

FOX FIRE



✱ The Day Star fell like a little bird

The Cover:

From **Bear Hunt**, a prose poem illustrated with twenty-four linoleum engravings inspired by Indian art of the Eastern United States - by W. Stanton Forbes, Copyright 1958, Rabun Gap, Ga. Used with the permission of the artist as "Foxfire's" cover.

FOXFIRE

Spring 1967

Volume One

Second Printing

Number One

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Foxfire is published at the Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School, Rabun Gap, Georgia, 30568. Copies may be ordered from the English Department at this address for the price of fifty cents each. Subscription information may be found on the inside back cover of this issue. Make checks payable to "Foxfire." No portion of this publication may be reproduced in any form without the express consent of the Editor, with the exception of brief excerpts for review purposes.

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The birth of a new magazine. Nothing to get too excited about. It happens every day. A gets the idea. B spends hours thinking of a name. C writes letters and hits the road seeking material. D begs for money. E finds a printer and a price. F finds an artist or two. G finds some typists... and as the thing gets rolling and material and money miraculously appears, the idea changes shape - takes shape - more people are drawn in, and suddenly, six months later, you find yourself going to press. Some said it couldn't be done. Some said it could. Somehow, it was. Nothing to get too excited about; and yet, looking back...

Anyway, we got an idea and here are the results. They aren't what we visualized last October. We knew they wouldn't be. That's good. What we have here is more than we set out to have.

The magazine has three sections. The first of these is devoted to the Rabun County area because we believe that this region is filled with material worth preserving. Marguerite Steedman was largely to blame for this. Last November she said, "You know, the beauty into which you were born is often the beauty you never see. Go dig the gemstone out of your own hill. Make your students curious, then proud of their homes, or they'll be homeless wherever they go. And remember that what's no news to you may be big news to someone else. The most popular authors have been most successful when writing about the things they know best." She got us excited about this section. I think it shows.

The second section contains, and is reserved for, the work of authors and poets already published nationally. We hoped that they would remember their own beginnings, and their own battles to be recognized, and not be too proud to provide us with examples to follow - pieces we could aspire to in our own work. They didn't let us down. We have been inspired by their willingness to help, and by the work they sent, and this was all we had hoped for.

The third section is the province of new writers of all ages. Mostly it is students - not completely. We wanted material from this region and from schools outside this region, and we got it.

So where do we go from here? Another idea is taking shape, and it's for you, the reader, to bring to fruition. Respond. And if the response is hearty enough - if you like us well enough - we will promise you more. Naturally, we want to go on. Whether we do or not is for you to say. A small magazine with small beginnings. It happens every day. But lots of people have gotten excited about us so far. We hope it stays that way.

B. Eliot Wigginton



A Letter To FOXFIRE:

When I walk in the woods, the trees that I notice most are the great strong trees. Some of their trunks are two feet thick, and I have to turn my head to see all the branches. Looking at the great trees, I wonder how the smaller trees live. How do they get enough sunlight and rainwater to grow? How do they survive this competition with the giants?

The answer must be that the little tree simply doesn't bother about them. It just does what it must do. It just grows. It just makes itself. And that act of creation is more magnificent than all the giant trees in any forest. Look what fools we are, I say to myself. It's not the giants that make things; it's the little trees. Foolish people all dream about being great instead of producing. We think about being grown when the important thing is growing.

Wisdom is not in the wise question, but in the asking. The poet understands this because he creates. He is a poet because he understands that this act of bringing into being has all the beauty and the value. The giants? Yes, they're very nice, thank you, but the doing has all the importance.

A little magazine does not seem like a very important thing when it's finished, and I guess it isn't. But making things--making poems, making stories, reading things and making them alive--creating whatever it is that we must, is most important. And the unimportant people who make this little magazine, whoever they are, are doing the most important thing in the world.

Howard T. Senzel

Mr. Senzel is currently with the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., and is also working temporarily with the Executive Office of the President in the Bureau of the Budget. He is thinking seriously of attending the London School of Economics in the Fall. His most recent article, "Smack Into Human Nature", was published in the Autumn 1966 issue of "The American Scholar." He has been generous enough to send us this note of good wishes.

In this section:

All of the material in this section was collected by students of the Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School. Their names and grades are as follows:

Eighth

Perry Barrett

Ninth

Bobby Bass

Kenneth Daily

Bill Enloe

Tommy Green

Charles Henslee

Gayle Long

Twelfth

Bill Selph

Tenth

Ellen Armstrong

Judy Brown

Tommy Chastain

Pat Coleman

Jean Fountain

Sue Henslee

Danny Keener

Carolyn Kell

Lizzie Ledford

Dorothy Moore

Charles Pennington

Roslyn Rogers

Freddy Webb

Note:

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the subjects of these interviews in particular for allowing us to intrude into their privacy.

In some cases we have worked with them for hours using everything from ball point pens to tape recorders to get their stories.

We both apologize to those who now shudder when they see us approach, and hope that the final results of their particular ordeals as they appear in final form will encourage others to be willing - even enthusiastic - about undergoing the same torture!

The Editors



The Clayton Bank Robbery of 1936

An Interview With Sheriff Luther Rickman, Retired
As Told To Perry Barrett, Bobby Bass, Bill Selph

Luther Rickman was born in Dillard on March 20, 1889, raised in Dillard, and still lives here today. His grandfather settled here shortly after the Civil War, and it was for Jesse H. Rickman that Rickman's Creek was named. Luther still owns part of his grandfather's original property.

While still a boy, Luther Rickman helped grade the land and haul the foundation stones, driving mules to a slip pan, for the first building of this Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School. He attended school here on the first day it opened its doors.

He can remember wanting to be sheriff from the time he was ten years old. At that time he saw the old sheriff chase and arrest a man, and that night he went home and said "Mamma, quick as I'm old enough I'm going to be sheriff." Her advice to him at that time was to start making friends now, for he would need lots of them to get elected to a job like that. He must have followed her advice, for at the age of twenty-two on the first day of 1913, he found himself on duty as a deputy. Four years later, the first day of 1917 and the first day of Prohibition, he was made High Sheriff, a position he held for twenty-four years in Rabun County.

Having heard that he had a fine story about a bank robbery that he might agree to tell us, we went to visit him, tape recorder in hand, one evening in early March. This is the story he told, and we reproduce it here in his own words.

"On August 26, 1936, I was gettin' a haircut in Roy Mize's barber shop and heard a gun fire. I ran out the door, and as I hit the sidewalk Sanford Dixon hollered, 'Sheriff Rickman! The bank's bein' robbed! They have just gone out of town in a black Ford.' When that happened, I ran into the front of the bank, and Mr. T.A. Duckett, cashier, was comin' in at the back of the bank.

"Miss. Druilla Blakely was the only person in the bank when the robbers came in. 'Hand over the cash, Miss. Druilla' was what they said to her; 'Hand over the cash.' Just one man, and he had the gun on her, and when he called for the money she screamed and run out at the back of the bank like a bullet - just went a'flyin'.

"She ran into the back of Dover and Green's Drug Store and screamed, 'Doctor Dover, the bank's bein' robbed!' Doctor Dover walked out at the front door, and as he hit the sidewalk, one of the robbers with a small machine gun said, 'Big boy, git back in thar', and shot down near his feet. Doctor Dover said he felt of himself to see if he'd been shot! Now listen. When that gun fired, that disturbed the man that was a'gettin' the money, and he only got 1,830 and some dollars and ran out the door and jumped in the automobile - and left.

"From that. Fred Derrick ran into the bank and said to me, 'Sheriff Rickman, we'll get some guns and amminition' and ran to Reeves Hardware and began to jerk down guns and amminition, and from that I deputized two men and jumped in a little old Ford and started south in the direction the robbers had went. And a man hollered at me, said, 'Sheriff Rickman, nails in the road!' Well, there was four cars off the road with their tires punctured. They was tarpaper nails, the kind with the big heads, and so about half of 'em was standin' up. One of the robbers had ordered fifty pounds of them from Greenville, Tennessee. They had the back glass out of the car and was sittin' with their backs to the front of the car. They strode them out as they went, and careful - did'ya' ever see Santa Claus sittin' up here in town a'throwin' out candy? Like that. And just on one side.

"I took to the wrong side of the road and dodged the nails, and when I did, the nails lasted from Clayton to Tiger, Georgia. A little below Tiger. They made 'em last until where they turned off on the Eastman Road.

"I went on from Tiger to Cornelia, Georgia; and when I got in Cornelia, I got a message that this car had turned on the Eastman Road. Now where the Eastman Road empties into the Wolf Creek Road they was some county men a'workin' - scrapin' it was what they was a'doin'. And they had got their road machine balanced on a rock and was blockin' the road. Well, the robbers came a'flyin' up Wolf Creek and met that road machine and hollered at these two men to move that thing! And one of the county employees said, 'Don't be in too big a hurry.' And about that time one of the robbers stuck a machine gun out the window and told him, says, 'Move it!' And the boys both said, 'Yes sir, we'll get it off as quick as we can!' And did. And they went on.

"I got back from Cornelia and traced that car on the Eastman Road to Wolf Creek Road through the Bennie Gap to the Warwoman Road, and from there east to Pine Mountain, turned north and went to Highlands, and from there over into Transylvania

County, North Carolina into a sawmill camp where these robbers had a hide out. From there the robbers spent the night, and they never divided their money until they got into the hide-out. One of the robbers told me later that there they divided this money equally between five.

"The next morning they left out early in a brown Ford that they had left there on the way to do the robbery. And that night they had a wreck in Old Fort, North Carolina, and wrecked this brown Ford. Well, a man drove past where they was wrecked and saw a man standin' in the road with his face bleeding; and the gentleman that was driving the car asked if there was anything he could do for him, and the man told him, 'Yes, get me to a hospital.' At that instant, one of the robbers came up with a machine gun and told him to get back up that road. And walked him and his boy at least two-hundred yards up the road and told them to keep going. Then they all got in this high-powered car and lit out. Well, they went six or eight miles and had a blow out. So they put on the spare and went on and by George, had another blowout. So they abandoned it and I found it on a old mountain road.

"From that, I went from there to Spruce Pine, North Carolina and got some information. When I got this information, I began to trace the robbers. But first, from Old Fort, I called Charlotte, North Carolina and found out who this brown Ford's tag was issued to. Where this car was wrecked there was machine gun shells; there was some 32 cartridge shells to high-powered steel jacket gun and rifle shells, and seems like some bedding. From that, I learned who this car belonged to - whose name the car tag was issued in. When that happened, I went to where this car had been traded to the Ford people and found that Zade Sprinkle had bought this automobile, and from that I went into Greenville, Tennessee and got close on the robbers but didn't catch'em. They separated there, I was told later by one of the robbers.

"When some of the robbers went on in the direction of Virginia, Zade Sprinkle stayed in Johnson City, Tennessee for a night or two and then came back in the direction of Ashville and wrecked his automobile - ran into a telephone pole. The sheriff's office at Marion, North Carolina arrested Zade and called me and told me that they had Zade Sprinkle, the man I had told them to look out for and had gave the description of buying this Ford car.

"When that happened, I went to the sheriff at Marion, North Carolina and I took two witnesses with me - the same two men that had the road machine stalled. I told the men that

for them not to say that he was the man or he wasn't when they brought him down out of the jail, but if he was the man to just look at me and wink. And they both did that and I walked up and shook hands with Zade Sprinkle. When I did I told him, I said, 'Zade, I came to discuss our bank robbery.'

"He said, 'Sheriff Rickman, I've not been feelin' good and I'd rather not discuss it.' I said, 'Sheriff, carry him back up and lock him up and I'll just stay over until tomorrow and talk with Zade.' Well, when I done that, he started back and got back near the elevator and says, 'I have had some experience with Sheriff Rickman before, and I'm a'gonna' tell you the truth. I want'a talk to you and Sheriff Rickman alone. And we went into the back of the jail and he upped and told me about all of the men except one he said he didn't know - a man by the name of Slim - and that they divided the money at this camp where they spent the night over in Transylvania County. And from there they had warrents for him for takin' that car from the gentleman from Charlotte when they wrecked at Old Fort, North Carolina. And he served his term sentence, and then I went and got him and brought him back to Rabun County. He was tried and sentenced there in our Superior Court and sent to the penitentiary. He was sent sometime in the August term of court - I don't remember the date he went - and had a heart attacked - two severe heart attacks - and was pardoned by the Governor of Georgia. All the other men was caught except Slim."

Curious about something we had heard him say earlier, we then asked Sheriff Rickman if he would mind telling us what the previous experience was that he had had with Zade Sprinkle:

"I had reason to serve papers on him two years earlier. I heard he was hidin' at Jabe's Roadhouse, so I went and asked Jabe if he was there, and Jabe said, 'Yes, Sheriff Rickman, in the second room at the head of the steps on the left.

"I walked up and knocked on the door, and Zade said 'Who's there?' I said 'Sheriff Rickman; open the door, Zade,' and he jumped up in his sock feet and opened the door and made this statement: 'One telephone call too many.' And I said to him, 'Zade, where's your pistol?' And he said 'Under my pillow,' and that's what made me be in sympathy with him. He might have made me a'done somethin' that I wouldn't have wanted to do under any consideration. And he might'a got me first; you can't tell.

"And when that happened, he asked me, 'Sheriff Rickman, are y'gointa' put me in jail?' I said, 'No, not necessarily,

Zade, If I can get a hold'a the sheriff at Ashville I'll not putcha' in jail at all.'

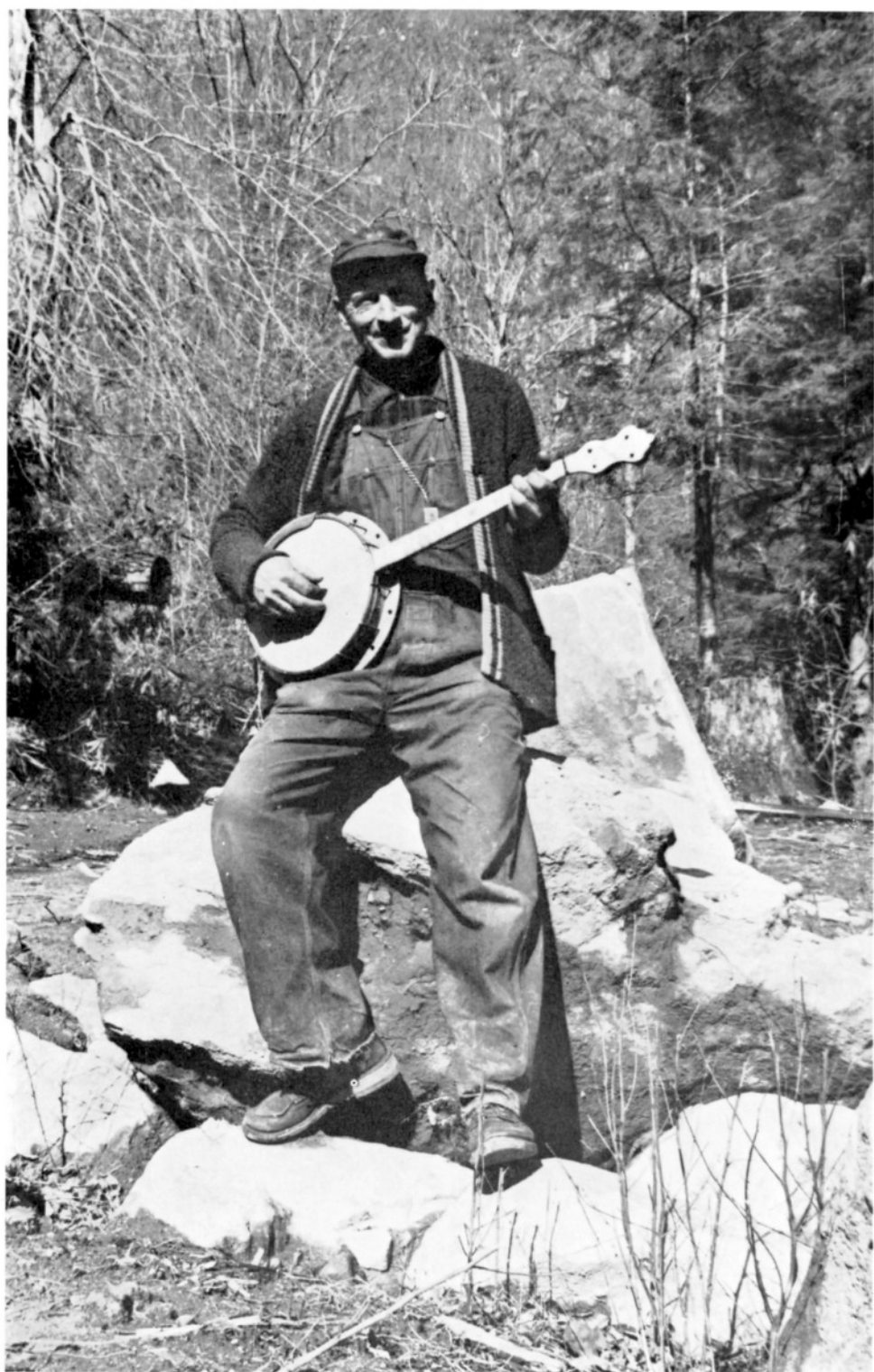
"Zade and myself came down in the office, called the sheriff from Cannon's Camp, and in less than two hours he drove up in his automobile with a bloodhound and two deputies and came in and shook hands with Zade, and told one of his men to go back and get those credentials.

"Whenever he came in, he had handcuffs and leg irons, and I told him, I said, 'Don't put them leg irons on Zade. He's been nice to me, and here's his pistol. I got it from under his pillow.'

"When that happened, the sheriff said this to me: that I didn't know him as he did; and I told him rather than to see Zade have the leg irons put on, that I would drive him to Ashville myself. And the sheriff didn't put the leg irons on him. And he got there with him too."

* * *







An Interview With Daniel Manous
As Told To Four Rabun Gap Students

Daniel Manous is a loner. For the last two years he has lived on the flank of Picken's Nose in an abandoned, discarded Merita bread truck in the back of which he has placed a wood stove and a bed. His job is to watch over a fish hatchery fed by the purest waters of Betty's Creek.

The job is a lonely one - high on the side of the mountain in a spot accessible only by foot or rugged automobile - and it gives a man plenty of time to think. Dan has two volumes of poetry with him in his truck, one by Burns and the other by Tennyson. He has read them both. The rest of his free time is spent hiking, hunting, or playing his banjo.

There follow several stories which he told these reporters during a recent visit to his campsite on the mountain.

"My great-grandfather was a Yankee who moved to the South before the War Between the States. He lived in these mountains, and when the war broke out, the Southerners tried to force him to fight on their side. He didn't want to, though, and said, 'Don't force me to fire a gun against my family and friends.' But they wouldn't listen saying that he lived in the South and so he would have to fight for the South. Not long after that, he was recruited into the army.

"Not long after that, he deserted and headed for home. He was soon captured, and as punishment was hung up by his toes. When they were finished punishing him, they took him back to the army.

"He deserted a second time. This time he hid out in the mountains hunting for his food and dodging the searching parties. When they caught him the second time, they hung him up again, this time by his thumbs. Then they returned him to his outfit once again with the warning that the penalty for deserting a third time was death.

"By now, it was near the end of the war. My great-grandfather found himself near the front and in a very bad situation. They would certainly have to face the enemy very shortly. So he said to his companions, 'Boys, if we stay here we're gonna be killed, and if we desert we'll be killed too. There's only one way out and that's to surrender to the Yankees as prisoners of war.' And that's just what they did. They crossed over the mountains and surrendered to the Yankees, and that's the way my great-grandfather saved his life and the lives of his comrades, and saved himself having to fire a single shot. The men called him "Captain" Hedden after that, and someone even wrote a book about him. I don't have it here, but I've seen it."

Fascinated, and now reluctant to leave, we pressed him to keep talking. We had heard, for example, that the woods in which we were sitting were full of both rattlesnakes and wild pigs. Did he have any stories about those? He settled back and began to talk again.

"You're right. The woods around here are full of both those animals. One of the big sports around here is rattlesnake hunting. The men get together and wade into dens up here on Picken's Nose. They carry hickory sticks that are limber and try to pop the snakes behind their heads. That breaks their necks and kills them. Sometimes they come back with fifteen or twenty set of rattles.

"Once there was this preacher on Cullowhee Mountain who had a rattlesnake on the pulpit in a box. Some preachers in these mountains, you know, hold snakes and things to prove their faith. Well, he had this snake on his pulpit. Said if the Lord ever told him that it was alright to hold it, he'd have it handy. Well, one day he was preaching away and got to feeling good and he reached right in that box in front of the crowd and grabbed that snake and pulled it out and it didn't make a sound. Tame as could be. He held it for awhile and then put it back and didn't get bit at all.

"Later, all the people wanted him to do it again. He didn't much want to, but they kept at it, and finally he reached it to get it again and it bit him. He lived, but just. When he was well he said that the first time he had done what the Lord wanted him to do, and the next time he had done what the people wanted him to do, and that was what made the difference.

"There's lots of boar up here too. All over these hills. One came down one night right to the camp and attacked my dog. They'll do that if the dog barks and makes them mad. I used to gather jensen roots up here and sell them in town for eighteen dollars a pound. Made about a hundred dollars at it last summer. One day I was out and saw pig tracks so I followed. Not far from there I caught sight of him, took my gun, and shot. He fell, and I started over to him and just as I got almost there he jumped up and ran around behind a big clump of underbrush. I thought he'd just keep on going and come out the other side of the clump so I just waited. Nothing happened. I waited a little longer, then took a step, and suddenly this head rares up from behind the bushes. 'There you are,' and I took another shot. Got him too.

"So I went around behind the bushes and there he lay. But when I walked up closer I noticed something funny. There was another trail of blood leading from behind the clump farther up the mountain. That worried me a little, so I started to follow the blood, and I hadn't got far when I saw that first pig laying there with his head facing me about two-hundred yards

up hill. So I walked up real easy, and just as I was almost there he jumps up and charges right at me. I just managed to dodge out of his way in time and turn around to see him stop and head at me again. But this time I was ready. I had my gun up, and when he was right on me I fired and I got him that time. He lay still. So there I was with two pigs for the price of one."

Now it was getting late, and so we got up to go. "Come back and visit me any time you get to feeling like it," he said, and as we headed down the mountain we were sure we would be back again very soon.



Stills

An Interview With an Anonymous Rabun Countyite
As Told To Ellen Armstrong

Stills, often thought of as relics from the past, are still found from time to time in the present. In fact, a deer hunter in these mountains is often as apt to run across a still as the deer he is hunting.

One Rabun Countyite, for example, not too long ago, noticed two fishermen fishing the same spot day after day. At first it appeared that they were having unusually good luck. In a few days, however, the wind shifted bringing a strong, pungent odor on the breeze. Suspicion grew that the fishermen were not so interested in catching fish as they were in watching their still.

In a few days, the fishermen were gone, so the observer decided to investigate to see if his suspicions were true. Sure enough; just a few feet off shore concealed under the cover of the trees and bushes, were the remains of a recently operated still. There were pieces of metal in the trees, sacks of corn mash, gallon Coke jugs, a beat-up car radiator, and a few yards of rubber hose. It appeared that the whole mess had been blown up - whether by accident, by the rever-
uers, or by the operators themselves, he didn't know.

So every hunter in the woods, and every fisherman by the lake isn't always a Nature lover. He may be watching his still.



Superstitions

If you hang a black snake in the branch of a tree, it will rain in three days.

If you bury your hair when you cut it, you will never have a headache, but if you burn it, a headache will soon follow.

You will have bad luck if you turn a chair around on one leg. It will bring a hole into the house.

A blister on your tongue means that you told a lie.

If a person looks at the moon over his left shoulder, and he has silver in his pocket, he will have good luck.

If a bird pecks on the window near you, you will have bad luck.

Bubbles in coffee mean money.

If you start to go somewhere, do not go back to where you started from or you will have bad luck.

Do not watch anyone go out of your sight. It is bad luck.

If you go in the house through one door, you must go out through the same door.

Never retrace your steps.

If you go to bed singing, you will get up crying.

If you cut out a window somewhere in the house and replace it with a door, someone in your family will die soon after.

It is bad luck to sweep trash out the door.

Never sweep after dark.

Never sweep twice in the same place.

Never step over a broom.

You'll never get married if someone sweeps under your feet.

If you sweep your trash out the door on New Year's Day, you will sweep your luck away.

To keep witches away, put a broom under your doorstep.

It is bad luck to start something and let someone else finish it.

Never bring a hoe into the house.

Eating all the food placed before you brings good weather.

It is bad luck to sneeze at the table on Sunday morning.

If a person won't take a bath, it means that one of his folks died by drowning and he's afraid of water.

It is bad luck for a baby to look in the mirror before he is a year old.

It is bad luck to leave a rocking chair rocking after you get up.

Put a pullybone over the door, and the first boy that walks in will be your husband.

Whatever you do on New Year's Eve is what you will be doing for the rest of the year.

If you trim your hair in the new moon, it will get thick.

A baby will be like the first person who carries it across water.

If you drop a dishrag, someone is going to come to visit that is dirtier than you are.

If a man is the first one to come into your house on New Year's, your chickens will be roosters; but if a woman is the first, your chickens will be pullets.

Itching foot - you are walking on strange ground.

Itching hand - you are shaking hands with a stranger.

Itching eye - you will be made mad or pleasant.

Itching ear - someone is talking about you.

Itching nose - someone is coming to see you.

It is bad luck to crawl through a window.

A fly in the house in the winter means good luck.

If you kill a toad, your cow will go dry.

Expressions

"Run like a scolded dog."

"So sour it'll make a pig squeal."

"Straight as a stick."

"Mad as a puffed toad."

"Crooked as a dog's hind leg."

"As ugly as a mud fence."

"Sure as thunder."

"Tough as white leather."

"I can go to town on your lip."

"Mean as a striped snake."

"Dry as a powder house."

"Yellow as a pumpkin."

"Sore as a risin'!"

"As green as a gourd."

"Took off like Snider's pup."

"Moonshine strong enough to make a rabbit sit up and spit in a bulldog's face."

"So strong it would make a pig squeal."

"As ugly as homemade sin."

"A whistling woman and a crowing hen always come to some bad end."

"Big as a cow."

Remedies

For colds and flu:

Hot lemonade before going to bed.
Bone Set Tea or Lady Slipper Tea.
Goose grease salve.
Lamb's Tongue and whiskey.
Whiskey and honey.
Red pepper tea.
Onions roasted in ashes (good for babies).

For arthritis and rheumatism:

Carry a raw potato in the pocket to prevent it.
Powdered rhubarb dissolved in white whiskey.
A magnet draws it out of the body.

For sore throat:

Honey.
Tie a dirty sock around the neck.
Gargle with kerosene oil.
Swab the throat with iodine.

For burns:

If the person has never seen his father, he can cure
it by blowing on it.
Lard and flour.
Sloan's salve and Japanese Oil and petroleum jelly.

For cuts:

Camphor, sugar, and turpentine.
Kerosene oil.
Apply to the weapon instead of the wound.

For skin infections:

Itch - gunpowder and sulphur.
Hives - ground ivy.
Poison oak and ivy - boil Loblilly, add sweet milk.
Exzema - boil apple vinegar and percume root.
Itch - sulfur and lard.

For headache:

A poultice of horse radish leaves.
Camphor and white whiskey rubbed on the head.

For brain disease:

Use walnuts - the kernel resembles the brain, and the shell resembles the skull.

For fever:

Tie a bag containing the sufferer's nail parings to a live eel. He will carry the fever away.

For nose bleed:

Put cold cloths on the neck and forehead.

Place a nickel directly under the nose between the upper lip and the gum and press tight.

For insomnia:

Lady Slipper Tea.

Catnip Tea.

To stop bleeding:

Use chimney soot. Also lamp oil and turpentine.

For rheumatism:

Let rattle root, jensen, red coon root, wild cherry bark, and Golden Seal root sit in one gallon of white whiskey.

For heartburn:

Fox Glove (digitalis).

For head lice: (cooties)

Shingle hair close and use kerosene.

For chenchies or bed bugs:

Burn sulfur in a closed house.

For upset stomach:

Boil or chew Yellow Root. (also for the polegran).

For bee stings:

Mud or tobacco juice will stop the itching, pain.

For croup:

Groundhog oil.

For cracks on your hands:

Rub pine resin in them.

For nerves:

Spice Wood Tea and Sasafrass Tea.

For hay fever and asthma:

Smoke strong tobacco until you choke.

Put a dry stick under the doorstep and when you reach that height you will be cured.

Drill a hole in a Black Oak tree just above the head of the victim, and put a lock of his hair in the hole. When he passes that spot in height, he will be cured.

For worms:

Take garlic.

Jerusalem Oak seeds boiled in molasses and sulfur.

Jerusalem Oak seed boiled with sugar added.

For earache:

Persimmon sap.

Black Walnut juice poured in the ear.

Fried onion juice poured in the ear.

For sweaty feet:

Boil dried Chestnut leaves until you have an ooze.

This is applied to the feet.

For toothache:

Hold whiskey on the tooth.

For freckles:

Buttermilk and lemon juice mixed together and put on the freckles will remove them.

For measles:

Spicewood tea will make them break out.

Sassafrass tea.

Sheep waste tea.

For disentary:

Blackberry juice.

Inner part of White Oak bark (tannic acid).

Burned whiskey.

Inner part of Persimmon limbs.

For warts, risings, boils, etc.:

Wash hands in stump water and don't look back. (warts).

Steal a dish cloth and put it under the doorstep. (").

Steal your neighbor's dish rag and throw it away and never think of it for at least two weeks. (warts)

Eat sulfur and honey mixed to cure corns and risings.

Salt meat on the spot to bring a boil to a head.

Boil down the juice of Banagilis buds for sores.

Nature Talks To Us

When the hornet builds its nest near the ground, it is going to be a bad winter. The same is true if the smoke from the chimney settles to the ground, if the corn has a heavy shuck, if the hair on the mules is thick, and if the hair on the dogs is thick.

Signs of rain include: a cow lying down in the middle of the day, a chicken picking at its feathers, a treefrog sounding, and a cat licking its hair the wrong way.

An early Easter means an early spring, and a late Easter means a late spring.

For every foggy morning in August, there will be a snowy day during the winter.

When you hear the first katydid, it is three months until cold weather comes.

If it rains the first Sunday in a new month, it will rain two more Sundays in that month. If the first Sunday is pretty, two other Sundays will be pretty also.

If there is a ring around the moon, and there is a star in the ring, bad weather is coming. If the ring contains no star, there is no bad weather in the near future.

If the first snow stays on the ground three days, another snow will come to top it.

Plant corn when you see the first catbird.

Plant beans during Court Week.

Kill a hog on the wrong of the moon and the meat will spoil.

Plant beans when the signs are in the knees, and they will grow better.

Put corn cobs under tomatoes to make them prosper.

A good hair tonic is sap from the wild grapevine gathered during the spring.

Hog Hunt

An Interview With Grover Bradley
As Told To Gayle Long

It was a cold day in the middle of winter, and we needed some fresh meat. That day Jim Hopper and Bead Norton came over and we decided to go hog hunting.

We got up in Cold Springs Gap and we ran across two great big ones. We ran them down in a big hole. Jim put Brad and I on a log up above them to make sure they didn't get out while he went for his gun. Soon Jim came back down the hollow there with his gun on his shoulder. Bead started to go down and help Jim, and Jim hollered, "Look out, Norton. The darn thing'll eat you up!" We finally got them out and it was time to dress them.

Since we didn't have any hot water that we could scald them in, we started heating rocks. We dug a big hole and put water in the hole, and then built a big fire and heated the rocks until they were red hot. Then we put them in the water to heat it.

We finally got them scalded and all the hairs off and cut them up and headed for home. It took two trips to get all the meat there, but we sure had fresh pork for a while.

* * *



*Bringin' in the Bacon
Mountain Style*

A Profile of Barnard Dillard

By Charles Pennington

The drug store in Dillard has everything. Forget the dim light, the battered exterior, the fading paint, and concentrate instead on the shelves. They are laden with everything from flashbulbs to razor blades, shampoo to potato chips, hair brushes to harmonicas, crayons to compacts, and watch bands to paperbacks. The store has everything including medicine, and it has Barnard Dillard.

The first time I met him I was young, and I thought how much he looked like my image of Santa. He was just standing there behind the soda fountain, but wearing the grin that no one else around here can best. He was short, stout, and his eyes sparkled with life. His face was creased, and the large glasses that sat on his nose looked all out of place on him. The pipe in his mouth smoked like an engine on a train. I always thought of him as a friend, and each day after I got out of grammar school, I went over and sat on the bench in front of his store and talked with him.

Years have passed, and he has grown older, but his eyes have never lost their sparkle, or his face its grin. He goes to every ball game the Rabun Gap School has and is one of its most loyal supporters. When he was younger and just starting out as a pharmacist he was not very well known in the county, but now he is one of its most familiar figures. It is only right that someone write about the old days and the part he played in them. This is his story:

Mr. Dillard was born in 1900 at the old home place of the Dillards in Dillard, Georgia. The farm house he was born in is one of the oldest in the valley dating back to the 1850's. Each generation of the family has added to the house, but some of the original pieces of oak still remain in place as studs and joists.

He was one of a family of ten of which only three sisters and two brothers survive. His father made a living as a farmer, and as was usual in those days, the children had to help with the chores. His chores were to spread manure, milk the seven or eight cows, and cut and stack hay at gathering time. The main crops were corn, hay, oats, and alfalfa, but they also raised produce. He remembers well the time when the only food supplies his parents had to buy were coffee and sugar. All else was home-produced.

He attended a grammar school about one mile from home, and when he finished there, he went on to Piedmont Academy for both his high school training and his college degree. After living at home for three or four years, he went to the Strupy School of Pharmacy for his license as a pharmacist. He served his three year apprenticeship under Homer Deal in Dillard, and then went to work for him. He stayed near home to watch after his parents, and he has been here ever since.

The years which followed his schooling were full ones. He married in 1933 and was the father of two sons, Malcolm and Joe. He bought out Homer Deal's store in 1955 to go into business for himself, and in 1960 when the new road came through, moved to his present location. All this time he also operated a small farm - a farm which he still runs.

Barnard Dillard is always good company, but he is at his best when talking about the things he knows and knew best - like farming, schools (he even taught once for a short time), running a business, and the way things used to be around here. When he first started out, for example, druggists mixed drugs and made compound drugs. About all they had to work with was sulfa and penicillin, and he didn't even have sulfa at the very beginning. Most of the millions of kinds of medications now are pre-mixed.

One of the strangest drugs he put together was one for Doctor Nevell. The ingredients of it are still a secret, but Dr. Nevell had a cure for "milk sick", a sickness gotten from the milk of cows that had eaten certain grasses that grew in dark coves. Some of these grasses were poisonous, and when the cows ate the plants, the poison went into their milk. Soon after the milk was consumed, the person would begin to regurgitate, and would finally die.

Barnard also remembers well the day when it used to take a full half day to go the seven mile distance from here to Clayton by horse and buggy. One could almost walk it faster, he muses. Now the distance is driven by car in less than ten minutes. It also took a full day to haul freight up to Highalnds, and another full day to get back down. Now we drive it in a fraction of that time. He could make it to Mountain City in fifteen minutes at one time, but then he had a big Belgian mare that could "really pull that thing along."

The conversation then turned to farming. I learned, for example, that cotton is not grown in this area because the season is too short. Uplands are planted before bottomlands because it takes warm soil to get a crop started right, and the uplands are mostly red clay which warms up faster than the bottomlands which are black soil that can't be planted much before the first week of May.

Farming is a hard way to make a living. Working land is demanding, expensive, and a gamble. If a farmer raises hay, for example, and pays twelve dollars an acre for fertilizer and thirty-five cents a bale to get it cut and tied, it only leaves him about thirteen cents a bale profit when he sells it. On that alone, it would be a long winter. He feels there is no profit in corn, either. Including the extra labor involved, it is easy to come out in the hole. And farmers now sometimes get trapped into buying machines that their crops will not pay for. One can put more money into his farm than he can get out.

He remembers wistfully the days when all farming was done by horse. The horse-drawn machinery was cheaper, and a man could work a fair sized farm with only three horses. His family had Belgians and Clydsdales, and he remembers one Belgian in particular. She was a tremendous horse, weighing about 1700 pounds, but so skilled that she could plow short rows, turn around at the end, and not take out a single stalk. "That was farming," he exclaims. "Those were the days I liked. They were good days."

Good days indeed, and because of Barnard Dillard, and others like him, those days are still here for us to share, if only for a while.

* * *





In this section:

Mr. Ammons' poetry has appeared in such publications as *The Hudson Review*, *The Nation* (for which he was at one time poetry editor), *The New York Times*, *Poetry*, and *The Partisan Review*. *Ommateum*, his first book, was published in 1955, and was followed by *Expressions of Sea Level* in 1964, *Corsons Inlet* in 1965, and *Tape for the Turn of the Year* in 1965. He is currently an instructor in English at Cornell University.

Of this poem he says, "It's a little difficult at first how obsession siezes the energy of the mind so that the mind cannot organize a means of breaking free."

Mr. Giles is an instructor of photography at the University of Rochester in Rochester, New York.

Mr. Hamilton has been published in *Epoch*, *The Trojan Horse*, *Image*, and *Dialogue*. A book length collection of his work is scheduled to appear late this year.

Mr. Hewitt is currently a Gilman Fellow in creative writing at Johns Hopkins University and working for his Masters Degree. In 1966, he was a winner of the American Academy of Poets Prize, and he has been published in *Epoch*, *Epos*, *Poetry Northwest*, and others. He is the owner of The Kumquat Press in Montclair, New Jersey.

Miss. Steedman, a lifelong resident of Atlanta, Georgia, was for many years on the staff of the *Atlanta Journal*. She has been published in periodicals all over the South, and her most recent novel, *Refuge in Avalon*, was published in 1962. She is currently polishing an article on the Charleston Tea Party of 1774 which she hopes to have published in the June issue of the *Georgia Review*.

Of this poem she says, "It is founded on a real experience I had as a child, with a girl who became almost an idiot after a bad attack of scarlet fever...I can remember how her teachers scolded her for inattention, not realizing what had happened. The kids picked up the prejudice, and her walks home were nightmares. They also picked on her on the schoolyard, and I remember once leaping between them and her, picking up a brick and telling them just to come on - one at a time! There were no takers. Brick in hand - brickbat, anyhow, for I wasn't more than ten! - I marched that child home until the end of the school year."



Essay

William Giles

Lots of people; lots of yak. It feels good, but don't let your ego think it's a substitute for work. You gotta do IT. The ultimate and I'm sure the most holy form of theory is ACTION. Introspection finds mud - the beginning of close to everything - but with action, it finds its own way through the complexities of what the mind thinks. So the struggle begins to make a small part of you less full of junk - just a small hunk that you can work on with skill, care, and patience. Love is a fighting word - that struggles with the mud to bring Spirit to the surface - to make visible the invisible.

A return to appearances, with camera, with senses - with an "eye" to see - see beyond and to return - all in a circular flash of recognition beyond logic and matter. Modern physics is having a love affair with itself to find out what was known 3000 years ago, structure is illusion. The full circle and back to the mud.

God cannot be saved unless we save ourselves through struggle, through ACTION, despite uncertainty, trust - to confront the abyss - the great void which is ourselves - mud.

And so to struggle. And through it we find other strugglers; plants, worms, men, ideas. To work upon as much darkness as we can stomach within our bodies and transform it to light. We need skills, delicate skills, skills beyond reward or honor or praise. Beyond our body that forever tempts us back to chaos - so that through it, one's innermost nature can become merged with the nature of the material outside and they can now bow, for they are both one.

From the blind worm in the depths of the ocean to the endless arean of the Galaxy - each a struggle, a cry that runs through everything. This is our Epoch. We do not have a choice. It descends on men in whatever form it wishes - as dance, as love, as hunger, as a photograph, as a religion. It does not ask our permission, but that's the call to adventure. To go under so as to get above. The way down is the way up, but always to ACT. And through the act to knead brains and flesh together in the trough of the body so as to give it a face, His face. This is our age. We cannot be saved unless He is saved. And that's up to you.

* * *

For An Old Playmate

We never played together, 'til the fever
Snapped the frail link that bound the world to you
And made you what old folks call "innocent."

The children followed everywhere you went,
With jeers and mocking calls and not a few
Stones, flung half-heartedly.

The dazed receiver
Of tenderness at home and hell at play,
You clung to me and whimpered, and I said:
"You stand behind me!" I was only seven
And just a girl besides-- and yet the leaven
Of pity wrought my weakness into red
And righteous anger.

After that, each day,
Your mother led you gently to our house,
Not understanding, quite, why you should cry
For me. You never told her what they did.
The words outstripped your tongue. You only hid
And smiled behind my earnest mimicry
Of elder courage. Such a timid mouse
You were, in all the quiet, meaningless
Games that we played, with broken twigs and shadows,
And water, briefly poured upon the sand.
The years flash onward-- yet I feel your hand
Clutch mine...I watch you led across the meadows,
A smiling shadow in a brave red dress.
The stones fly toward us, as they used to do...
Oh, stand behind me! *Let me lean on you!*

Marguerite Steedman

"For An Old Playmate" appeared originally in
Blended Voices, edited by Maude Lay Elton, The
Banner Press, Emory University, Georgia. It is
reprinted here with the permission of the author.

Laser

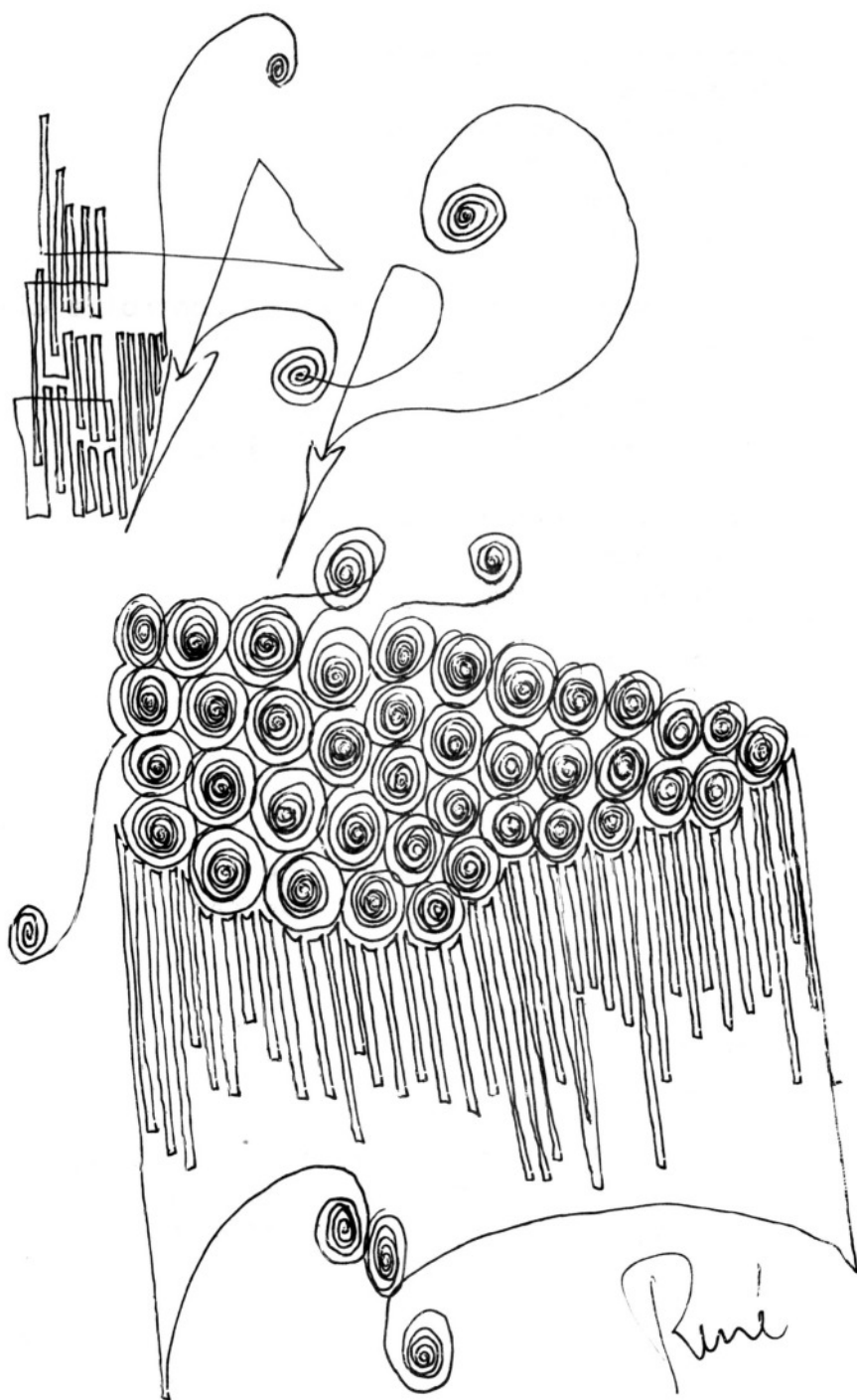
An image comes
and the mind's light, confused
as that on surf
or ocean shelves,
 gathers up,
 parallelizes, focuses
and in a rigid beam illuminates the image:

the head seeks in itself
for fragments of left-over light
to cast to a new
direction,
 any direction,
 to strike and fix
a random, contradicting image:

but any found image falls
back to darkness or
the lesser beams splinter and
go out:
 the mind tries to
 dream of diversity, of mountain
rapids chaotic with sound and light,

of wind fracturing brush or
bursting out of order against a mountain
range: but the focused beam
folds all energy in:
 the image glares filling all space;
 the head falls and
hangs and cannot wake itself.

A. R. Ammons



November, 1966

Years were going to lend
objectivity,
make possible some expression
other than lowered eyes,
dark cloth on certain days.
Or flowers on the grave.

Janitors who raise the flags can control a city
merely by doing half the job:
once one was fired a week after
his wife died: he'd thrown
half a population into mourning.

At funerals there's always the cars:
Cadillacs in tandem, lights
blazing like electric suns.
Different Cadillacs
honk incessant horns.

We are,
after all
for show:
share my
sorrow, take a piece
of my joy. Our smiles, our own sad
stories
told at bars
or at church
reveal
that fact.

There is nothing more final than the fact.
There is nothing final about what the fact starts.
A President drops and pens start moving.

Geof Hewitt

Letter To His Wife,
Separated For Many Years

Lately, I walk without a cane
my legs are stiff but that remains
an old consideration
hardly worth the trouble of your thought.
I remember once when we were
young, how we could laugh at older
couples, their determined optimism:
polio shots at sixty-five!

I would not have troubled you
so late in life, if you had not been
my wife once and if I didn't feel
a need, some need that cripples
me at times like withered hands:
my cook is good, she makes the broth
for me at midday, the nurse considerate
and as friendly as a volunteer.
Last spring I had a fall
(I think it was that cane
that jinxed me) and since
I've had to keep a nurse.

I hope you understand: there really
is no reason for my calling you
this way, unless it be that just
once more I like the feeling
of your sullen enmity: perhaps
if you ignore me now, I can be
satisfied again, I'll feel as if
your love for me still turns in you
like hatred stored for years:
the way you severed all your ties
with me, this town, our friends,
was in its way a consolation.

Some letters came for you last year.
I opened one inadvertently,
thinking it for me. After
so long, one rarely checks the name.

Perhaps you've wondered what would come
 of it if you returned. Oh, not for long
 -- I know your feelings there --
 but just for, say, a week,
 ten days. I'd give the nurse some time
 off, she really only serves to talk
 now that I'm walking well again:
 I'd light a fire each day you stayed.
 There might not be much to talk about,
 unless you feel yourself again and want
 to bring back those old arguments.
 I know I'll never win. That's half the fun.
 Before I close just let me say
 how beautiful this winter is.
 We have a room where you could
 sleep, first floor, no stairs to climb.
 The snow has nearly buried the old shed
 two times this month, and every night is dead
 quiet: now that the dogs are gone,
 I sleep without those ear plugs.

Geof Hewitt



A Crust Of Bread

why, I often wondered
 why I was a poet,
 first of all

most of all, I wanted
 to have been a bird
 if I could have been a bird
 but I wanted the starlings
 to have been fed,
 first of all

Alfred Starr Hamilton









Search For Freedom

Gosh, it didn't last very Long,
 It was a proud gray deserted Feeling
 Come comfortable out of a Fog -
 To boot or to bootless and onto dry Martinis
 Until finally a dark brown taste
 Set down in the back of its Mouth,
 Fog drifting away - we had to know what it was -
 Being driven by war monsters

Alfred Starr Hamilton

Bon Vivre

Vivre, Vivre,
 Don't live forever, Vivre,
 Good livers don't live forever, Vivre,

Stars don't,
 We don't

Live forever, sharpen ourselves,
 For a magnificent eternal occasion

And of an occasion
 I saw one star fading

It bid itself, Vivre,
 Canded itself, Handled itself,
 For must it stay lit forever
 On the eternally magnificent bitter black nights?

Alfred Starr Hamilton

In this section:

Donald W. Arbitter is the Dean of Students at the Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School.

Miss. Daisy Hayes is the librarian for the Stephens County High School in Eastanollee, Georgia.

Patrick W. Rogers is a freshman at the University of Georgia in Athens, Georgia.

Brynda Clark is a student at the Monteverde Academy in Monteverde, Florida.

Susan Dembrow is a student in the Shenandoah Junior High School in Miami, Florida.

Kay Bird, Stacy L. Schultz, Karin Sheehy, and Patty Taylor are all students in the Sequoyah High School located in Doraville, Georgia.

From the Rabun County High School in Clayton, Georgia:

Class of 1965 - Karen Meacham

Class of 1968 - Billy Cragg, Betsy Meacham, Burma Sexton
Floyd Stancil, Steve Woodall

Class of 1970 - Bessie Murray

From the Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School in Rabun Gap, Georgia:

Class of 1967 - Polly Bagwell, Mike Nix, Becky Simons,
Louis Wild

Class of 1969 - Lynn Allen, Jan Brown, Kathy Coldren,
Charles Pennington

Class of 1970 - Dennis Bailey

Class of 1971 - Perry Barrett



Going, Going, Gone

Brynda Clark

Lord knows why my body is slowly but surely deteriorating. I myself have not been able to draw a satisfactory conclusion. It all started...

I woke up this morning as usual and busied myself with the job of getting dressed when, as I was bending down, I saw that my little toe was missing! Now give this extraordinary experience to any ordinary man and he would have reacted in quite an excitable manner, but I myself first was shocked, then curious of the cause. I sat down on the edge of my bed so as to examine the stubble of toe left to see what it looked like. To my surprise, the part now in view was terrifying. I could see bone, marrow, veins, blood, nerves; in fact, everything, but some invisible shield was holding back all the vital insides of my foot. I finished dressing and went downstairs to the kitchen. I attempted to calm myself and eat something but found it impossible.

All day I kept the terrible secret to myself. During work I once attempted to reveal it to Joe, but I could not for who would believe it? It was ineffable and I knew it.

It was 11:30 when at last I forced myself to sleep.

The next morning brought to me more surprises. I was, I admit, afraid to wake up to the world. Slowly my eyelids opened and I threw off the covers. Against my will I looked down at my feet. Gone! Another toe was gone! My whole spine tingled with fear as I gazed at the empty spot with an open mouth. I feebly got out of bed, took off my pajamas and dressed. I didn't even take time to shower or shave but hurried down the stairs and out the door. My one thought now was to find a cure!

I ran, stumbled, and crawled down the street, my whole body obsessed with fear of the unknown; the dark black world of mystery.

I finally reached the doctor's house, whereupon I beat my fists frantically on the door until my knocks were answered.

Brynda Clark is a student at the Montverde Academy in Montverde, Florida. She sent us this story on the suggestion of Ed Eskew, also a student at Montverde and a good friend of Foxfire.

Doctor Rieniff answered my plea almost immediately. He opened the door and caught me just as I was falling to the floor. The next thing I knew I was lying on a couch in a pure white room with huge glaring spotlights shining above me. Then I heard Doctor Rieniff's deep, sympathetic voice talking to me. I cautiously moved my head to the right where I heard his voice. His strong, steady hand was grasped around my arm gently as he said, "Steady lad, steady now. Now tell me, my boy, just what is the matter?" I related my horrible story to him in every detail. He looked a little disbelieving until he removed my left shoe and sock and saw to his horror that it was true. I said nervously, "Well, doc; what can you do?" He shook his profoundly as if meditating very hard on what to do. "I cannot do a thing. What has happened to you is unbelievable. I can hardly believe it myself even though I see it with my own eyes."

I looked at him pleading, begging, but to no avail. It was hopeless.

I hurried home, depressed, my body nearly lacking the strength to open the door. Just as I was turning the key in the lock I saw a startling performance before my very eyes! My left thumb suddenly dried up and cracked as if all the moisture was gone. It then peeled away leaving veins and blood vessels which slowly shriveled up into nothing except bone, and that too was now decaying rapidly up to the stubble on my hand. No pain at all was felt throughout the whole procedure. My throat was in knots, and I couldn't force a scream through my closed vocal cords, so I quickly opened the door and went in. Maybe this was all a distorted dream and I'd wake and find myself in my bed with all my toes and digits; but no, it was not a dream. As I realized this, my body shuddered with cold chills of truth.

Somebody or something was doing it. No normal human body just starts disappearing without a good reason, but I had none. All I could do now was wait and hope. It was only 5:00 in the morning so I decided to go back to bed. My dreams were terrifying - of everlasting horror and blood and more blood. I wanted to wake. I tried to arouse myself from the dream but my body was sweat-soaked and so heavy that I couldn't lift my fingers. No, that wasn't right. I probably didn't have any. Maybe it's best I don't wake! My mind swirled. My body tingled as if little ants were eating me. I wanted to wake, wake, wake...

I shot up out of bed. All was still and peaceful. I looked about my room. There were shadows flickering on the wall from the window. My clothes were damp and clinging to my skin. Skin? I pulled down the sheets to investigate. "Lord! Help, help!" I screamed. My legs were gone! I couldn't get out of bed but managed to reach the phone and pulled it toward me dialing "0" as I did. "Operator, may I help you?" the lady on the phone asked.

I suddenly felt like laughing. I went into hysterics...

Two days later:

"Nope. Ain't seen 'im."

"Well, thank you." Officer Lans finally decided to see Doctor Rieniff. The doctor invited him in.

"Have you seen Mister Steele since Tuesday?" The doctor shook his head solemnly. His eyes showed pity. "Then I'll be on my way. Good day to ye'."

As the doctor closed the door his mind kept asking the same question. What was it and who was next? The doctor didn't notice as his left ear started decaying.

* * *



Superiority Complex

Mock for mock, hiss for hiss,
The ever-present contempt between mankind
Continues, traditionally, through the ages.

How much longer can Our lowly domicile
Contain Our mutual hatred?
Now We must abandon to distant earths, to provide
New breeding grounds for this fervent struggle.

What vicious idol
Has implanted this cruel prejudice in Our souls
That no amount of digging can unearth?
Have We dug Our graves too deep already?

The burn of this intense flame
Scars all who become trapped in
The international fire.

Must the minority be eternally scorned?
In the midst of their lives, they must certainly
Be in death.

It is no wonder that their faith is a fortress
To hide behind beneath Our
Ironic pity.

Need We be lawfully forced
To befriend Our brothers?. . . .
Need a law be provided for what should be
A natural pleasure, rather than a
Dreaded task. . . .
Did We need a law to emancipate Us?. . . .
No Congressional Act can bind men
To Fraternity.

Have We nothing in Our minds
But the thought of competition,
A vehement voice urging,
"Show them how much better You are"?
Who are We trying to convince?

What maker has chosen Us as perfect
That We are permitted judgment of Our own
Above all others?

How fortunate if We could all be Negroes or Jews
. For a day.

Patty Taylor

There's A War To Fight

There's a war to fight,
A hate to cure,
A wall to knock down,
Children to rear.

Love's lost behind
A door, a mask;
Choked by hate,
Nurtured by fear.

You are but one
In this cruel race.
It little matters
Your name and face,

But be a soldier
Armed with love,
Marching, marching
For the human race.

There's a war to win.
Fear not your fate:
A trail of tears,
A slap in the face.

One battle won
Seems so small,
But only battles
Win a war.

Your orders are:
Be strong, give love,
Believe in yourself,
Then battle on.

Keep marching forward.
Don't surrender.
God may be dead,
But you're not.

Kay Bird

The Awakening

Tortured minds tremble
 In search of reality.
 Seeking light
 They tear impatiently at the
 Gauze of
 Romanticism and
 Superstition which
 Blinds their eyes;
 Inhibits their souls.

Chaotic choruses of
 Wonder echo through their
 Wretched, writhing bodies.
 Flinging the loathsome
 Gauze to the Sky (ashes to ashes...
 dust to dust...)
 With intolerable disgust, they
 Look at one another ---
 Their lives: they
 Ponder their
 Existence.

Only bitter-barren beings
 Return their
 Stained-stares.
 Heads but vacant
 Outlines -- awaiting the
 Preposterous Transcendent fulfillment.
 They cry out in
 Angry-anguish...
 Overwhelmed by a
 Grief for which
 They've yet no outlet.

Vainly they look in hope
 At their reluctantly
 Disgarded
 Dogmas.
 Scoffing, they rub the
 Doctrines into the
 Dust.
 The process of nihilism
 Proved painful...
 It is hard to curb a
 Vice.

A few took leave of these
 Malcontents;
 Fleeing in foolish
 Fear, they adorned
 Their empty heads with
 Pink-putrid Gauze.
 The illuminating
 Light
 Crucified their
 Eyes.

Stacy L. Schultz



On Conquering One's Self

Billowing shadows sweep with
 Omnipotence across the
 Country-side.

The realization of futility
 And hopelessness in an Ephemeral
 Life --- suffocates me.

Light pursues the shades of
 Doom: filling their vacuum with
 Purity and Sanctification.

An awareness overcomes me...the
 Irrelevancy of those awful shadows.
 And, I see now that it is myself
 Whom I must fear.

Stacy L. Schultz

A Wound

I have a wound, a hole in my side.
 It's seeping blood and pounding pain.
 They offer me warmth, medicine and bandages.
 They lay me on a clean white hospital bed,
 Stick that needle in my arm
 And start pumping the blood back in.
 I am delirious, they say, and must be watched.
 But for a moment, I am left alone.
 I jerk out the needle and stop the life-
 giving flow.
 I struggle to the open window,
 I land on the soft earth below
 And begin to creep across the lawn
 Toward the beckoning forest.
 They see me. "Catch her", they yell.
 I pull myself to my feet and run.
 The blood is gushing from my wound,
 The pain is throbbing about my ears.

I enter the forest.
 They stop because they fear the black menace
 That threatens from within her depths.
 I find a creek and I run parallel,
 Following its course; letting it guide me.
 I come across a green thicket
 Shaded on all sides by protective trees.
 Lying down, I find, to my amazement,
 That the pain has gone and the blood has stopped.

Karin Sheehy

Thought

The birds so sweetly serenade me early in the morn.
 The churchbells at the end of town sound dreary and forlorn.
 The fog is slowly lifting from the ground so fresh and green.
 Jewel-like drops of dew on roses make me feel serene.
 The drowsy waves of oceans blue lap the clean, white sand.
 Fishing boats are sailing in with food to feed the land.
 Our sun shines brightly on the world giving energy.
 Tell me God; Why, oh why, can't everyone be free?

Susan Dembrow

Forgotten Book

I wandered today to my diary of the past
A still, now silent forest, where memories' shadows linger
That so long ago were cast.
Each worn path through the pages of time,
Although faint, will forever be mine.

And here in my graveyard of the past,
Where I've buried all my dearest and sweetest memories,
I now bury my last.
With my mind as the shovel and my heart as the tomb,
I bury my saddest memory beneath the forest floor -
The realization that I'm a child no more.

As I turn to go, a tear rises to my eye.
Another chapter of my life ends
As I bid my memories goodbye.

Burma Sexton
Class of 1968

The Victors

The sky was full of stars that night
When the band of men moved into sight.
They moved slowly - tired and worn;
Their skin was dirty, their clothes were torn.
Victors they were, though they didn't look it.
They were what was left of an army outfit.
Killed twenty Viet Cong was what they'd done,
And of their six they'd lost but one.
As they neared their army campground,
They heard a shot, such a familiar sound;
One by one the bullets struck;
Those five brave men had run out of luck.
Carefully the attackers moved in
Hoping to brag of another win.
As they came within a few paces,
A dying soldier saw the Americans' faces.

Betsy Meacham
Class of 1968

A Man - Robert Frost

A man of common wants and needs
 But a man uncommon in word and deed.
 A man who wrote that we might know
 The God given glory of new fallen snow.
 A man who told us all to hate
 The restraining wall and halting gate.
 A man whose love for us was shown
 By showing us what we hadn't known.
 A man who left us all a part
 Of what he felt deep in his heart.

Karen Meacham
 Class of 1965

Dare To Be Different

Ask anyone which is more important - character or popularity - and he will invariably say character. But which of the two does he pursue? Isn't it almost always popularity? Why is this fact true when it is known everywhere that character is more virtuous and honorable than popularity could ever be?

What good does it do a man to vie with the world for a niche in the temple of fame? The Bible asks, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" There is no fault in popularity as long as it is gained through character. George Washington, the Father of our Country, was the most popular man in America during his time. He was never seeking public approval nor did he conform to the ideas and opinions held by the majority of the population. He dared to be himself and the public loved him - for his character. But today, there seems to be the idea that anyone must belong to the "in-crowd" in order to be popular. The average person is wary of being different from the next. He forgets that self-respect is more important than the opinions of others. He is so conscious of disgrace that his beliefs are never heard for fear of injuring his public image. How can living a lie be anyone's idea of success?

Let's not be just one of the crowd. If we can't have the faith of our convictions, then we are no better than the apes, whom we refuse to claim as our kindred.

Steve Woodall
 Class of 1968

A Quiet Moment

In a quiet moment many thoughts may run through the human mind. One of these may be a frank look at life and at death.

As I sit alone in the warm sunshine, listening to the silence of the forest, I am likely to think how lucky I am to have lived as long as I have. I may reason with my soul: "You are worth nothing, Floyd!" Yet my soul will tell me every man must live and die for a reason. Some men are meant to do great deeds; some are meant to free the enslaved; some are meant to heal the sick. A great multitude of men are born to work, labor and sweat trying to become great, only to die and become forgotten, but man is useless he dies at least giving the world his greatest effort at improving his surroundings.

Who shall die? For centuries this has been a fact: "As men live, so shall they die." In days when our West was young it was said "Death deals a crooked hand." This saying could not be any farther from the truth. I know I was born. I know I will die. Therefore, I must realize that it is up to me to make my death worthy of the way I have lived."

Floyd Stancil
Class of 1968

Last Night

Last night I dreamed of a gleaming beach
Where to the stars of achievement I could reach.
My thoughts ran fleet, and my soul was free,
Sand castles of dreams were mine to see.
I pranced and danced in a radiant sun
While moonbeam dreams I wishfully spun.
The patterns of time lay drawn on the sand,
The history of manhood and blessings of land.
No man could confine me or cage my soul,
I could wish and dream on the green fun knolls.
Alas though, my dream can never be.
I awoke this morning to reality.

Bessie Murray
Class of 1970

Character Or Popularity?

A good character is far more important than being popular. Shakespeare said, "Who steals my purse steals trash...but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed."

The years that we teenagers are now going through are critical as far as building a good character is concerned. We are torn and often confused about the way we act, speak, and even think. We want to be accepted in our own society, but still, we do not want to be cast out by adults. More often than not, other teenagers place greater stress on our conduct than do all the adults put together. To be a member of the "in" crowd we must be popular, and to be popular, sometimes we behave in a manner which we know to be wrong.

But there is a way out for anyone, teenager or adult, who will take it. While young, we can build our character so strong and secure that we will be proud and still will be popular. Maybe we won't reach the height of our popularity right now, but later on in life we will. Now it is difficult to see, but if we don't start building our character, then later on we will have nothing to build onto.

Billy Cragg
Class of 1968



If Birds Will Sing

If birds will sing, and if flowers will still bloom,
I shall keep in my heart a quite spacious room
For a faith and a hope that good things will be,
Though troubles make shadows in air, land, and sea.
If, on a May evening when all is quite still,
I hear the clear call of a late whippoorwill,
Or close after one of April's warm showers,
The song of a wood thrush trills through the bowers,
To lift my soul singing to God up above,
Who holds all his creatures in one bond of love,
Who makes the birds sing and the flowers to bloom,
'Tis sure that I'll keep in my heart ample room
For a faith and a hope that good things will be,
Though troubles make rumblings in air, land, and sea.

Daisy Hayes

A Defense of the Case Against the Teenager

We are the product of two hundred years of American heritage. It has been said that there is no patriotism any more. But nationalism is often mistaken for patriotism. True patriots defend their beliefs and principles, not national boundaries and prestige. No, we will not strive for an America for Americans, but we will fight for freedom, justice, and equality for all men.

The Revolutionary War - we fought for the right to govern ourselves on our own land. The War of 1812 - we fought for freedom for ourselves on the seas. The Civil War - largely a matter of economics, but some basic rights of men were fought for on both sides. We had no monetary goals or gains in mind as the purpose of our entering the World Wars. History will show that we certainly received none.

We were a nation of dreamers. When President Woodrow Wilson sent our boys off to war, he told them then that we sought no profit or gain, but were fighting so that the world might be saved from tyranny. They fought and fought well, not to defend their homes, but the rights and freedoms of others. Wilson was not practical, but his idealism showed the nations of the world our principles, and that they stood for all men.

Tyranny rose again in the 1930's. American fighting men went "over there" again to fight for other men's freedom. This is American Patriotism. We went to Korea for the same reason. If there are no American patriots today, then what do you call the boys in Viet Nam?

The wars not only destroyed many lives and much property; they also tore down many old ideas and long established principles. We were idealists. Our grandfathers were seldom asked to test their strength. War demanded it though! It is wrong to kill men but we do. Why? Every soldier knows this question but is seldom able to find a satisfactory answer. The men of World War I returned to codes of chivalry in an attempt to hold on to some sense of self honor.

The Second World War was fatal, however. The old ideas and double standards could give a man no strength. So they were deserted! There has always been greed, but now millions of people turned to the philosophy of the almighty dollar for security. It offered them something to hold onto. Success and all you could get was the basis. The principles? Get all while you can, exploit anything you can get a buck out of. You may wreck mankind, but you'll be dead before the fall so why worry?

Many of you saw things weren't the same and began to build again. You were never again to be content with the past and were to seek out a new life and want better things of the future. This drive lives even more strongly now in the hearts of your own children.

You wanted change, but your generation had to spend its time clearing out a lot of the old ideas that stood in the way. And you stumbled on the rubble of too many dreams.

But you freed us:

We are free of the pre war convictions. We are a generation that you set out to find a new life. We are not failing you there. We try everything, and search any possibility for a meaning to life. Many of the things we find are junk to be disregarded, but the shiny rays of hope and bits of truth and meaning we find are kept and used.

You began...We continue.

You wanted new ideals that would stand...We are searching for them.

You tore down the old...We build the new.

You had your cowards...So do we.

You had your strong men too...So do we.

We idealize what is strong about your generation and rebel not so much against you as against the remnants that you didn't get cleared out. Our Bogart cult shows that we admire strength of character and defense of beliefs, but even more so having beliefs worth defending.

We search constantly for values that will stand the test. Some quit and turn to LSD, narcotics, drugs, smoking, and drinking anything. But we find purpose in life in religious and civic youth groups. And in volunteering for hospital work, working in crippled childrens' clinics, nurseries, and camps for underprivileged children. Some cheat in school; no one cares... Others find their own integrity more valuable than a few extra points.

We steal out of real need in poverty or just for kicks... But we also give our time and money freely to anyone who needs it. We break into churches, throw hymnals in the aisles, tear pages out of the Bible and desecrate the church as well as deface other buildings...

We build Sunday Schools, paint old classrooms, build recreation facilities, join beautification projects. We cuss and use profane language. We pray...I wish you could hear

some of the prayers. Some of us care very little for others and are concerned with our own welfare, while others are very much interested in other people and will do all they can to help them.

We are confused and greatly expanded in the range of our interests. We rebel against conformity to established procedures...and are often trapped by conformity to the group we are in. We are different from adults and seek to point out this difference with clothes, hairstyles, and music. But we are not narrow in our efforts.

We write protest songs as well as ballads and hymns.

We burn draft cards and then go to Viet Nam.

We defend philosophies such as Leninism, Marxism, Maoism, Fascism, Socialism, Communism, Monarchy, Democracy, Agnosticism, and believe it or not, thousands of us even defend God.

We read everything from Tolstoy and Dostoevski to Ian Fleming.

We listen to Bach and Beethoven to the Monkees and the Rolling Stones.

We paint dirty words on sidewalks and walls as well as true masterpieces of art and expression in both modern and classic styles.

We demonstrate to be doing something about anythings.

We get lost and make mistakes. We also find the way occasionally and help someone else.

We must devote much of our energy to the search for ideals, and have little strength left to fight the giant within us.

We are confused about morality. Sex is stressed in everything we come in contact with. You find the right girl by smoking the right brand of cigarettes. Get a certain hair cream and beautiful women will throw themselves at you. Sex... Sex...Lots of that...But what of love? We know it exists somewhere, but it has been buried in an avalanche of sex literature. We consume a great deal of illicit literature, pornography, even the epidemic of venereal disease threatens us more than any other group. We are physically mature and sexually capable earlier than any generation before us. Yet the pressures of education and society force us to wait longer. We are plagued with talk of old morality, new morality, and no morality.

Our problems are as complex as the society we live in, but we still want something better and will continue to search for it. Our very school system by providence allows each to attain according to ability; even more helpful, we see what others less and better qualified do with their lives.

I can but plead guilty on all these charges.

There is too much for one young person to say. If I offended or bored you, I apologize. But you see, I had to try.

And thanks for giving me the opportunity to say so and a country where I could say it.

Louis Wild



Autumn

The forest lies still and quiet
With golden rays of sun
Passing through it like yellow ribbons
In a young girl's hair.

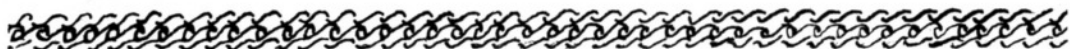
Surely autumn is a young girl
For what else could it be-
Laughing and dancing over every hill
Then crying, with moods never quite the same?

Sometimes she cries with gentle tears,
Soft and warm like summer days;
But just as often her brow darkens,
And she flails the earth with wintry rage.

Mountain walls of gold and scarlet hue
And skies of blue, hung with misty drapes,
A carpet of lightest meadow's brown,
All of these are her softest touch.

Autumn can be warm as newfound love
Or cold and forlorn with scornful rage,
But one thing autumn always is:
A season of the young and change.

Louis R. Wild



The Christmas of the Heart

A child was born one starry night,
God's gift to needy men
The King of Glory, God's dear son
No place was found for Him.

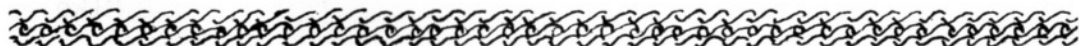
Should Jesus come to earth again
And seek a place to stay
Would men throw open wide their doors
Or stable offer Him?

My heart I give for Thee to dwell
Thy mercy makes it fit;
Poor lodging for a King, I know
But, Grace refashions it.

Chorus:

O precious Savior, there is room
Be born again today
Within my life that I may know
The Christmas of the heart.

Donald W. Arbitter



Misery Is?

Misery is:

- ...when you turn sixteen and your older brother wrecks the car.
- ...wearing a coat and tie to a party and finding everyone else in Levis.
- ...getting up when the alarm clock rings and finding that someone set it two hours early.
- ...shaving with cold water.
- ...getting out of bed in the middle of the night to get a drink of water and finding someone's false teeth in the bottom of the glass.
- ...luke warm coffee.
- ...driving one hundred miles to the nearest comfort station.
- ...spending the first night in your new tree house and walking in your sleep.
- ...forgetting where you left your glasses the night before and stepping on them when you get out of bed.
- ...writing three girls at the same time and mixing the envelopes.
- ...that old girl friend who just happened to get dropped into the conversation.
- ...a runny nose in church and no kleenex.
- ...finding out that the car you've been dragging is the police.
- ...being in the twenty percent less cavity group and getting your teeth knocked out playing football.
- ...washing your car and parking it under a bird roost.
- ...a cold fried egg.
- ...eating three hot dogs and drinking a milk shake on the way home from ball practice and finding your favorite meal waiting for you when you get there.
- ...taking your girl home at eleven o'clock at night and really running out of gas.
- ...finding out that you've been short-sheeted after you stick your feet through the sheet.
- ...playing in a grass field barefooted and finding out that it's a cow pasture too late.
- ...cheating on an English test and still failing it.

Mike Nix

The Park

The silver leaves speak gently
And a summer moon
Makes patterns on the path.
Water in a still lake
Reflects the moon
And makes a causeway
To a distant shore.
Couples stroll the path
Talking softly
With open hearts.

Later, the trees will all be bare.
The path will be clogged with leaves.
A colder breeze will cut the lake
And racing clouds will block the moon.
But now the world belongs to you
And me.

Mike Nix

I Walk By The Sea

I walk by the sea
Watching salty waters
Shift sands from place to place.
Water foams in,
Then spits it back
And leaves it
Naked, clean, and smooth
As it backs away.

The beach is never the same.
Its tide sweeps in
And sifts the sand,
Lifting treasures from the beach
To hoard them-in the deep
Out of the reach
Of man's greedy hand.

Mike Nix

On Obscenity in To Kill A Mockingbird:

This is in answer to a statement that the book, To Kill A Mockingbird, contains obscene passages and therefore should not be taught in tenth grade classes. I would like to try and clarify this statement.

The brand "obscenity" was placed on the book in reference to one of the two plots which centers around a trial in which a Negro is accused of raping a white girl. It has also been charged with containing passages of obscene or foul language.

In the first place, the trial doesn't begin until midway through the book and at this point comprises only a small part of the story. Actually, only the idea of the crime exists since the evidence points strongly toward a conclusion that rape was not even committed.

If one reads the book, its outstanding qualities will be found to lie in the childhood adventures of two young kids, Scout and Jem Finch, children of the defense attorney. The true beauty and humor center around a plot to get the neighborhood mystery, Boo Radley, to come out of the house where he has resided for twenty years without once stepping out of its confines.

This novel by Harper Lee looks through the eyes of the younger child, Scout, at the early years of her life spent in the Alabama town of Maycomb. The skill with which the book is written lets us share the frustrations and joys of the world seen from her point of view. The trial is told with the innocence of youth and the frank, unaffected sense of fairness of a child. None of the filth which might be read into it is seen in her version.

I should think the only way one could possibly find fault with the book is in the fact that it gives an all too accurate picture of the narrowness of Maycomb's citizens in regard to racial prejudice. This is exemplified by the belief of a typical Maycombian that Negroes are something to be treated with less feeling and recognition than an animal.

To Kill A Mockingbird gives a fresh slant to an old problem and, as our class proved, can be handled quite maturely by tenth graders. I am sure that anyone in our class would recommend it as one of the best books they have

read, and indeed one of the best written in our time.

If the people who have ridiculed the book would try and read the work with an open mind instead of seeking to find fault with it, they would come to the conclusion that it has great value for almost any segment of society for its wealth of feeling and dynamic projection of the beauty of youth.

Kathy Coldren

As Day Dawns

As the first beams of sunlight strike the cold earth,
I wander out in the chill of the dawn.
I see the mountains white with a feathery snow.
The trees wave a silent greeting.
As the cocks crow to signal a new day,
My thoughts turn to the simple beauty around me.
The bare trees sway and drop down bits of snow to me.
The hungry animals stamp impatiently in the barn.
The little brood of chickens scatters as I walk among them.
A squirrel chatters, eyeing the few nuts left on barren ground.
Children tumble out already to play in the new-fallen snow.

Beyond, the rolling hills give a thrill and lift to my heart.
Standing quietly, removed from all I see,
I think of the Great Master and His plan.
Surely He gave us this seen and often unseen beauty to enjoy,
If we see it as the day dawns.

Polly Bagwell
Class of 1967

Fragments of the Imagination

All the thousand pathways
only lead back
to the problem that awaits.

Time is priceless as love;
Money only passes around -
Never through

We are prisoners of our mind;
beer and drugs only release
momentarily.

Perry Barrett

Lord of the Flies

It has been said that the book Lord of the Flies should not be taught to tenth graders because of the complexity of its symbolism. Our tenth grade class just finished reading the book, and found that its depth was the very thing which made its reading a great experience for us.

All of the characters, for example, are carefully set up by Golding as symbols of various forces at work in our society. When stranded on the island with no adults, their various personalities emerge undiluted by the laws of "civilization." They each become progressively more savage and basic until all the niceties of the civilized life disappear.

One of the great characters in the book was Simon, who represented the messiah of the boys' island society. He knew what was wrong. He understood the Lord of the Flies, or the pig's head as being representative of the beast in each of us. He knew the truth about the beast from air which had the other boys paralyzed with fear. He saw how the savage had been allowed to take hold in each boy, nurtured in this atmosphere of fear. Thus, since Simon "understood", he was a threat to the fun the beast was having. He was a threat to the handy excuse furnished by the beast for running wild and untamed. He meant facing up to the beast from air instead of living in ignorance and hiding from rock to rock as Simon knew the boys would.

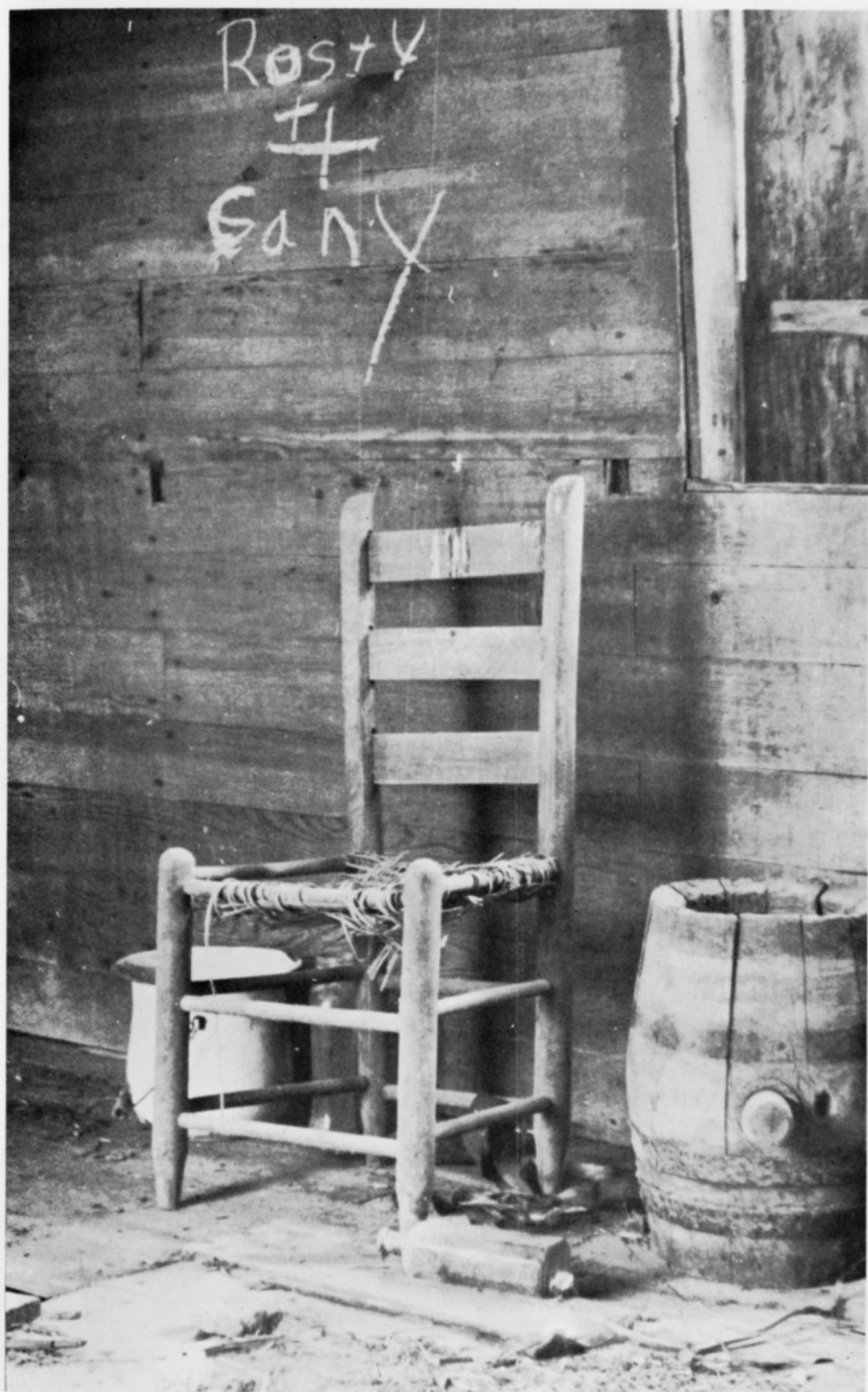
Simon, like the messiah that he played the role of, came down off the mountain with the word to a savage society not about to accept it, and so was murdered. The boys at the feast which Simon stumbled into, thought that the beast had taken a form like Simon's to fool them, and so they killed him. The overpowering chant had taken possession of them, and it was not the boys that murdered Simon, but the animal inside them.

Simon was left on the sea shore for the waves to lap up, lift, and carry out to sea. This left the boys without a savior, and without a light to see by, the beast would rule unchallenged.

Part of being educated, we learned, is being exposed to different theories about the society which we help make up. The idea about the beast in all of us was a new and different challenge to our understandings. It made us think about the animal in us, and reason together about the new ideas which the book presented.

I sincerely hope that other teachers, like ours, will give their tenth graders a chance at this book. It turned out to be our best class room experience thus far, and widened our views on the world's society that we help make up. I'm sure that any student in our class would recommend it as something to do to bring the class together as a team in thought.

Lynne Allen





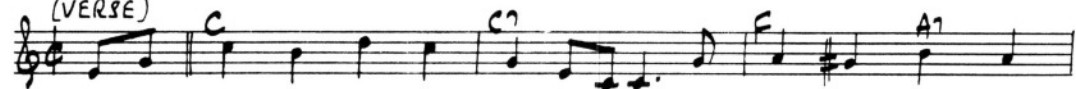
ONE AND ONLY SAVIOUR

LYRIC BY
BECKY SIMONS

MUSIC BY
REDD HARPER (ASCAP)

MODERATELY WITH EXPRESSION

(VERSE)



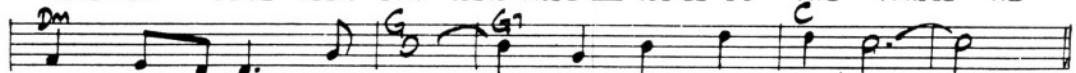
1 SINCE YOU GAVE YOUR SON TO DIE FOR ME, I'LL AL-WAYS PUT MY
2 HE WILL GLAD-LY TAKE A - WAY YOUR SIN, IF NOW YOU PUT YOUR



TRUST IN THEE, MY ONE AND ON - LY SAV-IOUR SO THAT
TRUST IN HIM, THE ONE AND ON - LY SAV-IOUR IF YOU

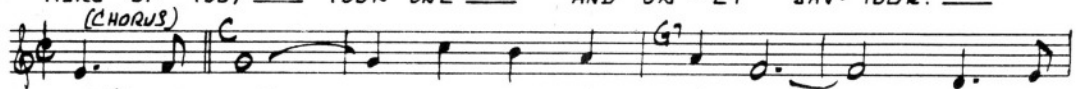


WE MIGHT REACH THE PRO-MISED LAND, YOU PUT OUR LIVES IN
REAL-LY LOVE YOUR SAV-IOUR TRUE YOU'LL DO THE THINGS HE



JE - SUS' HAND, OUR ONE AND ON - LY SAV-IOUR.
ASKS OF YOU, YOUR ONE AND ON - LY SAV-IOUR.

(CHORUS)



HE'S THE ONE AND ON - LY SAV-IOUR HE'S THE



ONE AND ON - LY SAV-IOUR HE



GAVE HIS SIN - LESS LIFE FOR ME, HIS BLOOD PAID MY DEATH



PEN - AL - TY, THE ONE AND ON - LY SAV-IOUR.

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The Only Way

Patrick W. Rogers

"It can't be done. That's all there is to it, Stu. It's just too risky. If the cops catch us red-handed, we'll see bars the rest of our lives."

Big Stu Ericson slumped his six-foot-four frame onto the couch and said disgustedly, "Now look, Martin. I'm going through this one more time...so just shut up and listen. I tell you, it's foolproof. And who doesn't take risks every once in a while? Just tell me, huh?"

"O.K., now the diamonds will be in the armored truck. Supposedly no one knows what's in the truck. Just a routine trip between Houston and Laredo, or so everybody thinks. But we've got the inside information. The truck is really carrying raw diamonds, an estimated two million bucks' worth--if they're cut right. They are supposed to change hands in Laredo. Some Mexican millionaire is having them sent to Mexico City. The only catch is, they'll never reach Laredo!"

"You and I will get behind them in the wrecker about 20 miles east of Laredo. We keep our distance till there's no traffic in sight either way. Since there's nothin' but desert out there, we'll be able to see anything coming a long way off. Now, when the coast is clear, we juice the wrecker, turn on the blinker, rush up behind the truck and start to pass, just like we were headin' to a bad wreck somewhere. Only when we draw even with them, the one of us who isn't driving will thrust this automatic pistol out the window and... bang!...bang!"

As he spoke, Stu reached over and picked up his pistol, pretending he was firing it.

Preston Martin shuddered and turned away. It made him sick to think of killing. He had seen too much of that in World War II. That was slaughter, he thought, but not for personal gain.

Martin snapped out of his thoughts as Stu continued, "That'll take care of the driver and cab guard. Naturally, we'll force the truck off the road, then take care of the guard in the back. A smoke bomb in the ventilator will make him helpless in there. Then we'll just blow the lock and grab the ice. Simple, eh?"

"But what if somebody comes along? It'll take us at least five minutes - and where are we going to hide with just sand and sky out there?"

"That's why we've got the wrecker. If somebody happens by, we just tell them there was a minor accident - no one hurt or anything. We're just towing in the truck. See what I mean? It's perfect!"

Martin paced the floor, cracking his knuckles nervously. "Alright - so far, so good. Now where and when does Eddie come in?"

"He will have been following us in the car, a mile or so back. All he'll have to do is drive up and stop. That shouldn't be too hard. I've already briefed him - he knows what to do. We get the diamonds, then back up and hook the car onto the wrecker. We head for Laredo at a moderate speed, drive on through the town to an abandoned garage and leave the wrecker, then high-tail it to an old shack about 15 miles west of town. Nobody will ever suspect us...after all, what's any more normal than a wrecker pulling in a car? The cops would never think of that as a means of getting away. Besides, we'll probably be out of town and on our way to South America before the police even find out the armored truck's been hi-jacked."

Suddenly there came a knock on the door, followed by a pause and two more knocks in rapid succession. Martin jerked out his gun and headed for the door.

"Take it easy," growled Stu. "It's just the kid coming back. Your nerves are shot, Martin. Don't you even remember our code knock?"

"Yeah, I remember. Sorry," muttered Martin as he unlocked the door.

A slender blond youth of 20 entered, with an air of accomplishment glinting in his blue eyes. "Got it, Stu. A '55 Plymouth for \$200 - and it looks pretty beat up, too."

"Good work, kid," said Stu. "Does it have a Texas tag?"

"Yeah, a '67 one. And don't call me 'kid', Stu. You know my name."

"Sure Eddie. Sorry about that...just a bad habit of mine. Well, my friends, things couldn't be better. We are ready for tomorrow."

"Everything sounds fine except for one thing," countered Martin. "And to me it's the most important step of the whole operation. How in Sam Hill are we going to get to South America? Sprout wings and fly?"

"I was getting to that," said Stu. "Gather 'round boys, and listen to the greatest escape plan since the days of Robin Hood!"

"Today I got in contact with this old man - his shack is the one we head for when we leave town. Well, this old coot has been exploring the country around here since he was born, I reckon. He knows of an underground cave system a couple of miles from his place. These caves lead into Mexico; how far he doesn't know. He thinks they are part of a connection of caves leading from Mexico to Virginia, but that's beside the point. To his knowledge, no one knows the caves are here except him. Who would think of caves being under the desert? Anyway, he says he can take us down in them and lead us across the border - all underground. We'll come out about three miles inside Mexico. From there, it'll be a cinch to make it to South America, 'cause gettin' past the Mexican border is the roughest part. We'll really have the authorities thinking we've disappeared into thin air!"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted Martin. "Do you know this old man? Does he know what we're doing? He might not take us if he did."

"Aw, he's just an old man scratching out a living the best way he can, Martin. He didn't want to know anything, and he's helpless as a flea - looks about a hundred years old."

"How much is it going to cost us?"

"Not much. He said he sort of enjoyed taking people where they'd never been before. Can you beat that?"

"Well, it all still smells fishy to me," protested Martin. "Everything's just too perfect. It's not natural."

"Oh, good grief! You and your worrying. Come on, let's hit the sack. Our big operation's just a few hours away."

Martin lay in bed, unable to sleep. He couldn't help thinking about Eddie Davis. Why would a young kid like him want to get mixed up in this? If only he could turn back the years! He had once had a clean record - till he met Stu Ericson right after the war. They had gone into business together, running a small grocery store. Everything had gone fine until Stu had talked him into running out on the whole-sale bills and back rent. From then on they had spent part of their time robbing and staying on the run, and the other part in jail. Stu was just a criminal at heart.

I'm not like that, he thought. I just got started down the wrong track. After running out on that little store and our unpaid bills it was too late to turn back...wasn't it?

With these troubled thoughts racing through his mind, Martin dropped into a restless sleep...

The hot Texas sun burned down on the old plymouth as it bumped over the rough desert road. Between Stu, who was driving, and Martin rested a white sack, almost full of raw diamonds. Martin was staring at the dusty road straight ahead, while in the back seat Eddie was examining some of the diamonds curiously.

"They don't look valuable to me," he mused.

"They have to be cut first, stupid," snapped Stu, as he wrestled with the steering wheel to dodge a big rock in the road.

"Where's that shack?," queried Martin. "We ought to be there by now."

"Oh, knock it off. We'll be there in a minute. I told you he said it was a good way off the beaten path," said Stu irritably. "Just count your diamonds. That should pacify you."

Everything had worked out just as they had planned, so far. It hadn't taken them but three minutes to rob the truck, but they had killed the driver and both guards. Or rather, Stu had killed them. Neither Martin nor Eddie had liked that part, but Stu had seemed to enjoy it. No one had seen them, and from the sleepy atmosphere in Laredo as they came through, apparently no one had discovered the crime as of half an hour ago.

"There's the shack," Stu shouted happily, "and the old man's out there waitin' on us! Ha! Who said crime doesn't pay? We're goin' to get our reward for being smart," he said, patting the sack softly with his right hand. "And you guys remember - I get half the take for making the plan. 500 grand apiece isn't bad for following orders!" He couldn't help drooling as he thought of his share - a cool million!

The car skidded to a halt, and the three men jumped out and hurriedly approached the old man.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said the old man, displaying a snaggle-toothed grin. "I've got everything all ready to go." He scurried over to four knapsacks leaning against the wall of his shack.

"This is goin' to be quite a little expedition, so I've fixed us some food and water and put in some ropes and extra lights. It's slow goin' in the caves, you know. Feller can't ever tell what might happen, either."

"That's smart thinking, old man," said Stu, as he and the others fastened the knapsacks to their backs.

"Here, Martin, I'll carry our little white bag."

The old man grinned, but didn't say a word. Finally he motioned with his hand, and the three men started out behind him across the wasteland.

Two hours later they came to a gully that snaked across the terrain. In the bank at the bottom of the gully was a small opening, about half as big as a car door.

"There she is," pointed the old man proudly.

"You mean we're going into that hole?," said Martin. "You must be crazy."

"Nope, don't think I'm crazy - at least not yet," the old man countered laughingly. "That's just the opening. It's a whole lot bigger inside. You ever seen a house that's got a door as big as the house itself is inside?"

"I still don't like it," persisted Martin. "Let's turn back. We can get across the border some other way."

"No, no. This is the only way to make it without being seen," said the old man.

"He's right, Martin," said Stu, slumping down on a rock to rest. "This is the only way."

The darkness was thick and the silence ominous. The little group had been walking slowly and painstakingly for four hours, but it seemed as if they had been in the infinite darkness for days. The old man appeared to be tireless, for he looked as vigorous now as he had when they started their trek. He finally relented, though, and called for a half-hour break to eat and rest.

The old man went ahead a short way to make sure they were on the right trail. He had evidently made several paths through the caves, for they constantly criss-crossed the trail they had been following. Martin and Eddie sat down on a large rock to wait on the old man. Stu walked off and sat down by himself, clutching the bag of diamonds.

"Hope these batteries don't give out," said Eddie as he clicked off his large flashlight.

"The old man's probably put more in our knapsacks, just in case," said Martin as he fumbled in his sack for a sandwich and thermos of water. "Yep, he has." He then scooted closer to Eddie and lowered his voice to a whisper. "There's just something about him that I don't like, though. He sort of gives me the creeps. And when he stepped into the light of my flashlight a minute ago, he was dry as could be! And look at us - we're wet with sweat! It's awfully hot down in here. I would even say he was cool, except he was a little red in the face. But I wouldn't dare say anything to Stu about it. He thinks I'm too nervous as it is."

"Aw, I don't think there's anything to worry about, Martin. That old man sure knows this place, I'll say that. At least, he knows where he's goin' or else he's sure givin' us one doozy of a bluff."

"I guess you're right."

"Uh, Eddie, I've been meanin' to ask you something. Hope I'm not being too personal, but why in the world did you want to get in with us and start a criminal's life? You'll always be on the run now."

Eddie chewed his sandwich thoughtfully, then answered, "No, I don't think so, Martin. Only the people who bungle a job will be on the run. This is a perfect crime. I've always thought that livin' an honest life was foolish, if a person was smart enough to get out of it. Pa was as honest a man as ever was, and he died as poor as the dirt he was buried in. He said you couldn't live without workin'. Well, I'm provin' that's not so, 'cause I'm going to be rich the rest of my life, and not work another day! A half-million will do me fine. It's just like Stu said, we're gettin' what we deserve for being smarter than those poor knot-heads who think they have to work all the time, and live just like the good book says."

Neither of the men had noticed the old man, who had returned quietly and stood behind them, listening to part of their conversation. When Eddie finished, the old man chuckled to himself and walked up to where they were sitting.

"Ready to go, boys?," he asked. "It's not far now. Just a couple of hours and we'll be there."

"It can't be too soon for me," said Stu, stretching as he walked toward the threesome. "Tell me somethin', old man. What's your name? Seems like we ought to be more respectful to you and call you by your name."

"My good man, I've been called many names in my life, so anything you'd like to call me will be alright. 'Old man' is fine with me."

With that, he turned on his light and said, "Well, let's be movin' on. The sooner we get there, the better."

The three men were about to drop - they had been walking for two more hours. The further they went, the rougher it got, and each step seemed like it would be their last. The air had also gotten almost unbearably hot and stuffy. Sweat dripped off them as water would had they been standing in the rain.

The old man had been urging them on. Martin noticed he was getting redder in the face, but otherwise seemed not to be bothered by the heat.

"Just around the bend a few hundred more yards, gentlemen. That's all," said the old man. He was now more energetic than ever, or did it just appear that way to them, since they were so exhausted?

Stu stumbled forward, still clutching the bag of diamonds. "It's hot as Hades here - hurry up, let's get on out of this place. By the way, old man, exactly how much you goin' to charge for leading us through these caves?"

The old man turned slowly and looked at each of the men with glittering eyes. His skin seemed to have turned blood red. A devilish smile spread upon his face as he answered quietly, "Three souls."



The Rain

Some people see beauty in the rain. I see mud washing in the street.

Some people see happiness in the rain. I see pain, sorrow, corruption.

Some see the rain as new life being born into a carefree world. I see the human race eating itself alive until dead, with flames of hate growing in each one like a forest fire, determined to destroy and crush his fellow man.

Dennis Bailey

Friends of Foxfire

It is because of these people that you are now able to hold our first issue of Foxfire in your hands. Without their generosity and selfless support, the idea for this magazine would have come to no more than just that. We sincerely hope we have justified their faith in us, and we sincerely thank them for helping our dreams bear fruit.

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Acknowledgements

There are many that should be thanked for their help in getting this magazine to press. Numerous students, for example, composed and sent numerous letters asking for contributions of both money and literary material.

Several names stand out, however, as being worthy of individual mention here.

Numerous problems developed with the typewriter we chose to type our copy with. Each time, Mrs. Huggins made arrangement to get the typewriter carried to Greenville, South Carolina, repaired, and returned to us. She also helped considerably with the typing itself.

Dr. Anderson first encouraged our venture, and throughout the preparation of the magazine gave us constant good advice and selfless support.

The page decorations were drawn by Ellen Armstrong and Dixie Whitfield. Pictorial illustrations were contributed by Mrs. Frank Rickman and Stephen Gant.

We are also in debt to Mr. Cross, our printer, for his patience and professional advice. Without him, obviously, we would have no magazine at all.

Subscription Information

The first printing of this issue of Foxfire met with immediate and gratifying success. Its six hundred issues were gone in a matter of days. This issue is one of a second printing of six hundred necessitated by the continuing demand for additional copies.

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