

## MY HOMETOWN

By: PERRIE D. DAVIS

A town aptly named by its founder some fifty years ago, Cliffside is a little village sprawled across three huge cliffs, or hills. Nestled snugly at the foot of one of these cliffs is a terry cloth plant, the chief source of income for the townspeople.

Upon entering the town, one notices, towering above the other buildings, a huge clock—the town clock. To the stranger it is just another timepiece, but to the people of Cliffside the clock has a special meaning.

Since 1919 the town clock has withstood the icy cold winter days and the sweltering heat of summer to chime every quarter hour, reminding the people that time is passing. It has watched the children go playfully to and from school, the people as they hurried and scurried to work, and it has shared the sorrow of the people as it watched a funeral procession wind its way to the cemetery.

Cliffside boasts of a large building, erected in memory of the town's founder. There the majority of the parties and banquets are held, but for the informal talk the male population congregates at the "rail." Although it is only a bar of metal extending from the other, the "rail" is a prop for the men who discuss important matters—politics, current events, and local gossip. From this area many great plans are made, some becoming realizations, others remaining dreams.

An event which is anticipated by the older men of the town is the "election," whether local, state, or national. Taking the day off, the men gather at the polls, arriving at opening time and remaining until closing time. While there, they meet old acquaintances and talk of by-gone years.

To our northern friend who thinks of a town only in terms of great industries and thousands of people, Cliffside would no doubt seem "lazy." That is the surface impression only. The townspeople can become energetic when there is a need. For example, Mrs. A., the perfectionist, drops her dust cloth and mop when she hears of a neighbor's misfortune. Without hesitation she takes care of the neighbor's household chores. There is Mrs. B. whose presence can always be counted on when someone needs food, cheering up, or a helping hand. For royalty we have the illustrious C. family. Not only is Mr. C. the son of the town's founder, but he is rumored to be a millionaire. And of course our town has the typical busy-body. Mrs. D. always finds out the latest rumors, true or otherwise, and doesn't hesitate to spread them.

Despite minor every-day quarrels there is a goodness to this little place not found among larger cities. This is evidenced by the fact that come Sunday morning one can see the people, dressed in their best, headed reverently toward their churches.

## TO THE UNBORN

Young child of ours as yet unborn,  
Rest easy for the life ahead is long;  
Sample each treasure — test a thorn—  
Young dreams are yours, young things along  
Your path are yours to take and keep  
In your own arms, in your own heart.  
The harvests sown in youth you'll later reap  
As we have reaped in part.  
Give of yourself to others, stand up—  
Your birthright was insured for you  
by others. Take and fill your cup;  
Learn honesty, sincerity; be true.  
Love in this brotherhood of man  
Depends on you, so do your part,  
Follow your own master plan;  
Give of yourself to God, give Him your heart.

Harold Lloyd Long

## This Is Teaching

By BOBBIE OXFORD

To me, nothing could be more wonderful than to stand with an outward expression of calm before a group of various American youths in a classroom filled with the musty smell of chalk. To furnish words of expression to a dreamer, to lay a foundation for a future home, or to give to the community a better citizen is the highest goal I could possibly choose.

When did I decide to become a teacher? This and other questions, I cannot answer. I only remember one sentence of a speech I heard one day—I don't remember what day. "Education is the corner stone for character building." This coupled with the attractions for a starry-eyed girl or for the steady look of determination in a young man's eyes, was all I needed.

Teaching furnishes that opportunity for service that the average person seeks. Those of you who have read Lloyd C. Douglas' *Magnificent Obsession* will remember Dr. Hudson's theory that we build our lives from the lives of others. What would our personalities be like without the aid of our friends? And who could ask for a better friend than the "little angel with a dirty face", the young scholar with a book-wormish countenance for all to see, or the young blond creature who tries so hard to attract that handsome hunk of protoplasm in the next aisle.

Fear the future?—to see the book on the desk,

The chalk in my hand,

When the class begins, and the bell denotes

I am leading THE LAND—

What more could I desire than to be a teacher? And what is a teacher? May I quote . . .

To a child thrust into a strange world a good teacher is the best thing that can possibly happen to him.

A teacher is Courage with Kleenex in his pocket, Smyopathy struggling with a snowsuit, and Patience with papers to grade. Teachers spend one half of the day searching for truth and the other half searching for error. They are incorruptible, indispensable, infallible, invincible, and nearly inexhaustible. A teacher does not really mind sniffles, squirming, stomach aches, spills, sloth, and sauciness. Neither does he discriminate between tears, trifles, fights, feuds, parents who pout, little boys who shout, and little girls who sulk. Most of all, a teacher is somebody who likes somebody else's children—and still has enough strength left to go to the PTA meeting. Thank heaven for teachers!—Anonymous

## Gardner - Webb Honor Roll Is Announced

Seven students posted an average of 95 or above on all subjects and 24 others made the general honor list with 92 or above.

The "A" list includes Lewis Ballard, Sara Ballard, of Mooresville, Charlotte Carroll of Thomasville, Margaret Hazlett of Dana, Eddie Hudson of Cramerton, Don Bridges of Shelby, and Lois Hoyle of Waco.

Those on the general honor roll are Hugh Borders, Lloyd Smith, Ruby Talley of Shelby, Mary and Dennis Philbeck and Allen Jolley of Bolling Springs, Louise Gladden of Kings Mountain, Joan Nagle of Mooresboro, Don Blackburn of Mount Airy, Billie Sue Ballard of Gibson, Harding Caldwell of Newton, Cynthia Covington of Rockingham, Marlyn Howell of Mooresville, Joe Laywell of Elkin, Jo Ann Mask of Hickory, Pat Matheny of Henrietta, Wilma Moxley of Booneville, Raymond Needham of Winston-Salem, Mrs. Pat Stepp of Gastonia, Reginald Stroupe of Stanley, Betty Turner of Morganton, Hugh Wease and Houston Wease of Lincolnton.