



# RENAISSANCE 1990



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**RENAISSANCE**  
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of  
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**SGA Cash Awards for Student Contributors**

Art: Lisa Ransom  
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Short Story: Stephanie Doreen Davis  
Essay: Susan Aldridge

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|  |       |                        |
|--|-------|------------------------|
| <i>Landscape</i> .....                               | 1     | Lori Dison             |
| <i>St. Barnabas</i> .....                            | 2     | Dee Johnson            |
| <i>Father, I Give</i> .....                          | 2     | James D. Revette       |
| <i>Funeral</i> .....                                 | 3     | Noel Nunkovich         |
| <i>A Moment In Time</i> .....                        | 4     | M. Kathleen Crews      |
| <i>Goat Man</i> .....                                | 5     | Shelia Heath Smith     |
| <i>The Victor</i> .....                              | 6     | Noel Nunkovich         |
| <i>Do We Go No Further</i> .....                     | 6     | Irene Wallace          |
| <i>Grapes</i> .....                                  | 7     | Elizabeth Ellis        |
| <i>A Seed</i> .....                                  | 7     | Trelvia Hodges         |
| <i>Chain</i> .....                                   | 8     | Lisa Ransom            |
| <i>The Brass Circle</i> .....                        | 9     | Mark Jayson            |
| <i>Silent Shadows</i> .....                          | 10    | Paula Poynter-Martin   |
| <i>Loneliness</i> .....                              | 10    | C. Yvonne Crespo       |
| <i>Brushstroke with Splatter</i> .....               | 11    | Diane Watts            |
| <i>Hot-Pink Memories</i> .....                       | 12    | Virginia Pennington    |
| <i>Hog Killing</i> .....                             | 13    | Susan Aldridge         |
| <i>Feathers</i> .....                                | 14    | Chai Martin            |
| <i>Night Watch</i> .....                             | 15    | Jessica Holden         |
| <i>Caged</i> .....                                   | 16    | Linda Hughes           |
| <i>How I Lost My Marbles</i> .....                   | 17-18 | Tony Medlin            |
| <i>Just Another Day</i> .....                        | 18    | Wes Asbell             |
| <i>The Grate on Homeless Street</i> .....            | 19    | A. Z. Hubbard-Thomas   |
| <i>Living in the Nineties</i> .....                  | 19    | James Revette          |
| <i>Lap Time</i> .....                                | 20    | M. Kathleen Crews      |
| <i>Comforter</i> .....                               | 20    | Tammy Rush             |
| <i>Cat Rap</i> .....                                 | 21    | M. Kathleen Crews      |
| <i>Jill</i> .....                                    | 21    | Martha Grice           |
| <i>Brick Sculpture, photo</i> .....                  | 22    | Brian Strickland       |
| <i>Brick Sculpture, speech</i> .....                 | 22    | Pat Turlington         |
| <i>Eyes</i> .....                                    | 23    | George Killette        |
| <i>L'Amour</i> .....                                 | 23    | Ken Robbins            |
| <i>Cream of Tomato Soup</i> .....                    | 23    | Lisa Ransom            |
| <i>Light &amp; Shadow</i> .....                      | 24    | Linda Hughes           |
| <i>Names</i> .....                                   | 24    | Rosalyn Lomax          |
| <i>Shall We Overcome</i> .....                       | 25    | Corey Harvey           |
| <i>Children</i> .....                                | 25    | Sarah Hafel            |
| <i>Freedom</i> .....                                 | 25    | Trelvia Hodges         |
| <i>Call Me Sire</i> .....                            | 26    | Marian Westbrook       |
| <i>Dancing With a Memory</i> .....                   | 26    | Marcia Maynard         |
| <i>Sea Horses on Black and White</i> .....           | 27    | Lisa Ransom            |
| <i>Thoughts on Dead Poets Society</i> .....          | 28    | M. Kathleen Crews      |
| <i>An Argument for Not Writing an Argument</i> ..... | 28    | Shawn Bunn             |
| <i>L'Education</i> .....                             | 29    | J. P. Draughon, Jr.    |
| <i>Reflection</i> .....                              | 29    | Dawn Stevens           |
| <i>Herringbone</i> .....                             | 30    | Chai Martin            |
| <i>Poet's Epitaph</i> .....                          | 30    | Liz Meador             |
| <i>Short Lived</i> .....                             | 31    | Paula Poynter-Martin   |
| <i>Stream and Waterfall</i> .....                    | 31    | Dawn Stevens           |
| <i>One of A Kind</i> .....                           | 32    | John Brown             |
| <i>Encounter</i> .....                               | 32    | Ed King                |
| <i>Grandpa's Secret Place</i> .....                  | 33-39 | Stephanie Doreen Davis |
| <i>Ice Cream Parlor</i> .....                        | 39    | Tara Gallagher         |
| <i>Dear Benny</i> .....                              | 40-41 | Kim Williamson         |
| <i>Prom Night</i> .....                              | 41    | Carolyn Stevens        |

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Continued)

|  |          |                                  |
|--|----------|----------------------------------|
| <i>Her (Love at First Sight)</i> .....   | 41 ..... | Roger Dodd                       |
| <i>Look Up</i> .....                     | 42 ..... | Nicole Best                      |
| <i>The Ugly Duckling</i> .....           | 42 ..... | Mary A. Smith                    |
| <i>The Flower Petal</i> .....            | 43 ..... | Belinda B. King                  |
| <i>Don't Cry for Me</i> .....            | 44 ..... | Lynna Hatem                      |
| <i>Dreams</i> .....                      | 44 ..... | Mary Barden Edwards              |
| <i>Mask</i> .....                        | 45 ..... | Deborah Revette, Malcolm Shearin |
| <i>Checker Weave</i> .....               | 46 ..... | Diane Watts                      |
| <i>This Old House</i> .....              | 47 ..... | Mark Jayson                      |
| <i>Thoughts From a Prison Cell</i> ..... | 48 ..... | Christine Walls                  |
| <i>Cockatoo</i> .....                    | 48 ..... | Ron Lane                         |
| <i>Another Chance</i> .....              | 49 ..... | Grace Lutz                       |
| <i>Friends</i> .....                     | 49 ..... | Dawn Stevens                     |
| <i>Friend</i> .....                      | 49 ..... | Sharon Finch                     |
| <i>For My Friend</i> .....               | 49 ..... | Grace Lutz                       |
| <i>The Fever</i> .....                   | 50 ..... | Miranda Forehand                 |
| <i>Bare Feet</i> .....                   | 50 ..... | Pat Turlington                   |



## ST. BARNABAS

Dee Johnson, College Transfer

In my hometown, Snow Hill, North Carolina, on the only rise large enough to be called a hill, there stands an old church with a graveyard. The church is abandoned now; services have not been held there in about thirty years. The cemetery inducts only Snow Hill's oldest and dearest members.

Everything about the landmark is antique. Stately old oak trees give shade to both the deceased people and forgotten memories. A small brook with huge rock borders encircles the entire capacity of the grounds, lending the only sign of movement to an otherwise still life photo.

The church is named St. Barnabas, which validates even more the ancient existence of this serene spot. St. Barnabas was a Jewish Levite who became one of the earliest Christian disciples. His birthname was Joseph, but he was renamed Barnabas which means "son of consolation." Not only does the name of the church substantiate its antiquity, but it also states the purpose of its existence.

White chipped paint on pine boards and an erect steeple with a bell that still tolls fade into the placid grounds; a feeling of reverence and perhaps a bit of sadness envelop the grounds.

Inside the church, empty pews and choir hymnals line the carpeted floor. The altar, which is somewhat dilapidated,

protects an open Bible. Day after day this place waits for people, for some form of life to make its existence more than that of a used-to-be.

The room to the side of the altar holds a desk, one chair, and an oil lamp. Cobwebs keep silent company with history.

The windows of the church all have stained glass smiles on seasoned saints that were once fresh and new. Their smiles seem to have faded over the years. Now they are merely implications of a memory.

Outside, the cemetery looms like a fortress guarding the sanctuary. Tattered tombstones dating back to the early 1800's sit quietly and respectfully, watching for visitors or intruders.

The oak trees moan as the wind whistles through their branches. The clouds break away and the sun shines down on the grass coming up through the cracks in the gravel walkway. One lone wildflower is the only sign of anything alive and young.

With the onset of night, the tombstones, the trees, and the church slowly fade out of view, but are embedded in history in memory forever.

## FATHER, I GIVE

Father, unto thee I give my life.  
Lift my spirit on the wings of your grace.  
Allow my soul to soar within your home in heaven.

*James L. Revette*  
*Aviation Maintenance Technology*

FUNERAL  
Noel Nunkovich, College Transfer

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, enclosed in a brace. The treble staff contains a sequence of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff contains a sequence of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2.

Slow, Solenne

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, enclosed in a brace. The treble staff contains a sequence of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff contains a sequence of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, enclosed in a brace. The treble staff contains a sequence of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff contains a sequence of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, enclosed in a brace. The treble staff contains a sequence of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff contains a sequence of chords: G2-B2-D2, G2-B2-D2.

A single empty musical staff with five lines.

A single empty musical staff with five lines.

A single empty musical staff with five lines.

## A MOMENT OUT OF TIME

I am swept along by analog hands,  
Metered by digital registers.  
The sun arcs over, dialing my life.  
My days are prisoner to my wrist,  
Punched in measure by clocking, tocking machines.

Pulses like heartbeats drive me through the days.  
Ticks and beeps nag me, tag me.  
That I could but bind the hands,  
Dam the register's crystal vision,  
And steal a moment out of time:

Unmindful of the wound spring blossoming,  
I'd sit watching the mimosa bloom.

M. Kathleen Crews  
College Transfer

## GOAT MAN

Sheila Heath Smith, College Transfer

Every summer on the back roads of North Carolina traveled a man in a cart pulled by goats; the goat man as he was known will always be memorable to me as part of my childhood. I remember Goatie the best the summer I turned twelve years old.

It was a hot July day in 1968, and my cousins and I were playing a game of Simon Says. Because it was high-noon, the sun was straight overhead in the Tarheel blue sky. There were two mockingbirds fighting as they fluttered around in the wavering heat. All of us kids were standing in a line playing in the center of the old rock paved road. Being backwoods country children, this was just one of the many highlights we all shared.

Suddenly, up the hill in the sweltering heat appeared a sight to behold! At first my cousins and I stood still in amazement as we wondered if this could be Santa Claus and his sleigh pulled by reindeer. As the goat man came closer, we all knew who this rugged and shady character had to be.

The small wooden two-seater cart with its wobbly round wheels was pulled by two dirty, manure-smelling, flop-eared goats. The sure-footed animals stood tall as two Shetland ponies. They were black with white spots and each had a long goatee. The smell of urine was breathtaking, and no one could get within five feet of the man, cart, and beasts.

The goat man's long grey shaggy hair and beard looked as if they had not been combed in weeks. Because the texture of his hair and beard were so dry, they resembled grey cotton candy. The weathered skin around his eyes and forehead was rough and looked like elephant hide. The wrinkles around his beady brown bird-like eyes were filled with dirt, and water ran from them as he squinted from the sun. His big crooked nose was pitted from acne scars. His nasal passages drained constantly and would almost turn one's stomach. When the seedy looking fellow opened his mouth, a mere slit between his mustache and beard, his breath was unbearable because it smelled like soured green onions. There was one long, decayed tooth protruding from his upper gum that jiggled as he spoke.

Goatie looked as if he had no neck. His shoulders were square; two insufficient arms extended with large fat hands. The goat man's fingernails were corroded with scum. The belly on this pint-sized man bulged outwards so far that it actually sat on his thighs. The old fellow's legs were the size of two short stumps. His boat-paddle bare feet had not been washed in a while, and his toenails were at least an inch long.

This goat man was certainly not known for his fashion. The dingy checkered brown shirt had not been laundered in weeks. The shirt was held together by a safety pin and one button hanging by a mere thread. The tent-sized bib overalls that this old coot wore had the flop-eared animals' manure stains on the pant cuffs. The bib showed signs of left-over food particles. The knees of the trousers were worn, and one pant leg was torn and raveled.

My twelfth summer in 1968 was the last time I ever saw Goatie. When July arrives each year, it brings with it my childhood memories of the man, cart and beasts.

## THE VICTOR

Dark, cold, dreary  
Smothering life and happiness  
Skeletal limbs scraping  
Old Man Winter gnashing his teeth

Lady Spring  
Beautiful, vibrant  
But locked in a frozen, snowy tomb  
Helpless, hopeless, but fighting nonetheless

Old Man Winter, weak with age  
Is defeated once more  
And the Lady turns her radiant smile  
On the frozen land

*Noel Nunkovich  
College Transfer*



*Do We Go No Further?*  
**Irene Wallace**  
**Human Services**

*Grapes*  
Elizabeth Ellis  
College Transfer

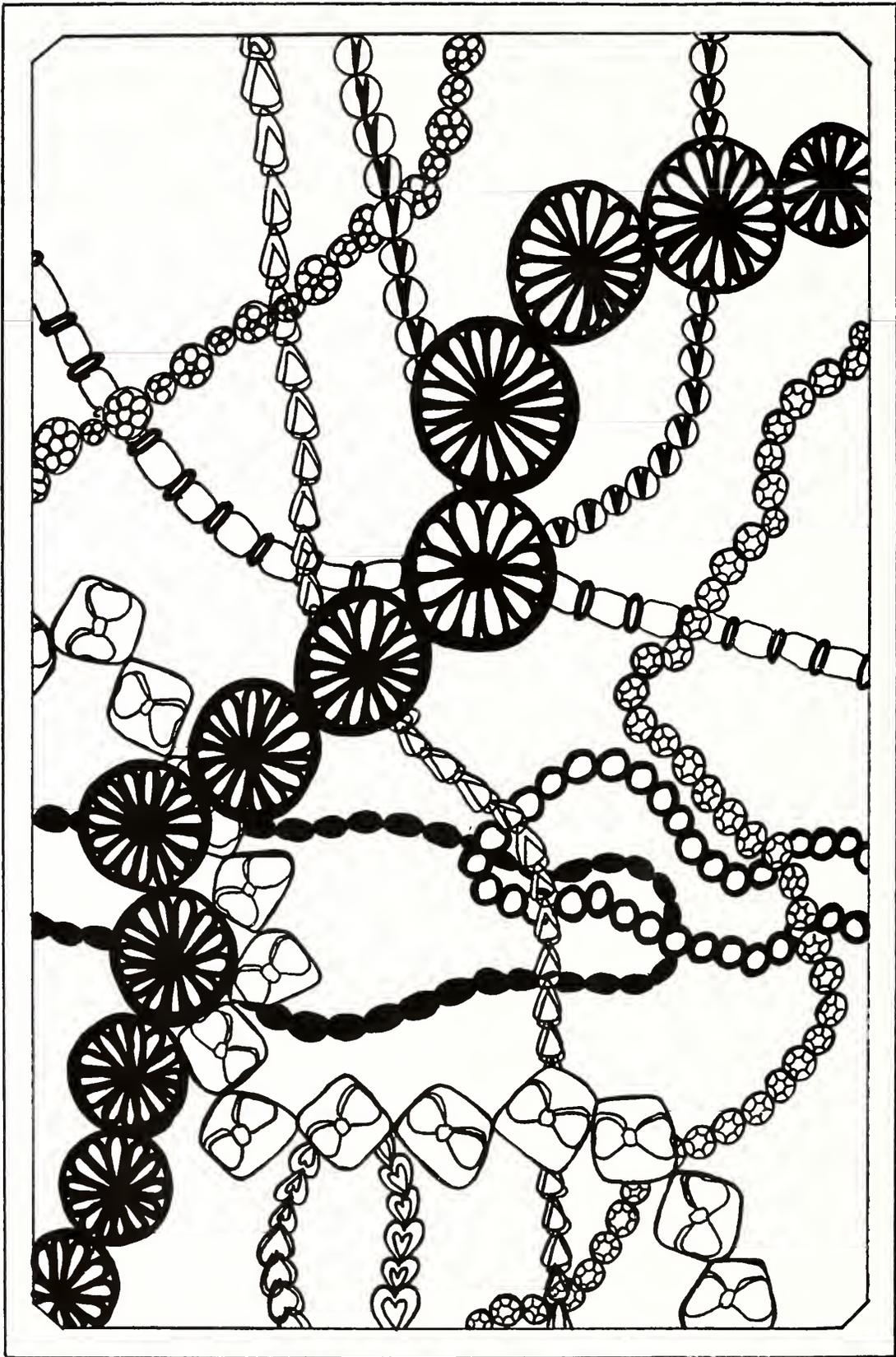


**A SEED**

Quiet, yet demanding  
Creates and triumphs  
boldly  
A necessity

*Trelvia Hodges*  
College Transfer





*Chain*  
**Lisa Ransom**  
**College Transfer**  
**Basic Drawing**

## THE BRASS CIRCLE

Mark Jayson, Aviation Instructor

There I was, five kilometers northwest of Song Be, South Vietnam. I probably was in Cambodia by at least two kilometers. This was forbidden by U.S. Military Directives. But who obeys all the rules all the time. Not in war!

I was with a Special Forces Unit attempting to work our way to the crash site of a downed helicopter.

We were also in the company of a tribe of Montangard hill people. They were aborigines of the Central Highlands of South Vietnam. We (the U.S. government, CIA) trained and equipped them to help gather intelligence and keep the enemy (or try to) on the other side of the border.

Being new to the customs and ways of these people, I was not fully accepted until I proved myself as a man. Stripped to my underwear, I was painted with the tribe's identifying designs. The dye was made from a mixture of plants and berries which gave it a reddish blue tint.

While I was being painted by the single young women, who were quite unattractive, I was drinking a homemade rice wine that had to be pure alcohol. It was warm and sweet and as I drank more I felt warmer and numb. I was in for a real surprise.

When I was appropriately adorned, I was blindfolded and led by two similarly attired tribesmen around a fire at a fast pace. This enhanced my intoxication from the wine and my own adrenaline. I was completely uncertain as to what would happen next.

After what seemed to be an eternity, the blindfold was removed and the chief motioned for me to choose from among the men whom I would wrestle.

Oh, boy, I thought. I am going to have to fight an obviously smaller man, and if I hurt him what will happen to me, and what will the repercussions be if I refuse or if I lose? What shame will he endure? What shame will I endure?

I was assured by a fellow American soldier that to refuse would be a serious insult to the chief and tribe. Not all soldiers were invited to this ceremony. Only by the recommendation from a fellow recipient was an American allowed entrance to the tribe.

I made my choice: a wiry young man approximately my age, nineteen. I was hoping he would prevail, that I would, we both would.

Before I knew what hit me I was on the ground, face first, eating mud. I quickly rolled to my right side, at the same time grabbing my opponent between my arms and legs. I worked my legs up around his waist and squeezed with every ounce of muscle and sinew I could muster. He screamed into the night.

I relaxed momentarily, then squeezed harder than the first time. He screamed louder, and I felt as though I would choke the very life out of him.

I did not relent from the punishment I was inflicting. I could not bring myself to do so. I was caught up in the heat and passion of this wild experience. I only knew that I must not surrender nor lessen my intensity to become the victor of this contest.

I am not certain who passed out first, my worthy opponent or I. When I awoke I was sitting with my back against him. We were lashed together at our elbows. As we staggered to our feet he flipped me completely free of the cords which bound us.

I somehow landed upright to the amazement of us all. I received a resounding round of applause from the villagers and my fellow Americans.

He rushed to embrace and kiss my neck. I was overwhelmed with emotions of relief, gratitude and generosity. We had finished the fight. In that time of intense struggle we became brothers, equal in strength, equal in stature, kinsmen for eternity.

I had been accorded a great honor. I had become as one with these ancient peoples, enshrined before God, Buddha and man.

I approached the village chief, half upright, half stooped out of respect without losing eye contact. The tribe and my fellow soldiers closed in a circle around us.

The chief took my right hand and slipped onto my wrist a solid brass bracelet forged by his people and engraved to denote his tribe. I was now a member. My head buzzed from the excitement and the wine as I stood there relishing the moment, a moment that will be a part of me forever.

I looked at this finely crafted ornament. I realized that from now on, wherever I went in Vietnam I would be recognized by my fellow brothers of the pilgrimage I had just endured. I could not swallow for the lump in my throat. The boy had taken another step in the journey of life.

## SILENT SHADOWS

As I lie upon my bed  
Darkness fills my room  
The moonlight casts a shadow  
Of my window on the wall  
The rain begins to fall  
First so very gentle  
Like a quiet waterfall  
And like the sadness in my heart  
The rain begins to pour  
Water flows down the glass  
Then rolls over the window sill  
Followed again and again by more  
I lie there very close to tears  
Instead the rain can do my crying  
While I lie dry in bed  
Watching the shadows of my tears  
Flowing down the pain and over  
The window sill

*Paula Poynter-Martin  
Continuing Education  
Nursing Assistance*

## LONELINESS

Wandering around day after day  
and no one knows that you exist  
——loneliness.

Seeking shelter and refuge  
anyplace, anytime, from anyone  
Alas, but there is none  
——loneliness.

Crying tears of agony, tears of pain,  
tears of despair, until sleep  
enwraps you in her arms  
——loneliness.

*C. Yvonne Crespo  
Counselor Aid, JTPA*



*Brushstroke with Splatter*  
*A Reinterpretation of a Painting by Roy Lichtenstein*  
Diane Watts, College Transfer  
Color and Design I

## HOT-PINK MEMORIES

### Virginia Pennington, College Transfer

The pivotal point of my childhood was a four-room house, a little white box settled in one corner of my grandfather's farm. It wasn't much and often seemed far less; yet it certainly ceased to be just a structure, rightfully proclaiming the title of home. One particular room, the living room, stands out as the room of all rooms, the hub of our existence.

The living room was the focus of all activity for our large exuberant family. There we talked, fought, laughed, cried, and there we mourned, rejoiced, and grew. In that room, seven children frolicked as frisky colts on a bright summer morning. Our living room often became a meadow where we kicked up our heels with unrestraint. The room itself was not large, approximately sixteen feet by sixteen feet. Upon entering our house from the back door, we had to walk through the kitchen to arrive in the living room.

A most suitable view of the room was achieved by standing in the doorway between the living room and kitchen. From that perspective the eye could absorb every detail. To the left of the doorway was the television, a twenty-five-inch black and white set. We did not have the luxury of cable; therefore, only one local station could be viewed with the aid of an outside antenna.

Directly to the right of the doorway was our source of heat, an old-fashioned, wood- and coal-burning stove. It was a fat monstrosity, an abnormal creature to modern American homes of the sixties. However, to my family it did not seem out of place, for this huge piece of cast iron had been with us since our births. It was our friend on cold mornings and became a nuisance only when it spewed soot throughout the room. This happened occasionally, leaving an undesirable layer of dust and a lingering smell in our hair and clothes.

Our living room did not contain much furniture because of limited space and an even more limited budget. There always was a couch, centered along the wall opposite the entrance. The most remembered couch was the pumpkin-orange colored

one, made of imitation leather. On hot summer days our skin stuck to the cushions and during the coldest of winter days no one enjoyed being the first victim of that icy-cold piece of furniture.

I cannot remember having wall-to-wall carpeting in our home. The living room floor was always covered with nine by twelve rugs of mediocre quality. Every other year the current rug was dethroned and replaced with a new one. Only the color and design varied.

A description of the living room would not be complete if the walls and ceiling were not mentioned. The construction of the walls was not accomplished in the usual manner, since Dad had nailed large sheets of plaster side by side. This resulted in obvious cracks, for no two pieces of plaster perfectly matched.

Mom had a very ingenious way of dealing with the cracks and seams. Strips were cut from grocery bags and glued over the seams. When we ran out of grocery bags, we resorted to newspapers. We did not have any glue so we made our own out of flour and water.

Every year Mom was possessed to paint the walls and ceiling and each year she did cover walls, ceiling, and herself with a fresh layer of paint. Although the family dreaded seeing Mom drag out her paint brush, everyone loved the fresh, clean colors that her labor of love gave to one and all.

However, one particular year everyone became quite upset with the painting ritual. Mom had mixed paints, and the end product was a loud, hot-pink enamel. For the next year no one stared at the walls or ceiling for any length of time. Even our orange couch protested about the color scheme.

Yet, in spite of hot-pink walls, an orange couch, and "Old Faithful," that small room causes me to remember all that was good about my childhood. If my children were to come out on the other side of a closet, I would want them to visit this living room, the "Narnia" of my childhood.

## HOG KILLING

Susan Aldridge, College Transfer

The cold night darkens as a small crowd of men and women gather around the fire. Gloved hands are crammed into heavy coat pockets as the group huddles near one another for warmth. Their trembling voices mingle in a vapor as they speculate on who will be the best shot this year. By the time the whole family arrives, there will be forty or fifty men and women spanning three generations. The older children will come to be skillfully trained in the art of butchering hogs.

As the crowd begins to grow larger, the excitement mounts. Six of the men are given the “honor” of executioner. The air bristles as the men raise their rifles and take aim at the unsuspecting hogs. Each man has his own target. It is imperative that all the men have flawless aim so that death will come quickly. The men wager to see which animal will be the first to die.

Thunder roars from the guns and at the same instant, the bullets find their mark between the eyes of their victims. A low, agonizing groan comes from deep inside the throats of the huge animals. Snorting and grunting, the hogs drop to the ground and die within seconds.

The crowd moves in, yelling like blood-thirsty heathens, as the brutal assault continues. The men rush to the hogs and straddle their still quivering bodies. From this position, they grab the muddy, slime-covered snout and force the head back as far as it will go. In one quick motion, the jugular vein is slashed from ear to ear, the head is released, and the body crashes to the ground once more. The animal lies there, his corpse still trembling, while blood gushes and spews in torrents through the hideous smile-like gash left by the killer’s knife.

The anxious mob watches like cold-blooded barbarians until the beasts are finally still. But the attack is still not over. The men jab at the hog’s hind legs with their knives until the hamstrings are stripped of their skin. A sturdy wooden stick called a gamble is wedged behind the thick muscle until it rips from the bone. Two men grasp the notched ends of the gamble and drag the heavy animals through the bloody mire, leaving a crimson trail behind them.

The quarter-ton hog is hoisted head first into a steamy scalding vat. The water in the drum is not boiling, but its touch will scald the skin enough to loosen the short, coarse hair that covers the huge animal’s bulk. The hog is plunged repeatedly into the blistering water, washing away the dark foul-smelling mud and manure that is embedded in his coat like designs on a cloth. Drying clumps of thick blood and mucus are scraped off into the obscurity of the vat.

The hogs are heaved once more and sprawled belly down onto a thick bed of pine straw. Steam curls like smoke from the animals’ scorched bodies. Following an unspoken command, the family forms groups of three or four that kneel beside their chosen beast. As if possessed, they vehemently scrape down the length of the hog with the blunt end of a flat metal lid. Thick patches of hair are wrenched from the parched skin. They twist and turn and manipulate the helpless form as the roughness of the metal is raked over and over the desecrated body. Straight razors and sharp knives shave the crevices missed by the jaggedness of the lids.

The naked animals are hung by the gamble and left on the gallows through the night. Their mutilated heads dangle grotesquely as they sway back and forth. The men take turns guarding their kill. The sacrifice is too valuable to risk losing it to stray animals and thieves lurking in the dark.

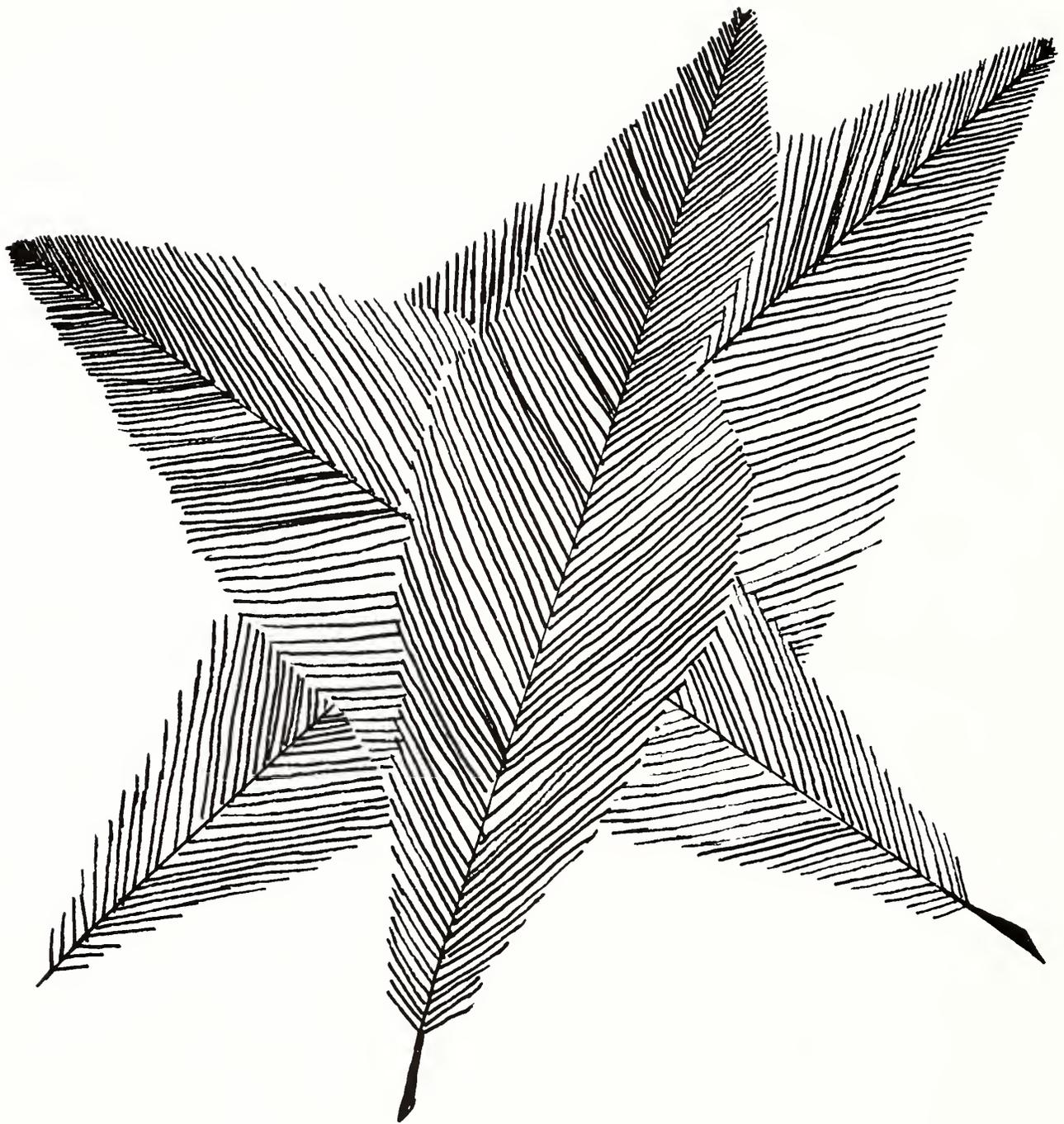
At dawn the family gathers once more around the slaughtered hogs. The coldness of the night before has made the flesh easier to cut. As a knife slits the bulging underbelly, the innards spill out into a bucket underneath the hanging animal. The heart, liver, stomach, and lungs are pulled out by bare hands and placed in huge tubs. Within minutes, the beasts are left gutless as they hang on the gallows.

The women begin to clean the raw, fleshy organs that were ravaged from the hull of the hogs. The intestines are stretched their great length, and the women bear the stench of fresh manure while the long gut is emptied by hand. The bowels serve as a casing for the sausage that is ground from the leftover meaty scraps. The stomach is split to reveal partially digested food. Suspicious looking spots and kernels are cut away as the women prepare the meat for storage.

The men use a hacksaw to sever the shell of the hog. One by one, pieces are hacked away until all that is left is the decapitated head. Wasting nothing, even the fat is stripped from the skin and used to cook parts of the animal it once protected.

As the day comes to an end, the families clean the blood and bits of flesh scattered by the massacre. They brag about their work and take pride in what they have accomplished. The tradition has been passed down through generations, and this family has mastered the custom well.

They claim this is a necessary act of survival, not a performance of some bizarre pagan ritual. How, then, can they laughingly negotiate for the hog’s eyes and tongues as they leave the horrible scene behind them?



*Feathers, Chai Martin, College Transfer, Basic Drawing*

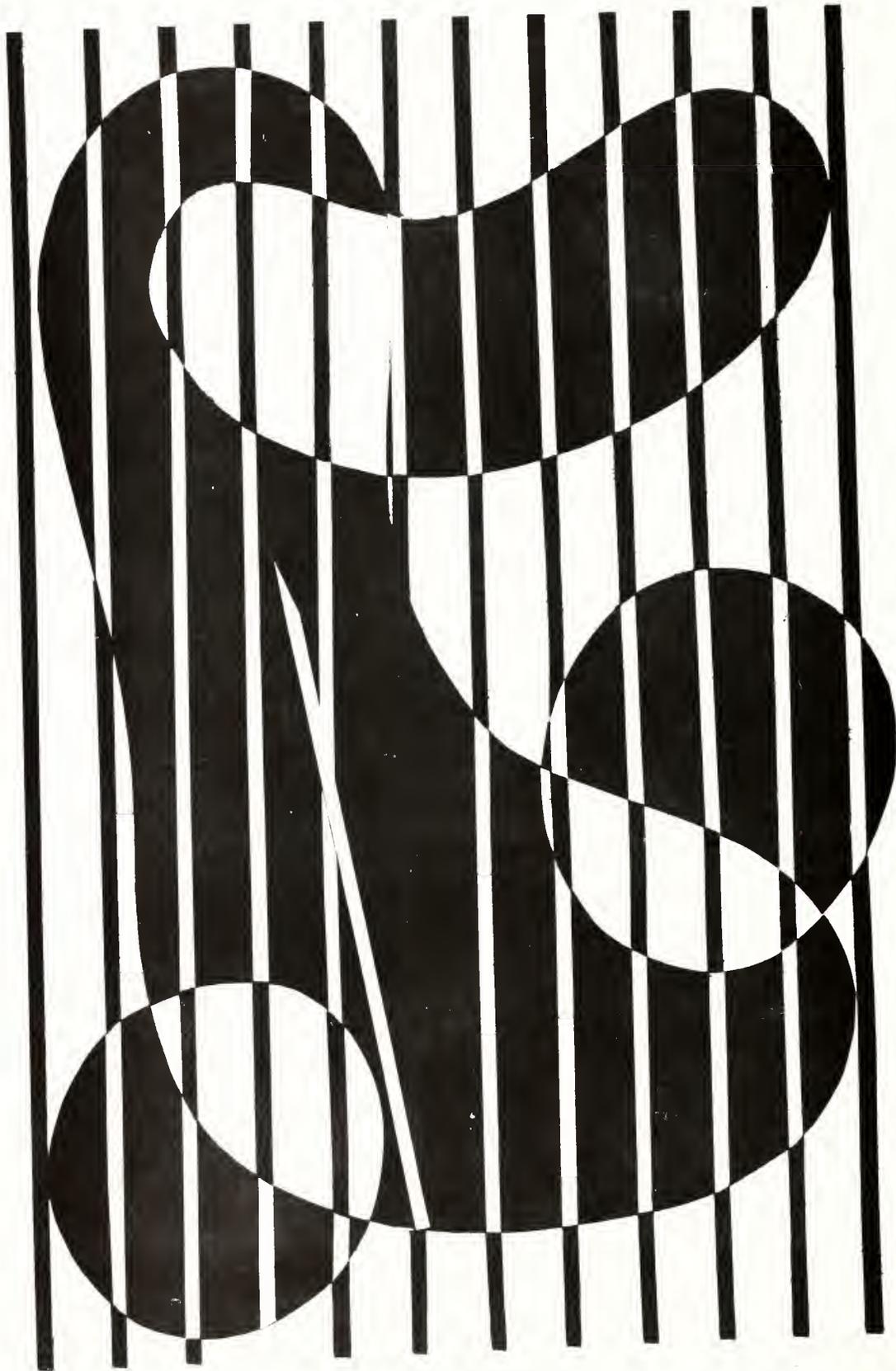
## NIGHT WATCH

So many sunsets  
I watched you  
from my window  
as you came down  
to the docks  
to watch the sunset over the waves.  
The sun wrapped you  
in its faded golden glow.  
The breezes caressed you  
and the waves spoke to you  
in soft whispers.  
I would watch you  
for as long as I could  
until darkness came  
and I could no longer see you.  
But still I would stay  
for a while,  
knowing you were still out there  
though I couldn't see you.  
And if I was lucky  
the moon would be full  
and I could make you out  
alone on the empty docks.  
I wondered  
what you hated,  
and who you loved,  
what your hair felt like,  
and how your eyes looked  
when you laughed,  
and when you cried,  
who had loved you,  
and who had hurt you,  
what were your dreams.  
"Who are you?"  
I asked you softly  
in the starshine.  
But of course  
you could not hear me.  
And one night  
I left my safe window  
and crept down among the dunes  
and stared breathlessly at you.

But you felt my eyes  
and started to turn,  
so like a foolish child  
I ran,  
without the courage  
to stay and face you,  
choked in shyness.  
And the ribbon  
in my hair  
slipped free  
and caught on a nail.  
I ran until I was safe  
in my window once more.  
Still I dared to watch  
and caress you with my gaze.  
Suddenly, my ribbon  
fluttering softly  
in the salty breeze  
caught your eye.  
You walked to it  
and picked it up.  
You held  
the red satin scrap of myself  
up to your face,  
so close to your eyes,  
and your lips.  
For a moment  
my heart rose.  
I imagined  
that I was the ribbon  
held tight between your hands.  
And then,  
you threw it  
to the breeze  
and it fell  
to the sand  
and was covered  
by the waves  
and two soft tears  
trickled down my cheeks.  
I don't know why.

*Jessica Holden  
College Transfer*

**CAGED**  
Linda Hughes, College Transfer  
Color & Design I



# HOW I LOST MY MARBLES

Tony Medlin, Visiting Artist

I've returned many times to a single moment in my life. It didn't seem very important at the time, but every year it gains in significance. Grandma comes back as a shadowy memory. A frail wisp of a woman with thin, fly-away hair pulled back into a taut bun. A floor-length faded black dress. A stiff old bonnet always within arms reach. Sticking out of her apron pocket were sweet gum limbs chewed into feathery brushes on one end. She would wet one of these in her mouth and dip it into an old, battered, gun-metal gray Tube-Rose Snuff tin. She would then massage her gums with this mixture. She had long since lost her teeth. She was just a packet of old bones that barely had enough skin to cover them decently.

I can't ever remember her face, but I remember her action. She was a flash, a blur around that dim old kitchen. The smell of woodsmoke emanated from a dilapidated old iron stove. Her table was a rickety old thing with an enameled steel top and her chairs came from a variety of old formica-topped dinette suites. Memory flows backwards away from the old woman as if some high-tech camera has laid precision tracks down in this old tumble-down house. I see the living room, everything covered with a thick, greenish brown patina of age. Her tiny shack-house had newspapers covering the walls to keep out the drafts. The memory pulls back through a rusty screen door where tiny patches have been sewn over punctures and rust holes in the screen with infinite care. Back further, until I can see the rough-lumber of her front porch and her home-made door mat. She had nailed hundreds of Sun-Crest and RC bottle caps to a weathered square of plywood with their sharp metal edges sticking up. Memory allows me to pull back further until I see her yard with shrubs and flowers planted everywhere. Each one of them was carefully loved and guarded, but their overall effect was one of disarray. Back further until I see a rusty old swing set painted like candy canes and an old well on the right. A huge piece of terra-cotta topped this mysterious old well. An old tin dipper hung from its side and a battered bucket swung squeaking in the spring wind. That water had such a wonderful, sharp metallic taste.

Only now will memory allow me to take part as if the button on the VCR for rewind has been released and now the play mode has been pushed. I build up speed and rush towards the door, laughing, howling, for I am about to enter the land of enchantment. I hit the front step, an old rotten rail road tie, and bounce onto the porch and forget about Granny's contraption for keeping muck out of her parlor and land flat on her door-mat. I hop twice but forget about it as I make it to her kitchen. She is frying fat meat. She always seemed to be frying fat meat and some kind of greasy biscuit. I sit down at the old table and look at her. It's like this is the only moment that I can really remember of her. Maybe she knew it too; she knew this would be all this baby/boy would be able to take with him through the years. Her eyes fall on an ancient, red and clear plastic pitcher. It has a red bottom and a clear top and has been set too near the stove once so the clear part is all droopy and deformed on one side. She picks up this old dented pitcher and gives it to me.

It is half full of some of the oldest and ugliest marbles you ever saw. There are a few that are beautiful, by my standards. A few double cat's eyes in yellow and blue and some huge

bombers. Some of the others are so chipped and scuffed they seem almost square. They come cascading out, clacking and clicking onto the old brown rag rug in her living room. They sparkle and shine in their beauty and their plainness.

Grandma fades from view now; she is replaced by the image of David Latta. He was my best friend in second grade, only he didn't know it. He had a Roy Rogers cowboy shirt with fringe and lived in a big two-story house on a hill. His house had a basement and an attic. Ours was a small frame house with little better than a crawlspace above and below the rooms. I was being raised on Spin and Marty adventures and the Applegate treasure mystery from the Mickey Mouse Club, and I was convinced that his attic and basement were lined with treasure. I wanted to be David's friend more than anything in the world. I somehow had never achieved mastery of the social graces and was really nervous and confused over how to talk to anyone. My mother compounded this problem with over-protectiveness. She made me take extra money with me every day to buy a fudgesicle for the poorest kid in the class so he would defend me and keep me from being beaten up. She made it clear to him that he was responsible for protecting me in the event of a playground gang war. "Joe," his name was Joe, finally turned his back on me after a whole year of fudgesicles and allowed a group of third-graders to pummel me senseless. I broke off this arrangement without informing my mother and thereafter bought two fudgesicles for myself.

I enticed David over to my house with promises of a treasure trove of toys in an old shed on our property. I did have all my priceless plastic army and cowboy men stored there as well as every broken toy from my infancy and countless pieces of random junk. My mother was raised in the country and nothing was without value and had to be stored for some future emergency. I had to lure David here because I wasn't allowed to leave the yard. My friendship with David flowered briefly and ended when in a fit of fantasy and imagining myself to be Guy Madison in *The Legend of Zorro*, I threw a small paring knife and stuck it about an eighth of an inch into his back. I don't know why he took it so personally, but he never came back after that.

Before this unfortunate accident, I had done everything I could to impress David. I showed him all my precious treasures, including my marble collection that had doubled in size since my grandmother had started it. I never realized that marbles was a game at all. I had little contact with other children so I didn't have any sense of competitiveness whatsoever. When David saw my rich trove spilled out upon the chintz purple bedspread with the green peacock on it, his eyes widened. He asked me if I wanted to "play." I answered, "Sure, play what?" He was surprised I had no knowledge of the game at all but said he would be happy to teach me. He left to go to his house and returned shortly. He carried a heavy leather pouch tied up with a thong that beat against his leg as he walked. We met in the driveway which had an expanse of sand in its middle, and he drew the mystic circle with great seriousness.

In retrospect, I now know that those marbles were chipped and cracked because my grandmother had been the meanest

crack marble-shooter in all Franklin county and those marbles had been won in that fashion from hundreds of hours on her knees hustling all the little boys she knew. She especially liked to humiliate marble-sharks. A marble in my grandmother's time was like an emerald or a brilliant ruby in value. I've heard in some country communities, people made their own marbles. They'd find a nice piece of agate stone and take it down to where there was a small waterfall. They'd stick a pipe in the top of the falls and where the water shot out of the pipe and hit on the rocks, they'd drill a hole and drop in their piece of agate. The water would hit the pebble inside the hole and cause it to spin and tumble and round off its corners and edges. The pebble would beat against the walls of its stone prison until it became a perfectly round marble. I'll never know if any of those marbles from my grandmother were handmade, for my "buddy" David was quite a shooter and started pocketing my marbles as he popped them out of the ring. When I objected, he informed me that you got to keep the marbles that you "won" in this manner. Not wanting to appear ignorant and afraid of offending him, I agreed and allowed the massacre to continue.

David went home that day with his pockets all bulging and lumpy from the spoils of war. On the other hand, I didn't think

much of it, other than a little disappointment. I had no idea of just how much I had lost. I didn't realize he had taken a treasure home with him that was greater than anything that could be found in his big two-story house, his attic or his basement. He had taken my grandmother's most prized possessions. Everything but the gnarled old pitcher. It was my first lesson in gambling and in the sophistication of the world.

Other than that moment when she gave me those marbles, I don't remember really looking at her face until she was laid out in her coffin. Various relatives commented on her appearance: "Don't she look natural?" "Looks waxy to me." Such comments were common. She was gone then; there was nothing left of that girl with the fiery spirit who had whipped all those uppity little boys at their own game. This little girl had been the victor at their showdown, and she had never really been whipped by anything except old age and finally cancer. Though I lost the material evidence of this part of her life through innocence and the intoxication of an expanding social life, she gave me something that could never be lost. Now I don't know how to thank her, for she gave a toddler something that created a place in his heart for the rest of his life. My grandma gave me her youth.

## JUST ANOTHER DAY

In South Africa

Young blacks are tortured and killed  
for mouthing a single forbidden word: Freedom.  
Their mothers may weep for them, but I have my own problems...  
There's no more beer in the fridge.

In Ireland

They scrape the remains of children off the streets  
to make room for the next riot.  
You don't want them to trip over a severed arm and injure themselves, do you?  
Don't answer yet..."A-Team" is on and I don't want to miss any of it.

In Nicaragua

A child is forever blinded by a carelessly thrown grenade.  
I get on my knees and thank God for my sight  
because I just renewed my *Playboy* subscription yesterday.

You read about a city in Iran being destroyed  
or about the millions starving in Ethiopia;  
And you ask me why I don't show more compassion for these people.  
Why should I? It's not like today is special.  
The death and grief are nothing new...I've seen it all before.  
It's just another day.

Wes Asbell  
College Transfer

# THE GRATE ON HOMELESS STREET OR THE BOX ON POVERTY LANE

A. Z. Hubbard-Thomas, College Transfer

In the cold hard of the winter,  
They roam the streets begging for food and money.  
They stop by a trash can full of disease to get their evening meal,  
The leftovers from your plate and mine,  
Mixed with cigarette butts, coffee grounds and debris,  
This is where their meals come from.  
After eating this foul food they venture to gas stations,  
fast food restaurants or anywhere they may find  
a sink to bathe at all.  
They push all their worldly belongings in a shopping cart to seek  
shelter for the night.  
They stop by the shelter; it is full.  
Some do not seek lodging at the shelter because  
it's too dangerous.  
They are robbed, beaten, raped and even killed. No one cares.  
Slowly they push their way through the snow.  
One constructs a house made of cardboard and as the flakes get  
heavier, so does the box.  
Water drips down on their tired faces, faces that show all of life's  
struggle, their ups and downs.  
The water follows the mazed path of the lines in their faces  
and finally trickles to the ground.  
Another finds a grate; he forces his aching back to bend over and  
brush the snow off; with his half-gloved arthritic hand,  
he pushes the freezing snow away.  
(A performer made the glove with the fingers missing famous;  
this man wears it not for fashion but out of necessity.)  
The man lies down on the grate for warmth,  
Hoping that this will keep him warm enough.

Maybe, just maybe, he will be fortunate to wake in the morning,  
For many of his friends he has seen die in the night.  
Still there are many that receive no shelter whatsoever.  
Is this humane treatment?  
Should we let them sleep on the streets without food to eat?  
Yes, some are "flim-flam" men and women; but far more are  
husbands, fathers, wives, mothers and children.  
We have let them seep into the cracks of society with no way out.  
Public assistance, you say...  
First they must have a physical street address.  
Now I ask you, what must they say, the grate on Homeless Street  
or the box on Poverty Lane?  
Well, what about the politicians? That is their job.  
To this I must say, many politicians are preaching  
not to give them money, if they are hungry buy them food.  
Well, let's analyze this,  
McDonald's does not sell band-aids, aspirin, diapers  
nor sanitary needs.  
Are you willing to take them to the grocery store or  
wherever in your car to buy the necessities of life?  
Will you take them to your home and let them take a shower or  
get a good night's sleep in your bed?  
I thought not.  
Vote the politicians out of office then.  
There are enough of the homeless to swing the vote.  
Mr. Homeless says, "Yes, I'd like a registration card to vote."  
Miss Secretary says, "Here you are, sir."  
Just fill in your name and address right here."



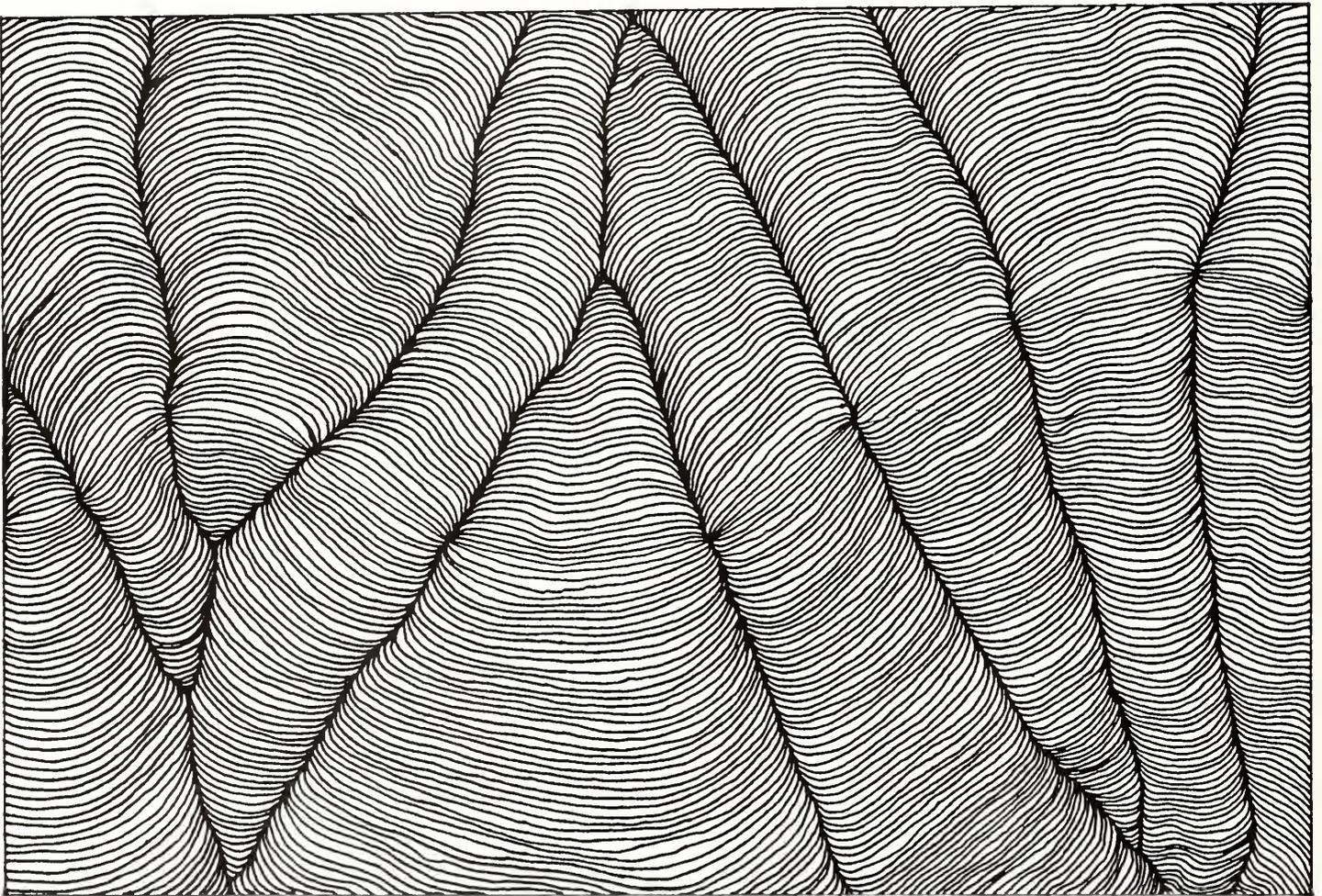
*Living in the Nineties*

Polaroid photo, James Revette, Aviation Maintenance Technology

## LAP TIME

Little lioness, all black and gray,  
Come sit with me and share your day.  
Ears of silken fur, point out  
The things I missed while I was out.  
Stretch, then tuck in, little paws  
And tell me how you passed the hours.  
Let glowing, placid orbs of gold  
Lock onto mine and share your soul.  
Tell your day with nudge and purr,  
Then, while I stroke your coal-gray fur,  
Lay down your head, my small, fierce friend;  
Your lonely day is at an end.

M. Kathleen Crews  
College Transfer



*Comforter*, Tammy Rush, College Transfer, Basic Drawing



Cats created by *Designer* clip art  
in a Macintosh II in *Hypercard* and *Pagemaker*  
Grace Lutz, Media Technician

## CAT RAP

She's a fat cat,  
Fat cat, not a rat.  
She eats mice,  
Thinks twice  
When a mouse  
Is in the house.  
Makes a leap,  
Then a hop;  
Doesn't eat  
The day's treat,  
But she sways  
As she plays  
With the mouse,  
Not the rat.  
Then it's gone.

*M. Kathleen Crews*  
*College Transfer*

## JILL

Martha Grice, College Transfer

Most cats are very independent, and Jill is no exception to the rule. People assume that to be independent one must give the impression of aloofness and untouchability. Jill embodies these characteristics and more.

She is a very small, black and white cat. Her dominant color is a very shiny, silky black. She has four white feet, very long white whiskers, a white stomach, and her most distinguishing feature is a long, narrow white stripe down the very center of her nose.

Jill is very lady-like and seems to symbolize the fragility and daintiness associated with a "lady." She was nicknamed Ladybug years ago, and it was so appropriate she is called Ladybug more often than Jill.

Jill takes the characteristics of pride, independence, and stubbornness to an infinitesimal degree. She takes independence to the point of untouchability at the very best of times. She is teased by being told that she won't let anyone touch her for fear of getting dirty. If a mere mortal dares to pick her up and caress her, she will immediately sit down and wash for at least twenty minutes. She displays her stubbornness in the fact that she will deliberately do something she knows is not allowed (of course only when someone is watching), then wait to see what we will do about it.

Jill's playfulness is a surprise at times. It is assumed that someone with her dignity would not stoop to being playful, yet

when she has the urge to work off some energy, she and Tarzan (our other cat) will become the very epitome of spryness and agility. Her speed is very amazing when she and Tarzan play "chase." She has been observed on many occasions, and it is astounding, the ability of a small, black cat to turn into a streak of black that is here and gone in less than the blink of an eye.

Although most cats combine independence with their territorial instincts, Jill turns this trait into an art form. Her range, like her, is very small. She limits her boundaries to our yard and the house on either side of us and the one in front.

Even though she is small and her territory is in direct proportion to her, woe to the animal that tries to cross her perimeters. Regardless of the other animal's form or size, she becomes a "Tasmanian Devil" in the protection of what is "hers."

In conclusion, Jill displays an amazing amount of loyalty for one so independent. She loves her people and Tarzan to an end-

less degree. When she eats and sleeps, she wants to eat and sleep with Tarzan. In the same respect, when she wants to do someone the honor of allowing him to hold her, only her "family" will do—no strangers allowed!

Therefore, it is easy to see that Jill, like most cats, is very independent. However, independent or not, she is very, very loved and we know she loves us in return.





Hands of Lisa Ransom and Patricia Turlington, of Turlington Brickworks, sculpting "Hamburgler" in McDonald's Brick Sculpture

**Brick Sculpture, photo, Brian Strickland, Goldsboro News-Argus**

*(Patricia Turlington, WCC Art Instructor, spoke at the National Brick Forum for Brick Distributors in Charlotte, N.C. in January 1990. The following is an excerpt from her presentation.)*

In 1988 the Brick Institute of America published a list of brick sculptors in the United States. There were only 26 brick sculptors on the list! We can't expect brick sculpture to have a major impact on the United States with only 26 artists doing it! With the exception of one husband and wife team, each brick sculptor was working alone, going to a brick factory and setting up a temporary work space, carving a brick sculpture and then moving on to the next brick factory. There were no carving studios set up and therefore no real opportunities to train artists in the art of brick sculpture. I was very aware that the average person had absolutely no idea what a brick sculpture was and that we needed to create more artists doing brick sculpture if brick sculpture was going to move ahead.

At the same time the list of brick sculptors was compiled, a major corporation approached me to do brick sculpture for them. I told them I had a professional commitment in South America for several months. Bless their hearts, they said they would wait. Then it took us about a year to work out everything and write up a contract. The outcome of this agreement has the potential to place a brick sculpture on the exterior of a building in every major city in the United States as well as expose more people to brick sculpture than you or I ever dreamed of.

A major consideration in the planning of this collaboration was that one of their buildings could be built in nine weeks!

We agreed that no two murals would be alike, that each brick sculpture mural would be an original, that they would produce a documentary video on my creating their brick sculptures, that I would narrate the film, and that they would show this film across the United States to promote brick sculpture.

I am to be free to accept other brick sculpture commissions, not just theirs. We agreed that each mural would be 26 feet long by 7 feet high and require roughly 13,000 green brick. We agreed that the individual operators would have the right to select the brick (and therefore the brick company) for their buildings. We agreed that the cost of delivering 1,300 green brick to my studio and then picking up the carved brick and taking them back to the brick factory was a modest cost, only several hundred dollars compared to the cost of the mural itself, which would be about \$10,000 including the special handling fee that the brick companies would charge. We agreed that I would form a company to do brick sculpture, which I did in November. It is called Turlington Brick Works. I would employ a staff of artists to do brick sculptures with me. I have six artists working for me, plus a waiting list of other artists who want to work for me. We also agreed that I would set up a brick sculpture studio and that they would provide all my major equipment including my 30 foot by 10 angle iron steel brick sculpture easel. We agreed that a construction company that works for them would set me up in a temporary studio in December to do the first mural and move me and my easel to my new brick carving studio January 22.

The first brick sculpture is now being fired at Taylor Clay Products in Salisbury. The next sculpture will begin as soon as I get back to Goldsboro and design it.

Of course, I am speaking of McDonald's quick service restaurants. The murals are to go between the cash window and the pick up window -- what you and I call their two drive-thru windows. 52% of their business is drive-thru!

Brick sculptors charge by the square foot and Turlington Brickworks is charging the average price per square foot, with a team of brick sculptors doing the work instead of one.

## EYES

Many were the times that I struggled to gaze  
into her eyes.  
That world of hers. . .

In what universe did it exist?  
Eyes!

Beautiful eyes that smiled,  
along with the rest of her beautiful face. A light  
that could inspire me. . .  
. . . but. . .  
. . .they would not meet my own.

I look at her.  
She looks away,  
Out of that damned window,

Eyes staring into her world.  
A world I would never know.

"Please look at me."  
Those eyes ponder.  
I surrender!

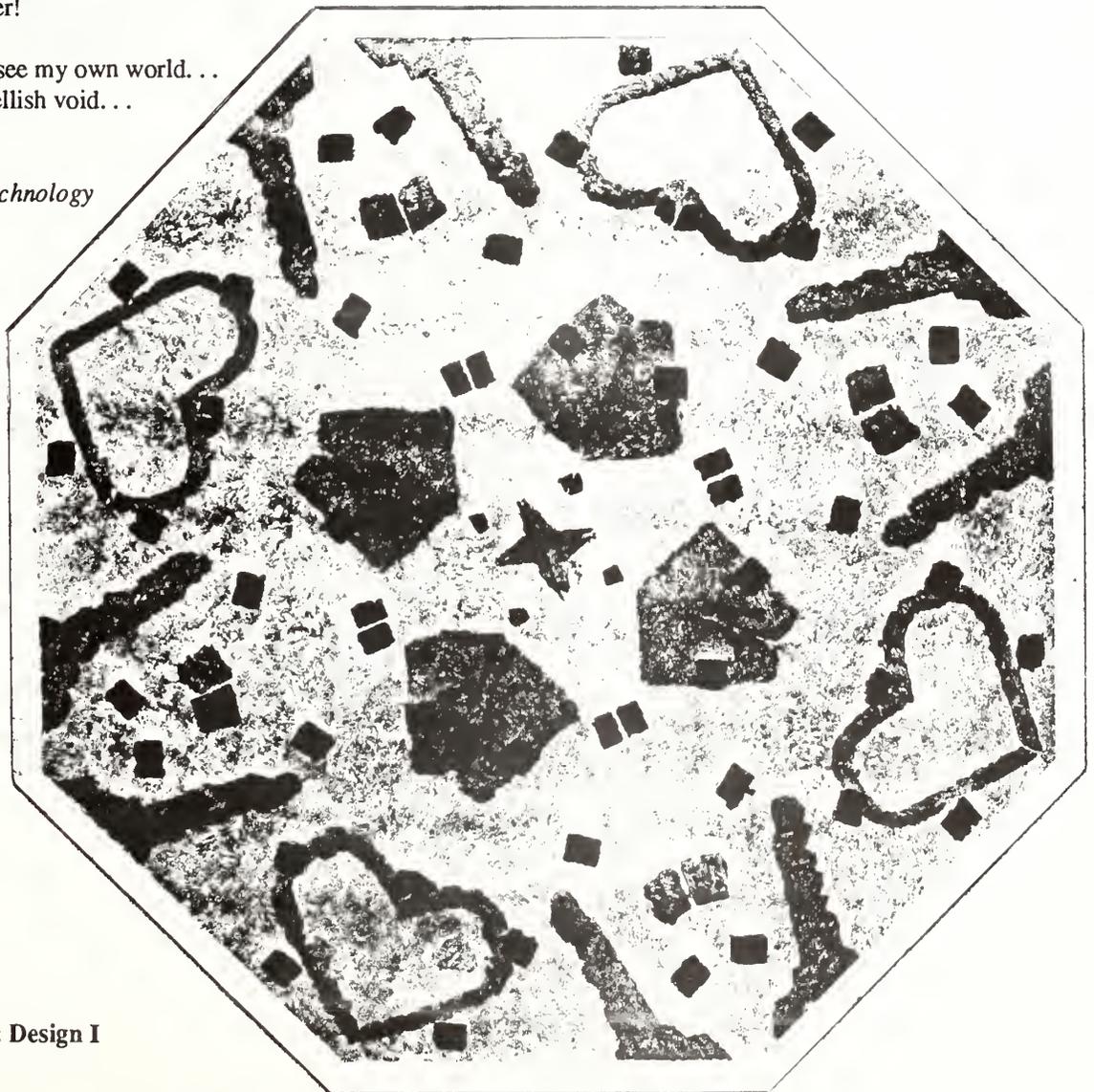
My eyes see my own world. . .  
. . .that hellish void. . .

*George Kilette*  
*Electronics Engineering Technology*

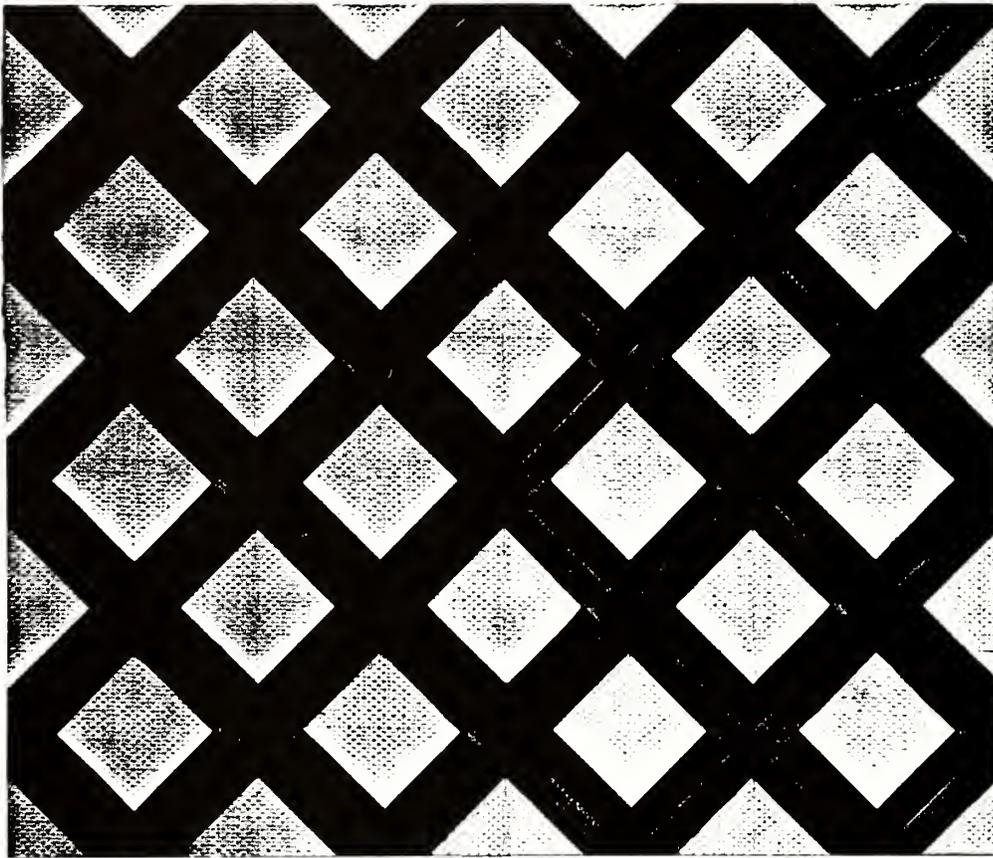
## *L'Amour*

*L'amour est quelque chose que tout le monde cherche;  
Mais le vrai amour est tres difficile a trouver.  
On cherche et on cherche celui-la special,  
Avec qui on passera la vie.  
Ils ont leurs temps de chanson et bonheur,  
Mais trop souvent l'amour n'est pas vrai.  
Et la breve fete tourne a la douleur.  
Encore une fois on cherche la vraie chose.*

*Ken Robbins*  
*College Transfer*



*Cream of Tomato Soup*  
*Lisa Ransom*  
*College Transfer, Color & Design I*



*Light & Shadow, Linda Hughes  
College Transfer, Color & Design I*

## NAMES

“Billy!”

She spat the word,  
Threatening him with a stick.

(Billy—my brother's name also)

Aunt Bea.... It was obvious to both of us  
That she was not my aunt nor I her niece.  
Only the year upon the calendar  
Kept her from telling me a truth:  
That the title, parent-taught in respect of age  
(Or perhaps from my mother's timeless heart  
In respect of Beatrice's personhood),  
Spoken in Southern voice of naive child,  
Sounded only servitude to her,  
This yellow-skinned tall and slender woman,  
Transported from the North I know not how  
And married to Uncle Isham,  
Color their only apparent bond.

Aunt Bea, regal, haughty,  
Free to unmask her contempt and her pride  
Only before children,  
Free to exert her authority  
And unleash her fury  
Only on her dog:

“Billy!”

*Rosalyn Lomax, English Instructor*

## SHALL WE OVERCOME?

Not just Black but White alike,  
Shall we overcome the racism in this life?  
It imbues content of character to lowest depth,  
Closing our eyes to the difference of oneself.  
Following the crowd whatever the feeling may be,  
Scared of indifference, wanting to be free.  
The pigmentation of skin is by nature, not by choice,  
But epidermis determines the importance of one's voice.  
In this society that is a sad but true fact.  
Many are restricted because of skin tone they lack.  
It is not right to stereotype the pigmentation of one's skin.  
Look beyond the epidermis; focus on the person within.  
Racism, produced by an ignorant mind,  
Cultured at home, will destroy mankind.

*Corey Harvey  
College Transfer*

## CHILDREN

Children—  
    carrying on our name,  
    our blood, our life.  
Children--  
    carrying on our hopes,  
    our dreams.  
Children—  
    carrying on our politics,  
    our government, our world.  
Children—  
    carrying on our prejudices,  
    our hates, our wars.  
Children—  
    carrying on.

*Sarah Hafel  
College Transfer*

## FREEDOM

The thought of having you yet never obtaining you  
    fills my heart with pain.  
All the efforts and sacrifices never seem to be enough.  
The marches and protests, the raised fists and running feet,  
    the many martyrs that die for you  
    never seem to be enough.  
The thought of having you yet never obtaining you  
    fills me with a prolonged pain,  
    harbored in my heart.

*Trelvia Hodges  
College Transfer*

## CALL ME SIRE

A girl, is it?  
Yes, a girl.

a man and woman's coupling  
will produce a manchild.

I say to the army "March"  
and it marches,  
I say to the navy "Sail"  
and it sails,  
I say to the Archbishop  
"Break with Rome"  
and he obeys.  
But when I say to my wives  
"Give me sons"  
they heed me not.

Elizabeth,  
she has a lusty cry,  
shows spirit,  
balls her little fists just so  
waving them in air.  
One would almost think—  
but no, she cannot rule.  
Why, she could not take time  
from her tating  
to sign a proclamation.

In my realm I am king  
but in my bed  
no more than a peasant,  
breeding in ignorance  
unable to order  
the organs of procreation  
to do my bidding.

A woman conduct a battle?  
Zounds.

My subjects call me Sire  
yet I do not sire sons  
to rule this land.  
O God, why curse me thus  
and visit chaos  
upon this blessed isle?

Columbus proved the earth round  
as scholars said.  
Alas, they cannot penetrate  
the tiny world within  
and say at what propitious moment

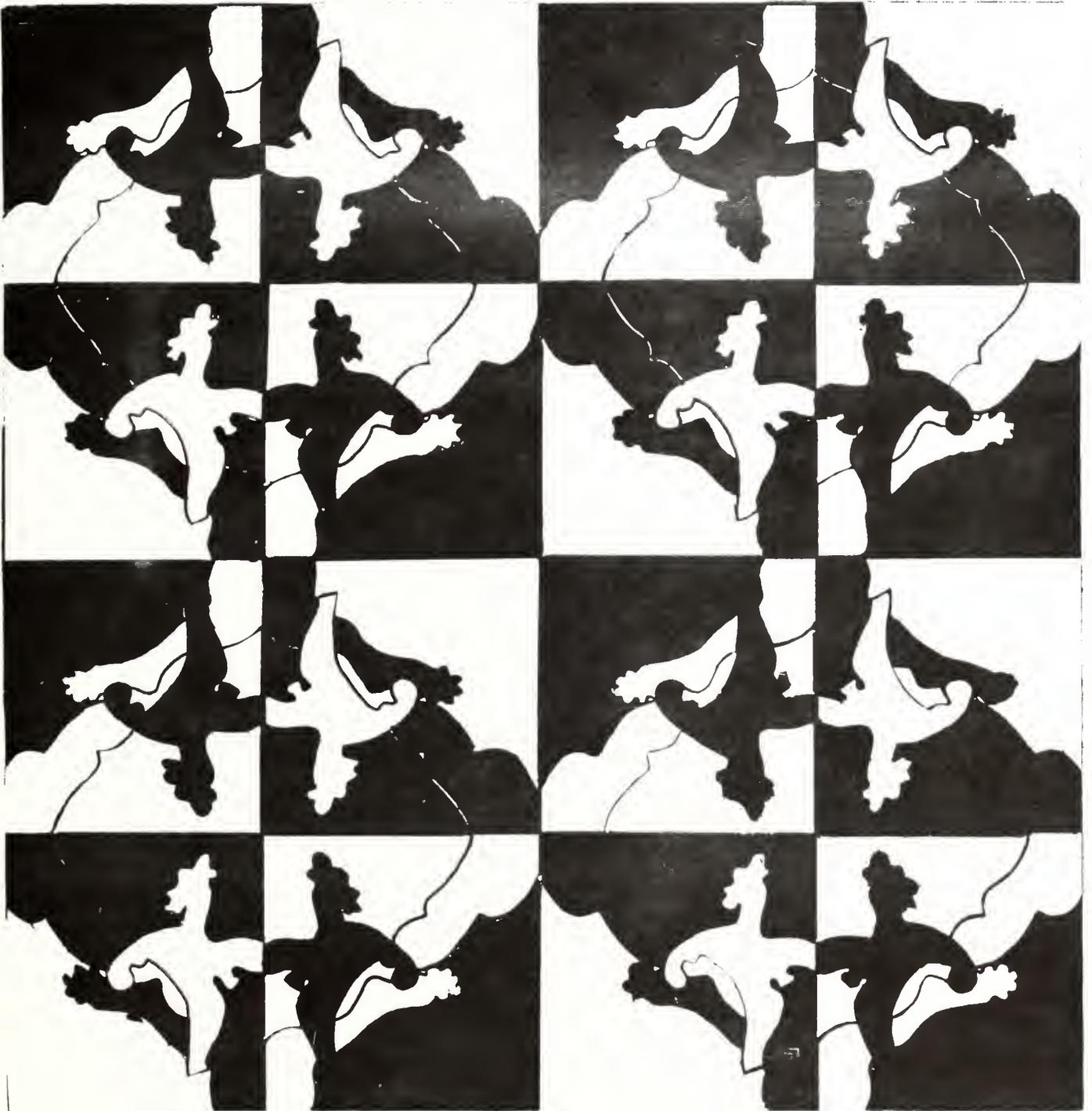
A woman conduct affairs of state?  
Zounds.

*Marian Westbrook  
English Instructor*

## DANCING WITH A MEMORY

A memory of a special time and place  
With a stained glass image of a face  
The glimpse of a smile, a gesture, a passing glance  
Makes me weak in the arms of romance  
A whisper of words breathes through the air  
While a trembling of the unknown overcomes me  
Then the memory of a gentle touch leaves me breathless  
My pounding heart races against the slow rhythm of the music  
I gaze deep into the colors of compassion  
To calm the storm within  
But the power of passion surges through my soul  
Bringing a burning desire to be fulfilled  
The emotions are as deep as Neptune's world  
Then slowly the stained glass begins to fade  
As the light of transparency beams through  
Revealing to this memory what is hidden from the world  
And from the image comes a consciousness of desperate wonder.  
Was this precious memory reality or just an undying fantasy?

*Marcia Maynard  
Dental Hygiene*



*Sea Horses on Black and White*  
Lisa Ransom  
College Transfer, Color & Design I

## Thoughts On DEAD POETS SOCIETY M. Kathleen Crews, College Transfer

Poetry is very constricting, except, of course, for the free-style. In its most effective form, poetry relies on a delicate balance of cadence, meter, and rhyme. Discipline is a must for the poet to be truly effective. Yet, consider that the poet is given "poetic license" -- a freedom in construction and connotation which is totally unacceptable in other forms of written or spoken communication.

The study of poetry for the prep school students in *Dead Poets Society* begins as just another study in discipline until Mr. Keating (Robin Williams) takes them from what they can see to what they can think and feel. The boys discover the beauty and freedom of thought in poetry rather than just the measure of meter. Keating systematically strips them of

scholastic mores--he has them leave the classroom to listen to the photographs of alumni; he insists they tear the introduction from their poetry texts; he has each boy in turn experience the perspective from atop the teacher's desk; and, in the courtyard, he shows them their insidious tendency toward conformity. Keating introduces the students to free-thinking and hands them Pandora's Box in the guise of Five Centuries of Poetry.

In this movie, poetry is the narcotic which gives wing to young men's minds, indiscriminate of their abilities to escape earthly bondage. The boys embrace poetic license in their lives, attempting, like Icarus, to escape. Despite the tragic death of one of the boys, the students are all ennobled in some way by the dead poets and the teacher they have come to revere.

## AN ARGUMENT FOR NOT WRITING AN ARGUMENT Shawn Bunn, Forestry

Dear Ms. Spicer,

I often have trouble writing themes because I have trouble writing outlines. In the past ten weeks I have had trouble with the other papers you assigned, but I finally came through. As you know, the assignment you have given this time is a definite problem for me. Because it is such a problem, I should not have to write an argumentation paper.

My first reason deals with understanding exactly what is expected in the assignment. Another reason is that I have a hard time putting my ideas into words. When I get an idea, it is difficult for me to tell you what I am thinking. Another problem I have is writing an outline. When I write an outline, I don't fully understand which ideas and topics to put in it. All ideas and topics are important to me. Then, when I finally decide what to write, I can't make the outline parallel.

Another reason for my not having to write this paper is the fact that I have invested too much time in this assignment. I have already written three argumentation outlines on three different subjects. None of those outlines were good enough to write a persuasive letter about. I have also had my roommates try to help me come up with ideas. They tried but did not succeed. This gives me no encouragement in this class or other classes. I get really frustrated about this paper, and I may flunk my major course.

My homework in other classes is very important, also. While working on this paper, I have hardly any time for homework in this class or other classes. Not being able to prepare my homework adequately has hurt my grades. I definitely cannot afford to let my grades drop.

Because of my stated reasons, I feel that it is not necessary to write this paper. I do not think that I am learning much by writing an argumentation paper. It is almost as if I am wasting my time. This wasted time is going to flunk me.

Sincerely yours,

Shawn Bunn

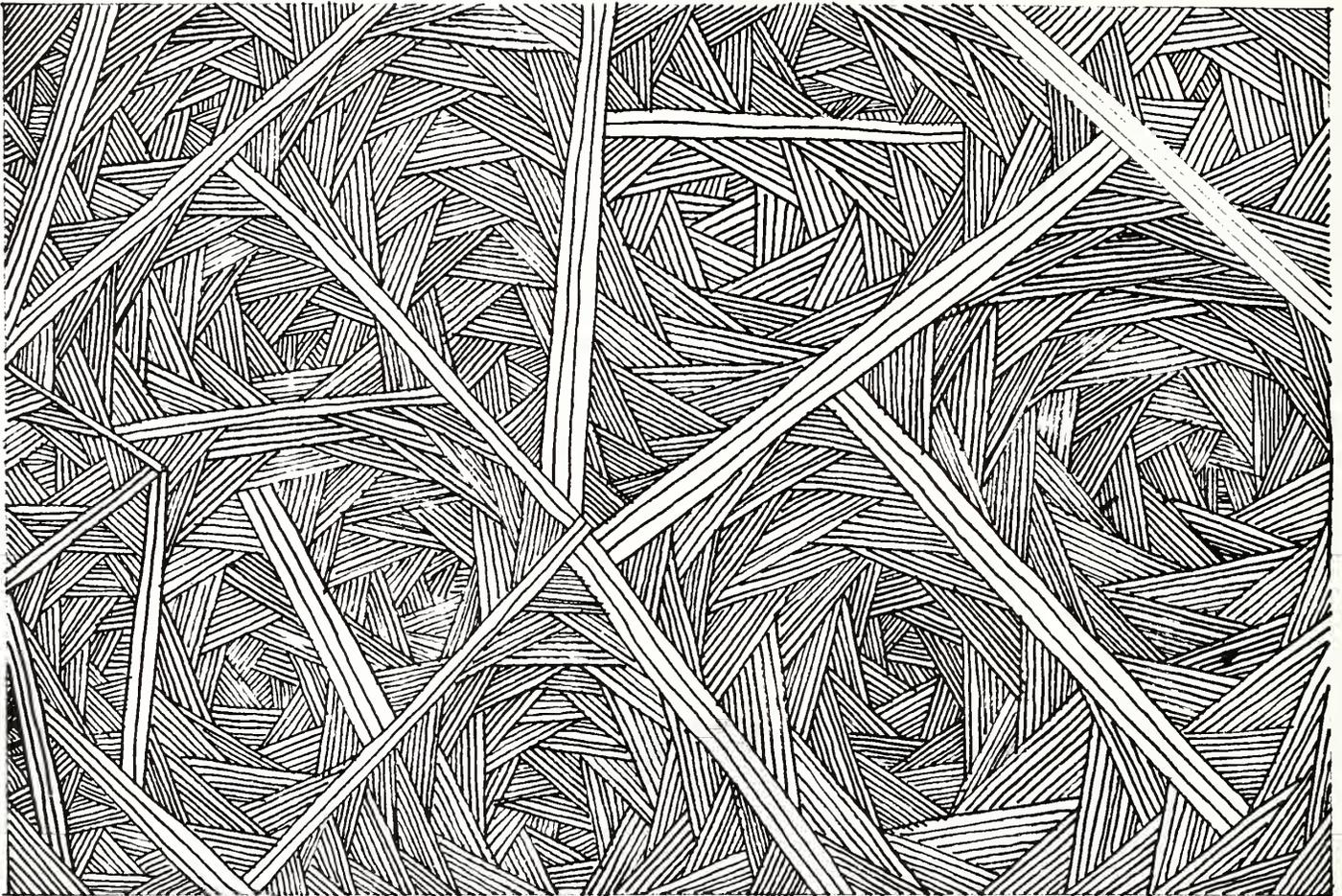
## *L'Education*

*Je fais les devoirs et vais a l'ecole,  
Que je puis un jour travailler.  
J'aime les matieres et les profs sont vifs,  
Que je puis un jour travailler.  
Mais pourquoi ne peuvent-ils pas m'enseigner  
Etre tout d'un coup nouveau riche?*

*J. P. Draughon, Jr.  
College Transfer, French 252*



*Reflection, photo, Dawn Stevens, College Transfer*



*Herringbone, Chai Martin, College Transfer, Basic Drawing*

### POET'S EPITAPH In tribute to Anne Sexton

The epitaph  
on the poet's  
tombstone—  
"Rats live on no evil star"—  
a kind of joke,  
a palindrome,  
words running forward  
and running back  
again.

Mind play  
and word play  
from one who  
could play  
no more on  
this evil star,  
so took her life  
to no one's surprise,  
the sources say.

But we are confounded  
my students and I.  
We ask: do rats  
then live on blessed  
stars? Can love  
of words alone  
save a world  
or a life?

Her daughter says  
Anne Sexton sought  
"a peculiar kind  
of hope." I think of her  
in poets' heaven  
away from the  
race of rats,  
unleashed from  
hopelessness into  
fresh palindromes where  
dog sees God.

*Liz Meador  
English Instructor*

## SHORT LIVED

Paula Poynter-Martin, Nursing Assistance  
Continuing Education

Every day seemed to run together. Although the sky was still as blue as it had always been, to Sharon it was gray; life was gray. There was no warmth in the sun's glow or vitality in its bright rays. Each day became grayer and colder. Her heart was heavy and could no longer hear birds sing or be touched by a child's laughter.

The spring breeze that blew through her curtains smelled of the awful taste of life. The subtle cruelties that surround us all Sharon could not ward off with a smile or a walk on the porch. Life had lost its melody and the tempo was wavering.

Sharon no longer saw herself with a smile. She avoided mirrors or anything that she might find her reflection in. The once beautiful curls that framed her petite face hung heavy and straight for lack of care. The mail inside her door was piled up like a tiny pyramid. The phone rang but, like the knocks upon the door, it went unanswered.

The silence in her apartment could not compare to the silence in her mind. The clothes she wore last week

she still had on, and even with the cool spring days and her open windows she still wore nothing on her feet.

The kitchen was the only clean room in her apartment as she had not eaten in days. The fatigue she felt left her stranded in her favorite chair from which she had not moved in several days.

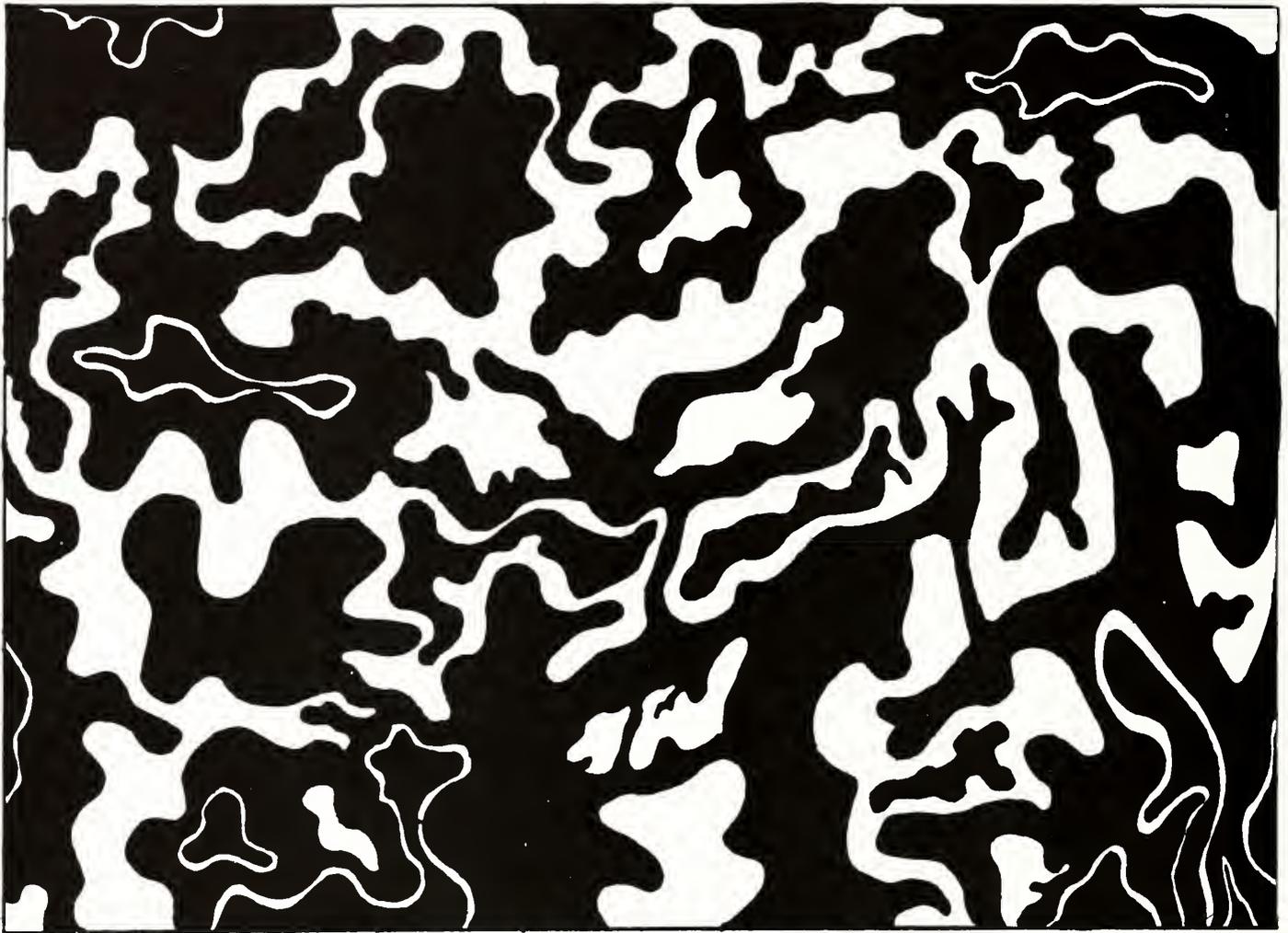
The goldfish in his bowl lay stiff upon the water's surface. "You no longer swim or wait for me to feed you," Sharon thought as she gazed into his stone dead eyes. The physical ability to speak had left her days before. "I feel as though all the oxygen in my bowl is gone as well, little fish. My clock is wound down and my time is all gone."

The glass of water felt heavy in her young frail hand as she lifted it to swallow the last of eighty-five sleeping pills.

One tear left her cheek as her eyes closed, and in the far off distance, Sharon heard her phone ring just before she fell asleep.



*Stream and Waterfall*  
Dawn Stevens, College Transfer



*One Of A Kind, John Brown, College Transfer, Basic Drawing Class*

## ENCOUNTER

Ed King, College Transfer

As I approached, he shrank from me. Cringing, he moved away. I opened my mouth but to speak and he answered with a scream. It hurt my ears. It frightened me. I stopped frozen; he turned and ran. He had entered my house, my home, and then behaved like this. I only sought to talk, to smile, to speak in pleasant conversation. He who had a kind face and soft eyes -- I had longed to attract his gaze. This I did but with unexpected repercussions. Was he so startled by my appearance? After all, this is my house. He didn't look like a burglar, a common thief, surprised in the act. The man looked like someone's father, someone's husband, a citizen, a taxpayer, respectable. He was average of height and build, softened over the years with a few extra pounds. The man looked like a neighbor might, a Mr. Smith or a Mr. Jones. Yet he had acted so adversely. Was it my personal appearance, was he physically repulsed? Surely, that is not possible. Why, an old family photo sits here at my hand. I think that I look good for my age. My face is not overly wrinkled; my hair is salt and peppered.

My eyes, oh, my eyes -- they are bright and clear. My body is plump but not overly so. I do depend on this cane to walk or hobble as it might seem, but many use canes. It is not unusual. I am not unusual. I should think I look average enough. My husband, my children, even my grandchildren in this picture, they loved me even -- smiling at my appearance. But that was a long time ago. The children and grandchildren are a long ways away. Even my husband is gone, but I didn't leave. I don't know why, but I'm still here. I didn't make the decision, but someone must have. All are gone. My husband dead and buried so many years ago. Even my body ceased to live and has been in the ground for quite a while. Yet here I am in my house, all alone. So alone. The loneliness was what so drove me to speak to the man, but he ran away shrieking. I only longed to talk with him, to enjoy some human company, but he fled. I long to banish this eternal loneliness, if only temporarily. Yet it hangs about my neck like an albatross. Since my body is dead, have I been judged? Is this Hell?

# GRANDPA'S SECRET PLACE

Stephanie Doreen Davis, College Transfer

"Hurry up now, child. Times a'wasting, and we've got a long walk ahead of us today. We're going to a special place in the woods and we must hurry."

"Okay, Grandpa, I'm coming. Are we going to see the deer again? That was fun. He licked my hand sticky!"

"No, Stefie, not today. Today is a special treat for you but you must promise to never, never tell what you see and hear."

"Okay, Grandpa, I like secrets."

It was always exciting at Grandpa's house. He lived in a big house situated in the corner of Lyman's Crossroads way out in the country. Abandoned railroad tracks ran through his front yard and turned in an L design to go back behind the house and through the fields. Grandpa had built log tobacco barns along the side of the track. He said someday the train might come back and he could watch it go by while he tended the barn fires at night. It never did though. My uncles, Jimmy Ray and Franklin, and my cousin Rosalie and I had wonderful times playing on those tracks. Cattails and pussywillow grew rampant along one side. We would gather huge armfuls and take back to the house to our grandmother. She had a huge stone jar on the back porch which she always put our offerings in. Grandma loved flowers, but for some strange reason none would ever grow in her yard.

Sometimes when I went to Grandpa's, he would take me by the hand, and off we would go alone to explore places no one else would go. Today was to be one of those special days. One I would never forget. One that would haunt my dreams endlessly. One no one else would believe because they knew nothing about what I saw or what Grandpa told me. I grew up keeping my secret just as he told me to do.

I was a quiet, sensitive child which bothered my grandmother a great deal. She was always chiding me because I was different. She would say, "I just don't understand that child. She should be more like Rosalie, but all she ever does is stand there smiling like some idiot and never saying a word. What ails that girl, I would like to know? It is just not natural. Not natural at all."

And Grandpa would say, "Leave the child be, Maggie, she's got a head on her shoulders, that's all. Besides she'll make me proud of her one of these days."

Grandma would gripe, "Wesley, you always take up for her."

We walked a long way that day through ripened corn fields and a huge watermelon patch, picked our way through a briar thicket, through wild blueberry bushes, and through a small streak of low hanging trees. On we kept going. I had never been this far before. It was exciting! We came to a great field of wild flowers blooming in a multitude of colors, like a giant rainbow.

We walked through the field of gay flowers and soon came to a white picket fence. The fence surrounded a tiny graveyard filled with small square stones. In the very middle, one stone stood out from the rest. It was shiny white.

"What is this, Grandpa?"

"Stefie, this is part of the secret. Here lies the past. This is where your great-great grandfather buried his special

friends. Now come with me. I have something else to show you today, a story to tell that you must always remember, the story of your heritage. Someday you will be proud of your ancestor's courage and determination. Remember, though, this is our little secret."

We walked around the graveyard and back farther into the woods. Grandpa stopped in front of a huge dead oak tree, bent over, and pulled away a patch of mulch, revealing a large rusty brass ring. He pulled on the ring, and the tree seemed to come alive for a minute. Over to the left of the tree, a big gaping hole was opening up.

"Come, Stefie, we have a long way to go."

"Where are we going now, Grandpa?"

"To see the rest of the secret while I tell you a story."

Grandpa took my hands and lifted me over the hole; then he let me down real easy. "Now, walk over to the side so I can come down." I did. This was a real adventure. It was dark and musty in the hole but I wasn't afraid; Grandpa was with me.

He dropped down into the hole beside me and pulled a match out of his pocket and struck it. Gosh, it looked gloomy! There was a shelf holding two small lanterns and a folded blanket. He took one of the lanterns down and lit it.

The hole was about two inches taller than Grandpa and about as wide as I was tall. The sides were lined with split logs stuck together with something that looked like mud. The ceiling was covered with wood planks. There were shelves built along both sides. Cobwebs covered everything. The floor was hard-packed dirt.

We walked for what seemed like hours, brushing cobwebs out of the way as we went and sometimes scaring a mouse and it scaring me! Suddenly the tunnel curved in a sharp arch. Grandpa pushed on the ceiling and it slowly squeaked open. There was a small ladder leading up the side so we climbed up and out into one of the old barns! Grandpa's train-watching barn!

Grandpa reached into his pocket, pulled out two candy bars, handed me one and told me to sit down on an old foot stool as he did the same.

"Now for the story, Stefie."

"Oh, Grandpa, I love you."

"Child, I love you more than life itself, but you must hush now, and listen carefully to my story."

## Grandpa's Story

The day was soft and warm with a lilt of spring in the air even though it was autumn. Samuel Hopkins Williams walked down the path leading into the swamp at the far side of his small plantation. He owned only a few hundred acres, but it was good, fertile land and he tended it with loving care. Sam had never believed in slavery so the workers were given salaries or a small piece of land to tend for themselves. The few people he had been forced to buy because of lack of free men had been made to understand that they would be free just as soon as their cost had been repaid. Samuel had bought men and women who looked so starved no one else would buy them. He had gotten

them cheap, but he knew a few good meals and proper medical care would restore them to their former strength and dignity. Now all of his workers were free, but instead of leaving, they had all opted to stay on entrusting their papers to a man they had chosen to represent them in case of misunderstandings. Samuel had provided this man with all the law books he could borrow from his own lawyer in town. This practice caused him a lot of problems with his neighbors, especially Edgar Thomas, who believed that Negroes were animals to be bought and sold or used as he saw fit. He was well known for cruel beatings of his slaves at the slightest provocation. Edgar and Samuel were continuously at odds with each other. Samuel continued to treat his workers like humans, and they loved him deeply for it. They produced more profit on his small plantation than slaves on many of the larger ones did because they felt happy about their work and knew part of the profit was theirs.

Samuel was thinking about his past and marveling at all that had happened. He had been just six years old when he and his sister had been awakened in the middle of the night by their father and mother and hustled into a waiting carriage and rushed to the docks. There an old man had helped them into a small fishing boat and rowed out to a waiting ship. With the help of a huge burly sailor they had boarded and been hidden in a small cabin. They did not venture out of that room for two whole days! The burly sailor had sneaked them food and water. Samuel never knew the reason for the secrecy because his father had died six days later of a heart attack. His mother refused to talk about it.

The ship's captain, Bertram Jarman, was a kind man, though rusty with his words. He protected Sam's mother from the overzealous sailors until they reached their destination. He wanted to give her some money to help her until she found work, but her stubborn pride made her refuse. She held her chin up, and as her eyes glistened with unshed tears she said, "God will see us through."

Samuel, his sister, and his mother were put on shore with the cargo. They stood looking around bewilderedly. Samuel's mother was still in such a state of shock that the hand that held their only luggage was shaking so badly that she almost dropped it.

The most beautiful woman that Samuel had ever seen walked up to them and introduced herself as Margaret Adams.

"My nephew sent me word about your predicament, and I want to help you if I can. Can you sew, honey?"

"What? Oh, my name is Jessica Cathleen Williams, and I can sew very well, but my children --."

"Are welcome to stay in my house with you. My house-keeper, Bell, will look after the wee ones while you work. I have a huge wedding order to be filled and I am way behind on it. One of my best seamstresses ran away with some young man and left me in a real bind. Come along now and let's get these hungry children fed a decent meal instead of that sea junk you've been eating. One of my boys will pick up the rest of your luggage later."

"This is all the luggage we own," Cathleen said, holding up one suitcase.

Margaret Adams turned without a word and led them to the most beautifully appointed carriage they had ever seen.

They settled into the routine rather easily. Sam's little sister, Adrianna, was the delight of everyone who met her. Margaret declared that the child's winsome ways had increased her business so much she would have to add on two

more full-time seamstresses. She gave Mrs. Williams a bonus for this boost in business and far too many sweets to Sam and his sister.

For months Samuel's mother could not believe what she had done. Whenever she thought about it, she shivered. She had entrusted her family and herself to a total stranger! But what else could she do? She had no money and knew no one here. They had left all their wealth in Wales, probably confiscated by now. Oh, her poor, poor husband! All their dreams of a new life -- gone.

After a short time, she learned that Margaret was a "madame!" She nearly fainted from shock.

"Yes, that's my trade. My girls provide the finest entertainment to the most genteel men. Only the best for my girls. Please call me Margaret and don't worry because I really do need a seamstress. Besides, I can tell you are from quality and I would never try to degrade you in any way. Please believe me. I also run a dress shop for the wives of those genteel men. Believe me, Mrs. Williams. I didn't go into this business intentionally. It was a matter of survival. Someday I'll tell you all about it."

For two years Sam's mother sewed and was bosom friend to Margaret. She grew to respect and understand her. She entrusted Margaret with her secret and extracted a promise from her. Two years later Sam's mother died of a sudden illness. Sam and his sister were bereft.

Margaret sent them to school in France. Adrianna joined a convent there. She died of consumption a few years after becoming a nun. Sam was left all alone but not for long. One day he was called out of class and told he must return home right away.

He took the first boat going out. Lawyer Jonathan Morgan met him at the dock and rushed him to Margaret's bedside. Sam hardly recognized her. She was so thin and pale. He spoke her name softly and she opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"At last you're here, dear boy. I have so much to say to you."

"Don't try to talk now. Just rest. I'll be right here."

"No, listen now. I haven't much time left. Hold my hand, Sam. I am a madame. This is a house of ill repute. I sent you and Adrianna away to school to keep you from finding out. I didn't want either one of you hurt. Your mother knew and understood. She was an angel. Look in that drawer over there and get out the small red velvet box. In it you will find a neck chain that belonged to your family. I promised your mother to give it to you at the right time. Now's the time."

Sam opened the box and pulled out the chain. The emblem attached had a strange design on it. In the center of its oval shape was a large cross and tiny figure of Jesus. On the left of the cross two tiny swords crossed. On the right a W was carved. Each point of the cross contained a tiny gem. What did it mean?

"Sam, hold my hand now. I have always loved you like my own son. Say a prayer for me. Promise me one thing. Never own another human being. After I'm dead, you must talk to Johnthan, and he'll tell you all you need to know. Sam, I love you. You've been a pleasure to know. Good-bye, dear child."

She was gone just like that! Jake, Margaret's right hand, pulled Sam away, took him to his old room, gave him a stiff whiskey, and talked soothingly. "After the funeral, you must go see her lawyer, sir. Now, you must sleep. It has been a long day for you."

Samuel was surprised to see so many people at Margaret's funeral especially after her disclosure of her profession. He later learned that Margaret had helped many of the townspeople in the past. This was their way of thanking her and accepting him.

Johnthan read the will to a wide-eyed young man, making notations as he went.

Presently he said. "Would you like to go out and see the plantation now, sir?"

"Yes, of course. I just can't believe all this."

"She bought the place six months ago. The house has been furnished for you. You are to take her most trusted servants, Jake, Little Jed, Bill, Maud, and Bertha with you. There are six free men working on the place now preparing for your homecoming. Your neighbor, Winston Jackson's son Lawther, has been looking after the place for Miss Adams. He will help you get settled in and then go back to his father's place. Old Mr. Jackson is getting a little poorly. You should make plans to move in this week."

As they rode out, Samuel put his hand inside his shirt pocket and pulled out the locket. He placed it around his neck. He could almost feel his parents' presence. He felt their unselfish love and sat up a little straighter in the carriage. He hoped that someday he would know more about his past and why they had left in such a hurry that strange night so many years ago. He prayed that he could live up to Margaret's expectations of him. But where would he find enough free men to run such a vast plantation? All the other planters used slaves.

\* \* \*

"Mr. Sam, Mr. Sam," whispered Jake, one of Sam's most loyal workers.

"Yes, Jake, what is it?"

"Please, Mr. Sam, come over here. I got to show you something."

Sam walked under the low hanging tree branches to the spot Jake was calling from and stopped dead in his tracks. Propped up against a tree trunk was the most pitiful sight he had ever seen. A young Negro girl, not more than fourteen years old, had been beaten to a bloody pulp. Her face was unrecognizable.

"What's this, Jake?" asked Sam in disbelief.

"This is Jenny Mae, Mr. Edgar's slave. He had her beat like this because she didn't bring his nightcap quick enough. Said he'd kill her the next time. Mr. Sam, I've got to help her some way to get away from there. She's my sister's kid."

"I agree. Something has to be done." Samuel looked up into the sky and a faraway look came into his eyes. "How many men can you spare from the fields tomorrow that you can trust completely?"

"Four, maybe five. Why?"

"Take the girl to that little shack I use for hunting. Go get Maud and tell her to look after the girl but to keep quiet about it. I'll think of something to do before I go to bed tonight. This can't be allowed to continue."

Samuel walked in a fast trot back to the house. As he rounded the corner of the shed, he called out to little Jed to go have Bill saddle his horse in a hurry. Off little Jed ran as fast as his tiny short legs would carry him. He delivered his message and sped back to the house to see what Mr. Sam was in such a rush about. Little Jed had been beaten by a drunken sailor when he was only three years old leaving his body badly misshapen. His accident had not hindered his insatiable

curiosity though.

"Mr. Sam, what's wrong, sir? Can I do something else for you?"

"No, Jed, nothing I can talk about right now. I need you to help Maud out for a couple of days, O.K.? I'm going over to Jackson's place for a short while. He and I need to talk about a problem today. Do whatever Maud tells you to do. I'll be back in a couple of hours."

Bill brought the mare Jessica that only Sam could ride. Jessica was another one of Samuel's rare finds. An Arabian mare destined for a neighboring plantation had been badly injured on board the ship. When the new owner had seen her, he had ordered her shot. Samuel had intervened, offering to buy the mare for ten dollars. The owner laughed and took the money, thinking him a fool. Samuel had taken the mare to a stable and sent for Bill. They worked over the horse for two weeks before declaring her fit to travel home.

Samuel had spent many long hours just talking to and rubbing the mare. After her ordeal she followed Samuel around like a faithful dog. He named her Jessica after his dead mother. The neighbors said that Jessica loved Sam better than any woman ever could.

"Thanks, Bill. I'll be gone for a couple of hours. I've got to hurry now."

"Sure thing, Mr. Sam. I'll have fresh hay and water waiting for Miss Jess. She'll like that."

Lawther Jackson's place bordered Sam's on the east boundary. They could see each other's houses on a clear day. This was one of those days, and Lawther's overseer saw Sam coming at a fast trot. He galloped over to the grist mill where his boss was watching progress on the last corn of the season to be ground for cornmeal. The hands were excited because when they had finished up there would be a big barbecue for all to enjoy. "Hey, Mr. Jackson, yonder comes Mr. Williams. Looks in a bit of a hurry, too."

Lawther straddled his horse and set out to meet Samuel. They met at the edge of the empty field.

"Sam, what's all the hurry?"

"Lawt, we've got to talk fast. Edgar has beaten one of his slaves within an inch of her life. In fact, I don't know if she'll even make it or not. This situation has been allowed to go on too long. You believe as I do, so we've got to find a way to get some of these people to freedom."

"I'm ready, Sam, but what and how?"

"Let me borrow your best carpenter and two of your strongest young men. I've got a plan pestering my mind. I believe we may have a way to help at least some of these people. Well, can I borrow the men?"

"Sure, Sam, when do you want them?"

"Just as soon as you can get them over to my woods shack we can begin to work."

"They'll be there by first light prepared to stay as long as you need them. I'll come over at noon to see what you're up to, old friend. I've got a feeling this is going to be one interesting sight. Need a little spice around here every now and then anyway."

"Thanks, Lawt, I knew I could count on you. I'll be going now. See you tomorrow noon." Sam hurried back to his place with a plan forming in his mind. He thought that it just might work. No one would suspect a thing. He smiled to himself as he straightened up a little in the saddle. His wife Pauline would be some kind of proud of him if he could pull this off. She had

often worried herself sick over the plight of slaves owned by people like Edgar Thomas. Yes, things were going to work out. He just knew it.

Sam made a stop by the shack on his way home to check on the girl. Maud had cleaned the child's wounds and dressed her in a warm flannel gown. The girl was propped up in the cot sipping on some soup that Maud had thought to bring along. Her swollen face was clean but the cuts and bruises were even more noticeable than before. Sam smiled at the frightened child and asked how she was doing. Her huge eyes filled with tears as she nodded her head that she was fine. She could not grasp the fact that a white man had treated her with kindness even though Maud and Jake had told her what a fine man Mr. Sam was.

"Jake, come outside a minute, will you?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Sam, I'll be right there."

Jake joined Sam outside and they walked away from the shack. Sam outlined his plan while Jake's mouth opened in astonishment. Could Mr. Sam really pull this off? Of course he could. Mr. Sam could do anything he set his mind to. My, oh my!

Sam rode on back to the house where supper was waiting for him. Pauline looked up anxiously as he burst into the room, but her face broke into a huge smile when she saw that look of suppressed excitement on his face. Sam was up to something again, the old rascal. He was always waiting for a new challenge. Sam lived for the unexpected. He would even eat with his left hand sometimes just to change the pace of a dull evening. It always brightened up the atmosphere. Never let it be said that the Williams family led a dull drab existence.

"Hurry up, Samuel. Food is getting cold. What tomfoolery are you up to now?"

"I'll tell you all about it after I eat, dearest. My, this looks good. I'm starved half to death! Isn't that a new dress you're wearing? You look like a new bride instead of a mother of five."

Samuel and Pauline had three sons: Adron, twelve; Lawrence, sixteen; little Sam, Jr., six, the spitting image of his father, hair black as night, eyes deep blue; and two daughters. Beatrice, ten, had her father's dark blue eyes and her mother's golden blonde hair, and baby Catherine, four, was a red-haired whirlwind.

"Sam, quit teasing me. You saw this dress last week when Nellie finished fitting me. Now hurry and finish eating. I'm dying to hear what concoction you've got on your brain now."

Sam took his time eating even though he hardly tasted a thing. He was taking on a mighty big task, and the enormity of it had just hit him. What if he failed? No, he couldn't do that. He just couldn't. Everything would work out all right. What was it the preacher had said last Sunday about good overcoming evil? God would help him. He fingered the chain around his neck. It always gave him a feeling of peace.

Sam and Pauline strolled leisurely in the garden after supper while he relayed his plan. They walked and talked beyond their normal bedtime, but both went to bed that night with a new purpose and a peace of mind that neither could explain. After all, they hadn't done anything yet.

Sam rose at dawn, ate a huge breakfast, told Bertha the cook to pack him a big lunch (Bertha already had it packed because Miss Pauline had given her instructions the night before), and went out for his usual walk, only this time he took

Jessica along. He rode because he was in a hurry this morning.

Jake and his crew were waiting for Sam when he got there, and Lawther arrived a few minutes later.

Sam gave his instructions and the men began to work quietly but with a smooth precision that never failed to amaze Sam. He looked in on the girl and noted that she was improving. She even gave him a small wan smile.

"Okay, Sam, now what are your plans and how can I help?"

"Lawt, it's simple really. I wonder why I haven't thought about it sooner. Remember last winter when Guy Vernon was here with his wife? Well, he said if ever he could help me in any way just let him know. He feels as we do and I am sure we can count on him. I'm sending him a note by special messenger. My best rider left last night. He has instructions to rest one night and then hurry back with Guy's answer. He'll leave his horse and borrow one of Guy's racers for the return trip. He should be back before we're finished here."

Sam and Lawt walked back where their men were progressing at full speed. It was almost as if they knew how important speed and accuracy were at this time. Sam grabbed a shovel and Lawt picked up a hammer. Both set to work.

Everybody broke for lunch at noon, rested fifteen minutes, and started back to work with renewed vigor. Sam and Lawt went back a few yards into the woods and discussed their plans.

Sam saddled Jessica and rode back to the house, mulling over his plans. As he came in sight of the house he saw Edgar Thomas and his foreman riding toward him.

"Hello, Edgar. What's got you out at this time of day?"

"Runaway slave. The slut ran off two nights ago and we haven't found a trace of her. You seen or heard anything? When I find her, I'm going to hang her for an example to the rest of the bastards. Trouble, always trouble."

"Sorry, Edgar, everything's peaceful around here. Always is."

"You and your free niggers!" Edgar snarled. "Come on, Bob, let's go. We've got another farm to check before we go home."

Sam smiled to himself and went on to the house, making up his mind to hurry things along a little. There was precious little time to waste. A life depended on his scheme. It had to work without any hitches.

Sam and Pauline ate a huge breakfast and talked excitedly about their hopes for the future. Neither mentioned the slave even though she was uppermost on their minds.

Sam's messenger rode up earlier than expected as Sam walked out of the house the next morning, but the grin on his face told Sam all he wanted to know. He grabbed the letter the young man held out to him and tore it open in a hurry to read the contents. When he finished he almost jumped up and down. He dismissed the messenger with a few words of thanks and told him to go eat a big breakfast and take the rest of the day off.

Sam raced on Jessica to the woods. He could hardly wait to see how much more had been done since he left yesterday. The digging was progressing at a rapid pace, and the carpenter had finished the boxes Sam had instructed him to build. A young man was placing the last of several layers of hay to their sides and top. It was well camouflaged (even Sam would have been fooled). Samuel was filled with pride.

"Bill, go get the cart and meet us here. We are about ready for stage two of our plans."

Sam had a white flag hoisted to notify the train conductor that he had merchandise to pick up here. The farmers often used this method instead of going to the train depot (especially those like Sam whose land bordered the tracks).

Fifteen minutes before the train was due, Sam, Bill, and Jake drew up at the railroad crossing with the cart. On the cart were two large bales of hay securely wrapped with wire.

The train came to a slow jerky stop. The conductor jumped down and shook Sam's hand.

"Good to see you again, Sam. Got a delivery?"

Sam answered back. "Yes, John, a special shipment to be hand delivered to Guy Vernon. I think you know him. John, I ask you to personally supervise this delivery. It is a matter of life and death to me and Guy. Will you do it?"

"Sure, Sam. You know I'll do anything for you. After all, you helped me get this job when I was down and out and needed money for my little girl's operation. By the way, she's doing great now. Don't worry, Sam, the delivery will be smooth as silk. I'll be back through Wednesday. Are you expecting anything? I can stop back here and deliver it if you are, and you won't have to send to the depot for it."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am expecting a letter from Guy acknowledging receipt of this shipment. And of course Pauline is hoping Guy's wife Janice will send her the recipe for one of those exotic dishes her French cook is always making. Personally, I don't care for that mess myself. Course that apple thing wasn't too bad."

"I should be passing through about this same time Wednesday, so I'll expect to see you waiting. Let's load up so I can be on my way."

Sam and his men carefully lifted the bales of hay into an empty freight car. Sam said a silent prayer and motioned for John to move on.

As they rode the empty cart back to the stables, Jake looked at Sam with big anxious eyes and said, "It will be all right, won't it sir?"

"Sure, Jake, but I'll rest easier after I hear from Guy. It is going to be a long week. We had better get back to work though. We can't always do it this way. Someone is liable to notice."

Sam and his men headed back to work only stopping at the house to pick up the food baskets Bertha had prepared for them and the others.

The digging was moving right along, and now the carpenters were shoring up the walls under the direction of a former miner, Jason Stahl, who knew about such things. He boasted that the walls would last more than two hundred years if proper care were given them. The quality of the work was proof that he did know very well what he was doing.

"Sam, how far is this tunnel going?" asked Lawt, who had come by to see how things were progressing.

"Right straight to the middle of that barn near the railroad tracks. Things will be easier that way, I think. We can send the runaways through the tunnel out into the barn. Then when the white flag is hoisted, John will know to stop. He'll keep one train car empty for our sole use."

"Well, I'll be! Good idea, good idea. I'll be getting back to my place now. See you in a day or two."

"Right, Lawt. Thanks."

"Jake, have the men build enough shelves on the walls of the tunnel to hold three weeks' supply of food for at least ten people, blankets, lanterns, candles, and plenty of flint. There

may be times when we will have need of them. Better to be prepared than not. Got a raw notion knawing in my guts."

On Wednesday, Sam met the train. John slowed down enough to holler and threw a parcel to Sam. The train picked up speed and moved on.

The letter read in part: "Received merchandise in good condition.....will make arrangements from here.....further shipments will be welcomed.....hope Pauline enjoys recipe.....know you won't.....God bless." Sam hurried to the house to tell Pauline. He was beside himself with joy. They had begun!

Two weeks later the tunnel was finished and all evidence of recent digging had been cleared away. Sam and Lawt made a final inspection of the tunnel and were pleased with the results. They gave the men extra pay and thanked them wholeheartedly. Each man promised total secrecy (and kept that promise). Now would come the test.

Sam wondered if he would ever need the tunnel now that it was finished, but he did not have to wait very long. Word has a way of getting to the right people.

Sam was in his office busily writing when Jake knocked on the door. "Mr Sam," called Jake, "I need to talk to you privately. Can you come out to the woods again?"

"Sure, Jake. Give me a few minutes to finish this letter to Guy."

Sam followed Jake into the woods knowing full well that bullheaded as he was Jake would talk when he got good and ready. He glimpsed a flash of color behind the shack just as Jake grabbed his arm.

"Mr. Sam, I found these people out here early this morning. They were nearly starved to death. Said they hadn't had anything to eat in three days. I fed them and told them to wait while I got you. You will help them, won't you?"

"What happened to them?"

"Their owner was going to sell the mother and boys to three different buyers. He was going to keep the father. They didn't want to be separated so they ran away. The youngest boy has a bad fever."

"Okay, go in the tunnel and get the blankets, and make them some pallets to lie on in the shack. Put the sick child on the cot. I'll go get Maud again to tend the boy. She'll know how to break the fever."

Sam hurried back to the house. Action!

As he transported Maud and her supplies to the shack, Sam wondered how long he could keep the family safe, especially with a sick child. He hoped Maud's healing hands would work another of their miracles. It seemed to Sam that just the presence of Maud made a sick one start improving. She had the "Gift" and he would fight any man who said naught.

Little Jed climbed down from the tall oak tree, his self-appointed lookout post, and ran to meet Sam and Maud. He grabbed the parcels before they could even dismount and ran to the shack to lay out Maud's equipment. He was always eager to help.

Maud and Jed worked over the child almost six hours before the fever broke. The crisis was over! Now with a little nourishment the child should make it.

Sam and Jake walked a little way into the woods discussing the family's plight.

"Jake, things are getting a little dangerous, I'm afraid to say. If Jed sees or hears anything out of the ordinary, you are

to get that family or anyone else we might have at the time into the tunnel. Keep them quiet at all costs. You need to choose a relief man to help you and little Jed just in case. We need to be prepared.”

“I already have, Mr. Sam. Michael, my nephew, is going to help. He’s fourteen now and quite a bright young lad.”

“Yes, I’ve noticed that. Have you had any problems with the others taking up the slack caused by you and Jed not being there? We still have to keep this place producing.”

“No, sir, Mr. Sam. Everybody is glad to be a part of this. They all want to help in any way that they can.”

“Good.”

Sam rode back to the house thinking of the contents of Guy’s last letter. There was talk of war between the states. Politics! What would he do? What could he do?

Four days later Maud declared the child fit to travel. Again, a shipment (this time disguised as two bales of cotton) was sent by rail to Guy Vernon and was received safely. John knew the deliveries were important, but he never guessed just how much so!

Over the next year Sam and his crew (sometimes with the help of Lawther Jackson) helped more than one hundred runaway slaves to freedom. They lost four who had been so badly beaten that even Maud’s ministrations could not save them. They were buried in the field at the edge of the swamp. Little Jed made wooden tombstones and carved a tiny figure above each name.

The war grew. Sam, believing that it was a political struggle between the southern plantation elite and northern industrial and mercantile interest, fought for his South. His son Lawrence, always headstrong, joined the northern army, while his son Adron chose to fight with him.

Lawrence, after seeing the Union soldiers rape and mistreat the women and slaves on the plantations they passed through, was disillusioned and heartsick. He tried to prevent such acts, but for his interference he was shot and killed by a particularly brutal man called Gordon Baine. Baine had also molested several young men in his own platoon. Eventually Baine was tried, convicted, and hanged for his misdeeds.

In his journal Lawrence had expressed his grief and shame. One of his entries read: “How can we as human beings tolerate this vile behavior. Each day I died a little. Some of these men make Edgar Thomas look like a kind man! Only Corporal Jonas Stephenson seems to have any heart and even he cannot control his men when they are this hungry. War, along with lack of food and women, seems to craze the minds of men. I doubt that I will ever see my beloved family again. They understood why I thought I had to do this, but little did I know about war and its effects on man. My instincts tell me that the same thing is going on in some of the Confederate camps too. I fear for my dear sisters. May God have mercy on our souls.” The journal and other personal effects were delivered to the Williams home by a white-faced boy of thirteen shortly before the war ended. Lawrence had been buried in an unmarked grave.

Samuel survived the war, but his diary read much the same as Lawrence’s journal had read.

Several times Jake and little Jed got a family to safety in the tunnel just in the nick of time. Each time, the house was ransacked. Twice the soldiers stayed a few days, never finding the secret passageway into the tunnel from the wine cellar that Sam and Jake with the help of little Jed had secretly dug. That

tunnel was much smaller and more skillfully concealed, but it saved the family many times. Often Little Jed would hide there and listen to the plans of the enemy. He managed to get several messages through to Sam that helped save them in several skirmishes. Union men killed all the livestock except those which Bill and Michael had set loose in the swamp. Jessica helped herd the animals and kept them calm. Her ability amazed the men. It was as if Sam were there telling her what to do. The fourth patrol passing through burned the house to the ground. Afterwards, nothing green would grow there except two oak trees that Beatrice babbled and talked to.

Lawther served with the same group of men as Samuel and Adron did. His family and workers also made use of Sam’s tunnel. Their home was burned also.

Lawther’s youngest daughter Virginia, age ten, was raped by a passing trio of Union deserters. She had wandered too far from the house picking wild flowers. She would have died if Little Jed had not seen from his perch what was happening. He got help, but by the time Jake and Bill got to her the men were gone. She was unconscious and bleeding heavily. They took her to the shack and Maud again administered with her healing hands.

After the war Virginia and Adron were married in a quiet ceremony on the front porch of Sam’s newly built house. They were never able to have children of their own because of damage done during the rape, but their marriage was a happy one. They reared three orphaned children. The older boy became a United States Senator; the little girl, Jenna, published her first book of poetry under the name of J. V. Adron; the younger boy became a lawyer.

Beatrice, Sam’s oldest daughter, was a blond, blue-eyed angel with a heart of pure gold. Shortly after the war ended, Beatrice, with the help of Little Jed, planted flowers in the field leading to the graveyard of the black workers and trusted friends of the family who had died during the war. She called it a memorial to all who had passed that way.

Sam’s and his friend Lawther’s families grew and prospered. Edgar Thomas was murdered by a mysterious stranger passing through. Many believed the deed was done by some of his former slaves. Since he had no relatives and his wife had died before the war, his land went up for sale. Some of Sam’s and Lawther’s workers joined forces and bought the land. They divided it up into small farms and were happy.

Once again the countryside was green and crops began to flourish. Pauline gave birth for the sixth time. This time she had the son they had lost; the two girls were called Pauline and Elizabeth Marylou. They represented new life, a new start for them all.

\* \* \*

Grandpa, I hope this makes you proud of me. Maybe Grandma might smile a little at me too.

Love, Stefie

### Epilogue

On March 24, 1947, Wesley Williams, Samuel’s grandson, had the tunnel roof removed and allowed bushes to grow along the sides of it. People thought he had dug a ditch through the middle of his fields. It became a popular haunt for small animals.

Wesley planted honeysuckle bushes to attract hummingbirds, Maggie’s favorite. It is still not unusual to see five or six of the tiny feathered creatures flitting around the honeysuckle

bushes on any given day. Such beauty!

The log barn was torn down, and a small home for one of Wesley's children was built in its place.

Storms blew the old oak tree down and caused the mouth of the tunnel to cave in by obscuring any remnant of the past.

The shack still stands, tended by unseen hands. It receives new wood when older parts begin to rot; a new feather mattress appears on the heavy wooden cot every two years like clockwork; the little cabinet of staples stays stocked; pen and paper are always in the desk and it looks as if it has just been dusted, often smelling of beeswax.

The graveyard is always weeded, and once a year the picket fence gets a new coat of whitewash.

In the field, the rainbow-hued flowers flourish as if praising the hand that planted them so long ago.

The figures that Little Jed carved on the tombstones are still visible. When Jed died at the age of ninety-nine, the

Williams family buried him in the center of the graveyard and hired a good family friend to carve a special figure on his snow white marble tombstone. The figure is that of an eagle in flight.

The inscription reads: Jed, an eagle in flight

Never to be lost

Small of stature

Giant of heart

He gave his all to God and man

Never to be forgotten

Rest in eternal peace, Friend

The author: Stephanie Doreen Heath Davis, great-great-granddaughter or Samuel Hopkins and Pauline Williams; granddaughter of Wesley and Margaret Catherine (Maggie) Williams; daughter of Jonas Heath and Pauline Williams Heath; wife of Winston Lee Davis; and mother of Michael and Dwayne Lee Davis.

## ICE CREAM PARLOR

Tara Gallagher, College Transfer

The delightful interior of T.C.B.Y. is a pleasure for both young and old. Let's go check it out!

As you enter the cool, modern shop, you get a rush of child-like glee throughout your body. The floors are made of tile which have been polished to make each piece gleam and sparkle like a diamond. The ceiling fans above your head make the distinct sound of "woosh, woosh, woosh" and help to circulate the tantalizing aroma about the shop. The pictures on the walls capture beautiful flowers in their full glory.

As you sashay up to the counter, the big menu pops right out at you. In front of you is an array of delicious tempting toppings to be sprinkled on your cone from the deep, rich, dark, fudge to the rainbow colored sprinkles in their lovely pastel colors. The salesgirl gives you her usual pitch which she has said a thousand times.

"Can I help you?"

"Why, yes, I'd like a waffle cone sundae with chocolate vanilla swirl."

"Would you care for any toppings?"

"Please, hot fudge, butterfingers, oh, and graham cracker crumbs."

As she tallies up your bill, the register is chiming for each item you chose. Three-fifty is your cost, which is a little steep for non-fat yogurt.

You're a picky person about where you sit. You pick a spot by the window where the sun is shining in and you can look at everyone walking by. On each table every day there are fresh cut flowers, usually a vivid fuschia, an innocent white, or a deep mauve. You look around while you get prepared to sample your heavenly treat. Everyone is so engrossed in his own purchase that you think it's time to dig in!

The first bite of your choice is so devilishly delicious you can't stand it! The warm fudge mixing with the cool yogurt and those sweet chocolate butterfinger pieces adding to the dry flaky graham cracker crumbs are almost enough to send you into orbit. You always have to swap a bit or two of yours with whomever you have chosen to be your confidant today. As you sit there indulging, you can't feel too guilty because the yogurt is fat-free, but what about those toppings on that cone? It's enough to make you shiver in your shoes! By the time you've completed your task of munching out, you feel so childlike. Most people usually have sticky yogurt on their faces and lips. Have you ever noticed how thirsty you get when you eat sweets? You rush like a quarterback to the stainless steel cold water fountain and slurp as much cool water as possible.

It's now time to leave this quaint little place. As you open the door, you hear the familiar "ding, ding" of the automatic bell and you depart this haven one more time.

## DEAR BENNY

(Advice Column Based on Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* and *The Way to Wealth*)

Kim Williamson, College Transfer

Dear Benny:

Money, Money, Money! My husband and I have been married for five years -- and may I add, five happy years. We enjoy doing a wide variety of things together, a lot of which cost money. Just recently, I have been feeling guilty for we have nothing much to show for the money the two of us earn. My husband keeps telling me that it does not matter what you have, but what you have done with what you have earned that counts. I agree with him to a certain extent. However, I want a nice home, one that I enjoy spending time in and feel proud entertaining others in. My husband is content with the small apartment we are renting. He says he does not want to buy a house and tie up all of our play money. I want to buy a house and I cannot wait until I win the lottery!

Hoping for a House  
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Hoping:

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money. It sounds as though you two have already discovered this and now it is time you make some compromises. Buy a house that you can afford and still enjoy the pleasures in life that cost money. With time, you can continually invest money on decorating your home to your satisfaction. It takes a lot of time and hard work to reach the end of your rainbow. Do your own remodeling, for there are no gains without pains. Spend good quality time working on your house together. At the same time, do not give up the fun things in life that cost money. However, use moderation in all things. Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure, when he is really selling himself a slave to it.

Whatever you do, do not go into debt. The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor, disdain the chain, preserve your freedom; and maintain your independency: be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but for age and want, save while you may; no morning sun lasts a whole day.

\* \* \*

Dear Benny:

Two months ago, my husband was laid off from his job. Every morning he gets up, pours himself a cup of coffee, and then settles in his recliner to read the help wanted ads. Then, around noon he pulls himself away from his chair just long enough to make a few calls on jobs and then it is back to the old chair to catch the afternoon soaps. Financially, we are doing all right because he works long hours in the summers and makes good money. I still work, but he has got to realize that he is wasting his time away. He says he has worked hard and he deserves this time off. I agree, but I cannot stand his being so lazy.

Help Wanted  
Denver, CO

Dear Help Wanted:

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things. Encourage your husband to get out and do those things he has always wanted to do, but just could not find the time. Go snow skiing, take a vacation, but do not just lie around doing nothing all the time. There is time for being lazy after his long work days in the summer. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality; since, as he elsewhere tells us, lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough: let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Be glad that he is at least looking for work. I would not say he is lazy; he just does not know how to utilize his leisure time.

\* \* \*

Dear Benny:

I want you to save me from committing murder. I just got home from work and my wife informed me that her mother will again be staying with us for two weeks. I do not know about you, but I cannot stand my mother-in-law. She visits us so frequently that I have jokingly told my wife that her mom should pay room and board. If I had known that I was marrying my wife *and* her mother, I probably would have just kept dating so I could have a place of my own. I do not want to cause more family problems, but I am afraid I cannot keep silent much longer. What can I do?

Inlaws and Outlaws Under One Roof  
Oklahoma City, OK

Dear Outlaw:

I do not think you really hate your mother-in-law, but more, she tends to rub you the wrong way. You should keep your eyes wide-open before marriage and half-shut afterwards. You did not tell me how long you dated, but I am sure you knew your wife's mother before you said "I do." It seems your wife and her mother have a very close relationship. My advice is to let your discontents be secrets. Maybe take a short vacation when your mother-in-law visits. For if a man could have half of his wishes, he would double his trouble, so do not do anything that will get both of them angry at you. Whatever you do though, keep your mouth shut. A slip of the foot may soon recover, but a slip of the tongue you may never get over! Two weeks is too long; let your wife know that fish and visitors smell in three days and hope that smell is gone when you get back from vacation.

\* \* \*

Dear Benny:

I need your help. When my husband and I got married two years ago, we both agreed to sell his truck and buy a Jeep. He spent a lot of time and money fixing that old beater. Now he tells me he wants to build another one! Let me tell you--those

three months he spent on the first Jeep, we never saw each other. He would come home from work and go out to the Jeep. All of our spare time and money were spent on that Jeep. I love my husband a lot, but I want to do something besides wash his greasy clothes. How can I convince him that he would be wasting his time on another Jeep (we already have two cars and one Jeep)? I would like to buy some furniture and go on vacation with the money.

Married to a Jeep  
Montgomery, Ala

Dear Married to a Jeep:

I once said, "Old boys have their play things as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price." You may call

the Jeep your husband's toy while I may classify the furniture and vacation as your toys. Marriage is made of compromises.

In transactions of trade it is not to be supposed that, as in gaming, what one party gains the other must necessarily lose; the gain to each may be equal. If A. has more corn than he can consume, but wants cattle; and B. has more cattle, but wants corn; exchange is gain to each; thereby the common stock of comforts in life is increased. If your husband does a good job, maybe he could sell one of the Jeeps (or cars) and then you could use that money to buy your furniture. A vacation sounds like the perfect idea to spend time together making up for the long hours your husband will spend fixing up the second Jeep. Remember, he (in your case, she) that can have patience can have what he (she) will. Fix the Jeep first, and paint your disagreements good-bye.

\* \* \*



*Prom Night, photo,  
Carolyn Stevens, Human Services*

## HER (Love at First Sight)

Looking into her eyes  
my world stops  
everything is blocked out  
my control is gone  
My mind is a whirl  
with platitudes of love  
My heart is beating  
through the front of my chest  
My palms are sweating  
my lips are dry  
Oh boy, is this a high  
My stomach is a Butterfly House  
but it's not Hunger  
or is it?  
She's so beautiful,  
I could have a Fabulous Feast  
and then get intoxicated  
by the power of her eyes  
I want to feel like this forever  
But I don't think I can  
She's an enigma to me  
I don't know her at all  
If I could only know  
how to win her love  
Maybe it would help  
if I knew her name  
But she's only a lady  
I passed in the hall.

*Roger Dodd  
College Transfer*

## LOOK UP

Look up,  
Why are you looking down?  
Smile, you have no reason to frown.  
Rejoice and be glad.  
Look up, you have the victory.  
Hold fast to faith and believe it.  
Look up, and be strong.  
Victory comes to those who stand tall.  
Look up, you're not alone.  
Strength is here to gird you.  
Don't let the hard times defeat you.  
Look up, and walk on through.  
Look up, look up, and live, no time to accept defeat.  
Look up, look up, and live.  
Let your soul breathe free.  
Sometimes you have hard times,  
to appreciate the good times.  
If you've never been down,  
you would not value being up.  
So look up, look up, your day is coming.  
Weeping may endure but for a night,  
But joy will come, in the morning.

*Nicole Best  
College Transfer*

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

Mary A. Smith, College Transfer

It was the still of the night. Everyone was asleep. Everyone except me, that is. I couldn't sleep, so I went to my rocking chair to talk to my Lord. Hopefully, in the process, I'd rock myself to sleep. As I sat there I began to praise my Lord and to just thank him for the many blessings of the day.

About a week ago, there was snow falling everywhere. No two flakes were alike; that's a miracle. I thought of what the Bible says about nothing being new (Ecc. 1:9-11). Scientists are all excited because they think they have found a new drug, or found the cure for the common cold. But my God says that there is nothing new, so they haven't discovered anything that God didn't already make.

Something new to me is the feeling I get when God talks to me. All my life I have been told I was ugly and stupid, but when God talks to me, I don't feel that way. I get a glow about me. Not that you can see on the outside, but deep within me, where only God can see. I feel radiant. I feel pretty. I feel honored because God takes time out to speak to me. Most

people just ignore me and act as if I'm not even here. God doesn't belittle me or call me names. He tells me the good things, like the plans he has for my life. I know that he cares because all I have to do is call on him and he is there. That makes me feel as important as the President. God is also using me in the church and I like that too. Sometimes God has to chastise me but that's okay. I can't be all God wants me to be if I'm not willing to be corrected.

So, if someone is making you feel small and unimportant, don't you believe it. God has wonderfully and fearfully made you, just as you are. God doesn't have any ugly ducklings in his flock. If you don't want to take my word for it, ask him yourself. God is no respecter of persons, so he'll tell you the same thing he tells me. Trust him, love him, confide in him and obey him. He will never let you down. What is even more important is that God loves you, just as you are. He really does.

## THE FLOWER PETAL

Belinda B. King, College Transfer

Try as he might, he couldn't bring himself to leave. Recently this old park bench had become a familiar friend. He found solace passing his time here in this park. Since the death of his dear wife Emily, time, it seemed, was all he had. When her heart stopped, his stopped too. Emily was his everything. For forty-two years she had been his life. She stood behind him through the hard times, times he couldn't have made it alone. She had made all the good times, the best of times.

Now, except for Chris and his family, Ben was alone. Chris was their only child. He and his family had moved in with Ben and Emily as her health steadily declined. As Ben thought of Chris, he smiled. Chris had been a Godsend to his father.

Ben had known, as Chris had, that he could not take care of Emily alone. As her strength diminished, Ben grew to depend on Chris more and more. Chris's wife Jennifer had taken the burden of the household onto her shoulders. His grandsons Steven and Danny brought laughter into their home. Steven's eight years and Danny's five assured the Millers of unending excitement. Ben thought of their happy faces as they took turns swinging on the old tire he and Chris hung from the pecan tree in the back yard. He would watch them from his bedroom window. He just couldn't go out and join Chris and Jennifer with the boys since Emily's death. Before she died, every evening after the supper dishes were cleared, the whole family would meet under the pecan trees to relax and go over the day's events. The boys would run and swing and laugh at the silly shadows they could make as the sun sank in the crimson sky. The adults would watch them and laugh as the children would wrestle in the soft grass.

Emily would laugh so happily as the children entertained. For a brief while each night, she would forget the illness that was slowly taking her away from the family she loved so dearly. How could he go out there now without her by his side. As the memories flooded his mind, he unconsciously wiped away a tear.

Ben reminisced back to his early days with Emily. From the day they met, they were together nearly every waking moment. They would take leisurely walks, holding hands and dreaming of their future. The short walking distance to the park was one they had frequently made since moving to this neigh-

borhood twelve years ago. Emily loved this park, Ben thought as he looked around. She loved the squirrels that would scamper excitedly to and fro. This time of year was her favorite. The flowers were in full bloom, and the fragrance filled the park with the most wonderful aroma. Ben took a deep breath and filled his lungs with the heavenly scent. He had almost forgotten the joy the park could bring him. The flowers were as lovely as he had ever seen them. They were vivid with the most brilliant reds, oranges, scarlets and yellows against the deep green grass and foliage. The colors were almost breathtaking in their simple beauty. While admiring them, his eyes fell upon a particularly beautiful one. It was full and vibrant. He seemed to be fixed upon it. As he gazed at the flower, he noticed a petal fall from it. It floated slowly to the earth and settled softly on the ground below. He looked at the petal and then back to the flower. He must have thought the flower would somehow look different now, having lost such a beautiful part of itself. But the closer he looked, the more beautiful the flower became. How could it be? It was still as lovely as it had been when it first caught his eye.

Slowly it began to dawn on him. He too had lost his most precious petal. What he had failed to see, in his last few self-pitying months, was that his life was still as lovely and full of life as before his loss. He knew he would always feel this loss, but he had not lost all that was precious to him. For six months he had overlooked the love and support his family and friends had so freely given. He had not considered that they had suffered a loss too. As he slowly began to put things into perspective, he realized how much time he'd wasted. He had been watching life from his window. Ben knew the time had come for him to live again. He stood to leave, but not without a final thankful look at his special flower.

With a joyous heart, he began his walk home. He noticed the time and quickened his pace. If he hurried, he could get home in time to surprise Chris and Jennifer by setting the table for supper. After supper he would join the family again under the pecan trees. He knew that he would be reunited with his Emily one day. For now, he would again enjoy the life and family they both had loved, and Steven and Danny would be sharing the old tire swing with one more Miller tonight.

## DON'T CRY FOR ME

Don't weep for me, and please don't sit around gloomily with long, swollen, tear-stained faces. Don't you see? I'm only beginning to live. All the pain and turmoil my life consisted of no longer exists. All the headaches and frustrations that abounded in me are no longer. I am free from it all. My grandfather's waiting for me, and it's but a short boat ride to reach him. Soon I'll be on the other shore as well, smiling, and reaching with open arms, waiting for you. Aunt Joanne is fine. Daddy's doing well.

Please don't bury my carcass. Old bones are so distasteful; rather, cremate me. Let my soul soar to new heights within the solar energy that will surround me the moment the torch is turned on.

Come celebrate my second birth with me. Plan a wonderful party—invite everyone. Dance, laugh. Don't remember me with sorrow, but happiness.

Place my ashes in an urn and place them in the garden. Then anyone who is as daring can join me if he wishes. Might I be so bold as to say, "The door to my home will be open to you"? But, please, close the lid after joining me. I don't want to get wet if it rains.

*Lynna Hatem  
Micro Lab Coordinator*

## DREAMS

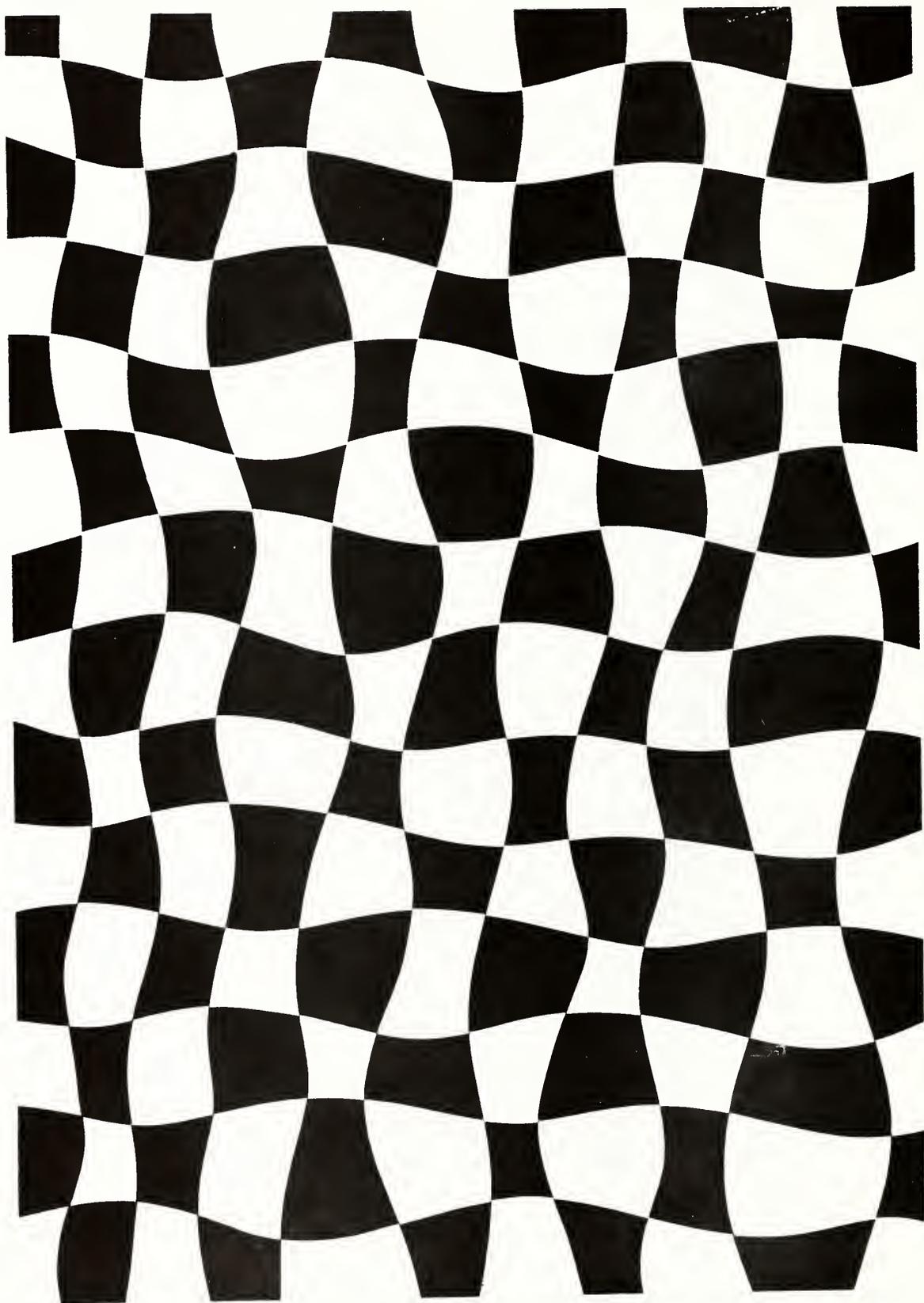
Dreams are a phase of everyone's life  
Be it sister or brother, husband or wife.  
Sometimes they're funny and make you smile.  
Sometimes they frighten you for a while.  
Dreams can even be serious and bring you news,  
And things like this can change life's views.  
Everyone dreams--the great and the small.  
Dreams can even back you up against a wall.  
Sometimes people call it a nightmare;  
There are monsters and things that really scare.  
Dreams only last for just a minute,  
But they can take your mind and spin it.  
Dreams can make you toss and turn;  
They can make you so very concerned.  
When you awaken you see it's all not true;  
It's just something to agitate you.

*Mary Barden Edwards  
College Transfer*

**MASK**  
Deborah Revette, Pottery  
Continuing Education



photo by Malcolm Shearin



*Checker Weave*  
Diane Watts, College Transfer  
Color & Design I

## THIS OLD HOUSE

Mark Jayson, Aviation Instructor

On my way back to Goldsboro from Raleigh, I decided to stop by my cousin's house in Selma. This is also the town where my mother was born and raised, a sleepy little Southern town where the passage of time seemed unimportant to the casual visitor.

Before going to Bobbie's, I decided to drive by the old home my grandparents had built in the 1920's. I had spent a couple of memorable summers there during my youth when we came east from my home in California.

As I came up the side street, I could see the back of the house where the kitchen is. The tin roof had been painted a rust color which clashed with the faded powder blue of the exterior of the house. The pounds of fried chicken and boiled potatoes and green beans and the dozens of piping hot biscuits and the gallons of fresh brewed iced tea that were consumed in that room are immeasurable. The kitchen seemed to be the main gathering place when all of us grandchildren, aunts and uncles, and cousins would come to visit.

I noticed that a solid wooden fence had been erected between the house and the neighbors. It was a tall fence, at least six feet high. It ran on only one side of the property. I wondered why it had been put up at all. I know from personal experience that it would not block out the late afternoon sun from the parlor, living room or kitchen. Were the people who bought the house after my grandmother's death an unsociable lot? Being very private is not the usual attitude of a small Southern town.

When I rounded the corner, the front of this old two-story house came into full view. My heart sank. The screen on the front porch where I had played "Airforce" with my brothers was rusted and had several gaping holes. This allowed the mosquitoes and any other flying or crawling bug unrestricted access to my childhood playground. It was hard for me to accept what I was seeing. How could anyone allow a once gracious home to become so run down? It would not have cost that much to replace the screen.

I remember the wood flooring of the porch had been painted a light blue to coordinate with the exterior of the house. We would play for hours within the confines of its screened walls. Chalk was used to draw different intersecting runways on the floor. One runway would always encompass a strip of flooring. I can still feel the powder of the chalk on my hands from wiping clean and adding different make-believe runways and structures from our air base. It is amazing how the power of the creative process is fueled by an active imagination and a simple piece of chalk.

I almost cried when I looked down the driveway to the garage. The large, oversized two-car wooden structure was

leaning slightly to the right. The wall studs were probably weakened by termites. The swing-away doors were gone, one having been replaced by a patchwork of plywood. I could look deep into its interior even though I was thirty yards away and driving past it. The vision I was seeing was in my mind, a vague memory that sprang back to life.

The ceiling had been left open for storage space. The rafters and walls were made of huge, full-size two-inch-by-six-inch timbers. The dirt floor was always cool and soft and had the texture of baby powder even though my grandparents' car had been parked there daily within its once sturdy frame.

My nostrils were filled with the musty aroma of old wood, dirt and dust. The dust seemed to always be afloat. It was seen only by the sunlight which cut through the darkness from the cracks in the wood-paneled walls.

I can still see the huge wooden propeller that had come off an airplane that belonged to an uncle I never knew. He had been killed in a mid-air crash while giving flying lessons.

I would climb up into the rafters and sit next to this piece of wood. It was laminated and shaped into proper form. This blade, which had once lifted a bi-wing airplane gracefully into the clear blue sky on many a still cool morning, collected only dust. To me it was the beginning of a fantasy.

I would imagine myself in the cockpit, controls in my hands with the sting of the wind and grit blasting my face as it swirled up from the dirt runway. I sped towards takeoff. Breaking the bonds of earth, I would make my imaginary airplane climb to the heavens in search of the "Red Baron," the most feared fighter pilot of World War I. Guiding my craft between the large plumed clouds, I scanned the skies for my rival combatant. I spied him below me. Pushing forward on the control stick, I dove after him. The sound of the rushing wind and the whine of the engine grew louder and louder, only to be overcome by the chatter of machine-gun fire. It all flooded me with a time from another life.

With the house now out of sight, I was left with the pain of what I had just seen and the pleasure of my memories. I would be able to return to them as often as I liked. This was reassuring. It made the pain less noticeable. The ownership of the house had passed to other hands that from all appearances seemed not to care. This saddened me. I try not to think of how it will look in ten or twenty years. Its once Southern charm has gone the way of so many old homes that are unkept by their occupants. What a shame. What a waste. As John Le Carre so aptly stated: "The house was dying, but someone had been hastening its death."

## THOUGHTS FROM A PRISON CELL

While I sit here in this cell,  
I have thoughts of many things.  
I remember the times  
when things were going well.  
But life has stopped for me now—  
I'm doing time.

All my emotions have risen,  
the loneliness is the worst  
because of the heartache it brings.

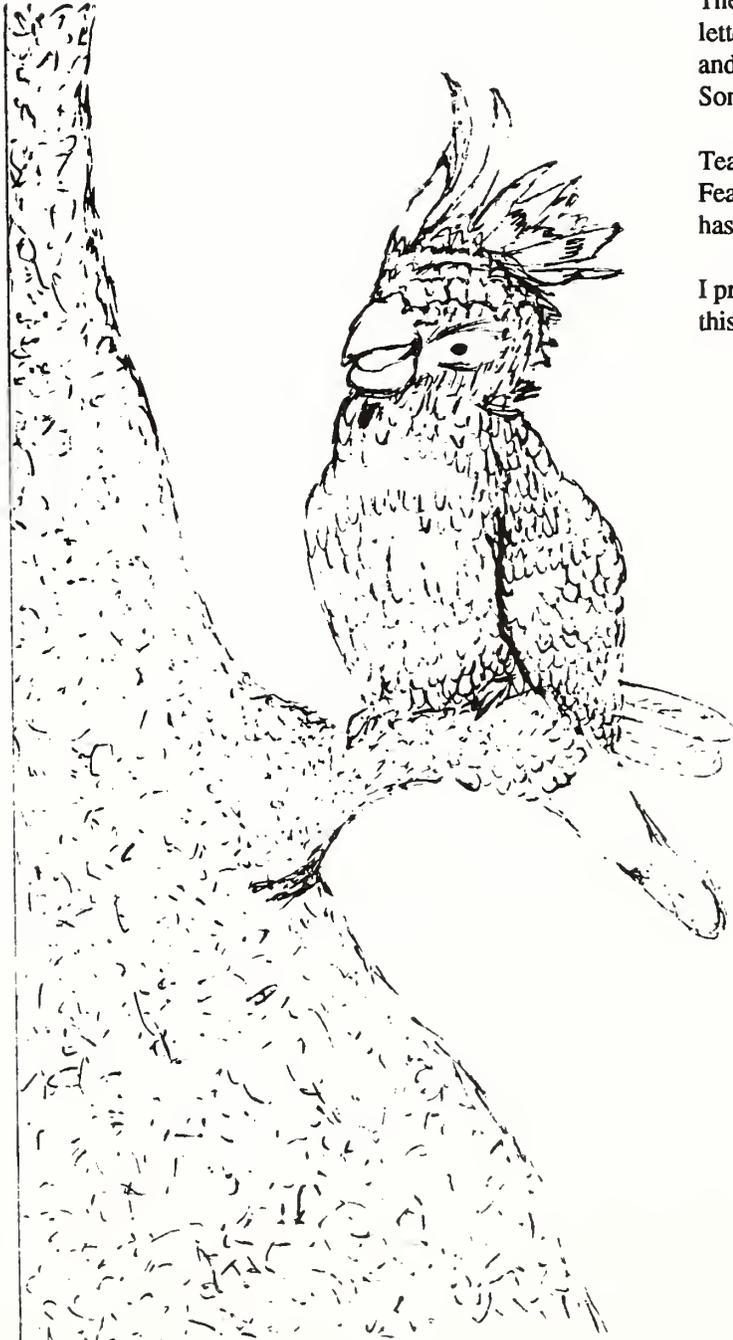
It's up at six and do as I say;  
that's how it is each and every day.

There are sleepless nights,  
letters that never arrive,  
and constant fears I feel inside.  
Sometimes I wonder what's keeping me alive.

Tear-stained pillow and fleeing mind,  
Fear of losing a loved one any time  
has left my soul in a bind.

I pray my loved ones will never see  
this life that has its hold on me.

*Christine Walls*  
*Adult High School Program*



*Cockatoo*  
**Ron Lane**  
**College Transfer**

## Another Chance

The yellow daffodils do dance  
In morning sun so bright.  
A robin sees a worm at glance  
And takes to winged flight.  
The snow of winter past is gone.  
The sweet buds burst in view.  
The frogs all cheep a merry song  
In springtime's evening dew.  
In spring, the earth is born again,  
In bloom for us to see.  
Another chance-as so for man,  
When our Savior died on Calvary's tree.

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Grace Lutz  
Media Technician

## Friend

In a cold dark sea of utter despair,  
I cried to my friend not knowing really  
if he were there.  
This time I cried out was like none before.  
I knew I was doomed, I had enough of the world,  
I had no way out, like a room with no door.  
My heart rose like a kite to the wind.  
O the joy of meeting my one true friend.  
You see, He came to the world with  
nothing to give,  
But merely his life that I may live.

Sharon Finch  
College Transfer

## Friends

Blessings are those who are sent forth to guide.  
They've joyful smiles and the peace of a dove.  
In flesh or spirit, always at my side  
No judging, just unconditional love.  
True feelings may flow from deep down within.  
Anxious to share all the joys and the tears  
Concerned where I'm going and where I've been  
Enjoying each second spent with my peers.  
Supporting me when I feel I'm not strong  
No lies could harm us or tear us apart  
In this group is where I sense I belong.  
Each one has a special place in my heart.  
No words describe how much they mean to me.  
Friends are special and they always will be.

Dawn Stevens  
College Transfer

## For My Friend

A helping hand when in need,  
A guiding word so true,  
A laugh, a look, some kind deed,  
That's what I have for you.  
Long-lasting thoughts of you each day,  
A song when you are blue,  
A prayer each night to show the way,  
That's what I have for you.  
I give to you both song and prayer,  
And friendship forever true.  
I hope you see the love that's there  
In things I have for you.

Grace Lutz  
Media Technician

## THE FEVER

Spring fever has hit and it's only February 2. By April I will be climbing the walls.

Spring fever always hits me when the weather turns warm and the chill has been lifted from the air. I get this feeling deep inside that I can't explain. I guess the thought of warm sunshine, cool ocean waters, and the melody sung by the sea gulls and the crisp breaking waves stimulates something in my mind that just drives me almost psychotic until this scenario I have worked up in my imagination is experienced. This will be all I dream of until then. It is so vivid I can almost feel the warmth on my skin and hear the chaos of the crowded beach.

It's not only the summer days I enjoy but the summer nights as well. I love the feel of the cool ocean breeze and the vision of the midnight moon on the water. It is a very romantic sight. Whether I am with someone special or all alone, I love it just the same.

*Miranda Forehand  
College Transfer*



*Bare Feet*  
**Pat Turlington, Art Instructor**



