

Scribbler



1968

Scribbler 1968

The 1968 Scribbler is dedicated to the people, yes, in memory of the late Carl Sandburg.

EDITORIAL

Here it is. Your 1968 Scribbler. You can't imagine how much fun it has been, getting it together for you.

Notice our new look this year. Our patron subscribers, listed in the back, have made our improved cover possible. Having the red print was our own idea. Our third aim, to include more art, has amply fulfilled by our capable art staff.

Again, we have attempted to include selections varied in form, subject, styles, and tone. We are grateful to you for giving us these poems, stories, and essays. With them we could not have created this book for you. Feeling that it is representative of some of the best creative writing of our own Dothan High School students, we take pride in presenting to you this fourth edition of Scribbler.

Margaret Lee

Margaret Lee, Editor

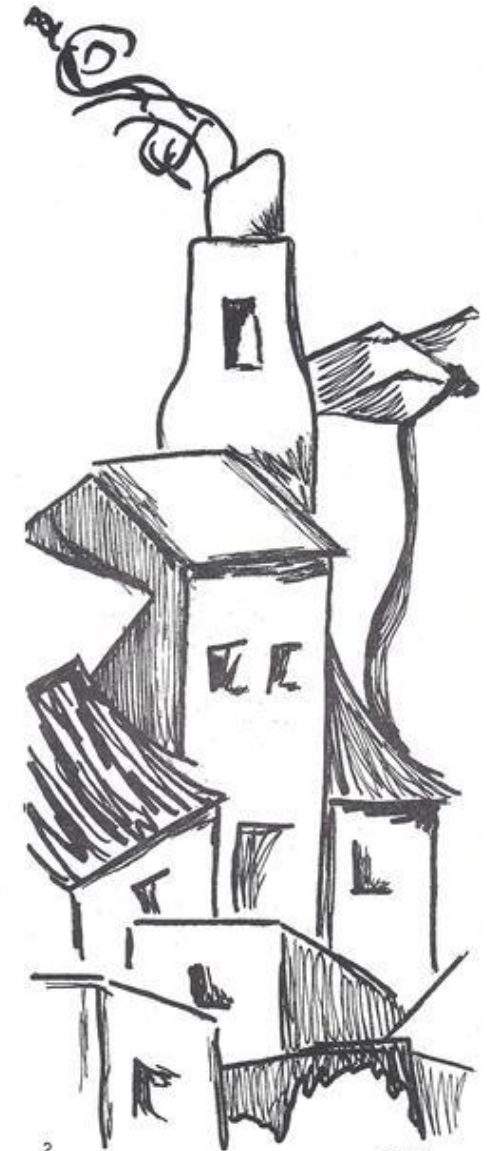
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THE AMERICAN WAY

. . . Bob Hardie

The American Way is one of success;
Our secret is easy to see.
Everything has to be done in excess--
Limitations are perfectly free.

When eating we gulp or chew to a pulp
And strive at our best to get bloated.
Desiring to fast, we starve to the last--
Our skeletons barely skin-coated.

A hobby can be a wonderful thing
When used for relaxation.
But replacing a job, a hobby will bring
Little or no compensation.

The way to have fun is get out in the sun
And darken the skin to a tan.
With the hot sun blazing, results are amazing,
Though cancer was not in the plan.

To travel has been the whim of all men
And wheels proved the perfect solution.
Now our highways are choked with automobiles
Our cities, with air pollution.

Art is not good unless it's confusing.
Music's becoming quite wierd.
Clothing and styles have come to extremities;
Moderation is drastically feared.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the American Way.
Long may our nation thrive.
But if we continue the way we are now,
For what will our grandchildren strive?

ON HOPE

To climb a mountain, to reach a peak, just to find yourself
again with less than nothing.... Darlyne Woodham

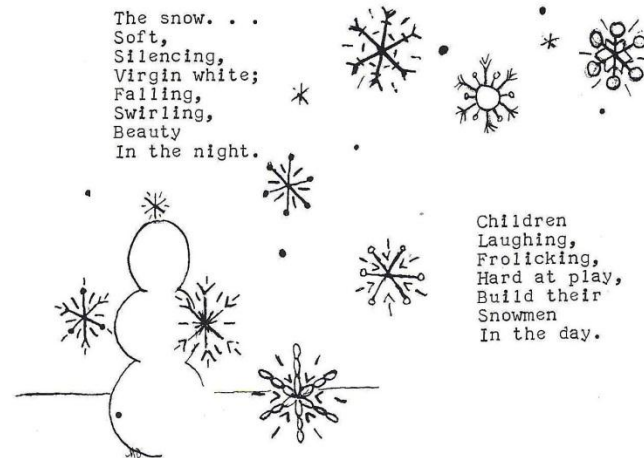
To lose a thought, to fall from the crest:
Ever to spy another existence in hope.... Robert Bruce

Hope is for dreamers who have no dream.... Donna Buie

OF SNOW

. . . Darie Ramsey

The snow. . .
Soft,
Silencing,
Virgin white;
Falling,
Swirling,
Beauty
In the night.



Children
Laughing,
Frolicking,
Hard at play,
Build their
Snowmen
In the day.

TIME

. . . Tommy Daniel

Time, what an elusive spirit of a word you are! At the same moment in eternity you crawl for one person and fly like a dove for another. You encompass all; You exclude none, but some never heed you while you reign absolutely over others. Whether flying or crawling, nothing can match your speed. The pendulum, with its measured swing, either speeds ahead or marks your passing too slowly. Time, what elements compose your substance? Have you any substance? Can you be slowed? Speeded? A puzzle for the ages.

. . . also by tommy daniel

The pages may yellow, the ink may fade,
But the ideas will pass in eternal parade.
Wise words to rest are never laid.

Sun Children
... D. J. Underwood

The waves of heat
Play upon the street
As they beat
The soles of my feet.

The showers come
And softly drum
Upon the sun
Children's home.

The steam rises
And gently hisses
As its mists
Appear in whiteness.

The bearer of showers
Departs, and hours
Later the sun children
Run along the streets again.



SUN OF THE EARLY MORN
... D. J. Underwood

Morning is here. The sun
Sends forth its rays to shear
Earth of its nocturnal
Covering of dyed wool.

The enlightened heavens
Gaze down upon the
Slumbering world of men
Wandering in their dreams.

The darkness of the Night
Vanishes, as do the dreams of men,
In the light
Of the oncoming day.

The slumbering awake,
The sun of the early man
Gazes down upon the earth;
A new day is born.

DAWN
... Patricia Johnson

Until the light
Of dawn came flowing
Brightly o'er the hill,
I knew not
The joy of knowing
The fiction from the real.

BY
KEN

Torture.
Ha, ha!
Hit it.
Smash it.
Crush it.
Twist it.
No defense!
All the better.
There is no hope for it.
Like a butterfly
In the rain.

Pity the firefly, moonstruck flyer-by
Flashing his presence downward below,
Caught in a mason jar, lid tight,
Occasion star,
Fascinates children so.

Money.
Evil thing, treasured thing.
Men all want you.
Men must have you.
Can't do without you.
Die without you.
Kill to have you.
Money.
Evil thing.
Root of crime.
Make some men humble
Make some great.
Make men evil,
Scheming, greedy.
Money, money.
Evil thing.
Men slave to have you.
Steal to have you.
Kill to have you.
Die to have you.
Money.
Evil, treasured thing.

I couldn't imagine why Mrs. Smith asked us to read anyway; I'd much rather have worked on my papier-mache. But the reason was soon revealed as Mrs. Smith pronounced me the loudest reader. So, what, I thought, my mother tells me that most everyday. Mrs. Smith mentioned something about reading at a flag ceremony to be held at the courthouse. And with that everyone was headed for the door to enjoy a warm spring afternoon.

The subject of my reading was not brought up again until the next meeting. Mrs. Smith said that the troop would need four color guards. I asked my friend what that was and she said it was people who helped raise the flag. That was what I wanted to be. I could just picture it: Me in my uniform and white gloves, pulling the cords to send the flag to its home way up in the sky. Mrs. Smith spoiled my vision as she reminded me of my duty--I was to read The American's Creed as the color guards raised the flag.

It was a brisk, sunny morning in March. As we drove to the courthouse, I noticed the flag pole. It seemed funny that I had never noticed it standing there until now.

I soon found myself standing tall by the pole ready for the signal from Mrs. Smith. She nodded her head and I began to read. As the words poured from my mouth, they suddenly began pouring from my heart. For it was then I realized what I was reading--A promise of duty, love, and honor for a country grand as ours. A promise to be held onto in darkest moments. The American's Creed is a proud creed, and as I read, my knees were shaking and my heart was beating with pride.

I closed my book and looked at Mrs. Smith, who awarded me with a smile. But I was awarded in a greater sense that day, I thought, as I looked at "Old Glory," waving free in the wind, for I am a free American.



SHE

. . .Rodney Dennis

She makes the flowers bloom for me
Even on a snowy morn.
She makes the sun shine full and bright
Even in a thunder storm.
She fills my days with happiness
Like no other girl can do,
But if I think of losing her
My every thought turns blue.
She sometimes leaves my side, though,
To flirt with some cute male,
But always she comes back to me.
She's my dog, Wilma Abigale.



MY FIRST DATE

. . .Sydney Adams

My first date -- my very first date!
How shall I act? What shall I wear?
What will I say? What about my hair?
Gosh, I can't believe that I have a date!

My first date -- my very first date!
Is my dress too short? Do I look all right?
I'm getting scared -- where will we go tonight?
He is kinda' cute, but what if he's late?
Gosh, I can't believe that I have a date!

My first date -- my very first date!
Will he ask me again? Gee, I had a ball.
Maybe he'll soon walk me down the hall.
Who knows what's my fate?
Gosh, I can't believe that I had a date!



THE PARADE

Come mother,
Come father,
Take me to the parade.
Let me see the parade.
Let me see the clowns.
Let me see the bright colors.

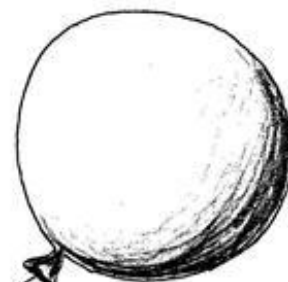
Thank you mother,
Thank you father,
We're going to the parade.
Are we to the parade yet?
When will we be there?
Oh, look at all the people.

Look mother,
Look father,
This is not the parade;
Some little girl's been run over.
Is that really blood?
My, what a bright color.

Oh mother,
Oh father,
Why is that woman crying?
Is that her child?
Oh how pitiful,
Oh how sad.

But mother,
But father,
Let's not forget the parade.
Let's go see the clowns,
Let's go see the bright colors.
Oh, the very happy parade.

. . . Kenneth Griffith



Seeing the need for answers to the many questions that we have concerning the subject -- The Poet, I have written this article in the sincere hope of satisfying our curiosity. Have these thoughts ever entered your mind -- "What is a poet? What stimulates him to write? Is he different from us? What makes him tick?"

What is a poet? The proper definition of this creature, thought of as being a little strange and exotic, is: a person who writes or expresses himself with imaginative power and beauty of thought and language. This most descriptive definition suggests that a poet is a person whom you can easily spot in a crowd, but this is not so! I have just had the experience of interviewing three of Dothan High School's poets: Ken Mauldin, Mike Holmes, and Robert Bruce Wallace. Seeing them, you would think they were just the average Joe Citizen. However, beneath this meek and mild suit of average citizenry lurks the character and personality of a true poet.

Here are their comments on the subjects of their poems:

Ken: I write about tangible things, live things.
 Mike: For example.
 Ken: (pause) Fireflies.
 Bruce: Many of your things that I have read are written from a tangible sense, but may be interpreted intangibly.
 Ken: That really bugs me, the way people interpret them. That poem about the new birth has been interpreted as evolution, self-destruction and the atomic bomb. And it is nothing more than a story poem.
 Bruce: A poem means only what it means to the reader.
 Mike: With me, if the reader doesn't like it, I don't like it.
 Ken: I learned, far too late, that when you write a poem, you can't write it for yourself.
 Bruce: I can write a poem to please myself, but I can't expect the reader always to interpret the same way I do, because people don't think the same.
 Mike: I don't like to write long boring poems, because if I lose interest writing, then I know people lose interest reading.
 Ken: I write about objects and you write about ideas.
 Bruce: I write a lot of bunk.
 Ken: But you write a lot about ideas.
 Bruce: Also my moods and certain people -- for instance, "Caustic Corn Flakes"; that's a three and a half page cut on everybody in the world.
 Mike: My subjects vary. My poem, "Time Traders," is a tangible expression of an intangible idea about a tangible object. It is supposed to create an image of science fiction, but it isn't written as science fiction.

Ken: Did anyone read my control system?
 Bruce: Was that your planned society?
 Ken: Planned to suit me...it wasn't practical, just to suit me. Because I dislike go-getters. Maybe envy is a better word than dislike. What envy can't have envy belittles.

About inspiration:

Ken: What inspires y'all? Depression?
 Bruce: I've stopped writing depressing poems. Instead, when I get in a depressed state, I take full advantage of it by gettin mad -- at myself or at someone else -- and then I vent my emotions by writing -- violent poetry rather than self-pity.
 Ken: I have what I call "writing slumps" -- I can't even produce anything bad. Then other weeks I can just turn them out, 90 miles per hour.
 Mike: There are times when you're asleep, and you reach different levels of dreaming. It's almost like that with writing.
 Ken: One time when I can write poems is when I've made a complete fool of myself, and I'm in such a panic. Then I need an escape route.
 Bruce: How do you write when you're happy? Does it come fairly easily then?
 Ken: It's according to how I feel. If everything is just rosy, I might write a song. But when I'm happy I do not write about objects. I just write about my happy mood.
 Bruce: I'm very seldom happy.
 Mike: When I write a happy poem, it sounds ridiculous.
 Bruce: That's what is wrong with young poets. They feel that they must write on something serious for it to be real poetry. That's not true.

And how they write:

Mike: I really began to write regularly in the ninth grade when Ken and I used to write little poems in study hall. All of it was terrible, but it was a start. When did you start?
 Bruce: I started in an English class. The teacher didn't teach four steps to writing an essay, five to writing a poem -- she just proper writing.
 Mike: I don't follow any recognized forms, but I usually follow a distinct pattern. I vary these patterns with my different ideas, because different ideas need different forms.
 Bruce: I don't believe that there are any set rules for creative writing.

Bruce: Sure, there are guidelines, grammar and subject, but when I began writing, I even disregarded grammar. I recommend this to beginning poets--if, however, they develop grammar as they progress.

Mike: A reader doesn't always interpret a poem the way a writer wants it to be interpreted.

Ken: A poem is not done justice until the author has read it. I try to punctuate carefully --- write out the pauses just as I pause, right down to the split second. When I'm writing, I write down words that I want to add later...in my margin so I won't forget. I'm terrible about forgetting. I always keep a pen and some paper handy.

Mike: Is that why you started using your notebooks to write on?

Ken: Yeah. Last year I couldn't write on anything but yellow paper. It was a stimulus, I guess. I tore the backs off my old notebooks, but it was unhandy. Now I can write on any kind of paper.

A SCHOOL ROOM

. . .Tommy Daniel

The walls are a dull, weary-looking beige; the floor an even wearier, darker shade of the same color. The chairs sit in somewhat drunken rows that weave, and their worn writing surfaces stare blankly at the drab ceiling. The battered oaken desk, struggling to retain its dwindling air of majesty, faces the rows and bears its eternal burden of books, dingy blotters, wire clips for bundles of paper, and pencils. This weary load is arranged in such an order as to convey the feeling that the materials were placed with order and efficiency in mind. The sunbleached shades are doing their best to spare the sleepy room the pain of the bright afternoon sunlight, but through their numerous ragged apertures stream shafts of a golden-orange fluid in which swim myriads filaments of dust; now appearing, now gone. Here in these humble surroundings spacious caverns are filled with the thin sand of knowledge, and pliant young minds are molded

Theme on a Few Billion Years

Was there e'er a sight so awesome
Or an eyeful of such consequence
As the parade of the years?
Can there be a creature so ferocious,
Yet so gnarly minute,
As the spectacle of a minute?
Will we face another foe, so deceptive,
Like a spy in the night,
As the passing of a second?

Time remains.

Eternal.

Unconquerable.

Only by God and H.G. Wells
Can time be halted.
Stopped.
Ponder the effect if man,
Hopelessly weak man,
Could thrust up a hand and,
Just like that,
End Eternity!

A hush as loud as a thousand brass bands
would issue forth.
An ecstatic feeling of non-movement
Echoing silently throughout the universe.
Only the timeless Jehovah would go on
To reign over a world of tin soldiers
and frozen machines.

Shall it be?
Nay! Not in this age or the next.

Time will stand the beating
Of man without the slightest wound.

Shall God,
In all of His limitless, inexhaustible power,
Let His sand run out?
To what end other than the Human Finish?
Can God stop God?
It would be suicide,
For God...is...Time.

. . .Robert Bruce



THE NEW BIRTH . . . Ken Mauldin

Pure destruction unceasing
Upon the world
Was God with His Splendor
And Wrath unfurled.
He blasted the earth with
Celestial fire; black as night.
Was rose and bitter
Till, at last, through powers
Divine,
He obliterated all mankind.
But from that simple un-
Yielding grace was
Earth a charred and
Desolate place.

And lo! A lotus bud arose
From the scorched lake bed
And heavenly pink petals spread
Upon His command,
Revealing the tiny figure of....
A Man.

Cinquain

The cinquain is an unusual verse form consisting of five lines with a series of syllables in a two, four, six, eight, two pattern.

Come, Sun,
Bring the Morning
In your gold entourage.
Ephemeral you are, but come
again.

. . .Mike Holmes

Ring bell!
I'm withered now
My body has slackened;
My mind hasn't room to fill all.
Too young.

. . .Debbie Fleming

Old books
Speak to young hearts:
"Come leave your foul flowers.
Is not life's fragrance too stuffy
for man?"

. . .Marcia Driggers

Zoom, zoom.
Annie on road --
Motor Annie, that is.
Motor Annie is a tough chick.
Look out.

. . .Charles Causey

Water,
Flowing swiftly,
Wildly storming the rocks--
Crunching, churning, crashing, burning,
Laughing.

. . .Dru Flowers

TRUTH

. . .Tommy Daniel

Man in his search for Truth sails the Ocean of Falsehoods. His channel is marked by buoys of incidents in his past experienced. His vessel is his own mind, his own soul. His vessel is tossed high on seas of traumatic obscurities. One of the great puzzles of mankind will be solved when the vessel of mind, like the seaworthy Argo finally sails through the dark waters and captures the golden fleece of Truth.

Time traders...

...wend their way among the shoals of the rock-bound nether coasts.
Stopping at their ports of call ---
Immunity, eternally their boasts.
Eventually, inevitably, the time traders trade with all.

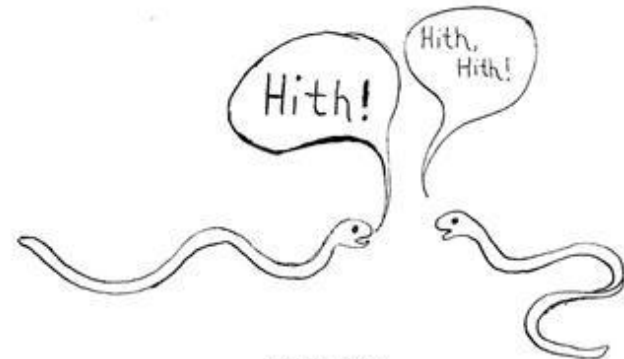
...place their mark upon the souls of the sum of mortal men,
Marking them eternally, disregarding good or sin,
The traders come and men are marked, however, indiscernably.

...take the souls of mortal men to join their trade in finite time,
To trade in canned infinity ---
The only never-chastised crime.
Time, souls, and traders --- another eternal trinity.

. . .Mike Holmes

There onth with a thsnake named Thuthie. Thuthie had a lithp. When thhe thpoke all the people would laugh and thare. Thith made the thsnake tho thad. Thee thlithered off to be thsnakehole and thobbed herthelf to thleep. While thhe wath thbleeping another thsnake thlithered up and thaid, "Hith, Hith." Thith awoke Thuthie and thhe thaid, "What did you thay?" "Hith, Hith," thaid the other thsnake. Thith thurprithed Thuthie and thhe repeated, "what did you thay?" "Hith, Hith," thaid the other thsnake. Thuddenly the little thsnake realithed that thsnakes were not thsupposed to thpeak, but to thay, "Hith, Hith." Thhe knew no one would laugh when thhe hithed and thhe wath th happy thhe thipped out to thout "Hithes" to the whole world and wath thmuthed by a thspeeding thteamroller ath thhe crothed the thtwest.

. . .Mike Holmes



Dog's Days

. . . Wayne Adkinson

Lying in the grass, on a summer's day,
Talking to the ant bed, passing time away.
Lying in the backyard, underneath the trees,
Everything was lonely; suddenly I sneezed.



Caustic Corn Flakes

Ah, vapid world, speak your phlegmatic mood;
Whippoorwill, breathe your plaintive melody;
Deathwatch, tick to my timely fall.
I will endure your pricks ---
I will listen, for my name is not
Progress.

Son of a gun! It's the water theologian, back again.
Aren't you black and blue from our last encounter?
Oh, I see; you persist:

Love is dead?
Life is dead?
God is dead?

You are dead, solemn man.

Oh, the shotgun man, the shotgun man, as you
Consecrate enscription,
Deny affiliation,
Place your hand in other's hand, in
Debonaire debenture.

You're an air mechanic.
And your friend, the galvanic medusa,
With her lips of smoldering lettuce
And her measured strokes of cancer
And her anti-connubial medallions.
She cannot see my mecca.

Zounds! With lightning-like accuracy, here they come:
Fantastic Ferny and his Frugal Fuddie-Duddies!
Quite astounding! Quite absurd!
Nevertheless, the company breaks through to enforce
a surcha: e on conventionality.

"Sound the retreat!" Benny Bugler is told,
As he trumpets a tune for all ages but old;
Wounds are exchanged, then they all go inside
To their littered apartments to cower with pride.
Drugs are the bane of pigs.

Hear you talkin':

"Land O Goshen runs for another term,"
while Basemen lies, stunned, in your institute of
correction.

You say you are a growing dwarf.

Today is the birthday of soul.
Upon each rung of Zebedee's ladder
You feel yourself ascend,
Dazzled by illumined gladiators of love,
Tempered with peachy sun speckles on
some close faraway glen,
Or splashing through wafts, waves, and waddling humanity.
Living all?

You hypocrites! Man tastes like a spoiled guava.
What mean you, forty-watt Philomel?
Hush, or I'll unplug you.
Hear me, all you Quack Quakers, led by a
pyromantal Cupid, who tire and
constrict my soul ---

Leave me with my blues.

. . .Robert Bruce

A SOLILOQUY FROM THE PSYCHIC

. . .Mabel Martin

Sunlight flickers across the room.
Shadows dance along the floor.
The colors of the room merge and vibrate
with the intensity of a winter night.
The noises of the outside world appear--
as though the Hand of God had engraved
them in the air.

Time ebbs and flows, leaving no clues as to
it's origin and destiny--
Even as I float--
Waiting and watching
Laughing and crying
Eating and sleeping and wondering,
Wondering--what is it all about?

EPITAPH FOR MABEL

. . .Angie Maxwell

Mabel wasn't beautiful.
She was overweight and under-graced.
Yet, I loved Mabel's nose.
Mabel never knew.

Once Mabel was forced to enter a school beauty contest.
I knew Mabel didn't want to.
In fact, I often saw her crying about it.
Her family made her do it.
I hate her family for that.

Mabel was the talk of the school when they learned of her entry.
I laughed even louder than the rest.
We would make wolf whistles at her in the hall.
Yes, we made Mabel suffer.
It angered us to think she would consider herself good enough to enter.
Yet, we all knew in our hearts that she was the victim of an ignorantly proud family.

When Mabel and her ugly body walked upon the stage, the audience doubled up with laughter.
She winced and continued to awkwardly carry herself down the never ending ramp.
The next time she appeared she attempted to do a soft shoe dance.
We didn't laugh quite as hard, although her lack of talent was clearly visible.
Mabel answered her question terribly, mumbling and making little sense.
No one laughed.
I thought I saw some girls around me even sniffle.

Of course, Mabel didn't win.
With head high she left the stage.
As I was leaving I saw her family waiting for her at the exit with red, angry faces.
They never saw her alive again.
I never saw her alive again.
She had gone directly to the ladies' room backstage and slashed her wrists.
I wish that I had told her that her nose was beautiful.
Oh God, how I wish I had!



Mike
SOLLIE
ORIEW THIS



LIGHT OF PROVIDENCE

Bob Hardie

"Take care of yourself out on that rock, boy," Nate Parker called to young Ben Woodruff from the steps of the general store. "Better get along; now so you'll make it to the pass before the tide turns."

Ben detected the look of concern that showed through the whiskers on Nate Parker's face. "I'll be alright, Mr. Parker. Pappy'll be back from Newport tomorrow afternoon." With one last wave of his hand, Ben turned and began walking down the dusty street to the waterfront. He carried a wooden crate containing a week's supply of groceries and various household necessities that he had purchased at Parker's Store. Ben's father was the operator of a lighthouse on a small, uninhabited island off Cape Hatteras. His mother had died when Ben was a baby, leaving Daniel Woodruff to raise the boy on the secluded island.

That morning Daniel had taken the train to Newport where he was to pick up a new fog bell for the lighthouse. For the first time in his life Ben was to spend the night by himself at the lighthouse. His father had been away on previous occasions, but there had always been a man from Beaufort who had come to stay with Ben. Ben was sixteen now and old enough to learn how to take care of things by himself.

Ben reached the end of the dirt road and followed a narrow, sandy path down the beach. His skiff, the Barnacle, was moored to the pilings of a delapidated old dock that protruded only a few

feet into the shallow water of the bay. It was a warm and sunny day, unusually so for the North Carolina coast, and Ben did not mind wading out to the Barnacle. He carefully placed the crate of provisions in the bow and covered it with an old oilskin. After untying the bow and stern lines from the old dock, he pushed the Barnacle out until it was in deeper water and hopped in over the gunwale. Ben slid the centerboard into its slot and ran the sail up the mast. After securing the downhaul to the mast cleat he tightened the sheet until the wind billowed the canvas and the little craft surged seaward. Ben settled himself against the stern and steered toward the pass three miles away.

It was a good day for sailing. A steady breeze was blowing across Bogue Sound from the southwest and the afternoon sun glistened on the blue water. Ben saw the distant white triangle of another sailboat making its way toward Gloucester, a little fishing village on the mainland. He leaned his head back to watch a lone gull soaring high over the water. Suddenly the bird folded its wings and plummeted down, down, until it struck the water in a shower of white spray. The gull floundered in the water for a moment before emerging with its prize, a silvery, wriggling minnow. With the waves lapping at her bow and water boiling from beneath her keel, the Barnacle deliberately cut her course across the bay.

About 4:30 Ben spotted the dim outline of Harkers Island a mile or so away and the lighthouse was a half mile beyond that. However, the wind had died and the Barnacle was making poor time. Occasionally the sail flapped loosely as the skiff rolled with the gentle undulations of the water. Ben swung the Barnacle onto a southerly tack to take full advantage of what little breeze there was and adjusted the sheet for sailing before the wind. During this calm the sun had been veiled by a hazy layer of clouds and the water had turned a dull gray hue. When the wind finally returned, it no longer blew from the southwest but from the southeast. Ben changed his course again by tacking almost directly into the wind. He hauled the sheet until the boom was almost parallel with the keel, and once again the water boiled in the Barnacle's wake.

Because of his concern over the change in wind direction, Ben had not noticed the sound of breaking waves coming from the pass. Now he heard them. This was not the familiar, steady sound of surf breaking on a shore but was unlike anything that Ben had ever heard. The thing to which he listened now was like a slow, deliberate pounding on a drum of tremendous size. The booms that were coming from it were spaced as evenly as seconds.

A sickening fear swept over Ben as he realized what was causing this rhythmic pounding. This was the dreaded ground sea or haul-over that occurs only at certain times of the year during a change in tides. The tide had reached its ebb during the afternoon and had started to rise again. The huge waves of the ground sea were caused by the change in current when the waters of the Atlantic began to flow back into Bogue Sound through the narrow pass.

The sight of the haul-over was shocking. To Ben, sailing toward it in the dim light of late afternoon, it changed in appearance with the same rhythm as the drum beats. For moments it would be just a faint, glimmering line across the dark, smooth water. Then, before the sound started, a great wall of white would rise

up silently--twenty or thirty feet high. As the wall fell, the boom would roll across the water, a sound so deep and solid that it shook every inch of the Barnacle's hull. After the boom had rolled away, the white water would gradually subside until all was silent and another wall began to form.

Ben had to make a decision. There was no more than an hour of daylight left and it was his responsibility to light the huge gas lamp in the lighthouse tower. Failure to do so would endanger any ship sailing near the treacherous shoals of the cape. However, to reach the lighthouse meant sailing the Barnacle through the monstrous waves of the haul-over as well as the half mile of open ocean beyond the pass. Ben's hand gripped the tiller until his knuckles turned white. The horrible stories his father had told him about boats being dashed to pieces by the merciless ground seas flashed through his mind. He thought of the safety of Beaufort Harbor from which he had sailed only a few hours earlier. He also thought of the mere thirteen feet of the Barnacle and the thirty foot waves rolling through the pass. One thought kept recurring to him, however--his responsibility at the lighthouse. In his mind he saw a huge vessel meeting its brutal fate on the jagged rocks of the cape because there was no light to warn the trusting crewmen. The decision was made. He was going to run the pass, ground sea or no ground sea!

Ben tightened the sheet and the Barnacle crept toward the channel of the pass. As each of the enormous waves struck the mouth of the pass and exploded, a flood of white, foamy water swept against the small craft as it rushed into the bay. The boat would rise high and then fall back as it was caught by the backwash pouring toward the next making wave. Ben knew that his only chance would be to slip through the channel in the few seconds' lull between the waves. This would require a perfectly timed approach.

Moments after beginning his first approach, Ben realized his timing was off. Frantically he whirled the Barnacle around to run from the advancing wave. The wall of water curved and fell right behind the Barnacle, engulfing the skiff in a cloud of spray and throwing her sideways and backward. When the foaming water finally subsided, Ben found himself soaked to the skin and sitting still in several inches of water that had been swept into the Barnacle.

I took Ben a while to gather his wits for a second assault on the waves, but this time he was determined to make it. He waited until the wind freshened and then steered for the channel again. Fortunately, the extra weight of the water in the boat gave her more stability to plow through the current. The Barnacle broke through the high wall of foam right on top of the channel. Ben could see the next wave humping its back in defiance as it moved in on him. At that moment the Barnacle seemed to lose heart. The rudder got mushy and the sail seemed to collapse. Ben gripped the gunwale as the wave picked up the boat and continued to rise. Finally the wave reached its peak and the Barnacle just hung there at the very top of the wave. Farther across the pass Ben could see the curling edge begin to fall. Suddenly, as if frightened by the impending disaster, the Barnacle caught a gust of wind and slid down the back of the formidabel monster. As the boat slipped into the trough, the deafening roar of cascading water was shut out, as if by a door. The Barnacle rose

once again, caught the wind, and glided into open water. Ben heaved a long sigh of relief as he listened to the pounding of the drum, now behind him, grow weaker and weaker.

It was almost dark now, but Ben could see the dim shadow of the lighthouse against the sky and he made a new beat in that direction. With the peril of the ground sea behind him, Ben began to feel the stiffness in his legs and the cramp in his hand from gripping the smooth rope of the sheet. He ran his hand through his matted blonde hair and thought how nice it would be to put on warm, dry clothes when he got to the island. He listened to the agitated beating of his heart . . . but wait! That sound was not his heart! Ben listened again to the rhythmic throbbing. No, that was something far away. The sound could only be . . . it could only be the sound of a ship's engines. When Ben glanced toward the lighthouse, he was horrified to see the yellow eyes of an approaching ship no more than a quarter of a mile beyond the island. From its size, Ben knew it had to be a freighter, probably bound for Beaufort. He shuddered at the thought of what would happen if the ship wasn't warned of the jagged rocks guarding the channel to Bogue Sound. The lighthouse had to be reached in time to alter the ship's course.

The next three minutes were torture to Ben. The Barnacle seemed to crawl through the water as if she were loaded with ballast. Never had the island been so close, yet so inaccessible. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity to Ben, the little skiff nosed onto the narrow pebble beach behind the southern jetty. Not even pausing to lower the sail, Ben leapt onto the beach and scampered madly up the steep, black rocks. Once he slipped on a patch of damp moss and bruised his shin, but there was no time to stop and soothe the pain. Upon reaching the heavy iron door at the base of the light tower, he threw open the storm latch and jerked savagely at the rusty handle. The creaking door momentarily drowned out the intensifying pulse of the ship's engines.

The inside of the tower was dark as pitch but Ben knew every step of the spiraling stairway by heart. In spite of his stiff, aching legs, he reached the lamp room in a matter of seconds. Falling to his knees, he probed blindly in the storage cabinet until he found the box of matches. He threw open the glass kick cover and then opened the gas valve with his left hand while he struck the match on the rough floor with his right hand. He held the match close to the gas outlet but the flame sputtered and went out. In his excitement he had opened the gas valve too far and struck a second match. This time the flame flickered for a moment and then the whole room seemed to burst into light as the gas ignited. Ben slammed the cover down and whirled around in time to see the whole ship illuminated by the great light.

White water boiled from beneath her stern as the engines were jammed into reverse. The bow of the ship began to swing in a tight circle away from the greedy rocks. As the freighter steamed by only yards from the fringe of the island, Ben sank to the floor and cradled his head in his trembling arms. He did not see the awestruck face of the sailor in the pilot house who stared at the island in disbelief. Neither did he see the large white letters painted on the ship's stern--PROVIDENCE.

PAST REKINDLED OR THOUGHTS IN FLAMES

I gaze into the hypnotic flames....

Red...orange...yellow...red...
Into the fire my mind fled.

What are the thoughts hidden there?
Thoughts the flames cannot bear.

Thoughts I dreamed of long ago.
Too young then to really know.

Why do they confront me here?
With nothing left to see or fear.

When I was young, I let them go.
Thinking they had time to grow.

And funny though it seems to me,
Those thoughts were what I was to be.

I turn my head from the flames.

. . .Charles Stephenson

THE PERFORMERS . . .Alexa Bozeman

Spotlight on a lonely stage.
Orchestra playing page after page.


One by one they slowly go,
Those little ones who make a big show.

Stiff little actors in fancy dress,
Creating an aura of restlessness.

As they look out into the Great-Face Sea,
Melting rubber fills the knee.

An open mouth; uttered phrases,
But staring back, only blank faces.


Everything seems such a loss,
Then suddenly, Applause!



Secluded from the outside
World, insular little haven
Sleeps, works, eats,
Carrying on as a mountain-
Side community, or in a desert,
All have immunity,
Suffering long and silently,
Hidden behind a veil
From most mankind,
Hidden from the world--
Left behind,
The monastery prays.

THREE
MORE
BY
KEN...

Sunrise to sunset
More than an eternity.
There will be tomorrow,
With its own characteristics
But not without reflections of the Past.
They will fade but in a thousand years.



Milkweed, milkweed,
Obstinate Milkweed.
You're not allowed in my garden
I've cut you down a thousand times--
---You're a marigold? Oh -- Beg your pardon.

HAIKU



The haiku of Japanese origin is a brief poetic form dealing with the simple things of nature and of mankind. It is written in a three-line stanza with five, seven, five syllables respectively. (Variations may occur)

A lone little girl
Searches for someone to love.
She looks -- no one's there.

. . .Tommie Crawford

The sands shift uneasily,
Upon the roar of the East wind,
As the sky blackens.

. . .Debbie Fleming

Words, like wisps of ashes, float
About in wandering from the furnace,
Crumble cold or burst in flames.

. . .Mike Holmes

Gusts of wind and sand
Pull my hair and sting my skin,
A mischievous friend.

. . .Peggy Carnes

Neon towers touch the sky
Like unmoving glowing whiplashes,
Where the eagles once were kings.

. . .Mike Holmes

Clouds gathering high,
While the thirsty earth awaits
The refreshing rain.

. . .Darie Ramsey

A tentative chord,
A faltering melody,
A symphony born.

. . .Theresa Dauphin

Hungry Gorilla,
Do you not like bananas?
They are nutritious.

. . .Steve Taylor

Little red caboose
Wandering down the long track--
Not caring where it goes.

. . .Brenda McGowan

L'Aevum Malheureux*

As life o'er all man's highlights shade,
As heaven-handled hum'n obeyed
The long-impressed crimethink stayed,
As god of plastic dryly flayed
Blasphemous letters, sounds of jade,
Speech of dreamers, paints that fade,
As all that matters man has made,
I'll trade my mind for poison.

The flacid, fleshy flounder fleers
Contingent flurrries culture steers
To strike a blow for nature's tears
And covet closely classist peers;
Rebellion bravely tumbles, clear
Of vict'ry, smacked with dreams of Lear,
The Great Sanhedran bellows, cheers;
He is not dead but weeping.

A time or twice one might surmise,
All abstract mem'ries circumcise
The filthy, friendless carrion flies
That seek, denude, and vandalize,
Unsex, deride, and penalize;
But if we think, if Love implies,
Fiends gas us, fire, etherealize;
Regress ad infinitum.

So now from twilight's meek dissent
To turn, to face without lament
Sweet resignation, ornament
of Kickshaw's death's impediment;
We watch with placid eyes, content,
As Fez Fiasco's mind is bent
Back to the ranks through freedom's vent ---
The hatch is shut forever.

. . . Robert Bruce

* "The Unhappy Age"

Paraphrase: "L'Aevum Malheureux"

"L'Aevum Malheureux" is the prophecy of the universal decline and fall of human values and virtues, inspired by George Orwell's 1984. Each line must be read and studied thoroughly before an understanding of the poem can be reached, for each phrase is an allusion to some personage or idea taking part in some phase of the regression of man. To aid the reader in grasping the meaning of this poetic warning, I have paraphrased the four stanzas as follows:

As the life of this age covers and conceals the accomplishments of God-gifted Man; as Homo sapiens cease to think other thought patterns than those of his government; as Society destroys all creativity in literature, music, free speech, and the visual arts; as all that is meaningful to a man is his daily bread --- I shall swiftly crawl to the ledge of a ten-floor building, execute a perfect one-and-a-half, and contribute my flesh to the ravenous appetite of the grass. If, however, there is opposition to the fat man in the swivel-chair pushing the buttons, annihilating any unforeseen Learian¹ assault on his regime of plastic,² I will mingle my tears with the tears of God as we hear the victory cry of the Establishment.

One might hope that memories of the old virtues and values would sever the bonds connecting the proletariat and the ruthless vandals of Life. But this hope must be abandoned, for if a man dares to reason for himself he will be summarily sought out, painfully put to sleep, and instantly vaporized. The people's apathetic acceptance of forced conformity, which signifies and assists in the elimination of life's pleasures, will be made complete, and all memory of a former era will be locked behind iron doors.

¹Learian: possessing an unshakable faith in an obviously hopeless cause; refers to Shakespeare's King Lear.

²plastic: having false values; hypocritical.

. . . Robert Bruce

THE EMPTY CUP

. . .D. J. Underwood

The empty cup stands,
Waiting for the sands
To fill its empty
Volume with humanity;

The boundary of its sides
Waiting to decide
The form and extent
Of its occupant.

Grain by grain the cup fills
With sand until
Its hull
Is full.

The filled cup awaits
For the hands of Fate
To remove the sand within
And to fill it once again.

A PESSIMISM

. . .Mike Holmes

The shadows of sorrow
lean on the morrow;
and the runist of time
completes his rhyme;
the fates, in spite of deed or word
shall sever still their fatal cord--
time is soon over;
but it will recover--
even though we will not.

Oh the cool, green grass
and the crawly things--
when the world is through,
I only regret that you are, too.

SUBURBIA PERTURBIA

. . .Mike Holmes

Innocent nymph
of the forest,
How do you fit
in the plan?
Where your forest
was
Will altars be
And you sacrificed
to man?

CLOUDS

. . .D. J. Underwood

White clouds,
Black clouds;
Light clouds,
Dark clouds;
Forming crowds,
Forming shrouds;
Bringing rain,
Bringing snow.

Clouds - Hope,
Clouds - Doom;
Clouds - a white throne.
Clouds - leading home.

Clouds - gathering;
Clouds - vanishing.

. . .Dean Weatherford

I watched a droplet from the rain
Go running down a dusty pane;
I saw it push the dust away,
And others followed all the day.

THE HARBOR

. . .Mike Taylor

I stand here overlooking the world,
So wide, so big, so close, and
Yet so far away. Everything looks
so still, but the busy harbor
down the way.



I FEAR THE SIN OF A SHALLOW LOVE

. . .Donna Compton

Shallow love lay hard
Upon his brow
In brightest invitation.
And at his ephmeral beauty the singing trees
stood aside,
And it came to pass
That he smiled on me.
And bubbles of laughter fell from his eyes,
And crystallized over me as a caul.
I sought to find one flaw in all that beauty,
One crevice in which to breathe the song of
eternal love.
But my fingers stuck out and slid away.
For this was an ivory icon.
Cast only once -----
Even so I ran into the darkness,
And where we walked was no light save for the
glowing
Of his glistening self.

MAN in the Wind

William E. Taylor

Although, like many other brilliant contemporary poets, William E. Taylor has of yet in no measure attained the recognition he deserves, his works have found their way into the major "little magazines" of the country and have appeared in several newspapers, including The New York Herald Tribune. A part of his works has been published in two volumes. One of them, a play, is entitled Colonel Phillips; the other, a collection of poetry published in 1960 --- Man in the Wind.

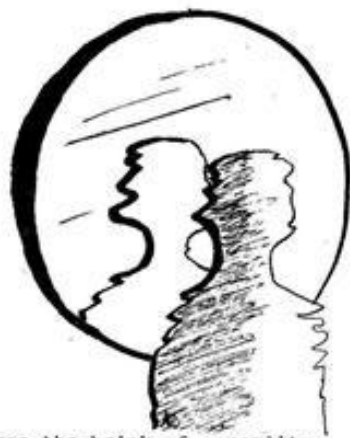
Dr. Taylor is a most convincing poet. His poems become more than just words on a page; each one evolves into an indelible experience for the reader. Most are marked with the sage's tone of "I told you so" pessimism. A pilgrim, after searching far and wide for beauty, truth, and grace, is shocked to discover in himself a realistic mirror image of these virtues. The forlorn lover is mimicked as he exclaims over his lifeless devotee, "But even so, I know she is fair." In "Poem for Somebody I Don't Know" Taylor offers (and this is particularly applicable to students) the reader very little in the institution known as life but concludes with an invitation --- "If you like, you may attend."

Not all of Taylor's poems end on a sour note of mockery. One poem is tinged with sympathy for the "losers" of the world, symbolized by a certain spider who, being trapped inside a clock, is prevented from spinning a web by the sweeping hands of time. In "The Dead Duck" he yearns to replace the mature insistence in trite, irrelevant details with the more logical childlike quality of sincerity of purpose.

Man in the Wind is worthy of the attention of anyone who enjoys stimulation of the mind and awakening of the soul. The message in these poems may not always be obvious, and the reader must delve into deeper levels of meaning (I do not use the word symbol), but Man in the Wind has something to say. It is as if William E. Taylor had this in mind when he beckoned:

"I shall lay a snare for you
And you will slip your dainty foot
And I shall tangle in your tinsel hair."

. . . Robert Bruce



Slipping over the brink of unreality
 Would maybe lessen the agony of false pride;
 But no, making believe can not substitute for living;
 Time spent in self-deception wasted. . .
 Wasted, when all it would have taken was simple honesty,
 Honesty, and the admission
 That I am not.

. . . Carol Downs

GIANTS ARE . . . Beverly Nicholas

The tiny shrub in the redwood forest
 is surrounded by the giants.
 Paying homage to those greats,
 it kneels both day and night.

It never knows the warmth of sun,
 the freedom of the skies.
 Never seeing prisms light,
 it knows eternal shade.

But when those stately trees are felled
 by a sudden quirk of fate,
 Standing alone the shrub becomes
 a giant in its own respect.



THE SITTER a short story . . . Pam Bevis

"I'll be home at 9:00, Timmy," his mother said as she went out the door. "Be sure to stay in the house. Lock the door, and don't let anyone in, no matter what." She kissed him and left.

Timmy was eight years old now and his mother had left him with his sister, who was in her room doing her homework. He resented having a babysitter, at his age. He was big now and he didn't like being called Timmy. That's a name for kids.

He sat down in front of the T.V. had blown the tube. Well, now he would have to find something to do. He kept thinking about his name and how much he would like to be Tim instead. "Well," he thought, "maybe I can do something about it."

He went back to his siter's room to tell her that he was just as big as she was, and that he could take care of himself. As he walked into her room without knocking she turned around and looked at him. "Go take your bath, Timmy, you're filthy!"

After his bath, he went to his room to feed his turtle. There he noticed the knife his father had given him for his birthday. He sat on the bed playing with it when he had an idea. If his sister wouldn't listen to him he would just have to make her listen. He thought it wouldn't do any harm in practicing before he did the real thing. "Alright, Susan, I'm gonna start running things around here. Do you hear--?"

"Timmy! What are you doing? Put that knife down and keep it quiet. I'm trying to study." She was now standing in his door.

"Is there anything I could get you sis?"

"Yea, would you fix me a coke? I'm busy and you don't have a thing to do."

As he was getting out the ice for her coke, his mother came in.

"Oh, I see you're getting your sister a coke," she said. "How's it been going, Timmy?"

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