off we went with purpose to alarm
Every man in Middlesex village and farm.
I yelled to the people in a chord b-flat,
"The British are comin', now how about that!"
Old Charlie was sweatin' like a fat man's tears,
For he hadn't run that fast in many years.
We finally rode 'til home was near
And Charlie was tired, that fact was clear.
He stumbled to the barn and there gave a neigh
For over in the corner was a bale of good hay.
He flopped to the floor and began his straw
choppin'
As the guns blared with no signs of stoppin'.
He struggled to his feet as he spit and spat,
"The British are here, now how about that!"

Luke Medlin—'61

RECESS

Why don't we both go hang ourselves
Up on the apple tree?
Wouldn't that be the greatest fun
Just for you and me?

Why don't we both go hang ourselves
Up in the summer sky?
While rolling our heads on our limber necks
We'll watch the birds fly by;

Now don't you think it's a good idea?
You hold the rope while I climb.
Aw, here comes the matron to spoil our fun . . .
But we'll try it some other time!

Rhea Jacobs—'62

ETERNALLY MASCULINE

Once I stood and watched the rain
Filter from above;
Each larger drop the faster came
To catch his lady love.

But even raindrops, fickle are,
For on that quick trip down
They hugged the limbs and kissed the leaves
Of every tree in town!

Judy Andrews—'62

The Thought

FROM my bed, I could see only the Turners' house and garage. One day while my wife, Martha, was shopping, I made it a game to watch people passing and guess what each was like.

There was Miss Gibson. I didn't have to guess what she was like; for thirty years ago we were steadies.

Hey! It's Mr. Rolfe! Maybe he'll stop in and see me for a minute or so. Oh . . . I forgot that Martha wouldn't be here to open the door for him.

Wonder why he's headed towards Turners' place? Didn't realize that they even knew each other. Rolfe seems to be so nice to Martha and me. He visits us when he could be doing something more important.

Little Nancy must have just gotten home from school because she still has her books with her. Seems Nancy is the only one who really cares much for me any more, but even she hasn't visited me in two weeks. I can usually look for her visit on Thursday.

Hey! Here's Martha! She didn't spend much time at the store today.

Now where's she going? To Turners'? And there is Rolfe. That's strange, she and Rolfe standing out front talking. Why doesn't she invite him in?

If I can pull this curtain back with my teeth, maybe I can "see" what's so important. Since my condition has been this bad for so long, I have perfected several things, one of which is lip-reading.

(After a few minutes) No! How could she? Martha, no Martha! My sweet, innocent Martha! So that explains the urgent grocery visits, all kinds of meetings . . . and Mr. Rolfe's frequent visits. I can't just sit here and die! Help me! Somebody, please help me!

In a few minutes my supper will be fed to me by Martha, good, innocent Martha. Then Rolfe will come visiting, then a phone call . . . to the morgue.

I didn't die—then. As Martha glided in with my tray, her toe caught in the rug, as it often does, and I saw her head crash against the dresser.

I said, "I didn't die—then," but soon I will. For the third day, my wife has lain at the foot of the bed, blood covering the side of her head and running under my bed, laughing eyes open, staring at me as if to say, "As a deaf and dumb cripple, you'll die too without food and water."

Grace Penny—'62

INTERLUDE

THE old man slouched deeper into the non-existent comfort of his chair. Weary from his morning's work, his well-seasoned manner became more and more incoherent. His abridged frame relaxed, his wrinkled hands loosened their grip on the chair's arms, and tawny lids enfolded his eyes. He slumbered unaware of his surroundings. All concerns escaped him, leaving an unnatural calm over his face. With his head eased onto his gently rising and subsiding chest, the old man rested, void of all earthly tensions. He dreamed.

Stirring uneasily, the old man was aroused by an inner alarm. He stretched jerkily, squinted and rubbed his eyes, and reluctantly rose from his chair. He peered at his surroundings, disheartened by reality. Glancing down at the chair, he began his afternoon's work.

Francis McNairy—'61

Morning Over The Sandwich Island

Soft Hawaiian breezes grace
The mountain shrubs with lava lace
As spectral songbirds sing apace
A melody of glee.

Sacred steep volcanoes billow
Harmless steam, a tenuous pillow
That floats through cherry, pear, and willow
As the winds decree.

Far below, along the coast,
Swarthy skippers proudly boast—
To hear them, each will catch the most
When moorings are cast free.

Winking waves reflect the sun
In sparkling gaiety as one
By one the small fleets start their run
Into the open sea.

Brightly gleam the wind-filled sails,
Darting fast before the wails
Of seabirds on the foamy trails
That ride the ocean's knee.

So the new dawn brings again,
As only tiny Hawaii can,
A fresh, new day for mountain and man—
Where life and the land agree.

Mike Williams—'61

The Gift Of God

Amethyst clouds cushioned in the shadows of
the sky tinted the dying sunset. The lingering
light danced among the silhouetted tree tops,
first in animated pirouettes, then slowing to a
gentle waltz. The azure waters deepened to in-
digo as the sun hid below the distant shores. A
simple shack, deserted and alone, looked out at
the splendid panorama and awaited its sole occu-
pant.

An ancient rowboat hesitantly approached
from the west towards the rocky waterfront.
The delapidated dock sagged heavily as the aged
fisherman stumbled onto it, fastening his dinghy
with a frayed rope. Whistling to himself he
trudged up the stone path to his cabin carrying
his day's catch. Before entering the darkened
doorway, he gazed across the island and smiled,
peacefully aware of his God-given wealth.

Harriett Eiler—'61

The Forest Fire

Raging, ravaging, roasting the earth,
Sizzling, scorching, shriveling the flesh,
Leaping, laughing, lashing the sky,
Defying, deluding, daring the brook,
Charging, choking, crippling the deer,
Grounding, gorging, gutting the trees,
Hating, hampering, haunting the weak,
Befooling, bluffing, blinging the sun,
. . . Terrifying is the forest fire.

Terry Jones—'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.

Two big cars race. Both
Lose—Patch of ice is unexpected
finish line.

Mike Williams—'61

"Please don't shoot," she begged.
He slowly pulled the trigger—
And fired water gun.

Marita Rosental—'62

"Martians Invade Earth"
Headlines scream. Better make new
Foreign Policy.

Mike Williams—'61

In the summer, hot.
In the winter, cold. Never
The way I like it.

Mike Williams—'61

U. N. newsman says,
These are times that try men's soles.
. . . Try taps, Mr. K.

Terry Jones—'62

Book is funny thing.
Covers close together, yet
Many miles apart.

Mike Williams—'61

Slow nibble, strong tug,
Big grin; small hands jerk cane pole;
Fried fish for supper.

Terry Jones—'62

Look for pot of gold.
While searching, me find woman—
Never search again.

Grace Penny—'62

Now that twilight's here
All the warm suns of the day
Shine bright in my heart.

Mike Williams—'61

Books closed, all await,
Ready; tenseness in the air—
Shrill ring, running feet.

Mike Peake—'61

Got wonderful wife,
Nice home, but all is no good—
Out of cigarettes.

Don Beatty—'61

Running streams of life
Tumble o'er all stones in path,
Washing each the same.

Martha Parker—'61

Crying out for help
Are many weary people.
Save them from themselves.

Marita Rosental—'62

Gale winds, raging sea;
Ship fears death on rocky shore.
A mariner born.

Terry Jones—'62

Two drunks at the zoo—
Lion roars. Drunk says, "Let us stay
And watch the movie."

Sandra Bargamin—'61

Magic black fluid
Absorbed by thirsty Schaeffer
Spews poems on page.

Susan Stentz—'61

Chattering squirrel;
Pulled trigger, speeding bullet;
Slow red stain on gray.

Susan Stentz—'61

World going to end:
Big boom, poisonous mushroom.
It's later than thought.

Susan Stentz—'61

Hero slain, bank robbed,
Everybody in suspense,
Commercial ahead.

Terry Jones—'62

Animals in fear
Do not kill one another.
Why will man not learn.

Don Beatty—'61

So very gently
Love, your virtues beckon, and
Your flaws endear you.

Judy Thornlow—'62

Feathery white flakes
Kiss my window pane and melt,
Becoming cold tears.

Judy Thornlow—'62

MOORE'S KNOB

Mountain peak cloud-bathed;
Misty breath on rocky crags;
Rough cliff-edge softened.

Swirling cloud masses,
Wind-swept through rocky chasms,
Rest on pinnacle.

Hemlocks snag cotton
Wisps of gossamer vapor;
Wind preens wisps from branch.

Susan Stentz—'61

MIRAGE

Scintillating heat;
A shimmering, oppressive,
Desert hell-on-earth.

Cool, frosted bottle,
Moisture beads on thick green glass.
. . . Choking hot, dry sand.

Susan Stentz—'61

Solution

Univac IX was in a state of furious activity, its reels of memory tape flashing at unbelievable speeds, and its tubes aglow. Into Univac poured all of man's knowledge—science, law, history, economics, culture, politics, and even sociology. Univac was being prepared for the task of governing the Solar System because, since the human race had inhabited the neighboring planets, no single man or even a group of men could hope to co-ordinate the myriad tasks of interplanetary administration.

. . . Not only to the Solar planets did man aspire, but also to the stars; and with the rapid passage of celestial time, man's horizons expanded and developed — first to the nearby star groups, and then on to the distant systems.

As mankind grew, so did Univac. Univac IX became Multivac. Multivac became Polyvac, and finally Universiac was developed. The latter was the most complicated of all of the creations of man. Survival on distant planets, under hostile conditions, was possible only through the constant, infallible advice of the gigantic brain. Each area of human habitation had its own personal Univac, but each small computer was tied in with all of the other computers in the universe by the Supreme Universiac—thus creating an intricate net of thinking machines of incomprehensible magnitude.

The Supreme Universiac was located near the center of the Milky Way Galaxy. It was suspended in space, unattended by any human. It was such a complex apparatus that it had to repair itself, no ordinary mortal being capable of the task.

Supreme Universiac received a flood of data concerning all things in the universe, and this information came in unceasingly. As soon as all facts on a topic were available, it drew up a satisfactory solution or answer. Thus man for-

got how to worry, for all problems were solved by Universiac.

Just as an engine cannot run forever, so the universe began to run down. The tremendous reserves of hydrogen were converted to energy, and soon demand exceeded supply. Stars began to shrink, the galaxy and the universe waned.

Some men worried about the death of the universe, but all placed their trust in Universiac, devoutly believing that the computer would propound a simple solution.

Universiac knew of the dying of the stars, and for 400 million years it had worked on the problem, before any man even recognized the foreshadowing of doom. It continued to search for a solution, throwing all its immense resources into the battle with time. Man had to be saved before all stars were extinguished.

. . . Man lost. The solution came too late; Universiac, however, found the answer. Through its still intact circuits Supreme Universiac spoke to a darkened universe, "Let there be Light!"

Mike Patterson—'61

Ode To A Worm

When on the dance floor and all have been seated,

The little worm cries and a handkerchief is needed.

The poor little worm can't rumba or waltz
Or go to the soda shop for chocolate malts.

Concerning that dear worm that can't dance,
It isn't his fault he hasn't the vertebra to prance.
After giving much thought, to dance the worm
must bend and bend.

So worm, I'm going to cut you in half so you can
dance with your other end.

Mary Radcliffe—'61

The Three Little Bops

Once upon a time there lived Three Little Bops. The Little Bops had one of the coolest jazz trios in the country. One day, however, each Bop decided to go into business for himself and build a coffee-house to suit his own taste. Barry, the elder and more wise Bop, warned his brothers, Harry and Larry, to build a good strong pad, for fear that the rancid ol' rock and roll wolf would blow it down. Alas, they paid no attention to Barry and went on their stubborn way. Harry met, what he thought to be, a real hipster selling bamboo (He was really a square in disguise.) and bought the bamboo and built the coffee-house. As Barry had warned, the rock and roll wolf drove up on his motorcycle and said to Harry, "Let me in, Little Bop. I like want to try some of your 'expresso,' and if you don't, I'll like huff and puff and blow your pad down."

"Not by the goatee on my chin, will I like ever let you in," said Harry.

With this the rock and roll wolf did the "Twist" and let go with quite a huff and puff, and the "House of Bamboo" fell with a boom.

Harry packed his horn and moved in with Larry, who had bulit his coffee-house out of aluminum foil. The place was really swingin' when the wicked ol' wolf made the scene on his 'cycle.

Again he said, "Let me in, Little Bop. I like wanta try some of your "expresso,' and if you

don't, I'll huff and puff and blow your pad down."

"Not by the goatee on my chin, will I ever like let you in," said Larry.

And again, the rock and roll wolf did the "Shimmy" and blew down the pad.

This got Harry and Larry all foiled up, and they just didn't know how they were going to face Barry with the news. Soon, however, they obtained the nerve and bopped on over.

"Barry's Joint" was going full blast when Harry and Larry arrived. When they told Barry what had happened, he acted pretty white about it and welcomed them back.

Barry, being smarter, had built his pad out of "Permastone," giving greater defense against certain unwelcome guests such as duck-tailed wolves.

So now, of course, Fabian Wolf arrives on the scene and shoots the same old line about being hip on "expresso" and warns, "No go, I blow!"

The Three Little Bops give him the "no go" signal, and he blows, but this coffee-house didn't fall (much to the surprise of the rock and roll wolf). Again and again he blew, but never did he succeed. This got the wolf "all shook up," and he decided to try dynamite. Again he failed; this was too much. The rock and roll wolf broke down and sold his 'cycle, burned his leather jacket, got a haircut, and became a bopster. And they all bopped happily ever after.

John Meeks—'62

THE ALIEN

The trees were the first to awake. They thrust their stark, contorted branches from the blackness into grotesque, gray images. From the low-racing clouds small flakes of dawn were drifting earthward, pausing only for a moment before melting into the warm clasp of the still-obscure foliage and the hidden forest floor. A small, meek breeze meandered over the slowly rolling curves of sod, hesitating, then, assured of its way, rustling the weathered, brown, die-hard leaves in its haste to complete its journey.

Soon the whole landscape stood sharply focused by the streams of light which had slipped through billowing gray sentinels overhead, seem-

ingly bent on guarding their portions of nature from the day. The first bird's cry pierced the moist morning air, and the hoarse squeak of a squirrel dropped from an obscure tree.

The man, sitting shrouded in the silence he had imposed upon himself, slowly lifted his head to gaze above the brown, weather leaves, the contorted branches, and the rushing clouds. His eyes were bright and alert, even though surrounded by many tired wrinkles, and the slow laziness of the dawn did not dim their comprehension. Abruptly he rose, swayed an instant on cramped legs, then, picking up his gun, headed with crunching footsteps toward home.

Chip Jackson—'61

I Just Think There Is

Here I am in deep remorse
There's nothing really wrong, of course,
(I just think there is.)
My mother thinks I'm quite smart.
I made an F—it broke her heart.
(I'm just stupid.)
My father thinks I don't like work
I used to be an excellent clerk.
(Yesterday, I got fired.)
At school I'm always losin' stuff
That makes my life there pretty ruff—
(Like books, for instance . . .)
My girl, she said she'd up and leave.
She'd never do it; I didn't believe.
(She up and left.)
I used to think that I could drive—
One afternoon went ninety-five—
(And hit a police car.)
So . . . here I am in deep remorse.
There's nothing really wrong, of course,
(I just think there is.)

Jean Whitaker—'62

School Spirit

Nebulous and unfathomable, this visitor lurks in our halls, creeps into the classroom, and follows each GHS'er wherever he goes. Not every student recognizes him or cares to know him, but he can't be shoved into a corner or forgotten, for there is always someone who wants to make him a permanent part of the students' activities. This creature is not a ghost, but he's next of kin, for he's a spirit. School Spirit is his name, and he claims the longest membership on the rolls of GHS.

Unfortunately this fella is often neglected until an important athletic event arises, and then he's pulled from the closet, dusted off, and dragged to the game to add a little pep to the hurrahs and friendly chatter, only to be shoved back into the closet until another festive occasion calls for his presence.

The majority of GHS'ers, however, value his friendship and enjoy having him around and let him out the other closet door so he can be a little more active. He goes about his duties quietly (unless he's boasting of his school) and assumes tremendous tasks. He is a staunch defender of the honor code, reminding students of their duties as responsible citizens. He gives a friendly shove to those students reluctant to participate in and cooperate with school activities, and he encourages success in maintaining good grades.

He's a mighty wonderful friend, this School Spirit. I'm glad he's on our side.

Caralee Pruitt—'61

Defiant Diary

December 32, 1960

Up early—about 11:00 a. m. Told to clean room so spent a whole hour stuffing things into closet and drawers. (Couldn't push it under bed—that space full from last time!)

Got materials set out for tomorrow's Underwater Crocheting lesson.

Listened to some records like, "I used to think my right hand was uglier than my left" by Ambidextrous Louis.

Read a book for my fourteenth and last report in Driver Training class. Name of book: CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE HAN DYNASTY TO THE PAPER INDUSTRY IN SOUTH VIET NAM.

Went to town to look for a new suit. Looked for a new suit. Looked some more. Found one. Waited. No clerk. Waited more. Still no clerk. Stole a suit today.

Bought a copy of PRIVATE HARGROVE'S SECRET JOURNAL and a book of memoirs in the adventures of Belgium's famous World War II Underground Balloon Battalion.

Really didn't get too much done today—I was working under a handicap: I was sober—Everything seemed so REAL ! !

Sandra Bargamin—'61

The Operation

The bell ending the first period rang, and I with seventeen hundred others, pushed and shoved my way to second period. I stopped long enough to smoke a quick cigarette in the grove, then I went on towards the science building. Today was to be the climax of a week's study on the frog. Today was the day we dissected a real, live dead frog. To me it meant no more than watching the girls squirm. For days they had been discussing the possibility of frogs causing warts, and some of them had even bought along rubber gloves, just in case. Dissecting pans containing frogs in pools of formaldehyde and tools lay on our desks. The girls slid gently into their desks, reluctant to touch the frogs till it was necessary. Johnny and I were to dissect one together, and we sat there watching the liquid inside the frog move when we punched its stomach.

There was a girl on my left who just sat and stared, her face pale and her eyes wide with disgust. On an impulse, I picked our frog up and held it under her nose. She didn't utter a sound, and for a minute I thought she would slide limply from her chair. She simply shrank from the slimy thing and her eyes grew larger. Our teacher made her entrance with the air of a great surgeon about to perform a delicate heart operation. Her mood was infectious, and the class became quiet. She began to explain the use of our tools, while showing us how we were to slit our frogs open. Every one followed her example, the girls holding theirs gingerly by two fingers, the boys tearing into theirs as if they were juicy steaks. Everyone, that is, except the girl on my left. She sat and stared, not moving a muscle. Feeling in a rather gallant mood, I leaned over and proceeded to slit the little monster's stomach for her. Then I heard the only sound she had uttered till now—a loud, shrill shriek that would have done credit to a Confederate Rebel! Hers

had turned out to be a female-type frog with a generous supply of eggs that accidentally slid over my hand, down onto her skirt. No longer in a gallant mood, I turned back to my desk, leaving her to dispose of the slimy mess herself.

Our frog turned out to be a female, too, and I felt like an abortionist with a conscience must feel. I kept thinking of all the hundreds of little tadpoles that would never grace the waters of lake or stream. We began to dissect our creature, studying each part carefully. Johnny was proceeding to explain to me that the difference between a frog and a toad was that some toads can be distinguished from the true, typical frog by the arciferous type of the shoulder-girdle and the sternum. (He had memorized this bit of startling information from a report he had to make.) I glanced to my left and was confronted with an Arctic glare, so I busied myself with our frog's very attractive gullet. Johnny and I got involved in a discussion on whether or not frogs could cause warts. We had both had pet frogs when we were small, and we didn't get any, so we decided it was a farce. I had an uncle who had warts on his hand, and an old woman had said some words and rubbed ointment on them, and they disappeared. The warts disappeared, *not* my uncle and the old woman. Suddenly we realized the rest of the class was busy punching livers, while we were still intently studying the gullet. The liver looked like a pin cushion my mother had, so we stuck the pins that were in our pan neatly in it and left them.

Meanwhile, Johnny had discovered that frog eggs make great spitballs when shot from the end of a dissecting tool, so we amused ourselves once more by seeing how many people we could hit. I aimed all mine toward my right, avoiding the egg-covered ice berg on my left. I hit a boy in the side of the face, but Johnny was bigger than he was, so I didn't worry. It was almost

time for the bell, and our teacher was explaining how we were to put our tools away and how to put our frogs back in their jars. Some how our frog didn't fit right, so we cut it up, and then it *did* fit very nicely. I had gained nothing whatsoever from this novel experience; I had seen the same thing when I had found a frog that had been hit by a car. Only this time it was a little neater. I turned to my left, and that poor girl, thinking I was going to help again, bolted for the cabinet with her jar. Everyone was sitting around discussing the interesting anatomy of the frog—Johnny and I sat there working out football plays on a blank page of my biology book. Finally the bell rang, and again I pushed and shoved my way to third period, along with seventeen hundred others.

*Nancy Helton, Bob Parker
(And we don't know who-all)*

Dawn In The Everglades

Dawn. A wet-cold blanket of
Night-air dissipates in steam;
Morning hits the marshes dimly
On the first sunbeam.

Slowly as the blood-red sphere
Creeps among the cypress limbs
Cold air warms, and deep into the
Marshes daylight swims.

Softly fade the songs of night
Melody of day invades,
From the air and land and water,
From the Everglades.

Mike Williams—'61

FURIOUS THE RUSH OF MAN

Furious is the rush of man
Through all the daylight hours,
And even when the night is come,
A surge throughout still glowers.

From when the morning clock alarms
Until the hour of sleep,
The tiny hands upon the clocks
A maddening rhythm keep.

No time to look about one,
No time to see the world,
The ever constant tick . . tick . . tock
Keeps mankind in a swirl.

Culture lies about us, dormant
While life and love do beckon—
Our time will come . . . Our time will come
When time with us will reckon.

A wond'rous God of might and power
Sits on heavenly throne—
Our time will come . . . Our time will come
To Him all time is konwn.

Forgotten hope, forgotten joy—
He sees the things we've lost
While we're entangled in the clock,
Unmindful of the cost.

Mike Patterson—'61

Student Handbook: Survival Can Be Fun

(Banned In Las Vegas, Harlem, and Greensboro Senior High)

I. ASCENDING AND DESCENDING STAIRS

Be sure to stop and take time to decompress, or equalize the pressure on your ascent or you will get the bends. Always descend with a buddy. If visual contact with buddy is lost, listen for sound of escaping gripes. If unable to locate him in this manner, bang on anything to attract attention.

II. DANGER AREAS

Beware of dangerous currents between all points on campus and cafeteria and parking lot, (Special note to teachers—Exercise extreme caution to stay clear of aisles at following times: 11:52, 12:50, and 3:25. This area particularly dangerous at 3:25 on Fridays.)

III. STUDENT LABOR UNION

Membership entitles student protection from "pop" tests, long difficult assignments, and violation of Union Code by teachers. Student attorneys available for low fees because of personal satisfaction involved. (Sample judgment—"To serve term as a sophomore for 199 years.")

IV. CUSTODY OF ELEVATORS

It's traditional that when a sophomore becomes a junior, custody of the elevators reverts to the incoming sophomores.

V. EXTRA CREDIT

Poor students can raise their grades through extra credit assignments. (Example for math classes—"Memorize table of powers and roots, trigonometric tables, and the index.")

VI. TRAFFIC SQUAD

Embarrassing incidents and abuse by squad members need not be experienced. This happy news is due to the revelation of old secret fighting methods. Just go up to any squad member, slap him on the back, and say, "I can lick you any day." (This lets him know you are already building up your confidence and are ready for the course.)

VII. ROAD IN BACK OF SCHOOL

Since Main Street is not yet a sanctioned drag strip, a temporary strip has been opened in the back of school. Cars with full race cams, supercharger, two 4-bbl. carbs., and floor shift are welcomed. (Note—all are expected to obey the 20 m.p.h. speed limit.)

VIII. PARKING LOT

More experienced drivers are invited to use the slalom course in the parking lot. Hitting a yellow marker post results in automatic disqualification. Contestants submit names to office for registration.

Terry Jones—'62

WISDOM

I felt Wisdom with her hand of gold

Touch me, and my heart began to hum.

But why must one always be told

That her presence is felt beneath one's gum.

Sandra Neal—'62

Afternoon Rendezvous

The day was hot, muggy, and still just as though the breeze had died, but an occasional whisper made known the presence of its ghost. Filling the stagnant air were particles of dust which seemed to cover and ruin everything within reach of the outside.

Priscilla threw open the tall, heavy shutters and surveyed the exterior of her plantation. She thought to herself that the caretaker was letting things run down, and she would have to talk with him. You can't be too lax with slaves, you know.

Nervously she peered over her shoulder at the antiquated grandfather clock standing beside the mantelpiece. Today was Thursday and it was two o'clock. Only two more hours and he would come, reining his white stallion to a halt before her door. His grey uniform and his long, slender cutlass almost made him too handsome for words. Priscilla's heartbeats quickened in anticipation of his weekly return.

She had to hurry, for she hadn't much time, and he was always promptly there at four o'clock. Every week she went through the decision of which dress to wear always keeping in mind the tastes of her gentleman friend. Finally, after due consideration, she picked a sheer white cotton with small pink flowers embroidered around the hem. He always liked her in white.

After she was dressed, there was nothing to do but fix her hair in a pleasing fashion. Priscilla moved to the mirror and reached for her comb. Then her eyes came to rest on the image reflected in the mirror, and she uttered a scream which seemed to shake the dust from its resting places.

Who was that horribly wrinkled, ugly, old woman who returned her stare from the mirror?

Priscilla wheeled around to see if anyone had crept into the room without her knowledge. Then the realization struck her, and she fell into a huge plush chair and the dust almost smothered her.

Burying her head in her hands, she wept for a while until all the poison of remembrance was washed away. It all became clear. Civil War—over years ago. Captain Thornhill—killed in action. Plantations—all destroyed. But she had forgotten, for today was Thursday, but now she remembered all.

However, there would be other Thursdays and she would forget again.

Holly Kowal—'61

RAIN

Gentle rain
Bathing fresh flowers and verdant grass,
Streaming softly against window panes,
Creating beauty, new and alive.

Hard downpours
Cleaning cars and washing gutters,
Drenching the newly-hung laundry,
Soaking all, but strengthening.

Restless rain
Lulling every sleeping child and babe,
Bestowing peace on lonely lovers,
Ending slowly and granting splendor.

Harriett Eiler—'61

The Fishing Pier

FLAP, flap, flap went my flip-flops above the lapping of the ocean waves. I walked across the rough pavement that was covered with sand toward the little shack that stood illuminated against the black sky. After holding the door for some people to come out, I entered, blinded temporarily by the lights.

The place had a long glass counter on one side that held post card racks, insect spray, crazy straw hats, suntan lotions, and all sorts of souvenirs. I paused to look at a collection of sand dollars which always fascinated me, and then I glanced at the other counter. It didn't interest me too much as there was nothing but flies, tackle, fishing rods, and reels, and all that sort of stuff. A third counter smelled like hot dogs.

I let the screen door bang behind me as I flip-flopped out onto the uneven, unpainted boards that went uphill. The ocean breeze chilled me, and I wished for a sweater. I went on, however, looking out at the dark waves revealed only by their white tops. The lights at intervals along the rail reminded me of street lights back home. I passed the wooden sinks where people clean the fish and observed a fish head hanging from a nail. I turned my head and walked on, past the narrow benches on each side which were painted red, yellow, and orange alternately.

By then I was walking above the water, and people were standing at the rails, or sitting on the benches, rods and reels in hand. Their curious dress varied, but basically it was old blue jeans, windbrakers, and battered hats. One man wore a scarf around his head and an old plaid outing shirt. Wherever there were people, there were all sorts of containers, small ones for bait, large ones for fish.

I stopped to look down at two little boys, covered with an old Army blanket, sleeping tranquilly on the boards, and further up the pier

I was astonished to see a small baby resting in a canvas bag.

A withered old woman, who could have come out of the sea, sat bundled up in her own fold-up type of chair. Next to her was a cooler full of fish and ice. Her young touseled-haired grandson sat on the bench beside her, excitedly reeling in his line. The old woman called anxious instructions to him with her shrill voice.

After the little boy landed his 'catch', I walked on, not caring to see the hook yanked from the fish's mouth. I heard someone scream out to me, and I looked down just in time—a crab was right next to my toe. I quickly moved on.

People talked in hushed tones, except when someone cried out with joy or disappointment. At last I reached the end of the pier and leaned on the rail, gazing at the black world.

The man next to me saw his line bobbing and yanked his rod. He wound and wound and wound, until a silver, dripping fish appeared above the water. The creature wriggled and attempted to do flips as the man drew him nearer and nearer. Up to the rail came the fish, while the man grinned with satisfaction. The fish ended its fight with one mighty twist and lay on the boards flipping its feeble tail while the man chuckled.

I glanced up at the full moon, casting a golden path across the black water; then I turned and went back down the pier, past the strange looking people, past the sleeping babies, past the old grandmother and young grandson, past the fish head hanging on the nail, through the bright little shack.

I have just come from another world, I thought, as I started down the narrow road. I left the light for the shadows as I headed to our cottage. Flap . . flap . . flap went my flip-flops.

Jo Jane Pitt—'61

HERMAN

OR

THE SAD PLIGHT OF THE INTELLECTUAL IN A PSYCHOLOGICALLY ADVANCED ERA

His name was Herman; his age was five.
He was the brainiest kid alive.
He had an I.Q. of 204.
No proud parents could have asked for more.
He was, you see,
A prodigy.

He knew as much math as any digital computer.
He was a little smaller—but a whole lot cuter.
His parents took him to school one day,
But the principal said, “You must take him away.
He must not mix
With kids of six.”

So he stayed at home another year and learned
to read Greek.
But when he started in at school, they told him,
“You’re a freak.
You may be smarter and you may know more
Than any six-year-old who ever came here
before,
But to live in this world, you have to be made
To ‘harmonize’ with your age group, so go to
first grade.
You absolutely must
Learn to adjust.”

So they put him in a classroom where he read
Dick and Jane,
And they sent him to the office when he tried to
complain.
For a couple months he kept on vainly trying
to resist,
But they only said, “You must adjust in order
to exist.”
So he figured that he absolutely had to cease to
be
An introverted, maladjusted, child prodigy.

Now he plays Red Rover with the other first-
grade boys,
And his teddy bear and toy truck are his favorite
toys.
He tends the first-grade garden plot—he’s done
it for six terms.
His parents don’t know whether it was viruses
or germs
That caused him, five long years ago, to lose his
intellect
And become a mental moron, an inferior reject.
But the educators say, “Although his psyche is
quite ‘busted,’
His parents should be proud of him, for Herman
has adjusted.”

Rhea Jacobs—’62

HATTERAS IN HAIKU

Ferry to harbor:
Bleached tree skeletons, moss-festooned,
Stark in brackish brine.

Dawn on horizon—
Pink-orange streaks sea and sky;
Frantic gulls awake.

Dancing sun on sand,
Sea-salty foam on wave crest,
High tide surges in.

Exquisite curved lines,
Fragile milky-white moon shell
Glistening with foam.

Iridescent wings
Of green and transparent gauze—
Soaring dragonfly.

Spry banker ponies,
Shaggy keepers of the dunes,
Run wild as sea winds.

Wading sand-hill crane;
Low tide lapping at mud flats;
White heat; scuttling crabs.

Wading blue heron
Perched on slender leg, watching,
Merciless beak poised.

Silver darting fish—
Swim! Hov'ring silent shadow
Is lurking menace.

Red-winged blackbirds perch
On cattails in salty marsh;
Song wings o'er brine lakes.

Tall black-striped tower
Is guardian, protector;
Lonely Hatteras.

Susan Stentz—'61

MELANCHOLY

Observe the sad, slowly shifting sands, movement perpetual but unnoticeable. Watch, too, the languid swaying of the giant palm tree, rooted deep into the uncertainty of the surrounding sand. Feel the half-hearted effort of the wind, as it moodily sweeps the beach with the fickle waves, first swamping the land with debris, and then leaving it clean and smooth.

The indolent gestures of all these forces are controlled by the damp, misty hand of melancholy, who moves her subjects to a minute display of emotion and then leaves them to languish motionless in their self-pity and tears.

Man, too, feels the pressure of this mistress of emotions and is sometimes solely motivated by her dispirited influence. By her depressed will, she drives man forward a short distance and then leaves him to contemplate his low situation and his reasons for falling under the rule of the Queen of Despair.

Holly Kowal—'61

NIGHT INTRUSION

Reclined, alone in the darkness,
The rustling leaves outside my window
Soothe the stillness.

Murmurings in the next room, and
The monotone tickings of my tightly wound
clock
Soothe the stillness.

Moonlight screened through restless boughs,
Its dapples dancing over me and my room,
Soothes the stillness.

A lone automobile speeding past
With its lights glaring through my window
Shatters the stillness.

Francis McNairy—'61

"Sinai" and "The Exodus"

Editor's Note: "Sinai" and "The Exodus" by Mr. M. Thomas Cousins were originally written for and performed by the Greensboro Senior High School Band and Choir. The following was written in commemoration of these fine dramatic compositions after their presentation to the student body in assembly this winter.

THE auditorium is hushed. A thousand people gaze intently at the director as he walks stiffly to the center of the light-flooded stage and steps upon his platform. He looks over the members of the band and the choir and pauses in a final tribute to the silence. Then, into this air of expectancy, creeps the low, mournful note of an oboe—hesitantly at first, but gathering force as it is joined by the murmurs of other instruments.

Gold and silver horns flash in the artificial light, and the stage is filled with a multi-colored arrangement of players, who seem, as a crescendo of sound suddenly thrusts itself into the air, to lose their identity and become as one—a straining creator of beauty. But now the music which begins to fill the building and flow up every aisle becomes a living thing, bursting the bonds of its originators and bounding into the realms of imagination. The dust is being brushed from the Book of Time.

The music again dips into a murmur, and, as the mixed voices softly open the story of the exodus, the audience leaves the confines of reality to walk among brown Israelite tents on a hot Egyptian plain. The drums roll, and gray-bearded patriarchs march from the dim outlines of the past to play their part of leadership in the departure. The song continues, from notes which reach a crest and swoop majestically over the audience as the choir proclaims victory over the Pharaoh to those who sink into soft melancholy as they witness the sin of the Israelites in a dark valley of Arabia.

Gradually the sound diminishes, and the players, the choir, and the director come into focus. The Old Testament is closed as the final note is played, and the auditorium is again hushed. Then thunderous applause fills the air where the music once was, but if the melody is forgotten, the message and feeling it conveyed will linger.

Chip Jackson—'61



DOS CUATRO

It was chaos
And without meaning;
The waves splashed
And the rains came;
The stars rose
And the moon fell;
The winds rushed on
To hit the expressionless.

On and on this way
The probing continued;
Stumbling, falling, yet
Withstanding
The mysterious beating
On motionless anonymity—
Not living but merely
Existing.

And then there were two.

Sandra Bargamin—'61

I Just Love Men

Ever since I felt that first loving whack the old doc gave me, I have simply adored men! But when I found my parents had labeled me with "Isabel Beatrice Jones" (after my granny on Ma's side and Auntie Beaty on my Dad's side of the family), I realized that my chances with the doc were slim.

Thereafter, I fussed and screamed, hoping that I would be called something other than "Isabel Beatrice," and, sure enough, I was! (I need not elaborate!) Nevertheless, whenever my folks calmed down, they used this entire preposterous alias of mine. I use the word "alias" because I am now commonly known as "Dong" which was derived from "Bel."

You're quite correct in thinking that Granny dropped her false teeth when she discovered that I had ended up with such an absurd moniker. Her teeth broke and she's been wearing Grandpop's ever since. Though he never wore them, I think he's still upset about the matter which all the kin folk have come to consider as "The Battle of Grandfather's Bridge."

Of course Doc was my first flame. Then there was the guy who kept making monkey faces at me through the window while I was still residing at the hospital. He carried on like a real crack-brain; nonetheless, he was a loyal fan. Then I finally figured it out—he was my father. After all, who else would have offered me a cigar? At this, knowing that it's that kind of being that sticks one with a name like Isabel Beatrice Jones, I seriously began to think that life was not worth

living . . . I had no man to call my own. Even Doc had quit seeing me.

Several years went by, and I was trying to convince myself that the life of a spinster wouldn't be so bad. Then I met Pole. I flipped over him instantly, since his given name was Leopold. (You know—"Leopold loves Isabel Beatrice"; we were meant for each other.) He became a real "dog-patch-ham" (everlasting brute) at my house. Seems he was coming to see Roy Rogers, not me. Though I felt sorry for him, his T. V. on the blink and all; a woman can take just so much from her man; so, out he went!

The next apple of my eye turned out to be a real lemon! He would talk for hours about all his favorable recollections of his former girl friends. We were engaged for six weeks, and then I heard by way of the grapevine that three other girls had worn my ring before me. That ended that!

At the age of six I fell in love with the postman. He was such a darling! One day he overheard me complaining because everyone in the house got mail except Isabel Beatrice. From then on he brought me a postcard every week signed "Harvey, the postman."

Upon entering school, I found that a classmate of mine was Harvey's daughter. Trying to think the best of him, I assumed that he was a widower. Certainly a married man wouldn't be writing me, another woman! Realizing that should I marry him, my foster daughter would be as old as I, I concluded that that would be far from an ideal set up. Thus, I ended my affair with the postman.

And so, I bring my story up to date. Please, don't be mislead. There have been others, but old Doc remains the best of them all. After all, had it not been for that thrillingly masculine way he applied that first whack, I would never have been so fascinated by men. But that was nine years ago; I guess he's getting a tad too elderly for me by now.

Oh, I just love men!

Ann Barham—'62

Character Sketch

Everybody hates me! Just let me tell you what happened the other day; I get mad even thinking about it! I was being a good little boy, like I always am, when I saw a chance to show off . . . which I adore to do. Anyway, there was a lot of company in the house that day, so I decided to entertain all the folks with my little act. I jumped up and down and made funny faces to make them laugh. If there's anything I hate, it's a bunch of old fuddy-duddies trying to look serious. But those old fuddy-duddies didn't laugh a bit, and that made me furious. After all, I was doing it for their benefit! So then I figured that a temper tantrum was needed. I mean, that was a bad situation, calling for drastic measures! Oh, what a tantrum I staged! A gorgeous performance, if I do say so myself. I shook my finger at them, beat my head with my fists, and ranted and raved in my most piercing screams. Boy, what a show! But back to my story.

Those hateful old people didn't even pay any attention to me! Imagine! I could hear them talking about me, too. Oh, they were meanies! They called me a fat little kid. I am a little chubby for my age, so what? I don't like them one bit, and I'm going to be just as cantankerous as I can!

I just can't understand why nobody likes me, when I'm usually so nice and agreeable. Why, do you know they've been telling me to go away! They say, "Go hide behind your iron curtain, Nikita!"

Just wait! They'll be sorry when I start throwing my toys at them!

Beverly Wilkinson—'62

UNFORGOTTEN

It's not the great in social ranks
Who live the greatest lives,
It's not the one who owns the most
Who at life's goal arrives.
But it is those who love the most
Who follow in noble steps,
That rise to life's sublimest height
And reach its grandest depths.
It's not your fame and earthly pomp
That make for true renown.
It's not the house in which you live
In countryside or town.
It's not the raiment that you wear
Your beauty or your pride.
It's not the church you worship in
Nor the car in which you ride.
It's not the job at which you work
The place that you may fill.
It's what there is within your heart
And how you use your will.

Chuck Folger—'61

CONFIDENSIS

So live, that when that pink slip calls thee to join
That innumerable mass, which moves
To that mysterious desk, where each shall take
His attendance card in the noisy realms of the
Clinic,
Thou go not, like the juvenile delinquent at
court time,
Robbed of his switchblade, but, confident and
soothed
By an energetic Clinic assistant, approach Miss
Wood
Like one who wraps the drapery of his *not-do-*
ing-anything-wrong
About him, and settles down to await a pleasant
visit.

Barbara Barney—'62

Escape

He crouched silently behind the pile of discarded crates, hardly daring to breathe. Scurrying feet passed hurriedly and voices shouted in confusion. When the footsteps could no longer be heard and the shouts were only a blur in the distance, he leaped from his hiding place and started to run down the alley in the opposite direction. He tripped in the cobbled surface but quickly clambered up and stumbled on. His face and hands stung unbearably and blood oozed from a gash in his forehead. Putting his hand to his face, he tried to brush away the dirt and gravel embedded in his skin.

He ran on, not knowing where he was going. All he wanted to do was to get away from the mob of crazed, blood-thirsty men. It had been an accident, a mistake. Everything in the past two weeks had been one terrifying, unbelievable mistake. And now he found himself desperately trying to escape a ravenous group of men who were more like beasts—beasts of prey with no human senses, who had but one instinct, to kill. And he was the hunted animal with one instinct, to run.

Suddenly he heard the voices again. There was not so much confusion this time, for someone had assumed leadership of the group and was shouting orders in a loud voice. The fugitive rounded a corner and the horrifying truth dawned on him—he was trapped in a blind alley. Ever since his childhood he had known that this alley was a dead end. As a boy he and his playmates had played “good guys and bad guys” in this very place. The irony of the situation caused him to stop and laugh insanely. Brought

back to the present by the nearing voices, he ran to the wall of an old building and started to climb, using niches and cracks for footholds. His pursurers turned the corner and he became wild. In his desperation his foot slipped and he fell screaming to the street. He had found the only means of escape from the alley.

Dale Stansbury—'62

The **Gypsy Wave**

Gently rolling far at sea,
Up and down and up and . . . whee!

Racing clouds through pastel sky,
Past the ships with lullaby.

Through great cobwebs of sea weed,
Over reefs for ships to heed.

Guided by a gentle breeze,
Yearns for shore at which to sneeze.

Signalled by the crying gull,
. . Inhales deeply . . still the lull.

Stillness, then pounding thunder,
Then foam and hissing water.

Reaches out and clings the sand,
Hears the sea . . obeys command.

Time to leave this beaten strand,
Off to kiss another land.

Terry Jones—'62

