

Reporter Interviews  
Freeman Vick, Alumnus

Frightened I came forth for my first interview, one with Freeman Vick, a tall Marine. As I looked up at his towering figure and felt the contrast with mine, low and dumpy, I cowered; when he smiled, however, I soon forgot my fear and began to ask him about his marine life.

Finding Freeman had been out of the states for over two and a half years, I asked him to name the places he had been. Almost as if he had memorized them for a test, he sang out, "Cuba, New Herbrides, Pearl Harbor, Panama, Midway, Solomons, and New Zealand."

GREATEST IMPRESSIONS

In answer to the question, "What has impressed you most?" he thought for a minute and then replied, "The birds of Midway, natives of New Herbrides, people of New Zealand, the variety of pineapples, sugar cane and mulberries in Pearl Harbor, and the coconut trees in the Solomons."

When asked if he had ever served under James Roosevelt, he said, "I have never served under him, but I did meet him once and he was a swell guy."

LITERARY INSPIRATIONS

EFFECTS OF TEST  
Jean Thornton

The party is grand, but, alas, the time has come for us to go home. We have put this off as long as we have dared because we are to pass a graveyard on the way home.

Of course, none of us are afraid, but we wish that our way home led in another direction. We start out. Although nothing happens while we are passing the graveyard, we are all a little uneasy.

SOLEMNITY

We keep going, but for some unaccountable reason the laughter dies; everyone speaks in lower tones.

Something is the matter; what can it be? Not one of us can decide what is causing this stillness. It isn't as if we are being followed, or, even, as if there is anything sinister in the air. We look toward the graveyard--nothing is there. We walk faster.

Suddenly then Nancy screams! "I know, Miss Martin is going to give us an old English test tomorrow."

Our mystery is solved.

THOUGHT-PICTURES SENTENCES MADE BY ENGLISH CLASS 2

I came out of the hot sunshine into the room and took her moist cold hand in mine and sat back to cool.

As I was sitting by the fire, the tea-kettle whistled a low tone as if it were an Indian giving a signal to his men.

Forlorn, homesick, grief-stricken, the lost puppy ran bewildered a few steps first in one direction and then in another.

Cracking and popping as it slowly burned and cased up the chimney softly and smoothly, the wood fire gave forth a fragrant and purifying smell.

The sunset was beautiful last night, more like an artists drawing---a mixture of orange, red, flame, and yellow colors aplashed against a blue background.

UNTIL  
VICTORY  
IS WON,  
BUY BONDS  
WITH MONEY

FORMERLY DEPOSITED AS SAVINGS

LUCAMA-KEINLY BANK

BAILEY N.C.