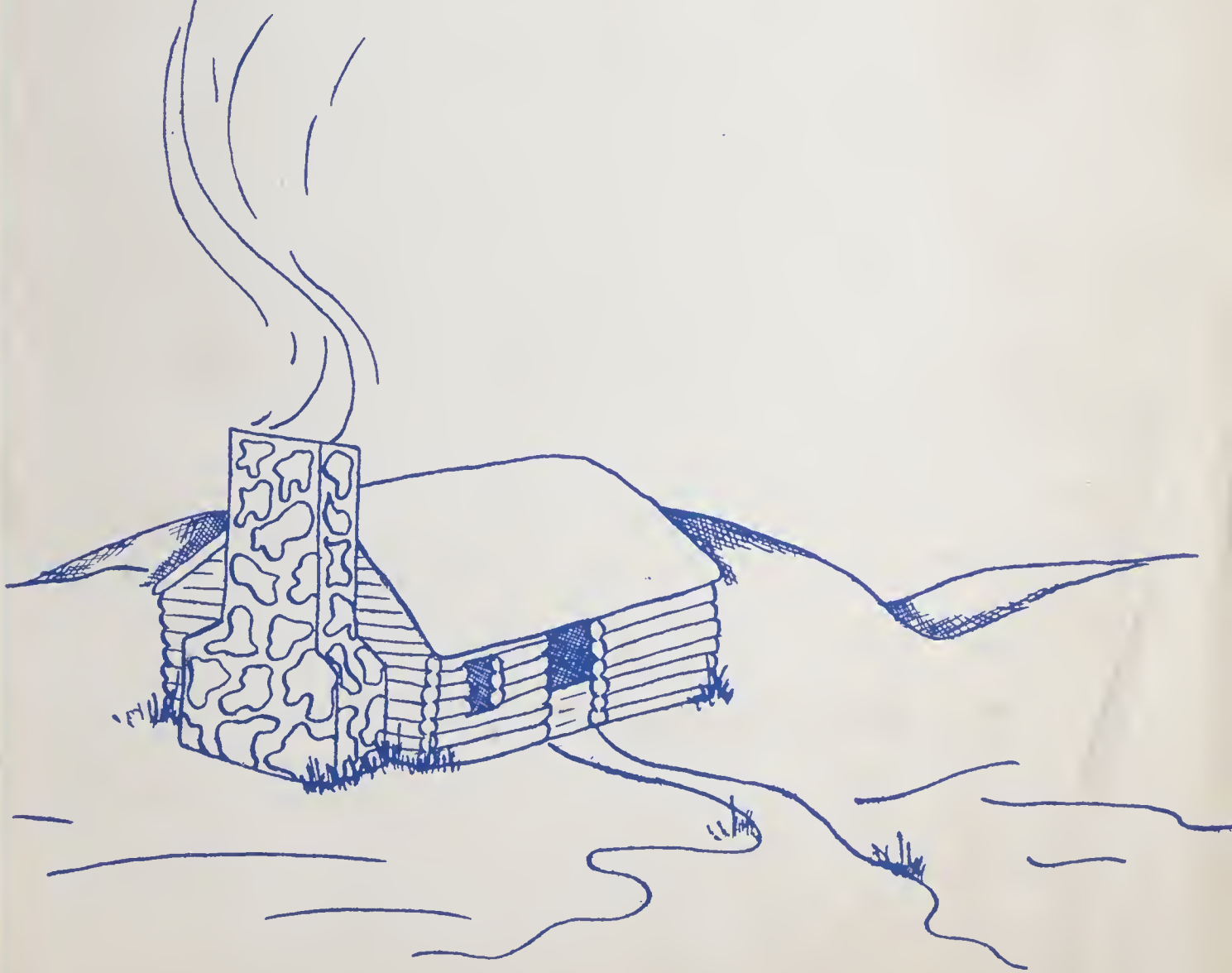
# Homespun



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# FOREWARD

Last year Quill and Scroll undertook for the first time in over ten years the publication of HOMESPUN, our literary magazine. Quill and Scroll, affiliated with the National Honor Society of High School Journalists, is again publishing its collection of poems, short stories and essays contributed by our own students.

The staff hopes that HOMESPUN will grow from year to year and that it will be recognized among the best of high school literary publications. Through this presentation of HOMESPUN we hope to increase student interest in writing. Even though our space is limited, we appreciate all the contributions—both those printed and those which we were not able to use.

HOMESPUN was written for you, our readers; take it home, read it, pass it around, and most of all, enjoy it.

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# OLD JOE

Old Joe didn't have a chance, and he was beginning to realize it. Dejectedly he beat one gnarled fist against the scaffolding and then turned and entered the small heated shack. Several times during the last few weeks he had asked himself what could have possessed him when he took this job---but here he was---watchman for a government housing project, and the crazy neighborhood kids were about to drive him mad. His dulled blue eyes would catch them peering around unfinished walls, and in the emptiness of vacant and uncompleted houses he could often hear them jumping from planks to beams high in the attics. Poor Joe could even imagine them singing from the beams like playful monkeys. But he'd catch them one day; his chance was bound to come.

By some careful snooping Joe had learned a few names, and he knew without a doubt Ruthie was the ring-leader. Her freckled face looked on the world from innocent blue eyes, but they could get mightly determined when she was bossing Joe and Annie and Mike and Scotty. Ruthie could think of more dare-devil, more hair-raising stunts than any kid in the neighborhood. And furthermore it was always her impish face that peeked around corners first and tauntingly yelled, "Yanh yanh, old Joe, come catch us."

Joe would start off after them in his halting step, and they'd be around the next corner and out of sight before he could move ten steps. Shaking his gristled head with anger, he would turn back toward the warmth of the shack.

One fine warm day it seemed that fate was being especially kind to Joe. His rheumatism wasn't giving him much pain, so he decided to take a walk and inspect the buildings. After all, he wasn't being paid for nothing. Upon returning to the shack,, he settled himself in an old straw-bottomed chair outside the door. There he sat for a few hours listening to the shouts of the neighborhood kids. His ears suddenly perked up when he heard one noticeably shrill scream from Ruthie.

"Scotty, Scott-ee, come here. Scott-ee, I'm stuck."

Joe crept up to the unfinished house and listened for a moment.

"Scotty, I'm stuck. Really I am."

"Wait now, Ruthie. Push that way."

"No, no, that's not right. Pull the other way. Hey, you're pulling my arm off."

Joe stood like a cat ready to pounce. He took one step through the door, and got the shock of his life. Through the ceiling of the room one small brown leg protruded. It was wriggling frantically in an effort to get loose.

With a wicked grin Joe yelled loudly, "Hey, you kids, I've got ya now." And a shower of plaster instantly gushed down upon him as Ruthie broke free. Joe stood helplessly rubbing plaster dust from his eyes. He heard Scotty and that horrible girl jump to the ground with a dull thud and run off.

Then turning sadly and leaving the house, he mumbled, "Aw, what's the use?"

Betty Sink

## OH! SPRING

Spring is a time the poets say
When a young man's fancy turns "that way".
The calendar tells me now tis spring
But the guys I know are on the wing.

Tis not for girls, the pine and sigh
But the babbling brook and the casting fly.
Or the golf ball and club and the fine fairway
Here in the merry month of May.

The girls fare forth in skirts of cotton,
The drab, winter wool is quite forgottem.
They all resemble a rainbow fine
As they sit waiting, all in line.

Spring is lovely and girls are swell,
Sure, I like being with them, but--well,
Spring is also a "fever", a "creep",
Think I'll crawl off and go to sleep!

Leah Miller

## BEHOLD.WE ARE GREETED BY FLAMES

Behold! We are greeted by flames that
Were not
Extinguished by the Great Diluge that
Swept the earth
In the days when Noah made and was
Blesses for
Building a most Holy Ark to save the
Remnants of that
Far-away time.
The flames--colored with unknown hues
Race along the
Marble mosaics, leading us down
Dorridors and through
Softly lit rooms until at last
The flames stop at a room of
Much darkness that has
Been reconstructed by them
As it was in the days before.
Here in the corner is some heater
Of a forgotten sea anemone
And in the center an illuminous
Wing of an oriole
That had much beauty in
The Days Before.
But soft; the room is bathed in light;
A voice in the darkness?

Jerry Matherly

THE VICTORY

The crisp autumn afternoon was drawing to a close. However, Russell Freeman didn't notice the beauty of the sunset as he sat on the school steps watching the rest of the football team finish a practice session. Running rough fingers over his swollen cheek, where Larry Nesbitt's cleats had dug a deep gash, he surged with anger.

"What's the matter with that guy, anyhow?" Russell wondered.

All through grammar school they had been buddies, always together. They even had measles at the same time——and Larry had shared Russell's paper route. But ever since last summer's football tryouts, Larry had acted withdrawn and indifferent until, recently, he had become openly hostile. At first Russell had thought it was his imagination, but as time went on and he gained a reputation as the team's star quarterback, he realized that their companionship wouldn't be easily renewed. Even though his popularity brought many new friends, he had been hurt by the loss of his closeness with Larry; but he gradually came to dislike him because of the many little irritations that had mounted into outright hatred. This afternoon had been the last straw! That vicious kick had been no accident, and both the coach and team knew it. After tackling him on the scrimmage, Larry could certainly have avoided ramming his foot across Russell's face. The glare in his eyes after the coach had called him down clearly showed his antagonism. It was a hard thing to understand, and Russell shook his

head in bewilderment as he started home.

He had only gone a half block when he heard quick footsteps behind him and then the all-too-familiar voice, edged with mockery.

"Say, Mister Touchdown, why aren't you back there telling everybody what to do? Or is the coach afraid his pride and joy might get hurt again? You can dish it out, but you sure can't take it. What's the big hero gonna do on Saturday when he gets his hair mussed up in a real game? Or do you think Haynesville's gonna wear kid gloves when they come after you?"

Larry's words grated harshly in Russell's ears, and he whirled around just in time to see the agile figure dart across the street to the bus stop. He opened his mouth to shout a reply but slowly closed it again, realizing that it would be useless. From the window of the passing bus Larry hurled a parting jeer that was lost in the roar of the motor. Russell buttoned his jacket. The air seemed suddenly chill and little gusts of wind blew dead leaves in whirlpools at his feet. He kicked at them furiously; a sharp tinge of pain reminded him of his earlier injury. As he continued down the darkening street, he turned over in his mind how he had nudged Larry out of bounds when he could so easily have thrown him into the bench.

"Next time," thought Russell, "we'll see who can take it."

The next two days passed quickly. Everyone in school was eagerly looking forward to the big game with Haynesville. Russell had more trouble than usual keeping his mind on schoolwork. Formations ran through his mind instead of formulas; touchdowns, instead of trigonometry. All he could think of was the importance of this victory which would put them in the lead for the state championship. Larry, too, appeared excited, but not so much as

to forget their feud. On both afternoons, practice had turned into an upheaval. The coach had threatened to take Larry and his few supporters off the team and this only made them more vengeful. Now, on the evening of the game, the atmosphere in the locker room was electric. Gradually the players filed out until only a few remained, Russell among them. He sat on a bench, cracking his knuckles in nervousness. He was always jittery until he got on the field. Then he seemed to be molded into the team; acting as part of a unit.

"Don't you think you'd better get changed?" asked a third-string sophomore who calmly munched a candy bar. "Gettin' late, you know."

"Yeah, guess so. Gotta hunt up a new shoestring, though; this one's about shot. I can't trip over my feet tonight,"murmured Russell as he put on his shoes. "This is the big one! It can make or break us. If we get through tonight, we'll be in. Don't forget it for a minute."

"Heck, you think I could? But I probably won't even get in the game. I'll bet you really show those Haynesville guys a thing or three about football, though. I heard the coach say that one more touchdown'll give you the state record for points scored in a single season." Admiration gleamed in the eyes of the younger boy.

"Well, if I do, I hope it's tonight and helps us win."

"So do we all. Gosh, looks like they've left us. See ya, Russ."

The door slammed and he was gone, his footsteps resounding in the deserted corridor. Russell pulled on his uniform. He chuckled to himself as he adjusted the shoulder pads over his broad frame

and took a helmet from the shelf. The bulkiness always made him feel like a packhorse, but it was a good feeling---a wonderful feeling. Yes sir, football was a great game!

His reverie was interrupted by the opening of the dressing room door and Larry's appearance in the doorway. The two boys faced each other. A harsh light from the bare electric bulb cut through the dusty room between them just like the invisible barrier of resentment that kept them apart. Finally, Larry broke the silence.

"All right, Freeman, let's have my helmet." His dark eyes narrowed in contempt as he extended a bony hand.

"Okay, okay, take it. I sure wouldn't want to wear yours."

"You couldn't get one that size on---not with the big head you've got. Give it here and move over. I'm in a hurry."

"Well, so am I," shouted Russell, forgetting any effort to control his temper, "but this can't wait any longer. What's eating you? You're acting like a kid with all this tale-telling and name-calling. A person can take only so much and that's all, and I've had enough! Either you get that chip off you shoulder or. . . ."

"Is that so?" interrupted the other boy, still in the same mocking tones. "Well, I'm not scared of you. You haven't got the guts to set a mousetrap. Maybe you think everybody likes to stand by while you hog all the glory and make all the points. But you're wrong. I can playjust as well, maybe better, who knows? Who'll ever know as long as you're around. You just edged up to the coach and got a little bit lucky, do you hear: A little bit lucky." His words came louder and faster until they reached a high-pitched whine. Little veins stood out on his forehead

and his lean body stood taunt with emotion.

A wave of dread swept over Russell. He had never experienced such an outburst of fury. For the first time he realized that it was deep-rooted jealousy that provoked these attacks on him. The dread turned to mounting rage, and he furiously hurled the helmet across the room. It bounded from the opposite wall. At this, Larry lunged forthe, ramming his fist into Russell's stomach. He doubled over and pulled Larry to the floor with him. They rolled across the cement and bumped against two feet which had just entered the room. Russell looked up to see the coach glaring at them.

"What do you think this is——a wrestling match? Get up and get out there, both of you. If this wasn't the game of the year, you'd get benched. How about the cheek, Freeman? Looks like you've got that cut opened again. You'll need some patchwork before you play---if you play. Lord, boy, if you don't play---Well, wait her and I'll see if I can round up a doctor."
With a sinking heart, Russell reluctantly left Larry and the coach and turned back to the locker room and sat down heavily. Of all things that could happen, this was the worst! A sudden roar from the crowd in the stands above indicated that the team was trotting onto the field. They would be starting without him for the first time this season. There was a chance that they might play the whole game without him. No, that would never be. He'd play tonight no matter what happened to his cheek. What was keeping that doctor, anyhow? He rose and strode impatiently to the door. Someone was coming down the dim passageway. Thankful, he held open the door to admit the wirey little man with a black bag. Maybe he'd still get in the first quarter.

Fingering the angry wound, the doctor shook his head.

"That's an ugly one, son. It looks like you may have to have some stiches in it now. Can't seem to get the blood stopped."

Precious minutes were slipping by! The game was on! From the cheers of thd crowd Russell knew that something was happening---but what?

"Doc, please hurry; I gotta get out there. It'll be okay. Just slip a band-aid on it. It'll be okay," pleaded the boy anxiously.

"Not unless the bleeding lets up. You don't have to stay in here though. Just take it easy and hold this over the cut. I'll look at it again in a little while," he replied as he slowly unwound a thick strip of gauze.

Grabbing the bandage, Russell dashed to the field! From that direction came another roar. Someone must have scored already. Was it Haynesville? Don't let it be Haynesville. Please, please. . . When he reached the field, the fans in the opposite bleachers were still cheering. The scoreboard showed that Haynesville was in the lead 6-0; the try for the extra point must have failed. As he crossed before the Central rooting section on his way to the bench, a greater cheer went up. Without looking up he realized that it was in recognition of him and knew that they counted on him to lead the team to voctory. After finding a vacant space on the bench, Russell squeezed in between two other players who sat silently, eyes fixed on the field. He glanced up and down the long row of tense faces near him. Things must be going mighty bad. At the far end Larry sat hunched forward, his hands clenched. Even the third-string sophomore netx to him looked worried. For the first time, he became aware of Russell's presence.

"Say, what happened to you?"

"Had a little accident. What's going on out there?"

"Dunno. Can't seem to get organized for some reason. Williamson fumbled right into their hands a little while ago,and we haven't been able to hold them back since. You're gonna play, aren't you?"

"You bet your life I am. This bleeding will be over in a minute and then I'll just be waiting for the coach to say the word."

He looked at the gauze. It was soaked with red. He carefully put it back on his cheek and gave his full attention to the game. Now the second quarter was nearly over with Haynesville in possession of the ball on Central's twenty yard line. Filled with despair, he watched the shuffle of players as the opposing team gained eighth yards. Central called for time out and the waterboys darted forth with a stretcher. Mike Weaver, their most powerful tackle, was carried off with a twisted ankle.

Play resumed. Again the teams got into position. A forward pass soared over their heads and into the ready arms of the Haynesville halfback who streaked into the end zone. Six more points!

Russell was certain that this was life's darkest moment. The frenzied spectators on the Central side were on their feet chanting to the team to "block that kick." The boys stood on top of the bench to get a better view. The Haynesville attempt resulted in a wobbly kick that bounced to the right. With that, the gun sounded, ending the first half——with Central behind by twelve points.

Downcast faces grim, the players approached. Their mud spattered red and white uniforms showed plainly the battle they had been waging. In their midst, the graying head of the coach bobbed from side to side as he talked rapidly, waving his hands. There were none of the customary congratulations and back-slapping that usually met the returning players ——only disappointed questions mingled with groans

of disgust.

Lowering his head into his hands in a mixture of despair and pain, Russell ignored the color of the harchers filing past to begin the half-time show. The music from the band sounded brassy and hollow. Over the loudspeaker a nasal-voiced sports reporter repeated (for what seemed like the hundreth time) that Haynesville waswálloping Central by twelve points. The stadium lights glared mercilessly and the peanut vendors shouted with shrill voices. Russell had never felt this way at a game before. The uselessness of his position made him cringe with impatience. Trailing the others into the dressing room, he met the doctor who fixed a new bandage.

"I think the bleeding has stopped. Perhaps if you used a helmet with a guard. . . ." Without finishing, the doctor walked away and said something to the coach which Russell couldn't hear.

Those words had a better effect than any medicine. At least there was hope. However, when the half-time performance was over and the new lineup was preparing to begin the third quarter, Russell wasn't among them. Larry was put in at left halfback. He sidled past without a word, but the triumphant expression infuriated Russell.

Finally both teams had lined up and were ready for the kickoff---and the second half was in progress. For a while it looked as if Central might be able to make a comeback. Two consecutive first downs had brought them within a few yards of a touchdown, but they lacked their old spark and seemed to be playing only with their bodies and not their brains. It was easy for Russell to see what was the matter. Too much ramming blind force was replacing good sportsmanship. They had suffered several penalties and now Haynesville had once more come into possession of the ball. Someone fum-

bled and there was a pile-up of players groping for the ball. Behind Russell, the mob came alive as a Central boy recovered within yards of the end zone. The surprised row on the bench leaned forward in excitement. In the following minutes the fullback received a hand-off, plunged through right tackle, and fell across the goal line! Laughing hysterically, the cheerleaders jumped up and down; the crowd went mad; and the band struck up in approval! This time the music sounded great to Russell, and his hopes flew even higher when he caught a glimpse of the coach on his way through the storm of confetti. He was carrying a helment with a guard.

"Are you ready to play, Freeman?" he shouted, his broad face reflecting joy at the unexpected gain.

"Sure am. Have you got any special instructions?"

"No, son, it's up to you. As soon as they try for the extra point, you're in. You're quarterback, and I'm trusting your judgment. A couple of those formations we've been working on lately shaped up okay. Just hang onto the ball, that's all—just hang onto the ball. And look out for that cheek. If it starts to bleed, Doc says you'll have to come out."

A hush fell over the stadium as Central got into placement formation. The perfect kick created a new uproar. Russell's heart pounded with joy as he dashed out to join his other teammates for the last minutes of the game. Even though a few of the fans were beginning to leave the bleachers, confident of Haynesville's triumph, Central still had a fighting chance. Their lagging spirits were revived and a fresh new outlook had come over them. The kickoff was received by Haynesville and was

returned to the twenty-five yard line. In three plays they managed to gain another first down. By now they had advanced to the forty-three yard line, but Central, under Russell's leadership, was putting up a brilliant defense. Haynesville was forced to punt, having gained only a few more yards, and the quarterback got off a good kick which was received on the twenty yard line. Three line plays earned Central a first down on the thirty-five. On the next play Russell threw a long pass to Larry, out in the open with a clear field before him. Larry had it in his hands but couldn't hold it, and a groan went up from the mob. It looked like a sure touchdown, but he didn't hold it. A short pass over center and a line play brought them to the Haynesville forty-five. Then Russell, on an option play, sneaked through tackle into the clear and got away to the nine yard line. It was first down and goal to go with only two and one-half minutes of playing time remaining!

Russell handed the ball off to Larry on the first play, and Larry, on a wide sweep, got to the four yard line, the ball slipping out of his arms: and Haynesville recovered the fumble on the three yard line. The Haynesville cheering section went wild. Their victory seemed certain. All they had to do was keep possession of the ball for two minutes—and it would be all over. They took their time coming out of the huddle, and a line play gained two. Another line play gained two more. It was obvious that they were stalling. Coming slowly to the line, they spread out and tried an end run, but they were stopped at the line of scrimmage. So it was fourth down and one minute remained. Victory for Haynesville

depended on a long kick. The quarterback drOpped behind the goal line to kick; the pass was low. He bobbled the ball in his hands, giving the Central end the opportunity to break through the line and block his low kick. Bouncing high off his chest, the ball went out of bounds on the Haynesville six yard line. Russell glanced at the clock. Twenty-five minutes to go! Time for one play! This was his chance! He knew he could do it. A play they had practiced seemed made to order. The fake hand-off to the fullback; the hesitation for the delayed back so that the guards in the center could open a hole in the line; the two halfbacks plunging past him into the hole making the way clear for him to follow through. He could see himself following his interference into the end zone. It was made to order. He recalled that this touchdown, besides winning the game, would give him the state record for points scored in a season. He also remembered that Haynesville had scouted them. They would be waiting for this play, but still he could do it. Running through his mind, too, were Larry's harsh insinuations and the raw wound on his cheek; Larry's fumble of the touchdown pass; his failure to gain when they needed it so desperately: and his fumble on the four yard line. As he leaned forward into the circle of expectant faces in the huddle, he made up his mind! When he called the play, Larry looked at him with the kind of look that he hadn't seen in Larry's eyes for a long time.

The team sprang to their positions, lining up for the delayed buck. He barked the signals. The ball snapped into his hands. He spun and faked to the fullback. Center and guards rammed into the line to make an opening. One halfback

flashed by to clear the way for him but the other, Larry, instead of plunging into the line, streaked out to the right after the fullback. This was where Russell was to follow his interference right through the line but, instead, his long shovel pass landed right in Larry's arms. As he anticipated, the Haynesville players surged to the center of the line and made a solid wall and held. But at the other side of the field, Larry was crossing the goal line without a hand being laid on him! Thundering applause shook the stadium! The point after touchdown was good! The game ended 14-12.

Swarming to the field, the throng lifted Larry to its shoulders—the hero! He won the game! As he was borne away, he turned and smiled at Russell. It was the warm, welcome smile of a friend. Watching the triumphal procession, Russell felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to face his coach, who silently placed the football in his hands. And they went off the field together.

Judy Johns

Nostalgia

Seven years ago we lost a very dear friend of the family. We sold the Sixteenth Street house, our Philadelphia home. It had been home to my mother since she was ten years old and our home base for long before I could remember. We moved away several times, but every few years we would go back again.

Like most comfortable things the Sixteenth Street house wasn't particularly attractive. That was mainly because it was like every other house on the street. Yet, you couldn't say it was just like the others; there was something different about it, the difference that makes a house a home. It rose from its three-terraced lawn a little more majestically, a little more nobly. It even seemed different from its Siamese twin which had a kind of sad air about it. The worn Philadelphia brown paint and the windows, sooty in spite of conscientious scrubbing seemed to make our house alive while it made all the other houses tired and drab.

In our home there was a gold fish bowl; I remember it well, though I was quite young at the time. I'm sure Mom remembers it, too. It was after one of those satisfying Thanksgiving dinners, and family and friends had all gathered in the parlor for the usual game of 'hide the thimble' before the glazy eyed children were sent to bed. I've forgotten who hid the thimble, but it took a half hour's diligent search before Mom finally found it. It was perched like a golden roof on one of the spires on the castle in the gold fish bowl.

The other morning I picked up my glass of juice to gulp it down. The first sip of unexpected apricot nectar made me stop abruptly. Immediately the huge, high-ceilinged kitchen of our Sixteenth Street

house took shape in my mind. Right about now the sun would be streaming in the daintily curtained window. Under the window is the table, gaily clothed and set for breakfast. There is a bowl of fragrantly steaming oatmeal at my place in fron of the straight-backed bench, and, of course, the glass of apricot nectar to be had only at the Sixteenth Street house.

In the attic now is an old-fashioned rocking chair. If my little brother Lewis can't remember it, if Daddy has quite forgotten it, perhaps the walls are still echoing the lullabies sung in Daddy's ringing tenor and accompanied by the creaks and groans of the chair.

Perhaps the walls are echoing many happy sounds. That is only right, for it was a happy house and a much loved one.

Rachel Walker

THINKING
by Sally Durham

I think I saw an elf today,
I can't be sure, it ran away!
I think I saw a pixie play—
I can't be sure, I always say!

I think I saw a fairy knight,
Woo a fairy maid, his heart's delight!
And a little brown toad, flying a kite!
I can't be sure, but I might!

I think I saw a butterfly
Who'd come to tea without his tie,
I think I saw a beetle cry;
I can't be sure, don't ask me why!

I think I saw a sunbeam fall
While running down a raindrop's hall!
I think I heard a violet call,
I can't be sure, it was so small!

I know a little bird said to me,
"Your Papa's home, just go and see."
So I ran right out, and there was he!
And hand in hand, we went into tea.

# REALLY

In the afternoon it rained,
And the dew that was left
Steamed as hot air left
Slowly settled.

This is the time when I walk
In the wheat fields.
Flowing fields, growing
Fields.

I walk here now and the
Steaming mist slowly
Rises and moves with
The swaying wheat.
Swaying—forming, swaying—
Combining into my loved one.

Silently, quietly she creeps
Along the ripe earth toward
Me.

My arms open— reaching,
Her lips open— speaking,
But of sound there is none.

The wind in the wheat
And the steam from the dew,
Swaying and bending with
My loved one—

Swaying and bending towards
Me, our bodies all but
Touch.

Then.....gone, and the steam
Continues rising.
Apparition! Mirage! Shadow of
My secret phantom!
—yet sometimes even phantoms
Are desirable.

Richard Johnson

# VICTORY

'Twas when I was a young man
At the ripe old age of eight,
Before a meager crowd
I knocked at fortunes gate.

The sun was beating on us--
I thought that I would roast,
The designated starting line
Would be the tall flag post.

The course had been set by the leader,
It covered the country-side,
A fellow friend with his helpful hints
Related to a longer stride.

With his words of wisdom
Pressing within my mind,
I took my place with the others
At the appointed starting line.

The whistle had blown, and we were off,
The race was close indeed,
But I, with the racing heart I have,
Lunged ahead to take the lead.

My work was cut out for me that day
As I sped onward ahead,
With my throat burnt dry I gasped for wind,
And my legs felt heavy like lead.

The finish line came closer
And as I heard the campers yell,
I called for every bit of energy
From each tiny body cell.

But when I crossed the finish line
My heart was full of joy,
For I was now a hero
And the envy of every boy.

Arthur Balderacchi

A WEIGHTY MATTER

Whether it is better to enjoy ourselves, eat and be fat, or to suffer the pangs of hunger and starve ourselves into slimness is the question. Daily we make up our minds anew to rid ourselves of that terrible monster, Fat. However, the first stray bit of food that meets our eyes seems always to end up in our stomachs, and again we have earned ourselves the title of Pig or Glutton.

We finally get the nerve to step on the scales. To our horror we are twenty pounds overweight. The scales must be broken. We lean over our middles and stoop to turn the balance back on the scales. Then we strip ourselves and even contemplate cutting our hair as if that would reduce poundage. There's no use fooling ourselves though; we're just plain fat! We wince at the thought and decide that perhaps "pleasingly plump" is a better adjective. Nevertheless, we must start on a strenuous campaign.

We give up eating meals at dinnertime, but two seconds after we've left the table we go back to the kitchen and eat twice as much as we would have eaten at the dinner table. We cut out bread and butter, potatoes, meat, and vegetables but drink at least one milkshake and eat several candy bars and a piece of cake each day.

We take great pains to add up our calorie count. We say we'rd just a little rusty in arithmetic when we are told we have miscalculated our daily intake by a few thousand calories.

After a few days of dieting we once more have the courage to try on that dress we bought last month. We wouldn't admit to the salesgirl that it was a little tight but bought it, refusing indignately a larger size. The first time that we had tried to wear it though,

it hadn't gone on. Today it would be a different story though, we think optimistically.

Rip ------we close our eyes and shudder at the sickening noise. This just couldn't happen to the best of us. The dress must have shrunk.

We don't feel much better that afternoon as we stand with some friends at the circus laughing at the fat lady. Fear lurks in our hearts as we think that someday we may be the fat lady in a circus. Even now we are nicknamed "Fatso" by some thoughtless friends (or enemies?) It isn't so complimentary either to always be sat on in a crowded car because our laps are so ample.

Determined to lose weight, we decide that dieting is not a drastic enough measure. We roll around on the floor attempting to knock off the fat, but instead we knock ourselves out to the extent that we can hardly move our sore body when we're through pounding. Besides, we're just more hungry.

Having heard that lack of rest can cause a person to lose weight, we decide to stop sleeping. By three o'clock in the morning, though, we surrender to Morpheus, and once more we've failed.

Next we resort to "eat-no-more" pills and "feel-no-hunger" chewing gum. This, too offers no solution.

Desperate now, we decide to deceive the public. We arm ourselves with girdles, stays, and corsets, but while they slim part of us, the fat leaks out and bulges in other directions.

But wait a minute, what's this? One of the sweetest girls we know says we're thin. We go home beaming and pick up a cookie. The expression on our family's face and the frankness of our mirror tell us the awful truth-- we've been falsely complimented.

Oh, well, what's the use? Maybe there's hope for us in the near future. If scientists can invent television, disease vaccines, and H-bombs, surely they will someday invent food without calories. Then once more we may face the world with a slim figure and a gay smile.

Phyllis Brooks

??????????

What is the one thing that every person in the world gets free, and when he gets it doesn't want it, and works every possible scheme under the sun to get rid of it? Millions of dollars are spent each hour of every day to dispose of it. Some people drive thousands of miles to get away from it. Others may get married to keep from having it, and still others get divorced because of it.

There are many causes for it: being afraid, being unhappy, being lonley, doing the same things over and over. Some people have been known to take their lives because of having so much of it; yet a smile, a kiss, a kind word, or just the slightest nod of the head has been known to cure it.

I hope you haven't been bored reading this. For "Boredom" can be fatal!

Sunny McCool

Three Poems by Pat McPherson

## DAWN

Darkness is heavy over all the earth—so thick that it
can be felt pressing against me.
Then slowly a flicker penetrates it.
The flicker becomes deeper in color and width.
Darkness bows to the supreme majesty and recedes as more
and more of the rays pierce its form.
The rays reach me and I am comforted by the feeling of warmth
and security—of knowing that only God can perform such
a miracle.
Less and less is the heaviness; gone is the darkness, and my
eyes fill with wonder as they behold the sun which once
more fills the earth with its presence.

## LOVEBIRDS

Once again the soft wind turneth,
Veering out to meet the sea;
As we wait here in the moonlight,
Us together; you and me.

Then the waves come rolling o'er us
As we sit here side by side;
But we move not, now or ever,
Two big rocks against the tide.

## SERENITY

White specks in the midnight sky;
Tumbling, tumbling down.
Steady, surely, in the path—
Falling to the ground.

Gazing into them I see
The depth and strength I need;
Calmness, peace, and all such joy
On which my soul may feed.

I see a vision of the years,
And feel the things to come;
I know now not to try them all,
But sample only some.

This forward glimpse comes in my mind;
Softly, softly, so.
With not a speck of truth, perhaps,
But promised by the snow.

ABSOLUTELY AUTHENTIC

There is something I have wondered about for quite a while now. That is, just when does old, discarded junk become an antique? Almost every American community is blessed with a quaint, little nook where supposedly ancient remains are bought and sold. Exploring these littered shops makes me thankful to be living in modern times.

Usually the oldest thing around is the proprietor, who exaggerates the worth of every object in his collection from the chipped pottery to the monstrous, creaking cupboards. Curiosity urges the prospective customer to explore the decayed furniture, stacked and grouped in confusion; survey the bric-a-brac, so carefully scattered; and observe the weird chandeliers, suspended none too safely from the ceiling. Most of the merchandise is in need of repair, but, in the eyes of the seller, that only enhances its beauty and increases its cost. The more battered, chipped, faded, cracked, or wobbly the antique, the higher the price.

Everything is usually dusty. This is probably due to the fact that if you handled the rare bargains much, they would fall apart. Dust has its advantages though, for a thick layer of it can hide that familiar phrase "Made in Japan", which often adorns the authentic wares.

The customer is seldom lucky enough to escape from such a den of days gone by without being persuaded to look at some genuine relic that was the possession of a historic figure. Somehow I can't picture George Washington actually sitting on that spindly love-seat. (If he did, there couldn't have been much room left for his lover.) And those plates from Dolly Madison's private collection vaguely

resemble the tea set in a local department store. Nevertheless, as our propietor repeats, these pieces are priceless beyond all human value. But later he confides that, for us, he will allow a reduction, since he can see that we appreciate true masterpieces.

Another annoying characteristic of antiques is their complete lack of usefulness. I've tried in vain to understand what people do with spinning wheels, wabbly tables, dough-trays, lanterns, cradles, vertical benches, churns, mangy tapestries, and peculiar trinkets. The craving for these oddities must be contagious, for people seldom leave a display without making a purchase. This makes everyone happy; the customer departs, feeling sure he has gained a treasure, while, back in the shop, the owner busily places an order with a warehouse for a new supply of old refuse and settles back to count his sheckles.

Judy Johns

SOLITUDE

Pacing the shore by the rhythmical sea,
  I find my greatest peace;
The warm sand stretches endlessly,
  And the towering waves never cease.

A spotless gull glides slowly earthward,
  Barely clearing the top of a dune;
The sun spreads a lazy warmth over me,
  While the sea sings its constant tune.

I pass the ribs of a skeleton ship,
  Sunk on a treacherous bar;
Ahead lies the Point, where river meets sea,
  As homeward I turn by the light of a star.

Barbara Jessup

APPLE PIE DANDY

As the sun sank low behind the tall oaks lining the narrow street, a rosy glow cast itself on the large houses, turning the white ones to a shade of champagne pink. Inside one of these houses sat Miss Willow, the pink glow from the setting sun adding color to her long, sallow face. She was perched on one end of a red plush loveseat, while a middleaged man sat beside her.

"I'm so glad you were able to come early, Henry." Miss Willow rolled his name around on her tongue, and sidling nearer to him on the sofa, continued, "I would like for you to sample some of my apple pie, if you don't think it will ruin your appetite."

"It won't ruin my appetite," he answered jovially. "Bring it on!" Miss Willow smiled at him and hurried out to the kitchen for it. She brought it back on a silver tray along with two quaint old cups filled with coffee.

"Delicious, Eloise," he said, tasting it appreciately. In fact, all the tidbits you have fed me these weeks have been wonderful, and this proves you are a good cook. Yes, indeed, it's out-of-this-world," he sighed, taking another gulp. "It's such a wonderful change from the fare at my boarding house. You can't realize how glad I am that your neighbor introduced us," he finished, pausing only throughout his talk to consume more pie.

"You are no more glad than I," responded Miss Willow, thinking back over her lonely old maid years, which had

suddenly been brightened by his evening visits over the past several weeks.

She arose to turn on a Victorian lamp, careful that the light was dim. Then she pulled back the lacy curtains, surrounded by heavy velvet drapery, to peer out of the window at the street lights flickering on.

"My dearest friend, Miss Prentice, is coming in on the six o'clock train. That's in about an hour," she said, glancing at her watch.

"Suppose we go down and pick her up," suggested Mr. Burnsides.

"Oh, that is so nice of you. You'll really love Lillian. We haven't seen each other in ages, so I thought that this would be a good time to have her down to spend the weekend," she explained as she sat down next to him again. "We don't have to go just yet. There's still an hour before the train gets in."

What she did not tell him was that she wanted to gloat over him to Miss Prentice. The tables were really turned now. Lillian had always been the belle. She was the one who had some success with getting a beau, even though nothing had ever come of it. Now, Miss Willow had made a catch of her own. At least it seemed that Henry was on the hook. Yes, it would do her soul good to show -off Henry to Lillian.

"I do hope you like roast beef. You seem like the roast beef type to me. You are such an average man," Miss Willow said.

He chuckled at that, "I'm a bachelor and you call me

average. Most people don't consider me average at all, but I'm thinking about changing my status." Miss Willow looked startled and pushed back a wisp of gray hair.

"Really? How interesting! Just when is this drastic change going to take place?" she asked blandly.

"Well, it depends---" he started, but chimes interrupted him as the front door bell tolled.

"Oh, who can that be?" she said, tripping to the door and looking down the hall. Through the door glass, she caught sight of Miss Prentice. "It's Lillian," she said. "She probably came by bus."

She was definitely disappointed at the interruption. Henry had been right on the point of popping the question. If only Lillian had stuck to her original plans!

"Lillian, my dear, I'm so glad to see you," Miss Willow gushed, throwing open her arms to hug her violently, as she swung the door open.

Miss Prentice disentangled herself from her friend, straightened her hat, and looked pointedly toward the interior of the house.

"Well, where is he? she piped enthusiastically. "I can't wait to see him!"

"Oh! He's in there," Miss Willow said pridefully pointing to the living room. "He's a dear. I know you'll like him. He's so manly."

She had Miss Prentice by the hand leading her.

Miss Prentice tugged away, stopping by the hall mirror to splosh some powder on her nose while Miss Willow waited impatiently.

"Mr. Burnsides, I mean Henry, this is Miss Prentice," she said leading her in.

"Lillian, this is Henry," she introduced them with an obvious air of pride.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Burnsides, I've heard so much about you," Miss Prentice gushed, stealing half glances at him.

"Why, I——I'm glad to meet you, too," stammered Mr. Burnsides, gazing intently at the pretty-faced woman before him.

"Oh, dear, do you know what I did? I left my weekend bag on the porch. Isn't that stupid?" she twittered.

"I'll get it while you two get acquainted," Miss Willow replied, brightly, expecting Mr. Burnsides to stop her. But he didn't seem to hear.

"Of course, he should want to get to know her. He has to spend all evening with her and will want to know what to say," Miss Willow thought, trying to justify his all too evident interest in Lillian. "At least she has made no move to encourage him," she decided as she put Miss Prentice's bag upstairs in the beruffled guest room. When she came back into the living room, Miss Prentice and Mr. Burnsides were engaged in deep conversation.

"Well, I see that you two have become acquainted," declared Miss Willow, with more sparkle than she felt.

"Yes, we have. Lillian is a most interesting woman," smiled Mr. Burnsides, dreamily, moving closer to her on the loveseat.

"So I notice," muttered Miss Willow dryly, crossing the room to a period rocking chair. They sat there in awkward silence for a few minutes: Miss Willow's face stonily solid, Miss Prentice with a half smile on her lips, and Mr. Burnsides keeping his eyes glued on Miss Prentice.

"I'd better see about dinner," announced Miss Willow. "Won't you help me, Lillian? Henry can amuse himself with the paper while we're gone."

Miss Willow beckoned toMiss Prentice tofollow her, while Mr. Burnsides registered his disappointment with a sigh and reluctantly picked up the evening paper. They had dinner on the table in fifteen minutes, and the three sat down to juicy roast beef, fluffy potatoes, and round, green sweet peas.

The conversation lagged for Mr. Burnsides seemed more interested in gazing at Miss Prentice, conveniently seated across from him, than in talking, while Miss Prentice admired first the classic roses in the center of the lace tablecloth, then the silver napkin holders. After these remarks she also fell into silence. Miss Willow began her usual chatter, but finding that no one was joining in, she soon stopped, not caring totalk toherself.

They ate their dinner by candlelight, an idea Miss Willow soon regretted. She had planned it to be romantic, but not for Mr. Burnsides and Miss Prentice.

"Come along intothe living room, and we'll finish our coffee in there," Miss Willow demanded noticing that Mr. Burnsides was leaning halfway across the table, trying to talk to Miss Prentice over the tops of the roses which he had brought as a gift to her two nights earlier.

They picked up the coffee cups, and reluctantly followed her intothe living room. They had just seated themselves when Miss Prentice caught sight of the grand piano in the bay window.

"Eloise, dear, may I please try the tone of your piano?"

"Certainly, Lillian. Why ask? You know I've never denied you," answered Miss Willow acidly, taking note of that extra-sweet

quality in Miss Prentice's voice.

Miss Prentice made her way gracefully to the piano, her gray-blue dress clinging lightly to her body and bringing out the hue of her eyes. She dimmed the light which cast a soft glow on her as she played "Clair de Lune" with ease and charm. Mr. Burnsides leaned forward in his seat, whispering in a stage whisper to M iss Willow.

"Isn't she wonderful? Have you ever heard anything so lovely?"

"As a matter of fact I have. I think that ...," began Miss Willow, but she saw that Mr. Burnsides was too entranced with Miss Prentice topay any attention to her. He sighed again.

"She is really the most refreshing person I have ever met. And to think she can play "Clair de Lune" like that!" he exclaimed.

"She should be able to do it well, since it's the only piece she knows," muttered Miss Willow, viciously, but this remark too fell unheeded.

Miss Prentice finished her selection amidst bravos from Mr. Burnsides. She gave him a slight bow and put her hand over his as she sat down.

"I'm so glad youenjoyed it, Henry," she murmured. "I'll be glad to play for you again sometime."

The way she said "Henreee" gave Miss Willow cold chills. It was so affected.

"I play a little too. Would you like to hear me?" Miss Willow broke in as she saw Mr. Burnsides was about to answer Miss Prentice.

"Play a little what?" asked Mr. Burnsides absently, his eyes on Miss Prentice's glowing face.

"OH, we'd love to hear you, Eloise," answered Miss Prentice sweetly with a benevolent smile.

Needing and getting no further encouragement, Miss Willow seated herself and began playing various tunes softly and gracefully. Mr. Burnsides, however, seemed to ignore her, and she decided that if she played like Paderewski, she still would get no notice from the gentleman on the sofa. Miss Willow merely added music to the soft lights to complete the setting for Miss Prentice.

"I'm getting tired of playing second piano to Lillian," grumbled Miss Willow between chords; and she suddenly stood up, giving the keys a crashing bang.

"Oh, Miss Willow, how you startled me!" exclaimed Mr. Burnsides, letting loose of Miss Prentice's hand.

"I believe things are getting rather dull, and so I think that we should play canasta, Henry," said Miss Prentice, looking into Mr. Burnsides' pale eyes.

"Well then, you have a very short memory. We played three weeks ago," Miss Willow replied caustically, pausing her shuffling of the cards and looking glumly at her friend.

"You must have someone else in mind. I plainly remember, I have not visited you in at least a month," returned Miss Prentice.

"Never mind, dear, I'll help you," offered Mr. Bursides. "Just deal out as if two were playing . Lillian and I will use the same hand."

Miss Willow dealt the cards. They played for therest of the evening and Miss Willow won. Mr. Burnsides left about eleven and his good-byes. were entirely for Miss Prentice. The two women parted in silence to their rooms without a word. Miss Prentice slept quietly and soundly, but Miss Willow spent the greater part of the night turning and thrashing around under her sheets.

The next morning as Miss Prentice walked into the kitchen, Miss

Willow, looking tired and sleepy , said, "Lillian, dear, have you seen the rest of my apple pie? Henry loves it so, and I was saving it to give him some."

"No, I haven't. But don't let that worry you one minute. I'll bake him one myself," she turned suddenly toward Miss Willow. "Forgive me, dear. I know how grieved you must be that Henree likes me instead of you. I do hope you won't hold it against an old, dear friend. What's the saying? All's fair in love and war."

"Yes ---that's it---all's fair in love and war," Miss Willow said sadly, taking out the pie pans.

"I'll get the ingredients together for you." While Miss Prentice was rolling out the dough, Miss Willow brought two spice tins down from the top shelf. She deftly emptied the contents of the one marked "cinnamon" into the garbage can and poured the ingredients of the other can, which was marked "red pepper", into the cinnamon tin. She quickly placed the cans back on the shelf and then began washing some dishes. Soon Miss Prentice finished the crust and was ready to season the apples.

"Hand me the cinnamon, please," she said, looking quite pretty in a ruffled, white apron.

"The box is over there on the top shelf. I'd get it for you, but my hands are soapy," replied Miss Willow, pointing behind Miss Prentice with her wet fingers.

Miss Prentice's eyes quickly ran over the labels.

"Here it is, Eloise. I think you are so sweet to help me fix this pie. You're being so sweet about everything -- even Henree."

"Oh, think nothing of it. As you say, everything is fair in love and war, and I must accept facts," Miss Willow said with a slight twinkle in her grey eyes.

The pie came out of the oven golden brown and brimming with juices. Miss Prentice beamed with pride when she saw it and carefully set it on a rack to cool. Then she went downtown to get her hair done "just for Henry". When Miss Prentice returned from town, Miss Willow was just coming down the stairs into the hall.

"How do you like my hairdo?" asked Miss Prentice, fluffing her hair with her fingers.

"It looks very nice, dear," answered Miss Willow amiably.

"My goodness. Look at the time! It's four o'clock. Why, he'll be here in two hours, and I haven't started getting ready," exclaimed Miss Prentice.

"It never takes me that long to fix myself up," remarked Miss Willow airily.

"Maybe you should take more time then," returned Miss Prentice as she marched out of the room, rather disgruntled by that last remark.

Mr. Burnsides arrived punctually at six o'clock. Both females were awaiting his arrival with anticipation. While Miss Willow was seeing about dinner, Miss Prentice confided to Mr. Burnsides about baking an apple pie just for him. Dinner was announced, and they descended into the dining room for steak, potatoes, salad, and rolls.

"This dinner is wonderful," Mr. Burnsides said, biting into a crusty roll.

"It is good, Eloise," added Miss Prentice who then turned to Mr. Burnsides, "but Henry, just wait until dessert."

"Lillian told me that she baked an apple pie especially for me," he told Miss Willow proudly, "and I can hardly wait. It had better be good," he went on with a wink at Miss Willow and a teasing, lovable smile for Miss Prentice.

"Oh, it will be, Henry. After all, it is for you," said Miss Prentice, smiling happily. As soon as everyone had finished eating, she started clearing the table with Miss Willow not far behind her.

Finally Miss Prentice proudly bore her pie into the room and set an extra large piece in front of Mr. Burnsides. He eagerly picked up his fork while the two women watched his every move. They didn't twitch a muscle, and his face was full of happy anticipation as he put a large forkful of it into his mouth. Immediately he jumped up, gasping for water.

"Good lord, Lillian, what did you put in there, red pepper? " he asked between gulps of water. "My mouth is on fire."

"Red pepper," she repeated faintly, looking unsteadily at him. "How do you suppose I could have grabbed the wrong tin? I meant to put cinnamon in it."

"How could a sensible person do a thing like that?" he asked, eyeing her with suspicion.

"I have some of the pie left I served you yesterday. Would you like a slice of that?" Eloise asked, "You said it was delicious."

"Why of course," he replied, rolling water on his burning tongue. It was delicious pie."

Soon they were both seated in the living room. Miss Prentice had vanished suddenly, and Mr. Burnsides and Miss Willow were seated on the loveseat.

"Eloise?"

"Yes, Henry."

"Eloise, that pie of yours was excellent, and you know, I've been a fool. Lillian overwhelmed me at first, but... well, I don't like careless people.

He pulled out a ring and placed it on her finger.

"Yes, Henry," she sighed, raising her face to his.

And on his lips strangely enough, she believed there still hung the faintest hint of the taste of apple pie.

Barbara Fjeld

## SHE SERVED THE SOUTHERN

Old Five Hundred Eighty-Three,
One of the vestige of twenty-four,
Winston-Salem--Pomona Yard,
She served the Southern 'till 'fifty-three.

The NYC, the Yadkin, too,
She'd shoved and pushed and hauled them all--
All 'till the fall of 'fifty-three.

Run by men who knew her well,
Repaired by those who knew her well,
Destined for a future of many years more--
She lived but twenty-nine.

One by one her companions were run
To Salisbury's shops to end their services--
Dixies, Mallets, Mikadoes, Pacifics,
And even her friends of Pomona Yard.

No major repairs since three years back,
Her boiler and pistons loosely adjusted,
A dirty and rusty old switcher
She did her best with the deisel-electrics.

Nobody looked; nobody cared;
Like a rusty old can--nobody cared.
Her service was ended in 'fifty-three--

The deisel-electrics may honk all they wish;
The grand old steam engines are no more.
But she served the Southern 'till 'fifty-three--
Old Five Hundred Eighty-Three.

John Lund

TOGETHER

A man and a boy, standing on the hilltop, intently watch the glowing sunset. That guardian of the skies, slowly withdrawing behind the distant mountains, paints a fairyland of colors on the clouds drifting overhead. Its shining rays fill the clouds with radiande until they appear like tuffs of angel hair dipped in a pool at the foot of a rainbow. The lengthening shadows of the mountains quietly creep across the valley, while the stars, like the sparks of a dying campfire, emerge in the east as the blanket of night spreads across the heavens. Every day--always together--father and son come to see the splendor of old Sol's last peek at the earth. These two witnesses to nature's daily miracle gladly share this beauty, for they are held together by a bond of love stronger than the toughest steel. This love is strengthened by a common loss, for one has been deprived of a wife and the other of a mother. Since that sad day they have grown closer and closer, each supporting the other. The father has put his whole life into molding his son--building, guiding, teaching.

.....

A man and a boy are walking beside the highway which turns and winds its way around the neighboring hills. an automobile is rushing down the road, its driver unmindful of his foot too heavy on the accelerator. His brain is preoccupied with many business problems, and too late he spies the pair. In a flash, an unyielding car strikes a soft body, and the precious life of a boy is snatched away,--a crumpled and irreparable figure left behind.

.....

A man sits on an old log on the top of the hill, his eyes stare

ing at the sky, but his mind registering nothing of its splendor. Every day he comes to this place, and in his sight a marvelous play is presented by the actors of the sky. But in his dormant brain no spark of beauty is kindled. All he sees now is the cold blue sky and the blinding ball of fire slipping away, allowing the chill of the night to approach once more,

"The night has a thousand eyes,

The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies

With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,

The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies

When its love is done." *

* Poem by Francis Bourdillon

Rob Cowan

RULED BY THE TIDE

The breeze wafted over the lonely beach,
Revealing lost treasures, far from reach:
Driftwood framing a tarnished bell,
Scattered coins, a twisted shell.
They rest, undisturbed, on the cool, white sand,
Brought by the tide from some far-off land.
Or torn from the decks of storm-tossed ships,
They find brief peace from their endless trips.
Until, again reclaimed by the sea,
They float, ever on, to eternity.

Judy Johns

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