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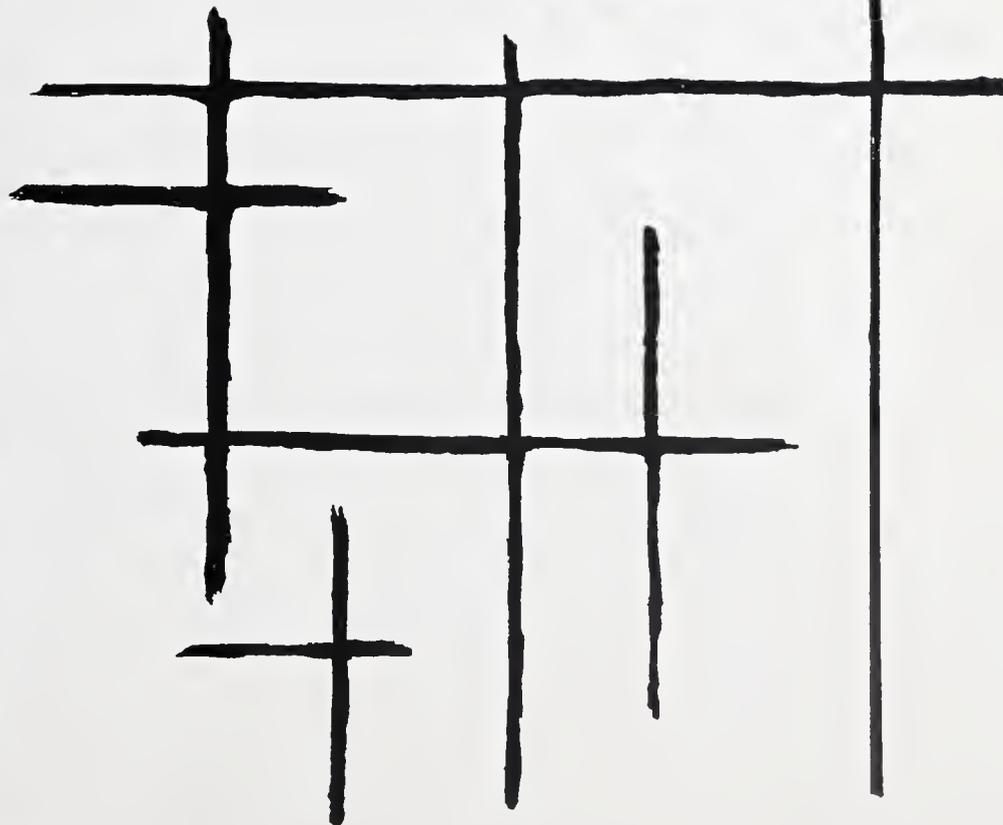
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# *Homespun*

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<i>Editor</i> .....	Tara Dinkel
<i>Assistants</i> .....	Chuck MacDonald Geanie Black
<i>Publicity</i> .....	Peggy Colmer Ann Foster Martha Watson
<i>Finances</i> .....	Chuck MacDonald

# MELANIE

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Melanie was an outcast. She hated everything in the world especially boys, girls, and her name. She hated boys because they were mean, but in her twelve years Melanie had learned to be meaner than they. She hated girls because they shunned her, and so she pulled their pigtails, tore up their paper dolls, and stayed particularly dirty when they were around. She showed passive resistance to Johnny, age four, who followed her around all the time when she was at the old tree swing.

The tree swing consisted of a tire tied to a long rope hanging from the tree on the hill. The hill was THE place to play in the neighborhood. Several years ago, before Melanie had become an outcast, the boys and girls alike used to play on the tree swing and see who could sail out the farthest. Last year, however, the girls decided to abandon the tree for other pursuits, and, anyway, the boys wouldn't let them play on it very often. Melanie was the only girl who did not forsake the swing. She had been better than anyone, and she intended to keep that position even though the boys were getting stronger every day.

Melanie had a plan. On Saturday morning, long before anybody even thought of getting up, Melanie stuck her painted toenails on the floor. She pulled on the shorts and shirt she had ripped yesterday swinging so high. In the kitchen she ate three cherries and an olive and considered herself ready for the day. Outside, she patiently threw pebbles at Johnny's window until he stuck out his head.

"Whatta you doing up now?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Come on; I want to show ya something."

Five minutes later the two set off, Johnny with only one sock on.

At the tree, Melanie told Johnny what she had planned. She was going to run just as fast as she could to the place where the ground dropped off. Then, instead of swinging out around the tree in the usual manner, she would go straight out up into the Biggest Tree. Johnny was doubtful, but he sucked his thumb in silence. She went back behind the tree and ran out off the hill. Melanie caught the Biggest Tree with one hand and pulled herself up, skinning both knees. Her head began to throb from the height, and her knees hurt terribly.

The boys were coming up the hill. They looked at her and then at Johnny, still sucking his thumb, and grimly began to try to match her feat. Within ten minutes four slightly damaged boys sat in the tree with Melanie. They were very much satisfied with themselves, but she did not say anything. She did not feel too well. So the boys started down the tree and called back, "Aren't you coming, Melon-pot?"

Melanie didn't answer. She shook her head and said slowly after a minute, "I — I'm scared."

Laughter arose from below, and Melanie faintly saw four boys dancing gaily about at their triumph and throwing rocks at her. At last they saw she wasn't going to answer and went off down the hill carrying Johnny on their shoulders, while Melanie cried into the Biggest Tree.

*Polly Friend '60*

# The Master

Mine was the center place; I stood at the fore in the robes of a free man. There was no greater power below the deck than was mine. I ruled the lives of one hundred and twenty-four men, and ruled them well. They lived their lives for me, sweated and died for me. Their hatred and envy for me was such that murder was the foremost thought of each and every one of them. For nought they longed to destroy me, for the steel was on their bleeding wrists, not mine.

My arms and legs had healed long since and silk robes and perfume had softened my skin. The coxswain of the Emperor's galley was honored and well-known, and Demonius' men were known to be the best.

How came I to this lonely dungeon in the ground? My mind's eye sees a picture of a dark and muscular man. Ah yes, it all returns to me now.

We were coursing out at sea upon a dark and stormy night. The emperor had embarked in a fit of fevered fright. His mind had conjured devils on this windblown, screaming night; and the galley slaves were rowing hard and fast with all their might, at my direction.

Frequently I checked the wind and depth and speed; and urged my men above the gale to row yet harder and increase our speed. The emperor had ordered that we see the sunrise over Cyprus and his words were particularly mine to heed. As I performed the duties of controlling the pitching, rolling ship, an oar broke loose from its lock at my back. As I turned I saw the blow descend and strike me with a crack. The galley slave died with a smile and I am left a useless man, sentenced here forever by the vengeance of his bleeding hands.

Warren Hatfield '60

# Ombra Di Notte Futuro

What dark shade of night  
Is in the distance waiting?  
Or what bright, glowing light  
Souls and hearts elating?  
What vision of perfection  
Lost now unto my eyes;  
What picture of dejection  
I fail to recognize?  
What heart of man, lost in love  
Waits to spring its happy store  
What lost soul, beyond above  
Unfolds its sadly piercing lore?

O darkness dim of future light  
Shade of night in hope and wonder  
Lift up from me thy vail of night  
Send my doubting thoughts asunder.  
Appear, appear! O vicious spectre  
Or charming nymph of love and light  
Spread thyself before me or  
Remove thy mask from my foresight.

Charles Jernigan '60

# ECLOGUE

I had walked once though bound to the post,  
And driven with a stake dragging behind my  
legs,

And clouding skies ever threatening rain and  
wind,

But I was happy. I saw the beauty in the sky  
And felt the rain and forgot the post and stake  
Dragging behind me, for I was one alone and  
Happy in my universe. You saw me though and  
Wept for me and cried aloud and sang to God,  
Singing, "Lord have mercy on us! Lord have  
mercy on us!"

I forgot your prayers and forgot your cries and  
Walked through your god-almighty universe and  
Sang with the trees and the field mouse and the  
sparrow.

I sang and cheered and shouted loud for all  
To hear and was happy, but you saw my post,  
And you saw my stake, and you cried, and you  
sang

To God, and you cried so long, and you sang so  
hard

That I was puzzled and began to wonder,  
"Why do they cry and sing for me?" Yet still  
I wandered in the forests and was happy and  
forgot

Your cries, but you cried so loud and  
Sang so long that the voices penetrated the forest,  
And I heard you and wondered and wept and  
Cursed my stake and post and the god-almighty  
Universe, and sank deep, deep into the rain-wept  
mud.

*Peter Weltner '60*

# *I Wanted To Please..*

"Twelve o'clock," the warden said as he placed the telephone receiver gently in the cradle. "Execution at twelve."

I shuddered . . . I wasn't scared . . . it was just that they were so stupid. I killed her—sure I did. She deserved to die. Look at them. They pity me. I hate them for that! They should thank me. I wiped the city clean of a little trash. Down in the dirt . . . that's where she is . . . that's where she belongs. She was rotten . . . lied to me . . . filth

The matron poured another cup of coffee—her fifth since breakfast. You'd think she'd been sentenced, not me. Her over-plump body shook as she paced the floor; the loose blue uniform swished. As she lifted the steaming cup to her mouth, her knuckles showed white. "Do you want the chaplain now?" she asked very matter-of-factly. I didn't refuse to see him as I had previously.

Shortly he arrived. He spoke. He read from the Bible. I did not hear him. I was thinking that to be as thin as he was he must live on faith alone. I wanted to laugh. Just like the others . . . pity . . . even he did not realize I had committed an act of kindness. He prayed for me. I said nothing. I had nothing to say to a god that could not make them understand

I heard the heavy footsteps in the empty hall. "It's time," he almost whispered. Although he was a big man he did not look like a warden. A whiskbroom type of mustache protruded over his upper lip. I wondered if it did not tickle his nose. He didn't laugh.

"Come on," he repeated. I poured the matron another cup of coffee, and we began to walk. As we passed the cell of a so-called mad man, I begged to stop and talk to him. His animal-like stare aroused my curiosity. I turned away when they refused to halt the walk. He began to laugh. I joined him. The warden strengthened his grip

on my arm. I don't think he liked our laugh.

As we turned the corner of the corridor, several newspaper men looked up expectantly. I started talking to them. A young boy wrote all my words down in a book. I smiled . . . would have laughed . . . but the warden didn't like me to laugh.

That chair was uncomfortable. There were glass windows on all sides of me. Even though I couldn't see out, I knew they could see in. I frowned. I think they expected me to frown. I wanted to please them . . .

Geanie Black '60

## *A Cheerful Thought In Passing*

Through the chaotic infinity of time  
I pass as does the moth:  
Flitting here and there,  
Accomplishing nothing,  
To be ultimately smothered  
By the fumes of death  
As they waft their way  
From the plains of hell,  
Which glow beneath the horizontal ladder  
Upon which man treads.  
Ah, how eagerly awaits the quandary  
For a fool such as I  
To fall  
Between the rickety lattice-work!

How consoling to know  
That the least one can do  
Is keep the homefires burning.

Lynn Westmoreland '60

# The Day Cycle

The sun so heavy with warmth from the  
summer's leavening

And the noon day sleeping

Under its light, increasing spell

I heard them speaking:

*Of earth and the sun*

*And the running waters,*

*Of the grass-smooth green,*

*Of the tree-tall green*

*And the earth and her people are one.*

Heat of the passion-magic of life's renewing,

Turning beneath the mind of the man and the  
woman,

Singing beneath the child that was born between  
them,

From life and the silent love.

I heard them speaking:

*Of the one and the one*

*That were two together,*

*And the two were one*

*When their love and their oneness*

*Created another.*

Into the dusk of the day and the moon-bird's  
dreaming,

Into the move of the spirit caught with the  
shadows,

Moulded from winds adrift in the shape-tainted  
evening,

Adrift in the essence of form

I heard them speaking:

*Of that which has died*

*To be born again,*

*Of the soul and the man,*

*And the soul that was man*

*Was the greatness of men.*

Then with the deep and the echoes of space  
through the midnight,

Dissolving the texture of earth and the face of  
the living

Out of the infinite breadth of the darkness  
descending,

I heard them speaking:

*With the body of Earth,*

*The body of voice has gone,*

*But the voice remains,*

*And the voice is God*

*Revealed in the darkness,*

Tara Dinkel '60

## INTRANSITIES

When in the hours I stand alone  
Apart from all things firm,  
My mind reverts to misty lakes—  
To wind, and clouds, and rain;  
And know no greater hours than these  
When just I stand alone.

Also in youth I stand apart  
From those who wove the net  
On which I tread the winding years  
To mine own destiny.  
Apart I stand, I say again,  
But I so wish to cleave  
To wisps, and thoughts, and dreams and goals  
Which hang beyond my reach.

Lynn Westmoreland '60

# A Nursery Rhyme For Drunk Children Over Two

*This is the perfect bedtime story for children. If they don't understand, spank them. If they ask questions, slap them.*

There once was a duck  
And a silly old biddy  
Who wandered down a railroad track  
When along came a train, lickety-split  
Toot toot, whooo, whooo, click-clack.  
"I think I hear a choo-choo train,"  
Said the duck to the silly old biddy,  
"And let me tell you what I fear  
That if we don't get the — out of here  
We'll be quite as flat as an hour's old beer,"  
Said the duck to the silly old biddy.

"Wait, o wait, you mutinous mate,  
We musn't abandon the ship,  
We must go down  
Like good shipmates and drown,"  
To the duck said the silly old biddy.  
"You stupid old cluck,"  
Said the mutinous duck,  
"I believe it's brains that you lack;  
This isn't a ship, but a railroad track  
And here comes the train, clickety-clack

With steam in its boilers and smoke in the stack,"  
Said the duck to the silly old biddy.

Then along came the train  
Which hit something solid  
That knocked it from the track.  
And the duck picked it up  
And flew it to town  
And dropped it from the heavens down  
Straight into a bottle of wine  
Spiked with brandy  
And tempered with lime.  
And everyone who went down with the train  
Felt slighty tipsy up in the brain.  
Poor souls, they died, all seventy-nine,  
Drowned in a bottle of vintage wine.  
But do not mourn or pity their lots,  
If any were, then all were sots;  
And then they died not a soul they hated  
For all were thoroughly intoxicated.  
And if the end seems a tad belated,  
It is because I became so elated  
By the story of their strangest of fates,  
A train load of inebriates.

Charles Jernigan '60

## Food Is My Habit

Food is my habit; I shall not but gain.  
It maketh me to eat without ceasing;  
It leadeth me inside bakeries and restaurants.  
It restoreth my weight and leadeth me in the  
paths of the kitchen for the refrigerator's sake.  
Yea, though I bend through the instructions  
for exercises, I will lose no weight,  
For thou art with me. Thy sugars and starches,  
they help me not.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence  
of my hunger. Thou anointest my potatoes  
with gravy; my cup runneth over.  
Surely calories and over-weight will follow me  
all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the  
reducing salon forever.

Mary Radcliffe '61

# DAWN

Dawn came slowly on the river. It was muddy usually and often dirty, but at dawn it was transformed. The trees hung low over the water, and it was difficult for the light to pierce their boughs in some places. The water stood still, silent in the newness of the day. In a few minutes the light had become stronger, but the mist hung low on the river. When she came, she did not disturb the quietness but rather fitted into it, a young girl with a homely face and hair so long it formed a fan behind her as she swam. The river seemed to awaken and become more vibrant with her presence. The water cooled and became greener as if to welcome her; the trees hung lower as if to protect her. The sun danced on the water's surface before her, and she swam after it catching it in her hands. The river and its goddess god-child spoke together in the dawn. She seemed at once to protect it, and it to protect her. She did not stay long, for the sun broke full upon the water and the river lost its life. The girl wrung out her hair on the banking and smiled goodbye to the river until tomorrow. Then she picked up her milk pails and ran through the field over the hill where the cows were waiting in the barn.

Polly Friend '60

# DUSK

Standing beside a river at dusk, I hear no sound save that of the water as it flows smoothly by. During the day, the waters skip and laugh and dance; but just as the sun goes down, an invisible hand subdues their play. The waters run silent and serene.

The surrounding hills have, since early light, been alive with scurrying animals large and small. It is Indian Summer and the busy squirrels have worked all day storing nuts to eat during the winter. Animals and insects have cavorted in one of the last days before all becomes cold and dreary. Here, at dusk, they play no more. All have sought their shelters, and nothing more is heard of them except an occasional rustle as they settle deeply into their refuges. Peace reigns in the forest.

The blue of the sky has changed from the hard, brilliant enamel of daylight to a beautifully translucent pearl, softly glowing with pink and yellow and pale, pale blue. Now the sky begins to darken as the dark wave of night flows over it. The pearl becomes a cold and distant onyx. Slowly the forest comes back to life. Leaves move somberly, pushed by the wandering hand of the inscrutable wind. A few mournful notes are heard. This life is not the happy colorful one of day. It is that of the cruel and savage animals and birds of prey. The river becomes ebony, flowing velvet. I can feel the lure of its siren song made by the current as it flows deep and mysterious.

I have watched the happy brightness go and the dark, sad and compelling night come, but the period of transition-dusk, the time of quiet and fulfillment remains with me, giving my soul, buffeted by day and night, the tranquillity it needs.

Sue Wade '60

# The Doubters

When creation first came in with the light  
of dawning,  
When in the vastnesses was born the earth,  
Space stood hushed and movement was all-  
reverence.

When first there was the life and then the lives,  
Life took the given light, growing in harmony,  
And on the earth life listened in reality,  
Following the pull of the tides, of the sun and  
the winds,  
Following death when death was ordained in the  
cycle,  
And standing to receive the patient rains,  
That moulded the seed and the sun to birth again.

And suddenly, out of time's endless rhythm  
Was a spark, the breath of fire, and there  
Into the midst of union came division,  
A foreign substance's bursting brawling motion,  
Splitting itself into a million factions,  
Grappling the earth and fighting for Earth's  
dominance.

Then, in the truce-times singing and creating  
In creation, Earth was caught in words where  
strength was nothing,  
And motion was sometimes dreams and some-  
times bitterness.

Within the pulse of Earth and her mighty music,  
This erratic motion was a step-child,  
And Earth knew not of the flesh she'd borne  
for heaven,  
But crying in the pain of separation,  
She called through all her forces to the motion,  
Saying:

*Return to me, for joined we are one,  
Your truth and mine reside in the same  
center*

*Listen! and your silence will be knowledge  
For silence is communion, and within you  
Lies a universe whence you came to birth's  
identity*

*The same through which, by earth, your  
self will split once more  
And merge again into universality.*

One word  
Was Heard.

That death that is all-motionless  
Blanketed the mind of motion,  
Till motion, lost in fear of its antithesis,  
Threw up a towering structure of mentality,  
And thinking itself escaped from Earth and her  
endings,

Cried through the spaceless space in proud  
defiance:

*Your death and your life are as nothing,  
For motion is man and man is destiny!  
Here is no finish, no disintegration.  
Earth has been transcended,  
While you stopped to listen, I have found it!  
Far above this figment of a planet.  
Here in a new world motion never ceases.  
Here enlightened mankind lives on in par-  
adise!*

The verdict came and filtered back to space.  
Turning and still turning in her courses,  
Earth passed in and out of the time-bound cycle.  
Through Earth flowed the stream of the world  
without limits

That directed the limited world of sight and  
feeling,

But man was whirling on a different axis,  
And as the earth moves on in comprehension,  
Still and listening under the surface of move-  
ment,

Man in his motion self-perpetuating  
Flees from the judgment of time while tied to  
that judgment,

Searching in vain in the depths of the minds  
understanding

For the shunned knowledge that the earth offers  
in silence.

Tara Dinkel '60

# PROOF

At a secluded beach on the Atlantic Ocean,  
A man stood up and made the motion  
To his friend, who was with him at the secluded  
spot,  
That they go swimming, since the day was hot.  
The other, a philosopher, quickly said,  
"Is there water? Why friend just use your head!  
Is there anything in this world so great,  
Or is there a world, and at any rate  
Why couldn't it be our imagination,  
The sea, the sky, and all creation?  
This whole wide world our minds do rule.  
Look around you! There is nothing, you fool!"  
The other man, who at first just smiled,  
After a while became very riled.  
So he hit the thinker and knocked him cold.  
Then into the ocean his victim was rolled.  
And off to the city this man did tread.  
"My friend won't drown. It's all in his head!"  
*Chuck McDonald '60*

# THE TRAINWRECK

Where'n the devil am I? What is this place?  
It is so dark and quiet. No, the door's opening,  
and I see people. Who are they? What are they  
doing? What is it they are whispering? Oh, this  
place stinks. It smells like a hospital; yes, it *is*  
a hospital. But what am I doing in a hospital?  
Am I hurt? Have I been in a wreck? I must  
remember. At least I remember who I am. I'm  
Paul Jackson, engineer for Atlantic Railroad.  
Yes, that's who I am, but what am I doing here?  
Why do I feel so numb? I must have had a wreck.  
Yes, I remember; I had a terrible wreck. There  
was a car stalled on the tracks; it was my wife's  
car. Why was Ellen stalled on the tracks? She  
had no need to be out that way. I must remem-  
ber what happened that day.

It was just a regular day. I got up early,  
dressed, ate breakfast, and left for work as usual.

But, no, I had forgotten something—my in-  
sulin. Now I remember; I'm a diabetic. I didn't  
bother to go back and get it because I would  
be late for work, but I stopped at a drugstore  
for some. Then I took my morning commuters'  
train to the city. What happened? Did I hit  
Ellen's car? Oh, God, I've killed Ellen. No, I  
didn't hit her. I couldn't. Not my own Ellen.  
I must have run the train off the tracks. Yes,  
that's what I did. All those poor injured people.  
Here comes Ellen. Why is she crying? I must say  
something. I can't; I can't talk. At least I can  
hear. What is she saying? It can't be true. She was  
only trying to stop me so that she could give me  
the insulin that I had forgotten? No, she can't  
be telling the truth. All those injured people.  
Just to give me that damnable insulin.

*Francis McNairy '61*

# The Lumberjack

His stature was tall, broad, and strong as that of the mammoth trees he worked with. His hands, though scarred and calloused by his life's calling, were those of an experienced and dedicated laborer. He was not ashamed of these marks, but wore them as signs of valor and a job well done.

When he walked, it seemed as though he were still in the forest searching for the giant pines and spruces. His eyes never trailed the

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## LOVE

What do we mean when we say love?  
The shining light from up above.  
The straight quick arrows of Cupid's bow,  
To render helpless the toughest foe.

The hand that you held as you crossed the street,  
The hand that kept you clean and neat,  
The hand that you held when you hurt your  
knee,  
And changed your tears to smiles of glee.

The thump of your heart when "he" appears,  
That sometimes last for years,—and years.  
The quarrels that bring many tears,  
Like a billion tiny stinging spears.

Vows spoken in a little church,  
The end to a long struggling search,  
A search for a love that's pure and true,  
And set aside just for you.

Love is anything that brings one joy  
A family cat, or a little boy.  
The shining light from up Above,  
That's what me mean when we say love.

Alice Hubner '61

ground, but darted quickly about seeing all and enjoying what he saw.

It was impossible for him to get out a sentence without accenting it with a wave of his hand or a slip of his fist. When he listened to others speak, which was seldom for he loved to be the center of attention, he would stroke the red stubble on his face, nod his head in complete agreement, and look so wise that it seemed he knew every thought.

His eyes, the color of the sky he worked under, twinkled out at the world from a face darkened by sun and creased by laughter. But, his eyes were the mirror of his life; though they were keen and experienced, deep within could be seen the spiritual light that comes with a close association with God and His creations.

Holly Kowal '61

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## Shadow Song

Deft flows the shadow  
As steals the still evening,  
Shrinking and sliding  
Along its dark course.

Shading and darkening  
Building and rampart;  
Flowing and fleeing,  
Bringing the night.

Softly and slowly,  
Swiftly and surely,  
It springs and it leaps  
Then fades from the sight.

Lunging and cringing,  
Plunging, infringing,  
Swift flows the shadow  
Unfurling in flight.

Charles Jernigan '60

# Leave Us Alone

Leave us alone, ever-curious race! Our souls rested here in cool darkness—peaceful, until our surrounding gloom was pierced by rays of light. We were happy and content with only rats and insects to offer us companionship.

Now we are being invaded! Once more the sound of voices and endless clamor reach our long-silent ears. Does a man dare to enter this sacred place? May curses of all the gods rest upon his head!

What do my eyes behold? It is a living creature, but one so different from myself. He wears

no flowing robe, or ruby rings upon his hands; but a strange manner of dress. A wide-brimmed hat rests upon his head. How the world has changed since I once trod this earth!

Gods! Come to my aid! I see this strange creature advancing towards me with arms outstretched. He speaks! I feel myself being lifted from my resting place of thousands of years—

“Come, Dr. Royster! See, I have found a perfectly preserved mummy. At last the institute will be pleased.”

*Anne Foster '60*



# DESKS

The desk of my youth was shining with newness, and how eager I was to use it. The drawers, which grew quickly in volume but slowly in content, soon began to overflow with fears, friends, memories.

On the desk itself lay all the problems of my life—some petty, some important. To better judge my actions on these, I kept the lamp of love lighted. (The electricity never failed, though

often times the light grew dim and flickered.) My pen was fashioned from attitude, and my inkwell of influences never ran dry.

I sat at the desk idle at times, though fortunately not frequently. Now, I see the desk is worn from wisdom's use and long suffering. The desk must soon be placed in storage, yet the lamp remains forever.

*Barry Cockman '60*

